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DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Schoolboy Logic.

"Should women have votes for Parliament? Give your reasons for and against." This was a question asked of schoolboys in a recent examination in England. One boy replied: "No, because if they did they would want to get into Parliament and then they would pass a lot of silly laws, such as that a man was not to smoke before his wife or that wives were to have Wednesdays and Thursdays off and then the men would have to stay at home and mind the children."

A logical answer to the question, "Why does a kettle sing when it is boiled by a boy who wrote, 'Because if it did not you could not tell when the kettle was boiling.' Asked to explain the initials 'C. O. D.," one boy replied that they stood for "collector of debts," and a second said "cod-liver oil drink."

Another enterprising youth described a sleeping partner as "a man who goes to sleep when playing bridge." Asked how he would mend a puncture in a bicycle tire, a boy's answer was, to the point, "I would get a box of stuff that you do it with and stick it on."

How uninteresting a woman would be if she had neither curiosity nor suspicion in her make-up!

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRIGIDITIS, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

Literary Visitation.

"Did you see the great actress in Baltimore?"

"Nope. Saw her in New York."

Baltimore American.

Pettit's Eye Salve.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured, restores normal conditions. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

When you land in a strange city do not judge its hospitality by the eagerness with which chauffeurs and cab drivers invite you to take a ride.

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

Women Construct Sidewalks.

A novel town improvement has been started in the Glen Park district in California, in which the women of that section take a prominent part. The women are engaged in a successful sidewalk crusade, having for its object the laying of concrete sidewalks throughout the district. They have contracted with a rock dealer, a member of the local improvement club, for the necessary material for the purpose at half the usual price. A teamster, also a member of the association, hauls their material at a little over half the usual price, and a sidewalk builder is engaged to supervise the work and see that it is done properly.

The labor itself is done by the women and children of the neighborhood, who crush and pound the rock into place, pull up the forms, relay them, ride with the teamsters and assist in loading and unloading the wagons. Their method of procedure brings the cost of their sidewalks considerably below the regular price.

The Matter Explained.

"Why do they say as smart as a steel trap?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but the circumstances it would have seemed unfitting.—London Tit-Bits.

A Taste A Smile

And satisfaction to the last mouthful—

Post Toasties

There's pleasure in every package. A trial will show the fascinating flavour.

Served right from the package with cream or milk and sometimes fruit—fresh or stewed.

"The Memory Lingers"

Page 16c and 15c. Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Why Mr. Duxbury Farley spared the non-master in the freezing-out process was an unsolved riddle to many. But there were reasons. For one, there was the lease of the coal mine, renewable year by year—this was Caleb's own honest provision inserted in the contract for the Major's protection—and renewable only by the Major's friend. Further, a practical man at the practical end of an industry is a shrewd creature; and by contriving to have Caleb associated with himself in the receivership, a fine color of uprightness was imparted to the promoter's far-reaching plan of aggrandizement.

So later, when the reorganization was effected; when the troublesome, dividend-hungry stockholders of the original company were eliminated by due process of law, Caleb's name appeared on the Farley slate with the title of general manager of the new company for the same good and sufficient reasons.

It was during the fervid six months of Chlawasse Coal and Iron development that Thomas Jefferson had passed from the old life to the new—from childhood to boyhood.

Simultaneously there were the coal-mines opening under the cliffs of Mount Lebanon, the long, double row of coking-ovens building on the flat below the furnace, and the furnace itself, with its chimneys, and the multitudinous under the hands of the army of workmen. Thomas Jefferson did his best to keep the pace, being driven by a new and eager thirst for knowledge, mechanical, and of a gripping desire to be present at all the assembling of all the complicated parts of the threefold machine. And when he found it impossible to be in three places at once and the same moment, it distressed him to tears.

Of the home life during that strenuous interval there was little more than the eating and sleeping for one whose time for the absorbent process was all too limited. Also, the perplexing questions reaching down into the under-soul of things were silent. Also, again, a mark of a change so radical that none but a Thomas Jefferson may read and understand—an awe-inspiring Major Dabney had ceased to be the first citizen of the world, that pinnacle peak now occupied by a tall, sallow, smooth-faced gentleman of a certain age and superhuman in accomplishment, who was the life and soul of the activities, and whom his father and mother always addressed respectfully as "Colonel" Farley.

One day, in the very heat of the battle, this commanding presence, at whose word the entire world of Paradise was in travail, had deigned to speak directly to him—Thomas Jefferson. It was at the mine on the mountain. The workmen were boiling into place the final trestle of the inclined railway, which was to convey the coal in descending carloads to the bins at the coke-ovens, and Thomas Jefferson was absorbing the details as a dry sponge soaks water.

"Making sure that they do it just right, are you, my boy?" said the great man, patting him approvingly on the shoulder. "That's good. I like to see a boy anxious to get to the bottom of things. Going to be an iron-master, like your father, are you?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. "I want to be!"

"Well, what's to prevent? We are going to have the complete plant in the country right here, and it will be a fine chance for your father's son; the finest in the world."

"I can't go to do me any good," said Thomas Jefferson, dejectedly. "I got to be a preacher."

Mr. Duxbury Farley looked down at him curiously. He was a religious person himself, coming to be known as a pillar in St. Michael's Church at South Tredegar, a liberal contributor, and a prime mover in a plan to tear down the old building and to erect a new one more in keeping with the times and South Tredegar's prosperity. Yet he was careful to draw the line between religion as a means of grace and business as a means of making money.

"That is your mother's wish, I suppose; and it's a worthy one; very worthy. Yet, unless you have a special vocation—like mine; your mother whose word she knows better than my own; she would see your father's son succeed in whatever he undertakes."

After that, Thomas Jefferson secretly made Success his god, and was alertly ready to fetch and carry for the price in its temple, only the opportunities were infrequent.

For, wide as the Paradise field seemed to be growing from Thomas Jefferson's point of view, it was altogether too narrow for Duxbury Farley. The principal offices of Chlawasse Coal and Iron were in South Tredegar, and there the first vice president was building a hewn-stone mansion, and had become a charter member of the city's first club; in was domiciled in due form, and was already beginning to soften his final "rs," and to speak of himself as a Southerner—by adoption.

So sped the winter and the spring succeeding Thomas Jefferson's 13th birthday, and for the first time in his life he saw the opening buds of the ironwood and the tender, fresh greens of the herald poplars, and smelled the sweet, keen fragrance of awakening nature, without being moved thereby. As he saw it now and then, as old Scipio drove her back and forth between the manor-house and the railway station, morning and evening. He had heard that she was going to school in the city, and as yet there were no stirrings of adolescence in him to make him wish to know more.

As for Nan Brynner, he saw her not at all. For one thing, he climbed no more to the spring-sheltering altar rock among the cedars; and for another, among all the wild creatures of the mountain, your moonshiner is the shyest, being an anachronism in a world of progress. One bit of news, however, floated in on the gossip at Little Zear. It related that Nan's mother was dead, and that the body had lain two days unburied while "Tike" was drowning his sorrow in a sea of his own "pine-top."

Vaguely it had been understood in the Gordon household that Mr. Duxbury Farley was a widower with two children; a boy, some years older than Thomas Jefferson, at school in New England, and a girl younger, name and place of sojourn unknown. The boy

stood up and gave him her hand. "I'm not afraid of you now, we don't hate him any more, do we, Hector?" And so they went together through the yellowing aisles of the September wood and across the fields to the manor-house gates.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tom Gordon—Thomas Jefferson, now only in his mother's letters—was past 15, and his voice was in the transition stage which made him blushing self-consciousness when he ran up the window-shade in the Pullman to watch for the earliest morning outlining of old Lebanon on the southern horizon.

Homesickness returned with renewed quills when the train had doubled the nose of Lebanon and threaded its way across the hills to the Paradise portal. Gordonia, of the single side-track, had grown into a small iron town, with the Chlawasse plant flanking a good half-mile of the railway; with a windy street or two, and a seamy way of operatives' huts and laborers' shacks spreading up the hillside which were stripped bare of their trees and undergrowth.

Tom's eyes filled, and he was wondering faintly if the desolating tide of progress had topped the hills to pour over into the home valley beyond, when his father accosted him. There was a little shock at the sight of the grizzled hair and beard turned so much grayer; but the welcoming was like a grateful draft of cool water in a parched wilderness.

"Well, now then! How are ye, Buddy boy? Great land o' Canaan! but you've shot up and thickened out mightily in two years, son."

