

Wiggle Stick
WASH BLUE
 Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other kind of bluing.
Won't Freeze, Spill, Break
Nor Spot Clothes
 DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
Wiggle Stick
 around in the water.
 At all wise Grocers.

One-Room Lodging House.
 In a police court case at Burnley, England, it was stated that the accused man, his wife and eight children slept in one bedroom. One of the children said that in the summer they took in "haymakers as lodgers." "Where do they sleep?" asked the magistrate. "On the roof," was the reply.

Salt Arsenic.
 The public analyst of Marylebone, London, has discovered in three out of eleven examples of salt arsenic in the proportion of .0024 grain a pound. This was twice as much as the experts consider harmless.

Ascend the Gabelhorn.
 The Gabelhorn, Canton Valais, Switzerland, was ascended for the first time recently by two tourists and a guide. Many attempts have been made during the last fifty years.

Doors for Special Occasions.
 Many old houses in Holland have a special door, which is never opened save on two occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family.

Sure Cure at Last.
 Monticello, Miss., Oct. 3 (Special)—Lawrence County is almost daily in receipt of fresh evidence that a sure cure for all Kidney Troubles has at last been found, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Among those who have reason to bless the Great American Kidney Remedy is Mrs. L. E. Baggett of this place. Mrs. Baggett had Dropsy. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. "I was troubled with my kidneys," Mrs. Baggett says in recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to her friends, "my urine would hardly pass. The doctors said I had Dropsy. I have taken Dodd's Kidney Pills as directed and am now a well woman."
 Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys. Cured Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That means pure blood and a sound energetic body. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest tonic the world has ever known.

Endeavor to promote the happiness of others, and you will increase your own.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 8-oz. packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.
 It is unusual that a single institution in a city of 8,000 people will overshadow in importance every other interest, but such is the case with the American School of Osteopathy, and A. T. Still Infirmary at Kirksville, Mo.

A stranger in Kirksville is immediately impressed with the idea that the town is sustained by this institution. In fact, Kirksville has been made what it is today by Dr. Still and his famous School and Infirmary. It is the largest patronized unendowed institution of its kind in the United States.

Dr. Still's school enrolls over 700 students yearly and each student is required to attend four terms of five months each before completing the course of study. There are over 2,000 graduates and they are practicing in every state and territory of the Union. About two-thirds of the students have passed special laws legalizing the science.

This school teaches every branch taught in medical colleges except "drugs" and osteopathy is substituted for that. So thorough is the teaching in anatomy that over one hundred human bodies are dissected yearly by the students.

At the Infirmary, patients from every part of the country and with almost every form of disease are constantly under treatment. For the past fifteen years almost every train coming to Kirksville has brought some new sufferer hoping to find relief by the science of Osteopathy. By the thousands who have left the institution benefited by the treatment, the science has been heralded to the world as a safe and rational method of cure. Several years ago a free clinic was established in connection with the practice department of the school and this is still in operation. Hundreds of the worthy poor, who are unable to pay for treatment, are treated every afternoon by the senior students free of charge.

At first thought nothing seems a more impossible task for a woman than to be employed as a spy, yet there are said to be many in Europe, the majority being in the employ of the great white czar.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch besides being absolutely superior to any other, it put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.
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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
 "Very well," said the courier, "respect his wishes until he awakes. I will see him myself before I go. Alexis Petrovsky," he added, as he entered the name in his book. "It will be my duty to lay his noble conduct before the authorities with a view of getting him a pardon." He paused a moment and then sharply asked: "Why was he gagged when I arrived?"
 "He had been vilifying our imperial master the czar," said Katherine.
 "And cursing our holy church," added Nicholas.
 A shade of disappointment passed over the face of the courier. "I am sorry to hear it," he said.
 Then he was silent and thoughtful for a moment.
 "See that I have fresh horses ready by daybreak," at length he said, "and that my rest is undisturbed."
 "You go hence to—" said Katherine waiting for the courier to complete the sentence.
 "I go hence to Stralensk," replied the courier, "where I am to deliver a pardon to a young girl who has proved herself a heroine, having been the only nurse who was available during a terrible outbreak of fever. Her pardon has been granted at the request of the governor of the province, who petitioned for it on the ground that the young girl's unselfish devotion and unflinching exertion was undoubtedly the means of saving scores of lives. More than that, she appealed to the convicts and prevented a dangerous uprising when the guards were stricken down. All Russia is ringing with the story of her good deeds."

