

WILL GO IT ALONE

MEETING OF PEOPLES PARTY STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Middle-of-the-Roaders Most Positively Opposed to Fusion—State and District Conventions Called.

(From Daily, March 25th.)

A meeting of the state central committee of the peoples party, better known as the Holt-Vedder faction of Oregon's Populists, was held in Salem yesterday. The attendance was very light but the formality of holding a meeting was discharged in every detail.

The meeting was convened at 11 a. m. in the city police court room at the city hall. Hon. S. H. Holt, of Medford, state chairman, called the meeting to order and James K. Sears, of Polk county, was made temporary secretary. Roll call disclosed the fact that but two committeemen were personally in attendance, viz: Dr. T. V. B. Embree, of Polk county, and John Gill, of Yamhill county. Two national committeemen and seven county central committeemen were represented by proxy. The national committeemen were John L. Luce, of Grant county, proxy, J. K. Sears, of Polk county, proxy, Geo. H. Bailey, of Portland, proxy, S. H. Holt, of Jackson county. The central committeemen so represented were: F. A. Bowen, Baker county; O. C. Jory, Salem, proxy; H. P. Brookhart, Douglas county; H. J. Wilson, Douglas county, proxy; Grant Rolins, Jackson county; S. H. Holt, Jackson county, proxy; G. W. Vedder, Marion county; S. R. Burford, Marion county, proxy; O. N. Corkins, Walla Walla county; S. H. Holt, Jackson county, proxy; O. M. Brown, Washington county; S. H. Holt, Jackson county, proxy.

Nothing was accomplished at the morning session excepting the appointment of a committee on order of business, consisting of James K. Sears, J. J. Howser and John Gill. A resolution was also unanimously passed forbidding the mere mention to say nothing of a discussion of the fusion proposition.

At the opening of the afternoon session, the committee on order of business submitted the following report which was adopted:

"We your committee on order of business beg leave to report the following:

"First—The election of a permanent secretary.

"Second—We recommend a state convention of the regular peoples party to be held at Portland on April 12th, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of nominating a state ticket and electing delegates to the National convention to be held at Cincinnati on May 9, 1900, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

"Third—We also recommend a district convention to be held at Albany April 11th at 10 a. m., to make district nominations.

"Fourth—We recommend that the appointment of delegates to the conventions be made upon the vote cast at the last state election as follows: One delegate at large and one delegate for each 25 votes or major fraction thereof, making a state convention consisting of 214 delegates."

The adoption of the report was followed by the election of J. K. Sears permanent secretary of the meeting.

An effort will be made through the state central committee to re-organize the peoples party throughout the state and much time was appropriated in a discussion as to the best means to carry it out. It was finally unanimously agreed to adopt the Cincinnati plan which the committee maintained afforded the most complete safeguard against the possibility of fusion.

Upon motion of Dr. Embree, a committee consisting of J. J. Howser, J. K. Sears and S. R. Burford was named to formulate an address to the voters of Oregon and to issue calls for state and district conventions.

After much general discussion, T. C. Jory obtained the floor and offered some suggestions for the consideration of the party managers. He recommended that a single candidate on each ticket—state, district and county.

By this plan the party organization would be maintained as in the past, but strength asserted, leaving the party perfectly free to join in any improvement in existing conditions. He deplored the fact that the party was at variance on important matters and plead for harmonious action.

The mere mention of uniting with any other organization no matter how commendable the object, was like shaking a red rag before a bull and before Mr. Jory resumed his seat a half dozen committeemen were on their feet, each anxious to capture the scalp of the populist that dared suggest fusion in any sense of the term.

An interested spectator, not a committeeman but a radical populist, was recognized by the chair. He said Mr. Jory reminded him of the girl he used to take to spelling school many years ago. Sometimes he thought the girl cared a great deal for him and again he imagined she thought more of another fellow, so he finally concluded to give the young lady the privilege of keeping the other fellow's company exclusively. He said if Jory liked the democrats or the republicans more than he did the peoples party, he was at liberty to keep their company but he was not wanted in the peoples party.

Apparently forgetting all about the resolution that was passed at the morning session, a number of other speakers followed in similar strain, but in refutation of the imputations that he was a "fusionist." Mr. Jory convinced his colleagues that he had only the best interest of the party at heart.

In the miscellaneous discussions that followed, the speakers devoted some attention to the democratic and republican parties, briefly giving the pedigree of each. In illustrating his lack of confidence in humanity in general and the democratic party in particular, Mr. Wilson, of Douglas county, related a story that could not with propriety be repeated before a Sunday School class.

Dr. Embree argued strongly for a district party organization alleging that through that agency, only, was the desired relief to be obtained. He said it was only a matter of a few years until either the democratic or republican parties would meet a political death. He expressed the desire that he might live to attend the funeral of either or

both. "I think I could deliver a very appropriate funeral oration on that occasion," continued the venerable Polk county populist. "I should select as a text the words addressed by Martha to Jesus, on the occasion of the raising of Lazarus from the dead: 'Lord by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days.'"

In one respect the peoples party is not dissimilar from other political organizations. It cannot exist without financial support and to provide for this essential factor, a committee of five was named, consisting of J. K. Sears, R. R. Ryan, John Gill, Dr. T. V. B. Embree and John C. Luce. The committee held a conference last evening but nothing of importance came up for consideration and adjournment followed at an early hour.

DEMOCRATS ELECT DELEGATES.

The Giants, Disgusted With Defeat in Salem No. 1, Adopt Ringing Resolutions.

(From Daily, March 25th.)

The Democrats of Marion county held their biennial primaries yesterday, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention. Contrary to expectation, a hot fight resulted in a number of the precincts of the county, and the battle raged high during the hours the polls were open. In Salem No. 1, two tickets were in the field, the "Giants," composed of the stalwart Democrats of old—E. P. Walker, F. W. Steusloff, Dr. W. D. Jefferys, D. J. Fry, W. J. D'Arcy, P. H. D'Arcy, L. C. Cavanaugh and others—advocated the election of one slate, while the opposition was composed of some old-time Democrats, with accessions from the populists and the so-called silver republicans, and who advocated the election of another slate. Carriages were used in running in the "faithful" to the polls, and the sight of button-holing for several tickets, by the ward-strickers, inspiring to one who loves a political contest, and later, the spokes of which disgust by the defeated aspirants. When the votes were counted in this precinct it was found that the "Giants" had been defeated 24 to 14, and the disgust, spread over the faces of the workers for this ticket, was a sight to see.

In each of two precincts—Salem No. 2 and No. 4—only one slate appeared, and, of course, each was elected. But in No. 3 there was a contest, the winning delegation defeating their opponents by only one vote and a contest will probably be brought before the convention as a result of this close vote.

When the polls closed in Salem No. 1, the "Giants," though defeated, remembering their time-honored custom of passing a set of resolutions for the guidance of the democratic party at large, and for the benefit of the Nation, adopted the following preamble and resolutions as an expression of their principles and belief:

"Whereas, since the Giants last met in Salem precinct No. 1, many events have transpired to interest the people of the nation; and,

"Whereas, there have been many changes incident to human life in the case of individuals as well as governments; and,

"Whereas, we have acquired Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, and they have been added to our territory; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that the Giants are in favor of the principles of equal and exact justice to all, special privileges to none;

"Resolved, that we are heartily in favor of the constitution of the United States in one hand, and the flag in the other;

"Resolved, that wherever our flag is planted, there also shall the constitution and the principles therein contained be given to the people;

"Resolved, that we view with alarm and consternation the new tangled ideas that would thrust imperialism upon the country;

"Resolved, that we are heartily in favor of abolishing all forms of government that are not in accord with the ideas of the founders of this commonwealth;

"Resolved, that we are in favor of treating Puerto Rico fairly and honorably, and in accordance with just principles and the traditions of our country;

"Resolved, that the welfare of the nation is dependent upon the principles advocated and proclaimed by the Giants in this primary meeting;

"Resolved, that we condemn the use of hacks, free cigars, etc., at our primary election, as being contrary to the time-honored principles of the Democracy;

"Resolved, that such an occurrence has never before happened in the history of Salem precinct No. 1;

"Resolved, that these tricks, resorted to, have a tendency to solidify the democratic party and make everything harmonious;

"Resolved, that we condemn the participation of bolters in our primaries, and deem it subversive of the best interests of the democratic party;

After adopting the above set of resolutions, the "Giants" dispersed, satisfied with their efforts in the interests of their party.

