Miss O'Bull-No. indeed! It's super atitions and healdes it's a bad sign when you believe in them, for it always brings you bad luck .- I'hiladel phia Press.

LICE IN POULTRY

Borax Spray a Safe Preventive-Simple, Cheap, Harmless to Fowls.

"20 Mule Team" Borax was a good thing to rid poultry of lice. I had used so much inflammable Lice killers that my Pouitry Houses were regular fire traps. I gave my S. C. W. Leghort house a good spraying just two months ago. Since I have caught several hens and I found no lice. I am rid of lice and shall continue to use "20 Mule Team" Borax as a spray, also as s wash.

(Signed) MRS. B. R. BUFFHAM, Roswell, New Mexico

The railroads killed 196 persons in Chicago during the first nine months of this year, the street cars 106, teams and ns 48 and the automobiles only 10.

How's This?

We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for ny case of Cuarrh that cannot be cured by all's Cetarrh Chre. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believed in perfectly bonorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Consistency in Reform. "Why wasn't Mrs. De Smythe-Pey ster at the meeting to take steps to the gambling evil in

"She couldn't come. This is the day her bridge whist club meets, and she's clways such a winner,"-Baltimore

Moravian Barley and Speltz, two great cereals, makes growing and fat tening hogs and cattle possible in Dak. Mont., Ida., Colo., yes, everywhere, and add te above Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, the 12 ton Hay wonder Teosinte which produces 80 tons of green fodden per acre, Emperor William Oat prodigy etc., and other rare farm seeds that the

rith 10c in stamps to the John A. Salzes and Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get their ig catalog and lots of farm seed sam les. C. N. U.

Madson Bay-New Outlet to Enrope Without a doubt, Canada will raise half a billion bushels of grain annual ly ten years hence, and we shall see Hudson Bay unrivaled among the world's greatest inland trade arteries says J. C. Ellot in the Technical World Magazine. Hudson Bay has been proposed as a new highway for transport ing Canadian grain to Liverpool, and the fact that the new route would be a thousand miles shorter than the pres ent way through the Great Lakes and overland to New York would greatly reduce the transportation cost or grain sent to Europe through the Bay Many people to-day think of Northwestern Canada as a bleak, barrer country, as cold as Alaska or Greenfand. But in areas which are in the same latitude as Greenland, fine wheat crops have been raised. The tremenus amount of territory that will be affected by this new grain route makes Hudson Bay one of the greatest inland trade arteries of the world. Vast agrisitural lands stretching as far west the Canadian Rockies and a thoud miles north of Montreal, are inluded within the cost-saving reach of this New-World Mediterranean. The new route through Hudson Bay will place the farmers who cultivate 600 illion acres of land, in control of the ain markets of the world by making ible a 50 per cent reduction in cost of transportation. To attract and contrel the future traffic of the Hudson Bay routs would be It would seematrel the destiny of all Western and and the commercial supremac of the New World.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape Nuts. Heifthy bables don't cry and th rished baby that is fed or Grape-Nuts in never a crying baby Many bables who cannot take any oth er food relish the perfect food, Grape

Muts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by hree doctors who said that the con ed milk on which I had fed her ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so) of some and prepared it as follows sonked 1% tablespoonfuls in one plu of cold water for half an hour, then strained off the liquid and mixed 1 d off the liquid and mixed 12 nfuls of this strained Grape Nuts, faice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, but in a pinch of sait and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby

this simple, easy way I saved paby's life and have built her up to trong, bealthy child, rosy and laugh-The food must certainly be per fect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think is the best food in the world to raise cate bables on and is also a deli re have discovered in our family."

Grape Nuts is equally valuable to the ong, healthy man or woman. I alville," in page.

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Asthor of "Dera Brane," "The English Orphuna," "Homestend on the Hills'de," "Leun Rivers," "Readowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Couris Mande," etc.

