

most remarkable part of the story is the reasons each one gave for his actions. The man who had killed the other, like a wild beast, but that he did it because he was drunk, and begged for time to confess his sins to God before he was punished. It would take a long time, he said, as he had a great many things on his conscience. His betrothed, the housemaid, said she did not know why she had helped to murder her master and mistress, because she had been very good to her and she thought it was because the cook and her husband went into the room to kill them, and she did not want to be left alone. The cook and Lauskin said they did it because it was near Easter time, and the priests always said that whoever confesses and repents of his sins at Easter-time is forgiven. They meant to go to church and confess the next day.

The manner in which the soldiers left traces of their guilt, and walked into the barracks a few hours after the crime, is quite in keeping with the certainty of their guilt. To be punished for their crimes. To their amazement, they were all sentenced to death by hanging.

INSURANCE INCIDENT.

One of the most curious forms in which the credulity of the Russian peasant manifests itself in his faith in insurance agent. This man is looked upon as a great being in the village—until there has been a fire. Adam Pysk, a well to do man, insured his farm buildings. One hot afternoon during a heavy storm, lightning set fire to the cow-house. He made no efforts to put the fire out, letting it burn until a "land-guardian" (a sort of country policeman) who happened to be passing insisted upon his doing so under pain of sending for the gendarmes. Neither did he make any effort to save his three head of cattle, one of which was suffocated and the others burnt to death.

When the agents arrived at the scene of the catastrophe, Pysk told them, with a broad smile on his face, that he "had let everything burn up" because he knew the gentlemen were going to pay him. But as a matter of fact he had only insured himself for \$100, whereas he had allowed the fire to destroy \$500 worth of property. It was some time before the agents could get him to understand this; but when he finally grasped the situation, his language was more forcible than polite. Now he goes about on market-days from one friend to another, advising them to have anything to do with insurance agents because they are thieves, first borrowing your money, and then, when you burn your stuff, refusing to give it back. Because he knows the gentlemen will share his opinion, and one was heard to back him up by declaring:

IVAN PETERHOFF.

\$100.00 REWARD.
Would gladly be paid for a cure by many people who are afflicted with rheumatism, yet they do not know they can be cured by a few bottles of Ballard's Snow Liniment, and the price is only 25c. Send for it, and you will be cured. Write to Z. C. M. L. Drug Store, 112 and 114 South Main St.

ROMANCE OF A LONDON BACKWATER

(Continued from page seventeen.)

visitor passes reluctantly on through a little lobby in which are some interesting family portraits, and enters a room in which we find two of the gems of the collection, as far as pictures are concerned. The splendid Canaletto which depicts the interior of a Venetian home collection, and was bought by Sir John Soane at the Historic Beckford sale in 1807. The Turner which depicts the interior of a Venetian home collection, and was bought by Sir John Soane at the Historic Beckford sale in 1807. The Turner which depicts the interior of a Venetian home collection, and was bought by Sir John Soane at the Historic Beckford sale in 1807.

MASTER'S SHRINE.
The total absence of formality about this fascinating little museum, is by no means one of the least of its charms. Sir John arranged his treasures as it pleased him, and not as an artist and dried principle. The next thing to arrest the attention may be a collection of the drawings and designs of Robert Adam, James Adam, and other famous architects of the eighteenth century. It is pleasant to think that neither ingratitude nor professional jealousy need be numbered among the failings of the bricklayer's son.

This is in the lower part of the museum, reached by a staircase. There are many temptations here for the loiterer and the dreamer—death masks of Oliver Cromwell and of Mrs. Siddons make him pause and call him to ponder the old mysteries of life and death which no wondering can solve. But close at hand in the spectral chamber is the very core of the collection.

ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS.

Here is the magnificent sarcophagus of Seti I., who reigned in Egypt about 1350 B. C., an object which seen in this small dwelling house in the middle of the city of London with all its "modernity" is calculated to make the best imaginative of sightseers catch his breath. The sarcophagus was discovered by Renzoni, who in 1817 penetrated to the royal tomb in the valley of Bab-el-Molok. Renzoni thus describes it: "What we found in the center of the saloon merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster and is transparent when a light is placed in the middle of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height."

WHY TOMB WAS EMPTY.

This priceless treasure was offered to the British Museum for \$10,000, and the authorities there made extraordinary mistakes in haggling over terms. The emperor of Russia was actually in treaty for it when Sir John Soane stepped in and paid the sum demanded. The sarcophagus no longer holds the mummy for which it was designed, and it is also covered. Belzoni found it thus, its cover broken into fragments by its being placed in the world and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster and is transparent when a light is placed in the middle of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height."

