No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

But easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph Totten, and Sarah Totten, both Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 63. Chap. 110 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario (1887) and Amending Acts, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the Estate of Joseph Totten late of the Township of Kitley in the County of Leeds, Farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 4th day of March, A. D. 1895, or against the Estate of Sarah Totten late of Kitley aforesaid, Widow, who died on or about the 14th day of March, A. D. 1898, are hereby required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned Solicitor for Joseph P. Mott, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said Joseph Totten and also said late Sarah Totten on or before the 14th day of April, A. D. 1898—a statement of their accounts, names and addresses with full particulars of the claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them and against which of said Estates.

And further take notice, that after said 14th day of April, A. D. 1898 the said Executor will proceed to distribute the Assets of the said several and respective Estates amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice as above required, and the said Executor shall not be liable for the assets of the said several Estates or any part thereof to any person or persons whose claim or claims he shall not have had notice of at the time of said distribution.

W. J. WRIGHT,
Solicitor for said Executor.
P. O. Box 707, Brockville, Ont.

Dated at Brockville this 22nd day of March, A. D., 1898.

MONEY TO LOAN

We have instructions to place large sums of private funds at current rates of interest on first mortgage on improved farms. Terms to suit borrower. Apply to

HUTCHESON & FISHER
Barristers &c Brockville,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

BEST ROUTES TO THE

KLONDIKE

VANCOUVER, VICTORIA $25

Train leaves Montreal, Windsor St., at 2 p.m. week days.

Tourists Sleeping Car every day, except Sunday to Pacific Coast.

Frequent sailings from Vancouver and Victoria. Particulars on application.

Ask for copy of our GOLD FOLDER containing most recent information as to routes, rates, etc.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH $15

SETTLER'S TRAINS TO

MANITOBA
ALBERTA
ASSINIBOIA

Will leave every Tuesday in March and April, should sufficient business offer. Colonist cars through to these points. Free Colonist Sleeping Cars attached to these trains. Ask nearest C. P. R. Agent, or write, for a copy of the "Settlers' Index," containing full information as to Freight and Passenger rates, time tables, land regulations and how to procure a FREE FARM.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

The Old Shop
A New Prop'r

D. R. REED

LATE OF ELGIN

Having moved to Athens and bought out the Barber business lately carried on by C. G. Wing, and engaged Mr. Tullis of Perth, a first-class Barber, I am now prepared to do first-class work. The place—

Old P.O. Building
Next H.H. Arnold's

where he will be found ready at all times to attend to the wants of customers.

Razors and Scissors sharpened

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GET RICH QUICKLY. Write to-day for our beautiful illustrated Book on Patents and the fascinating story of a poor Inventor who made $250,000.00. Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention and we will promptly tell you FREE if it is new and probably patentable.

We handle Honest Service, Specialty Tough cases rejected in other hands and foreign applications. References: Honorable L. Delorme, prop. of "La Presse," Honorable D. A. Ross, the leading newspapers, Banks, Express Companies & clients in any locality. All Patents secured through our agency are brought before the public by a special notice in over 200 newspapers. MARION & MARION, Patent Experts, Temple Building, 185 St. James St., Montreal. The only firm of Graduate Engineers in the Dominion transacting patent business exclusively. Mention this paper.

IROQUOIS WAMPUM.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RECORDS LOST BY CHIEF WEBSTER.

They Related in Beads the Story of the Six Nations and Other Events of Indian History—The Battles That Went With Them—No Pure-Blood Onondagas.

When Chief Thomas Webster of the Onondaga Indians died last fall it was discovered that nearly all the great wampum of the Iroquois Confederacy, of which Webster was the keeper, had disappeared. The disappearance of this wampum is a great loss to the Six Nations, although it is probable that much of it will be restored if, as has been stated, it has found its way into the Smithsonian Institute at Washington or the New York State Museum at Albany.