Tom was painfully conscious of his size. Also, of the fact that he was clumsily in his own way, particularly as to hands and feet. The sectarian school dwelt lightly on athletics and such purely mundane trivialities as physical fitness and the harmonious education of the growing body and limbs.

"Yes, I'm so big it makes me right tired," he said, wistfully and his voice cracked provokingly in the middle of it. "Then he asked about his mother."

"She's tolerable—only tolerable, Buddy. She allows she don't have enough to keep her doin' in the new—"

"Can't we make out to walk, pappy?" he asked, dropping unconsciously into the child-time phrase.

"Oh, yes; I reckon we could. You're not too young, and I'm not so terro' old. But—get in, Buddy, get in; there'll be 'tampin' enough for 'em, all summer long."

(To be continued.)

IN THE NEW HARVARD.

Lecture on Astronomy Is Intercepted by Infant Prodigious.

"Fore proceeding further with the lecture," said the professor of astronomy at Harvard, according to *London*, "I must insist that the students lay aside their dolls. I cannot pretend to instruct those who do not pay attention, and I wish to remark that there is a time and a place for playing dolls, as well as a repository for rattles."

"Do not make it necessary for me to be personal, Herbert Sylvester Lowell. The mere fact that you are teething is no excuse for biting your teething ring that loud and obstreperous manner. Mr. Hollywood, would you mind stepping into the hall and telling Algeron's nurse to come in? He has an attack of whooping cough which is annoying the entire class."

"To continue," Uranus is, you will observe, one of the most important planets in the constellation; it has— These interruptions are becoming most annoying! Horace Fletcher Audubon, you must either put away that gingerbread man or leave the classroom. No, Milton Horatio Meeker, you cannot play with your tin engine during the lecture hour."

"But I can plainly note that I am not going to be permitted to proceed, for that marble game between Augustus Everton and Nathan Hale Hanson has absorbed the interest of most of my auditors. Henry James, don't you know that my nerves are not accustomed to the scratching of your slate with pencil? Stop it! Ah, moment please; I have one or two announcements to make."

"I regret to say that Prof. Greathead, who was to have talked with us to-morrow on the 'Cosmic Consciousness of the Inevitable,' is ill and will not appear. His maternal parent telephoned me this morning that he is suffering from a slight attack of chicken-pox and that his nurse thinks it unwise for him to come. I am requested further to announce that there will be a game of pom-pom-pullaway for the seniors this afternoon in the yard. The scheduled debate between the Juniors and the Iniors laws will be held Saturday despite the epidemic of cholera infantum which has so unfortunately spread among the students."

"I must ask the nurses to come single file and to avoid getting the perambulator wheels entangled in each other. It interferes with the facility of egress. Kindly avoid dropping milk bottles upon the floor and see that all rattles, dolls and toys are in the possession of the proper owners."

An Old Beauty Recipe.

The Roman poet Ovid gives the following recipe for one of the compositions then in use among the ladies to increase the smoothness of their skin or to conserve its delicacy: "Take the barley of Libya and remove the chaff and hull, take an equal quantity of vetch or of bitter vetch; mix the one and then the other with eggs, then dry and grind the whole and with it mix powdered hartshorn. Add some narcotic bulbs previously ground in a mortar and some gum, and also some farina made from Tuscan wheat. Now thicken the mixture with a greater quantity of honey and the resulting composition will render the skin smoother than a mirror."

On His Own.

"While I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking and golf. Last of all, I gave up something on my own account."

"What was that?"

"The girl."—Judge

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

USE FOR OBSOLETE BATTLESHIPS.

A PLAN for the fortification of Key West, lately presented by a naval officer in a service publication, contains an interesting suggestion for the practical use of obsolete battleships in coast defenses. It is well known that a modern battleship deteriorates every year by comparative loss of speed and mobility, without losing power for offense or defense.

After from ten to twenty years ships as powerful and impregnable as ever have to be withdrawn from the fighting line because they cannot keep up with newer models in speed or agility. Yet if these ships could fight at anchor, like the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, they would be nearly as effective as ever. The suggestion we have referred to is that they should fight at permanent anchor. The strategic position of Key West is so important that it should be made an American Gibraltar to guard the Gulf and Caribbean sea as that famous rock guards the Mediterranean. But Key West is a low coral island, surrounded by deep lagoons and coral reefs almost awash. The defenses of the main island have so little command that outworks are necessary for complete security.

