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MOTOR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airlie—
7:30 a m 2:30 p m
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas—
11:30 a m 7:15 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Airlie—
9 a m 3:50 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas—
10 a m 7:30 p m
Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence—
9:00 a m 5 p m
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—
10:00 a m 8:30 p m.

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AN ASSISTANT-SUBJECT

[Original.]

"Will you kindly accompany me to my rooms, sir?"

The speaker, who touched my elbow while I was passing along the street, was one of the most singular looking persons I ever saw. His eyes were large and dreamy, his body small and delicately made. He was bent and withered.

"Why should I do that?" I asked.

"Because I desire your assistance."

"Is any one in danger, dying?"

"No one is in danger, no one is dying, and yet it is a matter of death about which I wish your assistance."

"I am sorry, sir, but I am hurrying to keep an engagement and cannot comply with your request."

"Your engagement can wait. I cannot. I have been many years coming to my present position and do not intend to defer satisfying myself as to the result of so much thought. Come."

"But you can at least give me some idea as to the nature of this assistance you require."

"That can be better explained in practice than in word. I am a poor talker, and this crowded street is not a fit place for communicating what one may have to say. There are too many people passing. Come to my house. There we will be alone. There I can explain to you that which has occupied the principal portion of my life. I propose to honor you with a confidence never before bestowed on any living person. Only the dead have ever received it. The time has now arrived for me to impart it to the living."

What was my surprise to find myself following this strange creature as though I had been his dog. He took me through narrow streets, I supposing every minute that he would dive into some of the mean buildings by the way, but he did not. After a journey that seemed interminable we found ourselves in a thinly settled district, and my conductor finally led the way into a large brick dwelling that stood alone. The blinds were closed, and the place had every appearance of being unoccupied. Taking me to a rear room on the ground floor, he bade me be seated and announced his object. He had no sooner commenced to speak than his eyes flashed until they seemed to me to be like two live coals.

"I have been experimenting," he said, "for years upon a new method of cremation. I have done away with the hours heretofore required to incinerate and am now able to accomplish the work in ten minutes. If you will step in here, I will show you my retort."

He led me into a rear apartment without windows and with but the one door through which we entered. We had no sooner passed in than he turned the key and put it in his pocket. In the center of the room was a square brickwork resembling an oven.

"This is my crematory," said my strange host. "The heat is galvanic. You see those wires. They conduct the current to the inner part, where by a new union of chemical forces heretofore unknown the heat is generated. This door is the aperture through which the object to be incinerated enters by means of this rolling carriage."

"But, my dear sir," I protested, "I am not interested in crematories."

"I am," he replied decisively. "I am about to test my invention, and I need an assistant as well as a subject. I am going to experiment upon you. You will have the advantage over a dead subject of being able to tell me exactly wherein my device fails, wherein it is successful."

"I? How could I tell you, being incinerated?"

"Come, mount to the carriage." He drew a revolver and held it to my temple.

Trembling, I mounted the carriage and lay flat on my back. Then there was a creak of rollers, and I moved forward and heard the clang of the furnace door.

Whether or not I lost consciousness I do not know. At any rate, there was a blank. Then I heard the voice of the operator outside ask if I had any suggestions to make. I replied that I would most respectfully suggest that he open the door and let me out.

"Not until you have learned from experience the defects of my oven," he said.

"It is perfect," I replied.

"It is the high degree of heat that I wish you to report on especially."

"It is seven times hotter than the fiery furnace into which King Nebuchadnezzar thrust the prophet Daniel!" I exclaimed.

"Excellent! I have not yet turned the heat on. If it is hot now, what will it be when in operation? Now I will make the connection."

"Hold on!" I cried. "I have noticed a defect in the brickwork. If you turn on the heat, the oven will crack open."

"That's queer," he said. "I made that brickwork myself. It's all right. You're mistaken. Watch everything carefully so that you can give me a perfect account of all points to be tested."

I heard a click, and very soon the place began to warm up. Then it began to get hot. I yelled to my tormentor to let me out. Then—well, then my wife shook me.

"Stop that hallooing! Do you want to wake the baby?"

"What confounded strange things dreams are!" I muttered. "Ugh! I'm all in a tremor and my heart is beating a reveille."

It was a long while before I got quieted down, and as for sleep—no more of that till the next night.

ANSEL LUPTON.

Foods That Taint Milk.

The presence of wild garlic or wild onions in pastures, the use of turnips and other feeds containing oil, must be avoided where cows are giving a large amount of milk. Feeds which have a bad odor, such as silage, must be fed right after milking and at no other time; otherwise the milk and resulting butter are apt to show the effects. In all cases keep these feeds away from the cow during milking time. Taints from silage or other foul feeds are transmitted through the air; consequently if the air is full of silage odor the milk is apt to show it. If, however, feeds of this kind are given directly after milking, the product from the cow cannot be distinguished from that produced from other feeds, although condensing factories and some creameries prohibit its use.

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AGENTS WANTED | W. B. CONKEY COMPANY Solo Publishers, CHICAGO.

BARBERS AND CHRISTMAS.

"Our trade suffers more than that of any other during the Christmas holidays," said a Thirteenth street barber. "Contrary to all rules, we make less money within the ten days of the Christmas season than in the dullest lull of the summer months. About 20 per cent of our regular customers who are shaved three times a week suddenly drop off about three days before Christmas and do not return until early in January. It's nothing new. You see, it's like this: The tipping habit about Christmas time has grown so in America that a man seems to think that he is forced to give his barber at least a dollar around Christmas. Instead of keeping on and feeling the pangs of a pricked pride hundreds just change places for a week or so. The thing has become so evident to us that we expect it. When we hear the perfunctory phrase, 'Well, I guess I'll go out of town for eight or ten days,' or one customer say to another, 'I think I'll take a run up to Maine for a week's shoot,' we are on."—Philadelphia Times.

To Pay a Quarter Per Baby.

Cook county will have to pay 25 cents a head for every baby born inside its limits and whose birth is reported to the county clerk after New Year's day. This is on account of a law which was enacted by the last legislature.

The object of the law was not to place a bounty on the birth of babies in Chicago, but to insure the recording of the births of the babies who may be born. The physician presiding at the birth of a child will be entitled to collect the tax. If he neglects his duty, the parent of the offspring will have the next chance at the county's quarter. This piece of silver will be paid by the county treasurer upon notice by the county clerk that the birth in question has been reported to him.

"I expect this new law will cost Cook county about $15,000 next year," said President John J. Hanberg of the county board. "There were nearly 50,000 babies born in Chicago last year."—Chicago News.

A Full Dinner Pail.

David Long, a laborer, walked into the Second National bank of Danville, Ill., the other afternoon, placed his dinner pail in the teller's window and said he wanted to make a deposit. Then to the astonishment of the bank officials he opened the pail and showed that it was full of soiled and crumpled bank notes of an almost forgotten issue. There was a little less than $1,500 in the pail, and every dollar of it was of the old war issue of thirty-five years ago and worth a hundred cents. The bank retained the greater part of the money, but some of it was in such condition that it had to be sent to Washington to be exchanged. Long, who is about seventy years old, refused to make any explanation of how he came into possession of the money. Crumpled up in some of the bills were small feathers and bits of straw, which gave evidence that the money had been at one time concealed in a bed.—Indianapolis News.

Beef and Beef.

The king of Portugal, although entirely against his doctor's advice, is a great meat eater and thinks no form of cooking comes up to that of the English. When staying in England a few years ago, he visited Lord Salisbury's beautiful seat at Hatfield. During dinner the conversation naturally turned upon the royal visit, and the Duke of York, now the Prince of Wales, who was present, said to the king, "Now, what has impressed your majesty most during your short stay in England?"

The king of Portugal replied thoughtfully, "Well, I think the English roast beef is very delightful.'

"Oh," laughed his royal highness, "but surely something else has impressed your majesty as well?"

"Ah," enthusiastically replied the king, "of course! The English boiled beef is also delightful!"

Strenuous Publishing.

The business methods of publishers came up for discussion at a recent literary gathering. William Dean Howells and Mark Twain were present.

"The spirit of the age is strenuous," said Mr. Howells. "And in order not to be behind the times the publishers modify the verbiage of the circus poster with scant politeness."

"They do," assented the humorist. "My publisher speaks of advertising my next book as a story by Mark Twain with no further comment. But he shan't make a noisy snow of me with his vulgar advertising simplicity. I shall insist upon a street parade at the very least, because I am a modest man and dislike to be made conspicuous."

I Coughed
"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."
R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.
Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.
We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.
Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; $1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Frank O. Lowden is building a summer home for poor girls near Oregon, Ill. Mrs. Lowden, who was Mrs. Harriet Pullman, is a daughter of the late palace car millionaire. She proposes to take the sick and weary from Chicago and give them a summer outing.

The late Mrs. Christina Bradley of Peru, Ind., was known throughout her state as a shrewd financier. She was one of the largest individual landowners in the west. In ten years she more than trebled the amount left to her by her husband. Mrs. Bradley was seventy-eight years old.

