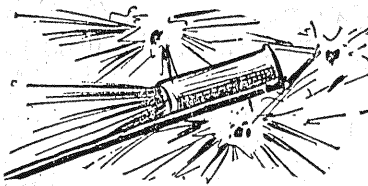


# INDEPENDENCE DAY



## The Best of It

A Juvenile Sketch for Independence Day

The Crosspatch Man was sick again, and this time it must be pretty bad, for all the morning Meredith had been watching the servants spread straw before the house and muffle the big, shiny doorbell.

"Poor man!" mamma said, pityingly. "He is sick so often!"

"But he's a Crosspatch Man!" muttered Meredith stiffly. Then he repeated and looked as shamefaced as a very little boy with a very round, dimpled face could look. "I'm so sorry he's very sick," he said slowly. "I s'pose it hurts even Crosspatch Men."

Mamma did not notice. She was having her little noon "gossip" with papa, and they were still talking about their invalid neighbor.

"It isn't quite so bad as it seems, you know," papa was saying. "He always has the straw laid down and things muffled when he has one of his worse nervous attacks. It doesn't mean all that it does in most cases. He is terribly afflicted by noise at almost any time."

"Noise! I should think so!" That was from Meredith, who pricked up his ears at the word. Didn't he know how the Crosspatch Man felt 'bout a noise? Didn't he belong to the Rudd Street Second? Wasn't he captain? And oh, my, the times he'd seen the Crosspatch Man a-scowling and a-fuming when they marched past his window!

"But Fourth of July will be a terrible day to him—poor man!" went on mamma's gentle voice. That made Meredith start a little. He had been thinking about Fourth of July, too. (Did he think of much of anything else nowadays?) He had been going over in his mind all the glorious program of the day. For the Rudd Street Second was going to celebrate in a worthy manner. They were going to even outdo themselves this year—and hadn't they had the proud honor of being the noisiest street in the city for two Fourth of Julys a-running? Let 'em just wait till they heard this Fourth of July!

It was three days off. That would give the Crosspatch Man time to have the straw taken up and the bell unmuffled, for his worst "times" never lasted more than two or three days.

"Then he'll have to cotton up his ears," mused Meredith, philosophically, watching the big foreign servant that wore a turban go back and forth past the Crosspatch Man's window. The house Meredith lived in and the Crosspatch Man's house were quite close together, so it was easy to watch things.

Unfortunately for an invalid with



MEREDITH STOOD IN SHEER AMAZEMENT. The terrible affliction called "nerves," Rudd Street was a regular nest of boys. They were boys everywhere on it. You ran against boys when you went east, and boys ran against you when you went west. Boys sprang up in the most unexpected places. The houses seemed to be running over with boys. And really, there was at least one boy—and on an average two or three—in every house on Meredith's side, except in the Crosspatch Man's house. Oh, dear me, no, there weren't any boys there!

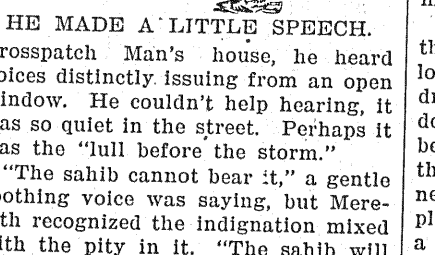
On the other side of the street you had to skip the "middlest" house and Miss Quilhot and Miss Eromathea's—

oh, yes, and the minister's house, of which Miss Quilhot and Miss Eromathea were old maids, and the minister—oh, no, he wasn't an old maid, but you couldn't expect him to have boys in the house, for how could he ever write his sermons?

So it was, as I said, an unfortunate street to have "nerves" on. And the Crosspatch Man had so many!

The three days between soon went away, and it was the night—the very night—before it! There were only a few hours more, for, of course, you didn't have to wait till the sun rose on Fourth of July.

Meredith had drilled the Rudd Street Second for the last time and dispersed his men. He was on his way home to supper. Going by the



HE MADE A LITTLE SPEECH. Crosspatch Man's house, he heard voices distinctly issuing from an open window. He couldn't help hearing, it was so quiet in the street. Perhaps it was the "hull before the storm."

"The sahib cannot hear it," a gentle soothing voice was saying, but Meredith recognized the indignation mixed with the pity in it. "The sahib will be again sick."

Then came Meredith's astonishment, for the Crosspatch Man's voice was answering, and it was quite calm and gentle; and it said:

"Of course I shall be sick again, Har! I've made all my plans to perish. But what can you expect? The little chaps must have their Fourth of July. I was a little chap myself—once. Shut the window, Har! There's a suspicion of a draught."

Meredith stood still in sheer amazement, and watched the turban-man close the window. He was a little chaps himself, once, the Crosspatch Man was! And how kind his voice had sounded, too. It made him sorry for the crosspatch Man—sorry that he had ever been before.

"He's a-dreadin' it like sixty. He's 'spectin' to perish," Meredith said aloud. "It's goin' to make him sick, of course—that's what he said to the turban-man. An' he was a little chap once, an' his voice was kind an' tired out."

Then Meredith went home and perched himself up on the banister post in the hall, to think. That was where he always thought things—big things, you know. This was, oh, my, such a big thing!

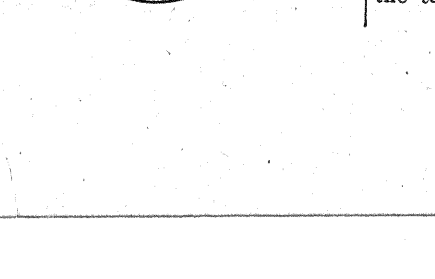
"I'm cap'n," mused Meredith, knitting his little fair brows. "I can say, 'Go, an' thou ghost,' like the man in the Bible; but they'll be dreadful disappointed, the Rudd Street Seconds will be. Still—well, he's sick an' he had a kind spot in his voice, an' he used to be a little chap too, so of course he used to bang things an' make noises. I don't think he sounded much like a Crosspatch Man."

In a little while, after a little more tough thinking, Meredith slipped down and out of the door, up the street. He got together the Rudd Street Seconds and made a little speech, as a captain may, to his men.

The next day the city and all America celebrated Fourth of July, and Rudd Street was famous again, but this time for being the very quietest street in all the city! There were just as many boys in it, too, as ever.

The Crosspatch Man's white, nervous face smoothed and calmed as the day wore on, and at last it actually smiled in a gentle way, as if he was thinking about something pleasant.

And the captain of the Rudd Street Seconds and his brave men, drilling and popping and banging in a distant street, were happy, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell.



# FOURTH OF JULY RIDING AT GALENA

"Howdy mother, gintlam!" argued Dillon. "It's a matter of importance. Wud ye have another shootin' Donnybrook? an' me a-bearin' av all the divilment, same as twuz last year? Wid the riputashun av the camp, too! In the name av innisance, have ye no heads for an emergency?"

Dillon was clearly in earnest, and when a man of his racial characteristics is in earnest things are likely to happen, whether the scene of action be Spitzbergen or Timbuctoo. His indignation at our stupidity—at the mayor's, the sheriff's, and mine—was offensive; but we could offer no suggestion that might stand for us as combatant. There were men in the camp with official titles, and men very prone to swift and accurate shooting, but these collectively were as naught before the breath of Dillon.

Galena was like most other of Northwestern mining towns; if at all distinguishable from them, it was by a slight accentuation of that air of bonhomie which is more or less apparent on the visages of all communities of the genus.

Dillon owned and genially presided over one of the biggest and brightest and most bemiredored of the combination saloons and gambling resorts.

The mayor, the sheriff, and I sat in a back room of the saloon, listening intently to Dillon's harangue. After he had given us every opportunity to suggest ways and means for the day of entertainment, fruitlessly, he elucidated to us his own idea of a program, which was voted on and adopted by unanimous and immediate consent. This narrative deals solely with the first part of the program, so you will be compelled to surmise the others from it.

"We wull begin," says Dillon, "in the morning, wid what ye might designate a foolymint. This is the way av it: We wull have rounded up a bunch av them divils av bronchos, an' we wull also have rounded up a bunch av jolly boys; we wull beguile the boys to the backs av bronchos, an' we wull give the best buster av them a foine fat purse—which he wull spin immediately. This, ye may understand, is legitimat, wid excitement enough to kape aff the raw idge av their timper. This we wull—" but this is as much as concerns us.

A goodly purse was collected against the coming of the popular event. Dillon's "ante" (his own word) was a hundred, and a number of others came down handsomely. But in the interval between the statement of the idea and the day of fulfillment there arose the necessity for some modification in the plans. Dillon had relied on procuring a number of bad and unbroken horses, and on having the many volunteer riders break them on time, or something of that sort. When the trial was made, however, it was found impossible to bring together the required number of sure-enough bad horses; that is, horses which could be depended on to make excitement under any circumstances; so a big list of shagged and sombreroed competitors could not, consequently, be accommodated.

The morning of the Fourth dawned in all the chaste radiance of July in the foothills, such a day as recompenses a man for a year lived in a hut, 150 miles from the nearest railroad artery, and, as they say in Montana, "only half a mile from hell."

Directly after breakfast those ranch people from the rival valleys, and from all adjacent sections, who had not been fortunate enough to get in the night before, began to concentrate in the camp.

Dillon drew me out to the veranda. "By me sowl, 'twull be beautiful," says he. "We have a brace av the beasts av wud misharse the divil, an' the boys are foine an' achin' for the sport. Ye'll see ut the day, me son." He was in merriest spirits himself, and I should have enjoyed some of the effervescence of his rollicking blarney; but his unwavering sense of duty to the day compelled him to drink more frequently than I had reason to believe my experience and capacity would permit, so I was forced to abjure his society.

About 10 he got on a table somehow, and announced the riding, and invited the contesting busters up to throw dice for choice of horse. This called forth uproarious yells of applause. One of the contestants, the North Valley representative, was not present, but his mentor was, with full power to act. This latter, however, an old ranch foreman, with badly bowed legs and crooked back, called out renewed cheers by remarking that he "reckoned it didn't make much difference about the throwin'," as Curlew was satisfied with "almost any hoss."

But the South Valley contingent demurred at this, and Dillon routed it as unparliamentary. So old Joe and the South Valley man cast for choice, and the throw was Joe's. He gruffly chose the horse that should be nearer the corral gate. Then they shook out again for precedence in order of riding, and this time the South Valley broncho buster won, electing to ride second. There was one other contestant, who did not throw—but I am anticipating my story.

After these preliminaries all roads pointed corralward, the exodus even stripping Dillon's bar of its detestable attendants. The corral was situated at the open extremity of the gulch, on a flat of much lower level than that of Dillon's and the other main division of the town.

When I got down the flat was cleared for action, and the man called Curlew was preparing to ride.

He had barely time to draw his sleeve across his perspiring face when the half-choked and bewildered pony had leaped, like a flash, to his feet; at the same fractional part of a second, Curlew was lightly ensconced in the saddle, stirred up and pulling off the pony's hood. Blinded by the sun, dazed and frightened by the weight on his back, the bay stood quivering for a short space. But a stinging cut from Curlew's quirt discovered his bondage to him. Up he reared, straight and unhesitatingly, till, losing his balance, he dropped over backward with an ugly thud, the broad horn of the cow saddle digging into the ground just where Curlew should have been.

But the red-haired rider was to one side, waiting. He must have been quick as light, for I assure you the play of the pony was not slow. Again and again the bay rose in the air and repeated the backward fall, Curlew each time eluding it and each time swinging in the saddle as the playful brute came to his feet. It was all incredibly rapid, and how the boy handled his long, loose-jointed legs is yet a mystery to me. There were 12 of these backward half-somersaults in that 90-foot corral, and then the manoeuvre was over, forming merely an unostentatious prelude to the real tactics of the fight.

With a shrill whistle of rage that brought my heart against my ribs the bay made several sharp sidelong jumps and then took to running. Through the corral gate, across the flat, up the steep pitch, and into the town he went, the whole company of interested spectators following at their variously best paces. Curlew set him with swaying ease, the hackamore rope hanging loose in his hand; he made no attempt to stop or to guide.

In the midst of the town the run ended in the inevitable buck, and thenceforth the fun waxed fast and furious. We were not mistaken in our horse; the brute was all his looks indicated—and more. The battle only lasted some 15 minutes, but in that short space of time he called into active use every resource of equine trickery and threw himself into every startling contortion that horse anatomy permits of. He bucked straight and sideways, and turned and fell, and reared and kicked, squalling again and again in that fierce, unholy manner, till it seemed impossible that the plucky red-haired rider could longer endure the awful back-wrenching strain. A fall, too, meant death, for the horse would have slashed him before he touched ground or struck with front feet as he lay. During the first 12 or 14 minutes of the fight that boy's life was not worth the value of a cigarette; between rage and fear the horse was stark mad, and had there been the sign of an opening would have leaped headlong into the reputed inferno a half a mile below.

As the moments wore on and his whole repertoire of strength and strategy was worked through, without in the least unfixing his rider, the white-eyed pony began to lose heart; it was the first time that any man had been so tenacious of grip, and gradually his leaps became weaker and less vicious. Then Curlew's quirt and blood-seeking spurs urged him to more vigorous efforts, but even these could not much longer sustain the engagement. Dripping with blood and sweat, nearly cumbered with fatigue, he finally succumbed, and permitted himself to be guided by the rider at will. A hearty cheer burst from the crowd, and Curlew, rather pale and weak, but ever smiling, was rapturously dragged from the saddle and carried into Dillon's memory and demonstrative friends.

After the hero, his worshippers, the antagonistic party, and all outsiders had been duly refreshed, which required some little time, we bent ourselves again to the matter in hand, and prepared to witness the second bout of the man against horse battle.

There was almost as wide a difference of the two riders as between the bay and the buckskin. The South Valley champion was much shorter than Curlew, and better knitted. If I had not seen the confuting dexterity of the lanky, red-haired boy, I should have esteemed this the likelier man. His movements were alert and he showed much experience; in complexion almost black, with a bearded and somewhat sinister face—"Charley Rawlins, late av N'Mexico, an' bad whin he's drivin'." as Dillon catalogued him.

The buckskin pony remained in his downcast posture and allowed the New Mexican to saddle him unresistingly, merely cocking his hairy ears—one forward and the other back—and watching behind through the tail of his slitted eye. I was standing alongside old Joe during this peaceful overture, and noted the old man's chuckle, grim and ominous.

Charley led his mount out from the corral to the flat, and jamming his finely worked Mexican hat down over his eyes, vaulted cleanly to his seat. The yellow pony waked up immediately and took the buck, not wildly and ferociously, as the bay had done, but in a calm, matter-of-fact sort of way that convinced one it was his natural gait. Just as another horse might have galloped or trotted, so did this beast buck, and for two blessed hours maintained the pace without a falter. Nor in all

that heart-breaking period did his linear progress exceed 100 yards! It was most astonishing, not one superfluous movement was made; he simply kept on and on, each jump being almost semicircular, that is, landing with his head where his tail had started from, and vice versa.

This is what the cowpunchers call changing ends, and it is not difficult to imagine the effect of such a protracted merry-go-round sensation on the rider. The bucking was neither high nor fierce, but the strain of that continuous swirl must have been racking. There was one slight variation which the scrubby buckskin allowed himself in his system, though this was of such nature as to be rather disconcerting to a rider with a head already far from steady. It was to turn in the air after the usual fashion, but instead of alighting on stiffened legs, to fall clumsily on one side, the pony saving himself by bending his foreleg back under him. It was an ugly trick to evade, and the black New Mexican must have been clear grit to hold his own so long. His face grew pallid and drawn, and after awhile his stomach revolted.

At the close of the second hour he was helpless; his will was still in the effective, and the blood slowly trickled from his nose and ears. The pony still worked with the monotonous regularity of a steam exhaust, and the end was unquestionably near.

When it came, the man was sprawled to one side, and the horse immediately lapsed into his usual drooping attitude of watchful sleepiness. Some of us ran to assist Rawlins, who lay just as he had fallen, too weak to rise. But he waded us back; his face was malignant with shame and anger, and distorted by pain; altogether, with the pallor and the blood-streaked beard, he was not an exhilarating sight. Rolling over to his side, he raised himself partially on an elbow, and before we could close on him had drawn his Colt's and fired. The big gun spoke sharply, and with a moan that was almost human the buckskin pony lurched heavily to the ground.

We reached Rawlins in time to take the smoking revolver from his nerveless grasp; but as he fell back again, I heard him mutter thickly: "There, curse ye, y' mud-skinned hell-hound! Ye'll wear no more men out!"

The prostrate broncho-buster's friends had taken him up, and Dillon was in the midst of a brilliant address, awarding with much ornate language the purse to Curlew, when an incident in the form of anti-climax took the floor from the speaker and wound up the sport with a hearty burst of good-natured acclamation.

I had the history of this incident afterward. It seems that the boys of the town—the juveniles, I mean—had organized and schemed to place an unregistered and unexpected entry in the contest; and their scheme was eminently successful—and amusing. The camp supported a little half-breed youth of about 12 years, a marvel in his love for and command over horses; he must have been born and reared upon their backs, so easily did he become them. It was this urchin, Pedro by name, who was elected to represent the younger faction in the riding. There was one difficulty that would have baffled most boys; no bad horse was forthcoming, but Pedro was so extremely indifferent as to the nature or build of his mount that even this was an easy adjustment. At the extreme upper end of the town was a butcher's cow corral, and in it confined a bunch of cattle near the range; one of these, a great red and white 4-year-old steer, was selected, and Pedro eagerly started on his ride to fame.

Dillon was getting well warmed to his much-prepared and patriotic oration, when Pedro and the frantic steer appeared, rushing down the pitch from the town above. There was an unrestrained howl from the assemblage, in which even Dillon joined, and the dirty, dare-devil brat shot out an answering grin from the careening back of his astonished steer. It was a thing to make the old gulch quiver with laughter. Some one had dressed the boy especially for the game; he had on a pair of heavy fringed, full-sized shaps, at least eight inches too long for him, and only kept from entirely covering his feet by the shanks of a pair of huge Mexican spurs, all bells and bangles. His impish face was surmounted by a 5-inch sombrero, a heavy quirt in one hand and in the other a coil of rawhide lariat, which was looped only over the steer's horns. And how that animal was twisting himself, head down and tail up! But the boy clung like a barnacle, by what means I have no conjecture. It is well known that a steer has no withers, that he can buck through the cinches of any saddle, and a cowboy without a saddle is not formidable. Yet there was that lean youth heathen, hampered by the awkward trappings he had put on him, perched on his arching, unguided steed with all the pert composure of a tomtit on a pump handle, which is old Joe's simile.

"Cum aff av that, ye young limb," shouted Dillon, as the steer rushed madly by; the boy waited, however, till the crowd was passed, and then, skillfully twitching his rope from the steer's horns, slid harmlessly to the ground. He could scarcely walk for the grotesque accoutrements, but when he did reach us, the boys greeted him riotously.

"Give the money to the kid," said Curlew laconically. "That's a trick I can't do," and midst clamors of commendation and assent the half-breed urchin was given the purse.

You cannot expect a doctor to join an anti-treat society.

# SAYINGS and DOINGS

## Rights of Sick Children.

Judge Tutthill holds that an adult when ill is at liberty to resort to medicine, prayer, witchcraft, or anything else to which he may believe will cure him. He is a free agent and must be allowed to exercise his freedom, though it be to his own harm. With a minor, especially one of tender years, the case is different. In the opinion of the Judge, children when sick should be given that medical care which it is the general belief will be of service to them, and if they are subjected to long-continued suffering, with no opportunity given to a doctor to endeavor to alleviate it, the courts should step in for the protection of the sufferer.

There is no question that this is the law at this time. Whether it is to remain the law will depend upon whether future generations believe that a sick person has a better chance of recovery with a doctor than without one. That is the belief of the great majority of the people of this generation. There are some who have no faith whatever in drugs or doctors, believing them useless if not harmful, but they are the minority, and minorities do not make laws. It is their duty to obey laws, no matter how absurd the laws may seem to them.

It may be in the opinion of these persons an interference with their rights as parents or an interference with their religious beliefs for a Judge to give orders that a doctor shall be allowed to care for a child of theirs who has rheumatism or fever or hip disease. Interference of this kind is legal, and from the point of view of most people is mere common humanity.

## Servant Girl's Union.

Sophia Becker is the young and rather prepossessing woman who is working to add the servants of Chicago in forming a union. For over fifteen years she has been employed in the shoe factory of Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, and their successors, the Edwards-Stamwood Shoe Company. She was born in Chicago of German parents, and for the last five years has taken an active part in the Woman's League of the Federation of Labor.

## Midair Cycling.

Charles Murphy, who is known as "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy, is planning a new bicycle feat, which will make all his others seem tame.

