

DESPERADO AND AUTHOR MEET

Author of Ben Hur Has a Very Exciting Experience.

His Companion One of the Worst Outlaws That Ever Infested the Great Southwest.

Hundreds of stories have been related of the "bad men" of a century ago. A quarter of a century ago Arizona and New Mexico were their stamping grounds and, since the last armed bandit bit the dust and his guns were buried with him, these two territories have been the fattening grounds for innumerable cheap litterateurs and gory plot vendors.

It might be said with perfect security from contradiction that no outlaw ever drew to himself such flattering attention from the writers of this guild as "Billy the Kid."

But "Billy the Kid" at last is to have a chronicler and a biographer whose reputation as a writer and author is world-wide. In the autobiography, now nearly completed, General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," is describing at length the story of his encounter with the notorious desperado. The book now in process of final revision will soon leave the author's hands, and by fall, it is promised, will be ready for the public.

THE REAL BANDIT.

Its most thrilling and interesting chapter will be devoted exclusively to "Billy the Kid." In fact, the bandit who terrorized all the Southwest scarcely 25 years ago is to have several chapters. General Wallace will describe in detail his intimate acquaintance, as governor of New Mexico, with "Billy," and will go to some length in detailing with the facts and incidents surrounding the outlaw's desperate career. The general also for the first time will relate the true story of the "Kid's" terrible vendetta against him and his officers. The general's encounter with the desperado occurred in 1879 while Wallace was governor of the territory. A more intimate acquaintance, however, cemented when it became necessary for Governor Wallace to interview "Billy the Kid" personally. The interview was arranged to be held at night and, in readiness for the occasion, two men, a few minutes before midnight, sat silent, eager, expectant, huddled together in a little hut on the outskirts of old Santa Fe, N. M.

Their gaze was fastened on the door and as the minutes slipped away the tension grew more severe; the silence became more oppressive.

One man was the owner of the rude home that stood desolate on the shifting sands of the great mesa.

The other was General Lew Wallace, governor of New Mexico.

The hands of the clock pointed to the hour of 12.

The hush deepened. Suddenly it was broken by the sound of a resolute knock on the door of the cabin.

"Come in," said the governor of New Mexico.

BILLY THE KID APPEARS.

The door flew open, and standing with his form outlined by the moonlight behind him, was the most feared, the most desperate and most hunted man in the great Southwest—"Billy the Kid."

In his right hand he carried a Winchester rifle. In his left was a revolver. The weapons, quick as a flash, covered the two occupants of the room.

"I was to meet the governor here at midnight. It is midnight; is the governor here?"

The light of the candles flickered against a boyish face, yet the man who stood in the doorway was the most notorious desperado in New Mexico. He had killed scores of men; he was the quarry of every sheriff from the Rio Grande to the bordering foothills that shut in Death Valley.

Facial features "Billy the Kid," the notorious bandit and fugitive from justice, was a mere stripling. His narrow shoulders were rounded, his posture slightly stooping, his voice low and effeminate. But his eyes were cold and piercing, steady, alert, gray like steel.

General Wallace rose to his feet and held out his hand, inviting the visitor forward for a conference.

"Your note gave me the promise of absolute protection," said the outlaw warily.

"I have been true to my promise," replied the governor. "This man," pointing to the owner of the cabin, "and myself are the only persons present."

The rifle was slowly lowered, the revolver returned to its leather holster. "Billy" advanced and the two seated themselves at opposite sides of the narrow table.

Explaining his midnight interview with "Billy the Kid," General Wallace says:

OFFERED A FREE PARDON.

"Shortly before I had become governor of New Mexico, Chapman, a young attorney at Lincoln, had been murdered. A half a dozen men were arrested, accused of the crime. Among them was Jesse James. While it was more than probable that one or more of the men charged with the murder were guilty, it was impossible to prove the allegation, for the witnesses, filled with terror, fled the country. When I reached New Mexico it was stated on every hand that 'Billy the Kid' had been a witness to the murder. Could he be made to testify.

"That was a question on the tip of every tongue."

"I had been sent to the Southwest to pacify the territory; here was an opportunity I could not afford to pass by. Therefore, I arranged the meeting by note deposited with one of the outlaw's friends and at midnight was ready to receive the desperado should he appear. He was there on time—punctual to the second.

