TWO TOILERS.

I.

"With weary brain and aching heart
I greet another day;
A hasty bite, and I must start
Upon my weary way;
The sun may shine above my head and soft,
sweet winds may blow,
But what are fair, blue skies to me? With
tired feet I go
To labor where no sunshine falls,
Shut in by cheerless, dingy walls,
Estranged from all but woe.

"The day is done, but what have I
That it has brought to me?
The sinking sun may gild the sky--
Why should I stay to see?--
I that am doomed to merely rise and toil all
day and then
Lie down to troubled sleep awhile and toil
away again?
Day after day the same old round
Until some day the welcome ground
Shall hide my face from men?"

II.

"The sunbeams play across my way,
The wind blows soft and sweet;
The sky is smiling down to-day,
And I, with dancing feet,
Speed onward to the duties that still claim
my faithful care
And to the pleasures that arise from faithful service there—
And in my heart I'll bear along
A little of the West Wind's song
For those I love to share.

"My tasks are done—a golden glow
Spreads out across the sky,
And still the sweet wind whispers low,
Still sings the song that I
Have, with a haunting gladness, hummed
through all the blissful day,
And all the world seems happy as I hurry
on my way
To smiling lips and loving arms—
My path is through a land of charms
Where pleasing fancies play.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Star Caddie of Meadowfield

By Douglas Z. Doty.

LITTLE Jamie McLeod, the young son of the Scotch farmer whose stock farm ran parallel to the Meadowfield golf course, despite his name and his sandy hair, was truly a Yankee.

McLeod senior was a widower; he was also a miser of the most pronounced type, and poor Jamie led anything but a joyous existence till that day when young Tom Wetherby, the club champion, hired him as a caddie.

Jamie had to exist on a diet of potatoes and oatmeal and not any too much of either. He was allowed to go to school in the forenoon, but afternoon he was forced to mind the cows and do numberless chores about the farm.

The fourteenth hole lay alongside of McLeod's cattle yard and a high fence separated the two. On an average about two golf balls a day dropped in on the farmer's side, and he never would allow any of the players or the caddies to climb the fence, for the balls sold for ten cents apiece in the village.

Jamie had reached that age when he began to be ashamed of his tattered clothes and rebellious in heart that his father never allowed him a cent of spending money. The last straw was when he had sold a pair of baby rabbits of his own raising, and the farmer made him turn over the proceeds to him.

"That's my money, and I mean to keep it!" Jamie had said in his deliberate way.

"I'm your father, and you'll have to do as I say!" retorted the old man, and his eyes traveled significantly from the boy to the handy strap.

Poor Jamie had already felt the sting of the strap once that day, so he decided discretion was the better part of valor, and remarked: "Father, supposin' I could hire out to work for somebody, would you let me?"

"Ef anyone is fool enough to hire a shiftless, good-fer-nothin' chap like you, I might let yer go, providin' you pay me for yer board and lodgin'; seein' your my son, we'll say three dollars a week!"

Tom Wetherby was practicing on a new putting green the next afternoon, when a ragged urchin walked timidly up and touched his cap.

"Pardon, sir!" he said; "but do you want to hire a caddie?"

Now, it so happened that Wetherby was searching for a good caddie, so he looked the caddie over critically.

"Go home and fix yourself up in some respectable clothes, and I will think about it!" he replied a bit sharply, and he went on practicing.

Presently he glanced up from his play and saw the boy sitting with his back to a big elm, and gazing forlornly at his ragged shoes.

There was something so abject in the droop of the boy's head that Wetherby strolled over to the lad.

"Well, youngster," he remarked, kindly, "why don't you do as I suggested?"

"I haven't got any other clothes," said the boy, wearily. "These is all I got."

Wetherby took notice then, for the first time, of the boy's face that shone from soap and water; of his curly brown hair that had been brushed with scrupulous care.

"What's your name?" asked Wetherby.

"Jamie McLeod, sir."

"What! The son of old miser McLeod?" cried the other. "Poor little chap; so that's the way of it! I'll give you a try. I'll pay you three dollars a week to start. If you prove a success I'll make it four. How's that?"

The boy's face had grown fairly radiant with joy; then suddenly the light went out of his eyes.

"I s'pose I don't look it," he said, woefully.