The great wampum of the Iroquois Indians was composed of four belts of shell beads of varying lengths and widths, worked in designs to tell the story of the events which they were intended to celebrate. The wampum is a sort of historical record of the most important events in connection with the life of the Confederation. Few whites have seen the great wampum. It was supposed to be jealously guarded and to be produced only on great occasions, such as a great council for the election of a President of the Confederation. The Indians were prevailed on, however, to show it at the Onondaga County (N.Y.) centennial four or five years ago, and a photograph of it taken at the time is here reproduced:

The long belt is the federation agreement among the Six Nations, and is the

THE GR AT WAMPU-.

most highly prized of the collection. It represents the Long House, or Council House, of the Confederacy, which was always located in the Onondaga Valley, flanked by small figures. To the right and left of these small figures are six larger ones with clasped hands. The smaller figures are said to represent the executive officers of the Confederacy, and the larger ones symbolize the contracting nations. This difference in the size of the figures, it is said, was intended to signify that the power of the individual nations was not to be subordinated to any federal authority, but rather that the executive officers of the Confederation should be subordinate to the will of the nations declared in great council. This treaty of confederation is composed chiefly of white shell beads, the figures and the Council House being wrought in beads made from black clam shells.

One of the other three belts of wampum, it is said, sealed the treaty by which the Tuscaroras (Shirt Wearers) were admitted to the Iroquois Confederation. The Tuscaroras were originally from the South Atlantic coast; were driven north by the persecution of their more warlike neighbors, and were admitted into the Iroquois Confederacy. Still another of the pieces of wampum is known as the Hiawatha Belt. All are made from shell beads, the original wampum of the North American Indian.

The two oval-shaped instruments with handles, shown in the picture, are rattles, which play a great part in all the religious and other ceremonies of the Iroquois Indians. They are made of the shells of snapping turtles, the handles being the head and neck of the reptile stretched out and reinforced by a stick wound with string. A quantity of dried peas in the shell complete the rattle. These are mighty effective weapons in driving away witches, according to the belief of the modern Iroquois, and, when handled by an expert in the Green Corn Dance, they inspire the dancers to the most exhausting physical effort. The effect is something like that of the pit-ti-pat for the dance of a Southern plantation darkey.

The late Chief Webster's Indian name was Ha-you-du-geh-wah (Bitter Body). He was a descendant of the first white settler in the Onondaga Valley. All the Onondaga Indians are more or less of mixed white and Indian blood. There are no pure bloods among them. In fact, Daniel La Fort, chief of the Onondagas and President of the Iroquois Confederacy, would be taken for a white man anywhere.

JOHN LEECH.

The Story of His Death as Told by Du Maurier.

On Saturday afternoon, the 28th, I called at his house, No. 6 Terrace, Kensington, with a very elaborate drawing in pencil by myself, which I presented to him as a souvenir, and with which he seemed much pleased.

He was already working at the Punch Almanac for 1865, at a window on the second floor overlooking the street. (I have often gazed up at it since.) He seemed very ill, so sad and depressed that I could scarcely speak to him for sheer sympathy. I felt he would never get through the labor of that almanac and left him with the most melancholy forebodings.

Monday morning the papers announced his death on Sunday, Oct. 29, from angina pectoris, the very morning after I had seen him. The grave was near Thackeray's, who had died the year before. There were crowds of people, Charles Dickens among them. Canon Hole, a great friend of Leech's and who has written most affectionately about him, read the service, and when the coffin was lowered into the grave John Millais burst into tears and loud sobs, setting an example that was followed all around. We all forgot our manhood and cried like women! I can recall no funeral in my time where simple grief and affection have been so openly and spontaneously displayed by so many strangers as well as friends—not even in France, where people are more demonstrative than here. No burial in Westminster abbey that I have ever seen ever gave such an impression of universal honor, love and regret.

"Whom the gods love die young." He was only 46!

I was then invited to join Punch's staff and take Leech's empty chair at the weekly dinner—and bidden to cut my initials on the table, by his. His monogram as it was carved by him is J. L. under a leech in a bottle, dated 1854, and close by on the same board are the initials W. M. T.

I flatter myself that convivially, at least, my small D. M., carved in impenetrable oak, will go down to posterity in rather distinguished company!—"Social Pictorial Satire," by George Du Maurier, in Harper's Magazine.

Absolute Wellington.

The Duke of Wellington would be master or nothing. In Portugal the Horse guards sent to him an officer with whom it was expected by the government that he would constantly consult. His own words set forth the outcome of this treatment: "When I went to Portugal, they gave me Sir Brent Spencer as second in command, but I came to an explanation with him. I told him I did not know what second in command meant, any more than third or fourth or fifth in command—I alone commanded the army; that the other officers commanded their divisions; that if anything happened to me, the senior survivor would take command; that, in contemplation of such a possibility, I would break him, but him in particular as next in succession, with the most entire confidence, and would leave none of my views or intentions unexplained, but that I would have no second in command in the sense of his having anything like a joint command or superintending control, and that finally and above all I would not only take but insist upon the whole and undivided responsibility of all that should happen when the army was under my command."