LEARNED A LESSON.

Until now the British soldiers went to war brave and brilliant in flaming scarlet coats, with huge brass plates on their pipelayed belts, and with their bayonets gleaming in the sunlight. They presented a fine mark to the enemy. But even the British war office has learned something, and now we read of the troops, clad as our own were in our last war, namely, in a sand-colored cloth called khaki, and with no polished brass plates on their bosoms, and with their bayonets painted black.

PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY.

Tennessee has become the leading phosphate producer of America. There are 248 valuable mines in the state and over 21,000 men are employed in the business. New mines are being opened daily.—New York Post.

Uncle Ted's Miracle.

By E. W. Castle.

The will o' the wisp played fitfully over the marsh. Now here, now there, the gay ball of fire danced this way and that, waiting to dazzle a sleepy frog, then disappearing to reappear on the next stump. Anon, and it was gleefully chasing a poor rabbit to pasture it, until bunny was ready to drop from sheer weariness.

One summer afternoon Uncle Ted was at work hoeing in the garden of his vine-clad cottage, that stood away from any dwelling on a slight rise in ground above the swamp. Gray-haired and bent, the old negro, despite the heat, worked with the joy of many a younger man, but finally stopped to place his arms on the hoe, and rest his forehead on it.

Seems so I ought to see kind of miracle, he soliloquized. "Dun been fifty years now I been servin' de Lord. An' what years does he been shure. First seems as do evyting went smooth, and de good Lord was mighty nigh into me. Den came trouble! But de Lord never desert me den. Kept right near. Don't know zactly how 'tis, but He seems sort of far off dese last years. If He ain't gone and clear forgot ole Ted specs he ought to let me know. Hab to see de minister 'bout dat." And the old man took up again his task of hoeing.

It was twenty years ago that Uncle Ted was twice years in town. Whence or why he came no one could tell. One afternoon warm and weary the old man had been seen sitting by the roadside with his pack by his side. In reply to curious inquiries, he said he had come from an adjacent town, which was doubtless true, for no one ever heard him lie, but no one there had happened to see him pass through. The first night Rev. Mr. Swallow, the village pastor, who ever took an interest in the old man, allowed him to sleep in his house. But the next day Uncle Ted was up bright and early. He showed by making himself useful that he did not want to be considered a vagrant. This was a tone of exploration, and on his return bargained with the owner for an unused little cottage in the field adjoining the woods. Soon so great did his capabilities prove to be that he did not lack for revenue. The women found him a very useful man in housecleaning time, he was an excellent cook, invalids would have no one except Uncle Ted to tend them, he had considerable veterinary skill, and, in short, could do everything that the men folks were usually too busy or proud to do. So Uncle Ted became a prominent fixture in the village. He was universally popular. But try as the curious would, no one could get him to tell anything about his previous history. It was suspected that he had been a slave in Virginia, but to all inquiries he would invariably reply, "Specs I dun forgot all 'bout dat, honey. Mighty por mem'ry I has 'bout some tings."

The nearest to definite information on the subject was obtained at a Grand Army camp fire in the village hall. As usual at all public social gatherings, Uncle Ted was present to preside over the pans and kettles. During the latter part of the evening the commander of a neighboring post, who had been colonel of a regiment in the civil war, happened to catch sight of the old man, and at once sought him out. For a moment Col. Edwards stood in front of the cook, arrayed in white apron, and carefully examined him. Then he inquired, slowly and impressively:

"Are you not the man who helped three of our boys, fleeing from Libby prison, to escape from bloodhounds by rowing them across the river, while they lay in the bottom of the boat, you sitting upright and not minding the show, or least any more than if it had been hail? Was one of those men?"

