

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



ELLSWORTH DAGGETT.

The above picture of Elisworth Daggett, the well known mining englacer of this city, was taken in 1875 in Rome, Italy, where he went with his wife on their wedding trip. Mr. Daggett was surveyor general of this state In the early nineties, and has for years been prominent in intermountain mining circles. He graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale university in 1864.

arms, legs, or hans, and 1,067 lost those who love music but have had one or more fingers. But these fig- no advantages of musical education.

A faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental, which went to swell the total cost of these five holi-days; in this we must also include the weeks and often months of an-guish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the pinching poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maim-ing of the breadwinner. Mrs. Rice follows her condemnation of present deadly conditions with a plea, and suggestious, for a wiser cel-ebration of the day. Ainslee's for June comes out with a very much improved dress, an attrac-tive art cover design, and wider mar-gins, setting off to much botter adthe weeks and often months of an-guish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the pinching poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maim-ing of the breadwinner. Mrs. Bios follows has condumnation

very much improved dress, an attrac-tive art cover design, and wider mar-gins, setting off to much better ad-vantage the excellent material that always makes up the table of con-tents, which, by the ways, was never better

tents, which, by the ways, was never better. The complete novel is an exciting story of a match race between two horses, arranged by their 'owners, an American and an Englishman, upon the result of which depends, in a way, the issue of a love-story. From this story the story takes its title, "The International," the author of which is W. A. Fraser. Another absorbing story is by Steel Williams, who writes now exclusively for Ainslee's. It is a western story, called "The Love Eyes of Trina," a type of what Mr. Wil-liams is proving bimself to be a mas-ter. Ralph D: Paine has a sea story which is fully equal to the best that Mr. Paine has done in "The Praying Skipper." Austin Adams has a very dramatic and interesting story called "St. Salome," in which there is an element of mystery that keeps the "St. Salome," in which there is an element of mystery that keeps the reader on edge all through. A very delightful and novel adventure love-story is "The Moon Path," by Fred-erick M. Smith. Fanny Kemble Johnson has a most charming story of child interest which she calls "The Draw." Other short stories are by

Gunter's Magazine for June is pecu

vielssitudes, with sympathetic intervs There is a strong love-element doft woven into the tale, that softens th hard and fast lines of heartless Wa street. This story cannot fail to give intense interest to a public only to familiar with a "panic year." Willian R. Lighton, the author of this story o

a-dividua goes, and, after numerous adventurous episodes, wins the lady he thought to have jilted but a day before

This week's issue of the Youth's Companion is a memorial day num-ber, and its stories deal chiefly with suggestions of the war. The cover shows an uged veteran sitting in a

and making a dash for Liverpool or

COMIC OPERA JAIL

going to get out of bed after that, no to let St. Peter in.

ENTERTAINED PRISONERS. "But har having to get home so car, that jail was fine, and all the people

CAPTAIN AN ARTIST.

CHEW GROWS SARCASTIC.

They told him that if they let me go he'd be putting to sea without them, and be dividing me into watches, and mustering me at eight bells, and hav-ing me 'all hands on dock' and ho dog watch, and how'd he manage to have me as look-cut on the foc's'le head and taking the wheel on the poop at the same time? And especially -very especially -they desired to be informed if he intended to make me draw full storm allowance of rum, and dilnk it all myself-such a poor, little, well brought up little bey like me, that knew his prayers and could even raitle off parts of the catechism, they shouldn't wonder. It was the rum that was their grievance. He'd never served out a drop since they'd dropped out of Liverpool. They told him that if they let me go There was more of that, till at las

The skipper appealed to me as a good boy, who'd been well brought up, to come out of that evil crowd, but one of the women caught hold of me and they all bundled me out of sight in one corner, and the skipper went away.

TRANSFERRED ON SHIP.

"There were some days of that, and then the skipper got the vice consul on the job, and they got an order, and some soldiers cropped up from some-where, and we were all turned ou sod marched down to the brig and bundled aboard, the captain having to builded aboard, the captain having to show the run puncheon first and hand the keg of it over to the first mate, with a promise that he must use it at proper times and seasons. But the vice consul wouldn't let me go. He sunt me home in the first ship that called, so I had to stow away again. SEARCH FOR PIRATES.

