HEAVEN.

O city builded not by human hands,
And stretching far beyond all reach of thought,
Whose myriad mansions, beautiful and grand,
Are far beyond what human hands have wrought;
That city hath no need of sun or moon,
No dawn there breaks nor evening shadows fall;
'Tis one unbroken and eternal noon,
The glory of the Christ doth light it all.

In that bright home shall come no grief or pain,
Nothing to mar the perfect bliss that reigns
Within the heart of all who enter in.
Up from the throne ascends the glad new song
That only the redeemed from earth can sing—
"All blessing, glory, praise and power belong
Unto the Lamb, our Saviour and our King!"

This earth of ours is full of beauty rare—
What else could be when made by God's own hand?
Yet all these beauties but dim shadows are
Of the transcendent glories of that land.
No human eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor boldest human heart hath e'er conceived
The wealth of blessedness to be conferred
On those who have the victory achieved.

There bloom in faded beauty fruits and flowers
No human tongue may speak or pen record,
And there the Tree of Life, with mystic powers,
Is no more guarded by the flaming sword.
Joy in its fullness sweeps through every soul,
And love enraptures every quickened power,
A sweet and willing service prompts the whole,
And praise crowns all as fruitage and as flower.

O city of God and Saviour King,
From which we catch at times some straggling gleam
That o'er though faint surpasses everything
Of which our brightest earth-born thought can dream,
When on our sight at last its glories stream,
New clothed upon, in spotless robes arrayed,
How mean then will these earthly baubles seem,
With which among the shadows here we played!

—William G. Haseelbarth, in Christian Work.

A COINCIDENCE

By Kate Dickinson Sweetser

(From Town and Country, New York. Reprinted by Permission.)

THE child Agatha counted buttons, and by so doing became the unconscious arbiter of a destiny.

The years of Agatha's life were as many as were the fingers on one of her plump hands, and during this short time she had always been a teller of fortunes, doling out husbands to such as were the happy possessors of buttons. For those poor creatures who had yielded to a mandate from far-off Paris, and accepted hooks and eyes as gown-fastenings, Agatha could do nothing—not the ghost of a husband could she conjure up without the help of her little round allies.

Had you not a single one in sight you were doomed to spinsterhood, but if one—just one—could be found among the folds of your draperies, you were saved, and Agatha's fat forefinger would be laid upon it, while her shrill little voice would announce triumphantly: "Rich man!"—looking into your eyes to find a reflection of the joy in her own dancing blue ones at having so satisfactorily—thanks to the button—settled your fortune. The result of a two-button fortune she always announced with a falling inflection, and the corners of her mouth would droop in copy of the expression she had seen on older faces when "poor man" was found to be their portion. At "beggar man" her voice invariably grew sad and low, and if you were foolish enough to display four buttons, the chubby finger would touch the fatal one mournfully, while a pitying voice would murmur, as she shook her golden curls, "thief," begging your pardon for the cruel truth; but again happy smiles would chase away the sadness if doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief fell to your lot. Two, three and four were the only fortunes that troubled the little lady.

Oh, but it was a thrilling game to play! It was a grief to the child Agatha that so seldom could she indulge in it, owing to the disappearance of buttons from the feminine horizon. But now and again it would chance that some one great enough to resist the decree of fashion would drift her way and display the longed-for fastenings. To such a one Agatha would turn with screams of delight, while the chubby hands would touch the buttons lovingly, and the childish voice ring out in words of prophecy.

It was a matinee day at the opera house, and an enthusiastic throng was surging through the entrance gate, attracted by Mme. Calve as "Carmen." The house was crowded to the doors, and when the curtain rose on the Sevilla Square there was not a vacant seat to be had, and scarcely an unfilled box. No. 11 grand tier, however, was empty, and many of those standing turned envious eyes up to its comfortable seats. For a matinee the audience was brilliant, and one could see many well-known faces from the "smart set" as well as the suburban seat holders and real music lovers. Functions of every sort had been sacrificed for the idol of the hour, the cigarette girl, "Carmen," and the house was gay with handsome women and resplendent costumes.

