



VOL. 41-NO. 8.

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

WHOLE NUMBER 2088.

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER. MANCHESTER In the south-west corner of Washtenaw county, 25 miles from Ann Arbor...

Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 104, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, Monday evening... MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48, R. A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday...

Business Cards.

A. J. WATERS ATTORNEY. AND Counselor at Law. Office over Union Savings Bank. MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. FREEMAN & WATKINS, Attorneys and Counselors...

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

THE STATE TREASURY NEVER BEFORE HAD SO MUCH MONEY.

MILLIONS FOR SCHOOLS

The Apportionment Will Be Twelve Dollars Per Capita By The Attorney-General's Ruling. Receipts Largest Ever Known. State Treasurer Frank P. Glazier, in his annual report shows that there was a cash balance on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year on July 1, 1905, of \$4,007,293.58.

Where Are The Cars.

A conservative estimate in Detroit railroad offices places the number of cars wanted on the lines centering in Detroit at 8,000 more than are on hand. This shortage is about twice as great as it was at this time last year and there is no immediate prospect for relief.

High Wolf Bounty.

Wolves are so plentiful in the neighborhood of the 'Ives lake farm' of J. M. Longyear, in the northern peninsula, that the owner offers to pay an additional reward of \$25 for any wolf shot or killed on the place or within a radius of 12 miles of it.

WAIT AWHILE.

The Shiawassee County Court House Bills Held Up.

Creditors of Shiawassee county who furnished material and performed labor for extras on the court house received a chill when Judge Miner made permanent the injunction granted the 'committee of safety' last winter...

Defense Was Expensive.

It cost the Thiel Detective Agency of New York and Chicago \$20,000 to clear Fred Harris, the imported strikebreaker who shot and killed a boy during the street car riots last summer, according to suit for that amount filed against the Saginaw Valley Traction Co. by the defense attorneys...

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

John Irvine, United States deputy marshal in Bay City, has resigned. Paul Brevo shot and killed James Hoys during a fight near the Colby mine, Brevo gave himself up. According to an officer of the Illinois Broom Co., which has the broom contract at Jackson prison, the company will abandon the employment of prisoners.

Outline of Confession.

'A. A. timber bordered place in the road, as Parsons and his family were driving along, they were confronted by Hamilton, armed with a shotgun. Deliberately aiming at Parsons, Hamilton discharged both barrels of the gun, and Parsons fell to the ground. Hamilton then advanced upon him and clubbed him over the head with the butt of the gun several times.

BURIED YOUTH IS STILL ALIVE

Wheeling Boy Supposed to Be Dead Returns Home. Columbus, O., Oct. 13.—A telegram to the Dispatch from Wheeling, Va., says: Harry Bishop, a Wheeling boy, who was supposed to have been murdered on the wharf a week ago, returned home Friday, and his father, who was supposed to have been Bishop's father, was found in the water, and buried in the family tomb after the coroner had returned a verdict of murder, and after the insurance company had paid the insurance on Bishop's life.

Merton Calls on President.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Paul Merton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and former secretary of the navy, called on the President today. He reached the executive office about the time the cabinet was assembling and renewed his acquaintance with the members.

DRESSED TO KILL.



REVENGEFUL YOUTH KILLS WHOLE FAMILY

DISSATISFIED WITH FARM DEAL HE MURDERS MAN, WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Barney Parsons Shot Twice and Clubbed to Death—Woman and Children Beaten with Butt of Gun and Thrown into River.

AMERICANS ARE CHAMPIONS

CHICAGO WHITE SOX TAKE FOUR OUT OF SIX GAMES.

Win Last Contest of Post-Season Series for World's Emblem by Score of 8 to 3.

GREAT FORTUNE FOR CHARITY.

Money Lender's Estate to Be Distributed Among London's Poor.

London, Oct. 15.—By the death of Mrs. 'Sam' Lewis-Hill, widow of the 'Sam' Lewis, the well-known money lender, about \$15,000,000 will be distributed in charitable bequests.

WOULD STOP GRAIN GAMBLING

Farmers Ask Law to Prohibit Puts and Calls and Future Deals.

Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 13.—The Farmers' National congress Friday adopted a resolution demanding the passage of a law prohibiting dealings in futures and puts and calls, and denying the use of mails and telegraph wires for quotations of stocks.

Farmers Oppose Free Seeds

Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 12.—Free distribution of seeds by congressmen was frowned upon in a resolution adopted by the Farmers' National congress Thursday. It recommended that money thus spent be devoted to investigating agricultural methods in foreign lands and introducing them here through agricultural schools.

French Parliament to Meet

Paris, Oct. 13.—The cabinet has decided to convene parliament for Oct. 25. The greater portion of the session will again be devoted to the vexed church and state separation question.

Pope Again Reported Ill

London, Oct. 13.—It was reported here late Friday afternoon that the pope's condition has again become very grave.

STANDARD LOSES POINT IN COURT

EVIDENCE SHOWING RELATIONS OF SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES TO PRESENT CONCERN.

Documents Certified by Secretary of State of New Jersey Permitted to Go to Jury Despite Protest of Attorney for Defendant.

Police Fight With Bandits

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER OCCURS AT TOLEDO, O.

One Policeman is Fatally Shot and Two of the Highwaymen Are Injured.

Former Rebels Laud Yankees

Plan Farewell to Taft and Bacon to Show Appreciation of America.

Cotton is Damaged by Frost

Oklahoma and Indian Territory Report Yield of Half Bale Per Acre.

Harvester Company is Sued

Kansas Prosecutor Seeks to Recover Fines for Alleged Violations of Law.

Alleged Smuggler of Chinese Caught

Halloway, N. S., Oct. 13.—A man who admitted he was James B. Lehmann, for whom the United States immigration officials have been searching in connection with the smuggling of Chinese into the United States, disclosed by the recent seizure of the schooner 'Yach Frolic' at Providence, R. I., was arrested here Friday. The prisoner is being held pending instructions from the United States.

Fairbanks Opens Iowa Campaign

Waterloo, Ia., Oct. 13.—Vice President Fairbanks spoke to a large audience here this afternoon, formally opening the Republican campaign in Iowa. He spoke along general lines and in behalf of the Republican party.





# DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

BY HARRIS DICKSON  
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK WOLFS BREED"  
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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He sat on his gallery through the still evening, and watched the ivanhoe climb the hill. A cloud of dust, a caule and negro, coming toward him. Then he walked out to the crowd of the levee and waited for his spy—the coachman of Ivanhoe.

"Well, Kinky, what is it?"

"De young ladies is gwine ter stay wid Miss Ellen Patterson to-morrow mornin' de nex day. Dey jows dey wants ter yer bestin'."

"Is Mrs. Ashton going?"

"No, sah. I'm gwine ter dribe 'em ober in de mornin' an' go back for 'em Wednesday night."

Kinky's nose was worth the dollar. He sat on the steps of the store eating his can of salmon, and watched Duke rise hurriedly toward Lake Bruin plantation, where Maj Patterson lived.

"Huh! he sho don't lose no time," the negro commented.

Early Wednesday morning the Duke of Devil-May-Care hailed his beat horse and shiniest buggy at Maj Patterson's gallery.

Ellen Patterson met him on the top step with an exclamation of surprise that completely deceived the other two girls. But for her cute little wink, Duke might have supposed that she had forgotten their deep-laid scheme of Monday night—a bargain whereby Ellen betrayed her friend for a five-pound box of candy—to arrive on the next boat.

"Why, Noel, how lucky! I'm awfully glad to see you; you are just in time for breakfast, girls."

Ellen and Anita glanced at each other without rising from their bench. "Girls, come here!" There was no help for it unless they made a scene. "Miss Cameron, this is Mr. Duke."

Alice shook hands limply, and drew back. Anita laughed; it was really very comical, and she couldn't help it now.

"Ellen! Ellen! Maj Patterson's voice echoed through the house; 'Ellen, what on earth did you do with my hat?'"

"I know where it is," Alice suggested, and darted into the hall—a flash of blond hair, the flutter of a pink dotted skirt, and she was gone.

