

Deformed spelling, sure enough.

King Leopold's press agent seems to have a harder job than even Mr. Rockefeller's.

The new British ambassador to this country was born in Ireland. The Irish will not be kept down.

"Why," asks the Baltimore Sun, "should grafters seek office?" Why should ducks enter the water?

Most of the Russian riots occur on some anniversary. It might help some of the Czar were to abolish anniversaries.

"Russia would like to help the United States check Japanese aggressions." How much money does Russia want to borrow?

A London physician says that ministers live too long. This is variety. Most fault-finders only say the ministers preach too long.

Perhaps the man who stole two pounds of Limburger cheese from a Montreal grocer simply found the temptation too strong to resist.

A Frenchman has invented a phonograph that can be heard for a mile. Mothers use it to call for Willie to come home and split an armful of kindling.

It will be several weeks, anyway, before the United States and Japan go to war over a question that could easily be settled by a well-organized country debating society.

Count Boul as a Paris newspaper writer, at a salary of \$100 per month, may not save much money, but he will have a glorious chance to get even with the flippant journalists of America.

The country has grown too fast and too great for its transportation facilities.—Boston Globe. How can we reconcile this assertion with the claim that the railroads develop the country?

Judging from the noise he isn't making it is only fair to infer that Winston Churchill is busy on a new book which may be brought out about the time another campaign is started in New Hampshire.

The London Times is endeavoring to establish itself on a twentieth century basis, but it has not as yet begun to offer prizes for the best definition of love or the most lucid solution of the problem of Ann's age.

It is announced that Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller consider themselves too poor to have oysters served at their table. Let us not, however, permit ourselves to be distressed at their poverty. They can probably afford to have a soup bone at least once a day.

Emperor William is reported to have become an enthusiastic golfer. Now for the first time in his life he will have a chance to show that he is really great. If he can play eighteen holes without losing his temper it will have to be admitted that Germany has a wonderful ruler.

Some of the men who are named as probable successors of King Leopold in the administration of affairs in the Congo country may not be very well qualified for the business of ruling people, but any change from the present condition of the inhabitants of the Congo district would necessarily be for the better.

The establishment of parliamentary government in countries accustomed to autocracy is not easy. Russia is having trouble over the problem. In Persia the people are accusing the leaders of the reform movement of seeking selfish ends, and they have no confidence in the proceedings of their house of representatives. In Montenegro, where the first parliament was recently organized, the legislators voted lack of confidence in the government the other day, the cabinet resigned, and parliament adjourned.

The attempts thus far made to disregard and nullify the immutable laws of nature have been laughable in their fantastic failure. Communistic and socialistic experiments, whether made by artificial societies or imposed by great nations upon a people, as was the case in Canada in "New France," have gone down in wreck and disaster. In the formal attempts to found societies on the equality plan a curious thing always happens in the end. It may be suggested by those who have not looked into them that the loafers and the workers do the work, according to their bent. Not at all; the loafers and the ambitious, who under our present crude system would be the workers, take to loafing too.

"My most serious problem is how I can give my children the advantage of the poor man's." A popular magazine quotes a rich man as saying this. Most rich men in this country have themselves been sons of poor men. The old European laws of primogeniture and entail being inoperative with us, every man stands on his own feet and depends on his own head and hands for his fortune. Even the heir to wealth must use his own brains and energies to take care of it, or it soon slips away. And it is a fact, which the rich man quoted seems to have noticed, that not all, nor most, children of the rich have ability even to hold wealth dumped in their laps. A few children of rich men have notably made their inherited wealth a great blessing to themselves and mankind—but they are precious few. Call the roll of the men and women who have achieved the highest fortune or fame in this country, and an overwhelming majority will be found to have come up from the "lower walks" of life and to owe their devel-

opment of character to struggle and self-denial. It is of these twin blessings in disguise that we gain strength, skill, sympathy, purpose. The child pampered in idleness and luxury knows little of these vital things, and when he meets in contest the uncouth but toughened boy from the farm or the side street, he has poor chance of holding his own. We are accustomed to think of the "advantages" of the children of the rich. But all the history of human life since the world began proves that the real "advantages" are on the other side.

Early in October British soap manufacturers formed a combination like what we know in America as a trust. Six weeks later the members of the combination announced that "the working arrangement entered into by the leading soap makers of the United Kingdom has been received with such disfavor by the trade and the public as to make it unworkable, and it has been decided to terminate the arrangement." Newspapers, tradesmen and consumers had united to defeat the combination. One need not approve the methods of boycott resorted to by the retailers, or the favors shown by newspapers to "independent" soap makers in the matter of advertising, which contributed to make the allied firms dissolve their agreement. But it may be noted with satisfaction that the chief power against the trust was the public, and that the combination was undone not by legal or political measures, but by the fact that popular opposition made it "unworkable." The people did not like the combination, and they made the manufacturers feel their strong disapproval of it. Wherever organized and artificial evil shows itself and is recognized in time, spontaneous opposition on the part of public opinion can often, if not always, break it up, although politics, law and mere ethics fail. Even where the consumer has not the weapon of competition, as in the case of railroad companies with unique franchises, the people can force attention to their just demands if they will. Cartoonists are still representing the common people as a sorry, wretched little man. In this country as in England, his arm and voice are mighty if he but use them.

Secret Long Known to the Chinese Given to a French Traveler. So long as there is a cat anywhere near it is not necessary to have a watch or a clock, for the animal's eyes will tell you the time of day. The first European to learn of the use of a cat as a time indicator was M. Hue, who, in a work on the Chinese empire, tells how he was initiated into the mystery. M. Hue and a party of friends set out to visit a Chinese Christian mission settlement among the peasantry. They met a young Chinaman on the road and to test his intelligence they asked him if he could tell them the time. The native looked up at the sky, but the clouds hid the sun from view and he couldn't read any answer there. Suddenly he darted away to a farm and returned in a few moments with a cat in his arms. Pushing up its eyelids with his hand he told Hue to look at them, at the same time volunteering the information that it was not noon yet. While they were puzzling over the case the boy went about his business. When the party reached the village they asked the Christian converts if they could tell the time by a cat's eyes and how it was done. Immediately there was a wild hunt and all the cats obtainable in the neighborhood were brought before them. The Chinese pointed out that the pupils of a cat's eyes were gradually narrower up to 12 noon, when they became scarcely perceptible lines, drawn perpendicularly across the eye and after that dilation recommenced. Hue examined the eyes of several cats and verified what the Chinese had told him.

CAT'S EYES TELL THE TIME.

Fooled the Holdup Men. A west end man had an experience recently that made his hair stand on end and had it not been for his quick wit in devising a means of getting out of the difficulty it might have cost him dearly. He is the treasurer of a local lodge and was returning home from a meeting with a considerable amount of money in his possession, fortunately the greater part of which was in currency. He got off a car quite a distance out in the west end and turned off a side street toward his home, when he noticed that he was being followed by two suspicious looking men. Quick as a flash he pulled an envelope out of his pocket, addressed it to himself, stamped it, put the currency inside it and dropped it in the mail box. Then he started on a brisk walk. Suddenly there came a command from behind him. "Hands up!" Up went his hands and the robbers went through his pockets. He smiled grimly as the holdups secured only a few dollars in silver and he thought with pleasure of the money he had put in the mail box in Uncle Sam's care. The robbers went away complaining of the small amount they secured and the treasurer went home. Next day the letter containing the money was delivered safely to his office.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Old Adage Discredited.

"This old saying that bad news travels faster than good news," said the lycenean lecturer, "is all bosh. For instance, when I get a roast in a local paper I say nothing at all about it and when I get a nice notice I send it broadcast among lecture-course committees."—Baltimore American.

Invested Cream Freezer.

Only a short time ago the woman whose inventive brain gave the ice cream freezer to delighted humanity died at an advanced age in Philadelphia. This was Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, and her device was patented in 1843.

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OPEN AIR RESTORES SKIN.

Hospital Physicians Test Plan Which Makes Grafting "Necessary." How the city hospital physicians avoided the necessity of the delicate operation of grafting live tissue on Johnnie Cottle's scalded breast and saved his mother, who had volunteered to furnish the skin from her own body, the pain of the sacrifice form an interesting chapter in the history of painless surgery.

About two months ago the 8-year-old boy sustained burns so serious that his life was despaired of. The skin covering his entire breast was destroyed and physicians at the hospital first thought that in order to save the life of the child the cuticle of a live person would have to be grafted on his body. Mrs. Cottle, who lives at 1213 Armstrong street, offered to furnish the required amount and was ready to undergo an operation every day until her boy's breast was covered and healed.

Day after day Mrs. Cottle went to the hospital prepared to undergo the operation, but each day she was told that the boy was not ready. She finally became worried and then the secret was revealed to her.

On the third floor of the hospital with nothing but the sky above him the patient, his breast exposed to the open air, was lying on a cot, covered with a thin gauze to keep away dust and impurities of the atmosphere. For two weeks the raw breast of the boy was thus exposed to the action of the air until a perfect scale was formed over the wound. Then the boy was taken indoors, nutritive salves were applied and now he is all but ready to be discharged.

For a long time physicians at the hospital have realized the curative powers of oxygen and other components of air, but the case of Johnnie Cottle is the first successful demonstration of the theory. Basing their contention of the successful experiment, the physicians now declare that instead of bandaging a wounded member they will expose it to the open air, taking care to keep from the wound all impurities.—St. Louis Republic.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

The approval by the State commission of a freight based upon limited valuation of the property is held, in Everett vs. Norfolk & S. R. Co. (N. C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 985, not to absolve the carrier from liability for full value of the property if lost through its negligence.

More violation of a statute making it a misdemeanor to hunt on another's property without a permit is held, in State vs. Horton (N. C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 991, not to be such an unlawful act as to render an accidental homicide committed while so doing a criminal offense.

A contract made with a foreign corporation before it has obtained permission to do business in a State is held, in State vs. American Book Co. (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1041, not to be, for that reason, invalid or subject to cancellation at suit of one of the contracting parties.

A gift inter vivos is held, in Harris Banking Co. vs. Miller (Mo.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 790, not to be established by depositing a fund in a bank with the statement that it was intended for the donee, and the delivery to the latter of a certificate of deposit with its endorsement indicating that it was his.

A marine underwriter is held, in Standard Marine Insurance Company vs. Nome Beach L. and T. Company (C. C. A. 9th C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1095, not to be liable for a loss occurring through the deliberate act of the master in pushing through dangerous ice for the purpose of reaching his destination quickly.

The adoption of a by-law by a fraternal insurance order, excluding from membership persons engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, is held, in Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. vs. Hadlock (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1064, not to avoid the certificate of a member already engaged in that business, and who continued therein after the adoption of the by-law.

An unconstitutional impairment of contract is held, in Meyers vs. Knickerbocker Trust Co. (C. C. A. 3d C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1171, to be effected by a change of the law permitting individual creditors of a corporation to enforce their claims against individual stockholders, so as to provide one suit in equity in behalf of all creditors, to which all stockholders may become parties and abating suits pending under the former law.

Cheering Tommy Up.

The obstacle which beset the path way of a photographer when he endeavors to secure "a pleasant expression" are many, particularly when his sitters are of a tender age.

"I do not believe whipping does children a particle of good," said Mrs. Green, returning flushed and discouraged from a visit to the photographer, with her Tommy. "Here I've spent over an hour in that hot room, trying to make this child look pleasant. I've slapped his hands twice and he looked crosser each time than he did before."

Slight Error.

The newest ship, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, is 190 feet long and resembles an ear of Kansas corn. That is an exaggeration. Ears of Kansas corn are not 190 feet long. This Louisville editor seems to have confused the length of the ears with the height of the stalks.—Kansas City Journal.

American Lawlessness.

One community in this State complains that it has been the scene of ten murders in a month. It would seem as though the survivors had a right to feel anxious.—Philadelphia Ledger.

With Oats in It.

"He's put the oats before the horse," Old Dobbin said, "and I'm quite dead to be the horse, of course.—You see, it's feeding time."—Philadelphia Ledger.



COLLECTING UNCLE SAM'S REVENUE IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

The popular idea that all government employees lead a life of ease is justifiable to some extent, but now and then one rises up and lives the strenuous way, and one of these is John A. Cameron, deputy collector of internal revenue at Nome, Alaska.

Mr. Cameron is a deputy of the district of Washington and serves under B. D. Crocker of Tacoma, the collector of the district. He is a "sour dough"—that is, he has seen the ice Jan up and freeze Alaska off from any intercourse with water with the outside world, seen it rot beneath the climb of the sun and wash out from the harbors long locked by Jack Frost. And more; he is an old-time "dog musher," familiar with the winter ways and trails of all Alaska. His duty demands that he travel far and wide. There are taxes that must be collected, and until he was detailed to his present place there was much of "hooch making," as illicit distilling of ardent spirits is designated in that land of snow.

The drift of men into Alaska in search of gold brought bits of human floatam of all types and from all quarters of the world. At first each man was a law unto himself, and all the justice that existed lay in the right of might. The strong prevailed all over Alaska, and until John A. Cameron outfitted and started to collect the taxes due the government he serves, there was no one to see that all the laws were honored and the tithes paid in.

Collector Crocker knew his man and Cameron knew the country. Their conference was brief, for both are of the West that was—few-worled, quick to act and slow to speak—and when they separated Cameron was a deputy collector of internal revenue, with all Alaska, from the bleak north shore washed by the Arctic Ocean to the pleasant waters of Chatham Sound; from where Siberia lifts across the Behring Sea to Rampart House in England's northwest territory. The land was his to travel over and control. There was no way to go except by dogs and Klondike sled; no way from town to town save half-frozen trails where

windblown snow sifted back and forth as dry as sand.

Hooch making was rife throughout the country. Illicit stills, scarce hid from view, made moonshine for the who had the price. It was a fiery stuff, throat burning, with a strength of alcohol that bit into the blood. The Indians of Alaska quickly found it out and under its influence sold the furs that they had trapped with utter disregard of real value. Distilled from anything that would ferment, it finally became a menace to the whites, and many a brawl and murder was traceable to it.

To put an end to this condition of affairs was the intention of Collector Crocker when he appointed Cameron, and to-day, throughout the length and breadth of all Alaska, while one hears whispings of stills close hid and dripping hooch, there is no open breaking of the law. When he had outfitted, Cameron set out at once upon his travels, and mysteriously, as word flies in the wild, news went the length and breadth of Alaska that the government must have its own. Men made returns and paid taxes that had slumbered lightly upon their conscience for years, and hooch makers hid their stills underneath the snows. The government, personified by Cameron, went far afield. Men who had forgot that law can penetrate behind the blind of ice grew to remember it and obey.

Fifty-mile journeys across wastes of snow are only little trips for Cameron, and sometimes his day's travel covers a hundred miles, from one tiny group of winter-prisoned houses to the next. His is a life of hardship and bitter work. Camping at night, sometimes in solitude of snow that reaches endlessly, he cooks his food, cares for his dogs and then seeks rest in his small tent, a man alone in an eternity of snow.

Often when the time comes for him to travel on again—there is no morning there—he finds that wind-blown snow piles high above his tent and to his call sees his dogs plunge out from banks of snow, where they have slept away their rest time in snow caverns hollowed by the warmth of their bodies. Once, when the drop of mercury had caught him unprepared, frost razored him out and a drowsy creep upon him that presaged death by freezing. Sense knowing what he did, or caring, for the luxury of numbness was upon him strong, he lined his dogs out for

the nearest settlement, wrapped him self up as best he could, told the dogs wearily to start up and went to sleep. When he woke up the fires of a thousand white-hot needles pricked in his veins, and he found that his team, true to the trust that he had placed in it, had followed the guidance of the wolfish leader and brought him to where rough-handed rescue waited him.

Some of Mr. Cameron's trips circling from Nome up along the bleak north shore and back down the Yukon figure up 2,500 miles, and among the experiences that have been his is a 2,000-mile chase after the worst hoochmaker who ever distilled illicit spirits for the sodden Indians or the reckless whites. Charles Williams, the man's name was, and his photograph is one of the ornaments of the rogues' gallery of the Northwest mounted police at Dawson.

Cameron had heard of him, and found some of the hooch distilled by him. With patient carefulness, he traced it to its source, found and destroyed the still, then set to work to track the man down. Williams fled toward the British possessions in the Northwest. The mounted police, warned by Cameron, were watching for him and captured him at once. On his release from imprisonment last year Williams decided to stay away from Alaska, for there was the old charge of illicit distilling against him, and a man who never forgot awaiting him with eagerness.

Cameron sees to it that all the laws and all the regulations promulgated by the Treasury Department that he serves are observed to the letter, and in the farthest mining camps the United States dog team is well known. The winter's zero weather does not hinder him. Snow, blown before cold winds, that piles in drifts and changes all the face of nature in a night, delays perhaps, but through the hardships that are part and parcel of winter travel in Alaska he pushes on, sleeps out in wastes of snow where there is not the slightest trace of life.

His journeyings are ceaseless. The end of one trip sees but the beginning of the next, and while the winter binds the land with ice and zero temperature is pleasant warmth, he travels east and west and north and south, heating the path before him. His dogs where snows are light and travel hindered, think perhaps of his cozy house at Nome, but bound by his oath of office and duty driven across unending seas of snow.

FLOATING A STRANDED OCEAN LINER BY PUMPING HER FULL OF AIR.

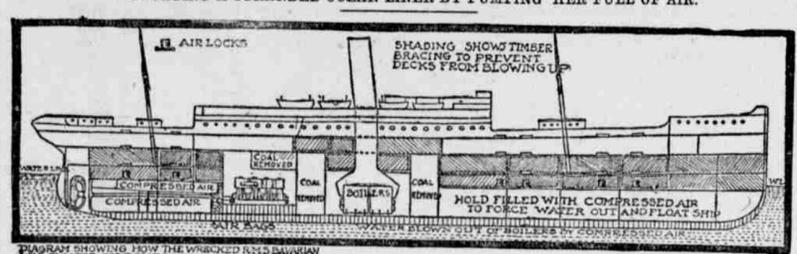


Diagram showing how the wrecked liner was floated by compressed air.

To turn a 12,000-ton steamship into a huge steel bubble by pumping her full of compressed air, and float her off rocks on which she had been impaled for more than a year, is a feat which has been accomplished in the wrecked Allan liner Bavarian, at the suggestion of Captain Leslie, the well-known wrecking expert of Kingston, Ont.

With a full passenger list and valuable cargo, the Bavarian ran on Wye Rock, thirty-eight miles below Quebec, on the night of Nov. 3, 1905. Many of the Bavarian's compartments filled with water, and the ship settled down on the rocks. The ship's bottom plates were badly torn, and when the wreckers made an examination it was declared that the floating of the vessel would be a most difficult job.

After the Allan had worked for several weeks to get the vessel off she was turned over to Lloyds, and the under-

writers set to work to save their money. All the old methods for raising vessels were employed, and failed. At last the underwriters gave it up. The big liner lay on the rocks throughout the whole of the winter, and when spring came, and it was seen that the vessel had not suffered from the winter storms, hopes began to revive that perhaps she might yet be saved. Captain Leslie visited the wreck and after a careful examination gave it as his opinion that the big vessel could be successfully floated. He proposed to employ compressed air to do the work. Such a thing had never been done before, but Captain Leslie succeeded in interesting Canadian and United States capitalists and engineers in the enterprise.

All the ship's compartments were made as nearly air tight as possible. Hatch after hatch was closed by plat-

ing, which was simply laid under the hatch coaming, so that when the air pressure was applied the covers would be held in place. Air locks were placed on the compartments which had filled with water, and the "sand hogs" as the tunnel workers are called, felt as much at home as if they were in their New York tunnels. As the air was forced in, the water rapidly receded and the workmen were able to stop the leaks with temporary plating.

As the tide rose the air compressors were set to work and the full power of the plant used in forcing air into the hold of the ship. Suddenly there was a movement of the great hull and as she lifted herself from her rocky bed a cheer went up from those on board. Five minutes later the Bavarian was in possession of her own again and floated clear of Wye Rock in sixty feet of water.

A LABRADOR MAIL-CARRIER.

The mail carrier of the Labrador coast is a man of endurance who does not fear the worst of weather. There is no road at all. There are no bridges and no ferries. In some parts of the country the houses are as much as twenty miles apart. There are mountains to climb and rivers to cross, bogs to pass, impenetrable barren uplands and large lakes. In "Off the Rocks" Dr. Grenfell tells of one mail-carrier whose route is about 100 miles long, and who receives as compensation \$10 a trip.

We were pitying ourselves one night as we turned into our comfortable sleeping-bags on the floor of our host's tilt-pitying ourselves because it had been a heavy day on our dogs, and it was nearly 10 o'clock before we reached shelter. When I awoke in the morning, as the gray dawn was stealing in through the little window, I thought I heard a movement by the stove. There seemed something almost uncanny about it until I made out what it was, and could distinguish a tiny, erect figure, sitting bolt upright where none had been over-night.

It proved to be Peter Wright. He had arrived about 2 in the morning, noiselessly stationed himself by the stove, and gone straight off to sleep, sitting on the settle, without a word to any one, as satisfied as if he were in a feather bed. Now this place was where three car-

A Curious Fact.

Did you ever notice that the dummy clocks in front of jewelry shops are always set at 8:18?

"Yes, I have noticed that." "And do you know why these clocks are always set at that hour?" "No. Why is it?" "Well, some people hold that George Washington was born at 8:18, and that the clocks commemorate that auspicious moment. Others hold that at 8:18 the writing of the Declaration of Independence was completed. But there is no truth in such ideas. We don't need to go so far back in order to find out why all dummy clocks mark 8:18. These clocks are all set at that hour for the reason that such an arrangement of the hands gives the most room on the dial for the jeweler's name and address."

Willing to Chip In.

He—I told your father I couldn't live without you. She—And what did he say? He—Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses.—Half Holiday.

Many young folks can't find anything to talk about until the old folks have gone to bed.

The Badge of Honesty

In every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery became a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Dr. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion of dyspepsia, as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "stomachic diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and kidneys, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores it is well to insure their healing by applying to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post. You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as this non-alcoholic, medicine or known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Genuine Coffee Will Float.

Coffee was formerly adulterated extensively with chicory, but is very much less so at present date. Take a tumblerful of cold water and add the coffee grains or the ground coffee. Genuine coffee will float and not impart a distinct color to the water for several minutes. Chicory, cereals and other adulterants will sink and settle to the bottom, leaving brown trails of color as they sink.

Mass Have.

Clinton—Hear about the weather man? He had a stroke of heart failure. Streeter—Gee! At what. Forecast come true?—Cleveland Leader.

A Big Bargain for 12 Cents Postpaid.

The year of 1910 was one of prodigious plenty on our warrented seeds, and if you did vegetable and farm seeds return such enormous yields. Now we wish to gain 200,000 new customers this year and hence offer for 12c postpaid: 1 pk. Garden City Beet, 10c 1 " Earliest Ripe Cabbage, 10c 1 " Earliest Emerald Cucumber, 15c 1 " Crosse Market Lettuce, 15c 1 " 13 Day Radish, 10c 1 " Blue Blood Tomato, 15c 1 " Juicy Turnip, 10c 1000 kernels gloriously flower seeds, 15c

Total \$1.00 All for 12c postpaid in order to introduce our warranted seeds, and if you will send 15c we will add one package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower, together with our mammoth plant, nursery stock, vegetable and farm seed and tool catalog. This catalog is filled free to all intending purchasers. Write to-day. John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box C, La Crosse, Wis.

Yale professors will hereafter be retired from service, except in special cases at 65 years of age.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Cancelled His Error.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily awakened and who is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound sleep, when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him. "What's wanted?" "Packets downstairs for you." "Well, it can wait till morning, I suppose." The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door. "Well, what is it now?" he inquired. "Tain't for you, that package."—Tit-Bits.

Microscopic experiments have shown that the electrically made steel is not different in any way from crucible steel.

BRIGHT GOOD HEALTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Used After the Grip, Arrest Fatal Decline and Rebuild the System.

"Any bodily weakness caused by a deficiency in the blood can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because these pills actually make new blood. After attacks of the grip the blood is generally run down and the patient continues to decline. "About three years ago," says Mrs. Jennie Cowan, of 718 N. Henry Street, West Bay City, Mich., "I caught a severe cold which ran into the grip. I was confined to my bed for two weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about, but was completely run down. I was so weak I could hardly stand, my cheeks had no color and I felt faint. My heart would flutter and it was difficult for me to breathe at times. Neuritis settled in the back of my head and stomach and I suffered from rheumatism in my shoulders. "I had the care of the best doctor in town but became no better until a friend told me one day how she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I soon felt better and continued using them until I was entirely cured. They built me up again to perfect health and I use them now whenever I feel at all sick and they always help me." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in such cases, as well as in other blood diseases, because they not only drive off