

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliancy vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rarely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form will be restored to the fact in the face and form. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the body for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve tonic, adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Canadian West is the Best West

The testimony of tens of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Year by year the agricultural returns have increased. In volume and value, the Canadian Government offers no acres free to any bona fide settler.

Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branch lines—has almost everywhere of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience.

THE NINETEEN MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means \$60,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, and the results of other grains and cattle.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or R. T. Holmes, St. Paul, Minn., and J. J. MacLachlan, Box 28, Watertown, St. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please write when you see this advertisement.

Obedient Instructions.

Man of the House—Verma, I told you to call me at 7 sharp this morning. Domestic—I called you as usual as I could, sir, but I couldn't wake you.

Garfield Tea, which is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, is the best remedy for constipation, sick-headache and indigestion. It purifies the blood and cleanses the system.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE CREAM.

Cottonseed Oil Used Instead of the Ordinary Ingredients.

"When Prof. William of Stevens Institute gave a dinner to two friends, at which most of the viands were made artificially by chemical means," writes Lawrence Perry in the Technical World magazine, "he had small idea of the future his efforts would produce. But he has received hundreds of letters asking how different dishes were produced—so many that he has not had time to answer many of them.

"The chemical processes which he employed were some of them simple and some quite complicated. To make vanilla ice cream by artificial means, for instance, the alchemist took some triple refined cottonseed oil and placed it in a centrifugal machine which revolved at a velocity of 3,000 revolutions a minute. A beautiful emulsion was thereby produced, which was then frozen, chemically, of course. The flavor was obtained by the addition of vanilla, glucin and nitrobenzol. They say that ice cream composed as above is sold in many Southern States where cottonseed oil is more plentiful and consequently cheaper than milk or cream. It is far from harmful, tastes good and does not melt as quickly as the genuine ice."

Worse than an insult.

"Did he offer you the insult of a bribe?" asked the new Alderman.

"Catch him offering anybody a bribe!" exclaimed the Alderman from the "Stentward." "The dirty tightwad wanted me to do it for nothing!"

APPENDICITIS.

Not at All Necessary to Operate in Many Cases.

Automobiles and Appendicitis scare some people before they are hit. Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form clumps in the colon. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix.)

A N. H. girl had appendicitis, but lived on milk for a while—then Grape-Nuts and got well without an operation.

She says: "Five years ago while at school I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion." (Too much starch white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest.)

"Soon after I left school I had an attack of appendicitis and for thirteen weeks lived on milk and water. When I recovered enough to eat solid food there was nothing that would agree with me, until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts."

"When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed 98 lbs., but I soon grew to 115 lbs. The distress after eating left me entirely and now I am like a new person."

(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much better for this case than milk alone, for the starch part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digestible sugar in making Grape-Nuts.)

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason."

Madame Midas

By Ferfus Hume

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"One night," pursued Gaston, in a low, concentrated voice, grasping Meddichip's wrist firmly, and looking at him with fiery eyes, "Braulard prepared a poison, and the poison which was quick in its action, fatal in its results. He goes to the house of Adele Blondet at half past twelve o'clock—the hour now," he said, rapidly swinging round and pointing to the clock on the mantelpiece, which had just struck the half hour: "he found them at supper," releasing Meddichip's wrist and crossing to the sofa; "he sat opposite Kestrike, as he does now," leaning forward and glaring at Meddichip, who shrank back in his chair. "Adele, at the head of the table, laughs and smiles; she looks at her old lover and sees murder in his face; she is ill and retires to another room. Kestrike follows her to see what is the matter. Braulard is left alone; he produces a bottle and pours its contents into a cup of coffee, waiting for Adele. Kestrike returns, saying Adele is ill; she wants a drink. He takes her the poisoned cup of coffee; she drinks it and falls."