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

It seems a long way back from the remote past into which we have been

looking as we gaze at that sarcophagus to the twentieth century. The hundred years which separate us from the man who placed it where we now see it—doubtless with pride and triumph—unhappily seem such a trivial span of time that we almost expect to find Sir John Soane himself at our elbow as we turn away at last a little dazzled and awed, and make our way looking at little vaguely at the many interesting things which catch our eyes at every turn, up stairs again and into the Hogarth room. Here is "The Lake Progress," which brings us back to modern times with a rush, and here, too, is an admirable series of Hogarth's pictures, called "An Election." There is an interval about these pictures apart from their extraordinary artistic merit. They were bought from Hogarth by David Garrick, who was asked by the painter to subscribe for the plates and to give them to Garrick's house until they were bought by Sir John Soane at Mrs. Garrick's death, in 1823.

NOVEL PICTURE GALLERY.

It needs no very active exercise of the imagination to believe that this particular room must have been a source of special pride to Sir John Soane. The curious device for the economizing of space which is here carried into effect must have been the outcome of so much careful thought and planning that it would have been hard indeed had he not rejoiced in the success of his singular invention. The walls of this room are covered with a series of movable panels, all having sufficient space between for pictures and all moving on hinges or pivots. To put the matter very simply, each wall is made of a series of panels, the leaves of which can be turned at pleasure. How the inventor of these leaves must have delighted in turning them only the walls themselves could tell us.

A corridor leads from the Hogarth room through what are called the dressing room and the little study back into the library. The library again leads to the hall, where a staircase goes to the drawing room and the billiard room.

PRICELESS MANUSCRIPTS.

The drawing room is another fine double room. Here are more illuminated manuscripts, among them the "Gerusalemme Liberata," and the second volume of a fifteenth century French translation of "Josephus." Here, too, Sir John Soane appears in yet another advising them to have anything to do with insurance agents because they are thieves, first borrowing your money, and then, when you burn your stuff, refusing to give it back. Because he knows the gentlemen will share his opinion, and one was heard to back him up by declaring:

STRANGE PIECE OF WORK.

The walls of this room also are arranged to some extent on the "picture book" system, and many of Soane's own architectural designs are preserved. Among them is surely as strange a piece of work as any man ever executed. It is a picture painted by himself of the Bank of England—properly the chief of his architectural works. The picture is so arranged that when time should have done its worst with it and it should be a ruin among ruins. The picture is most carefully worked out, and it must have been a task of some difficulty. It brings us from the man's collection to the man himself with a singularly insistent touch upon our imagination and our sympathies. What was he in the middle of the collection as he worked out the perspective of those broken, roofless walls? What thoughts filled the brain on which age was beginning to lay that touch which sometimes makes the greatest of artists feel that they are no longer in the van of the man who sees in his own work perfection who can conceive of no change other than the decay of the race? The picture is a masterpiece of the building he raised? Surely not entirely. May we not rather trace in those lines something of the pathetic consciousness that the end of all things is but vanity, that no man's work may endure for ever, and that at the last to the hopes and ambitions and even to the failures of every man there comes a gentle fading into nothingness?

MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention. In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**. Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, throat tumors, irregularities, neuralgic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

DEDICATION OF BARRETT HALL

Assembly Building in the Philippines Named for Hero of Utah Battery.

COPY OF GENERAL ORDER

Structure Erected by Contributions Secured by Chaplain John T. Axton—Interesting Letter on Conditions.

The following general order from Camp Keithley, Philippine Island has been received by Adj. Gen. Wedgwood of this city. It is of special local interest because Capt. Henry Barrett, the subject of the order, was first sergeant of Battery C, Utah Light Artillery which was detached at San Francisco and attached to the third regular artillery, under regular army officers.

General orders, No. 32, Camp Keithley, Manila, P. I., Aug. 13. The building recently completed at this station with permission of the department commander, and made possible by voluntary contributions secured by Chaplain John T. Axton, Eighteenth Infantry, from officers, enlisted men and friends of the garrison, shall be known as Barrett Hall in honor of Henry Barrett, formerly private, sergeant and first sergeant, Company A, Eighteenth United States Infantry, battery sergeant major, Eighteenth United States Infantry, post commissary sergeant, United States army, and captain, Philippine Constabulary, who was killed in action against outlaws near Ormoc, on the Island of Leyte, Philippine Islands, Aug. 25, 1904, while serving as captain of Company A.