For an instant there gleamed a flash in the old man's eye and a flush spread beneath his faded skin. His form straightened as if sprung back by youth. Only for an instant, and then the old reserve came back. "Specs nerr, massa. Dey war lots of dem kind fellers down dere. 'Mus' been somebody else."

Col. Edwards turned away dissatisfied. It was your twin brother, then," he remarked. "If he had turned might he noticed a quizzical smile about the negro's lips.

Soon Uncle Ted carried out his intention to consult the minister about his trouble. He was always a welcome visitor at the parsonage, and when he presented himself at the door on this occasion, Mrs. Swallow saw at once that the call was on more than usual importance. So she showed him into her husband's study. There Uncle Ted was closeted some time with the minister, and at the close of the interview Mrs. Swallow said, "Now Uncle, you come to prayer meeting to-morrow evening, and we'll pray and you pray, and I am sure it will help you."

Uncle Ted was a constant attendant at the prayer meetings. He usually sat modestly in the corner, taking no part in the service except by an occasional "Amen." Only once had he taken active part, and then he surprised the congregation by rising to his feet. And he prayed. And such a prayer. It was a cry for help in a rush of words from a heart that had been tried in the fire. There were few dry eyes at its close, and after the meeting people clustered around the man to grasp his hand and express their sympathy. On this night Uncle Ted again prayed, but it was only a simple and childlike petition.

On the way home he passed by the path through the field and skirting the marsh. Suddenly there flashed out straight before him a ball of fire, resting a few feet from the ground. At the sight the old man dropped on his knees and buried his face in his hands. There he remained until the light disappeared, and then trembling and bewildered he sought his cottage.

That Uncle Ted had seen a miracle soon became noised about the village. It was discussed at the village store. The marsh light was an infrequent visitor in that part of the country, and for most part the men thought that the light must have been the effect of the old man's imagination. There was only one advocate of the supernatural theory. That was Jeremiah Sullivan, who lived in the house nearest to Uncle Ted. He stoutly maintained that there were indeed queer happenings in his vicinity. He had noticed of late something very peculiar about the atmosphere. His milk curdled much quicker than usual, his hens acted in a very strange manner, and indeed

his favorite cow had not seemed herself for some time.

There listened to the conversation two boys, popularly known as Jim and John, who had attained the dignity of grammar school pupils and were generally reported to be leaders in all the mischief. When the talk turned to other matters, Jim and John quietly went out unobserved and sought the rear of the store building. There they remained in conversation some time, talking low, but suddenly starting to leave, they surprised a small figure at the caves pipe with his ear as near the corner as possible. "What are you doing here, Chub?" he demanded, catching the eavesdropper by the collar. "Chub," exclaimed John, "what are you doing here, Chub?" he demanded, catching the eavesdropper by the collar.

Chub, so called from his small, plump figure, flaxen hair, broad face, small nose and pink eyes, dug his fingers in his eyes and began to whimper. "Did you hear what we were talking about?" demanded Jim. "Nope," replied Chub, whimpering with renewed vigor. "Well, see you don't" threatened Jim, with a menacing wag of his head. Chub, whose essential characteristic was not courage, trembled as he watched the boys depart.

The next day was a time of suppressed excitement for Jim and John. Never very studious in their books, Jim regret to say their attention was now so taken up with a foreign matter that the teacher was obliged to reprimand them several times. That night both the boys pretended to retire early to bed, and thence crept quietly out of the house to meet at their rendezvous. Thence they proceeded quietly out of the barnyard and through the orchard down to the pasture toward Uncle Ted's house. Each boy carried something round and smooth under his arm. It was dark and the boys rustled through the tall grass, an answering rustle came from someone following them. They stopped and listened. The rustling continued, and a small figure came into view. The boys approached it.

