

Twins on the Father's Side.  
Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time in Utah, relates Congressman J. Adam Bede, and the teacher asked them their names.  
"John and William Smith," the boys replied.  
"Ah, then you are brothers! How old are you?"  
"Each 10 years old, ma'am."  
"Indeed! Then you are twins?"  
"Please, ma'am," replied one of the boys, "only on our father's side."—Everybody.

Superstition.  
Miss Ascum—Don't you really believe in dreams?  
Miss O'Ball—No, indeed! It's superstitious and besides it's a bad sign when you believe in them, for it always brings you bad luck.—Philadelphia 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 Poultry Houses were regular fire traps. I gave my S. C. W. Leghorn 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 a wash.  
(Signed) MRS. B. R. BUFFHAM,  
Roswell, New Mexico

The railroad killed 198 persons in Chicago during the first nine months of this year, the street cars 106, teams and wagons 68 and the automobiles only 10.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.  
WALTON & WEAVER,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall'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-Peyster at the meeting to take steps to suppress the gambling evil in big cities?"  
"She couldn't come. This is the day her bridge whist club meets, and she's always such a winner."—Baltimore American.

Moravian Barley and Speltz, two great cereals, makes growing and fatening hogs and cattle possible in Dak. Mont., Ida., Colo., etc., everywhere, and adds to above Salvo's Billion Dollars Grass, the 12 ton Hay wonder feedstock which produces 80 tons of green food per acre, Emperor William Oat prodigy etc., and other rare farm seeds that will sell.

### JUST CUT THIS OUT AND RETURN IT

With 10c in stamps to the John A. Salvo Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get their big catalog and lots of farm seed mail free. C. N. U.

### Hudson Bay—New Outlet to Europe

Without a doubt, Canada will raise half a billion bushels of grain annually ten years hence, and we shall see Hudson Bay unrivaled among the world's greatest inland trade arteries says J. C. Elliot in the Technical World Magazine. Hudson Bay has been proposed as a new highway for transport by Canadian grain to Liverpool, and the fact that the new route could be a thousand miles shorter than the present way through the Great Lakes and overland to New York would greatly reduce the transportation cost of grain sent to Europe through the Bay. Many people to-day think of North western Canada as a bleak, barren land, as cold as Alaska or Greenland. But in areas which are in the same latitude as Greenland, the wheat crops have been raised. The tremendous 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 agricultural lands stretching as far west as the Canadian Rockies and a thousand miles north of Montreal, are included within the coast-saving reach of this New-World Mediterranean. The new route through Hudson Bay will place the farmers who cultivate 600 million acres of land, in control of the grain markets of the world by making possible a 50 per cent reduction in cost of transportation. To attract and control the future traffic of the Hudson Bay route would be—it would seem—to control the destiny of all Western Canada and the commercial supremacy of the New World.

### GRAPES FOOD.

They Thrive on Grape Nuts.  
Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape Nuts, and get well.  
"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then strained off the liquid and mixed 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape Nuts with six teaspoonfuls of rice milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.  
"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family."  
Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health—"There's a Season." Read "The Road to Well-Being" in page.

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Bane," "The English Orphan," "Hester on the Hillside," "Lena Rivens," "Mademoiselle," "The Impost and Synthesis," "Cousin Maudie," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

The good people of Devonshire were rather given to quarrelling—sometimes about the minister's wife, meek, gentle Mrs. Tiverton, whose manner of house-keeping, or style of dress, did not exactly suit them; sometimes about the minister himself, good, patient Mr. Tiverton, who vainly 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, the quarrel crept into the choir, and then, for one whole Sunday, it was all in vain that Mr. Tiverton read the psalm and hymn, casting troubled glances toward the vacant seats 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. Cassin, who sat in the front row of the choir, had been snubbed at the last choir meeting by Mr. Hodges' 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 a new cause of quarrel, before which every other cause sank into insignificance. Now, though the village of Devonshire could boast but one public school house, said house 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 merits of the various candidates for teaching in the village. It was 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 village was at once set by the ears, the aristocracy abusing, and the democracy upholding the diametric trio, who, as the breeze blew harder, quietly resigned their office, and Devonshire was without a school committee.

In this emergency something must be done, and, as the two belligerent parties could only unite on a stranger, it seemed a good idea of special providence that only two months before young Dr. Holbrook had returned 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 Latin as the Greek, 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 found himself unanimously elected to the responsible office of sole inspector of common schools in Devonshire.

With no definite idea as to what was 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, unless, indeed, 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 one day, however, he became nervously shy and embarrassed, retreating as soon as possible from 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 very girls who must, of course, ere long invade his sanctum.

"Something for you, sir." The lady will wait for an answer," said his "chose boy," passing to his master a little three-cornered 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 correct Yankee "yellow," and driven by a white-haired man of a pleasing, patriarchal appearance, which interested the doctor far more than did the sutter of the blue ribbon beside him, even though the bonnet that ribbon tied shaded the face of a young girl. The note was from a man, and, tearing it open, the doctor read, in the prettiest of all pretty, girlish handwriting:

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

"MADALINE A. CLYDE.

