

about that "just soap"? It is just URPRIZE Soap as right on the dealer's you get it into the in work with it—

is the pure, hard st of the best work the smallest effort.

rade laundry soap, of common soap.

wrappers and the rise" on the soap you from making

which was a matter much ney many. There were many houses erected, which ind- sively and tended so much se the pleasures and comforts fe and also he believed would e to keep our young people on e. While in town these gen- ated at the White House, l proprietor of which they in the highest terms.

### INSURANCE LOSSES

Arrange for Settlements Saturday's Fire Claims

ing of the representatives of panies interested in Saturday e was held in the board room morning.

ing insurances were re- v

Laundry, on machinery, etc.	\$2,000
al Union...	1,000
companies...	500
...	3,000
...	\$5,500
machine shop:	
on building...	\$1,000
on machinery...	1,000
on Union, on machinery...	500
on building...	1,000
on house and contents...	600
...	\$4,900

B. Lordly, on stock: \$2,000  
... 500  
... 1,000  
... 800  
... 800  
... 500  
... 14,000

olved that the settlement of loss be placed in the hands H. Fairweather, and that of s Laundry, Dyeing and Car- Works in the hands of Ed irweather, A. Gordon Leavitt and W. Peters. In the case of e losses the representatives of eral companies will arrange ment themselves or by ap- an adjuster.

### PHILANTHROPY.

R. Currah, Windsor, Ont., tree to any woman who suf- female weakness or painful sample of the remedy that

Ala. Nov. 5.—It is believed the schooner Asa T. Stowell, en from Pensacola, for East- lost with all on board in the hurricane. The owners of the vidence, R. T. have given up

who escaped from the quar- on Garden street, has n discovered. There seems that he has fled the city.

### Emulsion

od Liver Oil is Iron it is not a more necessary

Best Cod Liver and Phosphorus Iron at all.

OL

igest than any Anyone can Oil in any

at three of the science are Cod to get them in you must have

thritis, Chronic of any kind, ism, Neuralgia, whooping Cough, ents known as in the confident ure is possible.

medicinal dose on be properly ng the weight. ng" nor dan-

If your baby is it grow.

ublished. It is prescribed by edical Journals. It is used in st. Cor. Richmond, re and Partridge Row.

# TALES FROM THE PERSIAN

## BOWSER'S TOOTHACHE.

IT IS LAID TO MRS. BOWSER, OF COURSE.

At 8 o'clock the other afternoon Mrs. Bowser was given a start to see Mr. Bowser come walking into the house. She went down the hall to meet him and ask if anything was wrong, but he passed her without a word and entered the sitting-room and threw himself down on the lounge with a groan.

"Will you tell what on earth is the matter with you?" she demanded as she crossed the hall.

"Have you lost all your money?" he asked.

"No, I have not," she replied.

"It's the toothache," he muttered after a minute.

"Oh, is that all?" she said as she heaved a sigh of relief and mentally thanked Heaven. "I didn't know—"

"Is that all?" he shouted as he sat up with a wild look on his face.

"You are probably disappointed because I was not brought home dead. I shall soon be a corpse, however. I have been in mortal agony over since I left the house this morning. How I ever managed to get home I can't say. I tried to get the ambulance but couldn't."

them closed so long that she began wonder if his soul had taken its flight, but there was no occasion for a scare. Mr. Bowser was only thinking.

He was thinking of how he had liberally sat in a draught for half an hour the day previous, but how he would lay all his pain and suffering to Mrs. Bowser.

He would say that it was his getting up in the night at her instance that he had caught the toothache. He would charge her with a deliberate intent to wipe him off the face of the earth and benefit by his life insurance.

She hadn't exactly tried to poison him; but from the time she had addressed her as Lucretia Borgia.

He was thinking up other schemes to get even when some of the whisky trickled down his throat and choked him and brought



Then groans from Mr. Bowser to show that the end was near.

Then more groans, tapering off into mournful sighs, to show that he hated to leave this world just as the price of ice was becoming cheaper.

Mrs. Bowser was about to prepare the bag of hot ashes, whether or no, when the family doctor came driving up on the gallop. The door was no sooner opened to him than he rushed in and up to Mr. Bowser and asked what was the matter.

