

VITALIZER



RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down. MUYON'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him go. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full manly vigor, begin on MUYON'S VITALIZER. Every tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quack doctors or harmful drugs. Begin on MUYON'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, 30c per bottle. Mazon, Kirk and Jefferson, Phila., Pa.

The best piece of fur in the world is in the cloak of the Empress of Russia. It is worth \$80,000.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

When it comes to being charitable, most of us have wonderful self-control.

Some people suffer continually with tired, aching and swollen feet. Little do they know how soothing is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Rub it in at night and have thankful, happy feet in the morning.

Not So Simple. "Are you leading the simple life while your family is away?" "No, indeed! I'm not so simple! I have that kind of a life to lead when they're at home."—Houston Post.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. The old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

A newly married woman's dinner table always looks pretty, but it takes an older housekeeper, with her best china smashed by time, to get up a dinner that tastes good.

WE PAY 11-13C FOR COW HIDES. Furs are also very high. We sell traps, sheep, ship & fur to and buy of the reliable N. W. Hyde & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

FASHION HINTS



A very practical dress is the model shown here. It is built on such simple lines that the home dressmaker will find it well worth her scope.

A new and attractive touch is the low-kung, softly knotted sash.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon aesthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper, putting a blunt interrogation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a rational proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him. While the reader's surrender to the author must be complete, his attitude should not be passive, but that of active responsiveness and partnership.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain habits unconsciously formed and hard to break. An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town: "From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach."

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 35 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard."

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I shot it this morning," he continued, "we'll use it."

"What do you mean?" asked Altamont.

"I mean to blow up the bears on masse with 100 pounds of powder."

"But where is the powder?" exclaimed his friends.

"In the magazine. This passage I dug will lead to it. I made it purpose."

"And where is the mine to be?" inquired Altamont.

"At the farthest point from the house and stores."

"And how will you manage to entice the bears there, all to one spot?"

"I'll look after that. Let us set to work. We have 100 feet more to add to our passage to-night, and that is no easy matter. There are five of us—we can take turns. Bell will begin, and we will lie down and sleep meantime."

"One by one, all went to work, and in ten hours—that is to say, about 8 in the morning—the gallery was entirely open."

With the first streak of day the doctor reconnoitered the position of the enemy. The patient animals were still occupying their old position, prowling up and down and growling.

Hastening away to the mine, he had a strong stake fixed firmly on the granite foundation, on the top of which the dead fox was fastened. A rope was attached to the lower part of the stake, long enough to reach the powder stores.

"This is the bait," he said, pointing to the dead fox, "and here is the mine," he added, rolling in a keg of powder containing about 100 pounds.

"And how will you manage?" asked Altamont.

"By hauling in this rope we leave the dead fox exposed to view. The bears are so famished with their long fasting that they won't lose much time in rushing toward their unexpected meal. Well, just at this very moment, I shall set fire to the mine, and blow up both the guests and the meal."

"Capital! Capital!" shouted Johnson, who had been listening with intense interest.

Hatteras said nothing, for he had such absolute confidence in his friend that he wanted no further explanation. But Altamont must know the why and wherefore of everything.

"But doctor," he said, "can you reckon on your match so exactly that you can be quite sure it will fire the mine at the right moment?"

"I don't need to reckon at all; that's a difficulty I shall get over."

"They have a match a hundred feet long?"

"No."

"You are simply going to lay a train of powder."

"One of us must light the powder," said Johnson. "I'm ready—ready and willing."

"Quite useless to risk your life, brave fellow," replied the doctor, holding out his hand. "All our lives are precious, and they will be all spared, thank God!"

"We have an electric battery," he continued, "and lines long enough to serve our purpose? We can fire our mine whenever we please, in an instant, and without the slightest danger."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Johnson. "Hurrah!" echoed the others, without heeding whether the enemy heard them or not.

The doctor's idea was immediately carried out, and the lines connected by 9 o'clock everything was ready. Johnson was stationed in the powder magazine, in charge of the cord which held the bait.

"Now," said Clawbonny to his companions, "load your guns, in case our assailants are not killed. Stand beside Johnson, and the moment the explosion is over rush out."

"All right," said Altamont.

"We have done all we can to help ourselves. May heaven help us!"

Hatteras, Altamont and Bell repaired to the powder magazine, while the doctor remained alone beside the pile. Soon he heard Johnson's voice in the distance calling out "Ready!"

