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Yours very truly,
W. C. COOK,
Clinton, Ia.

State of Iowa, Clinton County, } ss.

On this 13th day of July, A. D., 1909, W. C. Cook to me personally known appeared before me and in my presence subscribed and swore to the above and foregoing statement.

DALE H. SHEPPARD,
Notary Public, in and for Clinton Co

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

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ONE WAY OUT

By Martha McCulloch Williams

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Go whenever, wherever, you please. But understand—you can't take my grandson. Remember, I'm his legal guardian," Mme. Steel said in a hard, measured voice, not looking at Fenella, but over her head.

Fenella was slight and small, with eyes as dusky as midnight, yet shining like midnight stars. She was beautifuly made, notwithstanding she was so little—therefore she had an impressive air of distinction. "I think you forget, dear madame, that I am Billy's mother," she said. "Even the law takes cognizance of the fact which no doubt seems to you insignificant."

"The law takes cognizance of—many things," madame answered, a slow flame kindling in her gray eyes. "As, for example, the good of unfortunate children. It will not leave them in the hands of—a willful pauper. You have no money but what I choose to give you. Is there any way you can earn it?"

The sneer, the insult, flashed all through Fenella. She glowed with inner fire, yet still the distinction showed. "I shall leave your house immediately," she said. "All the answer I make you is this: because you are Billy's grandmother, I am sorry you choose to insult me. Out of respect to his father's memory, I can not provoke you to do it any more."

"As you will. But I shall keep Billy—I have taken advice——" madame began.

Fenella held up her hand. "Let us say no more," she said. "But Billy goes with me. You are guardian of his property—no court will take a child of three away from a fit mother."

"But you are not fit——" madame began, her eyes blazing.

Fenella was already away. She gained the stairhead with the older woman panting ponderously at the

Fenella Glowed With Inner Fire.

foot, behind her. There she turned to say: "Billy is—safely out of reach. I sent him away, hoping to spare you pain."

An hour later, cloaked and bonneted, her eyes shining through her widow's veil, she sat in the office of Judge Jennings, who had charge of the big Steel estate. The judge sat regarding her with something between a scowl and a smile. "Tell me what's back of all this?" he asked. "Who is he? Where does he live? And what does he want?"

"You are—unkind. There is no he," Fenella protested. "Oh, I know there ought to be. But it is just a case of incompatibility. I am tired of being a luxuriously-tended pauper—made to feel my pauper estate every minute of the day."

"H-m," the judge snorted. "Is madame as bad as that? Confound women! Excuse me, young woman—you're another sort. Even a hard man would feel in this case that you had an equitable right, not only to your boy but your husband's fortune. It's that absurd will which made his mother his heir, if he died before coming into legal possession of the fortune, unless he had married with her full consent," the judge said, getting up and walking back and forth on the hearth. "You'll let me speak plainly; legally, you are a pauper—poor Willy Steel didn't live to get a shadow of title to the money. Wasn't to come into it till thirty, you know—and he married you without madame's knowledge, much less consent. Your face is your fortune—no offense—it's a great one. But just now, now you're up against it—hard. There are just two things for you—submission or—another husband. Anybody in mind for the place? Tell me the truth!"

"I would rather starve—I can work—oh, ever so hard," Fenella cried, rising to her whole majestic height, five feet two. "No—there's nobody—nobody I care about. I've sent three men about their business since—since—Billy—went away. I can't ask them to come back, nor go out and sandbag somebody else."

"No—besides there's no need," the judge said with a short laugh: "But work! Lord! You are not the sort that is allowed to work."

"I don't understand," Fenella faltered, her eyes dimming for the first time

The judge laid his hand on her shoulder, saying in a high, hard voice: "I mean you—are—oh, well, the sort of woman men, good or bad, want to—to kiss and cuddle—and keep in cotton wool. Now don't flare up and stamp your foot"—as Fenella sprang upright—"Men aren't ravening wild beasts—but oh, they are so easy—when such a creature as you comes along! You couldn't work anywhere, at anything that wasn't physically easy—nature attended to that part. Indeed you're a piece of her choice bric-a-brac—you've got to be taken care of—else there'll be a dreadful smashing—of hearts and reputations and all that."