—with a long breath—"asleep. Kestrike returns to the room, asks Braulard to leave the house. Braulard refuses. Kestrike is afraid, and would leave himself; he rises from the table; so does Braulard—here Gaston rose and crossed to Meddichip, who was also on his feet—"he goes to Kestrike, seizes his wrist, thus—drags him to the next room, and there lies Adele Blondet—dead—killed by the poison of one lover given her by the other—and the murderer look at one another—thus."

Meddichip wrenched his hand from Vandeloup's iron grip and falls back, his face white as a sheet, with a strangled cry, while the Frenchman stood over him with eyes gleaming with hatred.

"Kestrike," pursued Vandeloup, rapidly, "is known in Paris—his name is an assumed one—he leaves France before the police can discover how he has poisoned Adele Blondet, crosses to England and returns to Australia, where he is called—Meddichip."

The man in the chair threw up his hands, as if to keep the other off, and uttered a stifled cry.

"He then goes to China," went on Gaston, bending nearer to the shrinking figure, "and returns after twelve months, where he meets Octave Braulard—yes, the two murderers meet in Melbourne! How does Braulard hear? No. What is the case? No. Was it design? No. Was it fate? Yes."

He hissed the words in Meddichip's ear, and the wretched man shrank away from him again.

"Braulard," pursued Vandeloup, in a calmer tone, "also left the house of Adele Blondet. She is found dead; one of her lovers cannot be found; the other, Braulard, is accused of the crime; he defies the police to prove it; she has been poisoned. Bah! there is no trace. Braulard will go free. Stop! who is this man called Prevot who appears? He is a fellow student of Braulard's, and knows the poison. Braulard is lost! Prevot examines the body, proves the poison has been given—by whom? Braulard, and none other. He is sentenced to death; but he is so handsome that Paris urges pardon. No! It is not according to the law. Still, spare his life? Yes. His life is spared. The gallies at Toulon? No. New Caledonia? Yes. He is sent there. But is Braulard cowardly? No. Does he rest as a convict? No. He makes friends with another convict; they steal a boat, and fly the island; they drift, and drift, for days and days; the sun rises, the sun sets—still they drift; their food is giving out; the water in the barrel is low; are they to die of thirst and famine? No. The sky is red—like blood—the sun is sinking; and in the distance—they are saved!" falling on his knees: "they are saved."

Meddichip, who had recovered himself, wiped his face with his handkerchief, and meered with his white lips at the theatrical way Gaston was behaving in.

"You know a secret," said Meddichip, nervously, "which is dangerous to me; you want to sell it; well, I will be the buyer—name your price."

"Five hundred pounds," said Vandeloup, quietly.

"Is that all?" asked the other, with a start of surprise: "I was prepared for five thousand."

"I am not exorbitant in my demands," answered Vandeloup, smoothly: "and I have a scheme on hand by which I may make a lot of money—five hundred pounds is sufficient to do what I want. If the scheme succeeds I will be rich enough to do without any more money from you."

CHAPTER XXII.

When Kitty left Mrs. Palschop's residence she had no very definite idea as to what she was going to do with herself. Her sole thought was to get as far away from her former life as possible—to disappear in the crowd and never to be heard of again. Poor little soul, she never for a moment dreamed that it was a case of trying to get into the life, and that the world at large might prove more cruel to her than Vandeloup.

She went into town and wandered about listlessly, not knowing where to go, till nearly 12 o'clock, and the streets were gradually emptying themselves of their crowds. She knew there was a cab-stall in the Town Hall which went to Richmond, and determined to go home. At the top of the block, a party of young men in evening dress came round the corner singing. These were none other than Barty and his friends, ripe for any mischief. Balthorp and Barty were walking arm in arm.

"Hullo!" cried Balthorp: "girl—pretty—eh?"

Kitty tried to get away from this crew, but they all closed round her, and she wrung her hands in despair.

"'Dearest,' said a rich, rolling voice, which proceeded from a portly man who had just appeared on the scene, 'I am astonished!'"

"Oh!" cried Kitty, "it's Mr. Wopples."

"The same," said the airy Theodore, laying his hand on his heart, "and you, my dear—why, bless me, looking closely at her, 'it is the pretty girl I met in Balthorp—dear, dear, I will be your friend,' said the actor, emphatically, taking her arm and walking slowly down the street."

Kitty told him how she had left Balthorp, but suppressed the name of her husband, as she did not want any blame to fall on him. But all the rest she told freely, and how on that night she had left the man who had wedded and then practically deserted her.

"Oh, vile human nature," said Wopples, in a sonorous tone. "Where," he contin-

CHAPTER XXIII.

Madame Midas had experienced poverty and the coldness of friends, so was completely disillusioned as to the disinterested motives of the people who now came flocking around her. She was very wealthy and determined to stop in Melbourne for a year, and then go home to Europe, so to this end she took a house at St. Kilda.

Vandeloup called on Madame Midas the day after she arrived, and Mrs. Villiers was delighted to see him. Having an object in view, of course Gaston made himself as charming as possible, and assisted Madame to arrange her house, told her about the people who called on her, and made kindly remarks about them, all of which amused Madame Midas mightily. She grew weary of the inane gabble and narrow understandings of people, and it was quite a relief for her to turn to Vandeloup, with a keen tongue and clever brains.

Vandeloup had prospered in his little venture in the mining market, for the Magpie Reef shares ran up rapidly. A telegram was put in his pocket, announcing a rich reef had been struck. Specimens of the very richest kind were displayed in Melbourne, and the confiding public suddenly woke to the fact that a golden tide was flowing past their doors. They rushed the share market, and in two weeks the Magpie Reef shares ran from four shillings to as many pounds. Vandeloup intended to sell at one pound, but when he saw the rapid rise and heard every one talking about this reef, he held his shares till they touched four pounds, then, quite satisfied with his profit, he sold out at once and pocketed nearly ten thousand pounds, so that he was provided for the rest of his life.

Kitty meanwhile had become a great favorite with the Wopples family, and they made a wonderful pet of her. Of course, being in Rome, she did as the Romans did, and went on the stage as Miss Kathleen Wopples, being endowed with the family name for dramatic reasons. The small towns of Victoria, and seemed to be well known, as each member got a reception when he or she appeared on the stage.

(To be continued.)

LOTS OF WORK FOR THE LIVER.

Manufacturer, Scavenger, Filter, Life Preserver and Closed Door. The business of the liver is to manufacture antidotes for poisons, says Sander's Magazine. It is a rendering establishment to which the little corpses that accumulate in the body are carried to be destroyed, just as in the cities dead animals are gathered up by a scavenger and converted into useful things.

All the corpuses of the body die every six weeks. Every second of our lives something like 18,000,000 of these red cells have to be disposed of and the liver does part of the work of grinding them up and working them over into something useful.

The red corpuses have potash in them, which is used for making bile. The bile is a kind of lye for making soap in the small intestines. The soap, like all good home-made soaps, is disinfected; it is a splendid antiseptic and germicide.

The coloring matter is carefully saved out of these red cells, and sent back into the body to be used for dyeing the hair, tinting the skin and painting the dark chambers of the eye where the photographing is done.

If the liver does not do this work as efficiently as it ought, these little corpses accumulate in the body. In other words, the body becomes a septic tank, and we carry about with us dead things that should have been discharged from the body through the bowels, the kidneys, the skin and the lungs, and should have returned to dust again.

The liver is a closed door which keeps poisons out of the rest of the body. The kidneys, skin and lungs are open doors to the poisons escape from the body. When there comes such a flood upon the liver it cannot keep the door shut it is forced open a little way and lets the poisons through into the blood.

Then the blood is not purified, the impurities go through and the body becomes filled with them. The brain becomes confused, dull, stupid and the man feels bilious; the poisons get into the muscles and he feels weary and worn out; they get into the nerves and he has sensation or numbness; the nerve centers get irritable and inefficient and there is nervous exhaustion and perhaps melancholia.

All the food taken into the stomach is filtered by the liver before it is absorbed. That is why one can, with apparent impunity, take such things as antea and coffee, whisky, beer, tobacco, etc. All these impurities are passed through the liver before they get into the general circulation. If they should go straight to the brain the drinker would die shortly after taking his glass of whisky.

