

PERFUME FAVORED BY QUEENS

Royal Family of England Remain Faithful to "Ess Bouquet"—Czarina Is Fond of White Violet.

Queen Mary is not a lover of perfume. She uses eau de cologne occasionally, but avoids scents as much as possible. A west end chemist told the writer recently that neither is Queen Alexandra very fond of perfumes, although she remains faithful to the "Ess Bouquet," which has been in use by the royal family of England since 1822. This perfume is composed of amber mixed with the essences of roses, violets, jasmine, orange flowers and lavender.

The Queen Mother of Spain uses as perfume eau d'espagne, manufactured in Madrid, and also obtains a perfume for her toilet from Paris. Its composition is a secret which the perfumers of espagne, manufactured in France, guard as jealously as the secret of the Holy Grail.

A LINGERER.



The little brown jug at Kildare. Meredith Nicholson. Illustrations by Ray Walters.

Why women like men it is because of thoughtful and kind. Trustworthy and capable. Past the follies and usually successful. A man of property. A man who women like to be as obtained by the not silly like young men. Repts refusals of marriage at one is sorry one did not.

How It Happened. He was rumpling down the street with one arm in a sling and his eyes in mourning. "What's the matter?" asked a friend. "Automobile accident," he replied. "No," replied the other, "I met a man who couldn't be a joke. People avoid him because they are afraid of his tongue."

EAGER TO WORK. Health Regained by Right Food. The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment. But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

At times my appetite was voracious, but when indigestion followed, but when I had no appetite. Other times I had no appetite. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever. I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the mere sight of a woman would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercises was out of the question.



This Work Contained Answers to a Great Many Questions.

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrations by Ray Walters.

Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maitland Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Atlanta, Griswold to his college, Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had eloped at him. Mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meets Barbara Osborn. Ardmore learns that his wife's father is the daughter of Gov. Osborne of South Carolina. He follows her to Kildare and on the way is given a brown jug at Kildare. In Kildare he discovers that the jug bears a message threatening Governor Osborne. Apprehensive, a criminal is allowed to go free. Ardmore becomes allied with Jerry Danforth in running the affairs of the state in the absence of the governor. A scolding telegram is sent to Gov. Osborne. Griswold becomes adviser to Barbara Osborn, who is attending to her father's duties in South Carolina. Orders are sent to the sheriff to capture Applegate. Valuable papers are missing from Gov. Osborne's office.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"But you forgot that you represent Mr. Osborne. On the other hand I represent Gov. Osborne, and if I want the Applegate papers I had every right to them." "After office hours, feloniously and with criminal intent," laughed Griswold. "We will assume that I have them," sneered Bosworth, "and such being the case I will return them only to the governor." "Then"—and Griswold's smile broadened—"if it comes to concessions, I will grant that you are within your rights in wishing to place them in the governor's own hands. The governor of South Carolina is, so to speak, in camera." "The governor is hiding. He's hid to come to Columbia, and the state knows it." "My papers, my friend, and I will tell you that the governor of South Carolina is under this roof and trans-activeness." "In the statehouse?" demanded Griswold, and he blanched and his buttons of his coat nervously trembled. "The governor of South Carolina, full responsibility, immunities, rights and 'in belonging.'" "Bosworth took no notice of Griswold's story, and his apparent disapproval of the governor's pretensions. He stepped to the back with a packet of papers and a quill pen, and he looked at Griswold with a look of scorn. "What! Do you still deal in gumshoes with firearms down a method that has gone out of fashion in Virginia!" "If there's a trick in this it's the worse for you," scowled Griswold.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Labors of Mr. Ardmore. While he waited for Miss Jerry Danforth to appear Mr. Thomas Ardmore read for the first time the constitution of the United States. He reached the governor's office and, seeking diversion, he had picked up a small volume that bore the title of "The American Political," and he was amused to find that this diminutive work contained the answers to a great many questions, some of which had often perplexed him, but which he had imagined could not be answered except by statesmen or by men like his friend Griswold, who spent their lives in study. He made note of several matters he wished to ask Griswold about when he met him; then turned back to the body of the text and had read as far as Barr's conspiracy when Jerry came breezily in. He experienced for the first time in his life that obsession of guilt which sinks in shame the office boy who is caught reading a dime novel. Jerry seemed to tower above him like an avenging angel, and though her sword was on

"DRAWING LONG BOW"

Stories that strain one's power of belief.

Baron Munchausen Beaten to It by Some of the Ancients—Remarkable Bow-and-Arrow Story of Virgil.

Many "long bow" stories are to be found in the world's literature long before the time of the celebrated Baron Munchausen. Indeed, by far the greatest part of them had their origin in the remote past. Virgil, in the Aeneid, tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mark, the second cut the cord and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left at which to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire and it swept on like a meteor, to disappear in the sky.

That's a bow and arrow story to test the strongest credulity. The stories of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance at Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain on one's power of belief. The famous legend of William Tell is believed by some authorities to have a foundation in fact. There was a Dane named Poke of whom the same story was told, and William of Cloudsley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his skill.

The majority of bow and arrow stories relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one in which the main point is the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Soliman, send an arrow from his bow clean through a cannon ball. Whether the cannon ball had a hole in it or not he neglects to inform us.

Perhaps the most astounding of all stories about arrow shooting is that of the Indians who used to inhabit Florida. It is said that a group of them would form a circle, one would throw an ear of Indian corn into the air, the rest would shoot at it and shell it of every grain before it fell to the ground. Sometimes the arrows would strike the ear of corn so hard and fast that it would remain suspended in the air for several minutes and the cob never fell until the last grain had been shot away.

A DIFFERENCE.

Stranger—Is this the nursery? Host—No; that's the bowroom. Literary Accuracy. "You write of your hero as stealing home in the darkness," said the editor. "Yes," replied the author. "Well, you ought to know better than that. He couldn't steal home in the dark. If it was dark enough to be worth noticing the game would have been called."

Fulfillment.

"Two great desires of my life have been gratified. One was to go up in an airship. And the other?" "And to get safely back to earth." The great pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine a true friend.—Temple.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

We cannot teach truth to another, we can only help him to find it.—Galileo.

A Husband's Appreciation.

An Atchison man went into the kitchen last Sunday morning, where his wife was stringing beans. "Mary," he said as he sat down, "you are the only person who ever lived who has treated me like a human being, and I want to express my gratitude. My mother always acted as though she expected me to disgrace the family, and so did my sisters. My school teacher predicted that I would be hanged and wherever I go people are though I am not up to standard; that I really should be different. Therefore I have been thinking more and more of the fact that I always seem satisfactory to you. To a man who has been pecked at as I have been it is a source of great satisfaction to know a woman who really thinks I'm as near right as other people, and I want to express my appreciation."—Atchison Globe.

Doomed to Young.

Seymour—I see that young Biddler has gone into the chicken business. Ashley—Has he? Well, he won't be in it long. Seymour—Why not? Ashley—Because he's color blind; he couldn't tell a White Leghorn from a brown one. Trouble in the Head. Bacon—Where has he gone for a week-end? Egbert—To the doctor's. Bacon—Where? Egbert—To the doctor's. Didn't you say for a week-end?—Yonkers Statesman.

MAN WHO HELPS HIS BROTHER

His "Boys" Call Him the "General Adviser Without Pay"—He is Partial to None.

When a man loves to live he usually can go among men who care little whether they live or not and do good. Such a man is Augustus E. Vaughan, immaculate of dress and of heart, venerable in years and usefulness, whom one may see almost any day either on Becton Common or at the Young Men's Christian Union.

His specialty is helping his fallen and discouraged brother, whether he be a cigarette smoked derelict of a man. His creed is cheerfulness and his passion is books. Often one may see him, tall and straight, faultlessly attired in a frock coat, with his flowing white beard and his long and carefully trimmed white locks, standing with or sitting beside some ragged and unkempt victim of circumstances who has sought the only place where the police will not tell him to move on, the Common, and then one is sure to be struck by the contrast. Many a man he has met come has later become as clean of body and heart as his good nature and brotherly camaraderie.

Among the younger men with whom this old young man of 75 unceasingly labors he is known as "the general adviser without pay," and he is as interested in their ambitions as they can be, and so youthful is he in their presence that he is always one of them. Mr. Vaughan is not engaged in active business this summer, but he comes to Boston every day, rain or shine, to talk with his "boys," as he calls them. Some of these have never before known a real friend. He is highly educated, and counts among his friends many college presidents and professors.

He was born in Middleboro, nearly seventy-five years ago, and traces his lineage back to Peregrine White of Mayflower fame. "I love to live," said he to me, "and I want to help 'the boys' to enjoy living, too."

Story of George Eliot.

Mrs. Walford, the English novelist, has been publishing her recollections. Among her amusing stories is this of George Eliot: "The famous authoress was being feted at Cambridge, and a few enthusiastic and very youthful admirers were permitted to join a luncheon party given in her honor, though accommodation could only be found for them at a side table. They could, however, look and listen, and as there was not much to look at they listened the more. The large, full lips seemed to be emitting words of wisdom; then craned their necks, they stretched their ears. Suddenly the tension was relaxed; they leaned back in their chairs and laughed as only boys ever laugh. What had they heard? The deep voice that should have pronounced judgment on a Cicero or a Sophocles had exclaimed with fervid protest: "But, surely, Mr. So-and-so, you do not mean to say you really like that bitter Balthaz beer?"

Bird That Depends on Mate for Life.

A final attempt is being made by the New Zealand government to obtain specimens of the huia, a bird which has been practically exterminated by the vogue for its feathers which obtained among the Maoris. The huia is a jet black bird, with a white band at the extreme end of its tail feathers. The birds are hatched in pairs. The male has a short strong beak and the female a long, slender, incurved beak; the male breaks the bark off dead trees and the female then dips her beak into the holes of the big grubs which attack dead timber. She presents one grub to her spouse and then has one herself, alternating most conscientiously.

The Maoris say that when one dies the other must necessarily die of starvation, because nature has so arranged that each is dependent on the other.

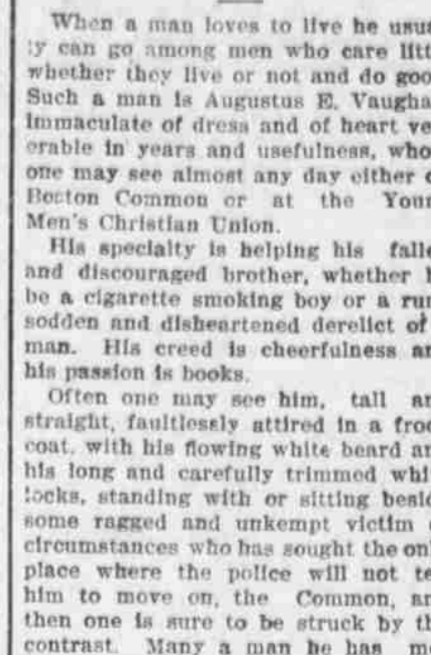
An Atchison man went into the kitchen last Sunday morning, where his wife was stringing beans. "Mary," he said as he sat down, "you are the only person who ever lived who has treated me like a human being, and I want to express my gratitude. My mother always acted as though she expected me to disgrace the family, and so did my sisters. My school teacher predicted that I would be hanged and wherever I go people are though I am not up to standard; that I really should be different. Therefore I have been thinking more and more of the fact that I always seem satisfactory to you. To a man who has been pecked at as I have been it is a source of great satisfaction to know a woman who really thinks I'm as near right as other people, and I want to express my appreciation."—Atchison Globe.

Doomed to Young.

Seymour—I see that young Biddler has gone into the chicken business. Ashley—Has he? Well, he won't be in it long. Seymour—Why not? Ashley—Because he's color blind; he couldn't tell a White Leghorn from a brown one. Trouble in the Head. Bacon—Where has he gone for a week-end? Egbert—To the doctor's. Bacon—Where? Egbert—To the doctor's. Didn't you say for a week-end?—Yonkers Statesman.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kealey of the Western Canada Free.



Don't Persecute your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are best... CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Ad... Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Rich and Costly Furs

COSTLY FURS come from YOUR part of the COUNTRY. Ship them to the BEST FUR MARKET and RIGHT FUR HOUSE. By shipping DIRECT you will receive the BEST PRICES than you have obtained elsewhere, because we sell direct to manufacturers of HIGH QUALITY FURS.

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them." Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Established 30 Years

J. C. RENNINGSON CO. FLORISTS. Floral emblems and cut flowers for all occasions. SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

MISTLETOE

Strips of mistletoe leaves and berries for Christmas decorations. Paper boxes 40¢ by express prepaid. Stamps or silver. L. S. KENNICOTT, YSLETA, TEXAS.

DEFIANCE STARCH

DEFIANCE STARCH is the package—other starches only 15¢—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AGENTS

Men or Women, well-known, honest, live agents and beginners, investigate. SIOUX CITY, IOWA. 1108 B. Box 465. W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

PATENT

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, IOWA. 1108 B. Box 465. W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

CASTORIA

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring a bottle of the medicine and text: "For Infants and Children, The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Dr. J. C. Watson's Signature. THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK. 33 Doses 35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper." The CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK. 33 Doses 35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper.