

# VITALIZER



**RESTORES LOST POWERS.** A weak man is like a clock run down. MURPHY'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him strong. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full mental vigor, begin on this remedy at once. There are 75 VITALIZER tablets in one bottle. Every tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quick doctors' expensive remedies, or all your systems with harmful drugs. Begin on MURPHY'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, \$1, post-paid. Murphy, 512 and Jefferson, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Pills are wrong

—so is every harsh cathartic. They callous the bowels so you must increase the dose. Candy Cascarets bring natural action. They never gripe nor injure. One tablet, taken when you need it, always remains enough.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. People now use a million boxes monthly.

**Not in Her Set.**  
"Why should we be so anxious to communicate with Mars?" asked Mrs. Comrox.

"It would surely be desirable to know something of its inhabitants," replied the modest scientist.

"Do you think so? From what I read I gathered the idea that most of them are working on canals. Knowing as I do how some canal boatmen talk, I am very much inclined to let well enough alone."—Washington Star.

**Red Double.**

The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience with horses I have found Spohn's Distemper Cure the most successful of all remedies for the horse. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle, 50c, and \$1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers. Agents wanted. Send for Free Book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

**Red Abbots.**

Red will annoy a turkey cock as much as a bull, but a sparrow will not let it disturb its mind. But if one shakes a blue rag in front of a cocked sparrow's eyes he will go frantic with disgust. Sparrows and linnets, too, will refuse food offered them on a piece of blue paper, and dislike the appearance of anyone wearing a blue dress.

## FASHION HINTS



A tunic coat effect is the novel feature of this costume.

At first glance it looks extreme, but on closer study it is only a slight variation of the lines we have grown familiar with. Soutache is used for trimming, along with four fancy jet buttons.

## RESULTS OF FOOD.

**Health and Natural Conditions Come from Right Feeding.**

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation and its attendant evils."

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result."

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health."

Look in pigs for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

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

# FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

As on the preceding night, each man took his hour's watch on the upper plateau. When it came to Altamont's turn, and he had gone out to relieve Bell, Hatteras called his old companions round him. The doctor left his desk and Johnson his cooking, and hastened to their captain's side.

"My friends," he said, "let us take advantage of the American's absence to talk business. There are things which cannot concern him, and with which I do not choose him to meddle."

Johnson and Clawbonny looked at each other, wondering what the captain was driving at.

"No," he continued, "to talk with you about a plan for the future."

"All right, talk away, while we are alone," said the doctor.

"In a month, or six weeks at the outside, we can leave here. Have you thought of what we had better do this summer?"

"Have you, captain?" asked Johnson.

"Have I? Not an hour of my life passes without revolving in my mind one cherished purpose. I suppose not a man among you intends to retrace his steps?"

"No," replied Bell, and Hatteras went on to say:

"For my own part, even if I must go alone, I will push on to the north pole. Never were men so near it before, for we are not more than 250 miles distant at most; and I will not lose such an opportunity without making every attempt to reach it. Even though it be impossible. What are your views, doctor?"

"Your own, Hatteras."

"Like the doctor's."

"And yours, Johnson?"

"Like the doctor's."

"And yours, Bell?"

"Like the doctor's."

"Very well, captain; I'll go along with you."

"That's right; I never doubted you," said Hatteras. "We shall succeed, and England will have all the glory."

"But there is an American among us," said Johnson.

"Hatteras could not repress an impatient exclamation.

"I know it!" he said, sternly.

"We can't leave him behind," added the doctor.

"No," he can't," repeated Hatteras, almost mechanically.

"And he will be sure to go, too."

"He will be sure to go, too; but who will command?"

example, and Johnson took care to load a gun in case of necessity.

CHAPTER VIII.  
Every minute the sound came near. It was not a thin coating of snow, but a solid mass of ice. Presently this gave way with a loud crack, and a huge dark mass rolled over into the room.

Altamont had already swung his hatchet to strike, when he was arrested by a well-known voice, exclaiming: "For heaven's sake, stop!"

"The doctor! the doctor!" cried Johnson.

And the doctor it actually was who had tumbled in among them in such undignified fashion.

"How do ye do, good friends?" he said, picking himself up.

His companions stood stupefied for a moment, but joy soon loosened their tongues, and each rushed eagerly forward to welcome his old comrade. Hatteras was fairly overcome with emotion, and hugged him like a child.

"But how did you know we had been attacked by a troop of bears?" asked Altamont, when they got their breath.

"What were you most afraid of was that you would come back, never dreaming of danger."

"Oh, I saw it all. Your repeated shouts gave me the alarm. When you commenced firing I was beside the wreck of the Porpoise, but I climbed up a hummock, and discovered five bears close on your heels. I crept cautiously nearer, sometimes going on all fours, sometimes slipping between great blocks of ice, till I came at last quite close to you, and then I found the bears working away like heavers."

"But what danger you were in, Mr. Clawbonny," said Bell, "any moment they might have turned round and attacked you."

