

Victorious Even unto Death.
As most of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his coming to the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

When Barnum arrived at the party gates he was welcomed by Forepaugh who exclaimed excitedly, "Well, Pete I got ahead of you this time!"

P. T. did not answer, but smiled as he pointed to a large bill posted near the main entrance. It read:

"Wait for Barnum—Coming Soon."
—Success Men—

A Space Filler.
The elevator in the department store was about to start on its upward trip when a fleshy customer came waddling toward it.

"Room for three more," said the elevator starter. "Step inside, madam. That will be all."

"Clip! Clip! Clip!" went his castanets.



FASHION HINTS:



Cashmere in old rose is used for this sweater. An extra insertion borders the Dutch neck and comfortable little sleeves. A medallion of the same lace meets the black silk crush girls at the waist line. The girls has long shag ends, finished with fluffy silk tassels.

Gift of Heaven.
A value of \$4 a milligram (equivalent to \$14,000 an ounce) has been placed on radium by a contract just entered into between the British metallurgical mines and Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel for the supply of open and one-half grams (rather more than a quarter of an ounce) of pure radium bromide, the London Times says. This very large order for radium will be supplied from the above-named company's mine near Grandpound road in Cornwall. In the short history of radium there has never been known any greater order than a gram. The first recorded order on a large scale will therefore be supplied from the British source from which several of the smaller orders have already been supplied. Messrs. Bucher & Co. of Brunswick will produce the radium from the Cornish pitchblende under the superintendence of Prof. Glueck, their chief chemist. The seven and one-half grams of radium referred to are to be presented by Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel to the radium institute, to the formation of which they have already contributed very large funds. The radium institute, which will be under the surgical direction of Sir Frederick Treves, is expected to be ready to receive patients suffering from cancer about the end of the present year.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Coffee Usually Means Sickness, but Postum Always Means Health.
Those who have never tried the experience of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the trial.

One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion, producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely, but found it hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum."

"It was good and the effect was so pleasant that I soon learned to love it and have used it for several years. I improved immediately after I left off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigestion and other troubles all of which were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I changed from coffee to Postum."

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee, for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum and are always well."

"There's a reason" and it is proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Well-Being."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

What Gold Cannot Buy
By MRS. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)
"I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville. "Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then repeated it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said, at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, thin fingers closing tightly on the paper. "He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville?" cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I am of use to you; if you would simply repay me, see your son—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to see you in your parted mother and son. It is in your power to confer such happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I shall do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it was in hers to create much misery, and she did it! Why, Hope, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and, rushing to the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wine! send Jessop! call the doctor!" she cried, in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off, madam; but I will send Jessop."

Soon the lady's-maid, the butler, and the housekeeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes, they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried up-stairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters—then she bade her young friend good-by.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till lunch-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied; his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and nervous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unrelenting tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the better self which lay beneath it.

So Mrs. Saville sat by herself, thinking deeply of her past, her present, and the possible future, one warm, rainy morning. "Horrid weather for Hope," she thought; "impossible for nerves to get right under such skyey influence." Yes, she must get Hope out of town. How desolate her life would be without that girl! and she would need comfort and support in coming years. Even if she brought herself to accept Hugh's wife, she would probably turn out a thorn in their side and keep her and her son apart.

Here the old butler, with a beaming face, announced, "Mr. Hugh, madam," and her son entered. How well, how distinguished, he looked! his strong face deeply embrowned, his fine looking eyes eager yet soft.

"Hugh!" cried Mrs. Saville, rising, and trembling from head to foot.

"My dear mother!" returned, tenderly, with the slight hoarseness of warm emotion, and he clasped her in his arms, kissing her affectionately.

"Are you indeed safe and well?"

"My son! you have nearly broken my heart!" Her tones told him he was already half forgiven.

"Rawson told me this morning, just now, that I might venture to call. You must forgive me, mother. I know I

then her head fell forward, and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite overcome," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is but a ghost of her former self. And he placed her in an easy-chair, where she lay with closed eyes."