"The doctor!" he shouted as he motioned to the telephone.

"But the doctor can't help you."

He rolled off the lounge on the floor and scrambled up and went to the telephone and called up the central. The central replied that he must wait a minute.

"Not a second," he replied. "This is a case of life or death."

At the end of two minutes he got the doctor's office to find that the doctor was out.

"What in thunder is he out for?" he demanded of the doctor's wife.

"He has gone to a sick lady."

"He had no business to. The wo-

## ARIZONA KICKLETS.

THE MAN WHO CAME UP FROM WOLF CREEK.

It is with deepest sorrow that we chronicle a tragedy that occurred in this town of Givadam Gulch on Wednesday last.

At that date we had planted in our private editorial graveyard eighteen victims, and we were hugging the hope that we had reached the end.

In each and every one of the eighteen cases we had been obliged to show that we save our own life, and had been honorably acquitted by a Coroner's jury.

In each and every case, also, we paid all funeral expenses and rode at the head of the funeral procession in the carriage with the minister.

Each of the eighteen mourners has its own marble headstone. We could have substituted wood and thereby saved a considerable sum of money, but we did not stop at expense to procure the silent sleepers the best that could be turned out. Aside from the names, dates, etc., most of the stones bear such sayings as: "Gone up lighter," "He sleeps well," and "Our loss is his gain."

The plants, bushes and trees we have placed in the enclosure give it the appearance of a public park, and as a matter of fact it is so made use of by our citizens. We have often sat there as the Summer sun went to rest and reflected on the instability of life, and as our eyes dwelt on mound after mound we have wondered how it was with the sleepers in the great Beyond.

We are not a holy terror.

We are not a Bad Man with two guns.

We were not born at the headquarters of Fighting Creek.

On the contrary, we are a humble-looking case of humble spirit, asking nothing so much as to be let alone to do our humble work on earth as we best we can.

We have taken to our heels rather than shoot. We have taken a cold bluff when other men would have pulled a gun.

In no one instance since we were out of knee-pants have we thirsted for human life.

Reports to the effect that we are a savage and on the shoot are base canards, having their foundation in the jealous hearts of contemporaries.

We must be crowded to the wall before we shoot, and then we shoot as gently as we can. After being acquitted by the Coroner we sit down and feel real bad for several hours.

Two weeks ago we received a postal card from some one at Wolf Creek

## PERSIAN TALES.

HIS NIBBS GOES OUT AND LEARNS A FEW THINGS.

Once upon a time His Royal Nibbs of Persia, who had been told so often and by so many that he owned the earth and could run the sun, moon and stars to suit his own convenience, left the palace by the back door soon after breakfast and took a walk out into the country to see what he could see. There was a thin idea in his mind that while he had the greatest things on wheels he had skipped a few things that might be business. As he had donned a business suit and looked like an American drummer in the hardware trade, no one recognized him, and after an hour he found himself five miles from town and close upon a peasant who was working by the roadside.

"My good man," said the King after they had passed the time of day. "I walk with whom I was playing poker a few evenings ago. I told you that there was a curious kind of bird around this season, and I thought I would come out into the country and take a look at myself."

"I have noticed no strange bird about this year," replied the peasant. "What did he say of it?"

"It was a small bird, to begin with. According to what he said I should say it was no longer than half my thumb. He said the color was black, with yellow spots, and that it made a droning noise when it flew. Have you kept your eyes open for such a bird?"

"I have had enough to do to keep my eyes open for the King's tax collectors, but had there been any such bird around and sure that I should have noticed it. The bird don't sing, eh?"

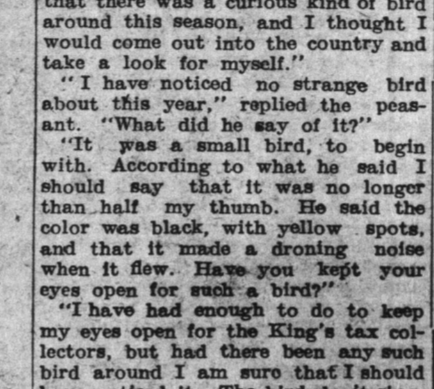
"The feller said not. He said it was a bird that nested in the grass and made other feller do the singing. He didn't talk like a liar."

