

A PACKAGE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST OF

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit, the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us a postal or letter requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 832 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



Libby's Evaporated Milk

Contains double the nutriment and none of the impurities so often found in so-called fresh or raw milk.

The use of Libby's insures pure, rich, wholesome, healthful milk that is superior in flavor and economical in cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the purest, freshest high grade milk, obtained from selected, carefully fed cows. It is pasteurized and then evaporated (the water taken out), filled into bright, new tins, sterilized and sealed airtight until you need it.

Use Libby's and tell your friends how good it is.



Her Wardrobe in a Mail Bag.

Uncle Sam has found nothing is sacred to a woman where the care of her personal belongings is concerned. A woman who recently arrived in New Orleans from Guatemala carried a large part of her wardrobe in a regulation mail bag that originally belonged to the United States government. She was detained by the customs house officials, but succeeded in satisfying them that she had bought the bag in Guatemala, where it was placed on sale in the ordinary way, and did not know she was committing any wrong in making personal use of it. The fact is that the material of which the United States mail bags are made possess remarkable qualities of durability, combined with fineness of texture, and every year, especially in South American countries, where goods of the same quality seldom are seen, American mail bags disappear mysteriously. Usually the women of the place transform them into petticoats or skirts, while they are prized by the men as saddle cloths or packs for mules.

Religion of Presidents.
The Episcopalians were Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur. The Congregationalists were both John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Jefferson and Johnson did not belong to any church. The Presbyterians were Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison. The Reformed Dutch were Roosevelt and Van Buren. Fillmore and Taft were Unitarians and Garfield belonged to the Disciples. The Methodists were Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

Particular People Find positive pleasure in Post Toasties

—a crisp, appetizing, dainty food for breakfast, lunch or supper. Always ready to serve right from the package with cream or milk and always enjoyed.

"The Memory Lingers"
Pkg. 10c. and 15c.
Sold by Grocers.
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE
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CHAPTER VI.

One purple and ruddy afternoon, when all the silent forest world was steeped in the deep peace of early autumn, Thomas Jefferson was fishing luxuriously in the most distant of the upper pools. There were three fat perch all-strung on a forked wither under the overhanging bank, and a fourth was rising to the bait, when the peaceful stillness was rudely rent by a crashing in the undergrowth, and a great dog, of a breed hitherto unknown to Paradise, bounded into the little glade to stand glaring at the fisherman, his teeth bared and his black hairs bristling.

"Oh, please! Don't hurt my dog!" said a rather weak little voice out of the rearward fold.
"You come round here and call him off o' me."
"He is not wishing to hurt you, or anybody," said the voice. "Down, Hector!"

The Great Dane passed from suspicion to indignation and threatening lightning bolts to mighty and frivolous growlings, and Thomas Jefferson got up to give him room. A girl was trying to make the dog behave. So he had a chance to look her over before the battle for sovereignty should begin. There was a little shock of disapproval to go with the first glance. Somehow he had been expecting something very different; something on the order of the Queen of Sheba—dove small, of course—as that personage was pictured in the family Bible—a girl, proud and scornful, and possibly wearing a silk dress and satin shoes. Instead, she was only a pale, tired baby in a brier-torn frock; a girl whose bones showed brazenly at every angle, and whose only claim to a second glance lay in her thick mop of reddish-brown hair and in a pair of great, slate-blue eyes two sizes too large for the thin face. A double conclusion came and sat in Thomas Jefferson's mind: she was rather to be contemptuously pitted than feared; and as for looks—well, she was not to be thought of in the same day with black-eyed Nan Bryerson. When the dog was reduced to quiescence, the small one repaid Thomas Jefferson a stare with a level gaze out of the over-sized eyes.

"Was it that you were afraid of Hector?" she asked.
"Huh!" said Thomas Jefferson, and the scorn was partly for her queer way of speaking and partly for the foolishness of the question. "Huh! I reckon you don't know who I am. 'T'd have killed your dog if he'd jumped on me, maybe."

"You are Thomas Gordon. Your mother took care of me and prayed for me when I was sick. Hector is a pool; and between them Ardea was dragged ashore, a limp little heap of saturation, conscious, but with her teeth chattering and great, dark circles around her blue eyes."
"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered. "If you can't make out to forgive me, I'm going to have a miserable time of it after I get home."