CHAPTER I. The good people of Devonshire were rather given to quarreling-sometimes the minister's wife, meek, gentle Mrs. Tiverton, whose manner of house- two. keeping, or style of dress, did not exactly suit them; sometimes about the minister himself, good, patient Mr. Tiverton, who valuly imagined that if he preached three sermons a week, attended the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, the Thursday evening sewing society, officiated at every funeral, visited all the sick, and gave to every beggar who called at his door, besides superintending the Sunday school, he was earning

his salary of six hundred per year. Sometimes, and that not rarely, quarrel crept into the choir, and then, for one whole Sunday, it was all in vain that Mr. Tiverton read the psalm and bymn, casting troubled glances toward the vacant sents of his refractory singers. There was no one to respond, unless it were good old Mr. Hodges, who pitched so high that few could follow him; while Mrs. Captain Simpson-whose daughter, the organist, had been snubbed at the last cheir meeting by Mr. Hedges' daughter, the alto singer-rolled up her eyes at her next neighbor, or fanned herself furiously in token of her disgust.

Latterly, however, there had come up new cause of quarrel, before which though the village of Devonshire could boast but one public school house, said bouse being divided into two departments, the upper and lower divisions, there were in the town several district schools; and for the last few years a committee of three had been annually appointed to examine and decide upon the nerits of the various candidates for teaching. Strange that over such an office so fierce a feud should have arisen : but when Mr. Tiverton, Squire Lamb and Lawyer Whittemore, in the full conviction that they were doing right, refused a certificate of scholarship to Laura Tisdale, niece of Mrs. Judge Tisdale, and awarded it to one whose earnings in a factory had procured for her a thorough English education, the villagers were at once set by the ears, the aristocracy abusing, and the democracy upholding the dismayed trio, who, as the breeze blew harder, quietly resigned their office, and Devonshire was without a school com-

In this emergency something must be ione, and, as the two belligerent parties could only unite on a stranger, it seemed a matter of special providence that only two months before young Dr. Holbrook had reuted the pleasant little office on the village common, formerly occupied by old Dr. Carey, now lying in the graveyard by the side of some whose days he had prolonged, and others whose days he had surely shortened. Besides being handsome, and skillful, and quite as familiar with the poor as the rich, the young doctor was descended from the aristocratic line of Boston Holbrooks, facts which tended to make him a favorite with both classes; and, greatly to his surprise, he

expected of him, except that he was to find out "whether a girl knew her P's and Q's," and was also to "cut one or two of the first candidates," Dr. Holbrook accepted the office, and then awaited rather nervously his initiation. He was not easy in the society of ladies, unindeed, the lady stood in need of his professional services, when he lost sight of her at once, and thought only of her disease. His patient once well, however, he became nervously shy and embarrassed, retreating as soon as possible her presence to the covert of his friendly office, where, with his boots upon the table and his head thrown back in a most comfortable position, he sat one April morning, in happy oblivion of the bevy of girls who must, of course, ere long invade his sanctum.

Something for you, sir. The lady will wait for an answer," said his boy," passing to his master a little threecornered note, and nodding toward the street.

Following the direction indicated, the doctor saw, drawn up near his door, an old-fashioned one-horse, square-boxed, dark green wagon, drawn by a sorrel horse, sometimes called by the genuine Yankee "yellow," and driven by a whitehaired man of a pleasing, patriarchal appearance, which interested the dector far more than did the futter of the blue ribbon beside him, even though the boxnet that ribbon tied shaded the face of a young girl. The note was from her, and, tearing it open, the doctor read, in the prettiest of all pretty, girlish hand-

"Dr. Holbrook Sir: Will you be at leisure to examine me on Monday aftermoon, at three o'clock?

"MADALINE A. CLYDE. "P. S .- For particular reasons I hope you can attend to me as early as Mon-Dr. Holbrook knew very little of girls but he thought this note, with its P. S. decidedly girlish. Still he made no com-

ment, either verbal or mental, so flurried was he with knowing that the evil he so much dreaded had come upon him at last. Turning to the boy, he said, lacenically, "Tell her to come."

Most men would have sought for glimpse of the face under the bonnet tied with blue, but Dr. Holbrook did not care a picayune whether it were ugly or fair, though it did strike him that the volce was singularly sweet, which, after the boy had delivered his message, said to the eld man, "Now, grandpa, we'll go home. I know you must be tired."

Slowly Sorrel trotted down the street the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind, while one little ungloved hand was seen carefully adjusting about the old man's shoulders the ancient camlet cloak which had done duty for many a year. The doc tor saw all this, and the impression left upon his mind was that Candidate No. 1 was probably a niceish kind of a girl, and very good to her grandfather. Monday afternoon was frightfully near, he thought, as this was only Saturday; and then, feeling that he must be ready, he brought out from the trunk books enough to have frightened an older person than poor little Madeline Clyde, riding slowly me with grandpa, and wishing so much that she'd had a glimpse of Dr. Holbrook, so as to know what he was like. How she would have trembled could she his table and waiting for her. Arranging them in a row, and half wishing himself back again to the days when he had studied them, the doctor went out

so many that Madeline Clyde entirely escaped his mind, nor did she trouble him again until the dreaded Monday came, and the hands of his watch pointed to

"One hour more," he said to himself, just us the roll of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the approach of something.