"I can't possibly imagine," replied the peasant, and then a grin spread over his face and he continued: "That's the feller say anything about the bird biting?"

"He said they would have to be handled carefully."

"Then I think I know what he meant. I think you will find a flock of those very birds in that patch of grass over in the meadow. Just kick around lively when you get there and you will see 'em."

The King proceeded to the spot designated and began to stir up the grass at a great rate. When he had been at it about two minutes fifty bumble bees rose up and demanded



what he was at, and before he could do so explaining they hopped on to him and gave him the red-hot time of his life. Not until he had reached the peasant's cottage and had his nineteen "bites" plastered on his face did he give away his identity. Then he said:

"Cattif, know ye not that I am your King?"

"Bless my soul!" replied the peasant, and then he gave a gasp.

"Aye, your King I am, and for this little joke I can make you a hand shorter. Nineteen bites have been inflicted on my sacred person and these call for nineteen human lives."

"But I took you for a guy, O blessed Ruler."

"And that's why your head will continue to rest on your shoulders. The feller who told me about the birds took me for a guy; in turn, I took you for one; you butted in and thought I was fair game and stacked me up against a bumble bee."

For trifling with the dignity of your King I sentence you to decapitation; for being a joker I remit the sentence. I may also add that after this I shall know the difference between a bumble bee and a bird. I will now toddle along and see what else I can tangle across."

Having traveled along for two miles further, the King came to a permission tree by the roadside loaded with green fruit.

"Now, what honest, considerable subjects I have!" he exclaimed as he gazed at the fruit. "Here is a tree loaded with fruit and standing on the public highway, and yet no man has robbed it. It is because the yield belongs to the Crown and no man would rob me. Those are the kind of people it makes a man proud to rule over."

At that moment a man driving a laden ass on his way to market came along and was passing with a nod when the King halted him to ask: "Friend, dost not observe this well-laden tree?"

"Aye, I do."

"This is a King's tree, I should say."

"Right you are."

"But had no desire to pluck of the tree to refresh myself?"

"Not that I know of."

"And 'tis because what belongs to the King is sacred?"

"But I have no such feeling in this branch and pluck of the fruit and eat—"

"The fruit was green, and as the King's mouth was drawn into a pucker for the next two minutes the owner of the ass leaned against the fence and laughed till the tears came.

"Why laughest thou?" demanded the King when he could make use of his mouth again.

"To see you chaw on a green per-

simon. Say, it was good as a cucumber. A thousand men might pass by and not pluck the fruit. A month hence King or no King, the tree will be stripped in a day."

"Knowest who I am?" asked the King as he drew himself up.

"You may belong to some baseball team, but a man who don't know a green peashooter from a ripe one can't amount to much. Try another. I want to see that pucker work again."

"Sdeath, man, I am your King!"

"Then I am doomed!" cried the poor man as he fell on his knees and clasped his hands in supplication.

"Well, as you have insulted your King I shall sentence you to death, but as your King is more ignorant than the ass you are driving I shall also pardon you. The latter is on her hand and her head is on her hindquarters, but never, under any circumstances, do you—"

"I shall be mum, O Ruler, I am working for my head, you know."

The King passed on with his mouth trying to draw itself on his left shoulder, and at the end of another mile he reached a peasant's cottage and saw the good man's wife pulling at a rope attached to the neck of an ass that was unwilling to enter its stable.

"How now?" asked the great man as his curiosity was aroused.

"'Tis a perverse beast, sir," replied the woman as she gave a surge on the rope.

"But thou hast forgotten the old rule that what can't be pulled should be pushed. He is but a small beast, and one heave would send him into the shed."

"I see, sir, but you see—"

"It is a woman's matter, her time pulling on a rope. Get the out of the way. As I said, one heave—"

He stepped behind the ass and gave a brace with his shoulder and heaved away, and next moment he lay sprawling on the grass.

"I wanted to tell you he was a kicker," explained the woman.

"TIS A PERVERSE BEAST, SIR," REPLIED THE WOMAN.

"Zounds, madam, but your beast has kicked a King!" shouted His Nibbs as he struggled up.

"Then, alas!"