"Excuse me, Noel," Ellen tried to restrain a snicker. "You must go and see about breakfast. You and Anita, make yourselves at home."

It may be true that love is blind, but love is very lucky.

"Miss Cameron, I believe you are from Virginia," Duke began. "I used to know a lot of fellows at the University."

"Oh, did you go to the University when?"

He had stumbled unwittingly upon the very strongest bond of union that he could find with any Virginia girl.

"In '91, for awhile. The professors thought they could get along without me, so I came home."

"Shipped?" Anita's eyes twinkled.

"No, expressed—the professors were in a hurry. And they both laughed.

"Maybe you know Laura Southworth?"

"Yes, all that sort, knew them all better than I did my professors—that was just the trouble."

"Laura is married now," Anita ventured. "Why didn't you know that?"

"She ran away. Come, sit down, and I'll tell you about it." She motioned him to a seat beside her on the bench beneath the crimson awning, and began telling him all about it.

Presently Ellen came tripping back through the hall, saw the Duke facing each other on the bench, talking Virginia, both at once. Duke reached out, picked up the hat that hung above his head, and tilted it toward him.

"Remember a fine young fellow—named Cameron, Ferguson?"

"My brother, he died last winter."

"I'm sorry," he answered. "I did not know."

Ellen called them to breakfast. When Anita rose from the bench her eyes shone merrily, but her lips were smiling. At table she brightened up and talked enthusiastically about her fishing experience of the day before.

"But just look at my wrist!"

The hands she extended were delicately white where the gloves had covered them; above that there was a scarlet region of sunburn three inches wide, and higher still was the dimpled purity of her perfect arms.

"That skin will peel off to-morrow—every bit of it," Duke suggested, but he was looking at the dimples as he said it, and Anita drew back her arms.

"Mr. Duke, Uncle Riah came up here last night—old Virginia negro—are are great friends, already. He sat on the steps and told us all about catching 'yer fish." It must be lots of fun, I'm just crazy to try it."

"Huh! night," Duke stretched at the opportunity. "Well, try it after breakfast, before the girls go to bed."

He could scarcely believe his good luck when he found himself trudging down the path toward Riah's blacksmith shop, with a two-gallon jug under each arm. Every few minutes he glanced back at the brown skirt coming on behind him. The little feet seemed to step so daintily that dust would not stick to them.

"Are you afraid of that pistol?" he asked, nodding at the heavy case which Maj Patterson had handed her as she left the house.

"Oh, don't be! I can shoot. Uncle Riah says you have to shoot them right under the girls. I hope we'll catch one."

They hurried down the dusty road and cut across a patch of dog-fennel to the blacksmith's shop. Old Riah stopped hammering on a horseshoe when he saw Noel Duke trailing through the yellow weeds with Anita at his heels.

"Good mornin', Uncle Riah," she called in a peep at the door.

"Mornin', Mr. miss."

"Mr. Duke and I want to go jugging for gar; won't you fix our hooks?"

"You sho did come to de right-gusson, Mr. miss—mornin', Mister Duke."

Riah stepped to the door and gazed critically across the lake.

"You sho fix de day for gar-fisher, 'tain't a bit of wind. But Lordy, child, dis sun'll burn you blacker 'n a nigger. Hit p'intedly do blister white folks out dar on de water."

"That's what Miss Ellen says; I brought these gloves and sunbonnet."

Duke laid down his jugs for Riah's inspection.

"Dem jugs is all right, Mister Duke; lemme see yo' hooks. Dey's a leetle teeny bit too tight; but I speck I kin make 'em do."

"All right, go ahead, you're the doctor."

While Riah fixed the hooks Duke talked to Anita, and beat a tattoo on a wagon body with a couple of spokes. He didn't care particularly whether he went fishing or not.

Presently Riah came out with the hooks firmly bound together, three and three. "Now, dis'll hot any gar-fish in de lake; kol' 'im till de cows come home. Is you got any bait?"

Anita produced a piece of fresh meat wrapped in brown paper.

"Dat'll do, dat'll do fine; mos' anything is good eruff for a gar-fish; gar-fish is like a nigger, he ain't got no business bein' particular. Whar's yo' landin' hook?"

Duke shook his head. "What's that?"

The negro chuckled. "Thought I betcha you after whar white folks can't get 'em; 'bout niggers when it comes to fishin'."

Riah went back and rammaged around the shop until he found a stout

rod, which ever way they went. The girl nodded, and she seemed to know what she was about.

"They were alone, and Duke saw no reason to hurry. His own leisurely stroke carried them out into the lake. He tossed the jug overboard perhaps 100 yards apart, and kept straight across to the shade of an overhanging willow. He pushed the boat beneath it, caught a branch to keep from drifting, and sat face to face with Anita.

"For awhile she met his eyes frankly. They talked of her home, her people, the differences between Virginia and Mississippi.

"It's so fat here," she complained, her head turning back to the mountains.

"Then it was that he said something—or perhaps it was the way he looked when he said it. Anita flushed, turned her head aside, and the rim of that sunbonnet shut him out of paradise.

She gazed down into the water, at the duplicate mystery of space, above, below. They floated on a shimmering veil, midway between two languid deep and motionless, save where her dabbling fingers distorted its reflection of the sky. The ripples that their boat had raised still lapped at either shore. The lake heaved, and murmured gently, as a sleeping infant breathes.

Suddenly she sprang erect in the boat. "There's one; there's one!"

"There's what?" Duke had forgot that they were fishing.

"Look at the jug! Look at the jug!" she shouted.

One of their jugs bobbed frantically up and down, then disappeared.

"Oh, he's gone; no, there he is again; pull! pull!"

Their jug bounded to the surface and dashed madly up the lake.

Duke lifted his oars to the locks.

"Sit down, Miss Cameron; hold her straight for the jug. Now!"

They whirled like a weathercock when he threw his weight upon the oars. Their boat leaped forward, lifting her prow from the water at every stroke.

Anita's eyes sparkled; she leaned forward and steered with the ease of long practice. He could tell from the expression of her face what the jug



THE BIG FISH JUMPED.

hook fixed in a hickory shaft. "I was doing. And he had rather watch uses dis fer 'fishes; dat's to hitch in his gills an' pull 'im up wid."

Riah's tongue and fingers worked harmoniously. He fastened about four feet of wire next to the hooks, bound them to the line, tied the line to the jug handles, and talked all the time. When he was done his tackle looked like a drag anchor for a balloon.

"If you don't put 'em on wid wire de gar-fish'll sho chaw yo' line in two. Now, dar you are, sah, all ready."

Duke gathered up his tackle, and started for the lake, with Anita going on ahead.

Ellen's light little clinker-built skiff floated like an egg-shell. Duke threw off his coat.

"I reckon I'll have to do the work," he remarked. The man's powerful shoulders looked as though they might jerk that tiny boat out of the water at every stroke. Anita adjusted the line sunbonnet and took her seat in the stern, prepared to steer.

"Are you used to steering?" He asked the question; but it really did not matter, he would be quite satisfied.

her face than watch the jug.

"He's way ahead," he's getting away. Oh, dear, it's no use. I wish we'd brought another pair of oars."

Duke glanced over his shoulder. "He can't get very far, unless he gets clear out of the lake. He's bound to go ashore on that sand-bar, or come back."

The man rested on his oars, wiped his face and watched that streak of spray until it turned back again. Then the long white trail came hissing down the lake toward him. Time after time the big fish jumped clear of the water, and plunged on.

"Head him off! There! Now pull!" Anita shouted, and swung the tiller.

Duke pulled a magnificent stroke; it seemed that their boat and the fish must collide. He stopped rowing, cocked his pistol and knelt in the bow. Both of them distinctly saw the scaly brown body darting through the water about four feet ahead of the jug.

"Hold tight, Miss Cameron," Duke cautioned her, "he's coming to foul us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Wives Had Shrewd Scheme.

Mrs. J. B. Henderson, former Secretary Henderson's wife, who has had the honor of converting Wu Tingfang to total abstinence and vegetarianism, was talking about gambling at a dinner party at Washington.