PERT PERSONALS.

The awful truth is out at last. Governor Shaw, the new secretary of the treasury, eats pie three times a day.—Buffalo Express.

Senator Depew will have to be a little careful when he rises to address the senate. It would not sound well to call the presiding officer "dearie" or "lovey dovey."—Kansas City Journal.

According to Miss Susan B. Anthony, "this world needs fewer children." Has Miss Anthony noticed that France is wrestling with the problem of how to procure more children?—Kansas City Journal.

Buffalo Bill has undergone an operation for the removal of his hair. If the scalp had gone with it, the small boy might in time have forgiven the Indian. He will never forgive the barber.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The dowager empress of China is so very nervous that the whistle of a locomotive produces a shock that temporarily unfits her for the most commonplace duties, such as ordering a few heads to be chopped off before breakfast.—Exchange.

CROWN POINTS.

King George of Greece, the Duke of Sparta and Prince Nicholas will attend the coronation of King Edward VII.

Queen Alexandra has forwarded a donation of £10 to Mr. T. H. Roberts' fund for the relief of the survivors of the Light brigade who charged with "the six hundred" at Balaklava.

The dowager empress of Russia owns the finest collection of Russian sables in the world. Among them is a mantle which keeps her cozy in winter sledge drives and in traveling. It has a lining worth $50,000.

Emperor William is fond of modern music and modern sculpture, but he has no sympathy with modern painting and poetry. Recently he spoke rather sharply of modern art, and it is believed that his enmity has a political source.

A KEN OF KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling has the animals roaring, anyway.—Detroit Free Press.

Now that Rudyard Kipling has stirred all England by beating his musical bass drum, Alfred Austin may be expected along with his poetic tin whistle.—Washington Times.

As the best and quickest means of ending the Boer war Mr. Kipling should take full charge of affairs for the British, while Mr. Chamberlain sits back and writes critical verses.—Denver Republican.

And now one of the "flanneled fools at the wickets" gets back at Mr. Kipling by calling him a spectacled fool with an inkpot and a muddy brained oaf with the pen. Obviously the poetic campaign in Great Britain is waxing hot.—Boston Herald.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

One cannot help wondering what work there will be for a permanent census bureau with 200 clerks.—Indianapolis News.

The argument in favor of a permanent census bureau is self apparent, and there is no good argument against it. Congress will do a much needed piece of work by establishing such a bureau and providing for the issuance of its statistics from time to time as they may be needed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROAD MONEY WASTED.

Working Out Highway Taxes Produces No Lasting Results.

Commenting on the highway law of the Empire State, the New York Times in a recent issue said:

The legislation heretofore enacted for the improvement of the roads of the state is good as far as it goes, but it is not likely to go very far in the lifetime of the youngest of our readers. It provides for state aid to towns that are willing to contribute their part to better roads built under the direction of the state. Up to the present time we believe that only 800 miles of the 5,000 in the state are benefited by this law. The highway alliance, whose purpose is to "increase the usefulness of highways," proposes that the plan now in operation in towns generally shall be

HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

so changed that the resources available, which are very considerable, shall be applied under state direction.

At present each property owner is required to pay his share of the amount voted for roads, but is at liberty to work out the tax at the rate of one day's labor for each dollar due by him. The work, whether voluntary or hired, is done when and where the path master and the highway commissioner may direct. The change urged is that all payment of road taxes in labor shall be done away with, that all taxes shall be paid in money and that the money shall be expended under the direction of the skilled and trained officials of the state.

There can be no doubt that this arrangement would secure very much better return for the money of the various towns than is got at present. No one need be a great traveler in the interior of our state to know that the general condition of the roads is bad and that the badness is tremendously costly. It is quite common to see a fairly good road passing from the area of one town become a wretched road in the next, and the proportion of the latter is many times greater than that of the former.

As a rule the actual cost of the decent roads is not appreciably larger than that of the bad ones. The money is used in one case and wasted in the other. The plan suggested would not increase, as we understand it, the amount collected for roads. It would simply secure an immensely better return for it. And this return would be in the definite shape of economy and profit for the residents of the towns as well as for the community generally.

It has been estimated that improvement in roads steadily used, which should save only 10 per cent of the wear and tear of horses and wagons and of the time of men employed, would save to the average farmer from $50 to $100 a year. It is not at all unreasonable to infer that the plan proposed would effect such an improvement. As it would not cost the country residents a cent more in expenditure, it ought to be popular if it is once understood.

NEED OF GOOD ROADS.

They Cost Money, but In the End Are Cheaper Than Poor Ones.