In several boxes of the grand tier there were children, and one framed a pretty, much-noticed picture. In it sat golden-haired Agatha and her blue-eyed brother. Arms around each other they sat, fresh and dainty and sweet, unconscious of everything except the bewilderment of color and sound on the stage. The box adjoining that in which the children sat was No. 11, and was unoccupied until the intermission between the second and third acts, when a young woman entered it. She was alone, and seated herself with such an air of languid indifference to operas in general and to "Carmen" in particular that one wondered for what reason she chose to lend her presence to the scene. She did not even raise her lorgnet and sweep the house with an inventorying glance. Many glasses, however, were leveled at her. Even in the family circle there was a murmur of recognition. Sydenham Willoughby's laughter was familiar to all classes of society, for reporters heralded her doings and printed her portrait when there was the slightest excuse for it—and often when there was none, because she was a beauty as well as an heiress. Leaning back in her seat she was a ravishing vision. Her black velvet costume was in sharp contrast to the ivory-whiteness of her skin, and there was an unusual charm in her expression and manner, which her air of unconcern heightened.

The curtain rose. There was twilight and fire-glow in the smuggler's stronghold. The audience drew quiet breaths while the strains of the exquisite prelude sounded. Elinore Willoughby looked on as one who, seeing, sees not, and having ears, hears not. She had not drifted to the opera house that day, nor yet had she come to hear "Carmen" for the twentieth time. Each motif and action she could anticipate, but for her there was no motive of any importance except that which was the key to her own personal affair. The singers might have been puppets, might have left the stage, the audience might have dispersed—and she would scarcely have taken note of it. She only saw before her those scenes which for many days had been filling her mental vision.

She had come to the opera for freedom; to think, to decide; to avoid questioning eyes and jesting voices, for her world was waiting breathless to hear the truth. The solitude of her own room was oppressive—she craved the aloneness that only a crowd can give. To come to a decision—why should she? Life was pure pleasure as it had been—why must it change? She was possessed with a feeling of profound irritation that all the potentialities of wealth and beauty which before had shielded her from every annoyance now availed nothing. Decision could not be bought nor put aside on any pretext. What should she do? Which should it be? Pros and cons presented themselves in quick succession. Moods as varying as the colors in a bubble claimed her for their own. What should she do?

In the stage twilight Mercedes and Frasquita shuffled cards and read their destinies in clear tones. To Elinore the recitative brought only the familiar voice of one in her mind-picture; 'L'uomo che amared amaro!" ("Him I loved and will love ever"). Before Elinore there stood a form, young and strong and masterful, with a proud joy in smile and gesture. There was moonlight—the dash of waves over the rocks—a woman's promise given.

"Un amor di Carmen non pua durar!" ("Carmen's love does not last").

Quickly Elinore's first mind-picture gave place to a more brilliant one, and in it she was central figure against a background of the luxuries she loved. She saw a retinue of attendants, thoroughbred horses, rare jewels, houses and lands—and beside her small, bent and insignificant—the master of it all. With nervous restlessness she changed her position, feeling that emotion was overmastering the voice of calm reason. The curtain fell on the twilight scene, the lights flashed high again. Elinore drew herself up in dignified erectness as if to defy the weakness that was enticing her, and spoke within herself.

"It is right and best. The other would be madness. I should be unhap-," but even the thought shrank back unfinished in the presence of a great truth. Hush!—the first violin—the haunting, thrilling Toreador music! Over her nature swept a second wave of stern resolve. And yet the eternal feminine still asserted itself. Resolved—irresolute; firm, undecided—Elinore paused, for one recapitulating moment before the irrevocable amen of her choice should be said.

In the adjoining box a plainly-gowned woman had entered, was seating herself with the children, beside golden-haired Agatha. Turning to her with a quick scream of joy, Agatha's chubby finger slid down the front of the plain black waist, from one button to another, while the sweet, shrill voice rang out: "Rich man!—Poor man!—Oh, auntie, auntie, it's poor man!"

Everyone who saw, and heard, and understood, smiled; some who had counted buttons in a long gone childhood, sighed; but the person who sat alone in No. 11 grand tier neither smiled nor sighed. Turning startled eyes upon the little fortune teller, Elinore Willoughby's resolve gave way before the sacred featherweight of omen to which her heart was ready to respond.