"Please remember that f'd nevel missed a chance of enquiring after plrates, and where they were still to be found. So when at last I could n longer burke the sorrowful fact that pirates were off —barring, it might be pirates were off -barring, it night be, some pis-tailed Chinaman up God-for-gotten creeks of Asia-why I had to give up the sea. I had no time to waste on a sea that had no pirate, though even in my short experience I'd seen a mutiny break out and seen it stamped out. There was still the second string of my desires. There was still America, where one could 'hunt buffalo and kill Indians.' That's how I went to America.

"BORROWED" A BOAT.

"First thing I did in America, though, was to take to running with the 'dock rats' in Boston, and when one of them explained that his uncle in New Or-leans had a fine business there, and would give us a good job if we got there—well, we 'borrowed' a cat-rigged boat and started for New Orleans. We could easily 'send the boat back by the next steamer. I was 'captain' and the other fellow was 'owner.'

STOLE THE BIGGEST.

"It was in the fall, Indian summer, and we looked over all the cat-rigs in the harbor before deciding which we'd take. Of course we chose the one that was too big for us, but we balanced was too big for us, but we balanced that by shipping another boy—at wages to be paid by the other fellow's nucle in New Orleans. I suppose you know what Hatteras is in bad weather? That is where we were found, double-reefed, and blood on every knot, baling like blazes, and mad as hatters at being held up before we'd got to New Or-leans. The 'crew' never got his pay— that's what he was so loud about,

EFFORTS TO GO WEST.

"They took us in between the capes, and I swam ashore in the night on a pair of oars, close to Wilmington, Del, and that reminded me, I suppose, that the Indians and the buffalho were still waiting for me out west. Any-how, that's when I started for the far west. I remember I had a nickel and two cents for traveling expenses. As a matter of fact, I didn't go west that winter at all. In every town I struck there was always something to delay me. Somebody would offer me a job, or offer te adopt me, and it was so hard to break away, that I got to New York instead of Cheyenne, and it was spring again when I first saw the love-liness of Passaic, as I started for the west, via the ties of the Erie railroad. BATTLE WITH TRAMPS. They took us in between the capes

BATTLE WITH TRAMPS.

"You're an American. Did you ever tramp from Passaic to the Susquehan-na? No! Yet you don't mind doing Europe on the off chance of seeing scenery that I'd forget a thousand



LYNCHING BEE.

"I heard some of them shooting and some shouting 'Kid! You damn fool you!' but the bullets went over my head, and I got my herd well up on the other side-to meet rifles and grey faces there, too. The whole bake-bed was supresured in fact and in bed was surrounded, in fact, and in 10 minutes' time such of my late companions as were still breathing were being hanged over the low cliffs close to the dug-out, while the lead-er of the attack, none other than the and country: so my tale was believed. But, kid,' said the sheriff solemnly, 'I sure enough did get so mad when you made that durn fool move to get

wild and woolly west, which is bounded in my memory on the south by 'Wet Horses,' meaning horses run across the Rio Grande from Mexico, and on the north by horses similarly obtained and run across the border into 'British Do-minions.' That memory includes the first appearance of barb-wire, and the last appearance of the buffalo as a merchantable article—how many of you know that be was finally wiped out as 'butcher's meat' in 'S2, up in the Mus-selshell country of Montana? It in-cludes the first acute phase of the long feud between 'sheepmen' and 'cowmen,' includes 'cattle wars' and 'Indian trou-bles,' hunting and trapping when both were still paying industries. It also in-cluding 'riding mail,' 'stage driving,' prospecting and mining, tle-chopping and tie driving also, while the long, trail from Texas to the British line was still in its glory of hard work and hard rations, as one softly remembers. 'Round-ups' of outlaws, Outlaw-ry, in fact, was so easy to come by, that it was a rigid rule amongst cow-boys never to ask the name or bust-

like a cowboy painting a town red, cept as fiction at so much per thous and start the horses away like mad, and), and many others only come t and), and many others only come to memory at odd times when some in-cident, some scent or flower or chance word, or even a chance tone, gives a connecting link. Yet because it was one's earliest series of adventures, on remembers more of it than of wha happened in after years in other land and seas. Revolutions are going out of fashion. Gunrunning now belongs to people who deal with Balgians. The vigorous administration of the foreign enlistment act has killed 'Foreign Leclose to the dug-out, while the lead-er of the attack, none other than the sheriff, was requiring me to explain how the eternal, etc., I came to be a member of the most notorious gang of home thieves between the Smoky Hill river and the Platte. My un-mistakable British accent saved me. It was too palpably fresh from 'the old country;'so my tale was believed. But, kid,' said the sheriff solemnly, ter in London, Argentina being then on the verge of war. Alack! the first courteous ambassador condoled with me to the hilt, but—Your king, King

T sure enough did get so have you made that durn fool move to get away, instead of puttin' your hands up: I was pretty near shoothn' at your carcass instead of over your fool head, as we all did, when we found you wouldn't throw up.' MEMORIES OF THE WEST. "That was a fair introduction to the ship somewhere for somewhere, and see if something won't happen to some body, just to break the deadly grind body, just to break the deadly grind of civilization. Peace may be profit-able-but is it natural?"

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following twenty-five volumes will be added to the public library Mon-day morning, June 1, 1908: REFERENCE.

Edinburgh Review-Mormonism. Abbey-California, Julian-Dictionary of Hymnology,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bell-Anatomy and Philosophy of Exression. Hartog-Writing of English.

Oman-Brahmans, Theists and Mus-

Oman-Brahmans, Theists and Mus-lims of India. Peaslee-Thoughts and Experiences In and Out of School. U. S. Library of Congress-Journals of the Centennial Congress, vol. 10. World's Great Classics-Plays, 2 vols.

FICTION. Becke-Call of the South

NOTES

The news that "Ouida" has left behind her an incomplete novel recalls other similar cases. One of the best known is, of course, Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." a remark-Mystery of Edwin Droot. A remark-alny clever story, and one showing no signs of diminishing vitality, although he was actually at work upon it to within a few hours of his death. According to Pearson's Weekly Dicken's great rival, Thackery, left behny, buy not only one but two un-

behind him not only one, but two un-finished stories. One of them. "Denis Duval," promised to rank with his best work. Unfortunately, however, Duval

he had only completed seven chapters when he was stricken down. Skeet down, or the seven chapters when he was stricken down. Skeet of Malta'-written while he was on his last futile journey in search of health. This work has never been published, although more than two-thirds of it was completed at the time of his test.

his death. Then there was "St. Ives," left unfinished by R. L. Stevenson; as was "Zeph." by Helen Hunt Jackson, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. Buckle never completed his "History

TERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

INFLUENCE

Within a thousand breasts-one little word,

TO THOSE WHO HAVE POWER.

Who study their hopes, who watch their needs,

They served your fathers, and, therefore, you;

Drop, for a moment, your old-time erceds-

Your "les" and "isurs," with all their cant.

The thoughts you think are thus and so:

That is the reason you call them true.

But wait-remember. What is, will go;

For truth to new truth must give birth, And new truth lives when old truth dies,

To worship death is to worship lies,

Whether of spirit or whether of earth.

The pains of half-born truth are hard:

And one fact nothing shall conceal:

By the pure white light of his ideal,

If they are not cased, they turn men mad,

And the good old times are worse than bad

By bent of his brain, by sweat of his hands, By toil, by cunning, by faith, by doubt, . He finds his need and he works it out, So, you who wait for the people's word,

Till the new creation is made or marred.

That man will have what man demands.

Ask yourselves, do you hearken well?

Yours the choice of heaven or hell.

Truth is coming: what have you heard? -Bannister Merwin, in Success Magazine,

-Beth Slater Whitson in June Amslee's.

One kindly deed has wakened chivalry

You who "know what the people want."

Spoken with but intent to cheer one heart. The whole wide worlt has heard.

> heard many anusing comments on his book, "The Servant In the House." with its idealistic story of brother-hood, and especially its daring doc-trine of wishing. In the drama, Monson ("Son of Man), the symbolic servant, tells a child that if people only wish hard enough everything comes true. No doubt Mr, Kennedy smiled a wise smile when he put it that way, because even from the mere biological standpoint, this is so much The biological standpoint, this is so much truer than most people think. There are some people, however, who scoff at wishing, and at least one who

at wishing, and at least one who scoffed who has been converted. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy," a woman said to him recently, leaning over and speaking with her soul in her eyes, "since I've read your play, I believe every word you say about wishing and making things come true. All my life, I've been wishing for a motor and a steam yacht, and now, do you know, quite suddenly, my wish has come true— I have them both!"

One of Sir Gilbert Parker's best-liked stories has been converted into a play and will be produced in Am-erica this fall. The book is "Pierre and His People," but by a slight change in the title the play will be known as "Pierre of the Plains." This will be the second of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels to be presented in Parker's novels to be presented dramatic version on the New York stage within a year, the other being "The Right of Way, "The Weavers," which has been a best seller since the Harpers published it some eigh published it some eight ago, is also discussed as a month possible play.

ures, startling as they are, convey only a faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental, which went to days; in this we must also include the weeks and often months of an-

Mrs. Rice follows her condemnation of present deadly conditions with a plea, and suggestions, for a wiser cel-

f Civilization." although he toiled at it for 20 years.

Among famous poems that were Among famous poems that were never completed mention may be made of Byron's "Don Juan." Kents' "Hyper-ion." Coleridge's "Cristabel" and Gray's "Agrippina." Spenser's "Faerie Queene," too, is no more than a frag-ment, although a colossal one. Lastly, there ought to be included Ben John-sons beautiful unfinished pastoral. "The Sad Shepherd," found by his literary executors among his papers after his death, and published in its incom-pleteness. ploteness

The publishers of Winston Churchlil's new novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career," state that the total of actual sales, up to and that the total of actual sales, up to and including the day of publication, was greater for this book than for any other they have ever issued. Inasmuch as the publications have included such books as "Richard Carvel," "The Cris-is," "Coniston," "The Virginian," "Lady Baltimore," "The Call of the Wild," "Dorothy Vernon of haddon Hall," "The Choir Invisible," "Fair Margaret," "Marcella," "On the Face of the Wat-ars,"-nearly every one of which in its day established a new record in the day established a new record in the matter of sales-it is quite possible that "Mr. Crewe's Career" has had the largest advance sale of any book ever pub-

America, and may reasonably be ex-pected to figure in the lists in this country. All of these books are pub-lished by the Macmillan company.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy has



BOOKS

While Mrs. Humphry Ward was America there took place in London the production of the re-dramatized Mar-riage of William Ashe. The version was as different from the one produced in American as two versions of the same ference being the much desired happy coulding. The new play was accounted a great success, Mrs. Ward herself col-laborated with Miss Margaret Mayo in its dramatization.

Rex Beach is to have one of the most nteresting summers of any of the nov l-writing el-writing profession, and lef New York on May 10, bound for anoth-New York on May 10, bound for about-er visit to Alaska. With him will go Mr. Paul Armstrong, the playwright, author of "Salomy Jane" and "The Heir to the Hoorah" etc., Mr. Fred Stone, of Montogmery and Stone, of "The Red Mill," and another compan-the free (thiogan "The four are plan-To the United States the six best selling books are invariably all fiction. In England, on the other hand, the list frequently contains one or two, or even more, works which are not fiction. In March, according to the London Book Monthly, the Earl of Cromer's "Modern Egypt," and "New Worlds for Oid," by H. G. Wells, wore among the first six. Of the four novels also named, two, "The Prima-donna," by Marion Chawford, and "The Heart of a Child," by Frank Danby, have lust been published in America, and may reassnably be ex-pected to figure in the lists in this protect of the first six is the the lists in this protect of the first six is the reaction of the sale of the chief attractions. and the four travelers bone to bring home a few browns in the way of boots. The party will stay in Alaska about two months, and during that time with The party will stay in the well two months, and during that time will keep pretty much to the trail, with only an occasional look-in at the town rentres. As the travelers have planned 0, the trip would seem in the eves of

the trip would seem in the eves of twoat-homes, at any rate, to abound with danger, but that only adds to the ure for such adventures as these

Mary Austin is a writer who is he-corrier known for a mitt for clever phrasing which is not of the "smart" order, but rather simple, and of a sort order, but rather simple, and of a sort ordinarily heard among people one meets. Santa Lucia owes neach of the discussion which rather suddenly fel-howed its recent multication by the Harpers to this quality of saying wise things brickly "An unsuitable marriage is like a monded fearure. It can be nut torother so it looks well from the out-side, but it were holds ten." sive are women, sagely. "A wonderful women Mary Austin is a writer who is hewoman, saych, "A wonderful women a talk ta," reinniked another charact-et hlink a mua "I don't surness she "nderstands half I say when I get no-ur obort say work, but I "inderstand I better myself afterward."