"When I saw what the bears were up to, I determined to get back to you by some means or other. I waited till it got dark, then I slipped noiselessly along towards the powder magazine. I speedily commenced operations with my snow-knife. A famous tool it is. For three mortal hours I have been hacking and hacking away, but here I am at last, tired enough and starving, but still safe."

"To share our fate!" said Altamont.

"No, to save you all; but first give me a biscuit and a bit of meat."

"Big game was before him, but the little man could talk while he was eating."

"Did you say to save us?" asked Bell.

"Assuredly!" was the reply.

"How?" everyone asked.

"My plan is simple, and part of the work is done already."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall see. But I am forgetting that I brought a companion with me."

"What do you say?" said Johnson.

The doctor went into the passage, and brought back a dead fox, newly killed.

(To be continued.)

## EDEN WAS AT NORTH POLE.

Will Become a Great Health Resort, Dr. Seasholes Says.

That the Garden of Eden was located at the North Pole, and that the newly discovered Arctic regions will be a health resort of the future were two interesting assertions made by Rev. Dr. Charles L. Seasholes in a sermon on "The Relation of the North Pole to God's Power of Redemption," in the Third Baptist Church, Germantown, Pa. Sin, he said, caused the human family to be driven from this paradise, and the genius of man has restored to its former ideal condition and made into a new paradise Dr. Seasholes did not explain. He said in part:

## WHEN WE PRAY.

As tired children go at candle-light— The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun, Almost too languid, now that play is done, To seek their father's knee, and say "Good night!"

So, to our greater Father out of sight, When the brief sunset of the day is run, Defeats endured and petty triumphs won, We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain—no tender thrill, As when we leave the presence of a friend, No lingering content our souls to steep, But reckoning our gains and losses still, We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end, And, careless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

—May Hilley Smith.

## A Question of Grit.

"No, Jim, I can't marry a man that has done nothing but go to school. My future husband," she said, with pride, "must be a man who has proven his bravery; for there is nothing I hate worse than a coward."

"Mary Jackson, what do you mean by bravery? I believe I am counted pretty natty by the boys."

"Yes, that's it. You and the boys think because a man plays football and does a few athletic stunts he's brave. I don't count that to your credit, for all you had to do was to go to school and train while your father paid the bills."

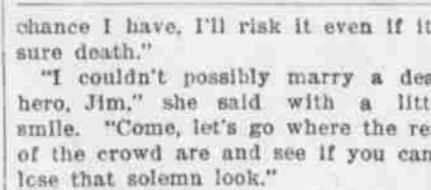
Looking gloomily across the sunlight, sparkling river, he seemed "out of tune" with the gaiety of the excursion party; while her eyes watched him with the sternness that seventeen gives to decisions of the heart.

"Of course I love you, Jim, but a woman must be sure she'll never regret her choice in after life; and until you do some brave act to prove your courage I'll have to say no."

"You're too hard on a fellow. There's nothing I can do to prove it unless the old boat would blow up, or I'd go to the Philippines; and then the chances are I'd be detailed to some clerical job."

"The chance will come when you're least expecting it," she replied.

"Well, there's one thing I want you to remember, I'm going to be your husband. You say you love me, but all I lack is proof of my courage. The first



"MARY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME."

chance I have, I'll risk it even if it's sure death."

"I couldn't possibly marry a dead hero, Jim," she said with a little smile. "Come, let's go where the rest of the crowd are and see if you can't lose that solemn look."

"All right," he answered as he rose from his chair, and taking her arm started toward the others, "but I don't want you talking to Jack Brown too much. He thinks he's a greater soldier than Napoleon since his company shot those miners."

"Why, Jim? I believe you're jealous because he treats me like a gentleman."

"Huh! Like a gentleman?" he snorted. "A gentleman doesn't look at girls like he could eat them up."

"Didn't you say I was good enough to eat, and you couldn't keep your eyes away?"

"Yes, but that's different because we're promised to marry."

"Since when?" she asked as she stopped and looked at him with a sparkle in her eyes.

"Since you said you love me. You know that."

"But I said I wouldn't marry until you proved your courage. And the way you're acting now, I don't think I would then."

## THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.



MAUD ALEXANDRA, THE DUCHESS, ALEXANDRA VICTORIA.

It seems that the wife-hunting expedition of the minister of King Manuel of Portugal has come to an end and that the boy King, without being asked whether he likes it, will be made to marry Princess Alexandra of Fife. It is a neat political arrangement, but what about the feelings of the young couple? Manuel is 18 years old; Alexandra is the same age. Alexandra is a simple girl, who has been raised on the country estates of her parents. She was presented at court only a few months ago. She is quick and even brilliant mentally, while Manuel is sluggish in brain and body. If ever romance enters into the lives of this royal pair it will be after marriage. Poor Cupid! He may operate in the common, workaday world at will, but courts and thrones are forbidden him.

The Princess Alexandra of Fife is a granddaughter of King Edward. Her mother, the Princess Louise Victoria, is his majesty's eldest daughter, and she married the Duke of Fife in 1889. In our illustration the prospective bride of King Manuel is at the right. Her younger sister also bears the name Alexandra, but is generally called by her first name.

as the water bubbled and foamed around them.