"It's Chub!" exclaimed Jim. "See here, Chub, what do you mean by following us?" Chub stopped. Weeping or a pretense of weeping came natural to him. So he dug his fingers in his eyes and began to cry. John relented. "Let him go," he said. "Well, I don't like you," replied Jim, "but he won't like you, Chub?" "Nope," sobbed Chub, with renewed energy. "If you do, you'll some night die a mysterious death," warned Jim, quoting from his favorite character in romance.

They started ahead, Chub following. They continued on by the marsh and when Uncle Ted's cottage came into view the boys stopped and held a whispered consultation. Then, stooping low, they struck several matches, and it could be seen what they had brought with them. It was only simple pumpkins cut into fantastic jack-o'-lanterns. As these flared fire through cavernous eyes, broad nose and wide mouth, the boys crept toward the cottage, and in the brief time I have been here, remarkable changes have been made, and I think, if the military are allowed to continue the good work now begun, Manila will become, at no distant day, almost, if not in fact, a health resort. But just at this time, with smallpox and plague all about us, old sewers into which the dumpage of Spanish nabobs has fallen and remained for 300 years are being rejuvenated, one wishes that the sense of smell were less acute and had never been taught that a rose by any other name, etc."

But our Yankee horde is working wonders in the way of sanitation, and in the brief time I have been here, remarkable changes have been made, and I think, if the military are allowed to continue the good work now begun, Manila will become, at no distant day, almost, if not in fact, a health resort. But just at this time, with smallpox and plague all about us, old sewers into which the dumpage of Spanish nabobs has fallen and remained for 300 years are being rejuvenated, one wishes that the sense of smell were less acute and had never been taught that a rose by any other name, etc."

I am most favorably impressed with the expansion scheme and cannot give an idea of the evident richness of Luzon, with her broad fields, fertile beyond description, vast mountains of magnificent timber, almost virgin, for during my trips about I have traversed miles of splendid hardwood lands, showing no evidence of the woodman's axe.

"And my early impression led me to the erroneous impression that the minerals, of which much was said and little proven, was a myth. But my eyes have been opened to a realization that a knowledge awaits the advent of the mine."

"The railroad, now being operated by the army, cannot begin to handle the freight offered, the sugar mills are running their limit, the peasants are farmers at planting and harvesting at the same time, and an air of peace and contentment seems to possess the majority of the natives. To be sure, the fighting continues, and many lives are being given every day, but there no longer exists anything approaching organized opposition to our arms. However these little bands of wandering outlaws are giving more trouble and causing greater caution to be exercised on the part of the army, than when led by Aguinaldo, who, by the way, seems to have gone into his hole and pulled the hole in after him. But I think that a very wholesome regard is growing in the minds of the natives for the American," and in due time they will, as many do now, come promptly to local commanders with their grievances and, finding as they do, justice and redress, adopt the American pantleg forced upon them and then applaud their action.

"I wish it were a part of your duty (and we numerous Oregonians would make it a pleasure) to visit Manila, and this, I presume, being impossible, I should be very happy, indeed, to hear from you. I wish you continued success and a belated happy New Year."

Clerk—You can't get these boots on. You shouldn't try a size larger. O'Rafferty—Niver do yez moind. O'll be able to get them on ather Oi wear them a toim or two.—Chicago News.

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses. He—Yes, and they probably would if like a team of horses, they had but one tongue between them.—Chicago News.

It is true that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never.—Cotton.

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they sat in the firelight watching the struggle of life and death.

Early in the evening Uncle Ted appeared easier and he seemed to fall into a stupor. Suddenly he sat upright on his couch, his face became illumined with a rapturous smile, and stretching forth his arms he whispered, "Dey's comin'. I knows dey come. Dars ole massa, miss, young massa and de chilluns. Oh, dars my Polly, Jim and Joe and little Sue! De lights dar too! I can hear de river ripple. An' dey sing de ole songs dey used to sing. Here I is."

A SUBWAY FOR ROME.

Rome is to have a subway through the Quirinal hill to the slopes of the Viminal and Esquiline. The tunnel will be 53 feet wide, with tracks for carriages, electric cars and foot passengers. An electric street railroad from the Pota del Popolo to the Pota San Giovanni will pass through it. The engineers give out that it will take only seven months to build the tunnel.—Washington Times.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

"Why did you tell that bill collector to come around next Monday after breakfast, with the accent on the after?"