"Just so, I could have your head cut off within an hour, and I hereby declare that I will, but owing to the fact that while I run the earth and most of the heavens and am the it all around, I didn't know which of the buttermilk and let me get the last of this pucker out of my mouth."

## THE KING AND THE WINE.

The King was one day giving audience when Jones the grape-grower crowded himself forward and said: "O King, my most loyal subject demands justice at your hands. I did grow and press and barrel seven barrels of wine of this best Tokay wine—and they were sold to Brown the wine merchant. He set up the plea that the wine is not as sweet as I guaranteed it and refuses to pay."

"How about it, Brown?" asked the King.

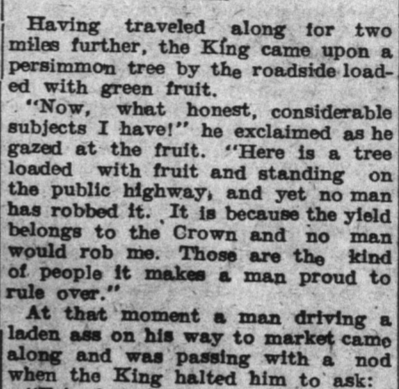
"He has correctly stated the case, O Ruler. The wine is off ten points in its sweetness."

"Not one single point, Your Majesty."

"At least ten, O Ruler."

The King sent the disputants away to see if they could come to an understanding. In an hour they returned and reported the affair amicably arranged, and he replied:

"Tis well. I have had the wine removed and stored in my cellars, and each and every time I drink of it I shall recall that each of you wanted only what was right. Six months hence you may send a dray up and divide the empty barrels between you."



been gathered to his fathers in first-class shape. He was buried on Friday in a casket that cost \$75, and we paid as much more for the carriages in the funeral procession. His grave is in one of the prettiest corners of the yard, and while it is to last in the season now to do more than erect a headstone with a lamb on top, when the Spring comes a made to trail over the sods which cover him. Requisite in pace, which means may sleep in peace for a thousand years and never once wake up and try to figure out why he didn't plant us instead.

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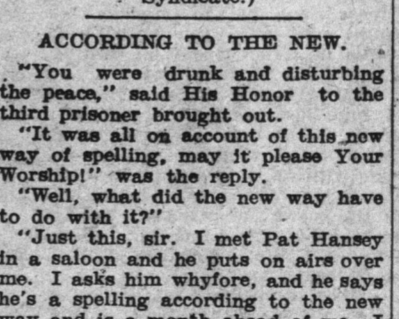
## THE MAJOR'S LESSON.

BY M. QUAD.

Major Thornton, U. S. A., was at Margate, England, for a season. The Major was an old bachelor and any other walk in life except the army he could do something for humanity's sake. An opportunity was soon afforded him.

When the Major returned to his room to slick up a bit for luncheon he made a find on the lower hall. It was a magnificent diamond sunburst. His first thought was to go down to the office and turn in the lost jewel; his second was to wait and give the loser a glad surprise. It would not be long before such a costly thing would be missed, and the whole hotel thrown into a flutter, and at the right moment he would produce the thing and make his dramatic point and grandly wave a salute the profuse thanks of the loser.

They were discussing the matter in the lunch room when he went down. While he was out on the promenade there had been an arrest in the hotel. The wife of a prominent manufacturer stopping at the house had



made an outcry that the jewel had been taken from her room during a momentary absence. Suspicion was directed to a waiter named Saunders, who had come up to the next room with an order there, and when suddenly accused of the theft he became confused and embarrassed and had been put under arrest and taken away. None of those who saw him could make the least sense for him. A search had failed to find the jewel on his person, but it was, of course, argued that he had passed it to a confederate.

The Major heard of this and much more, and he started in to defend the waiter and talk about the unreliability of circumstantial evidence and assure his friends, when the lady asked her husband for the tenth time that she had the jewel in the palm of her hand. She was holding the ring of the pin now a moment before she left the room. She was most positive that she left it behind her in the dresser. She would swear to that in all the courts of the land. The aggressiveness and the positiveness of the lady rather startled the Major. If she could not be made to believe, that she had dropped the jewel, it was that she had found it. What sort of a position would it put him in? Of course, the right way would have been to out with it at once. The loser might have still insisted and persisted, but there would have been people to give evidence that she was mistaken. At that point she would have hesitated to believe that she had lost anything to do with the pin getting away from her.