"It will serve you quite right. Now you'd better get home as quick as ever you can. I expect I'll be sick again, after this."

He held his peace and walked her as fast as he could across the fields and out on the pike. But at the Debnay gates he paused. It was not in human courtesy to the Major under existing conditions.

"I reckon you'll go and tell your gran'pa on me," he said, helplessly. "Why should I not tell him? And I never want to see you or hear of you again, you cruel, hateful boy!"

Thomas Jefferson hung about the gate while she went stumbling up the driveway, leaving heavily on the great dog. When she had safely reached the house he went slowly homeward, wading in trouble even as he waded in the white dust of the pike. For when one drinks too deeply of the cup of tyranny the lees are apt to be like the little boy the Revelator ate—sweet as honey in the mouth and bitter in the belly.

That evening at the supper-table he had one nerve-racking fear dispelled and another confirmed. His mother's reply to a question put by his father. "Yes; the Major sent for me again this afternoon. That child is back in bed again with a high fever. It seems she was out playing with that great dog of hers and fell into the creek. I wanted to tell the Major he is just tempting Providence, the way he makes over her and indulges her, but I didn't dare to."

And Thomas Jefferson knew that he was the one who had tempted Providence.

CHAPTER VII.

From the grave and thoughtful vantage-ground of 13, Thomas Jefferson could look back on the second illness of Ardea Debnay as the closing incident of his childhood. The industrial changes which were then beginning, not only for the city beyond the mountains, but for all the region round about, had culminated swiftly on Paradise; and the old listless life of the unchanging period soon receded quickly into a far-away past, rememberable only when one made an effort to recall it.

First had come the completion of the Great Southwestern. Diverted by the untiring opposition of Major Debnay from his chosen path through the valley, it skirted the westward hills, passing within a few hundred yards of the Gordon furnace. Since business kinds no animosities, the part which Caleb Gordon and his gun crew had played in the right-of-way conflict was ignored. The way-station at the creek crossing was named Gordonia, and it was the railway traffic manager himself who suggested to the iron-master the making of a pitman's road, the opening of the vein of coking coal on Mount Lebanon, the installation of coking-ovens, and the modernizing and enlarging of the furnace and foundry plant—hints all pointing to increased traffic for the road.

With the coming of Mr. Duxberry Farley to Paradise, Thomas Jefferson lost, not only the simple life, but the desire to live it. This Mr. Farley, whom we have seen and heard, momentarily became to break her down; but at the very last, when she stumbled and fell in an old leaf bed and cried for sheer weariness, he re-lented enough to say: "I reckon you'll know better than to go projectin' round

termediary between cause and effect; the cause being the capital of confident investors in the North, and the effect the dissipation of the same in various and sundry development schemes in the new iron field.

To Paradise, in the course of his going and fro, came this purge of other men's purses, and he saw the fortuitous grouping of the possibilities at a glance: abundant iron of good quality; an accessible vein of coal, second only to Pochontias for coking; land cheap, water free, and a permeable subject in straightforward, simple-hearted Caleb Gordon.

Farley had no capital, but he had that which counts far more in the promoter's field; namely, the ability to reap where others had sown. His plan, outlined to Caleb in a sweeping cavalry-dash of enthusiasm, was simply itself. Caleb should contribute the raw material—land, water and the ore quarry—and it should also be his part to secure a lease of the coal land from Major Debnay. In the meantime, Farley would undertake to start the enterprise in the North, forming a company and selling stock to provide the development capital.

A company was formed, the charter was obtained, and the golden stream began to flow into the treasury; into the pocket of the promoter, who had set out to do it all. But when these had served their purpose a thing happened. One fine morning it was whispered on "Change that Chlawassee iron would not Bessemer, and that Chlawassee coke had been rejected by the Southern Association of Iron Smelters."

Following a crash which was never very clearly understood by the simple-hearted soldier iron-master, though it was merely a repetition of a lesson well conned by the earlier investors in Southern coal and iron fields, Caleb's craft in the making of iron; the meaning of the heavy corporations. So, when he was told that the company had failed, and that he and Farley had been appointed receivers, he took it as a financial matter, of course, somewhat beyond his ken, and went about his daily life of supervision with a mind as undisturbed as it would have been distraught had he known something of the subterranean mechanism by which the failure and the receivership had been brought to pass.

(To be continued.)

TAILOR IN ONE NEIGHBORHOOD.