"O, that's all right," said the man cheerfully. "I'll give you a couple of weeks' pay in advance. That ought to pretty well fix you up, hadn't it?"

The boy shook his head in a hopeless sort of way.

"'Tain't no use, I guess," he said, resignedly. "Father said I couldn't work for nobody 'less I paid him three a week board."

"I'll have a little talk with your father myself," he told the boy, and then and there he stalked in upon the miser and gave him a piece of his mind. Among other things he informed the farmer that if he didn't treat his son better, he, Wetherby, would make the town too hot to hold him.

Two days after Jamie, smart in new clothes and a red cap, started in on his duties as a caddie. In a week's time the boy became the star caddie of the course.

From almost the first time the boy was absolutely happy from morning to night. Then came a disappointment; Wetherby took to playing with a partner two or three times a week—a very beautiful young lady, whom Jamie learned to call "Miss Elizabeth."

Now, Wetherby had been working himself up into splendid form, but when he got to playing with the girl Jamie was much worried to notice that he went all to pieces on his drives and couldn't putt a little bit. And the worst of it was that as time went on Wetherby's playing fell off more and more.

Strange to say, Jamie found it much easier to caddie for the two than for one. They never seemed to care if the ball got lost, and one day when at the fourteenth hole, the guttie had popped over the fence into his father's place, and Jamie asked if he should go after it. Wetherby said: "Yes, Jamie, and if you find it in less than an hour I'll discharge you!"

When poor, bewildered Jamie returned in exactly one hour, he found the two sitting under a tree, and Wetherby remarked, very formally: "Mr. McLeod, let me introduce my future wife."

Then the young lady drew the boy close to her. "You're glad, Jamie, aren't you?" she said, softly.

The boy blinked hard for a minute. "Yes," he retorted, sturdily; "I'm really and truly glad—though I kinder hate to see a good golfer spoiled."

One day a week later Jamie was caddying for Miss Elizabeth alone; Wetherby was to join her a little later.

Jamie, with the girl's bag slung over one shoulder, and her red jacket over the other, was standing close to his father's cattle yard fence, watching for the drive-off at the fourteenth hole.

She made rather a bad foozle, the ball going far to left out of the right direction. The two were making for the ball as it lay near a turbulent little mountain brook, and were almost there, when they both turned at the sound of a panting animal, and there within 20 yards came Farmer McLeod's savage bull, his head lowered, his eyes aflame.

The girl gave a scream and stood stock still from sheer fright. There was no shelter at hand.

Jamie held a cleek in his right hand. The bag fell to the ground with a rattle, but with his other hand he still grasped the red jacket.

"Make for the brook," he cried; and turning about he waved his jacket in the face of the furious brute.

With a bellow of rage the bull made straight for him. Jamie stood his ground till the beast's horns were all but on him; then deftly he stepped one side, and lifting the cleek dealt the animal a fierce blow on the nose.

The bull turned and charged on him again. As Jamie leaped to one side for the second time his foot slipped on the slippery turf, and twisting his ankle he fell helpless to the ground. He flung himself face downward on the grass and waited for those dreadful horns to strike him.

But even as he did so he heard Wetherby's voice, and then the sound of a pistol shot, followed by another and another. Then an agonized bellow and a heavy thud.

Then Jamie fainted.

When he came to he saw Wetherby gazing down on him.

"Is she all right?" asked Jamie.

Then he realized that his head was lying in the girl's lap and he felt her soft hands smoothing back his hair.
—Boston Globe.

HOLE IN THE LUNGS

There are thousands of men and women, as well as ever, with holes in their lungs: consumption stopped.

What did it?

Some change in way of life and Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

A hole in the lungs, once healed, is no worse than a too-tight waist or waistcoat. Take the emulsion and give it a chance to heal the wound.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

Brownies $1—A. E. Voorhies.

Decidedly the Reverse.

Uncle Wellington de Bergh, a retired English merchant, who occasionally came to visit his relatives in this country, was an enthusiastic bicyclist, notwithstanding his age, which was over 70.

His other passion was fondness for Walker's Dictionary, which, he maintained, was superior to all others, of whatever date, and he seemed to know it by heart.

"Your uncle," said a caller one day, "appears to be a walking cyclopedia."

"On the contrary," responded one of Uncle Wellington's American nieces, "he's a cycling Walkerpedia."
—Youth's Companion.