Jumping over the rail, he dived head-first, cutting the water as clean as a kingfisher. A second or two later he came up near where the two had gone down, and treading water, waited for them to reappear.

At last a hand was thrust out, and just beneath the surface were the two, struggling in each other's arms.

Hesitating no longer, with two or three over-hand strokes to put him in reach, he grasped the back of the woman's collar and tried to pull her from the other's hold. The collar came loose and they slowly sank lower until he caught her by the arm and brought the two, now quiet, to the surface.

Hearing a shout of warning, he looked around and saw they had drifted within short distance of the dam, toward which they were going faster and faster.

The crew of the steamer were frantically getting a skiff in the water, but he knew they couldn't reach him, loaded as he was, before he went over.

And to go over the dam meant almost sure death; for if he didn't get any bones broken he was liable to be knocked unconscious on the rocks and drown without a struggle.

He could drop his burden and swim back against the current, but the "nerve" that Mary had derided would not allow that.

"I guess Mary'll have to marry a dead hero," he grimly thought.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind. With a few kicks, and his free arm, he swung the two in front. Then holding his feet well under him, and his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees with the surface of the water, he struck the dam with a jolt that shook him all over.

As the water was about two feet deep on the crest, the pressure kept him standing on a reclining position on its upper face, and all he had to do was to keep their mouths clear of water and hold on until rescued.

When the crowd saw what had been done they raised a greater cheer than any he had ever heard at a football game.

Tying a rope to the end of the skiff, so the suction of the dam wouldn't draw it over, the captain and two men drifted down and took all three aboard; when many willing hands, grasping the rope, soon pulled them out of danger.

After putting on some of the captain's dry clothing Jim left the reviving couple and started for the upper deck amid the admiring glances and remarks of his fellow passengers.

At the head of the stairs, where the mate had kept the majority of the crew, he met Mary, who with shining eyes, slipped her hand under his arm and whispered: "I've reconsidered, Jim, for your 'nerve' is all right," and before all she pulled his face down and kissed him.—Pennsylvania Grit.

**It Sounded Hopeful.**  
A young man who was particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."—Lippincott's.

You may imagine people give you the worst of it, but if your stomach could talk, you would be abused a good deal more than you are.

Every time a modest girl sees a man look in her direction she imagines he is trying to start a flirtation.

## ETHEL WHARTON, HEROINE.

Pretty Welsh Nurse Won Medal and Fame Saving Italy's Life.

Miss Ethel Wharton is the nurse heroine of Wales, and the first British woman to receive the Carnegie medal for heroism, the London News says. All Great Britain knows of the valor of her deed, but in Wales she is enshrined in the heart of every mother—for she risked her life and became a cripple to save a baby.

Nurse Wharton was staying not long ago at the Jersey Beach Hotel at Aberavon when a great fire broke out. The hotel was full of visitors, but in the panic of the moment the rule was "every one for himself"—and the baby was left behind in an upper room.

Into that chthon of smoke and flame sped Nurse Wharton, her face enveloped in a wet cloth, her head close to the floor. She gained the staircase and groped her way through the fire, how she cannot tell, but at last she reached the baby and, wrapping it in a blanket, threw it down to the excited onlookers in the street below, who held a sheet to receive it.

That saved the baby, but the plight of the rescuer upstairs was desperate. Firemen tried to reach her, but all their escape ladders were too short, and every moment brought the flames nearer and nearer to the nurse, while the crowds outside trembled with the horror.

At last the firemen decided to hold out the same sheet that had received the baby—it was the only one available—and the nurse jumped out to the window sill and stepped toward it.

Unfortunately, the sheet was not strong enough to withstand the force of her leap from such a height. She fell through it, and struck the pavement with sickening violence. Strong men wept as they carried her to the hospital, where she lay for weeks hovering 'twixt life and death, with all classes making pilgrimages of inquiry day by day to learn the latest tidings of her condition.

Skilled surgeons from all around attended her, and at last, almost by a miracle, her life was saved. But she will be a cripple for life, and her working days are over.

## Needless Sacrifice of Life.

The problem of the milk supply for the babies is one that has to be solved all the year round. The mortality from gastro-intestinal diseases is heaviest during the summer, but the babies need pure milk quite as much in the winter. The eventual wrecking of countless baby lives is inevitable. The city fathers who make no provision for the supervision of the sources of the milk supply are not only virtually asleep, but recklessly extravagant. Dr. Goler's estimate is \$500 a month for a city the size of Rochester. Put opposite this amount the economic loss, due to the appalling waste of baby life. It is estimated that 375,000 babies under one year old died in this country last year. Economists put the financial value of each of these babies at \$30, so that the total loss, expressed merely in dollars and cents, amounted to \$33,150,000. And yet physicians say that at least one-half of this waste could have been prevented by the adequate supervision of the sources of the milk supply.

## A Clever Writer.

Patrice—You say she is a clever writer?

Patience—Very. Why. I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!—Yonkers Statesman.

## Not Altogether.

"So that jilted young fellow's life is all dark, is it?"

"Not altogether. He's just got a job on a lighthouse."—Baltimore American.