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MurineEyeRemedyCo.,Chicago DIDN'T "GET" THE QUOTATION

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most Newspaper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?" 'Who Art Thou?'" replied the other.

"Boston reporter," replied the other. The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation-at the cub's expense .- Youth's Companion.

The Enemies. Apropos of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former

"I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minne-

apolis "'Why,' said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every 48 hours.

'A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted:

'Well, it ain't enough,' it said."

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exact our living to the grandeur of life.-Phillips Brooks.

> PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the in furious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum, I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum

entirely. I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postan for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well

and hearty as the rest of us. "I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

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

THE QUICKENING

FRANCIS LYNDE

-BY

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CHAPTER XXIIL-(Continued.) The Dabney buggy was waiting for him when, after what seemed like a pilgrimage of endless miles, he had crept down to the gate. But it was Miss Dabney, and not Mammy Juliet's Pete, who was holding the reins.

'I couldn't find Pete, and Japheth has gone to town," she explained. "Can you get in by yourself?" He was holding on by the out wheel, nd the death-look was creeping over

"I can't let you," he panted; and she thought he was thinking of the dis-

"I am my own mistress," she said, coldly. "If I choose to drive you when you are too sick to hold the reins, it is my own affair. "I wasn't thinking of that; but you

must first know just what you're do-ing. My father stands to lose all he has got to-to the Farleys. That's what the meeting is for. Do you understand?"

She bit her lip and a far-away look came into her eyes. Then she turned on him with a little frown of determination gathering between her straight eyebrows- a frown that reminded him of the Major in his militant moods. "I must take your word for it," she said, and the words seemed to cut the air like edged things. "Tell me the

truth: is your cause entirely just? Your motive is not revenge?" 'It is my father's cause, and none of mine; more than that, it is your grandfather's cause—and yours." She pushed the buggy mood back with a quick arm sweep and gave him her free hand, "Step carefully," she autioned; and a minute later they were speeding swiftly down the pike

making. There was a sharp crists to the fore n the old log-house office at the furnace. Caleb Gordon, haggard and tremulous, sat at one end of the tresle-board which served as a table, with Norman at his elbow; and flanking him on either side were the two Farleys, Dyckman, Trewhitt, acting general counsel for the company in the Farley Interest, and Hanchett, repre-

senting the Gordons. Having arranged the preliminaries bury had struck true and hard. The pipe foundry might be taken into the arent company at a certain nominal figure payable in a new issue of Chiawassee Limited stock, or three several things were due to happen simultaneously: the furnace would be shut down indefinitely "for repairs," thus cutting off the iron supply and making a ruinous forfeiture of pipe contracts inevitable; suit would be brought to recover damages for the alleged mismanagoment of Chiawassee Consolidated during the absence of the majority stock holders; and the validity of the pipe pit patents would be contested in the

courts. This was the ultimatum. The one-sided battle had been fought to a finish. Hanchett, hewing away in the dark, had made every double and turn that keen legal acumen and a sharp wit could suggest to gain time But Mr. Farley was inexorable. The business must be concluded at the present sitting; otherwise the papers in the two suits, which were aiready prepared, would be filed before noon. Hanchett took his principal into the

laboratory for a private word. "It's for you to decide, Mr. Gordon, he said. "If you want to follow them into the court, we'll do the best we can. But as a friend I can't advise you to

take that course." "If we would only make out to find out what Tom's holding over 'em!' groaned Caleb, helplessty.
"Yes; but we can't," said the lawyer.

"And whatever it may be, they are evidently not afraid of it." "We'll never see a dollar's dividend might as well give 'em the foundry free

"That's the chance you take, of and make you lose everything you have. I've been over the books with Norman: if you can't fill your pipe contracts, the forfeitures will ruin you. And you can't fill them unless you can have Chiawassee iron, and at the pres-

ent price." The old fron-master led the table.