From Pain to Health

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF JOHN HENDERSON, OF DESERONTO JUNCTION.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His Constitution—He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter for the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up to the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and most distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease that sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to go around a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wagner by the use of the famous medicine as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and volunteered to send for a quanity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box but with little discernible effect. He, however kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong vigorous man whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

It is reported that the minority in Manitoba have definitely decided to accept the provisions of the school settlement in the meantime, hoping for something more in time to come.

FOUGHT CATARRH FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Eighty Years of Age When Victory Came—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the one Remedy.

George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., says: I was troubled with catarrh for fifty years. I am eighty years old. I used a great many catarrh remedies, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was the one medicine that gave immediate relief and cured me of the disease. At Ottawa D. M. Northrop, a prominent member of the Civil Service, used this medicine and tells of its benefits in the case of catarrh and cold in the head. It relieves in ten minutes. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The Skaguay route is becoming worse with the setting in of warm weather, and now it is almost impassable. There are 2,700 dead horses on the trail, and when uncovered by the snow the carcasses will emit a horrible stench.

A Clergyman's Thumping Heart.

Cured After Years of Tedious but Fruitless Treatment—These are the Words of Rev. L. W. Showers, of Elderton Pa.

"My case was chronic. Had uneasiness about the heart, and palpitation since I was a boy. As soon as I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I procured it. I am now using my fifth bottle and experience great improvement. The choking, abnormal beating and warm feeling and thumping has entirely disappeared. This remedy will save your life if you are a victim of heart disease. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The balmy month of March, 1898, has caused the oldest inhabitants to do a heap of recollecting, and it has also given a punch on the solar plexus to that venerable old proverb which says that if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion.

Was Wasting Away.

"I could not walk, eat, sleep or sit down for any length of time. I was always in pain and was wasting away. I grew very weak and had a bad cough. I tried many different remedies, but did not get relief. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, however, I am able to attend to my business." MINNIE JAQUES, Oshoro, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

COLLAPSE OF REYNOLDS CASE.

Complainant in a Personal Injury Suit Arrested for Perjury.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The personal injury case of Reynolds against the Chicago City Railway Company, which has been on trial since March 17 before Judge Neely, was brought to an abrupt and unusual termination yesterday morning. As a result of evidence reflecting upon the veracity of the plaintiff, Mrs. Jennie M. Reynolds, and Milton H. Fountain, one of her chief witnesses, the case was dropped and immediately afterward on motion of Attorney W. J. Hynes, who represented the street railway company, a bench warrant was issued by Judge Neely for the committal of Mrs. Reynolds and Fountain for contempt in swearing falsely to a material issue in the case on trial. Fountain, who was present in court, was at once taken into custody.

The evidence tending to establish perjury was brought out on Saturday and as soon as court convened at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning Attorney Hiram Blaisdell, who with George J. Tobias appeared for the plaintiff, asked that the court instruct the jury to return a verdict for the defendant company. He said that he had gone into the case believing it to be an honest one and that in view of recent developments had advised his client to drop it, a course of procedure to which she had consented.

He also asked that the case of Geo. K. Reynolds against the company, based on the injuries claimed to have been received by his wife, also be dismissed. Judge Neely promptly acceded to both requests, whereupon, at the suggestion of Mr. Hynes and Attorney M. B. Starring, who also appeared on behalf of the defandant, the bench warrants were issued.

Mrs. Reynolds' suit was brought to recover damages for alleged internal injuries which she claimed to have received in a slight collision June 16, 1895, at the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-Second street. Although Mrs. Reynolds testified that she had been practically a complete invalid ever since the accident, and Fountain corroborated that testimony it was shown by several witnesses from St. Paul that both the plaintiff and Fountain had lived in St. Paul for several months last year, during which period she was apparently in perfect health. It was this testimony that caused the issuance of the warrants, as Fountain had sworn positively that he had not been in St. Paul at the time in question.