When the liver is plump and healthy, full of glycogen made from the blood, it has a wonderful faculty of destroying poisons; but a starved liver cannot do this. A dose of medicine taken on an empty stomach is much more powerful in its effects than a similar dose taken when the stomach furnishes the liver with material which it makes use of to fight poisons.

Nothing! Do not. The Hobo Please, mister, will you give me a few pennies for me starvin' wife?

Old Bachelor—Not me. In the first place I haven't got any pennies; in the second place I have no earthly use for a starvin' wife and in the third place I don't want a wife any more.

Up and Down.

"I see that King Edward took a friendly trip on Pacific railway stocks and made some money."

"That's all right. But I hope the time won't come when Ed will have to hypothecate the crown in order to save his margarine."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Head Was Hot.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her recent misadventure tells this story of the two Misses Walpole, her cousins: "On one occasion, when both of the two were younger, when both of the two were younger, who had that day been rather ill, only joined her sister in the sitting room just before dinner. On her arrival downstairs the latter (Miss Charlotte by name) remarked: 'Fanny, I am going to be ill, too. I feel so hot about the head. It must be apoplexy.' 'Nothing of the sort!' exclaimed Miss Fanny, making a dash at her sister's head. 'Your cap's on fire, and I'm going to put it out.' And so the brave old thing did."

Those who are invited to sing at a party, always report having a good time.

FLASHES OF FUN

"He's perfectly wild over his new auto." "Huh! You should see him under it!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The young man spoke bitterly: "Do you take me for a fool?" "Oh, George," she said, "this is so sudden."—Memphis Journal.

Mrs. Nurech, proudly—That clock on the stairs is more than two hundred years old. Mrs. Blueblood Cutting—Ah, of whom did you buy it?

First Millionaire—You were laid up in your house all last week, weren't you? Second Millionaire—Yes. "Rickets" or investigation committee?—Life.

Brown—Do you think the Panama Climate induces laziness? Town—Does it? Why I took some bees down there once and they got so lazy they wouldn't sting.

Hodge—What's old Scribbles doing? He looks poverty-stricken. Podge—He is writing a series of articles on "How to Get Rich Without Capital."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Trust Magnate (nearly rich)—I want one of them octopus-shaped rooms for the library. Clever Architect—So appropriate, dear madam. Baltimore American.

Burr—Do you think the end of the world will ever come? Dock—I thought it had this morning; my wife got her new hat home and there wasn't a thing wrong with it.

The Agent—If you have this machine, sir, you won't take anybody's dust. The Magnate—Then I don't want it. I'm out for everybody's dust.—Cleveland Leader.

Algernon—I am—have resolved to—do something useful in the world, don't you know. Miss DeStyle—Indeed! Algernon—Yaws. I am—learning to tie me own ties.—Chicago Daily News.

"What class of people do you think has been most benefited by the libraries you have founded?" "I'm not sure," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But I kind of suspect it's the architects."—Washington Star.

Teacher—If coal is \$5 per ton, how many tons could you get for \$20. Disturbing Element—Three tons. Teacher—That's wrong. Disturbing Element—I know it is, but they will do it just the same.—Harvard Lampoon.

"I am a worthless thing," exclaimed the rejected and dejected young man, despairingly. "Oh, no," replied the fair girl cheerfully. "Not worthless. Your skeleton alone would sell for twenty dollars."—Somerville Journal.

"That was an awful break Bimery made last night after he had proposed to the rich Miss Antek and been accepted." "What was it?" "Just after she had accepted him he asked if she gave trading stamps."—Commercial Progress.

Surly Strong—Gin me a nickel, missus? Missus—I should think a big, strong man like you would be ashamed to ask for money. Surly Strong—I am, missus, but I ain't got no nerve to take it without askin'—Philadelphia Record.

"Dubley bought a horse the other day." "Yes, and he was horribly stuck, wasn't he?" "Oh! you've seen the horse then?" "No, but he told me he was going to buy one from a friend who is in the business."—Philadelphia Press.