"When 'Billy the Kid' stepped to the chair opposite mine, I lost no time in my proposition.

"'Testify,' I said, 'before the grand

jury and the trial court, and convict the murderer of Chapman and I will let you go scot free with a pardon on your pocket for all your own misdeeds."

"'Billy' heard me in silence; he thought several minutes without reply.

"Governor," said he, 'if I were to do what you ask, they would kill me.' To we can prevent that," said I.

"Then I refused my plan. 'Billy' was to be seized while he was asleep. To all appearances, his capture was to be genuine. To this he agreed, picking the men who were to effect his capture. He was afraid of hostile bullets and would run no risks. Another stipulation was to the effect that during his confinement he should be kept in irons. 'Billy the Kid' was afraid also of the loss of his reputation as a desperado man."

The plan agreed upon in the cabin on the lonely mesa at midnight was carried out to the letter. "Billy the Kid" was seized the following morning and confined in the Lincoln county jail. It was here that General Wallace, in spite of the fears of the guards, permitted the outlaw to give an exhibition of his skill with the revolver and the rifle. "Billy," standing or riding, using either the one weapon or the other, sent every bullet true to its mark.

"'Billy,' said the general, 'there's some trick to that shooting. How do you do it?'"

"Well, general," replied the desperado, "there is a trick to it. When I point to anything he wished observed, used his index finger. With long use unconsciously the man had learned to point with it with unerring aim. When I lift my revolver, I point to myself. Point with your finger, I stretch the finger along the barrel and, unconsciously, it makes the aim certain. There is no failure; I pull the trigger and the bullet goes true to its mark."

"'Billy,' thought at his own request kept in irons, did not remain long confined. One morning the guards led him to breakfast. Returning, the desperado dangled in the feminine voice that was a part and parcel of his character.

"Boys, I'm tired. Tell the governor I'm tired."

The manacles slipped like magic from his wrists. The guards stood stupefied and "Billy the Kid," laughing mockingly, walked leisurely from the jail yard, through the gate and across the street. Easily, gracefully, he threw himself into the saddle on the back of a horse standing near at hand, and, putting spurs to the animal, dashed away. "Billy" was gone; he had not escaped in the night, he had walked away in the broad light of day, with his guards, heavily armed, standing about him.

HYPONOTIC INFLUENCE.

"Boys, I'm tired," he said, and looked them straight in the eyes.

They were not in collusion with the desperado; General Wallace satisfied himself of that fact.

But how to account for Billy's escape?

Hypnotism, some say—hypnotism, or the strange something that lurked in the depths of the steel-gray eyes.

The desperado's freedom, however, was not long-lived. He was arrested shortly afterward for a series of murders and brought again to the Lincoln county jail. Patrick Garrett was sheriff; he was probably the one man in New Mexico who did not fear "Billy the Kid." He was his match in every respect—as calm, as desperate, as certain.

Perhaps "Billy" knew this; at any rate he must have considered himself in desperate straits. He sent for General Wallace. The general refused to respond. Then the outlaw sent him a note. The note read:

"Come to the jail; I have some papers you would not want to be displayed."

"I knew what he meant," said General Wallace, reminiscence. "He referred to the note he received from me, and in response to which he appeared before me in the morning. He was threatening to publish it if I refused to send him. I thwarted his purpose by giving a copy of the letter and a narrative of the circumstances connected with it to the paper published in Lincoln. The note was duly printed, and upon its appearance a copy was sent to Billy in his cell. He had nothing further to say."

In the end the desperado was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. When the sentence was read he stood before the trial judge and said:

A THOROUGH FATALIST.

"Judge, that doesn't frighten me a bit. 'Billy the Kid' was not born to be hung."

He was a thorough fatalist. He believed he bore a charmed life. He believed he would not die until his "line came," and when death was inevitable.

From the court-room "Billy" was led back to the jail. Nine men were put on guard and he was never allowed a moment from the sight of one of them. On the day before that set for his execution one man sat in front of "Billy" while he ate his dinner. During the meal the guard forgot himself and suddenly stooped. "Billy's" quick eye took in the situation at a glance. With a leap he sprang upon the banding man and dashed his brains out with his hand.