MAGAZINES

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice makes out a strong case against "Our Barbarous Fourth" in her destructive and con-structive discussion of the nation-al holiday's abuse and possibil-tities in the June Century. Fig-ures, she says, show that during the celebration of five national holidays, from 1903 to 1907 inclusive, 1.153 persons were killed and 21,525 were planed! Of the infured 88 suffered total bindhess; 398 persons lost

playing with a violin and bo Johnson Morton, Owen Oliver chiar boodloe, and Margarita Spalding in his hands, while at his feet The poetry is also sug army sword. A specially striking feature of this gestive of the memorial idea, and be, number is an article called "First Aid to the Unmusical," by Rupert Highes in which Mr. Hughes gives much val-uable information for the benefit of

MAN WHO WANTS WAR

Our London Literary Lefter

Special Correspondence. ONDON, May 20 .- Capt. Owen Vaughan, the Welsh soldier of

fortune, who, after making a how I sto reputation as a novelist under the difficult name of Owen Rhoscomyl has begun another under his own name with "Vronina," has had a career that with "Vronina," has had a career that is almost as crowded with excitement as that of Maj. F. R. Burnbam, the American scout, although like the firm, our major he is yet a young man. But no one ever successed in getting an interview out of him until the present writer approached him. It was the word "America" that set him going. "America was my home," said he, "almost as long as any other country under the sun. Some of my most haunting memories are of scenes and fieldents in America from Boston to "Frisco, Some of my truest friends are there still. You think you're a party good America: no doubt, hut 1'll tay

good American, no doubt, but I'll (ay you what you like that I've filled more billets in American life than you have, from tramp to stockowner,

TYPICAL "BAD BOY."

"My earliest recollections are all of running away, first from home in Wules, as soon as I could toddle, and next from school, as soon as I was big enough to be sent away to one In that time my only remembrances of adventures are of being twice pulled out of the water and brought to life by ar-ifficial respiration, once being transled budly by a horse, and once worked by a stray dog. As each school expelled me for empire away or incoordina. a stray dog. As each school expelled me, for running away, or insubordina-tion, or something, it was always a change to go to another school, meet a new lot of boys, have to go through a new course of fights to sattle my stand-ing, and learn a new neighborhood by running away and tramping it. Time and again five been caught with some camp of gipsics, and, of course, there was my regular procedure of hoarding my pocket money, staring crusts, and then looting the kitchen carving knife

STERTIC A spell of Heariburn, StomACH Steeplessness, ERSCostiveness. Dyspepsia or Indigestion can be quickly removed by using the Bitters promptly, Try it and see. We gunrante it pure.

Europe on the Td forget a thousand scenery that Td forget a thousand times before Fd forget that stretch of country as I saw it then. Ah, well, and that's when I did my spell as 3, tramp, a spell that ended, after adven-tures enough to fill a book, out on the prairie in western Kansas, in a fight between a sheriff's posse, coming up on two locomotives, and the gang of 40 or 50 tramps who had chased away the trainmen from the freight train we were all on, and had then fallen to on the provisions with which the train was loaded. Old rye whisky, timed peaches and kegs of pigs' feet are the things I remember they went for most. HURED OUT TO A RANCHER.

HIRED OUT TO A RANCHER.

HIRED OUT TO A RANCHER. "I walked away from them and watched the fight. Some of the tramps got away in the dark, some got bagged, some got killed. I walk-ed to the next station, which had a saloon and, therefore, was called something City, and next morning hir-ed myself out to a peaceful rancher, who was half full of good old rye whisky, and who put me on a horse and led the way out for 70 miles; 70 solid miles for a first days ride in a stock saddle; miles that lasted long after dark, lasted, in fact, as long as the whisky lasted, and then we camped, supperless, on the banks of a dry creek. London, or some other place of ships, where a fellow would have a chance of becoming a pirate straight off. That's how I stowed away at last in a little old brig bound for Rio. "Heaven knows how many days we ere threshing through sou'-westers

camped, supperless, on the banks of a dry creek. "When we woke next morning he seemed considerably astoulshed to find mé there, and while I did, my best to explain, he was hard at it, thinking things over. All he said was. 'Well, kid, you're here, and so we'll have to make the best of it. We'd better be saddling and going; though if the sheriff's fast to a crowd of heodlums like that, we'll be pretty safe for a day or two.'

MEETS SHERIFF'S POSSE.

