

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered miserably with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Boy Grades the Clergy.

Bishop Potter, at an ecclesiastical dinner in New York, read a Cooperstown schoolboy's essay on "Clergy-men." The essay, which created much amusement, was as follows: "There are 2 kinds of clergymen. Bishops, rectors and curats, the bishops tell the rectors to work and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man but when he is a rector he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becomes a good man."—Washington Star.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Satisfied.

"Look here!" grumbled the old farmer. "This here almanac is a fraud. It predicts snow for yesterday and, by gum, it was hot as blazes all day." "But my dear sir," responded the bland almanac peddler, "it snowed up at the north pole yesterday." "The old farmer's jaw fell." "It did?" he drawled slowly. "Wal, I reckon the almanac is all right then. It did tell the truth, didn't it?"

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Exactly So.

"Pa," said little Willie, who had been reading a cigar store advertisement, "what's imported and domestic?" "A hired girl," replied Pa, promptly. —Philadelphia Press.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.—Jefferson.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Labor rid's us of three great evils: poverty, vice and ennui.—Voltaire.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ per BOTTLE.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.00 SHOES \$3.50



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

SERIAL STORY

The Real Agatha



By Edith Huntington Mason
Pictures by Weil Walters Frey Campbell Alshere Wilson
Copyright, 1907, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff," whose hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. Five other Agatha Wyckhoffs are introduced. The deceased stepfather, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wye, England, might wed her affinity. Thus Mrs. Armstrong, chaperon, was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown. An attempt by Terhune to gather a clue from the chaperon fails. Terhune finds old books containing picture of a former Baroness Wyckhoff, which is exactly like Agatha Sixth, whom he is courting. Agatha Fifth confesses her love for Vincent and also that she is the real heiress. He spurns her proposal. Many clues to identity of the real Agatha prove fruitless.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
Left to myself, I was thinking out my plan of campaign as regarded Agatha Third when a slight noise in the back of the room attracted my attention. I looked up, startled, for it was late, and the large, dimly lighted drawing room was rather an eerie place, and saw over the back of my chair the slight form of the secretary approaching. Her hair was as neat as usual and her dress was the same simple gray gown she wore when I had seen her first.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Terhune," she said, timidly, yet without hesitation. "I am sorry to disturb you, but would you have the goodness to give me a little of your time?" "Certainly," I replied, rising, "though the hour is late. Won't you be seated?" and I found her a chair. The secretary leaned back against it and folded her hands.

"I shall be quick," she said; "but I want to ask you something." She spoke in a low voice, but with perfect composure, though she never lifted her eyes. I caught myself wondering whether she cast them down habitually, so that people might observe the length of her black eyelashes.

"Yes?" I said, to encourage her. "Of course, you know Lord Vincent very well, don't you?" As she asked me this direct question she looked me full in the face, and as my eyes met hers I mentally thanked her for her mercy in not often permitting man to gaze into them.

"Yes," I said, recovering myself, "I know him very well."
"And he tells you things, doesn't he?"
"Most things," I replied, wondering at what she was driving.

"Then could you tell me, please, if—if he accepted Miss Agatha—the one with the hazel eyes that you call Agatha Fifth—when she told him she loved him?"

I was never more astounded in my life. How did she know that Agatha Fifth had told Vincent she loved him, and how did it concern her? Perhaps, however, she was acting under Mrs. Armstrong's orders, but if so she ought to have said so.

"That's a question of a very personal nature," I said, and eyed her searchingly; "but I don't think Lord Vincent would mind, as long as you know so much about it, if I tell you that he refused the young lady who was indiscreet enough to ask him to marry her."

The secretary gave a sudden start, and then, by what seemed to be considerable effort, regained control of herself.

"He refused her," I continued—for the girl and her questions and her genuine feeling interested me—"although she told him she was the real Honorable Agatha." I was so proud of Vincent for that that I was glad to be able to tell someone about it.

"She said that—and he refused her?" repeated the girl in an awed tone. "How could he do it, how could he?"
"Then it was true? She is really the daughter of Fletcher Boyd?" I cried eagerly. At last I had stumbled upon the truth, for I knew the secretary was in the secret.

scamp, he might be playing fast and loose with her affections without intending it or realizing that he was doing so. Involuntarily I leaned toward her.

"My dear young lady," I said, and as I spoke I caught myself thinking her really good looking. "If she only did her hair decently," I thought, "I'd call her a beauty, I really believe I should." "My dear young lady," I said, "tell me in confidence and perhaps I can help you. Do you—er—are you—er—interested in Lord Wilfred? If so, allow me, I conjure you, nay, I beg of you, to put all thought of him out of your head. He doesn't mean it, but he is a graceless young flirt. He doesn't mean a word he says. Let me warn you—be advised—"

I stopped short. In the midst of my well-meant flow of words, I stopped short, for, could I believe my eyes, the secretary was laughing at me.

"My dear old man," she said—she did, actually—"my dear old man, your warnings are superfluous, for I am a married woman," and, still laughing, she left the room.

CHAPTER V.

Alone, I sat for a moment speechless with astonishment, as the secretary left the room, and, as I took my way slowly and thoughtfully upstairs, I resolved that this was another thing that I would not tell Vincent; he would be far more likely to ridicule me than to thank me for my effort in his behalf.

Some time after this, on a perfect day, Agatha Third and I—I had spent almost every hour since the dinner in her company. I may remark—had planned a little excursion which would keep us outdoors all day. We were going on a picnic up the little river. Have you ever tried a picnic for two? Given the right companion and a day like that, I'd warrant it to cure any attack of the blues. Agatha Third had assured me that the prettiest spot for our luncheon was a little island in the center of the stream where the current ran broad and deep, about three miles below the castle.

The day was fair, the girl was fairer, and the moments were full of joy to me. We had crossed a little bridge about a mile from the castle and were proceeding up the left bank of the river when a sudden turn of the stream brought two others of our house party



"Tell Me in Confidence and Perhaps I Can Help You."

into view. On the opposite bank was Vincent in high boots, knickerbockers, white shirt with sleeves rolled up, and a farmer's broad-brimmed hat of straw. He was busy over a broken fishing rod which he was trying to mend. In the center of the stream, where the current ran swift and dangerously deep, a girl stood on a large boulder, fishing. Other boulders at intervals between the one she was standing on and the shore where Vincent was indicated the means by which she had attained her precarious position. I recognized the girl as Agatha Second, and smiled pityingly as I thought of poor Vincent, invariably wasting his time with the wrong Agatha.

"Hullo!" they cried, cheerfully, and we waved our hands and asked them what luck they had. This isn't always a safe question to ask a fisherman, but I notice that people who are not fishing themselves invariably find great satisfaction in asking it. Vincent said he hadn't caught any fish, and asked if I'd landed mine yet. Just like his impudence! He'd say anything if he thought it was funny, no matter how it might annoy other people.

Just as I was thinking of some retort polite enough to utter aloud, Agatha Second's rod began to bend and jerk, and immediately there was so much action going on that in my excitement I forgot what I was about to say. I am a fisherman of some skill myself. Well, the pole began to bend and the Agatha on the rock began to scream, and Vincent shouted directions from the bank—"Easy there, easy," he entreated her; "give him more line, Aggie, more line."

"I can't!" she screamed at the top of her voice; "something's caught, and he pulls so."
"The reel!" I shouted, jumping up and down. "The reel! Press the knob and let her go!"
I knew in a moment the sort she had. It was just like mine, a patent one with a spring reel—mine often stuck that way. All this time the fish was leaping about, sometimes jumping out of the water so that we could see him, and he was a big fellow.

"Let me alone; I can do it myself," cried the girl, as Vincent started to

help her, but even as she spoke her trim little foot slipped on the wet stone, and, losing her balance completely, she fell backward into the deep water, while the rod disappeared upstream.

In a moment Vincent was running at top speed along the bank till he came to a little point of land near which the drowning girl must pass. As she approached he leaped into the water, and, striking diagonally upstream, seized her by her clothing, and, fighting his way back, safely gained the point of land. Meantime I had run up the river toward a boat that I had observed near the bank. Jumping in I soon reached the spot where lay the unconscious form of Agatha Second. All this time I was dimly aware of the fact that Agatha Third had never stopped screaming and was now running up and down on the opposite bank sobbing and wringing her hands.

When I reached Wilfred he was anxiously bending over the girl, but apparently without the slightest idea what to do.

I immediately fell to chafing her hands and resorting to the other well-known expedients for reviving the drowned, and to enable her to breathe more freely I removed the tight-fitting dickey of her sailor suit. It was not long before she began to regain consciousness, and it was at this moment that I made a most amazing discovery, for around the neck of the girl I saw a little silver chain, and on it was strung a heavy gold ring set with a large cross of old-fashioned emeralds.

I called to Vincent, and as I pointed at the magnificent and telltale piece of jewelry we both gazed at it, speechless with surprise at discovering in such a manner the secret of the Honorable Agatha's identity. Before she had quite regained her consciousness I readjusted her dickey, and when she was able to stand we wrapped her in our coats and carried her to the boat. There wasn't room in it for more than two, so I made Vincent get in with her and row back to the castle. So they left us, and Agatha Third and I, too thoroughly upset by the accident to wish to carry through our picnic, followed them back, walking one on each side of the stream until we reached the bridge, where we joined forces.

As we returned I did a great deal of thinking. So it was Agatha Second, after all, who was the real Honorable Agatha. For certainly her possession of the Wyckhoff ring, mentioned in the will, was proof positive. Now that I thought of it, the suspicious circumstance of Agatha Third's seemingly involuntary rising when Vincent toasted the Honorable Agatha, admitted of many explanations. At any rate, whatever her reason for her action, the presence of the Wyckhoff ring on the neck of Agatha Second had proved to me the falsity of that other clue and the identity of our fair but mysterious hostess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
HEART BEATS GIVE WARNING.
Irregular Action That Presages Attack of Scarlet Fever.

The scarlet fever heart is a peculiarity lately noticed for the first time, by a German medical man. With the stethoscope it is recognized by a reduplication of the first heart sound, followed by a rough rasping or scraping, and this appears at the onset of many cases of scarlet fever, often when no other symptoms are to be detected. In some epidemics these sounds may be heard in the majority of cases, while at other times they may be quite regularly absent. Their presence is of great value in diagnosis and may be the only warning signal to guard against the spread of infection. A boy who was pale, languid and anaemic had no other symptoms except the irregular heart sounds. From these his case was decided to be scarlet fever and subsequent peeling of the skin proved the correctness of the diagnosis. Certain children in the chickenpox ward of a hospital were restless and obviously ill. The heart sounds indicated scarlet fever, and in these cases, too, desquamation followed, although there had been no eruption or other sign. Directly afterward this ward had an outbreak of scarlet fever in its usual form.

HISTORIAN AN IRRITABLE MAN.
Freeman's Temper Flared Up Over Intellectual Differences.

Freeman, the historian, it was said, was apt to grow irritable over matters of intellectual difference. One day he was at the Macmillans, when the conversation turned upon the subject of Ireland. Mr. Macmillan said that, for his part, he was in favor of granting autonomy.

Whereupon Freeman began to growl at the use of a Greek word. "Why can't you speak English?" demanded he, "and say home rule, instead of speaking Greek, which you don't know?"
One of the guests flushed with anger and ventured to reprove Freeman, calling his attention to the respect due their host, and at the same time paying tribute to Mr. Macmillan's remarkable abilities. But although Freeman did not apologize in so many words, he smoothed the matter over by a humorous repetition of his criticism. Later, some one mentioned gout. "There you go again!" exclaimed Freeman. "Why can't we call it toe-woe?"

Comfort Before Art.
Architecture is a lost art. To-day we need only hygienic, comfortable buildings. Our modern cities are ugly, but we do not notice it. They suit the modern state of mind and the modern conditions of life.—Munich Kunst.

DAVID MADE KING OVER ISRAEL AND JUDAH

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 13, 1908
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—2 Samuel 2:1-7; 5:1-5. Memory verses, 2 Sam. 5:4, 5. GOLDEN TEXT.—"David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him."—2 Sam. 5:10.

THE COUNTRY.—The cleavage which became permanent after Solomon had long existed in tendency. Apparently united under Saul, the tribes showed their divergence in the early years of David—a northern and a southern kingdom.

PLACE.—David's first capital was at Hebron. Later he made Jerusalem his capital as more central, and more easily defended.

TIME.—David was king over Judah seven and one-half years, B. C. 1065-1018 (Usheer); or as revised by the Assyrian Eponym Canon, about 40 years later.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.
David had fitted himself for the kingship. He had almost ideal qualities. But he needed training by lesser and easier tasks for the great, enduring, glorious kingdom he was to create and rule. Hence, for seven years he was faithful over a few things in order that he might rule well over many things.

David was now 30 years old. He had had a checkered life for the last ten years; but every hour of it was a part of his preparation.
It takes a great variety of experiences to make us complete and fitted to do the greatest good. David's life was filled "with the strangest vicissitudes swirling through an arc that embraced much if not all of human experience. Edward Irving finely says of him, 'Every angel of joy and of sorrow swept, as he passed, over the chords of David's harp, and the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart.'"—Professor Moorehead.

Hebron, the Capital, was one of the most ancient cities in the world, situated in a high, mountainous region, 3,300 feet above the sea. It was easily defended. It was far enough from the Philistines and from the northern tribes to be safe. It was in a region familiar to David in his exile, and where he himself was well known. Hebron had been the home of his ancestor Abraham. In the side of a neighboring ravine was the cave of Machpelah, where the fathers of the nation slept in God. Isaac and Rebekah had lived here. Near by was the brook Eschol where grew the luxuriant vine from which the spies, more than four centuries before, had cut down the famous clusters. Says Professor Blaikie, "To live in Hebron, and not feel faith quickened to new life, would have indicated a soul dead to every impulse of patriotism and piety."
V. 4. "The men of Judah . . . anointed David king." This was the public ceremony of coronation. The kingdom came to him, not only by divine appointment, but by choice of the people themselves (v. 7; 1 Chron. 11:3-5). The two coincided.

David Reigned at Hebron seven and one-half years (2 Sam. 5:5), in a quiet and peaceful manner, growing in favor with God and man, and laying the foundations for his great work of consolidating and reconstructing the nation.

David Became King in the Best Possible Way. (1) He did not seek the office, but the office sought him. V. 1. "Then came all the tribes of Israel to David." They came by their elders (v. 3), representing, according to 1 Chron. 12:23-40, 339,600 warriors. They gave good reasons.

(2) He was Saul's natural successor, being his son-in-law; and to make this more evident, he insisted that his wife Michal who had been taken away from him by Saul, should be returned to him. They said "We are thy bone and thy flesh," both by race and by alliance with their royal house.

(3) He had proved himself a strong and worthy leader, both as warrior and statesman. They recalled his splendid feats of arms when all the tribes were one kingdom. V. 2. "Thou wast he that leddest out," etc. All through his past life, since the conflict with Goliath, David had shown generalship, wisdom, skill, forbearance, courage, knowledge of men, and trust in God.

(4) He was divinely appointed, the one whom God saw to be the best one to be their king—"the Lord said to thee." The man whom God chooses for an office is the man the people need.

(5) He had the right ideas concerning the duties of a king. "Thou shalt feed." Literally, "Thou shalt shepherd;" a natural metaphor to express the ruler's care for his people. It is used by Greek poets, e. g., Homer, whose regular title for Agamemnon is "Shepherd of the peoples."—Cambridge Bible. The true king, ever true ruler, seeks not to obtain all he can from the people, but to do all he can for them; not to plunder the sheep, but to shepherd them. David well knew what was meant.

(6) David's was a constitutional monarchy, not a despotism.

Practical Points.
David was a fine example of Christ's parables of the talents and the pounds. Faithfulness in lesser things is the only way to higher and better things. David was now hearing the Lord's "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." (Matt. 25:21).
"To be king over ourselves." "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."
A Syrian proverb runs, "Escape from self is better than escape from a lion."

A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUYING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simple and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afforded him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

It is to protect the paint-buyer against fraud and adulteration that National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, place their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark on every keg of their product, an absolute guarantee of its purity and quality. Anyone who wants to make a practical test of white lead, and who wants a valuable free book about painting, should address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York, and ask for test equipment.

Mud for His.

Yeast—It is said if the real estate of Manhattan Island were divided equally among its inhabitants, each individual would own \$220 worth, according to the assessed value.
Crimsonbeak—And I suppose it would just be my luck to get my share all in mud!

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. F. J. Cheney's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. It is a cure in a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, prices low. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Didn't Know Frogs.

A dignified army captain was once stationed in quarters near a pond in which were many bullfrogs. The captain had never heard bullfrogs, and in the middle of the night, fairly distracted by their continuous howling, he descended the stairs in his robe de nuit, and said to the sentry: "Sentry, tell the sergeant of the guard to drag the cow out of that marsh."

Peonies as a Medicine.

Peonies were originally esteemed less for beauty of bloom than for value as a medicine. In recognition of its curative virtues, the peony was named after Paeon, the physician of the gods. An old writer says: "About an infant's neck hang peonie. It cures Alcides cruel malady." Nor did the use of the plant stop there, for peony water was esteemed and drank in bygone times, though whether as medicine or merely as a refreshing temperance beverage is more than modern writers can say.

AND SHE LEFT HIM GUESSING.

Woman's Directions of Little Help to Traveling Lawyer.

A New York lawyer was called recently to a hamlet in Berks county, Pennsylvania, in the interest of a large coal corporation, and now he is telling this story on himself:
He was driving along a country road and feared he might have lost his bearings. The village he wanted to reach seemed elusive, so he halted in front of a farmhouse to make inquiries.
"Madam," he called out to a broad German woman, who stood looking at him from beneath a "poke" bonnet, "can you tell me how far it is to the next village?"
"Oh, just a leedle ways," came the response.
"But, my good woman, how far is it? Is it two, four, six or eight miles? That's what I want to know."
"Yah, I thinks so."
And the Wall street lawyer drove on a wiser man.

MOTHER AND CHILD

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts.

The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals.

It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells.

Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes: "After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her, besides I was too weak."
"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I."
"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.
"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."