He seized the dead guard's revolver and, his steel-gray eyes gleaming, he walked forward deliberately and routed all the other guards who ran to the assistance of their comrade.

Once more, "Billy the Kid" escaped in the full light of day through the doors of the jail. He forced a blacksmith to break the manacle chains, seized a good horse that stood nearby and rode away.

He called back as he spurred the animal into a gallop:

"Tell the judge that I said 'Billy the Kid' was not born to be hung."

But "Billy" had forgotten one thing; he had not reckoned with the character of the man who was sheriff of the county. He had forgotten Patrick Garrett. Garrett shut his teeth hard, like a man who is determined to accomplish his purpose, no matter the obstacles presenting themselves. He set out to take "Billy the Kid," dead or alive.

PURSUED BY GARRETT.

Garrett received information that "Billy" had gone back to an old fort in the mountains to see his sweetheart. Garrett followed. He lay in wait in the doorway of the home of "Billy's" love, and finally his vigil was rewarded when he saw the door open one night and a man step out into the white light of the moon.

His hat was off, he was in his stocking feet and he wore only shirt and trousers. He passed out into the night.

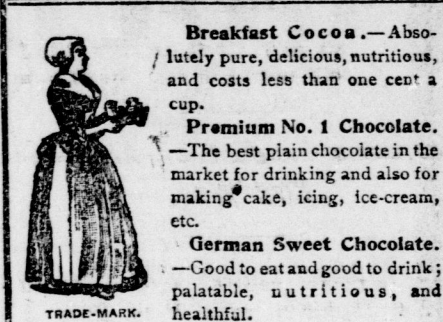
Garrett crept to the door and passed in. He covered the girl's father with his gun.

"Not a word," he said, and slid behind the headboard of the bed.

The door opened again, and "Billy the Kid" entered. He seemed to scent danger as a camel scents rain; in-

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

Walter Baker & Co.'s
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates.



WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREAL.

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

Breakfast Cocoa.—Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate.—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

German Sweet Chocolate.—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

THE OUTLAW'S GRAVE.

Today there is a little lowly heap of earth located at Las Cruces, N. M. To the curious stranger some idle native may, now and again, point out this little grave and explain, with a certain pride, that Las Cruces possesses the final resting place of the worst bad man that ever infested the Southwestern border.

ETHERAL LUNCHES
NOT FASHIONABLE

Women Go In for Good Hearty Meals Nowadays.

Cynically disposed persons have commented with more or less acerbity and perhaps with more or less justice upon the conventional woman's lunch, afternoon tea and reception refreshments, which in the past have consisted largely of cream and croquette's lunch, late pabulum, angel cake and other such ladylike and ethereal foods, with occasional dainties over pie or bold indulgence in the unspeakable oyster cocktail.

The same cynics have doubted whether woman would rise to the full demands of the twentieth century with the man of any of the olden times, so long as she fed upon the syphilis-like food she prefers.

It is time now for the cynics to look about them, and ascertain whether the ice cream and croquette's woman's lunch is not ancient history, and see if women have not outgrown that habit. Two or three of the well known restaurateurs in New York tell a significant story. One of them, who feeds between five and six thousand persons every noon, mostly women, says there is no ice cream luncheon in his place. His woman customers wish something hearty, and they wish it good, and wish it right off. They order substantial food, such as cold meats, pork and beans, corned beef hash, baked potatoes, hot rolls, tea, and coffee.

This is significant, if true, and it is perhaps the loudest warning men have had that they should wake up and look to their privileges, and not rest on their arms contently because they have been lords of creation since Adam's time. When women lunch on pork and beans, and hash, and other such masculine dishes, they have advanced far into man's kingdom, and there is danger they will play havoc with his prerogatives. Of course, for a time there may be gentle female souls who will eat papers and read them over five minutes, and then, the reading of papers is also fast going out of fashion. Once woman has entirely emancipated herself from this pernicious habit, and when death was inevitable, and settled down to business on the basis of corned beef and cabbage, it will be time for man to bestir himself or he will be the inferior being before he knows it.

Obstinate Case of Itching Eczema

Leg and Foot a Mass of Sores That Doctor Could Not Heal—A Thorough and Lasting Cure by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This letter from Tilsonburg, Ont., is an unsolicited testimonial to the extraordinary healing powers of Dr. Chase's Ointment. This is one more example of how this great ointment cures when all other means have failed. There is something almost magical about the way the preparation heals and cures. People who have not used it can scarcely understand how it can be so effective.

Mr. W. D. Johnson, Tilsonburg, Ont., writes: "My father has been entirely cured of a long-standing and obstinate case of eczema by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. His leg and foot were a mass of sores, and he suffered something terrible from stinging and itching. Though he used a great many remedies and was treated by one of the best doctors, he could get no permanent relief until he began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

"This preparation was so cooling and soothing that the very first application brought relief, and it was not long until the leg and foot were perfectly healed and cured. It is a pleasure for him to recommend this ointment because of the great benefit he has derived from it, and he will gladly answer any questions from other sufferers."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful in a score of ways. For every irritation or eruption of the skin it offers prompt relief. It heals and soothes wounds, scalds and burns, and has never been equaled as a cure for eczema, rheumatism, tetter and scald head. Sixty cents a box at all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SOME FAMOUS FINANCIERS

The Rothschilds a Family of Uncrowned Kings

Their Founder Was a Thorough Miser—Faithfulness to an Old Trust Exemplified.

Rothschild is a name with which to conjure riches. It has been the talisman of wealth for nearly a century. It has exercised an influence in the world's financial centers far greater than that of political kings and potentates.

If the Rothschilds wished they could cause the wreckage of most of the financial institutions in the world. Their influence over wealth must be figured, not by millions, but by billions of dollars.

The present head of the Rothschild family is Lord Rothschild, who succeeded his father, Baron Lionel Rothschild, in 1879.

The home of the Rothschilds is in England, though they are represented in all European capitals.

The name Rothschild is taken from the house of the Red Shield, in the Jewish section of Frankfurt, Germany. About 1750 there lived in Frankfurt the man who founded the Rothschild fortune. Mayer Amsel Rothschild was destined, by his father, to become a Jewish rabbi; but his strong business proclivities overcame religious tendencies and he entered the employment of a firm known as the Oppenheims of Hanover, finally becoming one of the managers.

By dint of the hardest kind of saving he managed to accumulate about \$5,000. To do this he denied himself every personal gratification, living in a style which was more than simple, and might be termed almost miserly.

He returned to Frankfurt, and went into business for himself, becoming money changer, merchant and general banker. In those days the bitterness against the Hebrews was intense; but, despite this, Mayer Rothschild won the distinction of being known everywhere as "the honest Hebrew."

His first real step toward amassing the vast fortune which he afterwards made was when he became financial agent of the Landgrave of Hesse. This gave him large sums of money to manipulate. He took such good advantage of his opportunities that in 1804 he was enabled to lend a large sum to the Danish Government. From that time he began to be recognized as a financial power.

HIS GOLD IN A CELLAR.

When Napoleon's soldiers besieged Frankfurt, the Landgrave of Hesse fled from the city, first, however, turning over all his gold and personal wealth—house, art treasures and splendid collection of tapestries—to the care of Mayer Rothschild. Rothschild buried the coin in the cellar, as well as such other articles as he wished to keep.

Napoleon's soldiers sacked the house, and took everything with them except the money and art treasures which Rothschild had hidden. The clever agent made a vast deal of profits over the outrage, and, when the soldiers left, they thought they had "cleaned out" the Landgrave, to whom they owed a grudge for enlisting mercenaries against the army of France.

When the soldiers left, Rothschild dug up the gold and managed to get it to London, where his son took charge of it. This was the real beginning of the Rothschild fortune.

The Landgrave of Hesse was more than willing that Mayer Rothschild should have full use of his wealth, as he had done so much to win confidence in the postoffice service, and it means more in the way of personal happiness and public advancement than anything else of which I know, says A. M. Machen, in an article in the July Success.