"There is only one kind of gambling that I can endorse," Mrs. Henderson said. "That is the kind that was practiced in St. Louis by two young men I used to know."

"Hearing that these two young men were gambling heavily I called on the wife of one of them one afternoon."

"Mary, I said, I am told that John plays cards every night—plays for large stakes, too?"

"The young woman nodded and smiled.

"Yes, that is true," she said. "But it's all right."

"What?" said I.

"Yes," she went on. "He always plays with the same person—with

Detting Is Simple.

Secretary Taft is vastly proud of the fact that he has reduced his weight by 70 pounds. For a time his rigid regimen kept him pale, but now he is getting back some of his ruddy complexion. "Diet is the thing," he said to a stout friend the other day. "But how do you go about it?" was asked. "Oh, it's very simple. Just cut out everything you like."

## THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 21, 1906

Specialy Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 25:14-30. Memory Verse.—2: "A faithful man shall abound with blessings."—Prov. 28:26.

TITLE.—Tuesday afternoon, April 4, A. D. 30. Immediately following last lesson.

PLACE.—On the slopes of Mount Olivet, overlooking Jerusalem.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 14. Note that the revisers omit the words "the Kingdom of heaven." It is important that we be ready and watchful for Christ's coming will be like the return of this man of affairs, who, before he set out upon his journey to a "far country," thus arranged for the conduct of his business during his absence. "Called his own servants." His slaves.

V. 15. "Five talents." The talent was a weight, not a coin. The talent of gold has been estimated as worth \$55,000 and, if the talent be of silver, it may consist of either light shekels or heavy shekels. In the former case its value would be about \$1,000; in the latter case, \$2,000. "According to his several ability." God has given to each just what we have capacity to use to best advantage.

V. 16. "Straightway." (See Rev. Ver.) The promptness and energy of the man who received five talents contrasted largely to his success in doubling his capital. "Traded with the same." Literally worked with them—that is, he used them in business. "We trade with our talents when we do the best we can in every direction."

V. 17. The man of two talents we may take as the average man, probably ourselves.

V. 18. "He that had received one." When we recollect that one talent represented either \$1,000 or \$2,000, we see that it was something not to be despised. But this man, instead of being thankful that he was not burdened with more than he could take care of, had not energy enough to do anything with his own talent. "Hid his lord's money." When secure banks were almost unknown, this was often done.

V. 19. "After a long time." Here is an intimation that Jesus' return might be long delayed. Here is assurance that each is to have abundant opportunity to do the work Jesus has given him to do. "Reckoned with them." In a certain sense each day is a day of reckoning. But beyond this, Scripture seems to teach a day of public reckoning when all will see that God has dealt wisely, lovingly, justly, with each.

V. 20. "He that had five talents." This one represents a person who has been richly endowed with intellectual and spiritual graces.

V. 21. "Good and faithful." He is good because he put his whole heart into his work; he is faithful because he sought with loving confidence in his master. It is not success, but goodness and faithfulness, that Jesus commends. "Ruler over many things." The first reward of usefulness and responsibility. "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." An oriental master, on his return, often spreads a great banquet to his faithful servants. The faithful Christian enters into the joy of Christ Jesus.

Vs. 22, 23. We must note that the man who faithfully used two talents is just as highly commended and receives the same reward as the first man.

V. 24. "Came and said." This man began at once to make excuses, and thereby really accused himself. "Lord, I'm hard man." Hard thoughts of his master had much to do with this man's sloth. In the spiritual world it is not knowing God that leads to many of our mistakes and sins.

V. 25. "I was afraid." He means to say that he was afraid to make any venture with his talent, lest he lose all. We should not hesitate to do what we can through fear of making mistakes. "Thou hast that is thine." He fancied that his was lost, yet yet was most outrageously dishonest.

V. 26. "Wicked and slothful." There are signs of omission as well as of commission. To neglect to do the good we might do is a crime no less than doing positive evil. "Thou knowest." Perhaps this ought to be read, "Knowest thou?"

V. 27. "Exchangers." Bankers or money lenders, who would have received the money on deposit and paid interest on it.

Vs. 28, 29. "Take the talent from him." The parable represents this as the master's command, but it pictures the inevitable result of disobedience.

V. 30. "Unprofitable servant." He has brought no profit to his master nor to himself; he has wasted and lost his capacity for blessedness, and lost himself for the "outer darkness" apart from God and from the joys of the future. "Weeping and gnashing of teeth."

## Two Wives Settle Their Quarrel By a Prize Fight

HUSBANDS SECOND HOT "SCRAP" OF HOOSIER WOMEN.

### KNOCKOUT BLOW LANDED

Mrs. Cora McKenna Gets Stiff "Wallop" on the Jaw, and the Battle Develops into a Rough and Tumble Affair.

Razell, Ind.—Mrs. Sallie Forrester and Mrs. Cora McKenna fought a fight to a finish in this city the other evening. Mrs. McKenna was knocked out and is not yet able to appear in court against the victor. The husbands of the two women stood by during the fight and acted as seconds for their wives, and also offered suggestions as to the best place to land the knockout blow.

The fight was the result of bad blood which had existed between the two women for some time. They had had frequent quarrels, and had appeared in police court on charges of provoke and assault and battery regularly for several months. The trouble became so aggravated that the husbands decided to have their wives fight a battle to a finish. The women, eager for each other's blood, agreed, and it was arranged that they should engage in a straight stand-up knock-down fight according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

The two women, dressed for the bout and accompanied by their husbands, met on neutral ground in a field near their homes, and the fight was pulled off. For a few rounds the two women fought according to the regulation prize ring rules, but when one put a stiff right to the jaw the recipient got mad, and the battle soon developed into a rough-and-tumble affair.

It is not known how many rounds



Mrs. Forrester Put Her Opponent Out.

for assault and battery on Mrs. Forrester.

Charges of participating in a prize fight have also been preferred against George Forrester and Thomas McKenna and their wives. As Mrs. McKenna has not yet recovered from the knockout blow, the cases have been postponed until the parties are able to appear in court.

## Angry Bull Drives Professor and His Bride Into a Swamp

Exciting Honeymoon Adventure of Couple at White's Island, Mass.—Animal Objects to Invaders.

Brunswick, Me.—The exciting experience of a Smith college professor, Dr. Harris H. Wilder, and his bride while on their honeymoon, has become known, the couple preferring to keep it a secret until they had returned to their home at Northampton, Mass.

Dr. Wilder for many years has passed his summers at Mere Point.



The Doctor and His Bride Made for the Swamps.

and a short time ago he quietly left the point, and going to Boston, became a benefactor, his bride being his assistant at Smith, Miss Inez Whitcomb.

Plans were made to pass their honeymoon on one of the islands near Mere Point, and not allow any of their friends to know where they were. They arrived at Mere Point late at night, and before four the next morning had started in a rowboat for White's island, two miles up the bay.

The island is uninhabited, and having pitched their tent in a picturesque spot, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder prepared to spend two happy weeks. While Mrs. Wilder was preparing dinner she noticed a number of cattle grazing near the tent. Dr. Wilder started at once to drive the intruders away, and succeeded, with the exception that a big bull objected to being disturbed and made fight for his rights.

Dr. Wilder was not slow to realize that trouble was brewing, and with his wife made ready for fight. The dinner was left unattended as the approach of the bull was warning them not to linger.

A swamp was close behind, and in that the doctor and his bride found a refuge. When several of the bull became tired of watching the invaders, the bull and Mrs. Wilder returned to their tent. The bull soon discovered them, and again drove the invaders of his land and to the swamp.

This time Dr. and Mrs. Wilder retreated to the boat. For a long time they were held off the island, but at last were allowed to land and pack up what little the bull had left of their camping outfit, he having employed the time when not loading their landing off in demolishing their camp.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilder spent the remainder of their honeymoon at Mere Point.

### BOY HAS SNAKE IN STOMACH.

Physicians Asked to Perform Operation for Its Removal.

Evansville, Ind.—The mother of Harry Schwabacker, living here, believes that he has a snake in his stomach and physicians who have examined the boy say that such a thing is possible. So soon is the mother in the belief that her son has a snake in his stomach, that she has asked the physicians to perform an operation on the young man.

