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Has cured thousands and it can cure you.
Relieves from the first.
All Druggists, 25¢

W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES
BEST MADE IN AMERICA
MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00
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THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS
They are absolutely the most popular and best for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *First-Class Quality. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES!* If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalogue. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Best men are molded out of faults.—Shakespeare.
Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

By associating with some old people you may realize the truth of the saying, "The good die young."

Surprised. I have succeeded in tracing my ancestry back through ten generations. "Without coming to a menagerie!"

We are sent into this world to make it better and happier, and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.—Dr. Gellie.

Not He. The fare at this hotel is fierce. "But the scenery is sublime." "The landlord doesn't deserve any credit for that."

English as She Is Spoken. Chinatown Visitor—John, where, see screen—how much sabbie want for him? The Chinaman—What's the matter with you? Can't you speak English?—Judge.

How Lightning Splits Trees. Lightning makes trees explode, like overcharged boilers. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an ax. The bolt flows through into all the damp interstices of the trunk and into the hollows under its bark. All the moisture at once is turned into steam, which by its immediate explosion rips open the tree. For centuries this simple theory puzzled scientists, but they have got it right at last.

All the Difference. The professor was delivering an eloquent address on cruelty to animals, and to illustrate how a little judicious forethought would eliminate to a great extent the sufferings that even small insects are subject to, said: "As I was coming through the hall tonight I saw a bald-headed gentleman very harshly treat a little innocent house-fly which had alighted on his head. "Now, if there was any justification for such bad temper, I would be quite justified in indulging in it at the present moment, for a fly has just alighted on the back of my head. I can't see it, but I can feel it. "Possibly some of you can see it now; it is on the top of my head. Now it is coming down my brow; now it is coming on to my— Gr-r-rat pyramids of Egypt, it's a—was!"

There Are Reasons
Why so many people have ready-at-hand a package of **Post Toasties**
The DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR delights the palate.
The quick, easy serving right from the package—requiring only the addition of cream or good milk is an important consideration when breakfast must be ready "on time."
The sweet, crisp food is universally liked by children, and is a great help to Mothers who must give to the youngsters something wholesome that they relish.
The economical feature appeals to everyone—particularly those who wish to keep living expenses within a limit.
Post Toasties are especially pleasing served with fresh sliced peaches.
"The Memory Lingers"

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

THE QUICKER
BY FRANCIS LYNDE
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CHAPTER XXII
Thomas Jefferson Gordon, Bachelor of Science, and one of the six prisoners in his class, was expected home on the first day of July; and it was remarked as a coincidence by the curious that Deer Trace manor-house was closed for the summer no more than a week before the return of the Gordon black sheep.
That Tom was a black sheep, a hopeless and incorrigible social leopold, was no longer a matter of doubt in the minds of any. Something may be forgiven a promising young man who has been unhappy enough, or imprudent enough, to begin to make history for himself in the irresponsible, testy, but also the act of oblivion may be repealed. When it became noted about that there were two children instead of one in the old dog-keeper's cabin in the gleam, the mountain view was justly indignant, and even the lenient Gordon scowled and shook their heads at the mention of the young boss' name.
To such an atmosphere of potential social ostracism Tom returned after the final scholastic triumph in Boston; and for the first few days he escaped asphyxiation chiefly because the affairs of Gordon & Gordon and the Chiawasse Consolidated gave him no time to test its quality.
But after the first week he began to breathe it unmistakably. One evening he called on the Farnsworths; the ladies were not at home to him. The next night he saddled Saladin and rode over to Fairmount; the Misses Harrison also unable to see him, and the butler conveyed a deftly-worded intimation pointing to future invisibilities on the part of his mistress. The evening being still young, Tom tried Rockwood and the Dell, suspicion settling into conviction when the trim maid-servant at the Stanley villa went near to shutting the door in his face. At the Dell he fared a little better. The Young-Dicksons were going out for an after-dinner call on one of the neighbors, and Tom met them at the gate as he was dismounting. There were regrets expressed and hearty, but in recasting the incident later, Tom remembered that it was the husband who did the talking, and that Mrs. Young-Dickson stood in the shadow of the gate tree, frigidly silent and with her face averted.