The right moment passed and the Major kept the sunburst in his pocket. Saunders had been put through the third degree at the police station and given a month's confinement, and up to that moment a fault had been found with him. He returned to the hotel and talked about a suit for damages, and faintly frightened the woman by giving him a hundred dollars in cash and making a humble apology. When she had admitted her mistake regarding Saunders it was natural that she should seek to fasten the blame on some one else. When the waiter had been freed the Major's quandary was worse than ever. If he restored the jewel he would be asked why he delayed. It was very doubtful if he would be believed. The loser was too positive for that. That man of the police station gave a man a jewel could in some way be returned to the lady would anybody believe that the waiter had become conscience-stricken? On the contrary, wouldn't everybody believe that the real thief had become frightened and was still a guest at the hotel?

How we argue to ourselves and how other people argue about us are two different things. In the fact, the Major was the last one to be suspected, and yet he had the feeling that all looked upon him with suspicion. Whether he was in the smoking room or on the sand, the subject was constantly turning up, and he sometimes wondered why he was not arrested as the criminal. He stood this sort of things for two weeks and then decided to go elsewhere. He would go up to London and from thence mail the jewel to the lady and go on to Paris at once. The sight of a policeman gave him a mad idea, as if he would be arrested as the criminal. He suddenly remembered that a valuable parcel like that must be receipted for and the name of the sender given. He might give a false name, but the parcel was traced back wouldn't his personality be remembered? The Major sat on a bench in St. James Park trying to figure it out when a voice spoke in his ear.

"Major Thornton, sir, if you will permit the liberty, sir—"

It was Saunders the waiter. He was well dressed and looking pretty chipper. The Major made room for him on the bench and the waiter set down to continue:

"Major, that was a bad deal they gave me at Margate."

"Yes," was the reply.

"It may be the means of ruining an honest man's reputation. Such things get out, you know, and once a man in this profession is spotted as crooked no hotel wants him thereafter. If I hadn't lost my head I should have made the lady pay five times the price she did."

"Just my idea all the time, sir. It must have been dropped in the hall and picked up by somebody else."

There was further talk, and after a quarter of an hour Saunders arose, uttered his heartfelt thanks once more and took himself off. He had been gone ten minutes when the Major felt in his pocket for the sunburst and his box. They were gone. Also, his wallet. Also his watch. Saunders had cleaned him out. He sat talking. It was a beautiful case of pocket-picking and thanksgiving in one, and though it put the Major in a hole financially he heaved a sigh of relief as he realized that he was rid of the sunburst so fast. Saunders had taken it from the room and dropped it in his hurry to get away.

Said Mr. Chippy: "You will see. This is the best branch on the tree. Of all estates I have to sell, none of like no other quite as well. It's just the place for children, for you'll note the rooms are on one floor."

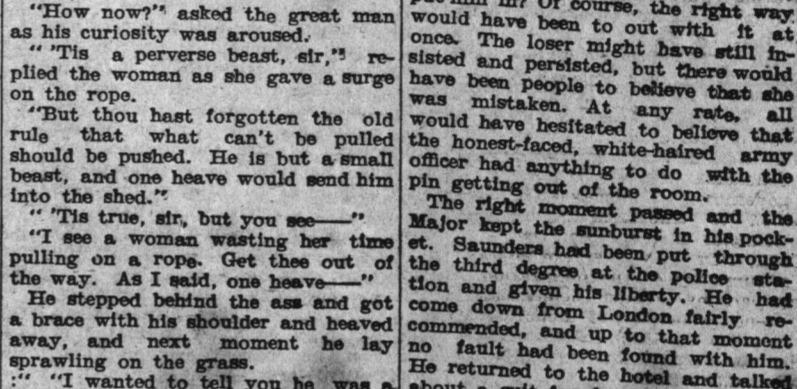
And there is so much light and air. I'm sure they'll thrive beyond compare."