"Give me the papers," he said, gloomily; and the Farley's attorney passed them across, with his fountain-pen. There was a purring of wheels in the hoofs on the hard metaling of the pike. Vincent Farley rose quietly in his place

tures upon which the ink was still wet. at least, was not accidental. Tom was standing in the doorway, deathly sick and clinging to the jamb til nearly midnight, with Dyckman slipped the bandages, an ds chair as he leaped up and backed away into a corner. Only Mr. Duxbury Farley and his attorney were wholly unmoved. The lawyer had taken his fountain-pen from Caleb's shaking fingers and was carefully recapping it; and Mr. Farley was pocketing agreement, by the terms of which the

firm of Gordon & Gordon had ceased to Tom lurched into the room and threw himself feebly on the promoter, and Vincent made as if he would come be tween. But there was no need for intervention. Duxbury Farley had only step sside, and Tom fell heavily,

clutching the air as he went down. The dusty office which had once beer mother's sitting-room was cleared of all save his tather when Tom recovered consciousness and sat up, with

Caleb's arm to help. There, now, Buddy; you ortn't to tried to get up and come down here," said the father, soothingly. But Tom's

blood was on fire.
"Tell me!" he raved; "have they got the foundry away from you?" Caleb nodded gravely. "But don't you mind none about that, son. What I'm sweatin' about now is the fix you're

Tom struggled to his feet, tettering, "I'll cut the heart out of these denons that have robbed you. Give me the pistol from that drawer, and drive me down to the station before their train comes. I'll do it, I'll do it now!" But when old Longfellow, jigging vertically between the buggy shafts, picked his way out of the furnace yard he was permitted to turn of his own accord in the homeward direction; and

an hour later the sick man was back in bed, with insistent calls for Ardea. And this time Miss Dabney did not come.

CHAPTER XXIV. Riding up the pike one sun-shot afternoon in the golden September, Tom saw Ardea entering the open door of the Morwenstow church-copy, drew rein, flung himself out of the saddle and followed her. She saw him and stopped in the vestibule, quaking a little as she felt she must always quake until the impassable chasm of weldock with another should be safely opened

otween them. "Just a moment," he said, shruptly There was a time when I said I would spare Vincent Farley and his kin for your sake. That was a year ago, Things have changed since then; I have changed. When my father is buried, I shall do my best to fill the mourners' carriages with those who have killed him."

"How is your father to-day?" she asked, not daring to trust speech oth-"He is the same as he was yester day and the day before; the same as he will always be from this on-a

"You will strike back?" She said it n a white dust cloud of their own with infinite sadness in her voice and an upcasting of eyes that were swim-"I don't question your rightout I pity you. The blow may be just, I don't know-yet it will fall hardest

m you in the end, Tom."

His smile was almost boylsh in its frank anger. But there was a man's sneer in his words. "Excuse me; I forgot for the moment that we are in a church. But I am taking consequences, these days." She looked out from the cool, dark efuge of the vestibule when he mounted and rode on, and her heart was full. o his entire satisfaction, Colonel Dux- It was madness, vindictive madness and fell anger. But it was a generous wrath, large and man-like. It was not to be a blow in the dark or in the back, as some men struck; and he her warning. Ardea had been crossquestioning Japheth about the assault at the Woodlawn gates-to her own hurt. Japheth had evaded as he could but she had guessed what he was keeping back-the identity of the two footpads blackened to look like negroes. It was a weary world, and life had lost

> much that had made it worth living Tom was deep in an inventive trance with vengeance for the prize to be won, and for the means to the end, Ironworks and pipe plants and forgingsthunderbolt which should shatter the Farley fortunes beyond repair, When this bolt was finally hammered into shape he had an hour's interview with Major Dabney, and took a train for

New York. A telegram from Norman, begging him to come back to South Tredegar at speed, overtook him. For three days a had been shut up with Mr. Duxbury Farley in the most private of the company's offices in the Coosa Building. and on the fourth day Norman had made shift to find out this gentleman's business. Whereupon the wire to Tom. He caught a slow train back, and was met at a station ten miles out of town

by his energetic ex-lieutenant 'Of course, I didn't dare to don anyout o' the stock, Cap'n Hanchett. I thing more than give him a hint," was the conclusion of Norman's exciting report. "I didn't know but he might give us away to Colonel Duxbury. So, course. But on the other hand, they without telling him much of anything, can force you to the wall in a month I got him to agree to meet you at his rooms in the Marlboro to-night after dinner. Then I was scared for fear

my wire to you would miss." "You are a white man, Fred, and a friend to tie to," said Tom; which was more than he had ever said to Norman by way of praise in the days of master and man. Then, as the train back to the room of doom and took his was slowing into the South Tredegar place at the end of the trestle-board station: "If this thing wins out, you'll come in for something bigger than you had with Gordon & Gordon; you can

bet on that." It was ordained that Gordon should air and the staccato clatter of a horse's his man at the dinner-table in the Mariboro cafe; and it was accident or design, as you like to believe, that and tiptoed to the door. He was in the Dyckman should be sitting two tables act of snapping the catch of the away, choking over his food and listen-spring-latch, when the door flew ining only by the road of the eye, since ward and he fell back with a smother- he was unhappily out of ear range. ed exciamation. Thereupon they all When the two passed out to the elevalooked up, Caleb, the tremulous, with tor, the bookkeeper rose hastily and the pen still suspended over the signa- made for the nearest telephone. This,

The conference in Suite 32 lasted unfor support. In putting on his hat he painfully shadowing the corridor and the sweating like a furnace laborer, though wound was bleeding afresh. Dyckman the night was more than autumn cool. elped like a stricken dog, overturning The door was thick, the transom was closed, and the keyhole commanded nothing but a square of blank wall opposite in the electric-lighted sirting room of the suite. Hence the bookkeeper could only guess what we may

"You have let in a flood of light on Mr. Farley's proposition, Mr. Gordon,' said the representative of American Aqueduct, when the ground had been horoughly gone over. "I don't mind elling you now that he made his tire vertures to us on his arrival from I'm ope, giving us to understand that be ned or controlled the pipe-making plants absolutely."

"At that time he convolled nothing as I have explained," said Tora, "not even his majority stock in Chiawasses Consolidated. Of course, he resumed control as soon as he reached home and his next move was to have me quietly sandbagged while he froze my father out. But father did not transfer the patents, for the simple reason that he couldn't. They are my personal property, made over to me before the

firm of Gordon & Gordon came into existence." "You are the man we'll have to do business with, Mr. Gordon. Are you in public.

quite sure of your legal status in the

case? good advice. Hanchett, Goodles and Tryson, Richmond Building, are my attorneys. They will put you in the way of finding out anything you'd like to knew."

"As I have said, I'm here to do business. We don't need the plant. Will you sell us your patents?"

Yes; on one condition." "That you first put us out of business. You'll have to smash Chiawasses Limited painstakingly and permanently

before you can buy my holdings." The shrewd-eyed gentleman who had unified practically all of the pipe foundries in the United States smiled gentle negative. "That would be rather out of our

line. If Mr. Farley owned the patents, and was disposed to fight us-as, indeed, he is not-we might try to convince him. But we are not out for vengeance-another man's vengeance, at that." "Very well, then; you won't get what

you've come after. The patents go with the plant. You can't have one without the other," said Tom, eying his opponent through half-closed lids. But we can buy the plant to-morrow, at a very reasonable figure. Farley is anxious enough to come in out

of the wet." "Excuse me, Mr. Dracott, but you can't buy the plant at any price."

"Eh? Why can't we?" "Because the majority of the stock will vote to fight you to a standstill."
"But, my dear sir! Mr. Farley controls 65 per cent of the stock!

"That is where you were lied to one more time," said Tom, with great coolness. "The capital stock of Chiawassee Limited is divided into one thousand shares, all distributed. My father holds three hundred and fifty shares: Mr. Farley and his son together own four hundred and fifty; and the remaining two hundred are held in trust for Miss Ardea Dabney, to beome her property in fee simple when she marries. Pending her marriage, which is currently supposed to be near at hand, the voting power of these two hundred shares resides in Miss Dabney's grandfather, and my father holds his proxy.

This was the thunderbolt Tom had been forging during those quiet days spent on the mountain side; and there was another pause while one might count ten. After which the man from ew York spoke his mind freely.

"Your row with those people must pretty bitter, Mr. Gordon. Are you willing to see your father and these Dabneys go by the board for the sake of breaking the president and his son?"

"I know what I am doing," was the quiet reply. "Neither my father nor Miss Dabney will lose anything that is worth keeping. "Have you figured that out, too? The field is too small for you down here,

Mr. Gordon-much too small. should come to New York." "You will fight us?" he asked. The short-direction of corporations

aughed. "We'll put you out of business, if you nsist on it. Anything to oblige."

"You have it to do, Mr. Dracott, On the day you have hammered Chlawassee Limited down to a dead proposition, you can have my pipe patents. you will meet me at the office of would not strike without first giving | Hanchett, Goodloe & Tryson to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, we will put it in writing." Good-night."

(To be continued.)

FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER. The Conrant Started in London 200

A woman published the first daily newspaper in the world. It was called the Courant and made its first appearance in London on March 11, 1702. Beespecially the forging of one particular fore that time the news had been dispensed weekly, or, in a few cases of very progressive editors, semi-weekly. It was said that it was issued by "E. Mallet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge." Behind that non-committal E" was "Elizabeth." It was the imagination of a woman that first con-

ceived the idea that man would want gentleman with shrewd eyes and a to have the news every morning with hard-bitted jaw, registering at the his breakfast, and with the character-Mariboro as "A. Dracott, New York." istic impulsiveness of her sex she put the idea into operation. The Courant contained only two columns, but they were devoted entire ly to news. For centuries a single

copy of a bulletin has been posted on the walls of the royal palace in China, says Advertising and Selling, but that cannot be called a newspaper, and there was once a sort of daily market report in Germany; but it lasted only a few days.

The Courant's two columns were printed on only one side of the sheet and contained such items as the following:

"Tis believed that the earl of Portland is by this time at Paris." "Here is talk as if 900,000 pistols were transmitted hither from France for bribing some persons to favor the

designs of that crown." There were no pictures nor advertisements. The Courant lived several years, and since its appearance the world has never been without a daily newspaper. A copy, the very first anticipate his appointment by meeting issue, in fact, is preserved in the British Museum. Elizabeth Mallet had a style and a mind of her own, as is apparent from the following paragraph

from that first issue: "The Courant (as the title shows) will be published daily, being designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary newspapers."

She also promises that the editor will not "take upon himself to give any comments or conjectors of his own. but will relate only matter of facts. supposing the other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves."

Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine, varying according to the importance of th stain; theft by a fine of seven to on hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harborer of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thier himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages And if the lamas never in-

flict death they are adepts at torture. She Still Lectures. Mr. Tile-Your wife used to lecture

before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Milds-Well--er-yes-that is

IN PIONEER COURTS MODE OF GARDEN OF EDEN

HOW JUSTICE WAS ADMINISTERED IN RUDE SURROUNDINGS.

urists in Early Days Frequently Were Illiterate, But Made Up in Honesty What They Lacked In Legal Lore.

in the days of which I write the juassociate judges, elected in each coun- model their gowns after them. ty by the people. The president judge ence. The associate judges were not lawyers and they made no claims to typical representatives of the backwoodsmen and very initerate, yet they had the power to override the presiding judge and give the opinion of be well worth wearing." the court, and they often did so. In such instances their reasoning was likely to be of a most ludicrous character. However, they made up in honesty what they lacked in other directions, and the results were not as bad as might be imagined. They were usually elected because of their popularity and their well known integrity, and though they occasionally went wrong their constituents did not mistakes

The clerks of the ploneer courts were seldom qualified for their duties, and many old time records are the living proofs of this statement. They were uneducated, and some of them barely had the ability to scrawl their own names, yet they did not lack native shrewdness. There was a clerk in one of the pioneer settlements of central Indiana who boasted of his spiration in the bud of the lilac, which superior qualifications by declaring that he had been sued on every sec- it. Then again we find that the St. tion of the statute, and therefore knew the law, while his opponent had never ellipses all through its foliation. The been sued and therefore could not delicate curves of the wild bean are know the law. He was elected on this extremely suggestive to any person platform.

