

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Central, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that photograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddy or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fumbles his drive or does anything else annoying.

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

A Riddle.

An English paper recently asked its readers for an answer to the following riddle:

What does a man love more than life, Hate more than death or mortal strife;

That which contented men desire, The poor have, and the rich require; A miser spends, the spendthrift saves, And all men carry to their graves?

All sorts of answers were sent in, but the correct one was declared to be "Nothing."

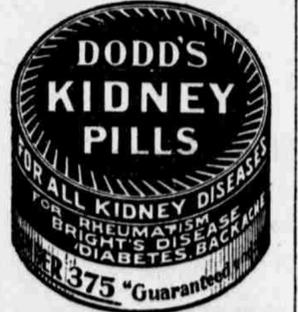
Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a tendency to close, and perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

"I don't believe Titewad has any bump of benevolence." "If he has it's in his wife's name; she is the only member of the family who ever gives anything away."—Houston Post.

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"Did He Look Like 'Em?' Asks Van."



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up.

CHAPTER III. Too Many Cooks.

It was a day or so after that that I see Nate Scudder again. I'd been out in the sloop with a parcel of boarders—they were beginning to get thicker at the Old Home now, same as the mosquitoes—and on my way home I met Nate driving down the Neck road. He was in the carryall and I hailed him as he came abreast of me.

"Hello, Nate!" I says. "Taking the air, are you?"

He pulled up his horse—it didn't take a hard pull—and, while the critter leaned up against the shafts and took a nap, Nate talked to me. It appeared that there'd been more or less trouble down his way. Huldy Ann and Lord James hadn't agreed any too well.

"You see," says Nate, taking a calico handkerchief out of his hat and swabbing his bald head with it, "it's that valet feller—he's too stuck-up to live."

I wa'n't going to fight with him on that point, so he went ahead with his yarn.

"He come parading out to the barn," says Nate, "and give out that he'd been appointed cook in Huldy Ann's place. Well, she'd been sort of laying herself out, as you might say, to please them two up at the house—giving 'em spider bread and dried apple pie for breakfast, and the like of that—and it riled her to be chucked overboard that way. So she got sort sarcastic. That Oppar man, he—"

"His name's Hopper," I says. "He don't call it so, then."

"That's all right. Him and I had a spelling match here t'other day and Hopper it is," I says.

"Well, then, this Hopper feller he larded it round, asking where the double biler was and complaining that he couldn't cook steak without a charcoal fire, and so on. Huldy took him down, I tell you!"

"Charcoal your granny!" says she. "I've fried more steak than you've got hairs on your head, and a plain wood fire always done me," she says.

"He cooked that steak, and say! I'll bet the Iron-Jawed Man I see once at a dime show up to Boston couldn't have got away with it. Tough! Why, the pesky idiot never pounded it a bit! How do you expect to get tender steak if you don't pound it? Haw! haw!"

When he got through laughing he went on to say that him and Huldy had decided to go over to her sister's at Ostable for a visit.

"We've been intending to go for a good while," he says. "And now we can do it without its costing much. Pay for the house goes on whether we're there or not, and the railroad fare'll be more than made up by the saving in our own grub. I'm a peaceable feller, anyhow," says he, "and there'd be no peace while Huldy and that Britisher was together."

"Soup!" he says. "Well, you wait a little spell. If they ain't chasing around after a new cook inside of a week I'm a Jonah, that's all."

He was right. Couple of days later I heard from Emmie T. that the Twins had hired Hannah Jane Purvis to do the cooking for 'em. Hannah Jane's late lamented had been cook on a Banks boat when he was young, so I suppose she cal'lated she'd inherited the knack. But I had my doubts.

I was getting real chummy with the Heavenlies by this time, so one afternoon I walked up to the Scudder place to see 'em. They were sprawled out on the piazza chairs with their feet on the railing and they hailed me as friendly as if I was rich as they was, instead of being poorer than Job's turkey. I noticed Lord James tiptoeing around in the parlor, so I naturally mentioned him.

"Your valet man, here," I says; "he wa'n't quite to the skipper's taste as cook, hey?"

They both laughed. Van Brunt with his big good-natured "Ha, ha!" and Hartley with that quiet chuckle of his.

"James," said Van, "is a glittering success in the wardrobe, but he dislikes to hide his talents under a kitchen bushel."

"James," said Hartley, "appears to apply the same methods to trousers and steak."

"Presses both of 'em, don't he?" I says, thinking of Scudder's yarn.

"Flat as a board," says Van. "Besides which, this is supposed to be a pleasure cruise for Martin and me, and James serves with the cheerful dignity of an undertaker. He's too complex; we yearn for simplicity and rest."

I grinned. "Well, you've got the simplicity with Hannah, ain't you?" I asked. "I ain't saying nothing about the rest."

Both of 'em groaned. I knew Hannah Jane Purvis, and she had the name of talking the hinges off a barn door.

"Lord!" says Van. "Let's change the subject. By the way, Martin; it's odd that Agnes hasn't written."

Hartley was setting out towards the front of the porch where the sun could get at him. Now he shifted back into the shadow of the vines.

"Is it time for a letter to reach here?" he asked.

"Why, yes. I should think so. She was to reach New York on the first and sail on that day. She would probably write on the steamer. It was a fast boat and, allowing that the letter came back immediately—well, I don't know that it is time yet."

He began to whistle. I gathered that 'twas the Page girl he was talking about. The valet had told about her going on a trip to Europe. But it struck me that, for an engaged man, Van Brunt was the easiest in his mind of anybody ever I see. I've never been engaged myself, but judging by them I've known who was, he'd ought to be shooting telegrams to Europe faster than you could shake 'em out of a pepper box.

also—if I know her highly respected mamma—she won't."

"Where did you address your letter to?" Hartley asks, after a little.

"Liverpool, care of her usual hotel. She'll get it all right—always provided she hasn't already organized a settlement colony of small Hooligans in the Liverpool slums. But there! Let's forget morals and matrimony. Heigho! Wonder what's doing in the Street? Not that I care a red."

They seemed to have forgot me altogether. But I was interested in their talk all the same, and I've tried to put it down just as I heard it. 'Twas queer talk, but they was queer folks, and I was learning how the big bugs done their courting. From what I'd heard so far I liked the Wellmouth way full as well.

The front gate clicked. Van Brunt looked up. "Great Scott!" says he, "it's the phonograph."

'Twas Hannah Jane Purvis coming home from the next house with a dishpan full of peas. Hannah was a kind of scant patterned critter without much canvas on her poles and her sleeves most generally rolled up. She had brindled hair clewed back so tight off her forehead that her eyes wouldn't shut good, and the impression you got from the first look at her was that she was all square corners—not a round one in the lot.

"Well!" says she, coming up into the wind in front of the piazza and looking at me hard. "I do believe it's Solomon Pratt. Why, what a stranger you be! I ain't seen you for I don't know when."

I didn't know when either and I didn't try to remember. "Sufficient unto the day is the trouble belonging to it," the Scriptures say, if I recollect it right, and 'twas enough for me that she'd seen me this time. She comes over, dishpan and all, and planks herself down on the steps right in front of Van Brunt's chair. There ain't nothing shy or unfriendly about Hannah Jane; she's the most folksy female I ever come across, and always was.

"My sakes!" says she, turning round to Van, "I see Mr. Pratt come in here and I couldn't make out who 'twas. Thinks I: 'They've got company and I must get there quick.' So back I put, and I don't know as I've got a full measure of peas 'cause it seemed to me that some of 'em spilled off the top when Cap'n Poundberry was emptyin' 'em in. I hope not, 'cause peas is high now. Not that it makes any difference to well-off folks like you, Mr. Van Brunt, but—"

"Hadin' you better go back and pick 'em up?" asks Van, solemn as an owl.

"Oh, land of love! no. There wa'n't enough for that. Besides I want to see Mr. Pratt. Well, Mr. Pratt," says she. "I suppose you're surprised enough to find me working out. Dear! dear! I don't know what Jehiel—he that was my first husband—would have said; nor my second one neither. But there! we can't none of us never tell what's in store for us in this world, can we?"

I made some sort of answer; don't matter what. She went ahead lamenting over what a come-down 'twas for her to work out. You'd think she'd been used to marble halls to hear her. She settles the dishpan between her knees and starts in shelling peas, talking a blue streak all the time. She was a whole sewing circle in herself that woman.