"All right!" was the reply.

Johnson pulled the rope that brought the body of the fox on top of the ice. The next instant the bears had eagerly rushed to seize the booty.

"Fire!" called out Johnson, and at once the electric spark was sent along the lines right into the keg of powder. A formidable explosion ensued; the house was shaken as if by an earthquake, and the walls cracked asunder. Hatteras, Altamont and Bell hurried out, with the guns. But four of the bears lay dead, and the fifth, half roasted, though alive, was scampering away in terror, as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hurrah!" Three cheers for Clawbonny! they shouted, and overwhelmed the doctor with plaudits and thanks.

Next morning there was a singular rise in the temperature, the thermometer going up to 15 degrees above zero.

This comparative heat lasted several days. In sheltered spots the glass rose as high as 31 degrees, and symptoms of a thaw appeared.

The ice began to crack here and there, and jets of salt water were thrown up, like fountains in an English park. A few days later the rain fell in torrents.

For about a fortnight hunting was the principal occupation. There was an abundant supply of fresh meat to be had. They shot partridges, ptarmigan and snow ortolans, which are delicious eating.

"Do you think we shall have a long spell of this weather, Dr. Clawbonny?" asked Johnson.

"No, my friend, I don't; it is a last blow from the cold. You see these are his dominions, and he won't be driven out without making some resistance."

"What is the reason?"

"Because generally there is a periodical frost in the month of May, and it is coldest from the 11th to the 13th. That is the fact."

The doctor was right, for the cold lasted till the end of the month, and put an end to all their hunting expeditions. The old, monotonous life indoors recommenced.

chance he had made a discovery.

"Chance!" interrupted Altamont, hotly. "Do you mean to assert that it is not Kane's energy that we owe his great discovery?"

"I mean to say that Dr. Kane's name is not worth mentioning in a country made illustrious by such names as Parry, and Franklin, and Ross, and DeLacer, and Penny; in a country where the sea opened the Northwest Passage to an Englishman—McClure!"

"McClure!" exclaimed the American. "Well, if ever chance favored anyone it was that McClure. Do you pretend to deny it?"

Hatteras started to his feet, and said: "I will not permit the honor of an English captain to be attacked in my presence any longer!"

"You will not permit!" echoed Altamont, also springing erect. "But these are facts, and it is out of your power to destroy them!"

"Sir!" shouted Hatteras, pale with rage.

"My friends!" interposed the doctor; "pray be calm. This is a scientific point that we are discussing."

But Hatteras was dead to reason now, and said angrily: "I'll tell you the facts, sir."

"And I'll tell you," retorted the irate American.

"Gentlemen," said Clawbonny, in a firm tone, "allow me to speak, for I know the facts of the case as well as perhaps better than you, and I can state them impartially."

"Yes, yes!" cried Bell and Johnson, who had been anxiously watching the strife.

"Well, go on," said Altamont, finding himself in the minority.

With charts the doctor told the history of McClure's voyage. Still Hatteras and Altamont were dissatisfied.

"Well, if arriving on one side and leaving at the other is not going through, I don't know what is!" said Hatteras.

"Yes, but he went 470 miles over ice fields," objected Altamont.

"What of that?"

"Everything; that is the gist of the whole argument. It was not the investigator that went through."

"Altamont," said the doctor, "we all consider that you are wrong."

"You may easily do that," returned Altamont, in a fury. "It is four against one, but that will not prevent me, from holding my own opinion."

"Keep it and welcome, but keep it to yourself, if you please, for the future," exclaimed Hatteras.

"And pray what right have you to speak to me like this, sir?" shouted Altamont, in a fury.

"My right as captain," returned Hatteras, equally angry.

"Am I to submit to your orders, then?"

"Most assuredly, and woe to you if I do not!"

The doctor did not allow him to proceed, for he really feared the two antagonists might come to blows. Bell and Johnson seconded his endeavors to make peace, and, after a few conciliatory words, Altamont turned on his heel, and walked carelessly away, whistling "Yankee Doodle." Hatteras went outside, and paced up and down with rapid strides. In about an hour he came back, and retired to bed without saying another word.

(To be continued.)

QUEER THINGS IN NICARAGUA.

Misadventures Unnecessary, as Zelaya Manages Republic by Phone.

According to the statement of an American resident of Nicaragua, who has the confidence of President Zelaya of that republic, the Mexican Herald says, the reports of the difficulties suffered in paying the Emery claim have been exaggerated or based upon misapprehension.

The above gentleman was in Nicaragua quite recently and while there visited President Zelaya. He saw that though the amount of the Emery claim, \$600,000 gold, was a considerable sum, there are some redeeming features, principal among which is the fact that the railroad track, houses, logging plant and other property of the Emery company, valued at upward of \$75,000, gold, all revert to the Nicaraguan government, according to the terms of settlement. The government can use all these facilities on its own account, so that their value is no loss. Furthermore, he says that the government owns all its steamship lines, railroads and other public utilities, which pay 35 per cent annually, and are not hypothecated to the slightest extent, and that money could easily be raised on these if the situation were serious. The same gentleman said that he had an offer from a foreign syndicate to lend the Nicaraguan government \$1,000,000 some three months ago, but that President Zelaya refused the opportunity, saying that the need for the money was not great enough to justify the government's taking on the debt.

The reported closing of the war college, he said, was due to annual vacations. He was doubtful if it were true that telegraph lines had been suppressed. As for the cessation of music and festivities in the public plazas, this had been brought about by entirely other considerations than those of economy. As for the dismissal of all the cabinet ministers, this matter, which the size of Nicaragua enabled them easily to be dispensed with.

The Nicaraguan president, he said, kept in touch personally by telephone with all the affairs of the republic, making the duties of the cabinet ministers practically nil on all ordinary occasions, most persons preferring to conduct their negotiations directly with the president, who was easy of approach. Economy could have had nothing to do with the dismissal of the cabinet ministers, since they held their offices merely through patriotism, the salary being, at the most, not above \$62 a month gold.

A Lesson In Politeness.

He was dining at a restaurant, and while he was sipping his black coffee, a stranger gracefully commended his overcoat. He had just reached the door when the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, meekly, "but would you allow me to get another cigar from my coat pocket, in case I do not meet you again?"—Tit-Bits.

Very Likely.

"She thanked him with a look."

"I s'pose her gown was so tight that she couldn't trust herself to speak, eh."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IN THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION



In 1907, the year of the financial depression, the tide of immigration from Southern and Southeastern Europe had attained such strength and volume that almost every editorial writer in the country felt called upon, more or less often, to dilate upon what this influx of strange peoples would mean not only to themselves but to the republic. From Italy and Austria-Hungary the protest was especially loud.

For stern figures showed that during the year Austria-Hungary had lost by immigration to the United States 238,452 of its people, while Italy was reduced by more than a quarter of a million.

This remarkable movement from the home soil could not pass unnoted, for every phase of human relation was affected by it. The landowner felt it most of all, for the men who left were his laborers. Their passing reduced his supply of available labor, increased the wages of those who were left and altered their servile attitude to one approaching independence, so he naturally enough cried out against the immigration, declaring that America was robbing the European nations of their strongest, leaving the aged, the women and the children.

Frightened by the protest, Austria-Hungary passed drastic emigration laws under which it will henceforth be harder for the populace to escape its surveillance and service. But even before these laws had a chance to dawn the westward tide of the industrial depression prevailing in this country in the winter of 1907-8 had turned it eastward. With the advent of "hard times," with the closing of mills and mines and the lessening of railroad construction, many of the recently arrived immigrants who had been performing the coarser, cruder tasks required by the industrial development of the country returned to their native lands.

Among those who have watched the ebb and flow of this immigrant tide, and who many times has made himself a part of it so he might better understand its meaning, is Dr. Edward A. Steiner, professor of applied Christianity in Grinnell College, Iowa, and author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," "The Mediator" and "Tolstoy, the Man and His Message."

Dr. Steiner is in no sense of the word a statistician, though in his book are a few tables showing the increase and decrease of immigration from European countries. He is too intensely interested in his fellow man, too keenly alive to his humanity, to reduce him to arithmetical terms. Every one of the millions who have come to this country is to him an individual. He says of himself in this book: "I recognize no barriers of race, class or religion between myself and any other human being that needs me. I happen to know something

about human beings; I know intimately many races and more nationalities, and I have discovered that when one breaks through the strange speech which so often separates; when one closes one's eyes to what climate has burned upon a man's skin, or what social or economic conditions have formed or deformed—one will find in every human being a kinsman."

Dr. Steiner is not the first wise man to declare that nothing human is foreign to him, but his ability to sympathetically interpret the ideas of those who are isolated by racial, religious and social limitations makes his studies of the various immigrants whom he has met and known especially interesting. It also makes his conclusions worthy of respectful consideration even by those not in entire accord with him.