The sheriffs were chosen by the peovoice farthest in the woods from the ful candidate. A stentorian voice, physical strength and tried courage ber of the rose family." were the principal qualifications for this important office. When the court desired the presence of John Smith as | who marry the second time will build a petit juror or as a witness, it was their bridal dresses on the model of the sheriff's duty to stand outside the the chestnut leaf. Small bables' long courthouse or poke his head out of a dresses will be curved as is the leaf window and cry three times and with of the milkweed. all the power of his lungs, "John Smith, come to court!" and John generally heard the call and obeyed. If he happened to be so remote that he did not hear, there were always plenty of loiterers who esteemed it an honor to go after him. A written summons was seldom resorted to. It was regarded as a waste of material and time, to say nothing of the stupendous task which the preparation of such a document would place upon a clerk

who could hold a plow handle or rifle much more effectively than a pen. a young squire with a queu three feet long dangling down his back and tied with an eel skin, strutting backward slabs that formed the floor of the orhear him "plead" was worth a wearisome foot journey over ice and snow and Comment.

Automobile Nerve.

One of the nerviest spectacles ever of one kind or other.-Burke. seen on an auto raceway occurred in the Long Island stock car derby at Riverhead last September. Herbert Balley, mechanician for Louis Disbrow and his No. 1, literally shook hands with death. When the car had passed the stand on its fourth lap and was be in the other eleven who make up two miles from the repair pits the pin the forty who shall finally try to stop fell out of the reach rod, disabling the the English language from taking its steering gear. The machine threat-

ened to become unamanageable. What did Bailey do but climb out over the hod, lower himself down on the little cranking rod, and sit facing the radiator with his feet propped and digests all words. It invented against the front axle! With one hand | Hindustani and the pigeon English of he prevented himself from being Shanghai. From the Babu to the natdashed under the wheels by holding on uralized American negro, from the to the little water cap on the top of the hood. The other hand held the English, and so many kinds of English. disabled steering gear together. Bai- Each man brings his word from the ley rode 20 miles in that manner, various countries and continents and with the car going full speed, until the lays it on the counter at Charingcircuit was completed and the repair cross. "That's English," he says. And pits were made.-Hampton's Maga- on that counter are placed words from

What She Could Cook. But you said you had done the

cooking for a whole family," exclaimed the exasperated housewife when the new arrival told her that she was quite ignorant of the mysteries of broiling a steak and could not have rounted a chicken if her life depended on it. "How in the world could you ever have done that when you seem to know nothing about it?"

The new incumbent smiled blandly I did cook for a family of four," she protested. "But they called themselves vegetables, and all we had to eat used to be nats and boiled potatoes, and I always boiled the pota- and Assyrians used the larger carnivtoes."

His Point of View.

"John, dear," queries the young wife, glancing up from the physical ulture magazine she was perusing. what is your idea of a perfect figure." "Well," replied her husband, "100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near cat. enough to satisfy a man of my simple tmates."

Careful Calculation. "Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's a farmer up de road dat says he'll give you two dollars for a day's work."

'What's de use of temptin' me when I am still a plain, unsophisticated felyou know I ain't got do time. You low citizen, unused to habits of luxury. orter understand dat out o' practise If necessary I'm going to leave a call like I am, it 'ud take me at least six with the clerk for a quarter to twelve weeks to do a day's work.", Washing and blow out the gas at eleventon Star.

Art Instructor Advises Women to Study Leaves in Designing of Dresses.

As all know, Eve, the first lady of the land, made herself a dress of fig leaves. The gown was an immense success, extremely fashionable; every woman alive wore it.

Now, after all these years, comes Henry Turner Bailey, who would revive the fall mode of the garden of dicial system, like the country, was in Eden, says the Baltimore Star. At its Infancy. The circuit court was com- least, Mr. Bailey, head of the art in posed of a president judge, elected by struction department of the board of the legislature, and who presided at education, implores women to study all the courts in the circuit, and two the leaves of plants and trees and

"Women need not go to Paris for was always a lawyer of some experitheir gowns," said Mr. Bailey. "They can find the most exquisite styles by simply studying the weeds that grow legal knowledge. As a rule they were in our back yards or the leaves of trees or ferns. If every part of a dress were as consistently harmonized in its relative lines as a leaf, that dress would

If Mr. Bailey were not an art instructor he would be a baseball pitch er, for he knows all about curves He proceeds to advise separately wo men slender as the lily, women built like a cauliflower and women who are just peaches. Says he:

"It will not take any woman of taste very long to decide which leaf represents the style that becomes her figstrongly censure them because of their ure. If she is stout or inclined to stoutness she will select as her inspiration and model those leaves or flowers that have the sharper angles and thinner curves. Take the white oak leaf, with every one of its curves a reversed curve, and the woman to whom that kind of general design applies will have at once an inspiration.

"For the woman of less pronounced type there may be found another in has gentle reversed curves all through John's wort has a series of little who will study them, and it seems to me that the average type of American ple, and the man who could send his beauty could find in it an inspiration for a dress, just as the type inclined courthouse door was often the success- to stoutness would find an inspiration also in the common rosacea, or mem-

Wedding gowns will follow the curves of the orange leaf, but widows

And so on Man's Sense of Ambition.

Although imitation is one of the great instruments used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection, yet if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and so on in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement amongst them. Men must remain as brutes do, the same at the end as they are at this day, and By far the most important men who that they were in the beginning of attended the sessions of the courts the world. To prevent this, God has were the lawyers, especially the implanted in man a sense of ambiyounger ones. But nobody called them tion, and a satisfaction arising from lawyers. They were squires. To see the contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them. It is this passion that drives men to all the ways we see and forward over the rough-hewn in use of signalizing themselves, and that tends to make whatever excites dinary log courthouse, brought the in a man the idea of this distinction woodsmen from near and far; and to so very pleasant. It has been so very strong as to make very miserable men take comfort that they were suand across awollen rivers and creeks, preme in misery and certain it is through an interminable forest.—Case that, where we cannot distinguish ourselves by something excellent, we begin to take a complacency in some singular infirmities, follies, or defects

China or West Africa, from America

or Australia, English words that have

been annexed and imposed. There

isn't room here for a dictionary. But

It would not take long to prove that

you cannot stop the English language

from growing-even by an academy.-

Domesticated Lions.

There is considerable reason for be

lieving that the ancients far exceeded

us in ability to train the large carnivo-

rous animals. We now regularly pay

admission to see men risk their lives

in cages with trained lions and tigers.

According to a writer in La Revue des

Idees, the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans

ores almost like domestic animals.

The lion, for instance, was sufficiently

tamed so that it could be led without

a halter, and helped in the capture of

deer, wild boars, etc. It likewise ap-

pears that the Chinese, in prehistoric

days, used cormorants to catch their

fish and had domesticated the house

Desperate Campaigning.

hotel where they have no electric

lights?"

Athirty."

"Why do you insist on staying at a

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum,

"I've got to convince some of those

backwoods constituents of mine that

London Chronicle.

Speaking of Fires.

Roy Bone, a brother of United States District Attorney Harry Bone, London Literary Academy. several years ago was a reporter on One respects the nine-and-twenty the Wichita Beacon. In going to a gentlemen who are to start the British fire one of the members of the fire de-Academy, and select the words we partment was thrown from a hose should use, and one wonders who shall cart and killed. Bone wrote a head, with this as the first deck: "Gone to His Last Fire." The piece got into the paper and own course. But our language has Bone was promptly "fired."-Kansas had its vagaries. It has gone through City Journal. America and Judaism and Spain andwell it is a compound of all the na-Unfair. tions on earth. It's a greedy language Senator John H. Bankhead, discuss-

ing a political move, said, with a smile: "Oh, it's too coldly calculated. It's almost unfair. In fact, it's like Mrs. Maori to the Highlander, they talk Blank.

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Yours for uni-

Yours for great-

est leavening

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good deal of bother to me."

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working right."

"Her cooking-school habits are a

"She always wants me to taste the

gasoline when the automobile isn't

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The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Remarkable Young Lady.

From a feuilleton: "Her voice was

ow and soft; but once again, as Janet

Fenn withdrew from the room and

closed the door after her, the fiendish

"If we hear any more of Janet we

gleam came into her odorless eyes."

will let you know."-Punch.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Examine carefully every bottle of

and big-can kinds.

-moderate in cost.

which there is any record.

mical over the high-

failing results.

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power.

"Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor society. Her husband said to her, one afternoon, as she made a very elaborate tollet for a garden party that she was giving to some members of the British legation: "Why did you write to all our guests that this party was to be absolutely

Informal? Mrs. Blank laughed. "'So as to be the best-dressed wom

an present, of course, she said."

Brings

Cheer to the breakfast table-

Post **Toasties**

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Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made

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