One Small Trader Whose Business Has Not Been Absorbed.
One small business that has not yet been swallowed up by the big ones is that of the small tailor who makes clothes for men and women and cleans, repairs and presses.

There are hundreds of such tailors scattered in residence districts all over the city employing one, two or three hands, the New York Sun says, and there are plenty of such shops that yield the proprietors a good living profit and maybe something more. Here is a business in which politeness and a desire to please play their proper part, for the proprietor comes in personal contact with the customer, and if to politeness the shop adds good work and businesslike promptness in completing jobs at the time specified it may in almost any neighborhood build up a substantial trade with regular customers and with a steadily increasing clientele.

Many such shops call for clothes and make deliveries; few keep a boy, for there might not be constant employment for him, and in these small shops everybody keeps company as work; they have to do that to work out profit. The boss himself on occasions will carry things home, and do it willingly and cheerfully. Still for the most part customers requiring cleaning, repairing and pressing done take their own things to the shop and take them away when done, and in this carrying to and fro the customers show various peculiarities or they may be governed more or less by where they live.

If a man lives in a tenement house he may throw his clothes over his arm and walk with them so to the tailor; or if he lives in an apartment house with an elevator and that sort of thing he would be more likely to do them up in a bundle. And when you get these clothes right on your way home, if you live in a tenement house you take them back on your arm; the tailor will lay the trimly pressed clothes over your arm smoothly; or if you live in an apartment you have them done up, because you want them so or because you know that other people in the house wouldn't fancy seeing a tenant walking through the hall to the elevator carrying a lot of old clothes. The tailor will ask you whether you want them done up or not, and if you do he will do them up gladly and not consider you proud or snippy for wanting them so. The neighborhood tailor knows about this, and he is a man of business.

So as to most of the things that find their way to the tailor over the arm or in a bundle, but the modern young man has discovered another way which is not without its merits and advantages. He puts his clothes to be repaired in a suitcase and when he goes down town in the morning he just leaves the suitcase at the tailor's and then when he comes home at night he stops at the tailor's on the way to find his things all ready. The tailor lays them neatly in the suitcase again and so the young man carries them home.

A Discouraging Theory.
"Why do those critics say such disagreeable things?" asked the unhappy actress.
"You mustn't blame them," answered the manager. "Probably they want to avoid being overlooked in the struggle for attention by saying pleasant things."
"Not so much. When I was roughing it I learned that the man who pulls a gun on you is remembered twice as long as the one who offers you a cigar."—Washington Star.

Housekeeper's Reason.
"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"
"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The MINISTER'S WIFE.



BY FRED SCHAEFER.

With so many burdens to shoulder in life, Who envies the white-faced minister's wife?

The minister's wife has many demands. Awaiting her busy-but tired hands. Who must rear up the perfect child. Never by nonpareils be beguiled, Make fancy lace objects for the bazaar. Wear lace on herself that is plainer by far. Fill in the organ, help out the choir, Work for the church when all others tire?

You've guessed the reply—perhaps you knew it: "Oh, well, the minister's wife should do it!"

The minister's wife can look ahead To winning a crown and wings when dead; While we, admitting her chance of reward, Manage to make her way to it hard. The more that she does of our duty for us And plods through life without any fuss. But when the heavens in judgments burst, And God calls the meek to rise up first, Long habit will make us answer to it: "Oh, well, the minister's wife should do it!"—Cincinnati Post.

Science AND INVENTION

It is well understood among naval men that the speed of a vessel is affected by the depth of the water, not merely in shoal places, but even in the deeper waterways.

Seattle is reducing its steep hills. When the work planned is completed 34,000,000 cubic yards of material will have been removed. Hydraulic sluicing is the method employed.

It is said that Prof. Karl Harries of the University of Kiel has produced a synthetic rubber. Attempts such as this have been made time and again, but with no commercial success.

Prof. A. Woeikoff, after an examination of the geographical and economic conditions of the problem, announced his conclusion that in the future meat will become too expensive for ordinary food, and that man must eventually derive practically all his sustenance from the vegetable kingdom. But he believes that there will be no lack of food on that account, because the application of scientific methods appears to be capable of increasing the productivity of the agricultural lands of the globe to an almost unlimited extent. He thinks the successful substitution of any manufactured product for vegetable food is extremely improbable, because plants are capable of utilizing solar energy much more economically than any machine.