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now, what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "To enter into a conspiracy against your trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and the council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters. And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to dinner to meet his new sister-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old naval stories of desperate cutting-out exploits are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long straits of her bold undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now go away to the drawing-room and have your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary for Hope's recovery; so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honeymoon. But, remember, whenever you are pursuing your profession on the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protegee."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and, no longer hesitating, she folded her formidable mother-in-law in her arms. (The end.)

TRANSFORMATION OF TEXAS.
Spectacular Pioneering on the Rio Grande, "The American Nile."
Texas is beginning to come into its own, says Henry A. Harwood in Harper's Weekly. Ten years ago an immigrant began which has steadily gained strength and breadth, until to-day a country nearly as large as New England is feeling the impact of vigorous colonization. Land that had remained for ages as nature made it is feeling the touch of the plow. Vast stretches of waste land where only cattle roamed yesterday and buffalo the generation before are being opened up as farms and settlers are coming in from every State in the Union, but especially from the Middle West.

It is another act in the great American drama of conquest. These farmers played, too, in some of the earlier acts. They are the men who pushed on into the undeveloped West. But what a difference there is to-day! They do not come now in prairie schooners, and the privations of those days are unheard of. They come to Texas in special railway coaches, with an attendant who answers questions, with a dining car for their comfort, with automobiles to meet them when they arrive at their destination. It is pioneering de luxe. What must the old-timers think when they come into this new country to pick a farm if their thoughts go back only a single generation to the days when they fought their way against hardship that seems now to be only tradition?

The most spectacular boom of all is going on in the Gulf coast country. In the northern counties they are mild in their claims, they say they have land that is fully as good as the average and at a much less price; but on the Gulf coast they know no limit. And they have good reason. No one knows what the limit will be. Whatever has been tried has blossomed, water is plentiful and seemingly inexhaustible, the sun is kind and the people are flocking in so fast that they cannot be counted. Is it any wonder that they shout instead of talk?

On the western end of the Gulf coast country is the Rio Grande valley. Until the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico road was put through this section was practically off the map, so far as commerce went. Now it is distinctly on the map. For centuries the Rio Grande has been depositing a rich lot of mud all over the delta, as if in anticipation of a hungry lot of settlers who would some day come into the land and call it the American Nile. Irrigation canals are stretching out from the river at a half dozen points, giving drink to thousands of acres of fine land in this newly-discovered Eden, and farmers by the hundred are already taking from the rich soil the heritage that centuries has brought it.

The first strawberries, watermelons and other vegetables that reach the Northern markets come from this region. That is what makes the opening up of the land so valuable; for by the fact that it is 1,500 miles nearer to St. Louis than is California, and that it can supply the Northern markets with fresh vegetables in the dead of winter, are taken into consideration, it is plain that no one can estimate with any degree of accuracy the future that lies before it.

Her Grievance.
"Never mind," said Socrates, "you may disapprove of me, but posterity will lend an attentive ear to my teachings."

"That's what exasperates me!" replied Xantippe. "To think a man would go to such lengths in order to have the last word."—Washington Star.

Getting Wise.
"I want to be well informed," said the ambitious girl. "I want to know what's going on."

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I would suggest that you get one of those telephones that will put you on a line with five or six other subscribers."—Exchange.

A Strong Attachment.
"Jinks—I called on your friend, Miss Sweetlips, last night and could hardly tear myself away."

"Miss Charming—Was she so delightful as that?"

"Jinks—Oh, it wasn't she I had to tear myself away from; it was the big dog—illustrated Bits.

YOUNG FOLKS

Chinese Child's Toys.

Few, indeed would be their playthings if the Chinese children had to depend on toy shops for them, says Pearson's Weekly. As it is, the hawkers are a familiar sight in every Chinese city, and when the children hear the gong of a toy seller it is a signal for a rush to the front gates. At a call these men slip the pole from their shoulders and set their baskets on the ground, and there is always a group of children ready to gather round them.

A display of toys carried by one of these toy sellers includes many things familiar besides kites, made in the shape of birds, fish, serpents, dragons and even inanimate objects, like bells and houses, will have wind harps fastened on to make them sing while in the air, and will have eyes set loose in their heads, so that when the wind blows the eyes will turn around and look as if they were winking at you.

His paraphernalia also includes a lot of clay molds of different kinds of animals or fruits or other familiar objects, and for "one cash" you can take your choice.

The seller then opens up the bottom tray in his rear basket and shows a bowl of yellow sweets set over a pan of burning charcoal to keep them soft. He rubs a little flour in the molds to keep the sweet from sticking, picks up a little of the soft substance, which he works into a cup shape in his fingers, and then draws it out, closing up the hole. One end is drawn out longer than the other and then broken off. He places his lips to the broken place and begins to blow, and the lump slowly swells.

Then he claps the molds which you have chosen round it, and gives a hard blow, breaks off the stem through which he has been blowing, opens the mold, dips a little bamboo stick into the soft sugar and touches it to the side of the sweetmeat figure in the mold. It lifts it out and hands it to you on the stick, all in much less time than it takes to tell about it.

Had Heard Father Speak of It.

The minister was addressing the Sunday school.

"Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important, organs in the whole world," he said.

"What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard.

"I know; it's the gas meter!"—The Interior.

THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.
In "The Story of My Life," by Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:

A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distraught and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.

At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place."

The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black shadow figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted. "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"



Mountain Climbers Escape.
Plunging headlong from the rocky side of a mountain in the Olympic range, near Lake Cushman, a distance of fully 500 feet, and yet escaping without a broken bone, is the experience that befell Fred Baker, says the Aberdeen correspondence of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In company with several others from this city Mr. Baker climbed the mountain yesterday. About 4 o'clock the party started downward and had taken but a few steps when Baker lost his footing and plunged over a precipice. How far he fell he does not know, but he was rendered unconscious by the fall, and in this condition his body rolled down the mountain until finally caught by a bunch of shrubs.

There he lay until found by W. J. Patterson, one of the party. With the application of snow and ice Baker was revived and after a time walked to camp, where his wounds were attended to. He was rightfully brained about the body and suffered much pain. He was made as comfortable as possible and at daybreak this mode of the start for the city was made in an automobile. The party reached there about 4 o'clock, and Baker's injuries were attended to by a physician.

It Pays to Be Good.
The editor likes boys, they are often abused unjustly. And he often regrets that he hasn't the power to emphasize this fact: A boy can have a better time as a polite and well-behaved boy than as a rough. Having passed through the mill, we know. When we were a boy, we did so many unnecessary foolish things that we spend most of our time now in blushing. Here is one thing that boys can think of with profit: Good boys are always admired. By a good boy we do not mean an easy or a mollycoddle. A good boy can have a better time than a boy whose parents are always worrying about him. There is nothing for which promises a good time that good boy may not do. The mean things boys do always cause them trouble. And we firmly believe that boys are becoming better all the time. Yesterday we witnessed a boy ball game without hearing an oath or rough word. A boy should always bear his future in mind; he is rapidly becoming a man, and it is uncomfortable to become an unsuccessful man. Therefore, boys should remember that good boys are the first to be offered positions. Employers are always contending with each other for the good boys. But employers always say of a boy with a bad reputation: "He isn't worth powder and lead to blow him up."

The Cornucopia.
The cornucopia, or "horn of plenty," is a familiar figure in architecture and sculpture, where it is represented as filled to overflowing with fruits and flowers. Most of our little readers have seen it, no doubt, but it may be that they do not know how it originated. The old writers say that it came from Jupiter, the supreme deity of the Romans, and this is the way of it: Rhea, Jupiter's mother, soon after he was born, gave him to the daughters of Melisseus, king of Crete, as his nurses. They fed him with milk from the goat Amalthea, an animal that was sometimes badly treated by the infant god. One day, it is said, in a fit of temper, he broke off a bit of Amalthea's horn and gave it

HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM.