Could it be Sorrel and the square-boxed wagon? Oh, no; far different from Grandfather Clyde's turnout were the stylish carriage and the spirited bays dashing down the street, the colored driver reining them suddenly, not before the office door, but just in front of the white cottage in the same yard, the house where Dr. Holbrook boarded, and where, if he ever married in Devoushire, he would most likely bring his wife.

"Guy Remington, the very chap of all others whom I'd rather see, and, as I live, there's Agnes, with Jessie. Who knew she was in these parts?" was the doctor's mental exclamation, as, running his fingers through his hair and making a feint of pulling up the corners of his rather limp collar, he hurried out to the carriage, from which a dashing looking ady of thirty, or thereabouts, was alight-

"Why, Agues, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Remington, when did you come?" he asked, offering his hand to the lady, who, coquettishly shaking back from her pretty, dollish face a profusion of light brown curls, gave him the tips of her lavender kids, while she told him she had come to Alkenside the Saturday before; and hearing from Guy that the lady with whom he boarded was an old friend of hers, she had driven over to call, and brought Jes. sie with her. "Here, Jessie, speak to the doctor. He was poor dear papa's friend,' and a very proper sigh escaped Agnes Remington's lips as she pushed the little curly haired girl toward Dr. Holbrook.

The lady of the house had spled them by this time, and came running down the walk to meet her rather distinguished vis itor, wondering, it may be, to what she was indebted for this call from one who, since her marriage with the supposedly wealthy Dr. Remington, had rather cut her former acquaintances. Agnes was delighted to see her, and, as Guy declined entering the cottage just then, the two friends disappeared within the door. while the doctor and Guy repaired to the office, the latter sitting down in the very chair intended for Madeline Clyde, This reminded the doctor of his perplexity, and also brought the comforting thought that Guy, who had never failed him yet, could surely offer some suggestions. But he would not speak of her just now; he had other matters to talk about, and he said: "Agnes, it seems, has come to Alkenside notwithstanding she declared she never would, when she found that the whole of the Remington property belonged to your mother, and not your father.'

"Oh, yes! She got over her pique soon as I settled a handsome little income on Jessie, and, in fact, on her too until she is foolish enough to marry again, when it will cease, of course, as I found himself unanimously elected to the do not feel it my duty to support any responsible office of sole inspector of com-mon schools in Devonshire. man's wife, unless it be my own, or my father's," was Guy Remington's reply "She'll hardly marry again, though she may. She's young-not over twenty-

> Bix-"Twenty-eight. She is not more than three years your senior, a mere nothing if you wish to make her Mrs. Holbrook, and Guy's dark eyes scanned curiously the doctor's face, as if seeking there for the secret of his proud young stepmother's anxiety to visit plain Mrs. Conner that afternoon. But the doctor only laughed merrily at the idea of his being father to Guy, his college chum and longtried friend.

Agnes Remington-reclining languidly in Mrs. Conner's easy chair, and over whelming her former friend with descriptions of the gay parties she had attended in Boston, and the fine sights she saw in Europe, whither her gray-haired husband had taken her for a wedding tour-would not have felt particularly flattered, could she have seen that smile, or heard how easily, from talking of her, Dr. Holbrook turned to another theme Clyde, expected now almost every moment. There was a merry laugh on Guy' part, as he listened to the doctor's story, and when it was finished, he said : "Why I see nothing so very distanteful in ex-amining a pretty girl, and puzzling her, to see her blush. I half wish I were in your place. I should enjoy the nov-

"Oh, take it, then; take my place Gay," the doctor exclaimed, eagerly. "She does not know me from Adam. Here are books, all you will need. You went to a district school ence a week when you were staying in the country. You surely have some idea, while I have not the slightest. Will you, Guy?"

Guy Remington liked anything savor ing of a frolic, but in his mind there were certain conscientious scruples touch ing the justice of the thing, and so at first be demurred, while the doctor still insisted, until at last he laughingly coneuted to commence the examination, provided the doctor would sit by and occ sionally come to his aid.

"You must write the certificate, of sourse," he said, "testifying that she qualified to teach." "Yes, certainly, Guy, if she is; but

maybe she won't be, and my orders are to be strict." "How did she look?" Guy asked, and the doctor replied: "Saw nothing but her bonnet. Came in a queer old go-giggle of wagon, such as your country farmers drive. By the way, when do you cros the sea again for the fair Lucy? Rumor save this summer."

"Rumor is wrong, as usual, then," was Guy's reply, a soft light stealing into his handsome eyes. Then, after a moment, he added: "Miss Atherstone's health is far too delicate for her to incur the risks of a climate like ours. If she were well acclimated. I should be glad, for it is terribly lonely up at Aiken-

"And do you really think a wife would make it pleasanter?" Dr. Holbrook asked the tone of his voice indicating a little doubt as to a man's being happier for having a helpmate to share his joys and sorrows.

But no such doubts dwelt in the mind of Guy Remington. Eminently fitted for domestic happiness, he looked forward anxiously to the time when sweet Lucy Atherstone, the fair English girl to whom he had become engaged when, four years have seen the formidable volumes heaped | before, he visited Europe, should be strong enough to bear transplanting to American soil. Twice since his engagement he had visited her, finding her always he had studied them, the doctor went out lovely, gentle and yielding. He greatly to visit his patients, of which there were preferred Lucy Atheretone, as she was,

..... to a wife like the stately Margaret, or like Agnes, his pretty stepmother, who only thought how she could best attract attention; and as it had never occurred to him that there might be a happy medlum, that a woman need not be brainless to be feminine and gentle, he was entisfied with his choice, as well he might be, for a fairer, sweeter flower never bloomed than Lucy Atherstone, his affinuced bride. Guy loved to think of Lucy. and as the doctor's remarks brought her to his mind, he went off into a reverie concerning her, becoming so lost in thought that until the doctor's hand was laid upon his shoulder by way of rousing him, he did not see that what his friend had designated as a go-giggle was stopping in front of the office, and that from it a young girl was alighting.

Naturally very polite to females, Guy's first impulse was to go to her assistance but she did not need it, as was proven by the light spring with which she reached the ground. The white haired man was with her again, but he evidently did not intend to stop, and a close observer might have detected a shade of sadness and anxiety upon his face as Madeline called cheerily out to hlm : "Good-by, grandpa. Don't fear for me: I hope you will have good luck." Then, as he drove away, she ran a step after him and said : "Don't look so sorry, for if Mr. Remington won't let you have the money, there's my pony, Beauty. I

am willing to give him up "Never, Maddy. It's all the little for tin' you've got. I'll let the old place go first"; and, chirruping to Sorrel, the old man drove on, while Madeline walked, with a beating heart, to the office door, knocking timidly.

Glancing involuntarily at each other, the young men exchanged meaning smiles while the doctor whispered softly: dant-that's sure. knock at a church." Wonder if she'd

As Guy sat nearest the door, it was he who held it ajar while Madeline came in, her soft brown eyes glistening with something like a tear and her cheeks burning with excitement as she took the chair indicated by Guy Remington, who found himself master of ceremonies. Poor little Madeline!

(To be continued.)

USE SPIES IN WALL STREET.

Masters of Finance Employ Deter

tives to Watch Rivals. In one sense the wholesale employment of detectives by the modern kings of finance and by the great captains of industry is a sad commentary upon existing business morality. It may be that these men are no less honest than they were years before high finance was born, but certainly they are more suspicious of one another and such universal distrust is suggestive in itself of most cynical interpretations.

The shadow is one of the most potent forces in the service of those who deal in millions. This shadow is no airy, flimsy thing, but a hard-headed, coldblooded, patient, persistent, silent detective, highly trained in all the tricks of his craft, but especially developed along two or three lines.

He is used chiefly to watch men and to get information. That sounds simple and commonplace, but It defines an occupation that has caused numberless heartbreaks, has thwarted vast ambitions and brought about financial tragedies, while on the other hand it has served to multiply the great hourds of the masters of high finance.

No great railroad or industrial merger has been perfected in recent years without the co-operation of the "shadow," or private detective. Even the acquisition of the majority stock of a small railroad by a larger road brings the detective into action. His services are indispensable when one group of tinanciers falls afoul of another group and each begins to plot and scheme for the other's destruction.

The sleuths themselves are constantly subjected to a system of esplonage designed to test their good faith and honesty. Each agency has two or three men who never appear at its offices and who are not known by the regular staff of detectives. At brief intervals one of these men is instructed to "shadow" a regular detective.

The "shadow" makes his report, so does the man shadowed, stating in detail where he went and what he did. It needs only a comparison of the "shadow's" report with the other's to determine the value of the detective's skill and his loyalty to his employers.

In no instance in the history of financial New York were private detectives employed in greater number than in the internecine strife in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which began in February, 1905, and culminated the following June in the sale of the controlling stock by James Hazen Hyde to Thomas F. Ryan.

Every agency capable of doing Wall street work had its hands full in those four months.

The Hyde and the Alexander forces both employed detectives to keep track of each other. Hyde individually employed a small army of sleuths. He distrusted some of his own supporters and had them watched. A host of lawvers was employed on each side and some of the lawyers distrusted other lawyers associated with them.

Suspicion was so rife that men en deavored to safeguard themselves against treachery by hiring detectives to watch their life-long friends. That there was justification for the general distrust was subsequently well established.

There is actually a branch of detective work in connection with high finance (though resort is rarely made to it because of the danger) which involves the employment by detectives of professional burglar to obtain possession of papers and records.

A Plot.

"You seeemd anxious to pick a quarcago.

rel with him," said Knox. "Yes," replied Fox, "he's to be married next month, and---' "Ah! I see. Cut you out, ch?"

"Not at all, but I want him to cut me out of his list of friends. I want to save the price of a present."-Philadelphia Press.

Another Good Way. Deacon Slicker-I think the parson is not sufficiently progressive; and yet I hate to suggest that we discharge

Deacon Hardshell-Why not raise his salary? Then he'd probably drop



Sympathy.-The majority of the needy ones of earth ask not for our money, but for our sympathy .- Rev. Albert Jones Lord, Congregationalist, Meriden, Conn.

The Home.-The discipline of the home has enabled many a man to stand firm where without it he would have fallen,-Rev. C. A. Langston, Unitarian, Atlanta.

Love .- I do not deny that we are commanded to fear God, but love with us Christians is the leading motive to draw us to God .- Cardinat Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Nature.-It is not easy always to

read the uses of some of nature's furions workings, but God is in all Through calamities He is leading man to dominion the universe.-Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago, Moral Suicide.-The selfish man is a moral suicide. His genius shrivels

erything. "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is."-Rev. W. A. Hunter, Presbyterian, Denver. Pardon.-Salvation not only pardons but cleanses and Jesus plucks with His hands, through which the fron has crashed, the bitter canker from our hearts. He pardons, cleanses and

up, his name dies out; he has made

an eternal blunder. The ideal is ev-

breaks the power of sin.-Rev. T. H. Rice, Methodist, Atlanta. Real Things.-The real things of life-mental power and character-are stronger and better for having passed through the fire. It is not what we have, but how we live, and the use we make of life, that counts.-Rev. D. W.

Bartlett, Baptist, Los Angels. The Divine Decree.-We cannot shut out the shaping force of circumstances. we cannot free ourselves from the common perils of existence, we cannot prolong our lives beyond the moment fixed by the decree registered on high. -Rev. J. D. Burrell, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

The Real Self .- A man's real self, his spiritual self, pervades and possesses his material body, just as magnetism pervades and possesses iron, or as God pervades and possesses the universe. "In Him we live, and move and have our being."-Rev. A. Arundel, Episcopallan, Pittsburg.

Victory and Defeat.-Defeat and failure in business or life, in our ambitions or plans are results we never welcome. Yet there are many victories which are worse than defeats, and many apparent failures which are victories.-Rev. F. L. Phalen, Unitarian, Worcester,

Judgment.-The majority of men judge other men by single acts. If they find a man guilty of lying once, they pronounce him a liar by nature, although he may have lied to them under a peculiar pressure of circum stances, which may never occur again -Rev. F. E. Washburn, Episcopallan, Newburg, N. Y.

Graft.-Policemen and firemen are kent in office not because they are good policemen or firemen, but because they turn in votes. Business men are ready to bribe to get things done. Offices themselves are bribes. Out of these conditions the system of graft has grown.-Rev. O. B. Hames, Unitarian, Germantown, Pa.

