

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

VOL. 3.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1916

No. 49

Chief Mine Making Good Showing Prospects in Patagonia District Active

There is great activity at the Chief mine. In opening a new station at 65 feet from the collar of the shaft several bunches of high-grade ore were encountered and a crosscut through the vein matter to the footwall exposed several streaks of good ore, with a tendency of the vein to widen northeasterly towards the World's Fair mine adjoining, which, no doubt, is the same vein, judging from indications in strike, dip and character of ore. Grab samples have assayed well in copper, silver and little gold, the silver predominating. The vein shows a width of 12 feet, in a banded structure, with no wall yet in sight, and C. H. Hoffman, engineer in charge, believes he will encounter better values on the footwall, from indications in the heavily iron and manganese stained croppings that are exposed on the surface. As soon as the crosscut has been driven through the vein, drifts will be driven both ways, following the ore.

A number of men are employed at the Gringo mine getting it ready for reopening.

James E. Cochran Jr. left Tuesday for his home in Pennsylvania after passing ten days here examining the mining properties in which he is interested.

J. E. Hopkins has had four men busy this week in moving the old oil tank and raising it eight feet from the ground. It will be used as a storage tank by the Duquesne company.

R. E. Kohler, who represents the Ingersoll-Rand drill people, was here from El Paso.

Col. R. R. Richardson was a Tucson visitor this week, going over for a brief business trip.

Duquesne Mining and Reduction Company's mill is producing 25 tons of concentrates daily.

John Brickwood was in this week from the Old Soldier mine for supplies. Work is in progress and good values are being encountered.

Work on the Trench mine is progressing steadily, the new shaft now being down 275 feet. The rock is very hard and breaks with difficulty.

George B. Hosier, who has been here some weeks looking at mining properties, left Saturday morning for Douglas, accompanied by Mrs. Hosier and little son.

Work in the new shaft on the Rupert property is being prosecuted by F. P. O'Neill and is all vein matter, no crosscut having yet been made to ascertain the width.

L. E. Miller was in from his gold prospect this week and took out a load of supplies. He says the ledge uncovered has shown \$38 in gold, silver and copper values.

W. D. Rochford came over from Tucson Sunday with Dr. Forbes, and left Monday for Yuma to look at some mining property. He returned on last evening's train.

Frederick G. Moses, who has been at Duquesne some months, representing the General Engineering Co. of Salt Lake City in the installing of the flotation process at the Duquesne mill,

Copper	20 00
Lead	5.25
Silver	52.50
Spelter	18 25

**Patagonia
Smoke House**
Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers
and Magazines.
All kinds of Soft Drinks
H. H. McCUTCHAN
Patagonia, Arizona

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Stump and little child came in Wednesday from Copen, W. Va., and will make their home here. Mrs. Stump is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Stone.

Rev. Golden will be here from Nogales next Thursday, December 2, and deliver an address in the evening at the school house. Mr. Golden is prominent in the Emmanuel movement and will make his talk along non-sectarian lines, to which everyone is invited.

Robert Bergier and Miss Willie Chapman were married in Phoenix last week. Both are residents of the Alto section, where the groom is a prominent young cattleman, and the bride the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chapman. The young couple have the good wishes of a host of friends.

left Monday for his home in Kansas City, and a visit to the Rolla School of Mines, Missouri.

Word has been received from C. A. Pierce, who is in Kansas City, Mo., that he will leave soon for the west, and an early resumption of work is expected at the Ruby Copper Company.

ELGIN

O. F. Coats was in Elgin Monday getting lumber for his new house.

Martin Wilson, the boy that was shot six weeks ago, is now able to be out again.

Mrs. T. J. Peaty returned Monday from Douglas, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cross.

Mrs. Nell Schack and Mrs. Mabel Prickett were in Elgin Tuesday doing their Thanksgiving shopping.

T. B. Titus, H. Pyeatt, C. L. Beaty and R. A. Rodgers motored to Tucson Tuesday to attend federal court.

G. M. Byerly's team became frightened Monday and ran, turning the wagon over, Mr. Byerly being severely bruised. The wagon was badly damaged.

Miss Winifred Wilcox, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. B. Collie, returned to her home in Dallas, Texas. Miss Wilcox was very much pleased with Arizona.

W. T. Roath and A. B. Young motored through Elgin Wednesday on their way to Nogales, where Mr. Roath is building several fine houses. Mr. Young passed Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Young, who is in the hospital.

Wienerwurst by the pound—Sauerkraut in bulk at the Washington Trading Company.—adv

SAN RAFAEL

James E. Gatlin has been on the sick list, but is reported better.

Mrs. Clyde McPherson and sister were Patagonia visitors the last of the week.

Mesdames B. Baldwin and C. F. Young were shopping in Patagonia last Saturday.

Business visitors in Patagonia on Tuesday were George W. Parker and Fred Kreeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam J. Pressler are sojourning in Nogales and Charles Curtis and family are living on the Pressler homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Orton Phelps of Mowry motored through the Valley very early last Saturday morning, going to Douglas to pass Thanksgiving week.

Fresh Houma Oysters Tuesday at the Cold Storage Market. Fresh salt water fish each Friday.—adv

Frank Blackledge left for Benson Wednesday to pass Thanksgiving with homefolks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wilson gave a fine Thanksgiving dinner to four of their bachelor friends.

The Harris and Pressler families were eating turkey with the O. H. Weavers in Nogales yesterday.

Miss Emma Kane passed the week-end with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Kane, at the Sanford ranch.

Mrs. Emmalou Irving was a passenger for Elgin yesterday to pass Thanksgiving on her ranch.

Harry Riggs is building an adobe house in the south part of town, which will have four apartments of two rooms each.

Dr. Iles of Elgin and C. L. Wood of Sonoita returned from Nogales yesterday to pass Thanksgiving Day at their homes.

Car shipments to Patagonia are heavier than at any time in its history. Cars of coke, hay, grain, lumber, oil, machinery and merchandise are coming in on every train.

The statement of the First National Bank of Nogales shows a very prosperous year. Many improvements have been made, including the installing of modern safety deposit boxes.

Judge and Mrs. A. S. Henderson departed last Saturday morning for San Francisco to attend the Panama Pacific exposition and a few weeks at various points on the coast.

**Pendergrass's
Amusement Parlor**
Cigars and Tobaccos
Pool Table Soft Drinks
Patagonia, Arizona

Thieves broke into the pump house at Crittenden, three miles north of here, and stole all of J. P. Lamma's bedding. He now stays at Patagonia when making trips to the Crittenden pumping plant.

Mrs. O. H. Weaver was here Monday from Nogales and went out to buy a drove of turkeys. Mrs. Harris took her out in her auto and during the trip was injured by having one of the wheels run over her feet and is quite lame as a consequence.

O. F. Ashburn and family returned Monday from their trip to the state fair at Phoenix. Mr. Ashburn reports a very successful fair, with the finest dairy stock exhibit ever shown there. Misses Jewell and Stella Turner and Miss Gladys Francis were guests of Mrs. Ashburn at the fair.

**GEO.
B.
MARSH,
Inc.**
Nogales - - Arizona

Improvements in Patagonia District

There has been a great deal of building and improvement work done during 1915 in Santa Cruz county, much of which has been done in Patagonia and the sections nearby. Following is the list of houses built:

Clyde McPherson, San Rafael.
G. W. Parker, San Rafael.
Jesse Gatlin, near Patagonia.
A. A. Bush, Greaterville.
J. L. Thigpen, Sonoita.
C. L. Everhart, Elgin.
John Hoy, Harshaw.
Paul Schaller, near Duquesne.
W. O. Ladd, Elgin.
A. H. Glidwell, Patagonia.
T. G. Dunham, San Rafael.
Arthur Wilson, San Rafael.
G. N. Curtis, San Rafael.
R. N. Keaton, San Rafael.
H. F. Sprung, barn, Sonoita.
Santa Cruz County Fair Association, fair buildings, Sonoita.

The following houses were remodeled:
E. C. Best, near Patagonia.
Peter Bergier, near Patagonia.
O. F. Ashburn, Patagonia.
A. A. Gatlin, Temporal Ranch, near Patagonia.
Richard Farrell, Harshaw.
Mrs. Anna H. Fortane, near Patagonia.

W. J. Russell, Parker Canyon.
C. B. Wilson, Patagonia, public garage and repair shop.
Col. R. R. Richardson has had many improvements made on his properties, a great deal of work being done on his property north of town. His West McEwen avenue tenant house pre-

Mrs. Henry D. Ross Visits Patagonia

Mrs. Henry D. Ross, president of the Arizona Federation of Woman's Clubs, who is making a tour of the state, arrived here Tuesday morning and was the guest of Mrs. George H. Francis.

A reception was tendered her Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock by the women of Patagonia at the Commercial hotel, when she delivered an address on club work, its aims, and suggested the taking up of a program, which has been decided upon, the subject chosen being "The History of Arizona."

Mrs. Ross was entertained Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Northcraft, where a pleasant evening was passed.

She departed Wednesday morning for Douglas to pass Thanksgiving Day with her sister, Mrs. O. O. Ellis, after which she will continue her trip over the state in the interest of woman's club work.

sents a fine appearance after being remodeled.

The outlook for further improvements is very favorable, according to J. W. Miller of the Patagonia Lumber Company, who has given estimates on a number of prospective improvements.

**C. B. WILSON
Studebaker Wagons**
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hay and Grain
Patagonia - Arizona

Roquefort Cheese	Cranberries
Swiss Cheese	Oranges
Wisconsin Cream Cheese	Grape-fruit
Limburger Cheese	Apples—Grapes

Washington Trading Company

Home of
Thanksgiving Goodies

Fresh Celery	Lettuce	Fresh Plum Pudding
Cauliflower	Tomatoes	Angel food Cake
Sweet Potatoes		Raisin Cake
		Maple-Nut Cake

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& TRUST CO.**
Nogales - - Arizona

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Santa Cruz Patagonian

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H. F. GREENE, Editor and Lessee
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BUCHAREST—A LITTLE PARIS

Built as a Capital Only, it is a Gay City, Without Factories—Has Famous Parks and Buildings.

The Roumanians have spared no effort or thought, says the National Geographic society, toward making Bucharest, their capital city, a real capital, and not just one of the larger Balkan towns, cut to the severe design of the modern commercial city that is found throughout the West.

The whole history of the Roumanians since the casting off of the Turkish yoke has been one of conservative progress leavened with enterprise, of thrift lightened by keen appreciation of the embellishments and pleasures of life.

And in Bucharest one finds more artistic, literary, and scientific life than in any other part of the peninsula.

Bucharest is an attractive city of broad boulevards and avenues, as becomes a capital, and has, like Paris, Berlin and Washington, famous drives and parks within its area, and "avenues of parades," and zoological and botanical gardens.

The city is built in a hollow between the hills upon both sides of the Dimbovitza river, which is crossed by 12 ornate bridges.

There are some truly magnificent buildings upon its broad thoroughfares, among the most prominent of which are the royal palace, the university, the National theater, and the Palace of Justice. Bucharest has some splendid sections, with narrow, crooked streets, but these are reminiscent of the Turkish regime, and are fast disappearing.

While Bucharest does a considerable commercial business, it is of no importance industrially.

Bucharest, like our own capital, has been developed primarily as a capital. The Roumanians have chosen Paris and Vienna as their models, and have produced a judicious blending of the two upon the much smaller Balkan scale.