Mrs. Reynolds, who is about 35 years of age, is a petite woman of attractive appearance, and is said to have had quite a varied matrimonial experience. Her maiden name was Miss Jennie Clapp and her home was at Athens, Ont., where she was married at the age of 14, to W. T. Hayes. Subsequently she married H. H. Walker of Portage la Prairie, Man.

A Chapter Of Loans.

Alas, my new umbrella—I miss it with a sigh. The day I rashly bought it a friend was standing by. Next day it rained. He borrowed it to be returned that night, but since that fatal moment he hasn't blessed my sight. He lent it to a neighbor's wife and to increase my woe she lent it to the minister and still it's on the go. He lent it to a student who lent it to a friend, and still it's going, going, gone. I wonder where 'twill end. But through the cloud of sorrows I see—perhaps I may be lucky and it may be lent to me

Strangeness Of Fate.

Last fall James Allison murdered Mrs. Anthony Orr near Galt. Since then fate seems to be pursuing both families with a relentless hand. A few days after the hanging Tony Orr scalded both feet badly. He was out the other day for the first time. Mr. Allison was practically demented. Now one of the Allison girls is suffering with diphtheria, and the house she was in was badly wrecked by the recent flood at Galt. A few evenings ago Mrs. Dickson Ballantyne, Anthony Orr's housekeeper, about 70 years old, went to the cow stable to do some milking. As she did not return Mr. Orr set out to look for her. He reached the barn and followed marks of spilled milk and found the old lady in a semi-unconscious state and helpless in the basement, where she had fallen through a trap door. She is hurt internally and is now in Galt hospital.

Addison School Report.

Report of Addison public school for the month of March. A number obtained low marks on account of absence.

IV.—Maggie Kelly 473, Norma Davis 459, Lizzie Kelly 453, Keitha Duclon 448, Maud Taplin 424, Arthur Stowell 424, Claud Moulton 424, Florence Church 319, Fremont Blanchard 318, Fred King, Birdie Bissell, John Wilise.

III.—Clifford Scott, Jennie Brown, Morton Brayton, Maurice Brayton, Willie Wright.

II.—Edna Davis 135, May Edgley 112, Walter Bissell 103, Eddie Gellipo 90, Edgar Gellipo 25.

Pt. II.—Stella Scott 150, Cora Gray 100, Charlie Bissell 40, Roy Blanchard, Wilfrid Stowell, Clifford Earl.

Pt. I.—Lambert Checkley, Dolly Cole.

Average attendance 27.

ADELLA SCOTT, Teacher.

FRONT OF YONGE.

TUESDAY, April 5.—Mr. Joseph Leeder of Wexford bought the old Armstrong farm of the George Towe estate, on the three-fork road.

Suckers are so plentiful in Fly creek that boys with large salt sacks can take a bushel at a haul. Parties wanting fish should apply to Mr. C. Birch of Gloom Vale.

WHISKEEOLOGY.—A man may be the architect of his whiskers, but the whiskers always reveal the architect of the man. The science of whiskerology is a very useful branch of modern education. The person who can read a man's whiskers correctly is seldom deceived or hornswoggled by the owner of said whiskers. It beats palmistry or astrology or horoscopy or rabbit-foot science all to splinters. A boy begins to cultivate his first whiskers in the little moles and corners of his face, where the soil is the most productive, and it is these little fertile spots, or oasis, that indicate the secret character of the boy. The boy can cultivate and trim and wax the little folorn tufts of hirsute down as they appear spontaneously within the precincts of the arable soil of his countenance, but he has no will power to direct the location of these little tufts.

Smart Chinaman.

The Iroquois News had the following to say recently: "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar. Mr. Wang, the proprietor of the laundry here, states that when one of his countrymen in Canada wishes to go back to the old land he simply finds his way to the United States and is there unable to give a good account of himself. He "no savee" anything about Canada, and in the absence of proof that he has come from here he is sent back to China, according to the provisions of the exclusion law.

Counterfeit Coin.

Counterfeit half dollars and twenty-five cent pieces are being extensively circulated in Ottawa and will no doubt find their way to outlying parts. The coins are well made and finished for counterfeits, and on account of their innocent appearance have already, in many instances, been taken by shopkeepers. It is believed that the money has been manufactured outside, brought to the city and put in circulation by strangers. Some of these men are yet in town. The police have several clues as to who the counterfeiters are, and they are working on the matter.

Good Time Coming.

It is only on rare occasions that this journal exercises its power as a prophet. You can't reasonably expect prophetic inspiration at a dollar a year, even if the dollar is paid strickly in advance. But now and again, it is both wise and necessary for this journal to prophesy, and it does so on the present occasion. It distinctly and definitely predicts that in less than fifty years hence Ontario will employ no human labor. The work of men and women will cease. All that will be needed is human intelligence, the actual work will be performed by natural agencies.—Bobcaygeon Ind.

The Sin Of Gambling.

The Bishop of Vermont, in a recent address at Rutland, attacked a problem which has baffled many christian moralists. Not everyone has been able to tell in what particular way gambling is a sin, and open advocates it has none. He declares: "Gambling is a violation of the sense of responsibility for the use of money, or of any gift intrusted to us. In all such gifts we have a two fold responsibility, namely, to our heavenly Father who has endowed us with them, and to our brothers and sisters about us, for whose welfare in the proper distribution and use of these things we are answerable. So with money. I am bound not to throw it away or risk it in any considerable sum when that can be used for so many good purposes, public and private."

Fodder Cheese.

In connection with the reports of fodder cheese being made in this section M. K. Everts, President of the Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade writes as follows to the Montreal Herald:

"We have two small factories that are making in a very small way twice a week, but I believe they will not be 100 cheese makers in Brockville section until the 15th day of April. We are all making butter and butter is doing splendidly and there will be practically no fodder cheese made in Brockville section for spring of 1898. You can depend on this that we are going to manufacture fancy butter in this section, and on the first of May we will all turn our attention to making cheese for six months and from the preparations in this section I believe that a larger quantity and a finer quality will be made this year.

Village Council.

The municipal council of the village of Athens met in regular monthly session on Monday evening, April 4. All the members were present, except Mr. Karley. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The clerk read and laid on the table a letter from Walter Mosher, asking the council to remunerate him for caring for and boarding Charles Baggs for five days, at 50c per day; also letter from David Mansell claiming error in the amount paid by village to counties as per requisition; also letter from Wm. Karley, one of the councillors elected for 1898, resigning his seat assuch councillor.

On motion, the reeve was requested to give an order on village treasurer for the sum of $14.00 in favor of D. Mansell, county treasurer, being balance due on requisition for county purposes, omitted by mistake from by-law granting money to pay county rates for 1897.

On motion, the resignation of Wm. Karley as councillor was laid over until next meeting for further consideration.

On motion, Lamb's hall was engaged for council meetings for 1898, for the sum of $10.

The council then adjourned to next regular monthly meeting, unless sooner called by the reeve.

B. LOVERIN, Clerk.

To Rent.

The flat over the Reporter office, consisting of hall, dining room, parlor, kitchen, two bedrooms, and store room. These rooms are well furnished, have 9 foot ceilings, and are nicely painted and papered. Hard and soft water convenient. Possession given 10th March. Apply to

REPORTER OFFICE.

A large deputation, composed of leading members of the Methodist church, waited on the Dominion government last week and asked that the question of prohibition be submitted to the people of Canada without having attached to it the side issue of how the deficiency in the revenue likely to be caused by prohibition was to be met. Premier Laurier assured the deputation that no snap verdict would be sought, but he did not see how the two questions could be very well separated. He said that although ultimately the question of revenue might right itself, prohibition for the first year or so was almost certain to result in a loss of revenue, and he thought the question as to how this deficit was to be met ought to be faced at the outset. But he said he was open to conviction by the arguments to be presented.

Skin Diseases.

Eczema, Tetter Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Barbers Itch, Ringworm, and other skin diseases and eruptions cause it. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures it. One application will allay irritation. 35 cents. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are smallest, cheapest, best. 20 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

PITY, THE REVEALER.

I waited long for love. My spirit dropped
Beneath the withering dews of man's dispraise
As faints the unshaded flower on sun parched plains
'Neath tropic rays.

I waited long for faith. My doubting soul
Was like a helmless bark when tempests roar,
And sinns sea hid, and only breakers' foam
Reveals the shore.

I waited long for peace. My troubled heart
Was like a fort besieged yet shelterless
Each passion promised safety, but betrayed
To keen self scorn.

Then pity came with gaze of liquid light,
And closed my eyes to sight of others' pain.
'Neath burdens great my brethren groaned, their brows
Dropped blood like rain.

I snatched perforce the weakest straggler's load
(His grateful smile made light its seeming weight).
Seang the others songs. They stepped in time,
Erect, elate.

And as we marched, my petty, long nursed grief
Was made as by a magic spell to cease,
For love divine shone through their eyes, and love
Brought faith and peace.

—Good Words.

HOW MIKE GOT EVEN.

It was a beautiful morning. Not a cloud in the June sky, not a leaf stirring on the old cottonwood tree by the spring. The cattle, after a restless night, were lying in close order and lazily chewing the cud or stretched out broadside on the thick green carpet.

On the edge of the bunch a few calves were frisking about with tails up, and one impatient youngster was butting away at his drowsing mother with a vigorous suggestion that it was time to rise and furnish forth the morning meal.

On an adjacent hill the horse wrangler, still draped to the heels in the yellow slicker he had donned in the thunder shower of the night, sat idly in the saddle with a hand on his horse's hips, looking away over the pea green range of early summer to where the mountain tops glowed in the rising sun.

The cook's fire of damp wood, kindled directly under the tree, sent up a thick smoke which spread throughout the branches, but collected above them, extending one straight, slender, lofty column into the blue. Some blackbirds were scolding about being smoked out of their leafy home, and on every side resounded the mellow notes of the meadow lark.

It was a beautiful morning, but no one in camp was happy, for every man's clothes were wet, and Mike Tussler had the toothache. Now, it is well known that when the big back tooth of a big buck Irishman takes a notion to ache it is a wholly different proposition from an ordinary case of mal de dents.

"You don't know anything about it," Mike declared. "This isn't just toothache. It aches all over. Did you ever see one of them fiery comets with a long, forked tail on to a bright head? Well, this pain is just like that. My tooth's the redhot head of the thing, and the tails are going all through me."

Mike lay down on his back, and the cook looked in his mouth.

"Did you ever see a chestnut or acorn with a wormhole in it? That's the way with your tooth. Just a little bit of a hole right into it. It's a terrible small hole to worry about."

"Nothing small about the feel of it," said Tussler, and he asked for a day off to go and get it "yanked."

He could not be spared that day, but the next morning went away to the nearest town. It was always a day's ride, and, as is the preverse way of aching teeth, his began to feel much better when he came in sight of the village. He felt so much relieved by the time he had ridden down the one street, with its square front, one story wooden buildings, that when he was finally seated in the dentist's chair he didn't want to have the tooth pulled.

"I was just coming along the street," he said to the dentist, "and I saw your brand on the door. So I come in to ask you to look in my mouth and tell me how old I be."

"Old enough to take better care of your teeth," he announced, after looking them over.

"Have I got to have the lasso on that back one?" asked Tussler.

"You have got to have it filled at once."

"What'll it cost?" asked the cautious Irishman.

"Three dollars," said the dentist. "I use only the best materials and have but one price."

"Well," said Mike, "it don't hurt any now. I guess I won't let the job today."

"That's robbery," he assured himself, as he went away to copper the ace for five and lose it. "The cook said it was an awful small hole."

The next morning, however, his tooth having meanwhile resumed business, he was waiting at the door when the dentist came down.

"You don't get up so early as we do on the range by about four hours," said he. "I been standing here all night. I want me tooth filled full."

So Mike had the work done and paid 50 cents extra for capping the nerve. "And the whole thing didn't take him an hour," he reported when he returned to camp. "I've been robbed."

Mike clings to an opinion with proper tenacity and the conviction that the dentist had "beat him out of good $2" laid a debt and a duty upon him which he had no idea of shirking.

"What you going to do about it?" the boys asked.

"Wait," says Mike.

The hard routine work of the spring round up went on for some weeks. Again the boys asked, "What are you going to do about your dentist?"

"Wait," says Mike again.

When there is work to be done, a cow camp is stirring at daybreak. Getting out in the gray dawn one morning, it was seen that a regular tenderfoot outfit with tents had come in during the night and pitched their camp near the cowboys.

Mike strolled over and poked his head into several covered wagons, bringing back the report that no one was awake.

"What are they loaded with?" was asked.

"Fertilizer," said Mike.

"Come off," they all cried; "not in those dude wagons!"

"Give you my word," insisted Tussler; "not a thing in 'em but old bones."

About this time Mike became very solicitous for the safety of his bed roll. "Handle it like eggs," he told the driver of the mess wagon. "It's loaded."

When the outfit got around to the home ranch and there was at length a few days' rest for horses and men, Tussler said: "Boys, I've got to see my dentist again. Come along to town."

They came along to the number of eight, and leaving them at the Cayuse saloon Mike went over and had an interview with the dentist.

"You remember," he said, "plugging a tooth for me last spring?"

The dentist remembered very well. "Isn't it all right?"

"Sure," said he, "and I got a friend who likes it so well that he wants me to let the job of fixing one for him."

"I have but one price for filling," said the dentist.

"But this is a big back tooth that'll take more metal to fill it than mine," insisted Mike.

"The size of the cavity has nothing to do with it. Unless I have to kill the nerve the price is absolutely the same."

"I think the nerve is already dead in his n," ventured Mike. "When can he come?"

"Tell him to come tomorrow afternoon," said the dentist and added facetiously, "and bring his tooth with him."

"Yessir," said Mike.

The boys killed time as best they might until the appointed hour. Then, with becoming gravity—Tussler leading and the cook second—they filed into the dentist's office. There was scant room for nine men, but they ranged themselves against the wall, and Mike said, with a wave of the hand, "These are all my friends, but," indicating the cook, "this is my particular friend that I spoke to you about."

"And this," said the cook, stepping forward and depositing on the table a large parcel, "is my tooth."

"Open it," said Tussler.

The dentist did so, revealing to his astonished gaze a tooth of Brobdingnagian size. Its length was not less than ten inches, of corresponding breadth and thickness. It had a cavity equal to 12 cubic inches.

"That's the tooth," said Mike.

"This is one on me, boys," said the dentist. "Come over to the Cayuse."

"Fill the tooth first," suggested Tussler.

"Yes," said all the boys in chorus.

The dentist looked at the tooth. He looked at the nine impassive faces along the wall. "Why, certainly," he said.

It took all the alloy, amalgam, cement, concrete and gutta percha in the laboratory, but it was done to the satisfaction of Mike and his friends, who assured the dentist of their future patronage and filed out as solemnly as they had come.

"How did you make the big hole in it?" asked one.

"The blacksmith did it," replied Tussler.

Professor March of Hale college has long mourned the loss of a magnificent specimen of the mammoth's tooth—one of three secured on his last fossil hunting expedition to the bad lands. It disappeared upon the return trip and has never been accounted for.

Should these lines meet the professor's eyes, he is advised to seek his property in a dentist's window in a certain small town on the overland railway.—G. B. Durham in Argonaut.

Color Photography.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Photographic society in London Professor Gabriel Lippman described his system of color photography, whereby a photograph showing the colors of nature is obtained by a direct process and with one exposure of the plate. The film, which might be of any sensitive substance, he explained, was exposed, developed and fixed in the usual way. Two conditions, however, must be observed—the film must in the first place be transparent and grainless and in the second it must be in contact with a metallic mirror during exposure. The effect of the mirror, which was formed by running a layer of mercury in behind the plate, was to reflect back the incident colored rays and thus make the incident light waves stationary. These stationary vibrations, falling in the interior of the sensitive film, impressed their own structure upon it, and by virtue of the structure thus imparted to it the brown deposit of silver, when viewed by reflected white light, appeared clothed with the same colors as were possessed by the image in the camera. The colors were produced by "interference" in the same way as those of the soap bubble or mother of pearl. That this was their cause, M. Lippman said, was proved by the fact that the tints of a negative changed if it were damped in consequence of the gelatin swelling slightly and thus altering the structure of the silver deposit. The colors produced by this process were true and bright provided that exposure and development had been properly conducted. They were, moreover, completely fixed and resisted the action of light and time. He had not yet succeeded in taking prints from his negatives, but was convinced that to do so would be found possible.

The Right Word.

"Did you say, sir, that I was not a man of veracity?"

"No, sir. I said you were a liar."

"I supposed so. It is not possible for you to make the simplest statement of fact in a gentlemanly manner."—Detroit Free Press.

FIREWORKS ON THE ROAD.

Sold In the Same Manner as Anything Else, Like Shoes or Carpets.

Fireworks are most commonly associated in the mind in this country with ideas of Fourth of July, and no doubt more fireworks are burned here on that day than on any other. But fireworks are consumed more or less the year round, for political and other demonstrations, and in the south the chief consumption of fireworks is not at Fourth of July time, but around the midwinter holidays. To supply the trade thus distributed and to be ready for the seasons of greatest demand fireworks factories remain in constant operation. The traveling salesman selling fireworks keeps the road 11 months in the year.

Like many other things fireworks are sold largely by sample. The variety now offered is far greater than formerly, and there are more specialities, and goods are put up more attractively than ever—in fact, keeping up with the general modern advancement. The traveling salesman for a fireworks establishment might carry perhaps five trunks of samples, the goods being made up precisely like those produced to burn, but being really dummies. He does not, of course, carry samples of great set pieces, but he carries all sorts of novelty goods—bombs, and candles, and rockets and so on—and all sorts of specialties, such, for example, as whistling fireworks, and various others.

Fireworks, like many other things, are also often sold from photographs. Big pieces are sold in this manner, and big pieces are also made specially to order to suit local requirements. Small fireworks are sometimes sold by photograph, the pictures being colored to represent the goods, and such photographs are used in the introduction of novelities. If the dealer desires to see these or perhaps all the samples, they are shown precisely as shoes, or dry goods or carpets or other samples would be.

The man selling fireworks covers the country across to the other coast. Some fireworks for consumption in San Francisco next Fourth of July have already been shipped by sea. Deliveries are made, of course, in accordance with the demand. Shipments may be governed by local ordinances of municipalities in one part of the country and another restricting the period within which fireworks may be stored or offered for sale.

There is one man in the business who has been selling fireworks on the road for 30 years.—New York Sun.

ATE THEIR CANDY ALL UP.

Then They Paid the Fat Boy For It In a Shamefaced Way.

He was about the fattest rolly poly of a boy that one would see in a long day's walk. As he waddled along excitedly attempting to whistle after a York and Dauphin street car he aroused the laughter of all who happened to be in sight of him. The conductor of the car finally saw him and yanked the bell to stop. The fat boy puffed up and rolled on board. "Pretty hard fur a fat feller to have to run fur a car!" he puffed, grinning good naturedly upon the careful of passengers. Everybody grinned back at him, and two or three passengers squeezed up to give him a seat. He sat down, with his round face still beaming good humoredly upon his fellow passengers. The latter watched him amusedly.

The boy carried a small basket on his arm, and after awhile, when he had recovered his breath, he took a handful of chocolate candies from the basket and walked along the aisles, giving each passenger a piece. Then he resumed the seat, and the passengers, laughing across the car to each other, began munching their candy. The fat boy waited until nearly all the candy had been eaten, whereupon he arose again and with outstretched palm went the rounds, saying, "One cent apiece, please." The passengers were simply dumfounded, but they had all eaten their candy, and there was nothing for them to do but "cough up" their pennies. The boy collected about 19 cents, and at the next street he got off the car, whistling merrily.—Philadelphia Record.

Southern Magazines.

"It's passing strange." Right after the war Scott's Magazine had a fine southern circulation and was able to pay fair prices for manuscripts, retaining such contributors as Henry Timrod, Sidney Lanier and Paul H. Hayne. It flourished exceedingly and when it changed hands its publisher pocketed a snug sum from the transaction. People were impoverished then, still they gave the magazine a handsome support. But never since its collapse has a southern literary magazine been placed on a paying basis. They are born one day and buried the next, with scarcely an exception, and yet we have had magazines which compared favorably with the best the north has in literature and letterpress.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Regular Occupation.

"I should think you would get some work to do," said the elderly lady at the kitchen door to a tramp who had left his friend at the gate and was in search of a meal.

"I'm working at my regular business right along, madam," said the itinerant.

"And what is your regular business?"

"Traveling companion, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

Evidence of the complexity of cathode rays is found by M. H. Deslandres in the fact that when a ray is turned aside by a neighboring body it is divided into several unequally deviated rays.

Mulligatawney is from an East India word meaning pepper water.

NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

A Very Fast Run Made on the Midland Railroad in England in December of 1897.

In December, 1897, I made a number of runs with the new seven-foot nine-inch wheel engines in order to ascertain their capacity as to speed and otherwise, compared with the seven-foot six-inch engines of the same design, says Charles Rous-Martin, in Railroad Gazette. Every facility was afforded by S. W. Johnson and other Midland authorities, and the only drawback consisted in the alternately foggy and windy weather, both conditions