"I won't kill myself! You make it appear that's the only way out," Fenella said superbly.

The judge drew a deep breath. "George! if only you were not you, I believe you'd conquer Fate," he said. "You'd do it anyway—only Fate happens to be a woman."

"Thank you," Fenella said, still superb. Suddenly she crumpled in her chair, sobbing hard. "I can starve myself—and laugh over it," she said at last. "But Billy! Suppose he had actually to go hungry?"

"Yes—you won't go—home," the judge said almost eagerly. Fenella sobbed again. "If only I had a home—the poorest, tiny place—it would be heaven," she managed to say at last. "I had a home—the cabin Billy took me to, up in the mountains. But the castle!—It has been only a prison. I can't go back to it. But how can I let my baby suffer?"

"There is a way out—it may be harder," the judge said, loftily.

Fenella looked up at him, moist-eyed and tremulous. "Only tell me. Nothing can be harder. I will work, and pinch, and save—I have frocks enough to last ages. And Billy is so little it won't take much for him—only he must have a dog to play with—and I hope he can have a pony——"

"Certainly," the judge interrupted. "Also three square meals, a French nurse—and a college education. Also again a better training than his daddy had."

"How? Only tell me how? You said it was hard—but I shan't mind—anything," Fenella said, her eyes sparkling, then blushing vividly, the lids dropping. "You would not let me do—anything that would make my boy ashamed."

"Never!" the judge said. "You see—I love the little chap. Can't you guess the reason?"

"You loved his father?" Fenella answered wonderingly.

The judge smiled. "Well enough—but not as I love his little mother," he said. "Fairy—I called you that the very first time I saw you—I've loved you ever since. Let me take care of you."

Fenella sprang up—for a minute she was too breathless to speak. But she flung herself in the arms held out to her, and at last managed to say, "I wanted to do this at the very, very first—but oh, I never dreamed I should dare be so brave!"

"Only brave?" the judge asked tenderly.

She nestled closer, saying as her arm crept about his neck, "And so, so happy!"

Rough Roads of Romance.

A story of love and tragedy comes from Rome, where some time ago Madinetti, a librarian, met and fell in love with Signora Giuseppina Sbordoni, a beautiful widow of 28. They became engaged soon afterwards, and the marriage was to have taken place next month. Alfredo's two brothers both unmarried, were delighted with their future sister-in-law, and they congratulated the lover on his choice. Then one day Cesare, the youngest of the three, left Rome without a word of explanation. Alfredo was deeply affected, but whenever he mentioned the matter to the second brother, Gennero, the latter was sullen and silent. It was not until a few days ago that the mystery was solved. Gennaro was found in his lodgings with a bullet through his head, and beside him was a letter informing his brother that he had resolved to die because of his love for the beautiful Giuseppina, and that a similar passion had driven Cesare into exile. Alfredo's sweetheart was so overcome with grief at the tragedy which she had unwittingly brought about that she broke off her engagement.

Maine Man Kills Black Fox.

George L. Worthley of Norridgewock shot a black fox the other day which is estimated to be worth from $250 to $500. Mr. Worthley thought he was on the trail of a red fox.

He had set his Kentucky fox hound on a scent and in a few minutes after the dog had made a circuit of several miles the fox ran up close to where Mr. Worthley was on watch. It took but one shot to kill the animal. This is the sixth black fox that has been killed or captured in Norridgewock this season. Three of them have been captured and are still alive.—Lewiston Journal.

The Anthony Memorial.

The Susan B. Anthony celebration which is to be held her birthday, February 15, will be observed in New York with a reception in the afternoon. As there will be a suffrage bazaar at the same time it will be an opportunity for a gathering of the prominent suffragists of that city.

His Makeup.

"I notice that young orator has a gold tooth."

"Yes; what of it?"