Bucharest has plenty of good music, and its people who gather in the concert halls or enjoy the free military concerts in the evening along some promenade are appreciative and critical listeners.

Furthermore, Bucharest, as also becomes a European capital, is a great educational center. Its schools, academies, colleges, and university are models for Balkan countries.

What War Babies Mean.

"War Babies," says the New Republic, should be legitimized, but for the babies' sake, not because they fill the gaps made by war. "A race cannot be strengthened by mere multiplication. Only the wholesale barbarism of war and capitalism and imperialist expansion would ever have made mere quantity a standard of morals. That is why the sentimental appreciation of war babies is so disheartening. It is not a flare-up of liberalism, not a new sense of the sanctity of life, but a worried and careless attempt to recoup the losses of war.

"Against the proposal to drop the savage punishment of the illegitimate no humane person will say a word. But against the idealization of haphazard, unwanted and promiscuous child-birth all decency rebels. It asserts that the way to replenish the race is not to stampede women into child-bearing, but to acquire a fresh sense of the terrible wastage of life in the normal pursuits of peace.

"England or France can make up the losses of this war by dealing with their slums and their factories, their poverty and their disease. They can make permanent additions to their racial strength by a regard for the quality of births and the opportunities of children. But they are bailing out the ocean with a sieve if they try merely to make up for wholesale destruction by indiscriminate propagation."

Sophistication.

Major Riddle of Atlantic City responded at a recent dinner to a toast to the summer girl.

"There's a lot of false cynicism devoted to the summer girl," he said. "She is made out to be very worldly and sophisticated, but, as a matter of fact, the average summer girl is as innocent as a little child.

"But most people would have us believe that that was a typical summer girl to whom a young man said on the beach in the moonlight:

"You are not the first girl I've kissed by any manner of means, you know."

"The summer girl's lip curled.

"And at that," she answered, "you've still got a lot to learn."

An Advantage.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the very old gentleman, "I reckon I got a good start or most people by being born before germs was discovered, thereby having less to worry about."

Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Brooklyn navy yard was established February 23, 1801, when the first land, twenty-three acres, was bought from one John Jackson for \$40,000. The yard now comprises 144 acres and has a water front of nearly three miles, protected by a sea wall of granite.

READING COUNTS FOR MUCH

Matter to Which Too Little Attention is Paid by the Ordinary Man or Woman.

A certain low form of aquatic animal life anchors itself to a rock and feeds on whatever the current brings. The average man feeds his mind in much the same way. He falls into line for current amusements. He reads only current literature. He listens to what happens to go by. He makes but little systematic attempt to shut out the unfit or to put himself in line for the fit.

The result is, says the Minneapolis Journal, a defective grade of human life that rarely elevates society and often degrades it. If a man would make the most of himself, and that is manifestly the supreme purpose for which he was put into the world, it is worth his while to do his daily work where unclean things, mental and physical, are not made common.

It makes a good deal of difference in the worth of the man today as to whether his reading last night was "Hamlet" or "Isiah" or "The Other Man's Wife"; whether he went to the art institute or the burlesque show. An ancient teacher of well-balanced mind gave this direction to his disciples as to the topics to be selected for deliberate thought:

"Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

To think on these things one must see and hear these things. To see and hear these things one must make an effort to do so.

QUEEN GREET'S VILLAGE BRIDE

Bulgarian Ruler, in Company With California Girl, Attends Humble Wedding.

The hearts of a pretty village bride and her family were filled with gratitude by the presence of Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria and Miss Helen Scott Hay, formerly of Pasadena, Cal., at the marriage ceremony in a small village near Sofia recently, according to a letter received by members of Miss Hay's family here.

The queen and Miss Hay were out motoring together when they saw a great crowd of folk in holiday attire at the village home. They went in and congratulated the young bridegroom and wished for the little bride a life of wedded happiness and thereby won her love and everlasting gratitude.

Miss Hay, with the personal assistance of Queen Eleanor, will soon establish a nurses' training school in Sofia. In company with the queen she has visited practically all the big hospitals in Bulgaria.

According to the charming Pasadena girl, Queen Eleanor is graciously democratic and greatly beloved. Miss Hay is busy studying the Bulgarian language preparatory to beginning her new life work.

Mystery of Charm.

Certain men and women, immediately on our first meeting with them, make us desire to meet them again; not because they have uttered remarkable thoughts or reminded us of Venus or Apollo; perhaps they have said nothing that you and I couldn't say, and we may know people much better looking. But they radiate—what is it that they radiate? We feel it, we bask in it, it flows over us. It isn't sunlight or moonlight, but a fairy-light of their own. When these shining creatures come into the room, happiness enters with them. How do they do it? It gets us nowhere to say that there is "something" in the tone of their voice, or "something" in the look of their eyes. What is the something? I'm glad I don't know; mystery is growing so scarce that I am thankful for anything which cannot be explained.—Atlantic Monthly.

Take Things Calmly.

Some people act as if they were always just a few minutes behind time. If they could catch up their lives would be serene. But they never do catch up. Breathlessly they go through the day as if in pursuit of a phantom. Often they live under a great nervous tension. At the end of the day they are exhausted. One hears them speak as if they were subjected to great trials, including overwork. But, as a matter of fact, the trouble lies wholly within themselves. If they would only calm down and do quietly and serenely what they have to do life would take on a wholly different aspect for them, becoming, instead of a torment, a source of peace and happiness.—Exchange.

Star Systems All in Action.