The Ship of State.-Despite the corruption in politics, tyranny of trusts, monopolies and money powers, God is still at the helm of the ship of state. He guided the Pilgrim fathers to America. He gave them the Bible, as the Magna Charta of all individual and national greatness,-Rev. T. S. Le-

land, Methodist, Victor, Col. Exaggeration.-Let us be natural, not exaggerated. Exaggeration is deformation, perversion and ugliness. This is applicable to speech, manners and clothes. In these directions of our lives we should express our artistic tastes and our sense of refined propriety. Many garments worn especially by women in their exaggerations represent more a satisfaction of senseless fashion than of their more sensible selves.—Rabbi A. J. Lyons, Hebrew, Brooklyn.

What Is Success?-The mainspring of life is success; the shibboleth of this strenuous world is "Get there." Success and failure are relative terms and depend on one's particular view point. To be a successful merchant seems to be the summum bonum. But as a business man said to me after a toilsome day, there is something in life besides making money. There is something more for men than converting themselves into machines for coining shekels.-Rev. J. N. Hall, Methodist, Oak Park, Ill.

Looking Backward .- If some of the wealthy men who have died could come back a moment and see what disputings have taken place over their fortunes; how their own peculiarities have been brought to light in the courts, to prove, if possible, that they had not brains enough to make their own wills, methinks they would say: "What consummate fools we were to spend our lives laying up earthly treasure to be lost in litigation and disputed over by our heirs, and not lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven .-Rev. W. H. Nugent, Episcopalian, Chi-

Much Impressed.

Professor of Natural History (at the zoo) -In the animal creation some of the works of nature fill us with awe and admiration for their stupendous size and weight and the colossal proportions on which they are modeled. Here, for instance, is the hippopota-

Giggly Pupil-Ain't be cute?-Baltinore American.

When a woman is too fat, she diets, and reduces her weight. A woman can do it, but a man can't.

ANIMAE DRINKERS.

When the Rat, the Cat and the

Rabbit Are Thiraty. All creatures, with the exception of the highest endowed species, are not only rectotalers, but drink very moderately of water never anything else. For instance, it would be equally difficult to picture a dormouse qualling a pint of soda water as a bottle of Burgundy.

Rats, especially when they are feeding on corn in ricks or barns , suffer very much during a comparatively short spell of rainless weather, Even the dews, which in some measure compensate for the absence of rain, are quite insufficient for their needs.

If you would like to see really happy rats watch a rat-infested corn stack on a summer evening after a shower following a few scorehing days. You will not have long to wait, says Pearson's Weekly, before you hear the stack rustle, as it were, and soon the rats will steal out to gulp down the great, glistening raindrops on the thatch and herbage near their abode.

So thirsty do rats become that I have seen one which, in spite of my frightening him back each time be appeared, made a fresh attempt about every half minute to gain a puddle of drainings from a farmyard. And I remember a farmer, shooting at one, shot no fewer than seven rats which had crowded to drink from a small pool of water near a stable.

Moreover, my experience of ratsand I have "dealt with" tens of thousands-leads me to believe that the larger rats when hard pushed for "drink" kill their own and other rats' young for their blood-truly a ghastly beverage, even in times of famine. This thory certainly dovetails with the fact that a dry breeding season means a poor crop of rats, and vice versa.

Rats are even credited with so far forgetting themselves as to drink from uncorked bottles by inserting their tails into the liquid, though, personally, I have yet to behold this astute dodge.

My old black cat is a cat among cats, and I don't think any rat can best her at ways and means. When she has "plain" thirst puss balances herself on the edge of an open galvanized tank and subdues the feeling by means of about five tongue laps to one swallow.

But sometimes, after washing day, for instance, the water level is too low for direct drinking, so she dips a front paw and licks the water therefrom in a way unexcelled in daintiness by any society star's manipulation of a finger bowl. Rabbits and hares, which may be

truthfully called strict vegetarians, need very little in the shape of direct drink but dew, for their food in its raw state contains a very large percentage of moisture. And sheep, in this country, at least,

seldom require water, except in the hottest part of the summer, and never, I believe, when feeding off root crops in autumn and winter.

Now, water in a direct form is in dispensable to stoats and weasels. This accounts for their being found in much greater numbers in well-watered districts, where the supply never fails, than in parts where there is only a pond here and there which holds water all the year round.