The child Agatha counted buttons, and by so doing became the unconscious arbiter of a destiny.

Reform at Buffalo.

It may cost you $200 to be put off at Buffalo this summer, warningly remarks the Chicago Tribune, if you forget that a stringent anti-expectoration ordinance is in force in that city.

A Long-Suffering People.

The sultan of Morocco is learning to play the bagpipe. He must have unbounded confidence, says the Chicago Record-Herald, in the loyalty of his subjects.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their system. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c

Geo. W. Lane, Pewamo, Mich., writes: "Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble that I ever used. For years I suffered from dyspepsia, at times compelling me to stay in bed and causing me untold agony. I am completely cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. In recommending it to friends who suffer from indigestion I always offer to pay for it if it fails. That is a offer I have never paid." Dr. Kremer.

Malaria Makes Impure Blood.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic cures Malaria. 50c

BABY LAUGH

It belongs to health, for a baby, to eat and sleep, to laugh and grow fat.

But fat comes first; don't ask a scrawny baby to laugh; why, even his smile is pitiful! Fat comes first.

The way to be fat is the way to be healthy. Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil is the proper food, if he needs it; but only a little at first.

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

Brownies $1—A. E. Voorhies.

Kodaks and Films—A. E. Voorhies.

IN COUNTRY LANES.

O country lanes! white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
And all your waving grasses laugh
And pass before my eager feet—
Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the old, mad world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded street,
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel, once more, your soft breeze soothe
My weary heart and tired brain;
Always above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild-bird's ringing note,
I catch the scent of leaf-stirred mold!

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorn drops her fragrant rain,
I am a child once more, and dream
That Heaven hides here, O flower-starred lane!

—Florence A. Jones, in Chicago Advance.

Unc' Shucks and the Witches.

By E. E. Garnett.

"PEOPLE are so tired of charity concerts and teas and bores in general," Sue complained, lugubriously.

"But even tired people must help each other," Mae insisted. "Let us ask Mrs. Brelle to suggest something."

The pretty widow was in a hammock, with Barnes in chatting distance on the piazza steps, and she did not welcome interruption.

"Will you?" called Joe, upon her silence.

"Will I what?" pouting.

"Help us to help Unc' Shucks?"

"And who," only half hiding a yawn, "is he?"

"He is old and poor and blind," explained Mae, making her climax with a most sweet compassion.

"And black," add d practical Louise, "as the ace of spades."

The pretty widow looked bewitchingly reproachful. "No country poorhouse?" she murmured.

A rather chilled silence fell upon the piazza group. Mae's sensitive face flushed. Barnes went up the steps to her side.

"We cannot spare old Shucks to go there," he said, and enviously watched a fleck of moonlight bending to the ripples of her hair.

"Thank you"—shy, sweet eyes raised for an instant to his—"and will you help?"

He wanted to tell her that he would beg, dig, burn—do any outlandish dangerous deed she willed; but the words halted. He only got a bit red and nodded.

"Oh, if he's a pet," said Mrs. Brelle, sulkily, "we'd best take up a collection—that is the shortest way out of such annoyances."

"He's in the turn of the road, going out to the golf links," Louise put in, reflectively; she was housekeeper and found provisions an easier method of charity than cash. "When we go by for the big game next Tuesday we might give him a donation party."

There was a murmur of applause, to which Mrs. Brelle added a soft hand-clapping. The act displayed both hands and rings, and she smiled with pleasure over them.

"Very well," she assented, graciously; "I'll send a barrel of flour."

Mae threw a grateful kiss from her finger tips, but the widow was looking to Barnes and missed it.

Good nights were beginning. Getting from her hammock, the pretty widow gave a little start of alarm—such a shrill, weird call had rung out of the grove: "Who—who?"

"Screech owl," announced Joe. And Barnes added, in appropriately sepulchral tones, the old saw: "When a screech owl calls, witches answer."

"I hope he isn't calling his witches," said Mae, "to Unc' Shucks' donation."