"Ah," said Katherine, "and may I ask the name of this heroine. Doubtless she is celebrated, but we hear so little of the world's news in this out-of-the-way place."
 "Certainly," answered the courier, "her name is Ilda Barosky!"
 "Ilda Barosky!"
 The name was uttered together by Constantine Karsicheff and his wife and son. It was spoken with such a bitterness of surprise—such a tone of incredulous wonder—that the courier could not help giving expression to his curiosity.
 "Do you know her?" he asked.
 "Know her," replied Katherine, "I do know her. A vile Nihilist, a daughter of the gutter of St. Petersburg—an assassin, a reptile—I do know her, and I shall protest against her pardon, even to the czar. I have some claims yet on his majesty. He cannot afford to forget what has been done for the Russian crown by the ancestors of Katherine Karsicheff!"
 "Katherine Karsicheff! Are you—this then is—you are General Karsicheff?"

It had been the first time the name was spoken in the presence of the courier, and he repeated it with scarcely less surprise in his tones than the three persons before him had the name of Ilda Barosky a moment before.
 What caused his surprise?
 That was what the Karsicheffs wanted to know.
 Their anxiety was interrupted by the marked change in the courier's manner. It had been polite before when he spoke. Now there was in his voice an unpleasant ring, which boded no good.
 "So!"
 The courier paused a moment,

thoughtfully, and then, as if he had made up his mind, he produced a large official envelope. Handing this to Karsicheff, he said: "You will forward these papers immediately to-morrow morning by a trusted messenger on whom you can rely to the ispravnik at Chitka. You must lose no time and use relays of horses where necessary. Sign a receipt for the pardons!"
 "Pardons?"
 "Yes, this envelope contains pardons for two politicals, Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky. Strange," he paused as the similarity of the name struck him. "Can he be any relation to the girl for whom I have the pardon at Stralensk?—no matter! These papers," he continued, addressing Karsicheff, "have been forwarded by special relay from the frontier, and are to be delivered at the earliest moment. You will be held responsible for any delays. You will sign the receipt."
 Katherine and Nicholas exchanged glances.
 Karsicheff signed the papers—the receipt for the pardons.
 "Call me at daybreak," said the courier; "and now where is my apartment?"

Katherine, Constantine and Nicholas, with one simultaneous step moved toward a door adjoining that in which Cobb and his wife and her companion had entered.
 The courier paused thoughtfully.
 "On second thought," he said, "I will not retire just yet. The storm has ceased, and the moon is about to rise. I will take a turn or two and smoke a cigar before—ah, the brave American!"
 It was the appearance of Cobb at the door leading from his room that caused the courier's exclamation. Going forward with outstretched hand, the courier greeted him warmly and expressed a hope that he had suffered no lasting ill effects from his terrible experience with the wolves.
 Cobb warmly returned the greeting and begged to know the name of the man to whom, as he said, "I owe my life, the life of my wife, and that of—of her companion," and at the same time he presented a card bearing his own name.
 Having informed him of his name and rank, the courier said, after glancing at the card, "It is evident, general, that we are two old soldiers, though not now in active service. I was just going to smoke a cigar, but it would be doubly pleasant if I had company—your company, I mean!"
 "Nothing will give me greater pleasure. My wife, the baroness, and her companion, are sound asleep, and I was anxious to see you and express my gratitude for your noble conduct!"
 "Come along then," said the courier, "we will walk up and down for an hour. That will quiet our nerves and this—handing Cobb a cigar—"will do the rest."

So saying, the courier and Cobb left the room.
 The moment the door closed, Katherine, Nicholas and Karsicheff remained silent, and then, as if by a common impulse, they came close together as if for mutual protection.
 They felt—they knew that they were on the verge of an abyss. What did Cobb's presence mean? What would he and the courier say to each other?
 And then the astounding discovery that they had made!
 A pardon for Ilda Barosky! Pardons for Alexis and Ivan.
 "Give me the paper," at length said Katherine to her husband.
 He handed her the document given him by the courier.
 "These papers," said Katherine, "will never reach their destination—or if they do it will be when pardons will be more necessary for them"—and she pointed to the stockade—"in another world than this."
 "What do you mean," asked Karsicheff breathlessly, as his wife placed the envelope in her bosom.
 "That Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky shall never leave this place alive."
 "You would not dare—"
 "Anything," exclaimed Katherine, "rather than that they should live to triumph over me—rather death than that Alexis Nazimoff should rejoin Ilda Barosky, and Ivan claim my daughter as his wife."
 "Ilda Barosky! She too will be free!" said Nicholas.
 Katherine lowered her voice. "If the courier—curses on him—should reach Stralensk with her pardon."
 "And he will if he leaves here," said Karsicheff.
 "He must not leave here at all."
 The three looked at each other. There was no sign of quelling on the part of mother or son. Karsicheff was paler than usual, and was visibly agitated.
 The voices were lowered until they were scarcely audible, and for fifteen minutes there was no sound save the murmur of their suppressed conversation as they completed the details of their plot.
 For they had conceived a plan—a plan born of the evil genius of Katherine Karsicheff.
 They had finished their talk when the door opened at the head of the stairway, and with pale and agonized face Olga appeared, and gliding down silently as a shadow, suddenly appeared before them. With her hands outstretched and with tears streaming from her eyes she appealed to them.
 "Oh, my mother—father—Nicholas, what are you about to do? Your faces terrify me! You are going to commit some great crime—oh, God!—not—murder? For God's sake, stop before you bathe your hands in blood. Do not—do not bring eternal sorrow on us all. Oh, my mother—dear mother—"

This far they had been so startled by Olga's unexpected appearance that none of them had interrupted her.
 But now Katherine, utterly lost to all maternal feeling, sprang on the unhappy girl, and glaring at her with devilish malignity, hissed into her ears: "Yes—yes—your husband—it is he who is to suffer. Back to your room and wear out your soul in anguish, for he is to die!"
 Nicholas took his sister by the arm. She gave one appealing look, and then as they began to force her back to her room she uttered a piercing shriek that was heard even by the prisoners in the kameras. Quickly Nicholas lifted her in his arms and bore her from the room.
 As he did so Katherine fell back! "Say that it was my cry," she said to her husband.
 The door opened and Cobb and the courier quickly entered.
 "What was that?"
 "Look there," replied Karsicheff,

pointing to the prostrate form of Katherine. "She was overcome by the excitement of the night and became hysterical."
 Katherine apparently began to revive and opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she asked in the voice of one just recovering consciousness.
 Cobb turned his head away and smiled. The query recalled a joke he had heard some years before.
 Karsicheff raised Katherine to a sitting position, and then gave a suggestive look to Cobb and the courier. Rightly construing it as a request to withdraw they went back to the open air to finish their cigars.
 The courier and Cobb had scarcely withdrawn from the room when the Russian turned to his companion and said: "Do you believe that the cry we heard was uttered by that woman?"
 "No! I'll be— if I do," was the emphatic reply of Cobb.
 Heretofore their conversation had been of a general character.
 They had discussed their military

services, their travels, the dangers of the wolves, and other matters. But the pointed inquiry brought them on a common ground regarding the Karsicheffs.
 "Why," asked the courier, "do you not believe that story?"
 "Can I trust you fully and freely?" asked Cobb.
 The courier extended his hand. The action was enough. A thousand oaths could not have made the promise more binding. Cobb in a few words told the courier all that he knew of the Karsicheffs. He told of the lives of Ilda and Alexis and of Olga and Ivan, of the raid on the Nihilist rendezvous, the arrests and the circumstances under which they took place, ending with the scene where Karsicheff sentenced the prisoners.
 The courier listened with intense interest. When he heard that Ivan and Alexis—the very men for whom he had given the pardons to their bitter enemy—were the heroes of Cobb's story, his amazement knew no bounds. His sympathies for the unhappy Olga were keenly aroused. Suddenly he had a revelation.
 "And that cry was?" he paused.
 "The cry of Olga!"
 "My God! the poor, poor girl," said the courier.
 Cobb said nothing. He kept thinking. Olga and the baroness under one roof. The baroness would never leave until she had made an effort to rescue the unhappy girl.
 Suddenly the courier turned to Cobb. "You have trusted me freely," he said, "and in return I will trust you."
 Then to Cobb's profound amazement he told him of the pardons granted to Ilda, Alexis and Ivan. Ilda, he explained, was at Stralensk, where he was going under orders to deliver her pardon in person. And Ivan and Alexis were at Chitka, to which point the pardons were to be forwarded by Karsicheff.
 (To be continued.)