He will ride a bicycle from New York to Brooklyn over a narrow pathway two feet wide, sprung on slender, swaying wires between the piers of the new East River bridge. On this unsteady pathway, high in the air, the venturesome rider will make a flying trip. Murphy, in speaking of the plan, said: "It may seem a foolhardy thing to attempt, but for my own part I shall not stop to think of the sway, the height or the danger. I did not in following the train and I came out all right. My work for the last few years on a home trainer of the roller sort enables me to steer a wheel without minding the sway of the wires. On



to add the servants of Chicago in forming a union. For over fifteen years she has been employed in the shoe factory of Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, and their successors, the Edwards-Stamwood Shoe Company. She was born in Chicago of German parents, and for the last five years has taken an active part in the Woman's League of the Federation of Labor.

## What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and makes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

## The fewer steps a man takes the longer his shoes last.

The commonest grub looks good when a fellow can't eat.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Too many ancestors have spoiled many a good man.

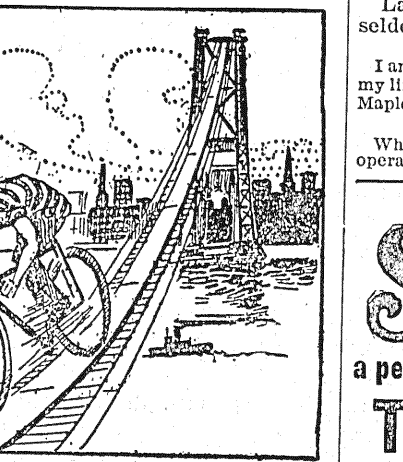
Most people have the church instinct in their blood.

Long Live the King! The King is Wizard Oil; pain his enemies, whom he conquers.

Lazy men are like theories. They seldom work.

I am sure Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Why is it girls have such an appetite for operas and ice cream?



that high-strung bridge, though it sways fearfully, I feel that I will be able to ride just as steadily as I did back of the train. My nerves never trouble me. I have them under perfect control at all times. I am eager to make the trial, and am confident that it will go through without a single jar or break."

## Aluminum Houses.

A Klondike man conceived the idea of making small houses of aluminum, and carried out the idea by having sheets of proper size made for shipment there. The lightness of the white metal, combined with the manner in which it could be stowed away, had recommended itself as being superior to any other material. At the Pan-American exposition visitors will have the opportunity of seeing a small building made of aluminum.

# CANADA'S NEW CURRENCY.

The new \$4 bill issued by the Dominion of Canada promises to become popular, for artistically it is a masterpiece of the engraver's skill. On its face it bears a flattering picture of the lock on the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, an engineering work purely American. This vignette is regarded as a delicate compliment to the United States. A Canadian paper, commenting on the circumstance, asks: "Who would travel by the Canadian canal after the Canadian government gave such a certificate as to the superiority of the American lock? It is true, our own canal is a grand work, one of the wonders of engineering science, but the government fancies the one on the other side of the river more. As these \$4 notes pass from hand to hand the wistful gaze of those who part with them will rest on the American lock—the gateway through which the government would direct their travels. Since they have tried to forget their old disparaging language about our canal, and have lately spoken very favorably of our Sault canal or of some other great Canadian work or scene, should they place given up to the American canal. This foreign canal lock depicted on our \$4 bill is a humiliation to us. That picture is a record of blundering or something worse that will never be forgotten. Specimens of these \$4 bills will be preserved wherever there is a collection of monetary curiosities. The people of Sault Ste. Marie are deeply offended at the government for its selection of the American canal as the object most worthy of depiction."

## Ambrose McKay's Case.

Rockbridge, Mo., June 24th.—The members of Rockbridge Lodge, No. 435, A. F. & A. M., are feeling very much pleased over the recovery of Mr. Ambrose McKay, a prominent citizen and an honored member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Mr. McKay had been suffering for years with Diabetes and Rheumatism, which recently threatened to end his days. His limbs were so filled with pain that he could not sleep. He was very bad.

Just then, someone suggested a new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—which has been much advertised recently, as a cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

After Mr. McKay had used a few doses he commenced to improve. His pain all left him, and he is almost as well as ever. He says Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth much more than they cost. They are certainly getting a great reputation in Missouri, and many very startling cures are being reported.

## Fatal Duel Near Berlin.

Hans Wagner, a member of the staff of the Berlin Tageblatt, was mortally wounded in a duel with swords by an anti-Semite journalist. The quarrel arose over a political dispute on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue to Prince Bismarck last Sunday.

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## FRAGRANT

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New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c  
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c  
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

At All Stores, or by Mail for the price.  
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## WISCONSIN CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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