"P. S.—For particular reasons I hope you can attend to me as early as Monday." M. A. C.

Dr. Holbrook knew very little of girls, but he thought this note, with its P. S., decidedly girlish. Still he made no comment, either verbal or mental, so surprised was he with knowing that the evil he so much dreaded had come upon him at last. Turning to the boy, he said, laconically, "Tell her to come."

Most men would have sought for a 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 voice was singularly sweet, which, after the boy had delivered his message, said to the old 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 camel cloak which he had done duty for many a year. The doctor 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 home with grandpa, and wishing so much that she had a glimpse of Dr. Holbrook, so as to know what he was like. How she would have trembled could she have seen that formidable volume heaped upon his table and waiting for her, arranging them in a row and then washing himself back again to the days when he had studied them, the doctor went out to visit his patients, of which there were

# Sermons of the Week

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.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Nature.—It is not easy always to read the uses of some of nature's furious 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 up, his name dies out; he has made an eternal blunder. The ideal is everything. 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 iron has crashed, the bitter canker from our hearts. He pardons, cleanses and 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 Angeles.

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, Episcopalian, 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 circumstances, which may never occur again.—Rev. F. E. Washburn, Episcopalian, Newburg, N. Y.

Graft.—Police-men and firemen are kept 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. LeLand, 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 shakels.—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 disputations 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, Chicago.

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 hippopotamus.

Giggly Pupil—Ain't he cute?—Baltimore American.

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

### ANIMAL DRINKERS.

When the Rat, the Cat and the Rabbit Are Thirsty.  
All creatures, with the exception of the highest endowed species, are not only abstemious, but drink very moderately of water—never anything else. For instance, it would be equally difficult to picture a dormouse quaffing 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 long scorching day. 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 he 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 rats—and 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 theory 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 device.

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 pushes balance herself on the edge of an open galvanized tank and siphons the feeling by means of about five tongue licks 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 indispensable to stunts 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 always 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 an exceptional thirst, for salt is present in considerable quantity in blood.

### OUR DIFFICULT ENGLISH.

An American who met Henry Sklenkiewicz 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 health?"  
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 triumphantly to the question, "How is your health?"

It was merely the foreigner's difficulty with the text, combined with a natural 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 charming 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!"

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 demure, reserved air that would have delighted her mamma under other circumstances. "And he kissed me," she said.

"Kissed you?" the mamma exclaimed. "And you, Gladys—what did you do?"  
"Mamma, I didn't forget my politeness. I said, 'Thank you.'—Judge."

The proprietor of the store has a greater feeling of joy inside him when an unmarried 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. Hue, who in a work on the Chinese empire tells how he was initiated into the mystery.

M. Hue and a party of friends set out to visit a Chinese Christian mission settlement among the peasantry. They met a young Chinaman on the road, and to test his intelligence they asked him if he could tell them the time. The native looked up at the sky, but the clouds hid the sun from view, and he couldn't read any answer there. Suddenly he darted away to a farm and returned in a few moments with a cat in his arms. Pushing up its eyelids with his hand, he told Hue to look at them, at the same time volunteering the information that it was not noon yet. While they were puzzling over the case the boy went about his business.

When the party reached the village, they asked the Christian converts if they could tell the time by a cat's eyes and how it was done. Immediately there was a wild hunt, and all the cats obtainable in the neighborhood were brought before them.

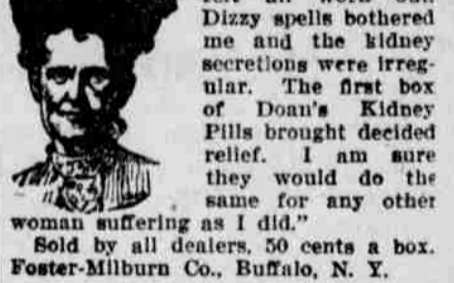
The Chinese pointed out that the pupils of a cat's eyes were gradually narrower up to 12 noon, when they became scarcely perceptible lines drawn perpendicularly across the eye, and after that dilation recommenced. Hue examined the eyes of several cats and verified what the Chinese had told him.—Chicago 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 husband.

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 Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys. I had pain in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."  
Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Information.  
"Faw, 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.

Man's so-called "specific" and "cures" for Rheumatism have already been brought before the public; but when Rheumatism, Neuralgia and kindred diseases have become chronic and threaten serious results, you may rest assured that they will help but very little, if any. Although not recommended as "infallible," the peculiar qualities of St. James' 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 Fractions.  
Grandfather (carving the turkey)—Tommy, what part will you have?  
Young Grandson—Well, they're 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. Look 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 depressed, while the position of the hands gives 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.

### The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

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