FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Had a Soothing, Calming Effect.

Westerbury, O., September 1, 1903.
I was sick with nervousness, could not eat nor sleep, lay still nor sit still; was almost desperate for sleep. A friend received your pamphlet and sent it to me. I had much confidence in it after reading of the many cases cured. I could hardly wait till the Tonic arrived. It seemed the first dose had a soothing calming effect. I cannot extol enough the praises it deserves. I was a wreck, now I am sound and well, what a relief to get sleep which I lost for 3 months. I consider Koenig's Tonic a god-send to me.
OCEOLA BARNEY.

Laurel, Ind., Aug. 28, 1903.
It was overwork that brought on a complete break-down of the whole system and for 5 years I was not able to do anything and everybody expected me to die. I had received treatment from 7 doctors without benefit. I then took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I found the very best medicine I ever saw and I am now able to work again. REV. J. T. ANTHONY.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the
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St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton,
Fakenham, Norfolk

THANKS! A THOUSAND GRATEFUL THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and Schools.

We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remember, and no endowment except hope. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader! But wait and see, I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished.

I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help us to bring this glorious work—so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue; that you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me.

This Mission is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say: "For the sake of the cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray:—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.—Yours faithfully in Christ.

F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs $2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

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FROM THE CABBY'S SEAT.

Tale of a Brief Wedding Trip With a Joke on the Groom.

By O. HENRY.

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The cabby has his point of view. It is more single minded perhaps than that of a follower of any other calling. From the high, swaying seat of his hansom he looks upon his fellow men as nomadic particles of no account except when possessed of migratory desires. He is jehu, and you are goods in transit. Be you president or vagabond, to cabby you are only a fare. He takes you up, cracks his whip, joggles your vertebrae and sets you down.

When time for payment arrives, if you exhibit a familiarity with legal rates you come to know what contempt is; if you find that you have left your pocketbook behind, you are made to realize the mildness of Dante's imagination.

It is not an extravagant theory that the cabby's singleness of purpose and concentrated view of life are the results of the hansom's peculiar construction. The cock of the roost sits aloft like Jupiter on an unsharable seat, holding your fate between two thongs of inconstant leather. Helpless, ridiculous, confined, bobbing like a toy mandarin, you sit like a rat in a trap—you, before whom butlers cringe on solid land—and must squeak upward through a slit in your peripatetic sarcophagus to make your feeble wishes known.

"STEP IN, LADY," SAID JERRY.

Then in a cab you are not even an occupant; you are contents. You are a cargo at sea, and the "cherub that sits up aloft" has Davy Jones' street and number by heart.

One night there were sounds of revelry in the big brick tenement house next door but one to McGary's family cafe. The sounds seemed to emanate from the apartments of the Walsh family. The sidewalk was obstructed by an assortment of interested neighbors, who opened a lane from time to time for a hurrying messenger bearing from McGary's goods pertinent to festivity and diversion. The sidewalk contingent was engaged in comment and discussion, from which it made no effort to eliminate the news that Norah Walsh was being married.

In the fullness of time there was an eruption of the merrymakers to the sidewalk. The uninvited guests enveloped and permeated them, and upon the night air rose joyous cries, congratulations, laughter and unclassified noises born of McGary's oblations to the hymeneal scene.

Close to the curb stood Jerry O'Donovan's cab. Nighthawk was Jerry called, but no more lustrous or cleaner hansom than his ever closed its doors upon point lace and November violets. And Jerry's horse—I am within bounds when I tell you that he was stuffed with oats until one of those old ladies who leave their dishes unwashed at home and go about having expressmen arrested would have smiled—yes, smiled—to see him.

Among the shifting, sonorous, pulsing crowd glimpses could be had of Jerry's high hat, battered by the winds and rains of many years; of his nose, like a carrot, battered by the frolicsome, athletic progeny of millionaires and by contumacious fares; of his brass buttoned green coat, admired in the vicinity of McGary's.