The importance of this new branch of the postal service is best indicated by the rate at which it has grown. We began in 1836 with an appropriation of \$40,000. For three years previous to that, congress had made each year an appropriation; but, with declining revenues and increasing deficits, the post-office department had been loath to take any step that might involve additional burdens. As the matter of establishing rural routes had been left to the discretion of the postmaster-general, the appropriations were unused. In 1836, congress, in making the appropriation, embodied a mandatory clause, and, with much misgiving, Postmaster-General William L. Wilson, in October, 1836, established the first route, which was out of Charleston, W. Va. On the 1st of July, 1837, only 43 routes were in operation. Today there are more than 10,000 routes, serving 600,000 houses, in which live more than 4,000,000 people. It requires some experience of life in the country, under old conditions, to realize what it means to these people to be suddenly brought from an isolated position into daily touch with the outer world, the news and events of which had only sifted to them at haphazard. The territory covered by the rural routes is equal to about 120,000 square miles, equaling in area the New England States, New York and New Jersey. Eventually they

ROTHSCHILD'S LAST WORDS.

When Mayer Rothschild died in 1812 he called his sons around his bedside and said:

"Keep the law of Moses, remain united to the end; consult your neighbor before beginning any great business—keep in mind these three things, and the world will soon belong to you."

The five sons of Mayer Rothschild divided Europe into different sections, each one taking control of a certain part. One went to Paris; another to Vienna; a third to Naples; another to Frankfurt and the last to England.

To Nathan Mayer Rothschild, who founded the English house of Rothschild, belongs the credit of building up the Rothschild fortune from a comparatively small sum left by Mayer Rothschild.

Sir Thomas Powell Buxton tells an interesting story of how Nathan Rothschild got his start in England.

"There was not room in Frankfurt for all the Rothschilds," said Nathan, "I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there who had the market all to himself. Somehow I offended him. He refused to show me his patterns. This was on Tuesday. I resolved to go to England, though I could speak nothing but German. On Thursday I started for Manchester."

"I managed to make three profits on goods such as the vain Manchester merchant had refused to show me—there was a profit on the raw material, the dyeing and the manufacturing. In a short time my \$100,000 became \$300,000. My success turned on one maxim which I held over before me: 'I can do what another man can do.' That was my motto."

When Nathan Rothschild's father sent to England the money he had saved for the Landgrave of Hesse, the son found himself in control of \$300,000. He came to London, and, having faith in England in her war against Napoleon, began buying up British securities. In five years, as he afterwards said, he had multiplied his original capital by 2,500.

FIRST PIGEON POST.

Nathan Rothschild began stock speculation. He showed wonderful enterprise by establishing between the continent and England the first pigeon messenger service. This was before the telegraph came into use; and, by

Civility is particularly due to all women," said Cheskerfield. If you wish to be popular as well as civil, give your friends Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

his pigeon post, Rothschild was able to obtain news far in advance of his competitors. This gave him a stupendous advantage, and enabled him to control the channels of information.

At the battle of Waterloo, the fortunes of the Rothschilds hung in the balance. Had the English lost, the men of money would have been ruined, as they had staked all their millions on the success of the English. The story goes that Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield watching the outcome; that after the battle he hastened back to London, and, having the first news, created a panic by stating that England had lost.

He bought English securities for a song and then in a day or so, when official news of English victory arrived, made millions on the upward rise. But this story has no confirmation. Rothschild's agent, Rowan, came from Brussels to England immediately after the battle and was the first to give information of victory to the English premier, who made it public.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

A peculiar personal characteristic of Nathan Rothschild was his faculty of asking momentous questions "off-hand." He was famous then for his brief judgment, even as is J. P. Morgan with his "yes" or "no" today. In fact, there are many similarities between the methods of Morgan and Rothschild. Both men were secretive, unostentatious and had wonderful organizing capacity.

When the Bank of England refused to discount Rothschild's bills, the banker so completely blocked the business of the bank that it had to accept the terms. And yet, when the bank itself was about to fail, Rothschild saved it with his own funds.

For many years Nathan Rothschild lived very near his place of business, in New Court, London, close to the Bank of England, where the Rothschild banking house now stands. In middle life Rothschild moved to Stamford Hill, and thence to Piccadilly, the English Fifth Avenue.

The personal habits of the Rothschilds are those of simple wealthy English gentlemen. Their pastimes are driving, golfing and outdoor sports. None of the Rothschilds has ever greatly cared for yachting.