Ferrets, too, when fed on warm flesh and milk only, do not thrive so well as those which have water tilways in reach. I suggest that water is so necessary to stoats and weasels, and in a lesser degree to ferrets, because the warm blood of their prey creates ar exceptional thirst, for salt is present in considerable quantity in blood,

OUR DIFFICULT ENGLISH.

An American who met Henryk Sien klewicz during his stay in California many years ago has recently confided to the public that the great Polish novelist has only become an admirer of America since he left it. While he was here, a homesick member of an idealistic community which was a failure, American manners and customs did not please him, and he did not display the usual aptitude of his countrymen in acquiring the language, which he used reluctantly and as little as possible. On being introduced to the American,

he inquired, politely: "How is your heels?" Perceiving a puzzled expression on the countenance of his new acquaintance, he, too, looked puzzled for an instant, then whipped a little phrase book out of his pocket and pointed tri-

umphantly to the question, "How is your health?" It was merely the foreigner's difficulty with the th, combined with a nat ural inclination to pronounce heal in health like heal outside it.

His mistake, although amusing, could not have been so difficult to listen to with a courteously grave face as was that of a Frenchman of letters who not long ago called upon a charm ing American lady in Paris.

She was loath to lose his call, and decided to receive him, although she had not yet wholly recovered from an attack of facial neuralgia, which still somewhat impaired the outline of her usually oval visage. He was most grateful and sympathetic,

"Ah, madame!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "The nerfs! The nerfs! Truly it is the American disease! Always the fat neck and the swelled head !"

Politeness. The little girl had been assiduously

instructed in the arts and graces of courtesy, and when she told her mamma how the strange boy at the party had kissed her she did it with a de mure, reserved air that would have de lighted her mamma under other circumstances. "And he kissed me," she

ed. "And you, Gladys-what did you "Mamma I didn't forget my polite-

"Kissed you!" the mamma exclaim

ness. I said, 'Thank you.' "-Judge,

The proprietor of the store has a greater feeling of joy inside him when an unmarrieed man comes in to buy, than when the man is married.

A CAT'S EYES.

The Chinese Discovered Their Use

as a Time Indicator, The first European to learn of the use of a cat as a time indicator was M. Huc, who in a work on the Chinese empire tells how he was initiated into the mystery.

M. flue and a party of friends set out to visit a Chinese Christian mission settlement among the pensantry. They met a young Chinaman on the road, and to test life intelligence they asked him if he could tell them the time. The native looked up at the sky, out 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 Huc 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

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 neighborhod 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. -Chiengo Chronicle.

Not Likely to Be at Home. Mrs. Neighbor-Aren't you going to call on our old schoolmate who has just moved into the next block? Mrs. Homer-I would like to call on her, but I don't want to meet her hus-

Mrs. Neighbor-Oh, there is no danger of meeting him. They have been married nearly a year.

WORN OUT WOMEN

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merritt's Advice. Mrs. W. L. Merritt, 207 S. First



woman suffering as I did." Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Information.

"Paw, what is the 'great white plague' the papers talk about?" asked Johnny. "A big snowstorm, my son," answered his father, wearily resuming the task of trying to find his front sidewalk.

A Wonderful Record.

Many so-called "specifics" and "cures" for Rheumatism have already been brought before the public; but when Rheumatism, Neuralgia and kinired diseases have become chronic and threaten serious results, you may rest assured that they will help but very little, if any, Although not recom mended as 'infallible." the peculiar qualities of St. Jacobs Oil especially adapt it to those cases which may be termed "chronic," and which have previously withstood all known "specifics," as well as the prescriptions of

the best physicians.

No Head for Practions. Grandfather (carving the turkey)-Tommy, what part will you have? Young Grandson-Well, they's six of us here, grandpa, but I don't want no more'n my share. I'll leave it to you.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, Lot for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One day. 25c.

On the face of one of the latest watches designed for the use of blind people the hours are indicated by movable buttons in relief on the dial. A strong pointer shows the minutes. The blind person passes his fingers over the dial; the button indicating the hour he finds to be degives the minutes. The buttons are held by a circular plate beneath the dial, which has at one point on its circumference a notch into which the buttons drop, one after the other, as the plate revolves with the movement of the works. This plate serves instead of the ordinary hour hand of a watch.

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