What does the returning immigrant take back besides celluloid collars, brass-bound trunks, gold filling in his teeth and American shoes on his feet? All of these Dr. Steiner notes, but he sees them not as evidences of mere material prosperity. They are symbols to him of life on a higher plane.

A missionary who had toiled in Africa among a peculiarly primitive people said that he could implant no spiritual aspiration in the hearts of the savages because they had no desire for any material thing. It was not until he had taught them to value and desire a wash bowl that he could find anything in their minds on which to hang his teachings. The divine content of the poets may have its origin in the desire for shoes, for meat, for bread, for better clothing, for more clothing. Possessed by these desires men are led to exert themselves, to go forth to new lands, to work, to learn new ways, new manners, to enlarge their lives and to broaden beyond measurement that of the generations who follow them. So the returned immigrant takes back to his native land more than the money he has earned. He takes back the desire to work, greater respect for himself and for his wife, a quickened moral sense and some knowledge as to the need of fresh air in his sleeping rooms.

Dr. Steiner is confident that if America does her part the immigrants from southern Europe will not be a serious menace. Some of the arguments advanced against their desirability he answers. Their mobility as compared with the immigrants from northern Europe, their movement back to their old home during the period of economic distress, he interprets as an advantage to this country. Certainly distress would have been wider spread had the unemployed thousands remained here. Their sending savings back to Italy, where the government safeguard their money in postal savings banks, he regards as justifiable inasmuch as this government offers no similar institution.

It is the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, the true American spirit in its finest manifestation, in which Dr. Steiner believes. He has faith that this spirit can take the crowding alien host and breathe into it the life of a nobler manhood and womanhood; that the immigrant will become in the next generation, if not in this whatsoever America wills that he may become.

Save This Recipe for Colds.

"Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add one-half ounce Concentrated pine compound. The bottle is to be well shaken each time and used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours." Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house. This is wonderfully effective.

The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles each enclosed in an airtight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated."

How soon after marriage does a husband begin refusing his wife money? Will some of the dear sisters rise to their feet and give their experience?

The first thing a lot of people will look for when they get to heaven will be fault, and the second thing will be souvenir postals to send to friends on earth.

Information.

Mrs. Chugwater—Joshua, what is an internal machine?

Mrs. Chugwater—Any political machine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Secured a Failure.

Goodman Gontone—Didn't ye git a handout fr'm dat woman?

Saymond Storey—No, she looked sour at me, an' I couldn't stand de acid test.—Chicago Tribune.

Impossible to Find Anything.

Irish Gooseberries.

An Irishman—or Irishwoman—is rarely at a loss to give quite as good as he gets. The American tourist who figures in Sketchy Bits found this out to his cost.

An old Irish woman, who kept a fruit stall, had some melons exposed for sale. The Yankee, wishing to have some fun with the old lady, took up one of them and said:

"These are small apples you grow over here. In America we have them twice the size."

The woman slowly looked up at him and in a tone of pity exclaimed:

"Sure, sorr, ye must be a stranger in Ireland, and know very little about the fruit of our country, whin ye can't tell apples from gooseberries!"

STEADILY GREW WORSE.

A Typical Tale of Sufferings from Sick Kidneys.

Mrs. L. C. Fridley, 1034 N. Main St., Delphos, Ohio, says: "Five or six years ago I began to suffer with kidney trouble and grew steadily worse until my health was all broken down. For weeks I was in bed and could not turn over without being helped. My back was stiff and painful, I was tired and languid, and when I was able to get around I could not do my work. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much that I kept on using them until I had every symptom of kidney trouble. During the past three years I have enjoyed excellent health."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Savings Banks.

An Irishman was explaining American institutions to a green countryman.

"A savings bank," he said, "is a place where you can deposit money to-day and draw it out to-morrow by giving a week's notice."—Success Magazine.

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

The Farmers of Central Canada Near Wheat and Riches.

Up in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the provinces that compose Central Canada have such a quantity of land suitable for the growth of small grains, which grow so abundantly, and yield so handsomely that no fear need be feared of a wheat famine on this Continent. The story reproduced below is only one of the hundreds of proofs that could be produced to show the results that may be obtained from cultivation of the lands in these provinces. Almost any section of the country will do as well.