"I never like while I am eating to have to think up excuses. When a man thinks hard he draws his blood to his brain, and that stops digestion; so it is a very bad thing to think while eating."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Chicago company has discovered a process by which bricks can be made without burning. This illustrates the tremendous advance we are making in all of our industrial pursuits. It is perhaps the most valuable discovery in the building trades line since the Egyptians discovered that bricks could be made without straw.

ISLAND OF LUZON

AN OREGONIAN AT MANILA WRITES TO GOVERNOR GERR.

He Favors Expansion and Praises the Wonderful Resources of the Philippine Archipelago.

Gov. T. T. Geer yesterday received a letter from H. L. Rees, a citizen of Marion county, Oregon, who is now in the paymasters department of the headquarters of the Pacific and Eighth Army Corps, Manila. Major Rees' letter, dated February 16th, was yesterday given to the press by the governor and will doubtless be read with great pleasure by the writer's many friends in the Willamette valley. It follows:

"In old Manila 'doing time' is not the worst occupation imaginable, but to one raised on a ranch in the Willamette valley, it is very near to a mind's eye painting of hell. Not that one really suffers, but the atmosphere is so permeated with the smell of the incongruous conglomeration of soldiers, sailors, Chinese, Japs and natives; that a feeling akin to sea-sickness accompanies one unbidden.

"But our Yankee horde is working wonders in the way of sanitation, and in the brief time I have been here, remarkable changes have been made, and I think, if the military are allowed to continue the good work now begun, Manila will become, at no distant day, almost, if not in fact, a health resort. But just at this time, with smallpox and plague all about us, old sewers into which the dumpage of Spanish nabobs has fallen and remained for 300 years are being rejuvenated, one wishes that the sense of smell were less acute and had never been taught that a rose by any other name, etc."

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A \$3.50 "GOOD NIGHT."

"Good night, papa!" Only three words, but it costs Captain George N. Stone, of Cincinnati \$3.50 a night to hear them from the lips of his daughter, Mrs. Carey, the wife of a prosperous mechanical engineer in this city, before he goes to bed.

The Careys live in "a fashionable neighborhood in the park region. Every night about 9 o'clock the hello girl in the office of the American telephone company in Deey street, popularly known as the "long distance phone," hears a sweet voice asking:

"And if it is—" Then give me Captain Stone's office, Cincinnati."

It takes six minutes to make the connections. The Cincinnati hello girl "calls up" Captain Stone at his mansion in the fashionable quarter of Porkopolis and the old captain bends an eager ear to the receiver.

"Is that you, papa?" "Yes, Maud."

Then follows a five-minute talk between the fond father and his devoted daughter, a thousand miles away, concluding with:

"Good night, papa!" "Pshaw! that's nothing," said the manager of the long-distance phone when an Evening World man sought to interview him about Captain Stone's good-night from his daughter. "There is a certain very wealthy man whose business keeps him in Chicago, while his wife lives at a New York hotel, and he calls her up or she calls him up almost every day on the long distance wire."

"They hold long conversations, too, and the expense is something appalling. But he can afford it. So can Captain Stone; for he is the street railway magnate of Cincinnati and the president of the local telephone company."—New York Evening World.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SOUND

The man with the piece of plaster across the bridge of his nose wasn't going to say anything about it, but the young man on the opposite seat kept looking at him so steadily that he finally said:

"Young man do you know how fast sound travels?" "No, sir," was the reply.

"Then you'd better get the fingers. Yesterday I called a man a liar. He was 200 feet away. I thought I'd have time to climb a fence before he could reach me, but he was on to me with one on the nose before I could wink three times. Sound, sir, travels at the rate of 200 feet a second, and don't you never call a man a fair unless he's at least a mile away and you've runnin' shoes on."—Washington Post.

There lives more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds.—Tennyson.

Kindness is the outgrowth of divine emotions.

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