"Heaven knows how many days we were threshing through sout-westers and not'-westers till the crew got mu-throus and I thought the Western Ocean was the dirtiest piece of water in the world. As a matter of fact, we had to put in to some little port at the foot of high mountains in one of the western islands, and there the crew flatty went ashors, got drunk and refused to come aboard again. The skipper got 'em all tried and sentenced to jall. If they didn't return at once. The follows just trooped out to the full. The Jaller wanted a commitment order or something. They told him to go to --the other pince'-and get one If he wanted it. They'd been sentenced, and they were going in, and where's those keys-and be dama Hyely now, too. He went round and got the order. I sup-pose. At any rate, he came round that afternoon, and told us that If we went out to walk around the square that eve-ning, as the people did, we'd that the tee male the step up till 8 o'clock. If ning, as the people did, we'd find the key under the step up till 8 o'clock, ir we didn't come home before 9 o'clock, he'd lock us out, because he aways went to bed at 9 o'clock, and he wasn't

MEETS SHERIFF'S POSSE. "We were safe, as it proved, for ex-actly seven days, at the end of which time a gang of armed men found me herding horses on the banks of a dry lake, 200 yards from the dugout in the low mud and rock bluffs, at the west end of the lake bed, where my boss and the rest of his 'hands' were aleeping. "I only thought that there was a gang of horse theves, possibly the no-torious gang 1 had heard so much of, which had its stamping ground some-where in that part of the country. The order to drive the horses out of that hollow, and up on to the flat, backed as it was by a Winchestor rific peer-ing down from the bluff at my elbow, gave me a chance to do somely, that just was time, and an the people of the place came round and flyed there with us. They brought their food and drink and whacked it out with us. I only remember the frait and the fishes, and the wine out of skin bags, and the women and the girls. You see, I who a boy, all eyes and limbs and one com-prehensive smile for this rippin' old world, so I get on immensely. gave me a chance to do some-thing heroic. If I were to stampede those howses to the other side of the dry bed under the farther bluff, that may be under our darking out by the would give my boss and his seven men a chance of getting out by their chimies, on to the flat, and to blow these horse thieves to pieces. So my answer to the order was to jam in "The skipper came round the second lay and saw what was up I still think never heard a man awear as he swore both spurs, whose like the devil, shoo

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal

I nover heard a insu awar as he swore. He didn't swear loud and ramping like a roaring stallion. Tie just looked and looked, and then he sat down on a corner stone and began to swear like a man saying his prayers. Some of the fellows offered him drinks, and some offered cigars and tobacce. One offered him a banane, and they all fell to kissing and cuddling the women for imit to see, till he got up and shook his head and went. Only when he d got round the corner he came back and hooked his inger at me. 'Here, you!' he stid. 'You've no right in there-you weren't sentonced. You don't be-long to the crew. You're only a stow away! Come out o' that. Get down to ship at once, you young,' etc., etc., CREW GROWS SARCASTER. To all knowing sufferers of rheuma-itsm, whether muscular or of the joints, scintica, lumbagos, bachache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treat-ment which has repeatedly cured all of these fortures. She feels it her dury ment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cur ,ourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate he-her necessary. This simple discovery bantshes uric acid from the blood, loos-ene the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole sys-tem. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box R. Notre Dame, Ind. "But the crew wouldn't hear of it. R, Notre Dame, Ind.

boys never to ask the name or busi-ness of any stranger who dismounted in camp for hospitality, neither to inuire into whence the stranger cam quire into whence the stranger came, or why, or whither he was bound. Suf-ficient that the stranger was courteous, and was entitled to courtesy in return. No one knew whose turn it would be next, and one can remember being out-law and deputy-sheriff in the same year in the same torritory.

NO MORE RESOLUTIONS. "Seven years of such life, even with intervals for outside expeditions, nat-urally crowds one's memory with in-finite hair-breadth 'scapes, most of which modesty forbids reteiling (exGardenhire—Purple and Homespun James—Real Thing. Marshall-Exton Manor. Potter-Golden Ladder Trevena-Furze the Cruel. CHILDREN' SBOOKS. Adams-Harper's Indoor Book for

Boys. Righam-Mother Goose Village Chandler—In the Reign of Coyote Grinnell—Jack the Young Caneeman James—Story of Scraggles. Malone—West Point Yearling. Moore-Children of Other Days: Roberts-Red Feathers, Whyte-Story Book Girls.





P. J. MORAN BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CITY