"I was only thinking that with a gold tooth, a silver tongue and an iron nerve, he must certainly be a man of mettle."

PRODUCTIVE QUALITIES OF STANDARD-BRED CHICKENS

Farmer Is Concerned Chiefly With Table and Egg-Laying Capability of Poultry—Get Away From Dunghill Idea and Fancy Breeds.

(By JAMES DRYDEN.)

Poultry breeders have been telling us for years that the pure-bred poultry are the best layers, and this is echoed and re-echoed every day in the year by the poultry papers, and most of us have come to believe it. But has any one ever been able to demonstrate by careful experiments or tests that the pure-breds are better layers than the cross-breds or the ordinary farmyard fowl?

We are apt to tell the farmers every day that they know nothing about poultry; that they ought to study up. We tell about this system and that system, and special poultry farms, and tell them to go and do likewise. But he goes on in his own ignorance and produces $600,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs a year while a certain egg farm produces $6,000 and a certain "system" produces $1,500 in one year on a vacant lot.

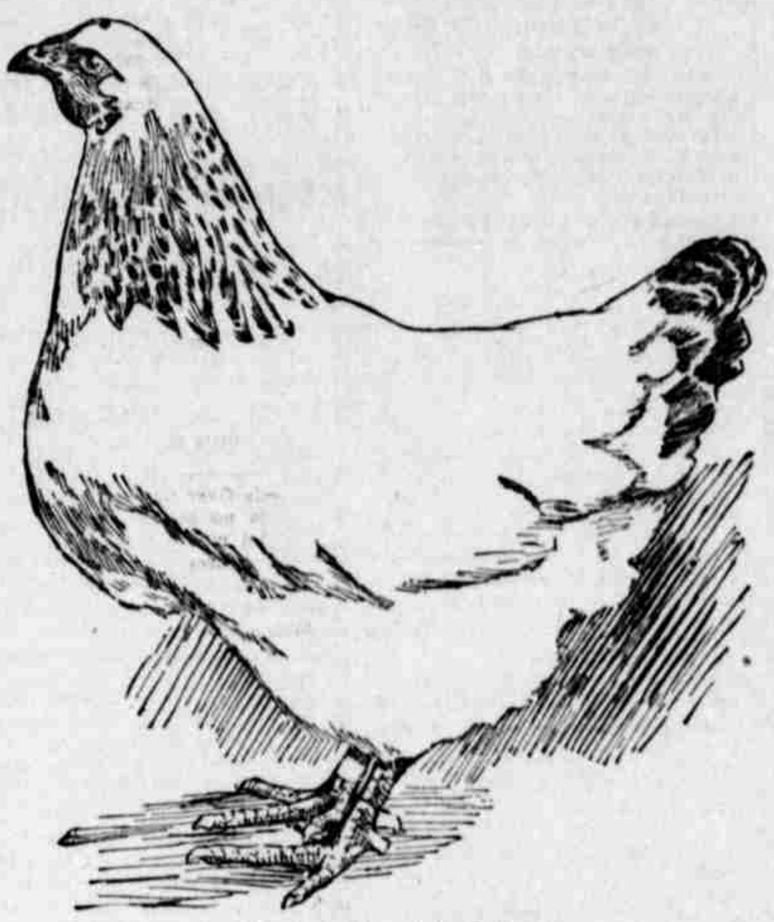
The best poultry keeper in the country is the farmer or the farmer's wife. I have been ashamed a hundred times in my chicken career that we who were "educating the farmers" were raising sickly, constitutionally weak chickens, and then to go on to a farm and see running around the barnyard, without apparent attention or care, thrifty, robust, lively chickens. The farmer is the best poultryman in the country. We are the slaves of the dogma of the feather and the standard, and the farmer produces the eggs.