It is proposed to obtain chisels at a cheap rate by stationing the old monitors in shallow water on these outer reefs and imbedded each solidly in earthwork protected by ripraping. That will make of each useless war vessel a stationary fort armed with two or four 10 or 12-inch guns in turrets. It is further suggested that when our older battleships, from the Oregon class down to those just before the Dreadnought class, become obsolete for mobile service at sea, they can be made cheaply and effectively useful by imbedding them in artificial islands in shallow water off harbors of slow and difficult approach, like those of New York and Hampton Roads. This would give to each long life as a stationary fort after it had outlived its usefulness as a mobile battleship.—Farmers' Dispatch.

THE OLD AMERICA.

IN THE year 1850, about the time that Charles Dickens was engaged in his dyspeptic tour of America, G. P. R. James, another English novelist, was an American visitor, and wrote a letter, sold at auction in New York last week. It is a document of interest to those outside the glorious company of autograph collectors. Wrote James when at New Haven:

"In passing through this land one sees no poverty, no squalid wretchedness, no hovels and old huts. Great good humor, too, is visible everywhere among the people; each man seems to feel that by industry he can get on as well as another. There is little of that jealous rivalry, none of that irritable envy that we see in other lands, where we are all struggling for that bread which is not sufficient for the whole."

Here is an echo of the old America. Great good humor prevalent, a minimum of jealous rivalry and irri-

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

It is not often that an author may listen to a perfectly sincere tribute to his work, one which he may be sure is not influenced either by friendship or courtesy. W. B. Woodgate, however, in his "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman," tells how he paid such a compliment at a dinner at the Garrick Club in London.

The company were all comparing notes as to leading dramatic and literary feats, and my opinion as to novels was asked.

"As nearly as I can remember, I said, 'You will laugh if I mention a novel that probably none of you ever read, and by a man named Jeffreeseon, who perhaps you never heard of, but which to my untutored mind has always struck me as head and shoulders over ninety-nine out of a hundred; a book called, 'Live It Down.' The third volume especially is to my mind unsurpassed for denouement of plot and sketch of character."

Such was my speech, delivered slowly and deliberately:

There was a strained silence in the room as I concluded. Then some one asked, solemnly and pointedly,

"Is that meant for a jest, Mr. Woodgate?"

"Just! Why? Not at all. I read the book in my Oxford days, but have never forgotten and have more than once reread it, and hold to what I say, though I do not claim to be a judge of such matters."

"Perhaps you are not aware, then, that Mr. Jeffreeseon is sitting beside you?"

I was taken aback, and looked at my right-hand neighbor.

"The other side," I was instructed; and I faced the left-hand guest, with whom I had been having much interesting conversation.

Cordy Jeffreeseon smiled benignly as I stammered apologies for my personality in defining him as "probably unknown." Of course I was aware that a writer of that name had written "The Real Lord Byron," and had a high literary status, but had no idea that he was identical with the author of the novel in question.

He took the episode good-humoredly, and vowed that it was a genuine compliment to him. He had written the novel, he said, in his youth, and then had settled to more serious literature.

INTERESTING VOLUMES.

The Largest and the Smallest and the Most Expensive Book Published.

The largest bound book ever made was owned by Queen Victoria, says the New York Sun. It weighs sixty-three pounds and is eighteen inches thick.

For the Hebrew bible in the Vatican in 1512 the Jews offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold—\$100,000; but the pope would not part with it.

More expensive even, if not more valuable, is the official history of the war of the rebellion issued by the United States government at a cost of nearly \$3,000,000. Nearly one-half of this amount was paid for printing and binding and the rest for salaries, rent, stationary and such expenses as

table envy, general belief that a kind Providence had called the people of this land to dwell in a pretty good place. Would an English novelist visiting America now so write?

Yet if Americans to-day were called on to occupy the houses that satisfied in 1850 they would deem themselves ill used. In New Haven wages are nominally four times higher than sixty years ago, and measure in purchasing power twice as high. The average American stomach is filled with more and better food, and the average American back is covered with finer raiment.

It is the spirit rather than that with which the spirit exercises itself which has changed for the worse. It is now almost unfashionable to praise America, as formerly it was deemed unattractive to have any doubts. Jefferson Brick was a most ridiculous person, but when he disappeared something of great value tended to go out of American life.—New York Globe.

BUCKET SHOPS.