The possibility of employing signals sent by wireless telegraphy to correct the time of chronometers and clocks has long presented itself to many "transatlantic steamships in mid-ocean, and not long ago a practical test was made between two great transatlantic steamships in mid-ocean, which thus exchanged their chronometer times. One was found a few seconds in error. Messrs. Claude and Frere have just reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences the results of their experiments with wireless time-signals between Paris and Montsouris, showing that the method is capable of furnishing comparisons within a limit of error of less than one one-hundredth of a second. The experiments are to be continued between Paris and Brest, by means of the great installation of the Eiffel Tower.

We are apt to think that it is only in recent years that scientific discovery has become so accelerated that its announcements make people forget their breath. But Prof. T. E. Thorpe reminds us that seldom in the history of science has any discovery, so momentous in its results, been perfected and announced so quickly as Sir Humphry Davy's discovery of the metals potassium and sodium by the action of electricity upon solutions of potash and soda. On October 19, 1807, he got his first results; on November 19th he masterly account of their completion. When he saw the new metals appear in shining globules, and then take fire, he danced about the floor in ecstasy. But recovering his self-command, within one month he had obtained most of the leading facts known to-day about the physics and chemistry of the alkaline metals. What a pleasure for Davy, and what an advantage for science, if he could be alive now!

CANARY BIRDS.

The Care That Should Be Bestowed Upon Those Songsters.

Those who are charmed by the singing of the canary will find in the following directions much that will improve their enjoyment.

YESTERDAYS.

Your working hours have been reduced to eight. Then for heaven's sake, work eight hours!

Most people imagine they would rather be miserably rich than happily poor.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Every man who is obliged to work for his living should make a point to lay up a little money for a "rainy day." Accumulated money is always ready to use when needed. Scrape together five dollars, deposit it in a savings bank, and then resolve to deposit a given sum, small though it be, once a month, or once a week, according to circumstances. With such an account a man feels a desire to enlarge his deposit. It gives him lessons in frugality and economy, weans him from habits of extravagance, and is the very best guard in the world against intemperance, dissipation and vice.

A Night Thought.

Of John Sloan, the brilliant etcher, a story was told the other night at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia.

"I used to take long walks with Sloan," said an essayist, "when he lived here. He has an original and interesting mind."

"Nature is often beautiful," he said one evening, as we walked in the park. "But to-night how hideous she is!"

"Here Sloan shuddered."

"But, my dear Sloan," I objected, "look at the stars. Surely they're very fine to-night!"

Sloan looked up, then frowned and shook his head.

"Oh, yes," he said, "not bad, not bad; but there's far too many of them!"

IT WEARS YOU OUT.

Kidney Trouble Lowers the Vitality of the Whole Body.
Don't wait for serious illness; begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you first feel backache or notice urinary disorders.

David P. Corey, 236 W. Washington St., Ionia, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble so badly that for six months I could only get around with a cane or crutches. The backache was gradually worse until I was compelled to take to my bed. While still in bed I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually some 7-year-old growth will come to me. Remember the name 'Doan's.' For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

The Australian Stock Whip.

The stock whip in the skillful hands of the Australian is not only an article of the greatest utility, but also a formidable weapon. Owing to its great length the lash varies from twelve to thirty feet—and the shortness of the butt, which measures only eighteen inches, it is an extremely difficult and awkward thing to wield, and the beginner is apt to hurt himself if he does not exercise care when practicing. A well trained stockman, however, can hit a cent every time at ten paces distance and with the dreaded lash in his hand, cracking like pistol shots, can keep a mob of wild animals in check. If used with full force it will cut through skin and flesh like a knife, says the Wide World Magazine, but unless a beast shows distinct signs the stockman uses it more for the purpose of instilling fear than of causing pain. It can also be used as a bolas, a Patagonian form of lasso, and an adept can catch and hold a beast by causing the lash to curl around its legs.

Lesson from the Past.

"Socrates," asked Plato, "to spring an idea from your mind, how do you reckon the doctrine of reincarnation with the doctrine that man is a free moral agent?"

"We needn't bother our heads about that," answered Socrates. "One of these days some 7-year-old prodigy will come along and tell us all about it."

HARD ON CHILDREN.

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.
"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously. "One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation."

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room."

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavor, and nourishing."

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer."

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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