"They're worse than witches," laughed Joe, "who have that business in hand. Just don't let them forget tobacco, and Unc' Shucks' luck is secure."

"I—he has tobacco."

"So like Mae," said Louise, "to take tobacco first."

"Well, a pipe," Joe protested, gravely, "puts heart into a man."

"And next in value," suggested Barnes, "shall we sprinkle him with a little silver?"

"Don't tell me any more," cried Mae; "I'm too happy."

The pretty widow was coming up the steps and noted the girl's face, and how Barnes sought the light of it. She followed to Mae's door.

"Can I come in, dear, for a minute?"

Mae drew up a cozy chair and waited silently beside it. Her eyes were still radiant, a dreamy look in them, happy and shy. The tone of Barnes' voice lingered with her and the look that said "good night." Hard to strike such a face frightened and white, but the pretty widow smiled and compassed it.

"You must forgive me, love, for hinting that your impulsive ways are liable to be misinterpreted."

"I beg pardon," growing attentive with a start. "What did you say?"

"Mr. Barnes is a man of the world," gently, "accustomed to a flirtation as to his wine at dinner. He—"

"Wait!" with unexpected dignity. "I do not care to hear you speak of Mr. Barnes. But of me—you were saying something of me?"

"Well," rising with an angry flush, "you are refusing a kindness. One would think that you mean—the way you look."

"Way I look?"

should he?—but he was quick to realize that Mae shunned him and, when she could not, was nervous and dumb and pale. Meeting her one morning in the shady lane that led toward the links, the look on her face grew suddenly unendurable to him.

"Mae," he cried, "what have I done? Are you offended with me?"

"No," cried Mae, startled and miserable. "No, of course not."

"Then why do you treat me like this?"

"This?" faltered Mae; then looking at him she suddenly flushed and with tears springing hurried away.

Passing on, puzzled and distressed, around a clump of hazel, he came upon the pretty widow; she had heard.

"I am sorry," she said; "oh, I wish I could help." Then, hesitatingly, "Perhaps it would be best to tell you."

"To tell me what?" sternly.

"Joe is jealous of you; see?"

"Joe? Joe!"

"You never guessed? Why, it is an old affair, since school days and pinafores."

"Joe!"

"He has been scolding the poor child, I suppose, and she is afraid to be seen with you; or, perhaps," gently, "she doesn't want to hurt you."

"Joe!"

"I am so sorry," holding out a plump, soft little hand, "so sorry!"

But poor Barnes could only say "Joe!" The idea, at first incredible under the bits of evidence that began to come in, grew past doubt. By the time he had reached home a mountain of proof was throbbing in his brain. He called himself a bat and hourly accumulated misery. Treachery, deliberate falsehood, never occurred to him.

A perfect day dawned for the golf play. Old Shucks sat out on his doorstone and gave smiles and blessings and smoked his pipe, while the gay groups came with their bundles and greetings. The old man listened keenly with head bent, identifying step or voice and giving a jolly comment or grunt all to himself as they passed on to their game.

"Dat ar stumble b'long ter Marse Joe; never could lift his feet, dat boy."

"Marse Barnes? ain' like hisself. Mighty down in de mouf fer Marse Barnes."

"Dar's de lil widder. Um; step like a cat. Um."

"Miss Louise, bossin' de earth. La, don' I know Miss Louise!"

"En Miss Sue, trottin' 'long b'hind, totin' de left-overs."

"Whar's Miss Mae?" suddenly louder. "Is I gwine miss dat chile? Whar's lil Miss Mae?"

"Here, Unc' Shucks."

"Somebody throwing bricks at yo', honey? You walk like yo' steppin' on yo' heart."

"She is quite happy, Shucks," said Barnes' voice beside them, "but she is afraid of hurting some one if she shows it."

Shucks turned his sightless eyes anxiously from one to the other.

"De truf bes', chile; better hurt 'em den fash 'em. What yo' happy 'bout, honey?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Mae.

"Um. What she happy 'bout, Marse Barnes?"

"It is her secret—and Joe's."

The old man leaned eagerly to catch her reply, but Mae's pretty head was tilted in indignant silence.