Bibliophile (aghast)—I beg your pardon, madam, but that book your little girl is playing with is an old and exceedingly rare first edition. Caller—Oh, that's all right. Mr. Vibbert. It will amuse her just as much as if it were nice and new.—Chicago Tribune.

"Did your bull terrier get a blue ribbon at the show?" "Yes." "I should think you would hang it up in a prominent place." "No. You see, this was a hair ribbon he snatched from a little girl, and we had to pay her father not to make any trouble."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Anything peculiar about these people that have just moved into the house next door to you, Mrs. Crossway?" "No; there's nothing unusual about them. They've borrowed a step-ladder and a tack-hammer, and turned their children loose in our back yard."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Odd Wills.

One of the oddest documents of the will kind known was that of Queen Austrigild, consort of King Goutram of Burgundy. The dying princess enjoined upon her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with her the physicians who had attended her. Another will was that of a husband who forbade his wife's marrying on pain of his returning to haunt her. This is quite different from that of a woman who instructed her executors to seek out "some nice, good, pretty girl" who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse. It is a fact interesting in this connection that the first Napoleon actually bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow named Cantillon, who had been tried for attempting the assassination of the Duke of Wellington.

Women on Russian Railways.

The number of women employed on the Russian railways is increasing. According to the latest official returns there are now working on the 25 Russian state railways no fewer than 32,000 women as gatekeepers, clerks, telegraphists, etc. The average wage varies from 130 to 135 rubles yearly or from \$65 to \$70. The extremes are very great. Thus, the women clerks receive on an average from 450 rubles to 400 rubles, or about \$230, while the women attendants at stations are paid only 40 rubles, or about \$19.50 a year, in addition to free lodging and a few extras.

We all have different ideas. A bill collector's idea of a perfect gentleman is one who waits for the bill collector, instead of sending in his check.

REALTY BOOM IN OLD EGYPT.

Cairo Land Market Brisk Enough for Any Occidental Town. Egypt has a first-class real estate boom in full swing. It could not have been livelier in the days when Ramses the Great was building the statutory market that posterity might never lack for reproductions of his unlively countenance. The riches which the conquering armies of the legendary Sesostris brought home from Asia could not have lubricated business in the Nile valley better than British irrigation works and the "pax Britannica"—that peace of Britain which still lands disturbed for ages.

Look at Cairo, a city which was old before London was founded. A year ago last October the house used as the American agency was sold for \$125,000. The seller made \$300,000 profit. The next month the house was sold again for \$180,000. In the fall of 1906 the owner refused \$250,000 for the same property. That is a rise of 100 per cent in a single year, which is quite enough for the most enthusiastic boom town of the newest country where anyone will give a quarter of a million dollars for a house and lot.

Land in the business district of Cairo which sold for about \$4 a square foot a year ago is worth \$15 now. Other property more desirable has risen from \$8 a square foot to \$25, which means \$3,500 a foot for frontage 140 feet deep. And the sphinx looks across the desert at this scene of speculation such as Seattle might boast of times of real estate excitement. The pyramids are in plain sight from Cairo house tops. It's all something like getting a full-fledged American boom in action on the banks of the Styx. One would be as likely to think of strolling Buddha in vaudeville.

Egyptian friskiness is not confined to Cairo by any means. It extends up and down and across the delta of the Nile. Everywhere the shops of the goldsmiths are crowded with customers who want ornaments made out of the coin they have received for their cotton and other crops. The whole country is riding a flood tide of prosperity.

In the light of such conditions in the land of the Pharaohs it is not surprising that great things are predicted for Baghdad or that Peking shows signs of following Tokyo out of the sleepy past into the much-alive present of modern civilization.—Cleveland Leader.

The Fox and the Grapes.

Every schoolboy knows that the fable of the fox and the sour grapes is inaccurate from a natural history point of view, says a London newspaper, and, as usual, every schoolboy is wrong. An eminent Oxford professor on hearing the point discussed the other day actually brought some grapes and then went to the zoo, where he tried them on a fox, who ate them greedily!