Not a Perfect Specimen.

The little girl whom the New York Times tells about is only five years old, but she has such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, the five-year-old surveyed it with a critical eye.

"Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse, with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

"Yes," replied the little girl, hesitatingly, "it's nice, but it's head's loose."

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Use Allen's Foot Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweaty feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package Free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Kodaks and Films—A.E.Voorhies.

"PALS."

By C. E. Weigall.

"BY THEIR fruits shall ye know them.

"Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find."

He lay on his bed-cot and looked at the stars through a chink in the roof between window and canvas.

It was a very hot night, of that breathless, lurid deadness that makes a Malta summer a weariness of the flesh. Inside his tent 13 sturdy souls were snoring, under their brown blankets, the sleep of the just; but the fourteenth, Gunner Amherst, had been awake since "Lights out," and sleep would probably not visit his eyes at all until the little bugler sounded reveille from the guard-room steps at Tigne fort.

He was thinking, and perhaps there was some excuse for the deep concentration necessary for such a purpose, for Amherst did not often indulge in an art so purely imaginative.

The tramp of the sentry up and down across the square on his eternal round, the sob of the tide under the sheer cliff, the call of a distant siren from a ship in the grand harbor, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night.

In the daytime Gunner Amherst had no time for thought. Drills and fatigues, drinks in the canteen, cricket or football, as the season might allow; bathing, a further pint in the canteen with a chum, and then "Last Post," did not leave much time in which a man might develop original traits or even a habit of thought, for in his set the reading-room was not the fashion.

His face was puckered into a frown that marred the usual good temper of its dare-devil expression. He had something on his mind, and that something led him at last to rise from his bed-cot, and don the few clothes necessary to decency, quietly tiptoeing at last out of the tent.

Keeping in the shadow of the buildings, away from earshot of the sentry, he skirted the camp till he came out beyond the gray walls of the fort above the sea. There he sat him down among the short, sunburnt stubble and sand, and bared his great chest to the cool night wind of heaven that blew from the dread S'rocco quarter.

"My!" he said, "I'm battlin' it out, but I don't come anigh the end of it. If Jem takes the stripe, it's splits between him and me; there's too many 'alf-pu'rtners—or the end on 'em—down agen me, to see me a bloomin' Bombardier. Now, Jem'll go mashin' about with N. C. O's, and mayn't look at an old pal, and as to speaking to me friendly like, why, it's all down in the regulations as there's a great gulf between them and the likes of us, me in particular, as one as 'as a many things down on my defaulter's sheet as shouldn't be there. We've been friends since the first day 'e joined—I'm 'an me together—rookies as didn't know a gun from a pea-stick. It was always the same afore we joined, at 'ome in the old place. If there was a furrow to be plowed, Jem always took first prize, though I might run the show pretty nigh; or a piece to be sung at the harvest-home, or a holiday-making, when there was a choice of anyone to go, Jem was always chosen. But I was never one to feel jealous like. Same as when 'e went off with my gal, Molly Maloney—'oo could feel jealous of Jem?"

Amherst paused a moment and gazed at the sky, crisped into points of yellow stars. The wash of the sea had made him melancholy, perhaps, as he was out of sorts. That one last glass of beer the night before in the canteen had been too much for "Old Devil-may-care," as his companions called him. He leaned up against a grey rock bowlder, and tore up a tussock of grass.

"A. N. C. O. mayn't speak to a ordinary gunner when 'e pals with the other lot o' sarjants and their belongings. Don't know as I pants to do that though! If it was me, I don't think as 'ow I'd ever chuck a pal—and yet there's a deal o' pleasure in bein' looked up to! Not as anyone'll ever look up to me—I'm a bit of a waster."

There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of this "bit of a waster." He was not in the least a romantic figure. His good-looking face had not the alert expression of influencing power that belongs to the born noncommissioned officer of the British army. His clothing, too, was unromantic, consisting of a pair of khaki trousers and a patched vest hung on anyhow, his feet thrust into broken canvas bathing shoes.

He was roused by a quick step on the grass behind him, and started at once into soldier life again. Tears would be a lasting disgrace if discovered, and he became merely a motionless gunner, looking out with stiff intentness at the far faint line of the Sicilian coast.

"Davy! Whatever are you doing here?"

It was the old name, familiarly spoken. No one ever called him Davy now. To his superiors he was simply a bad lot, though a good all-round athlete; and to his companions, a fellow who could crack a good tale, and put away more beer than any other—a fellow, too, whose one stupendous folly was being too chummy with a man who was on the roll for promotion, a man who loved the reading-room, and who was in the choir at the little Garrison Chapel, and in high favor with the powers that be.

"Yes, Jem," he said, glibly, "I was just 'avin' a bit of a talk to the rats and Malty like. I should think as the thermometer must be about a 'undred in there."

"Aye," said Jem, laconically, "I seed you pass. I was standing at the door of No. 15 hut, and I thought as 'ow I'd come and see what you was up to."

"You might get into a row," returned Amherst, "and that 'ud be bad for you just now."

"No worse for me than you."

Jem set himself squarely down on a bowlder at his companion's side, and settled his chin upon his folded brown fists.

"Davy," he said, "do you remember Molly Maloney?"

Amherst's face quivered; but he said, sturdily: "Aye, we'll not talk of 'er just now, Jem."

Jem's face was determined; his mouth set in a hard line, that spoiled his good looks, giving to his face an expression of obstinate firmness that gave one a fresh insight into his character.

"Do you mind her yellow hair, like the buttercups in Mile End Close farm, and her eyes blue and big, like the forget-me-nots by the mill-pond, where the rushes was so fine and large? She was a neat dresser, and had a pretty foot, too."

"Aye," said Davy.

"And the Sunday evenin' when we three walked back from church, and the sky was like the inside of a pink shell, with streaks like a violet here and there? And she says to me, what a pretty voice I had in the tenor parts, and never said a word to you, though you and she was courtin'."

Amherst made a motion with his head, for his lips were dry and speechless.

"And maybe you were wondering why we weren't married, and why I never said a word about it to you, after she give you the chuck, and she and me went walkin' together."

"Maybe you was delicate about it, and didn't like to 'urt my feelin's."

Davy's voice was hoarse; he was so eager to find an excuse for the man to whom he had been doggedly faithful for these many years through thick and thin.

"'Twas only natural as she should prefer you. I'm a poor one at expressin' my feelin's, and a poor sort of chap and all. While as for you—"

"While, as for me," said Jem, calmly, "you thought as 'ow I was a nasty, sneakin' chap, and had took Molly away from you, temptin' her like; while the real truth is, Davy, though I never told you before, that she wasn't worth a snap of your fingers or of mine, for I knew she was flirtin' with that red-headed chap at the blacksmith's all the time you was a courtin' of 'er; and if a girl could go on with one chap when she had promised to marry another, it seemed to me as she was not good enough to be a pal's wife. She walked with me a bit, and then—why, I told 'er as I meant nothin', seein' she was on with two or three other chaps, and you was too blind to see it. I only done it to show you what she was and to stop you from throwin' your stupid old self away upon a good-for-nought."

"You did it for that?" Davy's voice was tremulous in its intensity of earnestness. "Why, I thought as 'ow you loved 'er, and was goin' to get the stripe so as you could get married to 'er."

"I'm not a-going to take no stripe," said Jem, steadily. "You're out there, Davy."

"Why, the colonel spoke to you this mornin', I know 'e did, for Stubbs told me."

"Aye, Davy, did you never think that you and me would be separated as far as the sea is from yon mountain? You've been a bit unfortunate in the drinkin' line, and that's agen you for promotion, but if you was thinkin' that I was a goin' to be set over your head, you was wrong, Davy Amherst. Pals we was in the old days, and pals we'll be till we snuffs out, and that's enough for me, if it is for you."

Amherst's hand stole a little nearer to the clenched fist on the stubble. "God's truth?" he said.

"God's truth," said Jem.

The vow was taken as solemnly as though some pledge of vast importance was being registered.

"Jem, it was 'urtin' me cruel, that thought of you and me never speakin'," said Davy, at last, sheepishly. "If you like, I'll keep a bit straighter. At least, I'll try to keep that way on."

Amherst was nothing if not honest, and Jem admired him for it.

"It'll be no use, Davy. I know you of old," he answered, hopefully. "The very smell of a beer-jug 'll draw you a mile, but I'll take the will for the deed, old chap."

When two furtive, lightly-garbed figures stole back to their respective beds, the sky was shivering towards the dawn. As Amherst crept into his bed, the next man to him moved, and muttered in his sleep. "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord." He was the second tenor in the choir, and had been practicing some new music the day before at the squeaking harmonium.

"Amen," said Davy, fervently, as he drew the blanket over his head.

At the same moment the bugle rang out "Reveille," clear as a bell—resonant as the last trump—each note rising and falling on the still air. It was echoed from cliff to cliff, from fort to barracks, till the whole island rang with the news that another day was born.

And the gunners of Tigne woke to reluctant life, and grumbled themselves into uniform and pipe-clayed helmets once again. But there was gladness in two rough, honest hearts, for a shadow had rolled away with the purple line of night-cloud into the sea.
—Black and White.

A Mosquito's Teeth.

A mosquito gets its growth in a short time. It is fully developed and equipped for business in three weeks.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, men—That is the order of a woman's preference. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the mercy to purchase them. If a women will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds, and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at Dr. Kremer's.

Get Green's Special Almanac

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

FIGPRUNE Cereal

54% Fruit
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A Perfect Food Drink

The beverage made from Figprune Cereal is smooth, palatable and nutritious. Because of the large percentage of natural saccharine matter in figs and prunes, Figprune requires less sugar than any other cereal coffee. All Grocers Sell It.

CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

A Vicksburg (Miss.) dispatch says that Captain D. C. Harris of the dredge-boat California, who recently came to Vicksburg from San Francisco, and was at work on the Yazoo canal, was shot through the right breast by operator B. J. Fogarty, whom Harris had discharged. It is doubtful if Harris can recover.

Bill Taylor, the train robber who some time since escaped from jail at Coleman, Tex., recently shot and killed two unknown travelers near the town of Ozona, believing them to be officers. Taylor was hiding when the travelers approached.

Fire broke out in the plant of the E. O. Stannard Milling company on the river front at Alton, Ills., destroying that and several other buildings, causing a loss estimated at $400,000. A special train carried two engine companies from St. Louis, and they, with the local department, got the flames under control.

Four Panhandle trainmen met death near Onward, 14 miles southeast of Logansport, Ind., in a rear-end collision of freight trains. The bodies of three were taken out badly mutilated and the fourth was almost entirely consumed by fire before the wrecking crew could subdue the flames sufficiently to permit work in debris.

A well-known woman of the San Francisco Chinese quarter, named Bo Yook, was shot and killed by a Chinese named Wong Quong Lemey. The murderer sent four bullets into the body of the woman while she was sitting before the glass doors of 1025 Dupont street at 2 a. m. The murderer was arrested. Unrequited affection is said to be the cause of the crime.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The war department received further details of the attack on the Ninth infantry on the island of Samar. It appears that on Sept. 14, while at breakfast, the company was attacked, at the signal ringing of the convent bells, by about 450 bolomen. Two hundred from the rear and 200 in front simultaneously attacked the officers' quarters. The force attacking in front gained possession of the company's arms. A fight ensued for them, in which most of the men met death in the messroom in the rear. The enemy were beaten off temporarily by about 25 men, who gained their arms. The strength of the command was three officers and 72 men.

Captain Bookmiller of the Ninth infantry sent the following dispatch, dated Sept. 30: "Have returned from Balangiga. Landed yesterday, inhabitants deserting the town after firing one shot. We buried three officers and 20 men. A number of bodies were burned. The quarters buildings were fired as we entered. We secured or destroyed most of the rations. All the ordnance is gone. The insurgents secured 57 serviceable rifles and 28,000 cartridges. Forty-eight men of Company C, Ninth infantry, and one hospital corps man killed or missing; 28 men accounted for; found two in a boat en route here. Buried the dead, burned the town and returned to Basey."

WASHINGTON NOTES.

William B. Ridgley of Illinois, who was recently appointed controller of the currency to succeed Charles C. Dawes, has entered on the duties of his office.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, after careful consideration of the reports and estimates of leading beet-sugar producers, estimates the beet-sugar production of 1901 at 198,500 tons. The cane-sugar production is estimated as follows: Southern states, 300,000 tons; Porto Rico, 100,000; Hawaii, 300,000; total, 700,000 tons. The beet-sugar production of the western states, in tons, is as follows: California, 80,000; Colorado, 40,000; Utah, 15,000; Washington, 2,500; Oregon, 2,000.