It was plain that Jerry had usurped the functions of his cab and was carrying a "load."

Indeed, the figure may be extended and he be likened to a bread wagon if we admit the testimony of a youthful spectator who was heard to remark, "Jerry has got a bun."

From somewhere among the throng in the street or else out of the thin stream of pedestrians a young woman tripped and stood by the cab. The professional hawk's eye of Jerry caught the movement. He made a lurch for the cab, overturning three or four onlookers and himself—no; he caught the cap of a water plug and kept his feet. Like a sailor shinning up the ratlines during a squall, Jerry mounted to his professional seat. Once he was there McGary's liquids were baffled. He seesawed on the mizzen mast of his craft as safe as a steeplejack rigged to the flagpole of a skyscraper.

"Step in, lady," said Jerry, gathering his lines.

The young woman stepped into the cab, the doors shut with a bang, Jerry's whip cracked in the air, the crowd in the gutter scattered, and the fine hansom dashed away crosstown.

When the oat spry horse had hedged a little his first spurt of speed Jerry broke the lid of his cab and called down through the aperture in the voice of a cracked megaphone trying to please:

"Where, now, will ye be drivin' to?"

"Anywhere you please," came up the answer, musical and contented.

"'Tis drivin' for pleasure she is," thought Jerry, and then he suggested as a matter of course:

"Take a thrip around in the park, lady. 'Twill be illegant cool and fine."

"Just as you like," answered the fare pleasantly.

The cab headed for Fifth avenue and sped up that perfect street. Jerry bounced and swayed in his seat. The potent fluids of McGary were disquieted, and they sent new fumes to his head.

He sang an ancient song of Killisnook and brandished his whip like a baton.

Inside the cab the fare sat up straight on the cushions, looking to right and left at the lights and houses. Even in the shadowed hansom her eyes shone like stars at twilight.

When they reached Fifty-ninth street Jerry's head was bobbing and his reins were slack. But his horse turned in through the park gate and began the old familiar nocturnal round.

And then the fare leaned back, entranced, and breathed deep the clean, wholesome odors of grass and leaf and bloom. And the wise beast in the shafts, knowing his ground, struck into his by the hour gait and kept to the right of the road.

Habit also struggled successfully against Jerry's increasing torpor. He raised the hatch of his storm tossed vessel and made the inquiry that cabbies do make in the park.

"Like shtop at the Cas-sino, lady? Gezzer r'freshm'n, 'n lish'n the music. Ev'body shtops."

"I think that would be nice," said the fare.

They reined up with a plunge at the Casino entrance. The cab doors flew open.

The fare stepped directly upon the floor. At once she was caught in a web of ravishing music and dazzled by a panorama of lights and colors. Some one slipped a little square card into her hand on which was printed a number—34.

She looked around and saw her cab twenty yards away, already lining up in its place among the waiting mass of carriages, cabs and motorcars. And then a man who seemed to be all shirt front danced backward before her, and next she was seated at a little table by a railing over which climbed a jasmine vine.

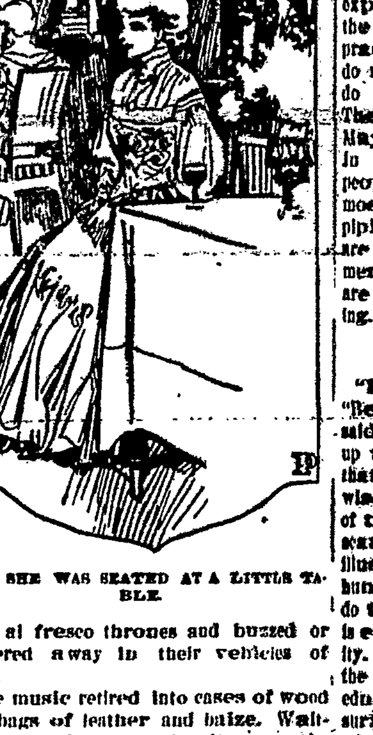
There seemed to be a wordless invitation to purchase. She consulted a collection of small coins in a thin purse and received from them license to order a glass of beer.

There she sat, inhaling and absorbing it all, the new colored, new shaped life in a fairy palace in an enchanted wood.

At fifty tables sat princes and queens clad in all the silks and gems of the world. And now and then one of them would look curiously at Jerry's fare.

They saw a plain figure dressed in a pink silk of the kind that is tempered by the word "foulard" and a plain face that wore a look of love of life that the queens envied.

Twice the long hands of the clocks went round. Royalties thinned from



NEXT SHE WAS SEATED AT A LITTLE TABLE.

their al fresco thrones and buzzed or clattered away in their vehicles of state.

The music retired into cases of wood and bags of leather and baize. Waiters removed cloths pointedly near the plain figure sitting almost alone.

Jerry's fare rose and held out her numbered card simply.

"Is there anything coming on the ticket?" she asked.

A waiter told her it was her cab check and that she should give it to the man at the entrance. This man took it and called the number. Only three hansoms stood in line. The driver of one of them went and routed out Jerry, asleep in his cab. He swore deeply, climbed to the captain's bridge and steered his craft to the pier. His fare entered, and the cab whirled into the cool fastnesses of the park along the shortest homeward cuts.

At the gate a glimmer of reason in the form of sudden suspicion seized upon Jerry's befogged mind. One or two things occurred to him. He stopped his horse, raised the trap and dropped his phonographic voice like a lead plummet through the aperture:

"I want to see $4 before goin' any farther on th' thrip. Have ye got th' dough?"

"Four dollars!" laughed the fare softly. "Dear me, no. I've got only a few pennies and a dime or two."

Jerry shut down the trap and slashed his oat fed horse. The clatter of hoofs strangled but could not drown the sound of his profanity.

He shouted choking and gurgling curses at the starry heavens; he cut viciously with his whip at passing vehicles; he scattered fierce and ever changing oaths and imprecations along the streets, so that a late truck driver, crawling homeward, heard and was abashed. But he knew his recourse and made for it at a gallop.

"I'VE GOT A FARE HERE THAT"—

At the house with the green lights beside the steps he pulled up. He flung wide the cab doors and tumbled heavily to the ground.

"Come on, you," he said roughly.

His fare came forth with the Casino dreamy smile still on her plain face. Jerry took her by the arm and led her into the police station. A gray mustached sergeant looked keenly across the desk. He and the cabby were no strangers.

"Sargeant," began Jerry in his old raucous, martyred, thunderous tones of complaint. "I've got a fare here that"—

Jerry paused. He drew a knotted red hand across his brow. The fog set up by McGary was beginning to clear away.

"A fare, sargeant," he continued, with a grin, "that I want to inthroduce to ye. It's me wife that I married at ould man Walsh's this avening. And a devil of a time we had, 'tis thrue. Shake hands wid th' sargeant, Norah, and we'll be off to home."

Before stepping into the cab Norah sighed profoundly.

"I've had such a nice time, Jerry," said she.

The Iceman Likes June.

"People have an idea that we ice men make a small fortune during July and August," said a big ice dealer, "but in reality we barely clear expenses during these two months. They are no better for us than winter. In the first place, the heat makes the loss from melting very appreciable. Then fully half of those persons who are good customers are away during the whole of the two months, while nearly all are away at least part of the time. Business thus falls off fully half, while it is carried on at greater expense because of the melting. In the winter, on the other hand, there is practically no waste, but many people do not take ice at all, while those who do have not the need for so much. The best months for the icemen are May, June, September and October. In these it is warm enough to make people need ice, and at the same time most of the people are in the city. A piping hot May or a warm October are fine for us, for then we do a tremendous business, and where dealings are large we can afford a little melting."—Philadelphia Record.

Spies Everywhere.

