A Joke of Mark Twain's, Probably few people are aware that the theatrical godfather of that famous actor, William Gillette, was Mark Twain, who was a fellow townsman and a friend of his father. Mark Twain, in referring to the matter, said that when he used his influence to get young Gillette on the stage he thought was playing a great joke on the management, for he did not think Gilette had the slightest aptitude for acting. But it turned out to be no joke after all. "I don't know," said Mark Twain, "which I like better-having Gillette make a tremendous success or seeing one of my jokes go wrong."

A Peep Ahend. They were about to open the Panaens canal in due form.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the man who was to deliver the ora-

"We are waiting," answered the master of ceremonies in a husky whisper, "to see if we can't scare up a few American built ships to go through first!"-Chicago Tribune.



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax th Manyon's Paw Paw Pills coar the liver into activity by gentie methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in sne day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheuma-tism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.



Stops Lameness

Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not al. lowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating — goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles clastic and pliant.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 43, writes: — "I have used your Liniment on a horse for swee-ney and effected a thorough cure. I al-so removed a spavia on a mule. This spavin was as large as a mule. spayin was as large as a guinea egg. In sny estimation the best remedy for lame-mess and soreness is

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R.F.D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one 5cc. bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock." and for everything about the stock.



Sloan's Liniment will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Price 50e. and \$1.00 Sionn's book on horacs, cattle, sheep and positry sout from Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan

Are the

millions wrong those millions who use candy Cascarats? They seekwhatyouseek-bowel action; but they choose a gentle way. Instead of harsh cathartics, which make the bowels hard, they use a natural yet effective

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill. and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon Box FREE.

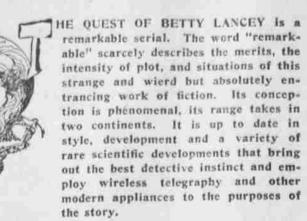
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VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME \$1200 Catertoary Course

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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The plot of this romance hinges on fervid human emotions-love, jealousy, avarice, hatred. Every character is intense and graphically delineated. There are two beautiful women-Cerisse and Narcuse-one like a pure, beautiful lily, all gentleness and affection, the other a siren whose restless spirit thrives only in excitement and change. To their lives are linked the welfare or wreck of others, and where the story is not absorbingly dramatic it becomes startlingly tragic.

Since the famous days of the wonderful "mystery stories" of Poe, no romance has approximated his celebrated creations of fiction more closely than this serial. The "Man-Aperilla," the kidnaping of Betty Lancey, the marvelous "diamond" castle in Africa, the mysterious electric launch, the strange characters and their strange adventures, all combine to make "The Quest of Betty Lancey" a masterpiece of modern fiction.

CHAPTER L Mrs. Annie Desterle padded uncomfortably up the front stairs to the second story front room, grumbling loud-

ly at every step. For Mrs. Desterle, who was nearly fifty years old, and who for more than half that time had supported herself and her husband, Pierre, by keeping a boarding house, had recently begun stricken wife to her bedroom. to grow more than partridge plump. With the rapid obliteration of her have been checked had Mrs. Desterie again. been less a mistress of culinary art and still less fond of her own cooktransportation problem around the front, Desterle domicile. In these days, from to Mrs. Desterle as the journey up "Who could be up there now?"
Washington monument had been when The policeman stepped blittee she and Pierre had taken their hon-

years ago. "Dear me!" puffed Mrs. Desterle at the second floor landing. "I believe I'll threshold. ask that woman to move when her here she's acted mighty queer. Don't know why I'm so foolish to toil all the way up here like this, but I've rung her bell twice and she don't answer, though it's most noon. If Pierre was ever around now. Lately he seems to be of less use than ever. Strangers nervous. I'm most afraid to climb any further; seems like I sense something wrong. And as long as I've been keeping boarders never I didn't know anything at all about. But the poor little thing looked so tired and pretty, and her big bunch of violets smelled so sweet; why, she was just like a spirit coming out of the rain. It was so late, too, and, well, as I was none too careful in finding out who she was, but she's had time enough to look around by new, and I'll just tell Miss Cerisse Wayne, as she calls herself, that she'll Lave to move to-morrow. This is such a lovely spring day that looking for another room may bring a little color into her pale cheeks. No, I don't want her around. Young Simpson was making eyes at her last night, which is too bad, for he's engaged to Miss Gentry. And Ada Gentry's a nice girl. She'll be getting mad and leaving next, and

seven Christmases.' Mrs. Desterle's soliloquy and her upward pilgrimage ended with the same breath. At the end of the hall before her the door to the third story front parlor looked ominously funereal in its dull respectability of time-stained walnut. Annie Desterle was born to emergencies, and had been a mainstay and a prop all of her life, but for the first time within her memory her spirit fal-

then he'll follow, and they're two of

my best boarders; been here now for

"Um," she sniffed, as she approached the door. "It does smell like cigarettes up here. Ada told me yesterday morning she thought she smelled smoke coming from Miss Wayne's room. Oh, Miss Wayne, Miss Wayne, Miss Wayne!" called the landlady in a succession of crescendos.

No answer came. So the woman in the hall knocked loudly on the door. Silence still. She tried the door. It was locked, though beneath the firm grasp of this experienced landlady coupled with a vigorous kick, the lock gave way and the door swung open. Mrs. Desterle's quick eye gave one glance around her, her jaw dropped and her eyes nearly catapulted out of her head. She stumbled into the room and over to the bed. She put out her hand, startled, and impulsively fel-Her fingers had barely touched the sheet when a noise from the far-

of the coverlets and what lay upon ther corner made her turn. At sight of what was there Mrs. Desterle tossed hen apron over her head, and screaming, shricking, howling, ran into the hall, tumbling down flight after flight of stairs, to fall in a helpless, frothing heap at the feet of her husband, gasp-

ing incoherently; "Upstairs, upstairs; at once! My God! My God!" Doherty, the block policeman, who did extra watch duty on the Desterle premises for the daily luncheon that

At sight of the calm Mrs. Desterle thus prostrated, Doherty made for the

"'Tis a riot call I should be sendin' in with Annie knocked out like this," mused Doherty. "For 'tis never she loses her head."

But he simply called the doctor and helped the little Frenchman carry his Annie Desterle lay still till they reached the second floor. At the landgirlish outlines, which process might ing she commenced her writhing

"Upstairs, upstairs!" her blood-purpled lips commanded, and she valuly ing, had developed an increase in the tried to motion towards the third story

"I'd better be seein' what's wrong in the basement kitchen to the third the top of the house," suggested story front was as appalling a climb Doherty, as they lay Annie on the bed.

The policeman stepped blithely past catcher," grouned Monahan, "then we'd Miss Gentry's room, with but a casual have some place to put the beast." eymoon trip for sightseeing thirty glance into its domestic depths, straight to the wide opened portal of the third story front and across the little mattress off Miss Gentry's bed.

week's up. She never gets down to first greeting. An odd penetrating odor ber, the Thing with the surge of a breakfast and the two days she's been that savored of things forgot, and bursting dam, rose up and scattered things undone, a fragrance belonging its captors like straws. Doherty, reto the mystic places of shadows, and close to the bed was a great bowl of frail white dead. in the house always did make me feel dying violets. By the flowers still burned a drop light and beside this an opened fallen book as if the occupant had balted sleep with story. A gold elgarette case half emptied was under before did I let anyone come in that the table, and the stubs of the remainder of its contents sprinkled the

On the bed, clad in a soft gown, lay young and beautiful woman. Her lips were softly parted, the dark tashes touched the curve of her cheek so gently that in spite of her pallor Doherty, who had looked on the dead lice duty, pinched the thin white arm again and again and patiently held a mirror to the cold white lips before he could believe that it was the girl's body only, and not her body and soul that were outstretched before him, and that she was quite dead.

He looked around the room and saw no empty vials, nor boxes, nor even a to feed. tattling white paper that might have held those silence-bringing powders

women suicides affect. On the bureau was a juggle of womgold bracelet set with a very large ruby. The combs and the brushes were elaborate specimens of the goldsmith's craft, and from an overturned and broken bottle of fragile glass, heavy scent was slowly trickling. Rouge, cold cream, and savory rice powders were jumbled in sore disorder with the collars and cleaned and soiled handkerchiefs. Even a silk stocking, small of foot and delicately green of tint, had found a resting place upon the neat linen cover of the bureau. The woman's clothing, all of the richest make, was tossed carelessly on a big chair. A large traveling case of green morocco leather, the same soft, dull shade as the gown and long had first come to the house, was the only luggage in the room. It bore a silver monogram, "C. W.," and was empty save for soft lingerie and two letters addressed in a masculine handwriting on heavy white paper and postmarked New York. The superscription on each was the same. Miss Cerisse Wayne,

Clo Doubleday Franz & Co., Bankers, San Francisco, California. Doherty, thrusting his fingers within the first envelope, was withdrawing

its enclosure when a jibbering over his shoulder turned him faint and sick The policeman swerved his head. And there, grinning into his face, with its hot breath smiting his cheek, Patrick Doherty saw the most hideous apparition mortal men might conjure out of the depths of delirium, a most fearful and terrible object.

Neither gorilla, nor ape, nor man nor demon, was this thing. It was all four, with the repulsion of the snake, Tall, gross and hairy, its pelt the exact russet shade of the curling hair that veiled the dead woman on the bed, its eyes, black in the cornea, and white came from Annie's kitchen, had that in the popil and iris, with half hands, instant arrived for his diurnal nibble. and feet half hoofs, the skull of an

grinned and smirked at Doberty.

Deherty pulled his pistel. He aimed at the thing. Then he shut his eyes and staggered to the hall, blind with the fiash and crazed with fright. At the door he looked back. The Thing, grinning even behind the veff of smoke, was standing motionless where Doherty had been and beside it were the two lecters addressed to Miss Cerisse Wayne. The report of the pistol had called Pierre Desterio from ils wife's side.

"Patreeck, Patreeck," he Tm coming. It is Pierre. What is

Pierre was mounting the top state

when Doherty leaned over the banisters and pushed him back. "Not here," gasped the policeman, "Send to the station. Tell them quick -the dog-catcher-a riot call-hurry

-hurryt' The Frenchman saw the Irishman's rosy face now white as chalk and his sunken eyes. The Thing within Cerisse Wayne's room began jibbering The policeman threw the frightened Desterle down stairs and

waited in awful fear till help should

CHAPTER II. As the Fiftieth street police station was only a block from the Desterle's the squad drawn out by Pierre's hysterical summons had little time and less opportunity for speculation as they traversed this distance. The tacit sentiment prevailing was that either Desterie was drunk or that Doherty was "sprung a bit in the head."

"What's the matter, Pat?" asked Monahan, grabbing the palsied Doherby by the shoulder, while a dozen more officers piled into the little hall and overflowed into the front room.

"Riot call for a suicide!" sneered Finn, who had always hated Doherty, and who, the first to cross the threshold had been the first among them to discover the body, "Say, but she's a looker, anyhow, and --- What's that? What's that?" shricked Finn.

The Thing, which had been cowering sehind a chair, had arisen and stepped out before the policemen. Doherty's fright was fleeing, so he led the squad, and they advanced. The duel between the one and the dozen now began They clubbed at it, they shot at it, they grasped at it, but blows, shots, and clutches all missed fire and effect. Strive as they would It eluded them. They herded it into their midst and round and round the room the strange struggle went on. The table was overturned and the bowl of violets struck against the shade of the falling drop light with an eerie crash. Suddealy the pursued turned pursuer. Plunging straight for Doherty It wound its hairy arms around his neck and dug its long claws through the padding of his coat shoulder into his flesh.

Monahan pulled a blanket from the bed, Finnerty a sheet. They tied the sheet round the long hind legs of the Thing, they threw the blanket over its head, and they held it firmly there, till in the fright and fight to free itself the monster loosened its grip on the fainting Doherty.

The squad of officers, exhausted in body and staggering in mind, could roll no more coverings over the scratching, writhing shape battling to rid itself of the swathings that rendered it helpless. The odds were that this horrible caricature of man and ape would overpower them. "If only Finley will send the dog

The end man of them all went out of the room and dragged the prim Just as he came up to the confused The perfume of the room was the heap in the center of the death cham-

vived now, but mad with pain, shot not to one of the clean, well-soaped, out his great ox-arm and hit the monand better dusted apartments of An- ster squarely between the eyes. Reelnie Desterle's boarding house. On the ing, swaying, stunned for the time, it cheap oak table that had been drawn fell over on the bed directly across the

(To be continued.)

WILD GEESE.

They Never Feed Without Throwing Out Scouts or Sentries. Some of the common sayings con-

erning birds are stupidly wrong. "You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard, yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or senmany times in his fifteen years of po- tries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out, and how after a time one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a misan's clutter-hairpins, a half dozen take, for all the dove and pigeon tribe long jeweled hatpins, and one thick are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in bat-

tles royal. The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk, the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wireworms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges.

In a game preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost \$8,000 in one year.

A Large Receptacle.

"I watched your sister fixing her hair the other day," said Mrs. Nagget, and I must say she's not the most refined person in the world." "No?" replied her husband, with a

selligerent air. "You don't approve of her, ch?" "Well," she retorted with a disdainful sniff, "you never see me with my

mouth full of hairping," "Of course not," he snapped: "what do you want with so many hairpins?" Catholic Standard.

The attendant-You mustn't handle the musical instruments, sir. The Visitor-Oh, don't you be afraid

-1 can't play 'em!-Cleveland Plain

by 500,000 people a day.

WHERE WASHINGTON'S HISTORIC CHAIN BRIDGE GETS ITS NAME.



The Chain Bridge as it booked in 1842, from an old print

The first question that is generally asked by persons arriving at Wash ingion's Chain bridge for the first time is, "Where are the chains?" There are no chains, and there have been none for the last half century or more. But there were chains at one time that particularly designated the bridge that crosses the Potomac river at the Little Falls, several miles above Georgetown. The chains, too, were the all-important part of the bridge, says the Washington Post, for it was borne entirely by chains.

The first bridge over the Potomac at Little Falls, the head of navigation of the river, was built in 1809. It was built by a Mr. Palmer, and lasted only a short time, when it fell to pieces during a violent spring freshet. A second bridge took its place, but that only lasted even a shorter time, about six months. What was known as the Chain bridge was erected in 1810. It was a suspension bridge, supported entirely by chains thrown over the plers erected upon the abutments, which were about twenty feet high. These chains were four in number. The pendents were hung on them alternately about five feet apart, so that each chain received a pendent in every ten feet. The bridge was invented by Judge Findley, who lived near Uniontown, Pa., and where he had erected a similar chain bridge, which performed very good service for many years. The span of the bridge was 12814 feet and the width sixteen feet. Its weight was about twenty-two tons, which was regarded as a heavy weight in the bridge line in those days.

On March 3, 1853, Congress passed an act appropriating a sufficient sum of money to repair the bridge, and incidentally took the corporation of Georgetown out of the transaction, the United States stepping in as its owner, a transaction which was perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. This repaired bridge was still practically a chain bridge, though in the repairs iron in other forms was considerably used. The bridge covered only the river channel proper, there being a dirt roadway that approached the bridge from either side. It was the washing away of these approaches more than injury to the bridge itself that put the Chain bridge out of commission so frequently, for it became almost an annual occurrence, particularly during the spring freshets, though in two or three years the washouts also occurred

The Chain bridge, besides being famous for its chains and equally famous because it has no chains, played a very important part during the Civil War. At one time one end of it was in possecution of the Confederates, while the other end was guarded by Union troops.

In the military campaigns in which the famous army of the Potomac took such a prominent part the larger part of the transportation took place over the Long bridge and the Aqueduct bridge, several miles down the Potomac. Still, the Chain bridge was a place of great activity and interest throughout the entire war. It was surrounded by fortifications for its protection in case an effort was made by the enemy to use it as an approach to Washington, and was at all times a very busy locality. The winters when the army was camped in near-by regions of Virginia brought a good deal of traffic to the Chain bridge.

In 1872 Congress put an end to the Chain bridge, except in name, by appropriating \$100,000 for the present iron bridge. Though there was nothing in the act itself suggesting it, the old name still hangs to the bridge, though it has no semblance to chains about it.



"SHOOT UP" A TOWN.

At Englevale, N. D., two cowboys fatally shot Louis Maxwell, a farmer, took possession of the town for twelve hours, and finally departed with armed citizens in pursuit. The cowboys, known as the Gant brothers, escaped. In a pool room fight Maxwell was shot by one of the brothers. The Gants, who recently came from Texas to work on a ranch, then took possession of the town. Firing volley after volley with large revolvers, the two paraded the streets and forced every one to do their bidding until long after midnight. They then galloped off, much to the relief of the inhabitants.

CHURCH'S REAL HARVEST.

To Clear a Debt the First Christian

of Benver, Okla., Raised Corn. The congregation of the First Christian Church of Beaver, Okla, a Kansas City Times correspondent says, planted and reaped forty acres of broomcorn last season to raise funds for reducing the indebtedness on its new church building. The Rev. R. R. Coffey, the pastor, led his congregation in the work, men and women and boys and girls joining with him in the en-

terprise. The land used belonged to James Crabtree, a farmer, living four miles west of Beaver. As the season progressed the "church eld" thrived wonderfully. Whenever there was work to do willing hands were found to do it. The time of ripening came and the corn grew yellow and golden in the sunshine. There was much talk about the prospect of high prices for broomcorn, and as the season advanced buy ers began coming from eastern markets to the broomcorn elds of Beaver County.

Finally the day of harvesting ar rived and the congregation of the Beaver Christian Church was astir early in the morning. Fathers and mothers, boys and girls and young men and young women, with the Rev. Mr. Coffey at their head, went to the 'church farm" and all day there was laughter and pulling of broomcorn "straw." At noon everybody was called to a basket dinner furnished by the housewives who had piled up small mountains of brown fried chicken with gravy, vegetables, country-cured ham, lightbread, jelly cake, caramel cake, pie and all such things for the hungry workers.

When night came the harvesters had Coney Island is sometimes visited and baled and was then ready for the My tailor. He says I'm the slowest market. Buyers were asked to bid for chap he's got on his books.

the "church farm" crop, and when the price went up to \$160 a ton, the corn was sold-five and one-half tons of it -which turned \$880 in the church treasury and came near lifting the church debt.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do. A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog. for which he pair a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way-merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious

kennels.-New York Times. A Distinguished Audience. Doctor Hook, the famous Vicar o. Leeds, had to preach one Sunday morning in the Chapel Royal. The clergyman who read morning prayers left for duty elsewhere; the clerk went into the vestry to stir the fire; and when the preacher mounted the pulpit, he found himself alone with the congrega-

tion-one young man. Doctor Hook went to the congregation and told him it would be ridiculous to preach. "Oh," replied the young man, "I

have come a long way to hear you preach. I beg you will proceed." "No," said the doctor, "I really can't think of such a thing. Besides, how very personal you would find the sermon. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will walk across the park with you, and give you the heads of my sermon as we walk along."

The young man was Samuel Wilberorce, subsequently Bishop of Oxford.

A justifiable rebellion was that or Isabel. She was on the grass in front of the house, playing with the baby. aged 2. Isabel herself, not more than three times the other's age, was acting the part of mother to perfection. Presently along came a young man,

"Good morning!" he said, elaborately, taking off his hat. "How are you. adies to-day?" Isabel looked at him with dignity

who thought be understood children.

and replied, "Good morning!" and went on attending to the baby. The young man stooped down he said, "and which

which?" "I'm Isabel." replied the older gir.

and that's which."

Fast and Slow. The Father-I learn with sorrow

my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast. The Son-You shouldn't believe all you hear, 'pulled" twenty-five acres of broom- dad. I'll introduce you to a man who corn, and next day the work was fin-ished. The straw was hauled to town Father—And who is he? The Son—

DOCTORS FAILED. RESTORED BY PERUNA.

Catarrh of the Lungs

Threatened Her Life. Miss Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by

Peruna. "I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me. "I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and

I commenced using it. "I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me.

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued

the treatment. "I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

En Famille.

Willie, a little country boy, 6 years of age, was taken one Sunday night to a large city church, where he saw for the first time a vested choir. To his mother's surprise and gratification, he not only kept wide awake, but seemed greatly interested in every part of the service. At its close he turned to her and said. "I like this church, it is so nice to watch the preacher when he comes out with all his wives in their nightgowns."-Har-

per's Magazine. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peliets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy

Uncle Allen. "In looking back over the mistakes you've made, young man," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks, "don't regret them. They have made you feel ashamed of yourself, and you can't take a more wholesome mental exercise than that? -Chicago Tribune.

A TRIFLING COUGH will become a permanent one unless stopped. Allen's Lung Balsam will surely stop it. A 25c bottle is large enough for that Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and 21.00 bottles.

The carrot grows spontaneously throughout Europe, Asia Minor, Siberla, Northern China, Abyssinia, North-Africa, Madeira and the Canary

Did you ever have a good, old-fashfoned boy's stomach ache? you have. A little dose of Hamlins Wiz-ard Oil will chase away a colicky pain in the stomach like magic

The same force that moves a ton along a highway will pull a thirty-twoton canal-hoat

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, re-duces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Out of each one hundred inhabitants

In New York City sixty-one are mar-FOR SALE-Developed mines. ize tract of mineral, timber, fruit, vine-ard and farm land. R. L. Workman, St.

Sense and Sensibility. For some days the dining room had been disturbed by the invasion of the new boarder. She was fat, fifty, and very sentimental, and her tender nature led her to whisper so many rapturous confidences in her neighbor's ear that all the rest at the table felt uncomfortable, so uncomfortable, that one day after a harassed breakfast, the neighbor determined to make a struggle for liberty and general conversation. Her opportunity came that

night at dinner. "Sweet flowers of spring!" murmured the sentimentalist, apostrophizing the nodding daffodil centerpiece. "Aren't they dear? So full of poesy! And don't you think that we ought always to call them daffadowndillies in-

stead of daffodils?" she whispered. "No, I don't," answered the neighbor, uncompromisingly, and quite out loud. "Just think how awkward it would have been for Wordsworth if he'd had to write:

And then my heart with pleasure fil lies,

And dances with the daffadowndillies." For once the sentimentalist was silenced

Small Humming Bird.

Cuba probably has the smallest humming bird in the world-Calypte Helenae (named after Princess Christian), but it may have a rival in timiness in a Peruvian species of Acestrura. The Calypte Helenae is an exquisite little creature not quite two inches long, with a forked crimson gorget.

... A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See That Coffee Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so sim ple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it. "I had neuralgic headaches for

12 years," she says, "and suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day a woman doctor told me to use Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned. "So I began to drink Postum and

I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and continued to gain, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks-long enough to get the coffee poison out of my sys-

"Since I began to use Postum I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more. and it was nothing but Postum that made me well. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they

have been for years." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-

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