"Jehiel was such a quiet man," she says, after a spell. "He scarcely ever talked. (Didn't have a chance, think I to myself.)" When he died—did ever tell you how Cap'n Samuels—his first husband as was—come to die, eh? Hartley?" says she.

Hartley had took up the Natural Life book and was trying to read. Now he looked up and says, mournful but resigned: "No, Mrs. Purvis, believe we have never had the pleasure."

"The pleasure was wholly the Cap'n's," says Van Brunt under his breath. If Hannah Jan heard him she didn't let it worry her.

"Well," she says, "twas this way: Cap'n Jehiel—him that was my first husband—was the most regular man in his habits that ever was, I jess. Every Saturday night all the time we was married—and we was married eleven year, not counting the twa after he was took sick—he always had baked beans for supper. I used to say to him: 'Jehiel, I used to say, 'n't you tired of baked beans? I should think you'd turn into beans, you're a fad of 'em.' But he never did and—"

She stopped for a second to get her breath. Van cut in quick.

"That wa'n't the cause of his death, then?" he asks, very grave.

"Who's that?"

"Turning into beans? Of course not. I believe you said he didn't turn."

"I said he never got tired of 'em. Course he didn't turn into 'em. Who ever heard of such a thing? Well, as I was saying; every Saturday night we had 'em, and one night—'twas the last one, poor thing—She stopped to unfurl her handkerchief and mop her eyes.

"Pray go on, Mrs. Purvis," says Van, very polite. "You were saying 'twas the last bean—"

"I said 'twas his last well night. There was beans enough, land knows! Well, I had 'em on the table and he set down. 'Hannah,' says he, 'I don't feel like beans to-night.' I looked at him. It wa'n't because they wa'n't good beans. I'm always as particular as can be about cooking beans. Always put such to soak over night on a Friday, and then Saturday morning I take 'em and put 'em in the bean-pot along with some molasses and a nice chunk of pork. You can't be too particular about your pork. 'Don't,' I used to say to the man that drove the

butcher cart; 'don't,' says I, 'give me nothing but fat pork. Might's well have plain lard and be done with it. Give me,' says I, 'a streaked chunk; streak of lean and a streak of fat.' Then I put 'em in the oven and bake 'em all day and by night they're ready. So when Jehiel says to me, 'Hannah, I don't feel like beans,' I set and looked at him."

"Did he look like 'em?" asks Van.

Hannah Jane switched round on the step and stared at him. But he was as sober as a church and just running over with sympathy, seemed so, so she sniffed and went on.

"He looked sick," she says, "and I could see that he was sick, too. So I got him to bed and what a night I put in! Oh, the hot jugs to his feet! Oh, the running for the doctor! We had Dr. Blake here then, Mr. Pratt. You remember him, don't you? Great big tall man with gray whiskers. No, wait a minute. 'Twas Dr. White that had the whiskers; Dr. Blake was smooth-faced. No, seems to me he had a mustache. I remember he did because he was engaged to Emma Baker's sister's girl and she used to say that when she once got him for good he'd have to raise more board than that. She said a doctor without a beard was like a soft-boiled egg without—without—without something or 'nother in it. Strange I can't think! An egg without something in it—"

"Chicken, possibly," suggests Van.

"No, indeed, Salt! that's what 'twas. A soft-billed egg without salt in it. Now you'd ought to be as careful about billing eggs as you had about anything else. Way some folks bile eggs is a sin and shame. I've et eggs so hard that you could build a stone wall out of 'em, seems so; and then again I've et 'em when I've actually had to drink 'em. Now when I bile eggs I always—let me see; I wa'n't speaking of eggs when I fust started. Where was I?"

"You were telling us about beans, I believe, Mrs. Purvis," purrs Van again, sweet and buttery as can be. "I seem to have a dim recollection of beans, Mrs. P."

"Oh, yes, yes! I was going on to tell of Jehiel's sufferin', Mr. Van Brunt. I could only begin to give you an idea of that poor critter's agony. Why, he—who's that at the back door?"

'Twas the neighbor's boy, as it turned out, come to borrow a cupful of sugar, but he took Hannah Jane away from us, which was a mercy. Sheopped the dishpan and went inside.

Van Brunt looked after her. "Will someone please inform me," says he, "whether I've been at a clinic, or a funeral, or just a cooking-school session, Mrs. P."

"Umph!" says Hartley. "Unfortunate interruption. Now we ain't leen what became of the long-sufferin' Jehiel."

"Oh, he died," says Van. "I wanted to find out what became of those beans."

"I understand now why they put a Rest' on Jehiel's gravestone," I says.

Hartley turned to me. "Skipper," he says, "you mustn't think that Van and I are altogether cold-blooded because we refuse to weep over the departed Samuels. The lady has cheered us with happy little memories of this kind ever since she agreed to demean herself and make 'ris biscuit' at four-fifty per. She began with her cousin, who died of small-pox, and she's worked down through the family till she's got to her husband."

"Yes," says Van, "and he's only her first. We shall hear later how Number Two fell into a stove-crusher or was bolled in oil. Lord!"

"Hank Purvis had five brothers," says I; "and they've all died within the last ten year. You've got more funerals coming to you."

It was quiet for a few minutes. Out back we could hear Hannah Jane laying into the neighbor's boy because he trucked mud on the kitchen floor.

"It was no use," says Van, decided. "I refuse to renew my subscription to The Daily Morgue. All those in favor of parting with the Widow Purvis at once, immediate, P. D. Q., will say 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' It's a vote. Hannah is erased. What shall we do, Martin—go back to James and dignity, or feed ourselves?"

Hartley seemed to be thinking. "Skipper," says he to me, "you can cook. I—even I, the interesting invalid—can eat your chowder and like it and come back for more. Will you come and help us out? What do you say?"

Van Brunt sat up straight. "Martin," says he, "you're as comforting as the shadow of a great rock in a—in a—something or other. You're a genius. Pratt, you've got to come here and live with us. We need thee every hour, as Mrs. P. sings at 5 a. m., which is her ungodly time for getting out of bed. It's settled; you're coming."

"Well, now; hold on," says I. "Some ways I'd like to, and, if you want plain cooking, why, I guess likely I can give it to you. But business is business and there's my boat and my living for the summer. You're here only a month, as I understand it, and—"

"That didn't make no difference. I could fetch the Dora Basset along too, Van said. Hartley explained that they intended to stay through the summer, anyhow, perhaps later. He went on to tell that he and his chum was what he called "redeemed conventionalities," or some such name, and that they intended to stay redeemed. They'd hitched horses and agreed to find the Natural in all its glory. And the Natural they was going to find if it took a thousand year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figw and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



Flossie Footlight—Part of the Japanese wedding ceremony consists in the burning of the discarded toys of the bride.

Winnie Wings—Horror! You don't mean cremating her cast-off lovers, do you?

As He Understood It. Despite the imaginative nature of the child, it has a decided tendency to see things in a literal sense. This is noticeable in the acquiring of language. For instance, little Herbert was pleading to be out of doors to play.

"When I see fit, you shall go," said his mother, decidedly.

This settled the matter, and the little fellow went off to his blocks. In about half an hour he returned, and said:

"Mamma, have you seen him?" "Seen whom?" replied the lady, utterly in the dark as to his meaning.

"Why, seen Fit."

Her Experience. Letty was a little colored girl whose chief occupation was the bringing of water from a distant spring. This was very much to her discomfort, for the summons to fill the empty water bucket called her often from her play.

One day her young mistress was giving her a lesson in this history, the subject being Noah and the flood.

"Letty," she said, "what did Noah do when he found that the water was all gone?"

Letty, who had been giving scant attention to the story, replied with a sigh:

"I spec' he sent after mo'."

Her Qualifications. A prominent educator tells of a unique recommendation made by the board of examination with reference to certain questions put to a primary school in an Indiana town.

"I desire to recommend Mary Wilson also for a reward of merit," stated one of the board in a note appended to the report. "Being very young, Mary naturally missed the point of all the questions in the examination papers, but her answers were in every instance so ladylike and refined that I think she should be awarded a medal."—Harper's Monthly.

UPWARD START After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.