

MEDICAL.

AGAR & AGAR—Physicians and Surgeons, successors to Dr. Tye, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

LONDONS.

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
A. E. JEWETT, W. M.

LEGAL.

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I am asked what to do with a small child who wants to eat meat all the time. I certainly would forbid the little daughter meat for awhile and later allow her but a small portion once a day only.

If you allow a child meat its appetite for the foods best suited to a growing child becomes less, and it may soon turn away from milk, cereals, vegetables, etc.

If a mother realized that the stimulating effect of meat produced in the child a distaste for all less satisfying foods she would soon understand that her child was forming a dangerous habit.

Dr. Joseph E. Winter tells us that meat by its stimulating effect produces a habit as surely as does alcohol, tea or coffee. He further tells us that the foods which the meat eating child eschews contain in large proportions certain mineral constituents which are essential to bodily nutrition and health and without which the processes of fresh growth and development are stunted, says Mary W. Butler in the Philadelphia Press. Dr. Winter declares there are more so-called nervousness, anaemia, rheumatism, valvular diseases of the heart and chorea at the present time in children from an excess of meat and its preparations in the diet than from all other causes combined.

The nervous system of a child is a most delicate one, and to its overstimulation, through the free indulgence in the meat habit, are due many future ills. Would we have a stronger race? Do we wish to spare our little ones many unnecessary aches and pains? Then let us look to their eating and daily habits while they are young. The little girl or boy of ten or twelve whose lunch consists of a few pieces of beefsteak and a cup of strong coffee is not to be envied. Oh, could but the mother see into the future, what miseries her guarding care, watchful eye and quiet "no" might prove the means of sparing the little one!

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The fear that you could not be cured may have deterred you from taking honest treatment, or you may have been one of the unfortunate who have been treated in vain by inexperienced physicians, free treatments, free trial samples, patent medicines, electric bells and other similar devices. Such treatments cannot and will never cure you, nor will these malades cure themselves. When I offer you a cure, and am willing to risk my professional reputation in curing you, and have such faith and confidence in my case, which I give you free of charge. I want to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as I guarantee a positive cure for all chronic blood and skin diseases, such as rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach troubles, etc. All medicines for patients are prepared in my own laboratory and the requirements of each individual case. I will send a booklet on the subject which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address simply:

Dr. J. C. Carter, 806 Woodward Ave., Suite 311, Detroit, Mich.

March had come, but winter is tenacious in Massachusetts. There were few signs of a breakup. The tops of the hills were still covered, no tinkle came from the frozen creeks.

Tom Mowbray, ascending to the top of Old Pine Knob, after a coast of nearly half a mile on his stout sleigh, looked on a fairy world. The evergreens were loaded with snow and bearded with hoar frost, the dark green boughs standing out between like wondrous carvings in frames of purest white. The air was like honey and diamonds. Everything glittered blindingly beneath the sun, which shone, brilliant and hard, from a cloudless sky.

Panting, Mowbray paused a moment on the top of Old Pine before dropping upon the sled for another dash down the road, a creamy ribbon between smooth white hills. It was a goodly stretch of country he surveyed. On the right of the road and halfway to the foot of the hill stood his own home. From the kitchen chimney a column of smoke, un-

DOWN OLD PINE KNOB

By M. J. Phillips

Copyright, 1905, by M. J. Phillips

ly on the railroad track he glanced sadly at the towering hill and stopped.

The girl chuckled impatiently and jerked at the reins. Duke planted his legs immovably and laid back an ear. Miss Boone laid the whip across the horse's broad back apologetically, with no result. Then, the gray eyes flashing and the lips crossed together until they were a mere scarlet line, she struck right heartily. Duke never budged.

Mowbray, unobserved by the girl, stood on the hilltop and enjoyed the affair immensely. "She's got grit, all right," he observed to his sled. "At first she thought the old boy was tired. Then it occurred to her that he was a soldiering. How she swings that gad! Shucks! Who'd thought her little fist could grip the gad that way? And that Duke villain is just enjoying himself!"

More from sheer vexation than fatigue Miss Boone ceased to ply the whip and looked helplessly about. It did not occur to her to look upward. Mowbray felt that she was on the verge of tears and was about to reassure her with a cheery cry when a sharp whistle froze it in his throat. The Boston express!

The girl's danger was imminent. At this point the track, sunk in a deep cut, described a sharp curve to the left. A train for these reasons was not visible until within a short fifty yards from the crossing. The cutter, its lovely freight unconscious of the death swooping down, stood squarely between the rails. Miss Boone was a stranger in the neighborhood and paid no heed to the whistle, if, indeed, she heard it, so great was her anger at Duke.

Meanwhile Tom was thinking frenziedly. A cry of warning would not do. The train was scarcely farther away than was Mowbray himself. The girl might not understand. If she did, the lumbering robes and blankets in which she was swathed could not be torn off in time for a leap to safety. In his agony and horror Mowbray gripped the sled until his muscles creaked. That gave him an idea—the sled, the sled!

The train had not gone its length so rapidly did these thoughts flash through the young man's mind. Raising the coaster, he took two or three quick steps and flung himself face downward upon it. Responding to the impetus, the sleigh rushed madly down the hill.

The flexible runners creaked and sprang. The wind whistled weird tunes in Mowbray's ears. At the back of his brain something prayed that he might be in time, but all his faculties were intent on keeping the sleigh upright. Once for a second—any, an eternity—it rose on a single runner. Again as they followed a sharp angle it slowed the width of the road. But Providence rode with Mowbray that morning, and catastrophes could only threaten.

Twenty feet from the cutter he jerked the head of the coaster suddenly into a snow bank. His own momentum carried Tom straight ahead. Rolling like a frightened caterpillar, he crashed into the cutter. Something snapped, and a horrid pain stabbed him, but he scrambled blindly to his feet. Some-

how he snatched the girl from the cutter, and they fell to the roadside in safety as the train thundered by, hurling fragments of the wrecked vehicle high in the air. Duke, uninjured, but thoroughly cured of his balking, galloped clumsily up Old Pine.

"Of course," said Tom in telling the story afterward, "I broke an arm, but, with a proud and tender glance at the blushing Mrs. Mowbray, 'if I had as many arms as an octopus I'd break 'em all for a wife like her!'"

Willing to Pay For His Contempt.
The following anecdote is told of General Gilman Marston, a once famous New Hampshire lawyer:

General Marston was attending court at Dover, when a young attorney made a motion that was denied by the court. The young man remonstrated against what he thought was the wrong ruling of the judge. So vehemently did he remonstrate that he was fined \$10 for contempt of court. An older attorney took the matter up, and he was fined a similar sum. Still another, who thought he stood a little better with the judge, endeavored to straighten the matter out, but he, too, enriched the coffers of the state by paying a "ten spot" for contempt.

General Marston was then seen to rise in his seat and advance to the clerk's desk. Taking his long pocket-book from his pocket, he took out two ten dollar bills and laid them on the desk.

"What is that for?" said the court.

"I want you to distinctly understand," said the general, "that I have just twice as much contempt for this court as any man here, and I am paying for it."—Boston Herald.

A Hole For Each Peg.

An officious little country station master recently discovered a gentleman enjoying a cigar in a compartment not reserved for smokers.

The traveler wore a top hat, and the little station master approached him in all humility.

"You should not smoke, sir," he began.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the traveler. "That is what my friends say."

"You misunderstand me, sir," returned the station master. "You must not smoke."

"So my doctor tells me," responded the other.

The station master was rapidly losing his temper, and, assuming the most severe attitude he could command, he roared:

"But it's against the regulations and you shan't smoke, sir!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the unmoved offender in grave tones. "That's my wife to a tee."—London Globe.

ly on the railroad track he glanced sadly at the towering hill and stopped.

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The girl's danger was imminent. At this point the track, sunk in a deep cut, described a sharp curve to the left. A train for these reasons was not visible until within a short fifty yards from the crossing. The cutter, its lovely freight unconscious of the death swooping down, stood squarely between the rails. Miss Boone was a stranger in the neighborhood and paid no heed to the whistle, if, indeed, she heard it, so great was her anger at Duke.

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