"Marse Barnes," turning a broad smile on him, "if yo' an' Miss Mae was to go ter de spring an' fetch me a drink I'd be mighty thankful; dat I would."

"I must speak to you," Barnes said as the girl would have turned away from him. "Let me at least have your forgiveness." So they went together down the pretty hill path, under the elm and hawthorn and winding through witch hazel to the old spring.

"Um," grunted Shucks, and filled his pipe, the smile still broad on his face.

Presently the pretty widow came to him.

"Have you seen," she began, anxiously. "I mean heard, anything of Mr. Barnes?"

"Marse Barnes gone on ter de links," shamelessly, "wid Miss Sue, marm. Yes, marm."

But he shook his grizzled head as she hurried away. "Dat how de cat jump," he mumbled. "Um. Old Shucks gwine feel a pain in his conscience 'bout dat falsifyin' an' dat barrel o' fine flour, um—uh—who dar? Marse Joe? Yo' late at de links, sar."

"I am not going to the links, Unc' Shucks. I am hanging about with my gun. Miss Mae is anxious about your chickens; she says a screech owl gets one every night."

"Dat he does, dat he does," indignantly; "an' I makes no doubt he's nappin' up one ob dem trees dis minute, dreamin' 'bout supper time, but," sotto voce, "yo wastin' shot firin' fer Miss Mae, chile, yo' shorely is."

Joe, all unconscious of this, went peering keenly along the edge of the wood, and the old man listened, his mind divided between chuckles for the spring and conscience-stricken grunts for the wood.

"Ah! here he is!" came triumphantly at last.

"Hit 'im 'fore he holler, Marse Joe!" Shucks advised, eagerly. "De ain't no luck in his screech."

So Joe took the owl silent and secured happy fortune to the donation party; at least that was the old man's verdict, but he shook his head dubiously when he considered Joe's share of it.

"But de biggest sort er luck," he grunted, philosophically, "'bleeged ter end somewhar."—Springfield Republican.

Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. 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
46% Grains

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.

Expert safe blowers used dynamite on the steel safe of the bank at bank at Narka, Kan., and secured $15,000, principally in cash.

The three-masted bark Griffel was damaged by fire and sunk while lying at her dock in the East river, New York. At the risk of their lives firemen and policemen went into the hold and removed 250 cases of gunpowder that were part of the cargo. The cases were thrown overboard as fast as passed up. Loss, $150,000.

Fire started on the docks of the Peabody Coal company at Chicago and spread to adjacent buildings. Twenty flat cars standing on the tracks near by were consumed. The fire spread through the Peabody yards until five acres of coal was in flames. The loss on coal alone is estimated at more than $350,000. The total loss is $595,000.

A party of miners were drifting in the 440-foot level at the Treadwell mine on Douglas Island, and from appearances after the accident they recklessly attempted to open a box of powder with a pick, resulting in an explosion, which killed four men and seriously wounded a fifth.

The bedding and furniture factory of H. W. Frank & Co. at 212 Commercial street, San Francisco, was destroyed by fire. The loss on building and stock is $30,000, to meet which there is an insurance of $25,000.

A shooting affray between two San Diego saloon proprietors, named James A. Posey and Andy Quinlan, resulted in the death of both men. The shooting took place in the Favorite saloon, of which Posey was proprietor.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A Pretoria dispatch of Oct. 13 says that General Methuen, who is operating near Marico, has captured and destroyed great quantities of foodstuffs belonging to the Boers. Commandant Schoepers was captured at a farmhouse, where he was lying ill. His capture is important, as he has been a thorn in the side of the British for a long time.

A dispatch from Heilbron, Orange River Colony, says that 18 of Kitchener's scouts were captured in a Boer ambush.

Martial law has been declared in the districts of Cape Town, Wynberg, Simonstown, Port Elizabeth and East London. It places under military control the few points in Cape Colony hitherto exempted, and the constitution is, therefore, suspended over the entire colony. Martial law will be modified in its application to the ports by leaving the docks, railroad and harbors under control of the civil authorities.

A dispatch from Cape Town, dated Oct. 14, says that owing to the restrictions of martial law the pro-Boer South African News has been obliged to suspend publication.