With the country recently opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest of the great transcontinental lines to enter the field of the development of the Canadian West, there is afforded ample opportunity to do as was done in the case cited below:

To buy a section of land, break it up and crop it, make \$17,550 out of the yield and \$10,880 out of the increase of value all within the short period of two years, was the record established by James Bailey, a well-known farmer within a few miles of Regina.

Mr. Bailey bought the 640 acres of land near Grand Coulee two years ago. He immediately prepared the whole section for crop and this year had 600 acres of wheat and 40 acres of oats, and the oats yielded 4,750 bushels. The whole of the grain has been marketed and Mr. Bailey is now worth \$17,550 from the grain alone. He bought the land at \$18 an acre, and the other day refused an offer of \$35 an acre, just a \$17 advance from the time of his purchase. The land cost \$11,320 in the first instance. Here are the figures of the case: Land first cost, 640 acres, at \$18, \$11,320. Wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, at 84 cents a bushel, 16,695. Oats yielded 4,750 bushels, at 28 cents a bushel, \$555. Offered for land, 640 acres at \$35 an acre, \$22,400. Increase value of land, \$10,880. Total earnings of crop, \$17,550, together with increase in value of land, a total of \$28,540.

It is interesting to note the figures of the yield per acre. The wheat yielded 33.12 bushels to the acre, and oats 118.7 bushels to the acre. The figures are a fair indication of the average throughout the district.

Agent of the Canadian Government in the different cities will be pleased to give you information as to rates, etc.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Chronic Lead-Poisoning.

Most cases of chronic poisoning by lead are those of smelters, painters, painters, glaziers, and other artisans of this class, who inhale the metal in the form of fine dust, or swallow it with their food, often, indeed, as a result of their own carelessness.

In such cases the nature of the illness is immediately recognizable, as a rule, for the attack is always expected. But some persons are so sensitive to the action of lead that poisoning occasionally originates in seemingly the most unaccountable manner.

Sometimes it follows such obscure accidents as the drinking of water or other beverage that has passed through new lead pipes, or that has been stored in casks lined with lead; the eating of food that has been cooked in lead-lined vessels, or the use of cosmetics containing the metal. It has resulted also from the wearing of artificial teeth in the manufacture of which lead has been wrongfully used, and even from the repeated biting of lead-tyed silk thread. In a few instances, too, lead pigments have been used to improve the color of food preparations, and large quantities of flour have been rendered poisonous by the use of lead to fill defects in the millstones.

The distinctive symptoms of chronic lead-poisoning are derangement of the digestion, lassitude, aching of the muscles, and dull abdominal pains, or severe colic of a peculiarly agonizing character. In most cases there is a narrow indigo-blue line in the gums close to the margin. The sufferer loses flesh rapidly, his skin becomes sallow, and in the worst cases the nervous system becomes affected.

Such violent evidences of brain-poisoning as convulsions or acute mania are less frequently produced than a form of paralysis known as "wrist

drop," in which the hands droop from loss of power to extend the wrists and fingers.

In the treatment of chronic cases, physicians generally administer laxatives, which form insoluble compounds with the lead that remains in the intestines and remove it; and later they endeavor, by the use of other remedies, to dissolve and remove any of the poison that has been deposited in the tissues. Special treatment by massage, electricity and exercise is generally required for the relief of the paralysis.

Water that has stood overnight in new pipes should never be used for drink or in cooking. The mineral matter in ordinary drinking water forms an insoluble coating on the interior of water pipes in the course of a few weeks, however, and thus prevents future contamination.

Lead pipes should not be used in cisterns, for rain water is devoid of mineral matter.

Not Literary.

"The late Frederick Burton was the world's foremost authority on the American Indian," said a Yale ethnologist. "Burton was almost alone in his field. There are, you know, so few students of Indian lore. He said to me once, with a vexed laugh, that he found it quite impossible to discuss poetry with the girl he took down to dinner. The girl was very pretty. Leaning her dimpled elbows on the table, she said to the critic:

"And what is your lecture to be about, professor?"

"I shall lecture on Keats," he replied.

"Oh, professor," she gushed, "what are Keats?"

Not Materializing.

"I went to the spiritualistic seance to find out if I had a ghost of a chance of getting the seal-skin coat I want."

"Dear me! Would you be satisfied with nothing more material for a coat than a spirit wrap?"—Baltimore American.

It is easier to keep up than it is to get behind, and then hurry to catch up.

Revenge is not nearly as sweet as people think it is.