Life-Saving Service.

In perhaps no other country is the life-saving service as proficient as in the United States.

The system was first established in 1871, and there are at present 277 life-saving stations supported by the government, 192 of which are on the Atlantic coast, 68 on the Great Lakes, 16 on the Pacific coast, and one at the falls of the Ohio River near Louisville.

There were only 365 disasters along the coasts during the year ending June 30, 1905, and out of 4,089 persons involved only twenty-seven were lost.

Where He Excelled.

Church—What degree did your son get at college? Gotham—S. S.

"Never heard of such a degree." "Oh, yes you have. Short stop."—Yonkers Statesman.

DON'T GRUMBLE AT TRIFLES.

Twenty-five Bushels Wheat and Forty-five Bushels Oats Per Acre Are in Western Canada.

Saltoats, Sask., Dec. 8, 1906.

To the Editor—Dear Sir:

I willingly give you the result of my four and a half years' experience in the District of Saltoats.

Previous to coming here I farmed in Baldwin, St. Croix County, Wis., and as I have heard a great deal about the Canadian Northwest, I decided to take a trip there and see the country for myself. I was so impressed with the richness of the soil that I bought half a section of land about five miles from the town of Saltoats. I moved on to the land the following June, and that year I broke 90 acres, which I cropped in 1904, and had 39 bushels wheat per acre. In 1905, with an acreage of 100 acres, I had 24 bushels wheat and 25 bushels of oats per acre. In 1906, with 175 acres under crop, I had 25 bushels wheat and 45 bushels of oats per acre.

From the above mentioned yields you can readily understand that I am very well pleased with the Canadian West. Of course, I have had to work hard, but I don't mind that when I get such a good return for my labor.

To any one thinking about coming to this country I can truthfully say that if they are prepared to work and not grumble at trifles, they are bound to get on. Some things I would like different, but take the country all round, I don't know where to go to get a better.

Yours truly,

(Signed) O. B. OLSON.

Write to any Canadian government agent for literature and full particulars.

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxative and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloe and quassa, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter bark. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

INSISTED ON THE "WHACK."

James Russell Lowell once related an incident of his residence as minister to Madrid, to illustrate the matter of diplomatic dress and gratuities. The Hon. John W. Foster, who was Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet, tells the story as Mr. Lowell told it to him, in his recently published "The Practice of Diplomacy." On the occasion of a royal fete day Mr. Lowell repaired to the palace, attired in plain evening dress as was the custom of American ministers at such ceremonies. The carriage of the minister from one of the republics of Central America preceded his.

Owing to the poverty of its treasury, that republic had accepted the services as its representative of a retired Spanish merchant, who performed gratuitously the light duties of his post because of his social privileges. On such occasions the royal stairway, famous throughout Europe for its architectural beauty, the pride of the Spaniards, was lined on each side at every step with the royal guards in gala uniform, and at each of several landings there was stationed a giant halberdier holding a huge medieval battle-axe.

As Mr. Lowell ascended the stairway, the Central American minister, gorgeously appareled in a brilliantly gold-embroidered uniform, with jeweled sword, was saluted by the magnificent halberdier with a heavy whack of the battle-axe on the marble pavement, which resounded through the arches.

As Mr. Lowell passed the landings he received no attention, as he bore no insignia indicating his office. As from one landing to another he heard the echoes of the salutes to his colleague preceding him, his patriotic blood began to boil, and at the last landing he addressed the halberdier in good Spanish: "Do you know who I am?"

The soldier replied that he did not. "Well," said Mr. Lowell, "I am the minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America, the greatest nation on the earth, and if you don't whack the next time I pass you, I will for get you at Christmas."

Late Definitions.

"Be careful, here comes a grafter," said one as they saw him enter the cafe and glance around over the crowd as if in search of somebody he knew.

"He's not a grafter," said another. "He's a piker."

"What's the difference?" asked the first.