DO YOU WANT TO BE PLANTED IN YOUR OWN GRAVEYARD?

any. Some men might have shot him so that he would have been on the suffering and dying list for several days, but we are quite certain that he got out of the hospital in good shape. When he was lifted up the smile he had worn in life was still on his face, and his parted lips seemed about to tell us that time was up.

The coroner was at once sent for and proceeded to impale a jury. He made the facts clear at hand. Mr. White had told several people on the street of his philanthropic intentions, and our foreman was a witness of his efforts. The verdict of a justifiable homicide was reached in ten minutes. Then we sent for the undertaker and ordered him to spare no expense, and the grave-digger was told not to do any skimping.

As near as we have been able to ascertain, Mr. White has no relatives in the West, and there will be no one to take care of his estate. He had been hanging around Wolf Creek for a month or so, seeming to have something on his mind, but nobody can tell where he came from beyond there. He was a man of middle age, and an intelligent face and likely fairly educated and had turned his attention to killing off the heads of trusts he would undoubtedly have



who signed himself "Deliverer," to the effect that he was coming on here to remove us from this world of turmoil and trouble. We threw the card into the banker with a dozen others, and gave it no further thought, but on Wednesday as we sat in our sanctum writing an editorial on the political situation in the far West, an individual whose name has been ascertained to be Henry White, entered the room, drew two guns, and seating himself opposite us announced: "Mr. Hello, I have come to shoot you."

"Isn't it rather sudden?" we asked in reply.

"I gave you notice two weeks ago. Besides, all good things happen suddenly."

"Are you following out any particular idea?"

"No. I propose to remove you on general principles. You have become the head of a trust, and you can get a show. Do you want to be planted in your own graveyard?"

"Would it be too much trouble?"

"Not at all. Are you a praying man?"

"Not to any great extent, but under the circumstances—"

"Go ahead. I will give you five minutes. After that time has expired, being this is my busy day, you will be sent over the Great Divide without further notice."

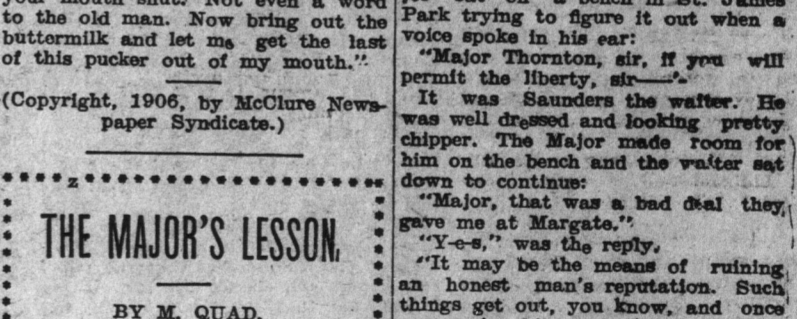
We indulged in the hope for a moment that Mr. White was loco, but a look into his eyes proved that he was not only in his right mind, but very earnest in wanting to carry out his little plan. Our guns were lying near us, but if we had put out a hand he would have fired. For a long three, minutes we thought of home and mother. We thought of this gulch being left without anybody to run it. We thought how tickled the editor of the Lone Jack Banner would be when he heard of our death. We thought how our esteemed contemporary in town would chuckle and claim the credit of the shooting. We thought of our Kicker and its three million circulation and wondered if another man could be found to hold it up.

We thought of Heaven and wondered, being this is my busy day, you dered, supposing we did get in, if we should be welcomed by a band of angels, and how long before we should grow wings and be able to fly around. We were getting quite sentimental over the situation when the foreman of the composing room came bursting in for more copy, and this made a diversion. Mr. White turned his gaze from us for three seconds only, but it was enough. We reached for a gun, and as he drew down on us we fired.

We would have avoided it if we could. Had Mr. White asked for an apology, or given us a chance to run he would be alive to-day. He had our back to the wall and meant to take our life.

It consoles us somewhat to remember that Mr. White did not suffer

Be that as it may, Mr. White has



DO YOU WANT TO BE PLANTED IN YOUR OWN GRAVEYARD?

any. Some men might have shot him so that he would have been on the suffering and dying list for several days, but we are quite certain that he got out of the hospital in good shape. When he was lifted up the smile he had worn in life was still on his face, and his parted lips seemed about to tell us that time was up.

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