M AINTAINING a stock-gambling office—by other words, a bucket-shop—is an offense against the United States laws. A bucket-shop is a place where men make bets that the price of a stock will rise or fall by offering to buy so many shares at such a price, or offering to sell a similar amount at a similar price. There is no expectation of buying the stock or of selling it; but the forms of such legitimate business transactions are observed, and innocent people who desire to invest their money are thereby duped into doing business with such places. They usually lose all the money they invest.

The Attorney General has lately secured indictments against a group of men who have maintained 250 such gambling offices in various parts of the country, and he has announced his purpose to prosecute them to the full extent of the law. It is confidently expected that he will succeed in stopping their business as his predecessors under other laws stopped the Louisiana lottery. When the power of the national government is directed against any such evil as these it is much more effective than when a single State or a single city attempts to purge itself of offenders against the law.

The extent to which the bucket-shop business has been developed is almost incredible, and the machinery devised for entrapping the unwary is shrewdly constructed. Not only did the bucket-shop operators do their business, nominally as "stock brokers," but they maintained an organized stock exchange, on which enough legitimate business was done to make a showing of honesty and fair dealing.

But the chief patrons of these places were not gamblers. They did not want to buy or sell anything, any more than does the man who bets on which lump of sugar a fly will next light. The proprietors of the places allowed their patrons to win only enough to keep them interested, but by a system of secret wires secured advance information from the legitimate stock exchanges which enabled them to prevent any customer from forcing them to lose.—Youth's Companion.

three or four inches of the shank or shaft.

How the plant is known botanically, or whether it is known at all, I am unaware, but it bears a purple fruit, quite the shape and about the size of a small olive, which I understand is not itself poisonous.

So armed, the Wanderboo tackle and kill anything, from the tiniest buck up to elephant, their favorite tactics a silent shot from a brush shelter built within five or ten yards of a much-used watering-place. Such primitive shooting covers one sees daily above springs and along streams in mountains and plains of the Wanderboo country.

This particular arrow-head the old bull carried would plainly have gone much deeper had it not struck a rib, for as so found, the thin lead bent almost to right angles with its shank by contact with bone.

That it was a very old wound was obvious, for not only had it entirely healed, except local irritation about the head, but in places where the hard black enamel-like coating of the poison was worn away the shank was much rusted.

THE OLD POISONED ARROW.

The famous poisoned arrow of the African savage is not always so deadly a weapon as it sounds. In fact, it may be absolutely harmless. After having killed an old buffalo bull near the N'gar Kiti swamp, says E. B. Bronson in his recent book, "In Closed Territory," he noticed a small black shaft about the diameter of a slate-pencil standing perpendicularly out of the animal's right loin, near the spine, and six inches in front of the hip. One of the natives said, with a laugh,

"Other hunters have been out long before you, Ewana, but their resas (cartridges) was not as good as yours; that is a Wanderboo poisoned arrow." It was true, as we found proved, when, after five minutes' cutting and tugging, the arrow-head was withdrawn from the bull's tough back muscles.

It was a remarkable example of the great power of the Wanderboo bow. From its sharply barbed point to its base the arrow-head was five and a half inches long, and four and a half inches of its length had been driven through the half-inch hide and on into the heavy muscles of the loin.

Since it stood perpendicularly in the loin, it must have been shot into the bull while he was passing beneath a tree, or when he was striking directly below some overhanging bank, both methods of attack favorites of the left-armed Wanderboo.

While the Wanderboo poison is deadly to beasts within five to twenty minutes when it is fresh, applied to arrow-heads in this dry climate, it cures to the hardness of enamel in a few weeks and becomes harmless. Luckily for the old bull, it was evidently such an old disvenomed arrow that had, perhaps by mistake, or as the last in the quiver, been driven into him.

The poison is made from the bark of a bush much like a laurel, which is boiled down and down until it becomes a thick, gummy, concentrated extract. So prepared, it is thickly smeared over the barbed head and

Practical Poetry.

"Pa, here's a piece of poetry that says something about a 'moated garage.' What is a 'moated garage,' Pa?"

"Lemme look at it. I guess that must be a misprint for 'garage.' A moated garage is one that's designed for motors. That's it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Practical.

Little Willie—Pa, what does this paper mean by saying it was a fruitless search?"

Father.—It probably applies, my son, to the quest of some man who was looking for pineapples on a pine tree.—Chicago News.