All-American Canal Assured.

Walter Wellman, in a dispatch from Washington to the Chicago Record-Herald, says: The United States and Great Britain have reached an agreement concerning the isthmian canal question, and a new treaty will be presented to the senate for its ratification early in the coming session. It provides:

First, for the abrogation of the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty entirely; second, for the neutrality of the isthmian canal, in case one be constructed by the United States, open in time of peace to ships of all nations upon equal terms; third, this neutrality is guaranteed by the United States alone, and other maritime powers are not invited to participate in such guarantee; Great Britain is inferentially one of the guarantors, because she is a party to this treaty; fourth, in case of war the United States reserves the right to take such steps for its own protection as it may deem proper.

It will be seen that the new treaty meets the principal objections which were offered to the old Hay-Pauncefote convention, and which led to its rejection by the senate. While the principle of neutrality is asserted the United States alone guarantees that neutrality, and no European powers are invited to give their assent to it.

A Chinese entered the Bank of Nevada County at Grass Valley, Cal., and offered some gold for sale. Cashier Root, finding the metal good, made the purchase, and told the Chinese that the bank would purchase any more that he or his friends might have for sale at any time. The Chinese then drew a bar of gold from his blouse and offered it for sale. The assay, however, disclosed the fact that though the "gold brick" weighed 15 ounces, it contained just 28 cents worth of gold. The rest was copper or brass composition. The Chinese, after informing the bank officials that he paid a white man $43 for the brick a long time ago, quickly disappeared.

A Fiendish Attack.

An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he writes he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c at Dr. Kremers.

Tot Causes Night Alarm.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with Croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Sinder, of Crittenden, Ky., "It seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles 50c and $1. Trial bottles free at Dr. Kremer's.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush at the drug store still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 25c. and 50c.

At Bed Time

I take a pleasant herb drink, the next morning I feel bright and my complexion is better. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made from herbs, and is prepared as easily as tea. It is called Lane's Medicine. All druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for a free sample. Address, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

B. W. Pursell, Kintersville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles and could obtain no relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless. Dr. Kremer

William McKinley.

His Life and Work,

— BY —

GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR.

President's life long Friend, Comrade in war and Colleague in Congress. Was near his side with other great men when his eyes were closed in death. Followed the bier to the National Capitol and to Canton. The General requires a share of the proceeds of his book to be devoted to a McKinley Monument Fund. Thus every subscriber becomes a contributor to this fund. Millions of copies will be sold. Everybody will buy it. Orders for the asking. Nobody will refuse. Elegant Photogravure Portrait of President McKinley's last picture taken at the White House. You can easily and quickly clear $1,000 taking orders. Order outfit quick. Chance to prove success, secure yearly contract and become Manager. Send 2 ct. stamp to pay expense of wrapping, packing and mailing elegant prospectus. Taking 10 to 10 orders daily, 50,000 copies will be sold in this vicinity. Address,

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTE.

To Arche I. Lee Lewis:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, your co-owners in the placer mining claim situated on Rogue river, in Josephine County and known as the "Horseshoe" mining claim, located by Charles H. Ewing, May 21, 1896, the notice of which is recorded at page 436, Vol. 2, of the Miscellaneous Mining Records of Josephine County, Oregon; that unless you contribute and pay to said undersigned co-owners within ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the sum of Seventy five Dollars, ($75.00) the same being your proportion of the cost of annual labor done on said claim in order to protect the title thereto during the years 1898, 1899, 1900, your one-fourth interest therein will be forfeited to your co-owners.

W. E. BECKNER,
E. G. FRANCIS.

Sept. 26, 1901.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO WITHDRAW INSURANCE DEPOSIT.

In accordance with the requirements of the laws of the State of Oregon, relative to insurance companies, notice is hereby given that

The Lancashire Insurance Company of Manchester, England, desiring to cease doing business within the State of Oregon, intends to withdraw its deposit with the Treasurer of said State and will, if no claim shall be filed with the Insurance Commissioner within six months from the 22nd day of July, 1901 withdraw its deposit from the State Treasurer.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned having been appointed executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased, by the County Court of Josephine County, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, with the proper proof and vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 24th day of July, 1901.

H. T. KESSLER,
Executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased.

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