The greatest need of the country is good roads. To have good roads we must have a good road law, says Texas Farm and Ranch. To have a good road law the people who use roads must be made to comprehend their value. Then they will demand of state and county legislators to proceed to solve the problem.

Good roads cost money, and myopic taxpayers have objected to any practical system on that account, whereas bad roads cost a great deal more than telford or macadam. There is no lack of facts and figures to prove this statement true. Railroads, telegraphs and telephones are great modern agencies of civilization, and if there is an exception to the rule that civilization follows these institutions we have failed to find it or hear of it. But bad country roads greatly retard the civilizing process, besides levying the heaviest tax known to civilization.

Rural mail delivery is largely dependent upon the character of our roads, and would be well nigh impracticable on the muddy lanes of the Texas black waxy section in wet weather. Therefore, to enjoy the benefits of a daily mail, our people must go to work systematically to make better roads. What matters it if a road costs $3,000, $6,000 or even $10,000 per mile if, after it is made, every person who uses it will feel glad that the expenditure was made?

Plant Trees by the Roadside.

How much and at what little cost could the roadways of the country leading to the large cities be beautified if each farmer should give a little time to the planting of trees and shrubbery along the way!

KITCHEN HELPS.

Don't wash glasses in clear water. Use a little soap.

Don't put tin dishes in greasy water. It deadens the brightness.

Clean the steelwork of your kitchen range when discolored by rubbing it with vinegar.

It is stated that a bit of lemon tossed into the water in which kitchen towels and other cleaning cloths are scalded will sweeten them perceptibly.

Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary, sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold water.

Fill saucepans with cold water directly they are emptied, add a piece of soda and set on the stove again. This is especially helpful in the cleaning of utensils after cereals and sticky foods have been cooked in them.

To make perfectly sure that all trace of the coffee has been removed from the interior of the coffeepot, fill it with cold water and let it heat slowly on the back of the range. Empty it and dry thoroughly before putting it away.

It is a good plan to keep a crock of fuller's earth in the kitchen for removing spots of grease from carpets, boards, marble, etc. If applied immediately and well rubbed in, it will absorb the grease and may then be brushed off dry without injuring the color or fabric.

A Graceful Walk.

In walking one should endeavor to take a long, smooth, gliding step rather than a short, choppy one. By the latter is meant the hippety, hoppety, little jerky walk which many small women affect and which always suggests to the onlooker tight shoes.

No woman who can put her foot down comfortably and firmly will ever walk in this manner, and the firm, steady walk, with its undulating glide, that is as different as possible from a masculine stride, improves the whole appearance. To walk well and properly one should transfer the weight of the body from one leg to the other as each is thrown forward in taking a step.

This throwing of the weight is accompanied by a graceful, scarcely perceptible, swaying of the body. The weight of the body should come more on the ball of the foot than on the heel, but the latter should slightly touch the ground at every step. Walking on the toes alone gives a finicky, dancing schoolmaster look to the figure. The toes should be gracefully turned out at each step, and the leg should swing loose from the hip.—Buffalo Times.

Some Artistic Lamps.

The mystery of the many lamps seen in homes, but never duplicated in shops, is explained when it is realized that made to order lamps are very simple and very common. Any cherished bowl or jar may be converted into a lamp by the mere mounting with metal oil vessel, burner and globe support. A rare piece of Satsuma lent itself in this way, and the lamp was the envy of all who saw it. A large umbrella stand of terra cotta was converted into a useful light producer with equal ease, the assortment of globes and shades in any lamp shop offering choice to fit any standard. In this way it is possible to have lamps correspond and harmonize with rooms, a fact of which artists have been quick to take advantage. It is rare indeed that a studio lamp is other than unique and original, and it is to this class indeed that indebtedness for "lamps to order" belongs.

TEARFUL OR CHEERFUL?
Whether a woman is tearful or cheerful depends not on what she has materially, but what she is physically. Many an indulgent husband is driven almost to despair by the tearful outburst of a wife who has "everything she wants." He wants to know what's the matter. But the wife can't tell. She only knows that she is depressed and despondent. Such a condition is usually related to some form of womanly disease. The mental depression has its corresponding womanly weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription changes tearful women to cheerful women by curing the diseases which cause physical weakness and depression of spirits. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.
Mrs. Alice Adams, of Laboratory, Washington Co., Pa., says: "With many thanks I write to let you know how I am. I can say by God's help and your help I am well. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I can do all my work. I can't praise your medicine too highly. I will recommend your medicines as long as I live. If any one doubts this give them my address."
"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.
Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.