Lord Kitchener, in a dispatch of Oct. 10, says that General Botha has crossed the Pivaan river, 20 miles north of Vryhid, which means that he has again escaped the British cordon.

A dispatch from Middleburg says that Commandant Lotter, who was recently captured, has been found guilty of treason and rebellion and sentenced to death.

Two young farmers who had twice joined the Boers, have been sentenced to be hanged at Vryburg. The death sentences of a number of other condemned men have been commuted to penal servitude. Eighteen more Boer officers, captured since Sept. 15, have been permanently banished from the country.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

From the report of the commissioner of immigration it is learned that the number of aliens who arrived from Europe during the year ended June 30, 1901, was 458,496. From a comparison of the steerage immigration for the last two years it is shown that nearly 30,000 of the increase of last year over the year before was in the immigration from southern Italy alone. The immigrants, according to the report, "are showing higher percentages of illiteracy. Nearly half of our steerage immigrants now present an illiteracy of from 40 to over 50 per cent."

A thousand men, exclusive of Indians, are engaged in hunting and trapping in the vast extent of fur-bearing country on the upper Yukon, according to a report received at the state department from Consul McCook at Dawson. Dawson City is the central market for this fur country and sends fully 40,000 pelts annually to the great fur markets of London and New York. The industry yields an annual revenue of about $150,000. As to the variety of furs, Consul McCook says that marten pelts are the most numerous and black fox the scarcest. The latter is the most valuable of all the furs in the upper Yukon, a good pelt readily bringing $400.

A Tenantless Jail.

If the number of prisoners in jail bears any relation to the moral condition of a community, then Riverside county boasts of being the most moral county in the state of California. The supervisors recently let a contract for erecting a new county jail to cost $30,000. Now people are wondering what the jail is for, as in all the wide borders of the county there is at present not a single prisoner. The last tenant of the old Riverside jail, which serves both the city and county as bastile, was a young man wanted in San Diego for petty larceny. Riversiders themselves seem to have little use for a prison. Since the Cummings boys were sent to the penitentiary for life for the murder of T. C. Natramore, Riverside county has had few desperate criminals.

King Leopold of Belgium has decided to visit New York. His majesty expects, among other advantages, to get in the United States many suggestions as to shipping methods which will prove beneficial to the ports of Belgium.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The police force at Batangas, province of Batangas, has been disarmed and the chief of police and several others have been placed under arrest on charges of belonging to an insurgent society and using their official positions to obtain information for the insurgents.

Major Braganza, the insurgent officer who ordered the execution of 103 Spanish prisoners and personally superintended the carrying out of the order, has been sentenced to be hanged.

A detachment of the Twenty-first Company of Macabebes Oct. 10 encountered a large force of insurgents near Nipa, province of Batangas. Lieutenant Beau of the Macabebes was killed and one of the force was wounded. The enemy was strongly entrenched. After two hours' fighting the Americans retreated to await reinforcements. The insurgents numbered more than 300, were armed with Remington and Mauser rifles and apparently had plenty of ammunition.

The entire police force of Cabanag, province of Tayabas, numbering 11, were carried off by insurgents, armed only with bolos. Presumably the police made no resistance, though they were well armed with carbines and revolvers.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

"The Russian minister of agriculture," says a dispatch to the London Times from Odessa, "is framing a project for the gradual reduction of the duty on imported agricultural machinery."

Glavinovitch, an anarchist arrested in Rome recently, a short time after his arrival from Dalmatia, was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for carrying deadly weapons and then to be deported to his home in Dalmatia. He was heard to threaten the lives of the pope and Cardinal Rampolla, pontifical secretary of state.

A Simla dispatch of Oct. 11 says that Habib Ullah Khan, the new ameer of Afghanistan, has officially informed Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, that he will follow his father's footsteps, hoping that the friendship existing between the Afghan and British governments will continue to increase.

Few to Witness Death of Czolgosz.

Only 26 witnesses will be present in the chamber of death when the sentence is executed on Leon F. Czolgosz, assassin of President McKinley. Upward of 1,000 requests have been made for permission to see the death sentence carried out on Czolgosz at Auburn prison. Statements to the effect that the condemned man is in a continuous state of collapse are contradicted by prison officials.

Since his confinement in Auburn prison several thousand letters have been received for him, as well as a large number of express packages containing flowers and fruits. The letters, flowers and fruit have never reached Czolgosz. The flowers and fruits have been sent by Christian societies, as have a number of letters of consolation. Other letters have come from cranks who have written about the torture to which they would put him if they had the execution of justice in his case. It is stated, however, that it would be a matter of surprise if the names of senders of fruits and flowers were made public.

Open-Air Cure For Consumption.

A cable to the New York World from Berlin says: Open-air treatment for tuberculosis is astonishingly successful in Germany. Out of 142 attested cases in Hanover, 121 are pronounced cured; in Saxony, out of 98 patients, 60 are cured, while in Baden, where the treatment is given in the pine woods of the Black Forest, 256 cases have been cured out of 240 under [illegible]. Leaflets describing the [illegible] method of combating consumptive [illegible] are distributed wholesale by the government.

A great fire took place on the Central Pacific railroad at Emigrant Gap, Cal., when 2,500 feet of snowsheds was burned down. The railroad station, including the freight shed, the telegraph station and the section-house was burned to the ground. The loss to the railroad company will reach $40,000.

Because his Epworth Leagues excursion ticket was confiscated Herschel F. La Motte sued the Southern Pacific company for damages and he was awarded $225 by a jury in Judge Hunt's court at San Francisco. La Motte purchased the ticket in Philadelphia, and when he asked to have it validated in San Francisco his statement that he was the La Motte whose name was on the ticket was discredited by the railroad agent.

Walter N. Dimmick, former chief clerk of the branch United States mint at San Francisco, was found guilty by a jury in the United States district court of having presented and cashed a spurious voucher for $498.37. There will be an appeal from the judgment, mainly on allegations of errors of ruling.

The state arid land grant commission of Montana, which was created by the legislature with power to reclaim lands donated to the state by the general government under the Carey act, celebrated the opening of the great canal system in District No. 4. This district comprises 83,000 acres in the Dearborn valley. The state promises to sell this land in tracts of 160 acres to actual settlers at only the cost of placing water upon the land, giving ten years for payment. This is the first irrigating canal on the American continent to be built and operated by a state government.

The United States grand jury at Las Cruces, N. M., returned an indictment against Antonio Maggio for conspiracy to take the life of President McKinley. The defendant, who has been a prisoner in the Bernalillo county jail at Albuquerque, will be taken to Las Cruces to enter his plea. Bond in the sum of $5,000 was fixed.

"THE MILWAUKIE."

A familiar name for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, known all over the Union as the Great Railway running the "Pioneer Limited" trains every day and night between St. Paul and Chicago and Omaha and Chicago "The only perfect trains in the world." Understand: Connections are made with All Transcontinental Lines, assuring to passengers the best service known. Luxurious coaches, electric lights, steam heat, of a verity equalled by no other line.

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We have other makes of machines, without ball bearings, new, very cheap. Some good second hand machines cheap. All kinds of sewing machine needles, oil, attachments and repairs. New machines for rent.

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The Burlington ticket office in Portland is a veritable Bureau of Information for travelers—a place where they can learn what it will cost to reach ANY point in America or Europe; how long the trip will take, and what there is to see on the way.

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"NERVE WASTE"

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand This work of an experienced and reputable physician is in agreeable contrast to the vast sum of false teaching which prevails on this interesting subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice, and has the two great merits of wisdom and sincerity.

It is indorsed by both the religious and secular press. The Chicago Advance says: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart into thousands of lives that are now suffering through nervous impairment."

The book is $1.00, by mail, postpaid.

One of the most interesting chapters—chapter xx, on Nervines and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publishers, THE PACIFIC PUB. CO., Box 2658, San Francisco.

Wood wanted on subscription at the COURIER office.

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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 Grant's 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.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTE.

To Arche L. 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 51, Vol. 9, 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.

THE LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
By MANN & WILSON
Managers for the Pacific Coast.

Dated at San Francisco, this 15th day of July, 1901.

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.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Rasberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

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.

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Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

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