"Everything blabs," said Emerson. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said Moses. "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known," said one wiser than both. All are statements of the natural law of exposure. Every scandal that comes to public hearing but illustrates this law. One secret sets a hundred tongues a-wagging. Dead men do tell tales. What is done in darkness is exposed in the glaring light of publicity. The right hand does find out if the left is smeared with blood or wickedness. Everything is headed for the surface. Nature is full of detectives who spy on us night and day, who peer within and without and in the end make full publication of what they find.—Detroit News Tribune.

New Light on Holmes.

Two old ladies wandering about the Public library building in Boston the other day entered Bates hall and gazed interestedly at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black bronze.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other one, "I never knew before that Dr. Holmes was a negro."—Success Magazine.

Getting Away From Land.

The question has been asked, Is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northwestward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southeastward, ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

How Every Man Should Vote.

"Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" exclaimed a little man on an outbound trolley car.

"What's that?" asked a big man, turning around in his seat and looking back.

"Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" repeated the little man.

"Did I understand you aright?" asked the big man, rising from his seat and coming back to the rear of the car where the little man was seated.

The little man looked the big man over, but he was game and held [illegible] "Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!"

"Hold on a minute," said the big man, who seemed on the point of starting something. "First tell me which way you are going to vote."

A foxy gleam shot into the eyes of the little man, and he piped as dauntlessly as ever, "I'm going to vote any way I darned please!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Trapping Baboons.

Hagenbeck in his book says that baboons are caught in traps made much like the huts of natives. Food is put into the huts, and once the baboons go inside a trapdoor closes behind them. Outside baboons make a great to do and urge the prisoners to escape. When the trappers come the captured baboons are terror stricken and try to force their heads through the walls of the huts. One baboon was caught three times in the same trap, and each time when turned loose got back into the same trap a second time. When the baboons are carried away all their comrades thereabout climb into trees and scream out to the prisoners, who answer in sad, mournful voices. On one occasion some big Arabian baboons were trapped, when 2,000 or more baboons hurled themselves upon the trappers, who had hard work to save themselves with firearms and clubs. As the trappers were forced back the victorious baboons tore up the huts and turned loose the captured baboons.

Ink at $100 a Pound.

"The best India ink—it should really be called China ink—never leaves China," said a missionary. "It costs $100 a pound, and the scribes use it in writing the correspondence of the royal family and the mandarins. India ink is made of the oil of poisonous seeds of the sesamum or colza tree. Varnish and pork fat are added to the oil, and then, by means of combustion, all is changed to lampblack. The lampblack paste, mixed with glue, is beaten for days on an anvil and musk is gradually mixed in to give perfume and the purest gold leaf to give a rich luster. Finally the ink is dried in molds for about a month. What makes the best India ink so costly is its purity and, above all, the long time given to its combustion and subsequent beating. If you saw its beauty you wouldn't think it dear at $100 a pound."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Salesman.

Young man, I had decided upon your immediate discharge. One big redeeming trait of your character as just now revealed restrains me. Your loyalty is all that saves you. Stick up for your house every time. A salesman's five cardinal points are loyalty, enthusiasm, hard work, persistence and tact. You have much of the first four and none of the last. Smooth yourself down. You talked to the lumber company man at the wrong time. When he said he was too busy you should have smiled and got out. You can only sell to a man when he is in the right mood.—Bookkeeper.

The Alternative.

A tramp went into a farmhouse recently, and, seeing no one but an old woman, he said in very fierce tones, "Give me a drink of milk or else"—

But a man came behind him suddenly and, catching him by the neck, said, "Else what?"

"Else water," said the tramp humbly.—London Tatler.

Govern Yourself.

He who is his own monarch contentedly sways the scepter over himself, not envying the glory to the crowned heads of the earth.—Sir Thomas Browne.

How to Do It.

If you value your friendship, don't borrow money, don't lend money, don't advise others how to invest their money.—Albany Journal.

The darker the cloud the brighter the sun when he breaks through the rift.