His military record is as follows: Two years, Troop H, Eighth cavalry, discharged March 21, 1883; three years and three months, Troop H, Eighth cavalry, discharged Feb. 21, 1897; one year, two months, and twelve days, Troop D, Seventh cavalry; five months, twenty-two days, Battery C, Utah Volunteer Light Artillery, discharged Dec. 21, 1898; re-enlisted March 20, 1899, and joined Company A, Eighteenth Infantry, at Jaro, Panay, P. I., Aug. 10, 1899; appointed sergeant from private Aug. 20, 1899; promoted to sergeant Oct. 11, 1899; promoted to sergeant major, Third battalion, Eighteenth Infantry, March 10, 1900; post commissary sergeant, U. S. army, Nov. 2, 1900.

While serving in Company A, Eighteenth Infantry, he was a member of Col. Carpenter's column operating against insurgents on the Island of Panay, P. I., and took part in the following engagements: San Miguel, Nov. 10, 1899; Pavia, Nov. 21, 1899; Santa Barbara, Nov. 22, 1899; Banate, Nov. 1899, and Ajul, Sara road, Dec. 6, 1899.

By order of Col. Davis: E. G. PEYTON, Captain and Adjutant, Eighteenth Infantry, Adjutant.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN AXTON.

In the following letter received in this city today, from Chaplain John T. Axton of the Eighteenth Infantry, at Camp Keithley, by a personal friend, interesting details are given of the erection of this memorial building, are given personal parts of the letter, being omitted. Under the date Aug. 17, 1908, Mr. Axton writes: "We found a thousand soldiers here in what the department commander was pleased to call the 'heart of the battle.' The Moro territory, 20 miles from the sea and is reached over a rough trail travel of which is accompanied by such risks. While the natives near the post are friendly and have been a recent uprising of several dattos so that the general condition is such that our men are not allowed to leave the post except between one and five in the afternoon and then only in large parties for whose safety special precautions are taken. Although Keithley is only eight degrees north of the equator it is very cool here on account of being 2,400 feet above sea level. Then too it is exceedingly damp, rains nearly every afternoon. This gives us opportunities for only a limited amount of outdoor sport and the men must be cooped up in barracks that are built of grass much of the time. There was absolutely no place in which they could assemble, the old grass library building that the Twenty-second Infantry and the Fifteenth Infantry had used having blowing down so the men to construct what might be termed an institutional church on broad lines. The moment I suggested it they took

the matter up with tremendous enthusiasm and on the first day raised among themselves \$447.55 for the purpose. Officers gave goodly sums and two friends in the 'homeland' sent me generous checks. The men got out the logs, cut them into lumber and we yesterday dedicated what is probably the first permanent chapel erected by enlisted men of the army. At least old soldiers and officers here do not remember instances where soldiers have taken such a large part in securing a house of worship. We count it a good sign in the army to have them do this thing.

BUILDING A BIG ONE.

The building is a big one, the most substantial and attractive in the post. It is 60x100 feet, of the bungalow type, with wide verandas on all sides, has twenty big, sliding windows, is arranged for reading room, social room, chapel, gymnasium with a good stage, and has a roller skating rink for only in the basement. The building has a cement foundation, metal roof and American pine flooring, the remainder of the lumber being native. The 350 panes of glass for the windows came over the trail on pack mules and only a small amount of breakage resulted. The only cement walks in the post are around this building, and the few natives who see and walk on them view them with great astonishment.

At the opening of the building yesterday, the entire garrison turned out, and those who could not be accommodated on the inside gathered around the big windows on the porch. Colonel Davis commended the chaplain heartily for his leadership in securing the funds and constructing the building. The church is already being inaugurated, features of special interest outside of the entertainment and social work for soldiers and sailors in the post school for Philippine servants in the post and a class of twenty young soldiers who have set up a local telegraph line and are becoming fair operators. "The old copper powder canister that contains the Spanish powder canister, taken from the bottom of Lake Lanao many years ago. A record was found of the place where they had thrown this powder overboard in water-tight canisters, and the canisters out. The one used for the cornerstone was reduced in size, polished and engraved.

NAMED BARRETT HALL.

"The naming of the building was left to suggestion from the enlisted men, and was appropriately named after one of their number with whom most of us had served and who was a splendid soldier. When the chaplain, Mr. Axton, in the bottom of Lake Lanao many years ago. A record was found of the place where they had thrown this powder overboard in water-tight canisters, and the canisters out. The one used for the cornerstone was reduced in size, polished and engraved.

DREAD ASIATIC CHOLERA.
"I have been having the biggest kind of an eventful time here with Asiatic cholera, which is always endemic in the Lake Lanao region, and from the effects of which I buried four natives. Cholera is a very awful disease and it seems to begin where most diseases end—in death. Very few men who get cholera survive. Kipling spoke truly when he advised,

"When cholera comes, as cholera will, Don't go on a shout. For the disease comes in, As the liquor dies out, And you die like a fool."

"Beside the cholera we have a few deluded dattos who think that Americans will do as the Spaniards did—be content to garrison the larger coast towns and let the dattos have a free hand in their lawlessness in the interior—but they are finding their mistake and have learned that the American soldier will follow them to the wildest mountain fastnesses and bring them to time. The result is that some of the very worst ones have been disillusioned and a few others have been punished with a wholesome effect.

THE BUMPTIOUS DATTOS.
"Do you know that for arrogance, for self esteem for genuine bumptiousness, the Moro sultan or datto who has a moderate following has anything distanced that I have ever seen or heard of. I have known the white man with contempt, often passing him by with head tossed back and a glint in his eye that says as plainly as possible, 'I will have a reckoning with you some day.' And yet I have hopes for him, because some of the younger generation have taken up with agricultural pursuits on great tracts of land that are near enough to the post to offer them some protection, and I think that when the dattos have learned, as those near the posts have, that the American means to treat him fairly when he behaves and to punish him

when he commits crime, that many more will come to our way of thinking. Let us hope so, for it is unpleasant to soldiers to have to deal harshly with these men. As an illustration let me say that a bunch of our men were under constant fire for a whole day recently without returning a single shot for fear of killing women and children. Had expected to spend August on a trip to Sulu and Borneo, perhaps Java, but the illness of the officer who was to have taken up my exchange duties has delayed me. Will probably be with the Sultan of Sulu or in the wilds of Borneo when you get this."

HALL IS DEDICATED.

Barrett hall was dedicated Sunday, Aug. 16 last at 10:30 a. m. The order of exercises were as follows: Symphony in B minor (unpublished) by the Eighteenth Infantry band; Doxology; invocation, hymn, "Coronation"; Scripture reading, Chaplain Axton; address by Col. T. F. Davis, Eighteenth Infantry; hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee"; address by Chaplain Axton; hymn, "Blessed Assurance"; benediction, chaplain; Postlude, "Religious Meditation in the Great Beyond." Eighteenth Infantry band. This note follows on the program:

In the corner stone of the building is an old Spanish powder canister, taken from the bottom of Lake Lanao, into which has been placed the names of all contributors to Barrett hall, the order naming the building, a copy of this program, Philippine and American coins, a poster of the troops serving in the division, and of the organizations on duty at this post.

PASSING OF ISLES OF SHOALS.

Appledore Island, Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., has been platted into house lots and old visitors are amazed to find the island is now simply real estate. It has always been thought that no money could buy any part of these isles, immortalized in song and story; it was thought that the name of Mrs. Celia Leighton Thaxter has sufficient charm to hold the island upon which she was born and died, but it has been decreed otherwise and the shrine of that gifted authoress is doomed to be given up to the speculator and the people who seek summer homes on that marvelous pile of granite boulders and shrubbery, of which Mrs. Thaxter once wrote:

"Who shall describe that wonderful noise of the sea among the rocks, the most suggestive of all sounds in nature. The little islets, the most delightful places in the world, lovely with their fringe of woods, thistles and mullen stalks, drawn clearly against the sky at the upper end of the slope, and below their mosaic of stone and shell and sea-work, tangles of kelp and driftwood—a mass of warm, neutral tints with brown, green and crimson mosses and a few golden small shells lying on the many tinted gravel, where the ripples lapse in delicious murmur."

"To describe the foliage is impossible. The pastures, richly streaked with burning gold, the dark velvet coreopsis and the nasturtium; the larkspur, blue and brilliant as lapis-lazuli; the sweet peas of a bright rose color,

their odor like rich wine, too sweet almost to be borne, except when the pure fragrance of mignonette is added—such mignonette as never grows on shore. What is there on this island which so transfigures all familiar bowers with such beauty, the wild flowers, of which there are numberless varieties, the pink robert which blushes with a tint as deep and bright as red carnations, their warm blush glowing against the cool gray stones? Already it is reported, fully 100 lots have changed ownership.—Boston Transcript.

SLIGHTLY COLDER WITH SNOW.

When you see that kind of a weather forecast you know that rheumatism weather is at hand. Get ready for it now by getting a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. Finest thing made for rheumatism, chilblains, frost bite, sore and aching joints and muscles, all aches and pains. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle, for sale by Z. C. M. L. Drug Store, 112 and 114 South Main St.

SUPERB FLORIST MOVED.

To 55 Main street, across the street from former location in Schramm's, Choice stock of cut flowers. Several designs a specialty. Will be glad to see you.

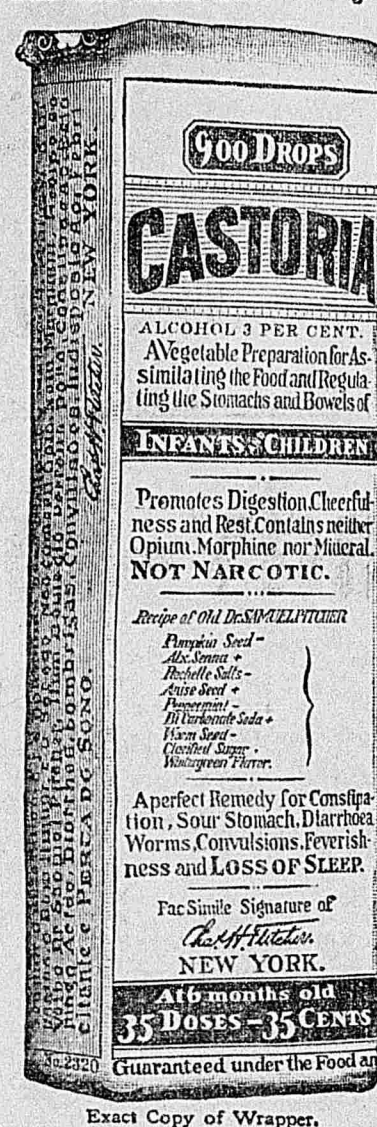
Crescent Theater, Opposite Keith-O'Brien's. "Moving Pictures that go some." Where the Breakers Roar, "Come in, the Water's fine."

KILL HILL OPENING, OCT. 12. See Taylor Bros., 30 Main St.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeits and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines.

It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeits, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness.



Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Central Drug Co., of Detroit, Mich., says: "We consider your Castoria in a class distinct from patent medicines and commend it."

Christy Drug Stores, of Pittsburg, Pa., say: "We have sold your Castoria for so many years with such satisfactory results that we cannot refrain from saying a good word for it when we get a chance."

Jacob Bros., of Philadelphia, Pa., say: "We take pleasure in recommending Fletcher's Castoria as one of the oldest and best of the preparations of the kind upon the market."

Hess & McCann, of Kansas City, Mo., say: "Your Castoria always gives satisfaction. We have no substitute for it and only sell 'The Kind You Have Always Bought,' the original."

The Vogelbeil Bros., of Minneapolis, Minn., say: "We wish to say that we have at all times a large demand for Fletcher's Castoria at all of our three stores and that it gives universal satisfaction to our trade."

Polk Miller Drug Co., of Richmond, Va., says: "Your Castoria is one of the most satisfactory preparations we have ever handled. It seems to satisfy completely the public demand for such an article and is steadily creating a growing sale by its merit."

P. A. Capdan, of New Orleans, La., says: "We handle every good home remedy demanded by the public and while our shelves are thoroughly equipped with the best of drugs and proprietary articles, there are few if any which have the unceasing sale that your Castoria has."

M. C. Dow, of Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "When people in increasing numbers purchase a remedy and continue buying it for years; when it passes the fad or experimental stage and becomes a household necessity, then it can be said its worth has been firmly established. We can and do gladly offer this kind of commendation to Fletcher's Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Pasteurized Butter

The ELGIN DAIRY AND CREAMERY COMPANY have installed in their plant the latest up-to-date Pasteurizer and all their milk and cream is pasteurized—heated to 180 degrees and immediately cooled to 50 degrees.

Properly pasteurized milk and cream is advised by all physicians. Saves typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever.

ELGIN BUTTER made from Pasteurized Cream is ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Ask for ELGIN DAIRY Products