It is known that all of the star systems are in nightly action. All are whirling within themselves, and also as entities of systems, whirling throughout the unfathomable unknown, but whether they are tending is as inexplicable to human comprehension, notwithstanding all the splendid accomplishments of astronomical science aided by marvelous instruments, as comprehension of time and space. The assumption that the central pivot of revolution is Canopus is as imaginary as the assumption that Alcione was that center of universal gravitation and the throne where sat the eternal Deity directing all of the labyrinth of star systems with an omnipotent thought.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND
Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The keeper went into the office with a somewhat hurried "Good-night," and soon Abe found himself alone again, the light in the kitchen beyond, no sound in the room save that of the booming of the surf, the rattling of the windows, and now and again the fall of a clinker in the stove.

The old man was surprised to find that he could not fall back into that blissful slumber again. Not sleeping, he had to think. He thought and thought—sober night thoughts—while the oysters "laid like a log in his stummick" and the coffee seemed to stir his brain to greater activity.

"Suppose," said the intoxicated brain, "another big storm should swoop down upon you and the bay should break up, and you and Samuel should be imprisoned on the beach for two or three months with a handful of men-folks!"

"Moo! Moo!" roared the breakers on the shore. "Serve you right for finding fault with the sisters!"

Come to think of it, if he had not been so ungracious of Miss Abigail's concern for him, he would now be in possession of a hop pillow to lull him back to sleep. Well, he had made his bed, and he would have to lie on it, although it was a hard old carpet-covered lounge. Having no hop pillow, he would count sheep—

One sheep going over the fence, two sheep, three—How tired he was! How his bones ached! It's no use talking, you can't make an old dog do the tricks of his puppy days. What an idiot he had been to climb that practise-mast! If he had fallen and broken his leg!

Four sheep. Maybe he was too old for gallivanting, after all. Maybe he was too old for anything except just to be "mollycoddled" by thoughtful old ladies. Now, be honest with yourself, Abe. Did you enjoy yourself today—no, yesterday? Did you? Well, yes—and—no! Now, if Any had been along!

Any! That was why he could not go to sleep! He had forgotten to kiss her good-by! Wonder if she had missed it? Wonder if she had missed him more on account of that neglect? Pah! What nonsense! Any knew he wasn't no hand at kissing, and it was apt to give him rheumatism to bend down so far as her sweet old mouth.

He turned to the wall at the side of the narrow lounge, to the emptiness where her pillow should be. "Good-night, mother," he muttered huskily. Mother did not answer for the first time in nights beyond the counting. Mother would not be there to answer for at least six nights to come. A week, thought this old man, as the other old man had reflected a few hours before, is a long time when one has passed his threescore years and ten, and with each day sees the shadows growing longer.

Abraham put out his hand time-shrunken hand and touched in thought his wife's pillow, as if to persuade himself that she was really there in her place beside him. He remembered when first he had actually touched her pillow to convince himself that she was really there, too awed and too happy to believe that his youth's dream had come true; and he remembered how his gentle, strong hand had crept along the linen until it cupped itself around her cheek; and he had felt the cheek grow hot with blushes in the darkness. She had not been "mother" then; she had been "dearest!" Would she think that he was growing childish if he should call her "dearest" now.

Smiling to himself, he concluded that he would try the effect of the tender term when he reached home again. He drew his hand back, whispering once more, "Good-night, mother." Then he fancied he could hear her say in her soft, reassuring tone, "Good-night, father." Father turned his back on the empty wall, praying with a sudden rush of passionate love that when the last call should come for him, it would be after he had said "Good-night, mother," to Any and after she had said "Good-night, father," to him, and that they might wake somewhere, somehow, together with God, saying, "Good-morning, mother." "Good-morning, father!" And "Fair is the day!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Deserter.

At dawn the station was wide awake and everybody out of bed. Samuel crept downstairs in his stocking feet, his boots in his hand, his eyes heavy with sleeplessness, and his wig awry. He shivered as he drew close to the fire, and asked in one breath for a prescription for chilblains and where might Abe be. Abe's lounge was

empty and his blankets neatly folded upon it.

The sunrise patrol from the east, who had just returned, made reply that he had met Captain Abe walking along the surf to get up an appetite for his griddlecakes and salt pork. Samuel sat down suddenly on the lounge and opened his mouth.

"Didn't he have enough exercise yesterday, for marcy's sake! Put 'nigh killed me. I was that tired las' night I couldn't sleep a wink. I declar', at 'twan't fer that fool newspaper a-comin' out tonight I'd go home ter-day. Yer a-gwine across, hain't yer, Havens?"

Havens laughed in response. Samuel glowered at him.

"I want home comforts back," he vowed sullenly. "The beach hain't what it used ter be. Goin' on a picnic with Abe Rose is like settin' yer teeth into a cast-iron stove lid covered with a thin layer o' puddin'. I'm a-goin' home."

The keeper assured him that no one would attempt to detain him if he found the station uncomfortable, and that if he preferred to leave Abraham behind the whole force would take pleasure in entertaining the more active old man.

"That old feller bates a phonograph," affirmed the Irishman. "It's good ter hear that he'll be left anyhow for company with this storm a-comin' up."

Samuel rushed to the window, for upstairs the yanes had been too frosty for him to see out. A storm coming up? The beach did look gray and desolate, dun-colored in the dull light of the early day, with the winter-killed grass and the stunted green growth of cedar and holly and pine only making splotches of darkness under a gray sky which was filled with scurrying clouds. The wind, too, had risen during the night, and the increased roar of the surf was telling of foul weather at sea.

A storm threatening! And the pleasant prospect of being shut in at the beach with the cast-iron Abraham and these husky life-savers for the remainder of the winter! No doubt Abe would insist upon helping the men with the double duties imposed by thick weather, and drag Samuel out on patrol.

"When dew yew start, Havens?" demanded Samuel in shaking tones. "Let's get off afore Abe gits back an' tries ter hold me. He seems ter be so plagued stuck on the life over here, he'll think I must be tew."

But, though Havens had to wait for the return of the man who had gone off duty yesterday morning, still Abe had not put in an appearance when Samuel and the life saver trudged down the trail through the woods of the bay. As he stepped into the scooter Samuel's conscience at last began to prick him.

"Yew sure the men will look arter the old fellow well an' not let him overdo?"

But the whizz of the flight had already begun and the scooter's nose was set toward Twin Coves, her sail skimming swiftly with the ring of the steel against the ice over the shining surface of the bay.

"Law, yea," Samuel eased his conscience; "of course they will. They couldn't hurt him, anyhow. I never seen anybody take so kindly ter hard-enin' as that air Abe."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Samuel's Welcome.

The shore at Twin Coves was a somewhat lonely spot, owing to stretches of marshland and a sweep of pine wood that reached almost to the edge of the water.

Samuel, however, having indicated that he wished to be landed at the foot of a path through the pines, found himself on the home shore scarcely ten minutes after he had left Bleak Hill—Havens already speeding toward his home some miles to the eastward, the bay seemingly deserted except for his sail, a high wind blowing, and the snow beginning to fall in scattered flakes.

Samuel picked up his grip, trudged through the heavy sand of the narrow beach, and entered the sweet-smelling pine wood. He was stiff with cold after the rough, swift voyage; his feet alone were hot—burning hot with chilblains. Away down in his heart he was uneasy lest some harm should come to Abe and the old man be caught in the approaching storm on the beach. But, oh, wasn't he glad to be home!

His house was still half a mile away; but he was once more on good, solid, dry land.

"I'll tell Blossy haow that air Abe Rose behaved," he reassured himself, when he pictured his wife's astonished and perhaps reproachful greeting, "an' then she won't wonder that I had ter quit 'im an' come back."

He recollected that Any would be there, and hoped fervently that she might not prove so strenuous a charge as Abraham. Moreover, he hoped that she would not so absorb Blossy's attention as to preclude a wifely ministering to his aching feet and the application of "St. Jerushy lie" to his lame and sore back.

The torture of the feet and back made walking harder, too, than he had believed possible with the prospect of relief so near. As he limped along he was forced to pause every now and again and set down the carpetbag, sometimes to rub his back, sometimes to rest himself on a stump and nurse for a few moments one of those demon-possessed feet. Could he have made any progress at all if he had not known that at home, no matter if there was company, there would at least be no Abe Rose to keep him going, to spur him on to unwelcome

action, to force him to prove himself out of sheer self-respect the equal, if not the superior, in masculine strength?

Abe had led him that chase over at the station, Samuel was convinced, "a-purpose" to punish him for having so soundly berated him when he lay abed. That was all the thanks you ever got for doing things for "some folks."

Samuel hobbled onward, his brow knit with angry resentment. Did ever a half-mile seem so long, and had he actually been only twenty-three hours from home and Blossy? Oh, oh! his back and his feet! Oh, the weight of that bag! How much he needed sleep! How good it would be to have Blossy tuck him under the covers, and give him a hot lemonade with a stick of ginger in it!

If only he had hold of Abe Rose now to tell him his opinion of him! Well, he reflected, you have to summer and winter with a person before you can know them. This one December day and night with Abe had been equal to the revelations of a dozen seasons. The next time Samuel tried to do good to anybody more than sixty-five, he'd know it. The next time he was persuaded into leaving his wife for over night, he'd know that, too. Various manuals for the young husband, which he had consulted, to the contrary notwithstanding, the place for a married man was at home.

Samuel sat down on a fallen tree which marked the half-way point between his place and the bay. The last half of the journey would seem shorter, and, at the end, there would be Blossy smiling a welcome, for he never doubted but that Blossy would be glad to see him. She thought a good deal of him, nor had she been especially anxious for that week of separation.

His face smoothed its troubled frowns into a look of shining anticipation—the look that Samuel's face had worn when first he ushered Blossy into his tidy little home and murmured huskily:

"Mis' Darby, you're master o' the vessel now; I'm jest fo'castle hand."

Forgetting all his aches, his pains, his resentments, Samuel took a peppermint lozenge out of his pocket, rolled it under his tongue, and walked on. Presently, as he saw the light of the clearing through the trees, he broke into a run—an old man's trot—thus proving conclusively that his worry of lumbago and chilblains had been merely a wrongly diagnosed case of homesickness.

He grinned as he pictured Abe's dismay on returning to the station to find him gone. Still, he reflected, maybe Abe would have a better time alone with the young fellows; he had grown so plagued young himself all of a sudden. Samuel surely need not worry about him.

More and more good-natured grew Samuel's face, until a sociable rabbit, peeping at him from behind a bush, decided to run a race with the old gentleman, and hopped fearlessly out into the open.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE UP OF SMALL THINGS

Even the Most Insignificant Words and Acts May Be Productive of Joy or the Reverse.

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the depths of a frowning sky. And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody, earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter, all through an autumn day. The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind.

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed; the one clear language all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot. But it typifies to blind humankind the love and trust and hope divine that bear with patience calm and sweet the wilful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care. And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown weary with burdens hard will happier be in the after-glow of a smile that is warmly kind.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.

But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it stings and sings and sings till at least it blends with the wild bird's song, and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.—Utica Saturday Globe.

Recovered Napoleon's "Loot."

Perugia, who stole the Mona Lisa, is not the first who for patriotic reasons has despoiled the Louvre—the great picture gallery of Paris, which acquired the majority of its treasures by "patriotic" plundering. In 1815, after the fall of Napoleon, the allied powers of Europe gave orders that the art treasures carried off by the conqueror should be restored to their original owners. Fifteen states sent commissioners to Paris to claim their property, and more than 2,000 pictures were taken from the Louvre, together with almost innumerable statues, ornaments, knickknacks, and so forth. The gallery was left with only 270 pictures and had to be closed for a while until the vacant spaces could be filled by gift or purchase.

Limiting His Credulity.

"Do you believe that George Wash- ington chopped the cherry tree?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growber; "I'm willing to believe anything they tell me about American politics, provided they don't put it in a party platform."

CAP and BELLS



PLENTY OF BREAD LEFT OVER

Mr. Smith, in the Amen Corner, Offered Suggestion to Help Out Certain Young Minister.

One Sunday morning a certain young pastor in his first charge announced nervously:

"I will take for my text the words, 'And they fed five men with 5,000 loaves of bread and 2,000 fishes.'"

At this misquotation an old parishioner from his seat in the amen corner said audibly:

"That's no miracle—I could do it myself."

The young preacher said nothing at the time, but the next Sunday he announced the same text again. This time he got it right:

"And they fed 5,000 men on five loaves of bread and two fishes."

He waited a moment and then, leaning over the pulpit and looking at the amen corner he said:

"And could you do that too, Mr. Smith?"

"Of course I could," Mr. Smith replied.

"And how would you do it?" said the preacher.

"With what was left over from last Sunday," said Mr. Smith.—Advance.

Unavoidable.

"I believe you are the same man who was here about a year ago," said the housewife.

"Maybe so, mum," replied the tramp. "I was in these parts."

"And you haven't found any work to do yet?"

"Only what was wished on me, mum, by one or two hard-hearted judges."

Sting Up Father.

"Mother, is my father the greatest man in the world?"

"No, indeed, my dear."

"But he's a greater man than George Washington, isn't he?"

"Certainly not. Why are you asking such foolish questions this morning?"

"I was just wondering why you ever married him."

Please Remember.

Mrs. Meeks—This paper says no parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead.

Mr. Meeks—Now, dear, you know why you have no right to call me an insect, I hope.

HE SHOWED HIM.



"You didn't know that girl was married?"

"Not until I was printing a kiss on her lips and her husband showed me that I was making a typographical error."

His Courage Failed.

"Did you speak to father about me, Arthur?"

"Yes, I did, dear, and he agreed with me heartily."

"Then he said I might marry you?"

"Why—no. I didn't quite get to the point of asking him. I just said you were a fine girl."

A Wink of Art.

"How'd you happen to buy so much stock in that fake gold mine, Hiram?"

"Th' feller who was sellin' it said it was gilt-edged."

"Fahaw! They all say that."

"But, by cracky, he showed it to me an' it did have a gilt edge."

Matter of Color.

Parson Snowball—Dat youngest b-y ob yourn do seem to be one ob es pestiferous kind, deacon.

Deacon Flatfoot—Dat's what he sm, parson. He shore am de whitest sheep ob mah flock.

A Bad Stomach Is a Foe to be Feared

Nearly all illness has its origin in a weak Stomach and clogged bowels. Your food remains undigested and you are deprived of its health-sustaining properties. Weakness and a general run-down condition soon overtake you. Be wise in time and provide proper aid, which suggests a fair trial of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Weighing a Fly's Wing.
A scale in the bureau of standards at Washington—one of five similar ones in the world—will weigh with absolute accuracy anything from a fly's wing to a 50-pound piece of steel.

WHAT MOTHERS NEED

Too many women struggle under pains and aches. They are not sick—but weak, nervous, irritable.

Such women need that blood-strength that comes by taking SCOTT'S EMULSION. It also strengthens the nerves, aids the appetite and checks the decline.

If wife or mother tire easily or look run down, SCOTT'S EMULSION will build her up. SHUN SUBSTITUTES.

Laying Submarine Cables.

England makes most of the submarine telegraph cables nowadays, but some are manufactured in Germany. Cables are made in two-mile lengths, and as each section is completed, its electrical resistance is tested by a special machine, and carefully noted. When a cable is made it is put on board the cable ship which is to submerge it. There are now over forty such steamers employed, not wholly for laying cables, of course, but for repairing them when injury occurs. By determining the resistance of the effective portion of a damaged cable, it is possible to put a repairing steamer within a mile or so of where the break occurs, and repairs are sometimes very speedily made, though on other occasions, because of bad weather or other causes, weeks are often occupied in this work. An Atlantic cable is usually laid in little over a week. The last Atlantic cable was laid from Penzance, Cornwall, England, to Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, in 13 days, by the Colonia, the biggest cable-laying ship in the world.—American Review of Reviews.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. RESCH, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

FINDS BURGLARS UNDER BED

Policeman Makes Rich Haul After Jumping Through Skylight—Shot Fired at Officer.

New York.—How Patrolman Thomas Weber, while off duty at night, came to pull five young men from under a bed on the top floor of the four-story white stone residence of Charles Muller, a stockbroker, at 474 West One Hundred and Forty-first street, is a simply told tale.

Weber was in his home, 476 One Hundred and Forty-first street, when a neighbor told him another neighbor had seen a youth disappear through the coal hole in the sidewalk in front of the Muller home, the Mullers being in Asbury Park for the summer.

Weber went to the roof of the apartment house he lived in, and thence to the roof of the Muller home, in time not only to see the last of four young men drop through the Muller skylight, but also in time to be mistaken for a burglar by another neighbor. This neighbor fired one shot at Weber.

Weber burst through the locked skylight and yanked five young men from beneath a bed. They were locked up charged with burglary.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. (Advt.)

Slip of the Tongue.

The church people planned a surprise party for Mr. Hamilton on his fiftieth anniversary as a member of the Joyville Presbyterian church. The congregation was to call upon Mr. Hamilton and the minister was to present him with a loving cup, or a set of Shakespeare, or something else, no matter what. When that ceremony was over, Mr. Hamilton was to surprise the minister by presenting him in the name of the congregation with a bicycle. A sort of boomerang surprise party, you see. But when Mr. Hamilton had received and acknowledged his loving cup, or whatever it was, and brought forth the bicycle and presented it to the minister, the dominie's jaw fell and he was utterly flabbergasted.

"Well, Mr. Hamilton!" he exclaimed at last. "You certainly do have a way of putting people in a hole!"

After that there were no more surprise parties in the Presbyterian circles of Joyville for several years.—Newark News.

How to Heal Skin-Diseases

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At its get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing.—If necessary to protect the clothing, usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again. Sample free. (Advt.)

MIGHT BE "SPOTLESS TOWN"

Willemstad, Port of Dutch Island of Curacao, One of the World's Most Delightful Spots.

Willemstad, the port of the Dutch island of Curacao, is a quaint little town, and with its rows of brightly colored tiled houses of Dutch construction reminds one very forcibly of the pictures of "Spotless Town." The Dutch government maintains a garrison of home troops there and the island is under the management of a governor sent from Holland.

The natives speak hardly a word of Dutch, but employ a patois composed of nearly all languages, with Spanish predominating. This patois is called "naplantano."

The harbor of Willemstad is very beautiful, with a depth of water sufficient to accommodate the largest ships. Steamers enter the harbor through a picturesque pontoon bridge constructed by an American consul who was stationed there for some years.

The water in the harbor is a clear bottle green color and the masts of a vessel that was sunk at the dock years ago can be plainly seen. A quaint tramway line with almost toy cars, drawn by one mule serves as a carrier for the population.

From Curacao the American steamers with transhipped cargoes run across the very important town of Maracaibo, in the Gulf of Maracaibo. Maracaibo is one of the most important commercial ports of Venezuela, serving as an outlet for all the coffee and other valuable products of eastern Colombia.

Reason for Her Social Prominence.

"Eh-yah!" said the landlady of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., in reply to the question of the Kansas City drummer. "The lady that just passed is one of our most prominent society leaders. She's already caused four men to be shot, and as you saw, she's still medium young and considerable handsome."

THEIR SHOPS PALACES

PARISIAN DRESSMAKERS IN FINE ESTABLISHMENTS.

Maintained at Enormous Costs, but Fair Femininity Refuses to Be Satisfied With Anything Not of the Best.

When a woman is not praising her dressmaker she is abusing him. Either he is a treasure, an artist, a genius; or he is just the reverse; his prices are extortionate, he never keeps his word, his materials are bad and he has a hundred petty ways of economizing on them so that renovation is impossible. We hear all this and much more about the sins of the dressmaker, even as we hear a great deal in his praise. Out of all the praise and blame, one point stands out strongly, and that is his prices. On this everyone agrees; they are very high, and the time has come to ask ourselves if they must remain so.

For some unknown reason the Paris dressmaker has elected to establish himself in princely mansions instead of in shops. He now inhabits the most luxurious apartments and hotels in the city. His rent is stupendous, his train of attendants is enormous, and until the war came to put a stop to his course, downward or upward, whichever we like to call it, there seemed to be no limit to his ambitions. In the old days we read of ministers of state falling through ambition; today, or rather yesterday, it was dressmakers who ran that risk.

It is not surprising that women paid high for a gingham dress when that dress was chosen, fitted and made in a house that was a palace of delight to all who shared the taste for furniture which reminded you in a flash of "Salambo," the "Peau de Chagrin" and the "Empress Josephine." The chair in which you sat was a show piece, the mirror in which you saw your reflection had once thrown back the image of a queen, the halls through which you walked opened on a garden of such dignity and loveliness that its trees seemed to sigh in the wind with memories of past honors. To all this you must add the illustrious name of the dressmaker and the genius of his designers, cutters, makers and saleswomen. It is no wonder the gingham dress cost so dear.

In another palace the furniture is in the style of Versailles in the glorious eighteenth century. The bergères, the coiffeuses, the chaises longues, the cabinets filled with rare china or priceless lace, the engravings on the walls, the silk which covers the tabourets—everything is quite splendid in its way, and the manikins who float about in models of amazing fashion remind you of tropical birds, beautiful but songless. Is it to be marveled at that a dinner dress of silken splendor costs \$50? The very elevator in which you are carried from one floor to another is a gem of eighteenth century design and decoration.

There is yet another reason for these high prices—the wages of the men and women who make the dresses. After the dressmaker, who claims the first profits, come the designer, the cutter, the fitters, the dull, important sewing parls, the brodeuses, and a further crowd of attendants who hover round that presiding genius, the vendeuse. All these people have to be paid. When a dress costs \$50 there should be no badly paid labor in it, otherwise its raison d'être ceases to exist. Before the war I knew that some of the head saleswomen made good incomes, and down to the "little hands" the pay was not bad. The designers were also fairly paid, but the odd workers who were not employed in the house itself did not benefit fairly by the big sums which were paid by the women who dress in the Rue la de Paix.

Change Produced by War. To an unprecedented extent, the purchasing power of the British Isles has passed into the hands of women because of the war. Wives of men who have enlisted are receiving all, or a great part, of their husbands' pay, as well as the allowances made in many cases by their employers. The latter amounts to about one-half of their regular pay. With these funds the women are better supplied with money, to spend in such manner as they see fit, than they ever have been before. One result, landlords say, is that they are receiving their rents more regularly. Another result, no doubt, is that the money is being spent in a different way than it was when the men chiefly or wholly directed its expenditure.

Wear Yellow to Repel Mosquitoes.

Wear yellow this summer and you will escape mosquito bites, no matter how many of these insects are buzzing around. The mosquito hates yellow. On the other hand, if you wear dark blue you are sure that all the mosquitoes in the vicinity will swarm to you. If you talk much as you sit on the porch in the evening, mosquitoes will sting you, while the silent members of your party will sit in peace, for the mosquito loves the sound of talking.—New York World.

Journey into the Unknown.

The University of Pennsylvania Amazon Expedition has made another journey into the unknown and is now exploring the frontier regions of Brazil, Peru and Bolivia. The expedition expects to spend six months in that region and to return to civilization at Para.

ART GERMAN PRISON LUXURY

Captured Soldiers Allowed to Sketch, Says Embassy Report—Canadians in Modern Barracks.

London.—The official press bureau issues a report of the visits of Doctor Ohnesorg and H. Rivington Pyne of the American embassy at Berlin to the German prison camps for officers at Heidelberg, Villingen and Isgolstadt and to the camps for other prisoners at Stuttgart, Ulm, Nuernberg and Wuerzburg.

The report states that Lieut. Ernest Melburg and the Second Canadians at Heidelberg are confined to modern barracks not previously occupied by Germans. The rooms are large and the food good. The German commandant at Villingen has inaugurated daily excursions of the imprisoned officers. Bodies of fifteen or twenty at a time walk through the surrounding country in charge of a noncommissioned officer and three or four guards. Those who are able to do sketching or painting are permitted to go alone or in smaller groups with a single guard.

The report emphasizes the fact that the men are all badly in need of uniforms.

WINCHESTER



Shotgun Shells "Leader" and "Repeater" and Repeating Shotguns

make a killing combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. No smokeless powder shells enjoy such a reputation for uniformity of loading and strong shooting qualities as "Leader" and "Repeater" brands do, and no shotgun made shoots harder or better than the Winchester.

THEY ARE MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Threshing Wheat in April. Two farmers in the Cook Settlement neighborhood in St. Francois county had a threshing machine call around a few days ago and thresh out their last year's wheat. Each of them had a big rick of wheat, which had been left to feed to stock in the sheaf, owing to low prices last fall and the scarcity of corn. Higher wheat prices brought about the novel sight and sound of the springtime thresher.—St. Louis Republic.

HOWARD E. BURTON, ASSAYER AND CHEMIST. Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, \$2; Zinc or Copper, \$1. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire Work collected. Reference: Carbonate National Bank. (Advt.)

Federated Malay States.

A recent estimate shows that the Federated Malay States have a population of 1,117,000. The chief industrial enterprises are the cultivation of rubber and the mining of tin. vast territories are still wild and open to exploitation by capital.

YOU CAN CURE THAT BACKACHE

Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor. Get a package of MOTHER GRAY'S AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant root and herb cure for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. MOTHER GRAY'S AROMATIC-LEAF is sold by all Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y. (Advt.)

Victoria Cross Way.

"I've talked," said a war correspondent, "with a number of Victoria Cross and Iron Cross and Medaille Militaire men.

"These fellows are not usually over-strong. As a rule, in fact, they are little and thin. I asked them how it was then, in hand-to-hand fighting, that they didn't get killed by their bigger opponents.

"Well, their answer to this question was pretty much the same thing in every case. A composite of their answer would be:

"When two men come together in dead earnest with the bayonet one of them always funks, and I never do."—Washington Star.

URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write today for my FREE BOOK "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE. JESSE A. CASE, Dept. 896, Brockton, Mass.

Is Your Stomach Wrong?

Sooner or later you will be wrong in every organ of your body. It is a well known fact that over 95% of all sicknesses are caused by ailments of the digestive organs. If you have the slightest suspicion that your stomach requires treatment, don't delay a moment. Little ills soon grow into serious ills.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

soon rights the wrong. It helps the stomach digest the food and manufacture nourishing blood. It has a tonic effect and soon enables the stomach and heart to perform their functions in a natural, healthy manner, without any outside aid.

As Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains neither alcohol nor narcotics there is no reaction. For over forty years it has stood the test of both use and abuse and is today the greatest remedy of its kind in the world. Begin now. Take it home today. Sold by Medicine Dealers in liquid or tablet form, or send 50c to Dr. Pierce's Invaluable Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial box.

For 51c you can get the Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1006 pages—cloth bound—in pay coat of mailing. Write Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Classified Column

Antietam—Neuve Chapelle. "Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war. Antietam was the bloodiest," says Fox in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War." At Antietam the Union losses were: Killed, 2,168; wounded, 9,459; missing, 753; total, 12,410. The casualties reported by Gen. Str John French at Neuve Chapelle were: Killed, 2,527; wounded, 8,533; missing, 1,751; total, 12,811. A comparison of these casualties will show that Neuve Chapelle, in the proportion of killed to wounded, was a bloodier battle than Antietam, and it will probably prove to be the fact that on the German side the casualties were much heavier than on the British. Sir John French says that "the enemy left several thousand dead on the field, and we have positive information that upward of 12,000 wounded were removed by trains."

Convincing Proof. "Good gracious, Jane, my hand is always in my pocket!" "No, it isn't, John, or you would feel that letter there I gave you to mail two weeks ago.—Baltimore American

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutler's Blasting Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, prepared by Western chemists because they are not used where other blasting pills are used. Write for booklet and testimonials. 16-ounce size, Blasting Pills \$1.00. 50-ounce size, Blasting Pills \$4.00. The only inventor, but Cutler's best. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 25 years of specialization in blasting and various other work. THE GUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

BLACK LEG. O'BEE TIGER LINIMENT. If in need of a liniment, get a tube of O'bee. Rub it on, rub it in, and then you will see. You are free from all pains that cut like a knife. To muscles and bones it will give a new life. At your Druggists or postpaid, 25c. CALIFORNIA O. B. CO., 412 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MAKE MONEY. Will pay Ten Dollars or more for the name of anyone wanting Life Insurance. Address Box 881, Los Angeles.

Any Kind of Pipe. New and second-hand pipe in small and large quantities ready for shipment. Get our bargain prices on BOILERS, ENGINES, PUMPS, HANGERS, SHAPING and a thousand other things in the machinery line. KELLY MACHINE CO., Inc. Boyle 128 524 Mission Road Los Angeles, Cal.

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