The Experience of Many Who Do Not Know the Kidneys Are Weak.
Jacob C. Bahr, 15 Broadway, Lebanon, Ohio, says: "For three months I was helpless in bed with muscular rheumatism and had to be fed. My feet swelled, my legs were rigid, black spots filled before my eyes and I was sore all over. Doctors didn't help me and I couldn't raise hand or foot. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in two weeks I was improving. Then by leaps and bounds I got better until well and back at work. After such mortal agony this seemed wonderful!"

Remember the name—Dodd's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Not a Penny to Pay for the Fullest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit.

Munyon's, 53 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Expensive.
It is an elementary although a genuine kind of humor that prompts a man to make a ridiculous remark in a serious manner. The fun increases if the remark is taken at its face value. A case in point is that of a gentleman, who, according to a writer in the Twigg's County Citizen, was talking to a crowd on the street about shingling a house.

"The old rule," he said, "was to allow six inches of the shingle to show to the weather, but that is too much. You really oughtn't to let more than four inches show."

Some wag asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"How would it do not to let any show?"

"I've seen roofs made that way," replied the other, not thinking, "but it takes a great many shingles."

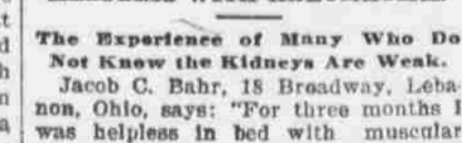
PRINCE WORKED IN SLUMS.
"Father Max" Gave Up Royal Luxury to Live Among the Poor.
It will be sad news to many a poor man and woman in London to hear that "Father Max," as he was affectionately known by them, or, to give him his full name, Prince Maximilian of Saxony, has developed consumption and, in order to save his life, has been ordered by the doctors to leave his work and take the open air cure, a London newspaper says. For four years he worked devotedly in one of the poorest parishes of London, this being the scene of his labors after his ordination.

In violent contrast to this were the earliest years of his life. He is a brother of the present King of Saxony and began his career as a lieutenant of the Saxon guards. But court life was thoroughly distasteful to him, being always a serious-minded man and inclined rather to study and meditation than the activities—or worse, the idleness—of mock soldiering. He inherited a deep religious feeling from his mother, the Archduchess Louise Antoinette of Tuscany, and when he turned to the church much was happening at the court of Saxony to disgust and depress him. His brother, King Frederick Augustus, married the unfortunate Archduchess Louise of Austria, whose divorce and subsequent matrimonial affairs occasioned so much scandal, and one can guess how glad the young prince would be to cut himself loose from such surroundings.

He, therefore, threw up his commission in the guards and began his studies with a view to entering the Roman Catholic church under Bishop Von Leonhard of Bavaria, and was ordained in 1896. When he took up his work in London the late Queen Victoria, although a strong Evangelical, showed her approbation of the life he had chosen by presenting him with a gorgeous set of priestly robes. This is the mere remarkable as he was an extremist in his religious views.

In 1901 he was called to the chair of theology in the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, where he has lectured on this subject until this late sad development has put a sudden stop to his work. In 1903 he was made archbishop of Olmutz.

Prince Max is still on the sunny side of 40; he is tall and has an earnest face and a strong, resonant voice which lent much charm to his preaching.



All the Conventions.
Mr. Steplite had showed Miss Ter-sleep all his imitations of famous actors, and she had made a thud at applauding. Then he asked, "Do you think I ought to go on the stage?"

"Oh, you don't have to go on a stage, if you're thinking of going," she answered. "We are inside the city limits, and an owl car goes every half hour."

Shortly after that, he went—Cleveland Leader.

Time.
"It's sort of curious," said Uncle Jerry Peebles; "but when a man is working for another man he's always wanting to go and see the ball game. When he's working on his own time he gets stinky with it and can't spare it."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson