

ADVICE TO VICTIMS.

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AT HOME.

Directions to Mix a Simple, Harmless Preparation and the Dose to Take—Overcomes Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly.

There is so much Rheumatism everywhere that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after a while.

Curious Marriage Customs.

Wedding customs in Serbia, that little kingdom in Europe, are curious indeed from an American standpoint. For instance, neither the bride nor the bridegroom is the most important figure in a Serbian wedding, but the best man takes the leading part. He carefully guards the bride all the day before the wedding takes place, and sleeps outside her chamber the night before the girl is to be married. He wears a big stiff sash made of heavy silk carries a big white staff and a huge bouquet all for himself. There are no bridesmaids, but two godfathers, each of whom presents to the bride a silk dress. After the priest has performed the ceremony the best man takes the bride around the church and she kisses all her friends good-by and is finally carried off to the bridegroom, who at last gets his wife from the hands of the best man. Then the happy couple return to their intended home. Bridal tours are foreign to Serbian ideas and only the very rich or the nobility indulge in them.

Jake and the Apple. It was during an arithmetic class in a country school that Jake Boggs was called upon to solve a problem. "Now, Jake," began the teacher, "if you have two apples and your little brother took one, how many would you have left?"

"I'd just like to see him try taking one," said Jake, shaking his fist. "Well," said the teacher, "we'll put it this way. Suppose you gave him one." "Yes; but I wouldn't do it," said Jake. "Just supposing you did, what would remain?" said the weary teacher. "A big fool, that's what," replied Jake.—Judge.

His Eye on the Future. The ardent Cuban patriot had raised an army of seventeen men and started a revolution. "But what do you expect to achieve by it?" asked one of the newspaper correspondents. "Immortality!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever hear of one of our empire builders getting killed? No; on your machine!" Thereupon, to avoid being run in by the police, he took his devoted band and hiked for the mountain fastnesses.

Home, Sweet Home. First Song. "Home, Sweet Home" was first sung in this country at a theater in Philadelphia in connection with the production of John Howard Payne's melodrama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This was in 1823. The play was originally produced in Covent Garden Theater, London, and immediately the sweet air of the song sung by Clari became famous.

HER "BEST FRIEND."

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum. We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum Food Coffee and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum.

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle upstairs without any heart palpitation, and I am cured of nervousness.

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my home, but not when she made it at her own home. Now she has learned to make it right, boil it according to directions, and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum.

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

THE SPY BY J. FENIMORE COOPER A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.) Frances abandoned her whole soul to the music. Isabella moved from the window as her last tones melted on the ear of her admiring listener, and for the first time, her eyes rested on the pallid face of the intruder. A glow of fire lighted the countenance of both at the same instant, the blue eye of Frances met the brilliant black one of her guest, and both fell in abashed confusion; they advanced, however, until they met.



"DO YOU LOVE DUNWOODIE?"

studying her countenance with earnestness. "You were speaking of Major Dunwoodie," said Isabella, faintly. "Have you seen him often?"

"He is my relative," said Frances. "Our parents were cousins," faintly replied Frances. "And he is to be your husband?" said the stranger, impetuously.

Frances felt shocked, and all her pride awakened, by this direct attack upon her feelings, and she raised her eyes from the girl a little proudly, when the pale cheek and quivering lip of Isabella removed her resentment in a moment.

"It is true, my conjecture is true; speak to me, Miss Wharton; I conjure you in mercy to my feelings, to tell me—do you love Dunwoodie?" There was a plaintive earnestness in the voice that disarmed Frances, and the only answer she could make was hiding her burning face between her hands.

Isabella paced the floor in silence until she had succeeded in conquering the violence of her feelings, when, taking the hand of the other, she spoke with an evident effort at composure.

"Pardon me, Miss Wharton, if my ungovernable feelings have led me into impropriety; the powerful motive—the cruel reason—she hesitated; Frances now raised her face, and their eyes once more met; they fell in each other's arms, and held their burning cheeks together. The embrace was long—was ardent and sincere—but neither spoke; and on separating, Frances retired to her own room without further explanation.

While this extraordinary scene was acting in the room of Miss Singleton, matters of great importance were agitated in the drawing room. The disposition of the fragments of dinner was a task that required exertion and calculation. Notwithstanding several of the small game had nestled in the pocket of Captain Lawton's man, still there was more left, unconsumed, than the prudent Miss Peyton knew how to dispose of to advantage. Cesar and his mistress had a long communication on this important business, and the consequence was that Colonel Wellmere was left to the hospitality of Sarah Wharton. All the ordinary topics of conversation were exhausted, when the colonel touched lightly on the transactions of the preceding day.

"We little thought, Miss Wharton, when I first saw this Mr. Dunwoodie in your house in Queen street, that he was to be the renowned warrior he has proved himself," said Wellmere, endeavoring to smother his chagrin.

"Renowned, when we consider the enemy he overcame," said Sarah, with commendation for her companion's feelings. "Twas most unfortunate, indeed, in every respect, that you met with the accident, or doubtless the royal arms would have triumphed in their usual manner."

"And yet the pleasure of such society as this accident has introduced me to would more than repay the pain of a mortified spirit and wounded body," added the colonel, in a manner of peculiar softness.

"I hope the latter is but trifling," said Sarah, stooping to hide her blushes under the pretext of biting a thread from the work on her knee.

"Trifling, indeed, compared to the former," returned the colonel. "Ah! Miss Wharton, it is in such moments that we feel the full value of friendship and sympathy, my dear friend."

Those who have never tried it cannot easily imagine what a rapid progress a warm-hearted female can make in love, in the short space of half an hour, particularly where there is a predisposition to the distemper. Sarah found the conversation, which began to touch on friendship and sympathy, too interesting to venture her voice with a reply. She, however, turned her eyes on the colonel, and saw him gazing at her fine face with an admiration that was quite as manifest, and much more soothing, than any words could make it.

to an office of such unexpected dignity, ordinarily discharged the duties of a female sutler, washerwoman and, to use the language of Katy Haynes, petticoat doctor to the troops. She was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in the service. The men were quartered in the adjacent barracks, and the officers collected in the "Hotel Flanagan," as they facetiously called headquarters. Betty was well known to every soldier in the corps, and although absolutely intolerable to all whom habit had not made familiar with her virtues, was a general favorite with these partisan warriors. Her faults were a trifling love of liquor and a total disregard of language; her virtues, an unbounded love for her adopted country, perfect honesty when dealing with the soldier, and great good nature. Such was the mistress of the mansion, who showed her blooming face from the door to welcome the arrival of her favorite, Captain Lawton, and his companion, her master in matters of surgery.

"Ah! by my hopes of promotion, my gentle Elizabeth, but you are welcome," cried the trooper, as he threw himself from his saddle; "this villainous fresh water gas from the Canadas has been whistling among my bones till they ache with the cold, but the sight of your fiery countenance is as cheering as a Christmas fire."

"Now sure, Captain Jack you're always full of your complimentary," replied the sutler, taking the bridle of her customer; "but hurry in for the life of you, darling."

A long table, made of boards, was stretched through the middle of the largest apartment, or the bar room, and on it was a display of crockery ware. The steams of cookery arose from an adjoining kitchen. The captain of dragons was in no manner displeased at the prospect of terminating pleasantly a day that had been agreeably commenced. He was soon surrounded by his comrades, who made many eager inquiries concerning his adventures, while the surgeon proceeded, with certain quakings of the heart, to examine into the state of his wounded. Enormous fires were snapping in the chimneys of the house. The group within were all young men, and tried soldiers. Some were endeavoring to sleep on the benches which lined the walls, some were walking the apartments, and others were seated in earnest discussion on subjects connected with the business of their lives. Occasionally, as the door of the kitchen opened, the hissing sounds of the frying pans and the inviting savor of the food created a stagnation in all other employments. All this time Dunwoodie sat by himself, gazing at the fire, and lost in reflection. He had made earnest inquiries of Sitgreaves after the condition of Singleton, during which a profound and respectful silence was maintained in the room; but as soon as he had ended and resumed his seat, the usual ease and freedom prevailed.

A loud summons at the door of the building created a halt in the uproar, and the dragons instinctively caught up their arms to be prepared for the worst. The door was opened, and the Skinners entered.



BETTY WAS WELL KNOWN.

ed, dragging in the peddler, bending beneath the load of his pack.

"Which is Captain Lawton?" said the leader of the gang.

"He waits your pleasure," said the trooper, dryly.

"Then here I deliver to your hands a condemned traitor; this is Harvey Birch, the peddler-spy."

Lawton started as he looked his old acquaintance in the face, and turning to the Skinner with a lowering look, he asked:

"And who are you, that speak so freely of your neighbors? But," bowing to Dunwoodie, "here is the commanding officer."

"Are you Harvey Birch?" said Dunwoodie, advancing with an air of authority.

"I am," said Birch, proudly.

"And a traitor to your country," continued the major, with sternness; "do you know that I should be justified in ordering your execution this night?"

"'Tis not the will of God to call a soul so hastily to his presence," said the peddler, with solemnity.

"You speak the truth," said Dunwoodie; "and a few brief hours shall be led to your life. But as your offense is most odious to a soldier, so it will be sure to meet a soldier's vengeance; you die to-morrow, a soldier's vengeance; you die to-morrow."

The gang eagerly accepted the invitation, and followed the captain toward the quarters assigned to his troop. Dunwoodie paused a moment, from reluctance to triumph over a fallen foe, before he proceeded.

"You have already been tried, Harvey Birch, and the truth has proved you to be an enemy too dangerous to the liberties of America to be suffered to live."

"The truth!" echoed the peddler, starting. "Ah! the truth; you were charged with loitering near the continental army, to gain intelligence of its movements, and by communicating them to the enemy, to enable him to frustrate the intentions of Washington."

"Will Washington say so, think you?" "Doubtless he would."

"No, no, no," cried the peddler, in a voice and with a manner that startled Dunwoodie; "Washington can see beyond the 'Have you anything, wretched man, to urge to the commander-in-chief why you should not die?' said the major.

Birch trembled. His face assumed the ghastly features of death, and his hand drew a box of tin from the folds of his shirt; he opened it, showing by the act that it contained a small piece of paper; on this document his eye was for an instant fixed—he had already held it toward Dunwoodie, when, suddenly withdrawing his hand, he exclaimed:

"No—it dies with me; I know the conditions of my service, and will not purchase life with their forfeiture."

"I never that paper and you may possibly find favor," cried Dunwoodie, expecting a discovery of importance to the cause.

"It dies with me," repeated Birch, a flush passing over his pallid features, and lighting them with extraordinary brilliancy.

"Sizze the traitor!" cried the major, "and wrest the secret from his hands!"

The order was immediately obeyed; but the movements of the peddler were too quick; in an instant he swallowed the paper.

Dunwoodie whispered his orders in the ear of a subaltern, and motioned to the peddler to withdraw. The interruption caused by this scene prevented further enjoyment around the table, and the officers dispersed to their several places of rest. In a short time the only noise to be heard was the heavy tread of the sentinel, as he paced the frozen ground in front of the Hotel Flanagan.

(To be continued.)

How He Lost His Opportunity.

How little the average person who is trying to get on realizes how many things are occurring in his experience which are trying to down him, and which are hindering his advance! A poor job, an unkind word, a stinging criticism, ingratitude for a favor, failure to give assistance when it was in his power, hard problems slipped away back in youth, a hasty act, an indiscretion of an unguarded moment, all things are likely to come up when he least expects it and bar his progress.

Many an able man with political ambitions has failed of election to Congress, or of appointment to some coveted office, because of some slip he has made, or of somebody, perhaps a private secretary, who has put in the word that checked the move for his advancement.

Perhaps, it was a sarcastic remark about someone, who later was in a position to help him, that lost him the opportunity.

Many a man has lost his opportunity for advancement under the present administration by opposing and criticizing Theodore Roosevelt in his earlier career, when he did not dream that the former would ever occupy his present lofty position.

You never can tell where a thrust of an unguarded moment will land, or what effect a sarcastic remark may have on your future. He is a fortunate man who guards his tongue, who tempers his acts with prudence and good judgment.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Yankee Trick.

The shrewd "down-easters" who flocked to Ohio in the early days made such good use of their wits that they were constantly suspected by their neighbors of being engaged in trickery, says Mr. Hulbert in "The Ohio River."

One day one of them overtook a Dutch farmer riding to mill with a bag of grain. In one end of the bag was all the corn; in the other, to balance it across the saddle, was a stone.

"Why do you carry the stone?" asked the Yankee.

"To make de bag balance achteady," replied the Dutchman.

"But it isn't needed for that. Throw it away, and put half the meal in each end."

"Goot!" said the Dutchman, and away went the stone.

Soon afterward the other rode on ahead, and the Dutchman was left to his own musings. He became suspicious.

"Now how it is?" he asked himself. "Everybody around here in de glade carries deir grain so—mit a stone in de sack. Dot feller has got some gatch in dis. It was a Yankee trick somever."

Thereupon he stopped his horse, hunted up another stone, and jogged contentedly on to the mill with the grain all in one end of the bag.

No Relief for the Actress.

London actresses are indignant at a recent judicial decision which means that any photographer can use the head of an actress in juxtaposition with any kind of a body and sell the resulting picture to the public. The complainant was a Miss Gertie Miller, who objected to being represented in decidedly wanton attire and as creeping out of an egg shell. But the judge held that this is a decollete age and that the lady must put up with the caricature as best she may.

Concentrated Hopes.

"Has that young man any expectations in life?" asked the stern father. "He has," answered the helress. "What are they?" "Me."—Washington Star.

A Good Show.

"How was the show?" "Fine; the plot was the thickest I ever saw."—Cornell Widow.

If man descended from a fish, he has been guilty of telling some awful lies about his speechless ancestor.

SHEEP NONSENSE

"Is he a man who uses good judgment?" "Excellent. But he always puts it to use about a day too late."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rollingstone Nomos—Yes; I utter be a poet. Tattered Tom—I often wondered how you got your start.—Philadelphia Record.

Lady (age 7)—How much is that, please? Stallholder (at booth of church fair, age 9)—How much has your mother given you to spend?—Punch.

Friend—What's the matter, old boy? You look disappointed. Alky—I thought I had appendicitis, but the doctor said it was only indigestion.—Court Journal.

Patience—They say your brother used to have great luck as a fisherman. Patrice—Yes, he did have. Nearly everybody used to believe him.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You live outside of the city limits? How far outside?" "Goodness knows, I don't. It's about fifteen minutes the other side of where the map stops."—Chicago Tribune.

Landlord (to new tenant)—I suppose you would require a bathroom in the house? Tenant—Oh, we don't need a bathroom. We go to sea every year.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Little Willie—Say, Pa, what is the difference between "well" and "good"? Pa—I have noticed, my son, that about the only time you are good is when you are not well.—Denver Post.

"Yes, sir," said the man in cell 711, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."—Yonkers Statesman.

Miss Gadsby—So she's really engaged to Mr. Slimm. Do you think he's really a good match? Miss Knox—Well, he's a regular stick, and he's got a red head.—New York Daily Mail.

Harold—I suppose, Uncle George, you object to these things because I inhale the smoke. Uncle George—Not at all, my boy. I object to them because you exhale the smoke.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"What's that you're so busy writing? You're regularly perspiring over it." "My wife is giving an address on 'Women's Rights' to-morrow, and I am preparing it for her."—Lustige Blatter.

Dolly—No, I won't wash my face. I just hate to wash my face! Grandmother—Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face. Dolly—Yes, but now look at it!—Cleveland Leader.

"Frau Lehmann was saying some awful things about you yesterday." "Well, did you stick up for me?" "Oh, no, I wanted to hear it all, so that I could tell you about it afterwards."—Ellegende Blatter.

Mr. Orthodoxy—But surely, sir, Dr. Reglar doesn't advertise? The Editor—Well, no, not directly, but when business is dull he often sends me a check for inserting pla and pastry recipes.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Rev. J.—Tut, tut! How dare you come before me and ask me to marry you when he is in that disgraceful condition? Would-Be-Bride—Weel, sur, pleaz, sur, he'll no come when he's sober.—Illustrated Bits.

Lawyer—And do you think that the man who has run away with your wife had known her some time? Husband—No, he can't have known her long, or he would never have run away with her.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Diner—Walter, bring me a cutlet, and also a big bone for my dog. I will pay extra for that. Walter—Yes, sir. Diner (when the cutlet arrives)—Where is the bone for the dog? Walter—In the cutlet, sir.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad?" said one young woman. "No," answered the other, "we were so busy addressing post cards to our friends that we hadn't time to do much sightseeing."—Washington Star.

"The great corporations which control general necessities," said the man of unusual theories, "should be regarded merely as servants of the public."

"Yes," answered the weary-looking citizen, "but have you ever tried to control a house full of servants?"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gadsby—And you liked Rome best of all the European cities you visited? Mrs. Newriche (enthusiastically)—It's far superior to all the others. Why, my dear, in Rome one can buy souvenir postals for a penny that cost two or three times as much anywhere else.—Puck.

"To-morrow," announced 5-year-old Sidney, proudly, to his kindergarten teacher, "is my birthday." "Why," returned she, "it is mine, too." The boy's face clouded with perplexity, and, after a brief silence, he exclaimed: "How did you get so much bigger?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

"No, Geoffrey," protested the beautiful girl, "you mustn't do that. I have never allowed a young man to put his arm around my waist." "That being the case, Geoffrey," he answered, sadly, but with inexorable firmness, "you will have to take your head off my shoulder."—Chicago Tribune.

Fisherman's Luck.

The Judge—For two years you men have fished together, peaceably, and yet you fought over this fish.

The Sportsman—You see, your honor, this is the first one we ever caught that had only one shirt to wear and hardly enough to eat?

"I know, teacher," volunteered a wise little mind, eagerly lifting her hand.

"Well, Sally?" "Yes, ma'am, it was because he couldn't tell a lie."—Baltimore American.

The Lesson of the Age.

"Why was it, my children," said the teacher with a patriotic moral in her mind, "that George Washington during the war with England was so poor that he had only one shirt to wear and hardly enough to eat?"

CANADA'S BIG CROP.

GRATIFYING CONDITIONS IN WESTERN PROVINCES.

Partners in that Section of the Dominion Bank in Financial Success—Immense Yield of Dollar Wheat is Reported.

Winnipeg Correspondence: Most of the States of the Union felt the unusually severe winter of 1906-07 and the effects of the succeeding late spring were everywhere apparent. Corn had been planted two and sometimes three times, the winter wheat suffered, and generally there was a nervous feeling as to the retarded growth was in evidence. From the Dakotas to Texas the feeling of dread misted, and the fears were entertained that the crop of corn, wheat, oats and barley would be a distinct failure. How far this was the case is best left to those



A SHEEP RANCH IN SASKATCHEWAN.

who passed through the experience. Naturally the same conditions were prevalent throughout the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in Western Canada, and with from 250,000 to 300,000 farmers there from the United States, a large degree of interest was manifest in almost every State of the Union, for every State has some representative there. This interest was a nervous one and caused considerable indecision on the part of friends and others intending to follow.

Those interested in injuring the country circulated stories of ruin and disaster, but the effect was lost, as it had been long enough in the limelight to prove its high standing among the agricultural sections of the continent. The heavy strain placed upon it was not too great; it has shown that the faith placed



MANITOBA HILLS AND ISLANDS.

in it has been warranted and it is this year producing undoubted evidence that in agricultural possibilities and resources it stands among the first of food producers. A late spring delayed seeding from the usual early April period until late in May, and in many cases well into June. It was a little early to tell the result, but that there will be a three-quarters crop is almost certain. The field of wheat in 1906 was 95 million bushels; this year it will be between 70 and 80 million. It could not be expected that seeding of June would mature and ripen in any country. The May sown ripened, and this is the feature that has proved Western Canada's superiority as a great grain growing country. It demonstrates that the length of sunshine is so great that the growing and ripening

reason, although shorter in number of days than in parts farther south, in hours is as great or greater.

It is true the season has not been so favorable as other seasons, but this condition is widespread. The corn crop in the States of the Union, where it is the premier crop of the farmers, is subject to frost. Frost has undoubtedly materially reduced the total yield in places this year, but after every allowance has been made for this and other causes the fact remains that the total grain in Alberta will be the largest in history, while in the other provinces the yield will not fall far short of other years.

With reference to Alberta, further ad-

Quick Action.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "I call your attention now to this elegant watch, stem winder and stem setter, solid gold-filled case, extension balance, full dueted, patent pinion pendule, a time-piece, gentlemen, worth a clean fifty of any man's money, an ornament to any pocket, and left in my hands with positive orders to sell it because the owner can't afford to carry it any longer. It's a shame to put it up at auction, but it must be sold. How much am I offered for this elegant stem winding and stem setting, solid gold-filled?"

"One dollar!" interrupted the eager voice of Uncle Hank Hardscrabble, who had just dropped in.

"Sold!"—Chicago Tribune.

On His Dignity.

"Walter, what do you call this?" demanded the bushy haired man at the table in the corner, pointing to a blackened mass that lay shriveled up in the middle of his plate.

"It looks like an exceedingly well done steak, sah," said the sable functionary in the white apron, standing stiffly erect. "You ordered it well done, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

Unreasonable.

"Say, you sold this to me for a safety razor." "Well," the first time I used that razor I cut a small mole off my face, slick and clean."

"Huh! A surgeon would have charged you \$5 for cutting off that mole. What are you kicking about?"

Quoted Her.

Mrs. Stubb—Just do you remember that beautiful ostrich plume we saw in the shop window? Well, I have had it on my brain ever since.

Mr. Stubb—Well, my dear, I always did say you were feather-brained.

Those Lame Elements.

Pearl—Eloped eh? Married in haste and repent at leisure, I suppose?

Ruby—No, repeated at St. Joe. Lost their return tickets and couldn't walk home.