"Once more, old boy, and then we'll quit," he said to Saladin at the remounting, and the final rein-drawing was at the stone-pillared gates of Rock Hill. Again the ladies were not at home, but Mr. Vanport Hemmiker came out and smoked a cigar with his customer on the piazza. The talk was pointedly of business, and the banker was urbanely gracious—and mildly inquisitive. Would there be a consolidation of the banks from industries of Gordon when the Farleys should return? Mr. Hemmiker thought it would be undeniably profitable to all concerned, and offered his services as financier, promoter and intermediary. Would Mr. Gordon consent and talk it over with him—at the bank?
Tom found his father on the picturesque veranda at Woodlawn when he reached home. For a time there was such silence as stands for communion between men of one blood, and was the father's first broke it.
"Been out callin', son?" he asked, marking the Tuxedo and the white expanse of shirt front.
"No, I reckon not," was the reply, punctuated by a short laugh. "The average seems to be depopulated."
"So? I hadn't heard of anybody going away," said Caleb the literal.
"No, I," said Tom, curtly; and the conversation paused until the iron-master said: "Ain't you a heap of you, and if you could jest 've made out to keep from gettin' so tangled with that gal o' Tike—" he stopped abruptly, but not quite soon enough, and the word was as the flick of a whip on a wound already made raw by the abrasion of the closed doors.
"So that miserable story has got around to you at last, has it?" said Tom, in the scorn. "I did hope they'd spare you and mother."
"She's spared yet, so far as I know," said the father, with a backward nod to indicate the antecedent of the pronoun. Following which, he said what lay uppermost in his mind. "I been allowin' maybe you'd come back this time with your head set on lettin' that gal alone, son."
"You've believed all you've heard, have you?—condemned me before I could say a word in my own defense? I don't say that, son. Then, with a note of fatherly yearning in his voice: "I'm waitin' to hear that word right now, Buddy—or as much of it as ye can say honestly."
"You never hear it from me—never in this world or another. Now tell me who told you!"
"Why, it's in mighty near everybody's mouth, son," said Caleb, in mild surprise, who certainly didn't take any pains to cover it up.
"Didn't take any pains? Why should I?" Tom burst out. After which he trumped heavily to the farther end of the veranda, glooming over at the darkened windows of Deer Trace and letting bitter anger and disappointment work their will on him. And when he finally turned and tramped back it was only to say an abrupt "Good-night," and to pass into the house and up to his room.
He thought he was alone in the moon-lighted dusk of the upper chamber when he closed the door and began to pace a target-sentry-beat back and forth between the windows. But all unknown to him one of the three full slaters, she of the implacable front and deep-set, burning eyes, had entered with him to pace evenly as he paced, and to lay a maddening finger on his shoulder.
Without vowing a vow and confirming it with an oath, he had partly turned a new life-leaf on the night of heavenly comfort when Ardea had sent him forth to tramp the pike with her kias reticent between the windows. But beyond the needs of the moment, the recall of Norman and the determination to turn his back on the world struggle for the time being, he had not gone in that fit of the writing impulsion. But later on there had been other steps: a growing hunger for success with self-respect kept whole; a dulling of the sharp edge of his hatred

it, and again the roving eyes of the bookkeeper swept the interior of the larger rooms for the means to an end; sought and found not.
The eye-search was not fully concluded when Gordon pressed the electric-button which summoned the young man who kept the local books of the Chiawasse plant across the way. While he waited he saw the conclusion of the eye-search and smiled rather grimly.
"You'll not find it, Dyckman," he said, divining the desperate purpose of the other; adding, as an after-thought: "and if you should, you wouldn't have the courage to use it. That is the fatal lack in your make-up. It is what kept you from taking the train last night with the money, which you emptied this morning. You'll never make a successful criminal; it takes a good deal more nerve than it does to be an honest man."

Hereupon the young man from the office across the pike came in, and Gordon handed a pen to Dyckman.
"I want you to witness Mr. Dyckman's signature to this paper, Dillard," he said, folding the confession so that it could not be read by the witness; and when the thing was done, the young man appended his notarial attestation and went back to his duties.
"Well," said Dyckman, when they were once more alone together.
"That's all," said Gordon, curtly. "As long as you are discreet, you needn't lose any sleep over this. If you don't mind hurrying a little, you can make the 10:40 back to town."
Dyckman retrapped his books and made a show of hastening. But before he closed the office door behind him he seen (from place the typewritten sheet, neatly folded, on top of the thick packet, snapping an elastic hand over the whole and returning it to its pigeon-hole in the small safe.)
(To be continued.)

NEW KING WILL HAVE HIS WAY.