FREE MAIL DELIVERY IN RURAL DISTRICTS

Success of Innovation Introduced in United States Postal Service.

Of all the institutions that promote the progress of the United States, there is no other, to my mind, that compares in importance with free rural mail delivery. Although it is scarcely five years since the system was adopted, it has already revolutionized social, business and economic conditions in territory covering more than one hundred thousand square miles. Its popularity is increasing at a rate exceeding that attending any improvement heretofore attempted in the postoffice service, and it means more in the way of personal happiness and public advancement than anything else of which I know, says A. M. Machen, in an article in the July Success.

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will cover 1,000,000 square miles or more. The appropriation for the maintenance of the service advanced from \$40,000 in 1837 to \$50,000 in 1838; \$150,000 in 1839; \$450,000 in 1900; \$1,750,000 in 1901. For the fiscal year ending June, 1902, we have an appropriation of \$2,500,000. Of this sum, three million dollars will be required to maintain the more than 6,000 routes, the cost of each being \$500. Nearly \$500,000 will be used in the expense of administration. For the year 1903, the department has requested an appropriation of \$6,250,000, and there is not the slightest doubt that it will get it, for members of congress are agreed that no other single item in our annual expenditure brings anything like a proportionate return to the people.

INSIDE VIEW OF A SWALLOW'S NEST

An Attractive Experiment for County Dwellers.

Swallows, bluebirds and wrens are all interesting neighbors which anyone living in the country can usually have for the asking, says the July St. Nicholas. A box with a single opening at one side, set upon a pole at some convenient point near the house, is the only invitation required. The more weather-beaten the box-house the more attractive it becomes. Make a round or square door two inches wide, but don't put a piazza in front, unless you wish to attract the swallow's worst enemy, the house sparrow.

Swallows are most interesting to watch; their powers of flight are marvelous and few birds in the world can surpass their grace and freedom of movement. The male is very pugnacious and will dart at the head of every person who approaches his home and pounce upon any bird who intrudes upon his domain.

When the nest is building they enter the box hundreds of times just to see that all is well, and often make many trials before they land a long spear of grass or feather on the inside. When the male who nested in your yard last summer brought a feather which was too long to be carried in crosswise of the hole, his mate would try to seize it from him; but, no! he must do it himself, so off he would go, only to return time after time until finally successful.

This box-house had a hinged lid or roof, so that it was possible to take a peep inside every day or two and see what was going on. Beginning about June 10 five snow-white eggs were laid on the softest and coolest nests, made almost wholly of white pigeons' feathers, which were arched up at the sides so as to almost cover the eggs. Then about July 1 the young began to hatch. An egg which proved to be bad was kicked to one side, but the shells of the others were carefully removed. The young birds when a week old squeak when handled and often surprise you by the strength with which they cling to your fingers. They can support their weight by holding on with one foot. But most remarkable of all are their thick yellow lips. When the parent comes with food and the four mouths open wide, four bright little rings or targets can be seen plainly, and it thus becomes easy to quickly place the food down in the throat where it should go.

When this box was opened, the parents did not know what to make of it at first, but were soon bringing moths and dragon-flies. When the wind blew out a feather the mother at once darted after it, replacing it in the nest, for they cannot bear to lose any of their possessions. When holding anew or repairing the old nest, they will sometimes become so tame or bold as to seize a feather tossed in the air.

This bird, called the white-bellied or tree swallow, is gradually changing its nesting habits; that is, it is more and more forsaking the hollow trees in the woods beside the streams and coming to the neighborhood of man. But attachment to the home roof is strong, and many an old tree has sheltered dozens of generations of these swallows.

Fifty Against Two.

It is not reasonable to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement.

Take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla along with you. Three doses daily of this great tonic will do more than anything else to refresh your blood, overcome your tired feeling, improve your appetite, and make your sleep easy and restful.

Skirt Binding Economy Should Interest Every Woman

There is no economy in rebinding a skirt several times when it can be avoided by paying a few cents more for S. H. & M. Bias Velveteen. You will be delighted with the splendid wear and stylish and elegant appearance of S. H. & M. Redfern. It won't lose its color, it won't become ragged