"And his'n "

"Mr. Morris."

"Mine's Paula, and brother's is Wal-

er Hamley," announced the child. "We

ust call him Walter, though. He's aw-

fully shy, is brother. He doesn't wear

mother's picture any more; he says

she's been gone so long that she doesn't

love us or else she'd come back. But

that isn't so. Tyoga went away for a

long time, but Tyoga came back. This

She opened the locket around her

neck and displayed to Betty the now

It was such a beautiful, lovely, mock-

ing face, but it wasn't a good face!

Betty couldn't held acknowledging that

to herself even as she made her bow

before her. There was nothing of the

"I hate this place," went on Paula

"Paula, you've talked enough," chid-

ne to another on two hat pins.

stretched out her hand in welc

Gradually Larry and Walter got into

"Le Malheureux!" cried Betty, and

But the shrouded figure stood aside

"Excuse me, please," he protested. "So these are your friends? Now they

have found you, I hope they may be

you? They belong to my sister, Mrs.

no one else who can take care of them

and they mustn't stay here any long-

"Judge not," cautioned Le Malheu-

The remainder of the day was a

atechism by the children. They de

childish plans for the voyage, and drew

would take with them. Discussion as

CHAPTER XIX.

he was not yet there. The children

slept and Betty and her companions

moved restlessly from room to room

Had it not been for Johnny, Larry and

she might have been exchanging a

thousand queries as to "when did you

first begin to love me," and "do you

they tried to be unselfish and make

general conversation and, as is usual in

such cases they only succeeded in hav-

ing everybody miserable, Johnny as

Angry voices sounded from the corri

dor. One, unmistakably that of De

They extinguished the lights, and

Betty cautiously stealing to the door

put her eye to the keyhole and her

eat to the crack. Out in the hall was

Le Malheureux, with him a bent old

man, white-haired and saffron-skin-

The old man leaned totteringly on

sand times more than I ever have done

before, oh wretched son!" he shrilled

"You cannot, father," interrupted the

The two walked slowly down the

corridor. Motioning to Larry and Bet

wing they went, stopping in what was

evidently the old man's sitting room

There the discussion broke out afresh.

times more," repeated the old man

"Unfilial son! But I have outwitted

you! My cohorts, my good black ne-

groes, any one of them worth a thou

sand such sons as you, have found out

your secret castle, the gate to thos

bonanza fields where the diamonds !!

so closely bedded together that a nee

dispoint could not separate them. I an

understand? That wealth that your

mother and young aunt so long de-

nied me is mine, mine and Cerisse's

Ah, there is devotion for you, devotion

for you! She is a girl after my own

heart! What vim! What nerve! Wha

daring! My Cerisse! No chicken-

nerved fool like you, and you, my son

Bah! Now that I have the path to the

mines, now that I need him no longer

Hackleye may go, and his children

with him if he wishes. They are but

poor offspring for my beautiful daugh-

ter to own. Small wonder she never

"I hate you, I say- A thousand

harsh voice of Le Matheureux, in a

"I hate you, hate you, a thou-

Malheureux, the other that of an older

remember that time?" but as it was

The clock in the room told ten, and

the children have gone to bed."

voured their strange visitors

coming of Le Malheureux.

well as themselves.

and a mode trate man

'Vile that you are!"

ou made me.

"I will dine with you later, after

"I don't like the blacks and I don't like

familiar face of Corisse Wayne.

"And his?"

is mother, see?"

"Mr. Johnson."

CHAPTER XVIII. "If that isn't a wireless I'm hearing, I never heard one," quoth Johnny. The trio had taken refuge below, the rain was falling heavily and there

was no cabin accommodation above. "I learned the code, you know, comfing over," he confided to Betty. "Wonder what they're saying? Listen." Johnny's knowledge was not very

extensive. He deciphered the words "Tyega," 'great haste," "make all efforts to save life," and "H. H." Well, we're on the trail of the story, anyhow," he cheerfully mused. "That

ought to be some consolation." All night the three were crowded 'a a space not big enough for two of them. The yacht made good time, and when it finally stopped with a Jolt,

Meta sought them out and bade them They were landing at the wharf of what might have been a conventional mother there.

English scapart country place. At the end of a driveway, over which everybody limped except City Editor Bur- the quiet that's always here. Paper ton, who Benoni had left tethered in said he'd take us to England, but since the yacht, rambled a pretentious house | mother went away he never talks of of Gothic architecture. A modern that any more. Papa doesn't seem to glass covered plazza was built along love us like he did. He was away, too, one side of the place, and as they He's just come home. And so cross! mounted the steps Betty recognized Why, the other day he stepped on one within this enclosure Tyoga in cap and of my guinea pigs and killed it, and apron, in charge of a pair of children, then he killed another and took and approximately 9 and 10 years old. The drowned the whole pen full of them in boy was the larger of the two, a slight the river. He used to be so good." dark lad, with a petulant expression and awkward movements. Later Betty ed the boy. "These folks don't care." saw this awkwardness was caused by a deformity of the hip. The girl was plainer of face than her brother, but Paula amused with a wonderful game her figure had the perfect symmetry of of ball that you make out of your all wild things that live in the open handkerchief and twirl around from

Tyoga was mending a white garment, but at sight of the pligrims she dropped her work and went forward to when Le Malheureux came into the greet them, leaving the children staring after her.

She bowed before Betty and the two other Americans, kissed Meta warmly on the cheeks, and embraced Benoni passionately. When these two were together the relationship of mother and son was easily discernible.

"Ah, so you came safely away," she sighed, in a relieved manner. "I was take these two helpless children with over. no alarmed. Hamiey came home this you? They belong to my sister, Mrs morning. He and the old man had a Hackleye, known to you as Mrs. dreadful argument. They are upstairs | Wayne. I wish they may go to their now. It has been frightful. But you father's people in England. There is must not mind. I do not know what I am going to do with the children. They are getting so old now, I can't er. No," reading the question in Lar put them off with fairy tales any long- ry's eyes, "the father is not dead, but It is racking." She turned to Bet- he is not well. And it is best for them "I'm glad your friends found you. to go." Poer child! The strain on you has "When can we go?" blurted Larry, 4ts end. You shall soon see."

The interior of the house was as con ventional as its exterior. Betty, Larry Marris and Johnny felt that the pa numbra of mystery was at length be ing pierced by the return of reason. "But if Mr. Wayne finds these peo-

ple here he may kill them," objected Benoni.

"He shall not see them," assured "Nor Hackleye, neither. They and the children must all be out sight before he comes down stairs. Since she is dead Hackleye cannot abide the sight of the children any more. And all her things-he wants them out of sight down here, yet he dives in her old rooms. Take them to the north wing, Meta, and I will bring the children.

The north wing had four bedrooms a sitting room, and a small alcove. It was done in English chintz, and several canaries sung and swung in the windows. In Betty's room had been placed garments more conventional than those the wore, and a dozen little toilet conveniences, not the least welcome of which was a box of hairpins in assorted sizes. She lingered long at her dressing why shouldn't she have done so? In all this time she had not been near the accustomed luxuries of are. The bath tub was a delight, the brushes, creams and powders brought back visions of civilization, and even the makeshifts for fashionable clothing were a comfort. True, the skirt laid sat was plainly Tyoga's and needed foren reefs and tucks; but for a waist there was an old-fashioned potonaise. and this was better suited to Betty's When she was finished she realfelt proud of herself, and awaited se reunion with the boys in the sitting room with great anticipation They had fared better in the matter of siethes, though Johnny's trousers were too long and Larry's were at half-mast. While they criticised, commented, and compared the children burst in upon The boy limped quietly in, but the girl stormed through the doors like a whirlwind.

"Where you live when you were Sittle girl?" she flashed at Betty. "Did they always have something doing nd that you couldn't see into "" "Of course they did," said Betty Those things always happen when

gou're children." "But I don't believe it was like it is here," persisted the child. things are so funny, they make you creep if you don't want to. You needn't scowl, brother, you know it's true, Anybody can see it. And why did these people come here in those skin clothes? And why has Tyoga been so worried? And why won't papa see us, and where to mother? Do you-oh, tell me-do you think our mother's dead?" the child cried, flinging herself in Betty's "We had the lovellest mother, and

che's been gone for so long!" "What was your mother's name dear?" questioned Betty, though she knew before she asked, and felt ashamed of the query. She had the hot little bead pressed close to her shoulder and free of you now, forever, free; do you could feel the rising sobs. The boy and gone over to the window and was tapping it moodily with his fingers.

"She was Mrs. Cerisse Wayne Hackleve," replied the child, "but we just called her mother."

Betty's tears mingled with those of office little girl. "I don't know, dear," answered. "Wait till we get a post and then we'll know."

"That's what Tyoga always says." continued the child. "But the post never comes here any more. What's your

has long been with one man, and now with all this new wealth she shall have him. Money buys anything! Diamonds tre money! Cerisse shall be rid of this Hackleye. I hate him, too!"

Another figure stepped out of the larkness. Johnny recognized the early norming visitor he had trailed from the Desterle home into the Flanders nansion, months before-

"Don't believe that for a moment," this man rasped. "You blithering old fool you! Cerisse is dead! Do you near! She's dead! Dead!"

The old man dropped his staff and fell back into the arms of Le Malheureux, who led him to a sent near by. "Hackleye, Hackleyet" walled the old man, "you didn't-you didn't. You didn't kill her?"

Hackleye pulled a roll of newspaper clippings from his pocket and dangled them before the old man's eyes, and spread them out on the table before him. With quivering lips the stricken man read, punctuating each sentence with a moun. He saw the headlines only, then flung the papers from him and tried to reach Hackleye with his

"And you, you-" he malevolently called to Le Matheureux, "why did you not prevent it

"How could 1?" answered Le Malhenreux, "and why should I? You know what Cerisse was, father. A murderess at heart, and my own sister. My mother's daughter!"

"Yes, and mine," snarled the old man. I'll kill them-kill them, I tell you!"

Le Malheureux rang sharply on a bell. Benoni entered from the hall, and her mistress in America, that her mis together they bore the old man from tress was a Polish countess, that she the room. Hackleye gathered up the was traveling by the same train, that to the witchery of the painted features clippings and with darkening brow. paused before the portrait of the two children that hung on the wall before him. Opposite was a life size painting of the mother, and his wife-radiant smiling as she had been in her early girlhood, and when she had listened to the ardent love-making of her future husband.

As the man looked the frown vanished. A breeze stealing in from the learned we were to proceed by an omwindow swayed the portrait forward nibus across the mountains to La Bouron the wall. With outstretched hands boule. and lips apart the girl in the picture seemed to move towards the weary the only passengers, and this, with the man, to offer him the roses she held in her hands. The dim lights completed Larry proceeded to make friends with the illusion. Hackleye sprang forward Walter, and Betty and Johnny kept to embrace the girl in the picture, soft words upon his lips. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," he cried,

you've come back to me. I know it. ind you'll never go again, will you, lear? Just my girl again, just mine, the fun, and the revel was at its height just min

He had touched the canvas now and its clammy surface woke him from his dream. Hurling it back against the wall, Hackleye snatched a jeweled knife from the table, and slashed the canvas into finest fringe.

"And all for love of a woman," quoth Johnny to himself, as Hackleye unable to see you safely home again. I seeing rushed down the corridor in a will ask of you, too, a favor. Will you blind rage and almost knocked him

(To be continued.)

THE PARADISE OF BABIES. Japanese Find No Trouble Too Great

in Giving Pleasure to Children. Japan, the Flowery Land-the Land of the Cherry Blossom and the Chrysanthenum-is a happy place for the wee folk to live in. No trouble is too been terrible, but the snarl is nearing "and where is the father? Didn't he great for the Japanese if it brings pleasure to the "treasure flowers," Betty threw the ball at Larry, and their babies are called, hence small wonder is it that tears are but seldom it struck him squarely in the mouth, interrupting the question on his lips. seen.

Japanese bables never seem to cry, writes V. Louise Wrench. Quaint, little, sage faced individuals, with shorn heads and obliquely set eyes, they remind us of dolls, the gayest and most questions about the country they had delicately embroldered garments ennever seen, wondered if they would wrapping the tiny limbs, for a mothneet their mother, made a thousand er's first care after her baby is born King's cotton brains about me. Well, will be its dress. Each baby's robe lots as to which of their pets they will have some special color, according to the month in which it was born, nation." to the relative merits of white mice and a mother will spare no expense over guinea pigs and peacocks was over the tiniest mite's wardrobe. There bordering on belligerency when Tyoga seems to be a superstition that the carried the juveniles away to the room gayer the child's kimono, the better that did duty as a nursery and left their impatient elders to await the

chances in life it will have. As soon as any hair appears the baby has its head shaved, only a fringe around the forehead and neck, with a tiny tuft in the center, being eft. Then as soon as the mother's artistic sense is satisfied she presents her baby to Hotel, the god of children, who is one of the seven gods of luck. As soon as the hair begins to grow again she shaves it off once more until she has obtained the result she wishea. Unfortunately, however, this cereoften causes unpleasant sores. The Japanese attribute this to naughtiness, which they say lurks beneath the scalp, and they fancy that if this illness, or devittry, comes out while the children are quite young they will be healthier in later life.

As soon as the children come to the age of reason (anywhere between the age of 6 and 10), they begin to leave off their baby ways, apparently of their own accord, and at once begin to take their share of the world's duties. As soon as a baby is born it is handed over to a sister, who takes care of it, and it is a common sight in Japan to corrowful intenation. "You have long babies strapped to their backs like a ondemned me to tortures. What I am knapsack, while a giri with no sisters or brothers will have a big doll substituted. Hence when quite babies themselves they are taught to look ty to await his return Johnny followed in their wake. Through the main building and across to the south room

Little boys in Japan never seem to be affected with shyness, and they are extraordinarily polite, always interested in what is said, and especially attentive to a stranger should he attempt to converse with him. There is no scolding and punishing of Japanese children, no shutting them away in dull nurseries with hirelings to look after them, but in the land of the chrysanthemum children are as welcome as the sunlight, they love and are loved, the simple, unfettered life they lead helping them to become healthy, marally and physically, and the stern word duty to them is nothing to fear.

Reasons for Leaving the Country. A college man has made an inquiry as to why a group of 400 students left the country. Forty per cent of them said there wasn't any money in farming. Seventeen per cent left because of the hard work, and another 17 per cent left because of the lack of social loved them. Nor him either, Her heart | advantages.

MY DREAM OF DREAMS.

Alone within my house I sit; The lights are not for me, The music, nor the mirth; and yet I lack not company.

So gayly go the gay to meet, Nor wait my griefs to mend-My entertainment is more sweet Than thine, to-night, my friend

Whilet thou, one blossom in thy hand Bewail'st my weary hours, pon my native hills I stand Walst-deep among the flowers.

Alice Cary. 

The Woman Who Listened

The little club at Royat-les-Bains, where I was taking the cure, had awailowed up most of my ready money

and I was bound to go over to Lo Bourboule to see my elder brother. Even if I had not been broke should not have taken a first-class on such a little side line. A middle-class girl got in, and the hot summer night Where are those brats of Hackleye's? and the question of a draught from the window soon got us into conversation. She confided to me that she had met they had been taking the 'cure nt Vichy, were going to complete it at

> tainly young, a widow, and pretty. This, interspersed with what I vouchsafed, occupied Mlss King, for that was her name, and myself till we stepped out into the dark at the little station of Lagueuilles, from which I

Mont-Dore, that her mistress was cer-

We-la comtesse, King and I-were fact of my acquaintance with King, and that none of us were English, soon enabled me to get into conversation with the little Polish lady who interested me strangely, for she certainly was very young to be a widow, and was a very fragile little beauty with quite ivory skin, jet black hair, large



I SMOKED AND TALKED.

dazzling, turquois tie round red mouth. It was a lovely night, but the heat in the 'bus was intense, and, therefore,

there was nothing unnatural in my remark: "Should we not find it cooler if we went outside?"

I was soon helping Mme. La Comtesse to climb by the little ladder on to the roof.

'So you have been picking poor what have you found out?"

"That we both belong to a conquered

'You are Irish." "Yes, who told you?" "King. What else?" "She told me I must find out the

rest for myself." 'You asked her my name?" 'No, indeed."

"Then, what: "If you were pretty." She smiled, but said nothing, as if avoiding an obvious compliment, and then said:

"If chance had thrown me into confidences with your valet, I think I should have asked your name."

"Do you know," said I, "it would be unique experience to meet as we mony is not always performed with have met, to woo and win, to continue a clean razor, scrupulous though the to the end, and if there never were Japanese are in many respects, and an end, to part unknown and unknowing, never to meet again, but always wondering and being wondered about, and, therefore, never forgot-

ten." "Do you think so?" "Oh, yes!" I replied. "Every one else you know, every one else I know, knows all about us-our names, our ages, our likes and dislikes; the goatpaths we have traveled and will return to; they and we have worn out our interest and our love and hate, one for the other. But a new experience would be to part before we wore out our loves, never to see one another change or grow old, but always to stay in each other's memory as we are, see little girls of 6 or 7 with sleeping young; never to know the other is dead or married, but always to feel that one thing in the world had not come to an end, believing that, if we met again, we would be the same.' "Go on!" was all she said.

> I took her little hand. "To exchange names is to label oneself, to establish doubt; fear as to the past and as to what the other will do, or think, or say. Not to give names is

> to act naturally as if alone, unseen,

She was entranced; her head was on

unwatched, unafraid.

my shoulder. She said dreamily: "Go on! Talk to me!" "If I do not tell you my name, if never hear yours, nothing that may ever happen to either of us will matter. If your death were announced, if my name became the most dishonored in the world's history, it would bring

nor shadow our pleasant memory of to-night which must be eternal." "The idea has endless possibilities Names, as you say, are a folly. I will

no sorrow or shame to either of us,

not tell you mine.' I persuaded her to break the jourthe Hes-Britaniques, she to the Ambassadeurs, chose our rooms, and by agreement, met again and wandered about till we found a place open to sat love until she isn't

## PHILIPPINES PROGRESSING UNDER UNITED STATES RULE



NCLE Sam has no reason to be ashamed of his first ten years in the Philippines. Whether one is an imperialist or an anti-Imperialist-whether one rejoices or regrets that we have the Philippines on our hands, no true American can be other than glad that so large a measure of just rule and prosperity has come to these islands from the American occupation, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Filipino war left desolation in its path, as war always does, though since this war was fought largely in the jungle it left as little desolation and as few bitter feelings behind it as war ever does. Even Aguinaldo, who had as much reason as any one, perhaps, to resent Uncle Sam's forcible entrance, has become a good and peaceable American citizen, living in quiet and contentment near Manila and speaking in the highest terms of the government he so recently was fighting. After the war came the rinderpest, that swept off nine out of ten, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, of the carabaos, or water buffaloes, animals which are almost indispensable to the life of the Filipino. Then disastrous typhoon succeeded disastrous typhoon, uprooting homes and whole villages, until it looked as though the very elements were leagued against the American occupation. But worst of all was the long delay of our Congress in recognizing the Philippines as part of the United States in a commercial sense. The old markets of Spain were closed to the poor people, and no new markets were opened to them In America until the last Congress gave them practically free trade with the United States, allowing their sugar, hemp, tobacco and copra to come in duty free.

Now the tide of prosperity, so long damned up or diverted from the Philippines, seems to be flowing toward them in a steady stream, and the days of murmuring of the Filipino, let us hope, are ended. Already capital is beginning to flow in. New enterprises are being started; the forests and the gold mines and the coal fields are being exploited and the virgin wealth of the islands, which cannot be estimated, is being explored and developed. One might speak with enthusiasm of the railroads that are pushing up into the country, opening up new fields of wealth with every mile constructed; of the great carriage roads like the one to the new summer capital, which cost \$1,000,000. Three new docks recently have been completed to which the largest ships affoat can tie up. New streets are being opened throughout Manila, and the splendid street railway system is being extended in every direction.

The church and the schoolhouse came with the pilgrims to Plymouth, and they came to the Philippines with the militant pilgrims of 1898. To say nothing here of the splendid work of the mission churches and schools, nearly 1,000 American teachers and 8,000 native pedagogues are teaching the young Filipino idea how to shoot, at the expense of Uncle Sam.

supper in. But we ate little. I smoked and talked. She listened with her Citizen with Umbrella Shows How great eyes intent upon me.

At what time I kissed her for the last time and we parted, I do not know. I remember she cried and clung to me, and I promised to call for her after I had seen my brother. This I did, but only to leave a note with King, saying my borther required me to start at once for Paris from which would return immediately and come straight to her.

On the third day I was back, only to earn that the lady I described had gone to Lyons. I followed her there, and after some delay tracked her to Biarritz, and thence to Spain. I was madly in love and I determined to find

I tracked her till I came to Barceona, where I could not hear of her having left, and yet where I could not ind her anywhere. In my despair, I sent her description to the police. At last they came-there were several of them-and the principal one said:

"Do you know her?"

'Is her name-I stopped him with I do not know per name. She is a Polish countess; where is she?"

"You are quite right, signor. You have been following her all over Spain. We have followed you. We know all about you. You need have no fear." "Never mind about me. What of

"Her name is-" "I don't know or wish to know her name. Where is she?" "On her way to Siberia."

"Siberia! Why Siberia?" "She was enticed to a luncheon on board a yacht by the Russian secret

police." "My God! The police! What is and supposed to have done?" "They say she is a member of some

political secret society." There was nothing more to say, noth ing to be done, but journey back to London, worm myself into the confi dence of the Russian embassy, get letters of credit and a passport, become attached to a great newspaper, and start on a mission to prove to the world at large that Russian prisons and the Siberian mines were rest cures. I knew they would be so prepared for me, as thay had been so prepared for other traveling Englishmen. I found them so, and so reported, and accordingly I was given all information I desired. I played my game well, and was more than discreet, never asking the one thing about the one person in the world I wanted to know till found myself inside the fortress of Saint Peter and Paul, for there I found she had been taken. Her dossier was even shown to me. The last word in

the document was "Escaped." There is but one means of escape from the prison of Saint Peter and Paul, and that is through a trapdoor in a dark corridor which runs over the river .-- M. A. P.

The Cows of Musent. Muscat is famed as the hotbed of

smugglers in the Persian gulf, the nearby desert tribes being regularly supplied with arms despite the efforts of the British patrol. But to the writer, reared on a Missouri farm, the odd antics of the cows of Muscat seemed nothing short of freaklsh. They actually eat fish. No grass grows, so the wily Arab teaches his family cow to subsist on dates and dried fish. The milk tastes queer to a foreigner, which is probably why the Arab likes it. He also claims it is richer and makes more butter, but most ridiculous of all is the deception practiced on cows when the calves are "weaned." A calfskin or sometimes a goatskin is stuffed with rags and tied not far from where the mother cow is anchored. This effigy of her late lamented offspring soothes her nerves and keeps her from "going dry," according to Arabic tradition. San Francis co Chronicle.

As long as there are men and wo een, it will never be officially decided ney and we went to our hotels, I to whether tobacco or corsets are more injurious to health.

A girl seldom admits that she's in

## POLITENESS IN RAINSTORM.

Courteous New Yorkers Can Be. The politest man in New York was paying gallant attention to the ladler for two hours at 5th avenue and 35th street yesterday afternoon, according to the New York World. F. Hopkins Smith, author, artist and engineer, la mented at the Southern society's din ner the other night that "we live in

the most insolent city in the world." Mr. Smith would have been delight ed to study this very polite man.

A drizzling, penetrating rain was falling. The polite man carried a very large umbrella. In the most defer ential manner he urged women who had been shopping and who waited buses going uptown to find shelter from the rain in the doorways of the shops on the northeast corner and near it. Then, raising his silk hat, he asked

each woman courteously if she want ed a 5th avenue bus or a Riverside drive bus. As a bus approached he nalted it and asked the conductor how many places were vacant. Learning leading cereals show a yield of 7.6 per this, he told the women waiting in cent greater than last year, and only the doorways, and, in turn, escorted to the bus as many women as there were ord years in each, places for. He protected the women so carefully under his big umbrells that his high hat and seal-lined over

coat soon were soaking wet. Plainly some women were gratefu for his attention; some giggled; some resented his addressing them as it they feared his motives. But his de corous, deferential manner never changed. About 6 o'clock, after escorting scores of women to the buses, he

started up 5th avenue. "Why have you been doing this? reporter asked him.

"I just wanted to show people that New York men are polite," he answer

"Will you tell me your name?" "Pardon me, but what has my name got to do with the purpose I had in view?"

Personal Magnetism a Great Asser There have been great advocates at the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would so were all that is beautiful and good, sway the jury and the judge as to endanger and sometimes actually divert justice, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner are wel come where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attracttve personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendld assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another with perhaps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and charac teristics which, perhaps, they have never thought much about-a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.

A Different Instrument. 'You are a typewriter, I believe?" said the professor. "Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now, my dear young lady, in playing the plane you must not pay too much attention to your speed."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Goodness Is Dull. Elsie-Auntie, were you good or bad when you were a little girl? Auntic-Oh. I was always very good klaie-Well, I think it's a lot nice: to se bad-it's more interesting to talk

bout when you grow up .- M. A. P. No woman's hair is as long hanging down her back as it looks to be in the wad on top of her head.



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## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are only give relief CARTERS

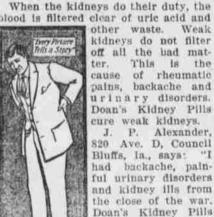
Genuine must bear Signature

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Didn't Menn That. "These," said the lecturer, indicating them with his pointer, "are the movable bath-houses. Thousands of people congregate here during the summer season. Over here on the left to the hotel at which I stopped, and an exceeding homelike place it is. I shall give you a nearer view of it presently. Although I was there a week or two, and would gladly have remained longer if I could have spared the time, I did not take any baths, for the reason-

(Loud and prolonged laughter.) "I meant, ladies and gentlemen," he resumed, after the merriment had subsided, "that I didn't take any baths down at the beach. This audience is altogether too smart."-Chicago Trib-

## WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.



cause of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys. J. P. Alexander, 820 Ave. D, Council Bluffs, la., says: "I had backache, painful urinary disorders and kidney ills from the close of the war.

cured me in 1906 and

the benefit has been

permanent." Rememberthe name-Doan's. For sale by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

50 cents a box. 4 per cent below the sum of the rec-

If You Are a Triffe Sensitive.

about the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Alien's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for patent leather shoes. Sold averywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE, Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. In the year 1908 there were seventeen thousand wells drilled in the Uni-

ted States, at a cost of about \$30,000,-PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protroding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Just closed, the Yarmouth and Lowestoft herring season has yielded 800,-000,000 herring which sold for \$5,000,-

A-B-C LINIMENT relieves cold in the chest, neuralgia, and backache. Apply as directed. All dealers.

In London, in 1907, 1,449 bachelors

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

Soldiers in the Russian army are to carry compasses with luminous needles. DAVIS PAINKILLER

The Turkish government has awakened to the necessity of irrigation and

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, One a laxative, three for cathartic.

The Irregular Verb "To Be."

In one of the Senate cloak-rooms during a recent session, the talk turned. says a writer in the Troy Press, on the old ante-bellum negro of the South and his amusing originalities in the use of the English language. Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, said

the finest example he knew of was the remark made by an old negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it and asked the boy if he was married. "I ain't sayin' I ain't," the boy re

"Now, you, 'Rastus," stormed the old man, "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is!'