Harry is now 12 years old and in the time he was 12 weeks old he was a perfectly normal child in mind and body. Since that time he has become emaciated and has shown constantly decreasing mental strength. His mother says that when he was 12 years old the boy went barefooted hunting with several companions. They drank from a spring. None of the other children showed any bad effects from the water, but Harry became violently ill. Remembering home, he had several spasms.

Doctors have been unable since then to give him relief and for the past seven weeks he has had several spasms a week. He is constantly growing weaker in mind and body. The strange case was brought to the attention of the local authorities when the patrol wagon was called to a local factory to remove the log after he had suffered an attack. The physicians who have examined the boy agree with his mother that when he drank from the spring seven years ago he might have swallowed a snake.

### Willing to Please.

Now Boarder (glazing suspiciously on a leatherly piece of beefsteak)—My teeth are very poor, Mr. Stimulder, but if you have anything a little more tender than this—

Mrs. Stimulder—Certainly, certainly, Jan! This gentleman does not eat steak. Always bring him from N. Y. Weekly.

## Some Reasons Why Boys Leave the Farm



There are several points about harvesting that the average boy is likely to object to.—Scribner's Magazine.

## RUN DOWN FROM CRIP

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured This Form of Debility in Hundreds of Cases.

"Four years ago," says Mrs. F. Morrison, of No. 1923 Carson Street, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., "I took a cold which turned into the grip. This trouble left me all run down. I was thin, had no appetite, my stomach was out of order and I felt nervous and dizzy."

"While I had the grip I had a doctor, but I really suffered more from the condition in which the influenza left me than I did from the disease itself. I felt generally wretched and miserable and the least exposure to cold would make me worse. I couldn't seem to get any better until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I very quickly noticed a benefit after I began taking them and they restored me to good health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful good medicine. I thank God that I am now in the best of health and have had no return of my former trouble. I recommend the pills to everyone who is ailing and take every opportunity to let people know how good they are."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrison because they actually make good, red blood. When the blood is red and healthy there can be no debility. The relation between the blood and nervous system is such that the pills have a very decided action upon the nerves and they have cured many severe nervous disorders, such as partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance, that have not yielded to ordinary treatment. Their double action, on the blood and on the nerves, makes them an ideal tonic.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or three boxes for \$1.50 by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

When you buy TOWER'S WEATHER CLOTHING you want complete protection and long life. These and many other good points are combined in TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. You can't afford to buy any other.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 42, 1906.

### DAY OF TRIUMPH POSTPONED.

Dudekins Has Yet to Get Even with Wally Chamer.

She had been having fun with poor Dudekins for a long time, and he was useful to her for a long time. His idea took the form of a brilliant campaign, whose answer, Dudekins drum, thought was lodged in his mighty chest, "I have a command for you, Miss Forrester," he said, when he next met her.

"What," she responded. "What is it?"

"I gave it to you?"

"I made it up myself," he asserted, bidding somewhat.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Why are my clothes like the moon?"

She hesitated a moment, and Dudekins began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said, slowly, "and Dudekins somehow felt the sand slipping from under him—it is because they have a man in them, and you have a perfect right to think as you please. But, Mr. Dudekins, opinions differ."

### Animals Do with Little Water.

There are some animals which rarely drink, no matter the climate, to Pangonia and certain species of the far east. A number of snakes, lizards and other reptiles live in places devoid of water. A bat of western America inhabits waterless plains. In parts of Lozere, France, there are herds of cows and goats which hardly ever drink and yet produce the milk for Roquefort cheese.

### Wild Animals on the Ocean.

A scientist has made some interesting observations as to the love of different wild animals for the sea. The polar bear, he says, is the only one that takes naturally to the sea, and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water. The tiger suffers most of all. Horses are very bad sailors, and often perish on a voyage. Elephants do not like the sea.

### NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit given to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do not any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Osierites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40 only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change."

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum instead of any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise."

"For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to hold it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing."

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the usual 'feeling of old.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in page. "There's a reason."