The way to develop the poultry industry—one way—is to stop advocating pure-bred or standard-bred fowls for the farmer. The way for the farmer to increase his profits is to get away from the dunghill idea and to avoid fancy-bred fowls. He should decide on the type of fowl to breed and forget the names of the breeds. Let him decide, bearing in mind the conditions of his markets, whether he wants an egg type or a small fowl; a meat type, a large fowl; or a general-purpose or medium-sized fowl, and then purchase pure-bred males of the proper type and of good vigor, and grade up his flock. The way for the farmer to start in the poultry business is to buy a few cross-bred fowls, or eggs from cross-bred fowls from his neighbor, and then use pure-bred males to grade up his flock.

Feather is all right, pure-bred fowls are all right, but the question is, shall the farmer make feathers and fancy points of primary or secondary importance. It is no use talking to the farmer about fancy points, or about standard or perfection, unless we can show him that there is some connection between them and productive qualities. He is not concerned about such things. He is concerned about supplying the market with poultry and eggs.

If we want to increase poultry production and at the same time help the farmer to increase his profits, it seems to me that that is the way to begin. The country wants eggs and poultry, and we cannot get these by building on a foundation of feathers or fancy points. Let the foundation be of eggs and poultry meat. We can then build a superstructure with feather trimmings. If we want eggs let us first get a hen that lays, no matter what her color or shape. Let us study her external characters, and when we find that certain characters or points indicate the good layer, let us breed for those characters regardless of everything else. Then, after we have developed an egg type and have got a sufficiently large flock we may, if we wish, give some attention to feathers; but let us adhere strictly to the egg type and breed for eggs.

We will make slow improvement in breeding without an egg record for each hen in the flock. This record can be obtained only by the use of the trap nest, which is about the best thing we have yet discovered in the poultry business. It has opened our eys and pointed out a clear line of distinction between the so-called standard-bred poultry and practical poultry.



Columbian Wyandotte Pullet.

Locating Henhouses.

Farmers who locate their poultry houses with the front toward the sunny side, who keep the fowls well supplied with extra scratch food, grit and balanced rations and protects them at all times from dampness and chills at night, will have no trouble to get a full egg basket, says a writer in an exchange. The soil should be of a light type, so the poultry can easily scratch and dust themselves in order to get rid of the mites and lice. It is necessary to drain off any water that may settle in hollows and later become foul. The henhouse should be protected from the north wind by the barn. I prefer the management of a hennery by making winter and its surroundings as nearly like summer as possible.

Feeding Meat Bones.

If you have a lot of meat bones on hand and have no bone mill to grind them, put them in the stove and burn them till they can be broken easily with a hatchet and feed to the hens. They will be delighted with them and they will do in place of meat as well as being very healthy and take the place of charcoal.

Charcoal Is Valuable.

Charcoal is valuable in the poultry yard, broken in small pieces and placed where the fowls can have ready access to it, or pulverized and mixed with soft food.

CONSTITUENTS OF GOOD FOOD

The illustration shows the close connection between the constituents of the food and of the body. Mineral matter or ash is contained in the bran of wheat and goes to make up bone and shel. Protein is transformed largely into lean meat or the white of the eggs. Carbohydrates and fats supply heat and fat to the animal body.

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Benton's Withdrawal.

After the death of John C. Calhoun a friend said to Senator Benton: "I suppose, colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" To which he replied: "No, sir, when God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

"NO ONE IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH."
HOSTETTER.

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and run down and subjected to spells of **Stomach trouble and Biliousness** you cannot take a better medicine than **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.** It removes the cause by toning the entire digestive system. **Try it and see.**

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Lamb With Only Three Legs.

An agricultural curiosity in the shape of a three-legged lamb has just been born at Send, Surrey, England. The offspring is in perfect health, experiencing no apparent difficult in getting about.

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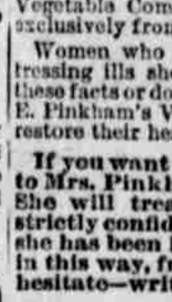
Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Creston, Iowa.—"I was troubled for a long time with inflammation, pains in my side, sick headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed, and I recommend it to other suffering women."—MRS. WM. SEALS, 605 W. Howard St., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

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