George V. Has Told His High Ideas of a Ruler's Functions.
George V. will not hesitate to make himself the permanent adviser-in-chief to his ministers. He will not strain the constitution in doing so. His late father and his illustrious grandmother did not live up to figurehead theory of their function and England will acquiesce in the tory attitude of the new king. For no error could be so egregious as that which, disseminated in this country ever since Edward died, inspired the average American with the notion that a British sovereign is without power, say, Currier, Lake, Turner. The English themselves, taking their cue from the leading London dailies, have lost whatever wish they may have had for a phantom potentate. It was only by degrees, as Prof. J. H. Masterman of St. John's College, Cambridge, points out, that Englishmen learned how very strongly the influence of the late Queen Victoria affected the course of English politics. The accession of the late Edward VII. might be said to mark the revival of the political importance of the British monarch. During the nine years that the late sovereign sat upon the throne everything tended to demonstrate the right of the king to assert his authority and to influence far more strongly than had been the case when Victoria was newly come to the crown. George V. was reared by his father in no such theory of the royal authority as makes it out a shadow. In this sense he is a tory—in the sense that the constitution bestows upon him many definite political functions. Some weeks before the death of the late Edward the Paris Figaro predicted that his successor would "assert himself," and of the truth of the prediction there is little doubt in Europe.

Steel Superceding Wood.
The substitution of steel for wood goes steadily on. Beginning with January 1, or thereabouts, the National Lead Company will pack its white lead in steel kegs, having decided to abandon the use of wooden kegs. This innovation is made because the company has concluded that steel kegs will have many advantages over the wooden kegs. In the first place, the steel package does not absorb the oil from the lead as porous wooden packages do, and there is, therefore, no drying and caking of the lead around the edges, making it possible to remove every particle of white lead easily from the steel keg. The new steel kegs also will be much lighter, as well as being stronger than the wooden ones, and this will effect a saving in freight rates. Taking up less room than the wooden kegs, the new steel packages also will save storage space.

The Shah's Highway.
It is true we have some bad roads, but most of our highways compared with those of Persia would be as a paved street to a plowed field, says a correspondent of Harper's Weekly. You would think that the keeping of the shah's highway would be one of the first cares of a state, yet so little attention has been given to this subject by the Persian government that there are not a dozen good wagon roads throughout the whole country. The caravan routes are, except in a very few cases, merely trails. Not only are the wagon roads bad as well as scarce, but it is an astonishing fact that although Persia is one of the oldest of civilized states, a count-square miles and has a population of 9,000,000, she has but six miles of railway.

Reducing the Hips with Toothpicks.
One of the newest and cleverest flesh-reducing methods includes only toothpicks—and a teaspoon as its apparatus. "Stand close up to the wall, somewhere," directs the exponent of this method, "first making sure that there is a high mantel shelf or other shelf so far above your head that the uplifted hand can just touch it. The toothpicks—fifty of them—are to be thrown on the floor just in front of the toes, and with one sweep of the body a toothpick is picked up and placed by a stretching of the arm, in the teaspoon which stands on the high shelf. This motion brings in the bending of the body at the waist, which reduces the abdomen, and the twisting of the torso, which makes the waist supple and slender and reduces the hips an inch a week.
One of the most ingenious French aviators is trying out a combined dirigible balloon and aeroplane, a cigar-shaped gas bag helping to raise and support the machine.

THE AMERICAN HOME
W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is one of the healthful signs of present day building that the interior arrangement of a house is given more attention and is considered more important than its exterior appearance. Home builders have outgrown that period when matters of design were regulated by what the neighbors would think.

A generation ago every house had to have its front and back parlor; the former preferably furnished with a round tower bay window arrangement on the corner and the exterior elaborately supplied with fancy ornaments, if the building was to command any distinction at all in the community; and all of this was to the general detriment of the home interior.

A modern house, on the other hand, is designed to meet the needs of the family life, providing rooms that are well lighted, well ventilated, of proper size and so arranged that the work of house keeping may be reduced to its lowest terms.

The architect draws his floor plans and lets the exterior appearance largely take care of itself. Yet, in spite of this, the modern houses planned in this way are more attractive in their general exterior appearance than were the pretentious, over-ornamented dwellings of old.

Simplicity and directness are the two first requirements for successful design—elements which come strongly into play in this present-day idea of home planning.

In the accompanying design the most important consideration was to have the first floor so planned that an impression of spaciousness be gained upon entering the front door; at the same time it was desired that



the dining room and kitchen be separated from the rest of the house at times, when a certain privacy there is desired. This is a very frequent requirement; yet, it is surprising how often our houses as they are built fulfill but part of this requirement.

A glance at the first-floor plan will show an arrangement which accomplishes the purpose very successfully in this case. Entrance is had at the center in front into a spacious square hall; to the left the stairway ascends to the second floor; to the right through the column archway is the large living room, 14 by 25 feet, occupying the entire left side of the house. This is a beautiful room, with



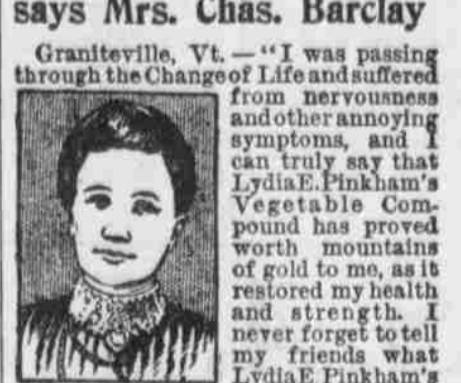
beamed ceiling and having a large brick fireplace at it; further end. The dining room is in the center at the rear, directly back of the entrance hall. This room is reached by way of a broad doorway from the side of the living room, double doors separating the two when desired.

Both the living room and dining room are exceptionally well lighted, the three window groups being both attractive in appearance and efficient for lighting and ventilation. It is seldom that one finds so good an arrangement as this in a house of square outline, which, of course, is the most economical to build. It is usually necessary, in order to secure the desirable features mentioned, to arrange part of the room in an ell or otherwise complicate the design.

The arrangement of the kitchen and pantry will be seen to be very convenient for the preparation of meals. On the second floor three large bedrooms and a bathroom are provided. Each room has cross ventilation.

There are five clothes closets; also a nice space for a sewing room in the well-lighted upper hall. The exterior of this house is very simple, yet it is highly attractive. It is a modern adaptation of the Dutch colonial style. Cement plaster on metal lath is employed for the walls. A number of attractive color schemes are fea-

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD
During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay



Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R. F. D., Graniteville, Vt.
No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Drops Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00
Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

NO CHANCE TO GO WRONG

Statement of Beauty Doctor May Have Been True, but It Was Not Gallant.

William F. Oldham, bishop of Singapore, talked at a dinner, on his last visit to New York, about missionary work.
"A certain type of man," he said, "goes about declaring that we dominant races civilize the savage out of existence—that we do them harm instead of good."
"Well, as a matter of fact, if these cavaliers knew what I know about some tribes, they would speak less confidently. Some tribes are so debased that to do them anything but good would hardly be possible. They are, in fact, just like the ugly woman who visited the beauty doctor."
"This woman was ugly in every feature, but her nose was particularly ugly. That, no doubt, was why she desired the beauty doctor to begin on it."
"I am willing," she said, "to pay you liberally, doctor, but I demand in return substantial results. We will start with my nose. Can you guarantee to make it ideally beautiful?"
"The doctor, after looking attentively at the woman's nose, replied:
"Well, madam, I can't say as to ideas, beauty, but a nose like yours I couldn't help improving if I hit it with a mallet."

Detected.
It was at a Fourth of July meeting in the little city. The mayor, William Smith, rose, and at dignified length read the Declaration of Independence. There was a pause; then from one of the mayor's old schoolmates came the loud whisper: "Bill! never writ that. He ain't smart enough."

LACK OF MONEY.
Was a Godsend in This Case.
It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit.
A lady of Green Forest, Ark., owes her health to the fact that she could not pay in advance the fee demanded by a specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling of her case she says:
"I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuralgia of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist who told me I had catarrh of the stomach and said he could cure me in four months but would have to have his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and give Postum."
"So I stopped coffee and gave Postum a thorough trial and the results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone and I am a different woman."
"I dreaded to quit coffee, because every time I had tried to stop it I suffered from severe headaches, so I continued to drink it although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me, and was the cause of my stomach trouble and extreme nervousness. But when I had Postum to shift to it was different."
"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum."
"Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum."
"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

Preserving Time.
All of the members of the family are being pressed into service to help make preserves. No matter how many servants are employed in a household, the preserve that mother makes always takes the prize and are the most delicious which can be manufactured.
The preserve season has its drawbacks, but it is refreshing to think that during the cold days of next winter (cold days, what a pleasant thought) the family will be amply repaid for its trouble. The debutante could not go to a party if any one would give one, they are so busy stoning cherries and assorting raspberries, currants, etc. It is not a job of which they are particularly fond, but it's a case of everybody lending his assistance, and of helping the good cause.

Cooks are grand institutions and are fine to have about, but once a year mother puts on her biggest apron or borrows one, rolls up her sleeves, is "not at home to anyone," goes into the kitchen and remains until rows of glasses of jelly and jars of fruit are placed on the shelves for future use.—Denver News.