Three of a Kind.
 Representative Rodenburg accompanied one of his distinguished constituents, Judge Charles W. Thomas of Belleville, Ill., to the marble room recently, where the two were joined by Senators Dolliver, Hopkins and Culom.

"This meeting," declared Mr. Dolliver, "reminds me very forcibly of a visit I made to Belleville not many months ago. I was the guest of Judge Thomas, and passed the night in his fine old colonial mansion. After several hours of very refreshing sleep I awoke myself and descended, filled with thoughts of the splendid entertainment given me. All at once there was a hoarse voice from an adjoining room, which said, in a contemptible tone:
 "Where the dickens did you come from?"
 "I felt rather cheap at being spoken to in such a way, and was looking about for the person who had thus addressed me. It didn't take long to discover that this first sign of inhospitality I observed in the mansion came from the judge's parrot. He was as wicked a bird as it was ever my fortune to encounter."—Denver Times.

Tunnel for English Channel.
 Since a French engineer named Gamond planned a submarine tunnel, in 1857, various projects have been advanced for connecting England with the continent. The latest is the suggestion of Banau-Varilla, who wants to build a tunnel to within three kilometers of England, and thence a bridge, which England (which has not favored a tunnel) could destroy at any time in case of danger of a foreign invasion, thus rendering the tunnel useless.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.
 Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs, Began to Fear the Worst. Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 433 St. Uraln St., Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrie Club, writes:
 "I suffered for three years with severe backache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would never get well. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."
 For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Chinese Abolish Torture.
 China's criminal code has been revised. The barbarous punishment of "slicing to pieces" has been abolished, and it is believed that all torture will be abolished soon.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy.
 "Have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy.—Mrs. N. H. Gullford, New Orleans, La."

Swift Letter Carrier.
 The "frigate" is the swiftest of all sea birds, and in some of the equatorial isles of the Pacific is used as a letter carrier. Taken from the nest before it can fly, it is hand fed on a fish diet by the natives; and in the course of a few months becomes so tame that it can be liberated during the day and will return to its perch at sunset.

Occupation for Turkish Women.
 From the time of the first incursion of the Turks into Europe drawwork has been a favorite pursuit among Turkish women, especially in the lares. They are said to have learned it originally from Italian women who were made captive in the days when Ottoman galleys ravaged the Mediterranean.

He is Careful Now.
 "You don't say 'down with the trusts' any more," said the friend.
 "No," answered the apprehensive citizen. "It doesn't seem to have any practical effect and I'm afraid some trust might hear me and retaliate by casually remarking 'up with prices.'"

Weather Lore from the Bible.
 "When it is evening, ye say it will be foul weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning it will be foul weather today; for the sky is red and lowering."—Matthew xvi., 2-3.

Sample of Red Tape.
 There are no fewer than thirty-four volumes of regulations concerning the Indian army, amounting to 6,000 closely-printed pages.

Feeding Bottles for Needy Babies.
 The Birmingham health department furnishes feeding bottles for the children of impoverished patients.

CAN DRINK TROUBLE.
 That's one way to get it. Although they won't admit it many people who suffer from sick headaches and other ailments get them straight from the coffee they drink and it is easily proved if they're not afraid to leave it to a test as in the case of a lady in Connellsville.
 "I had been a sufferer from sick headaches for twenty-five years and anyone who has ever had a bad sick headache knows what I suffered. Sometimes three days in the week I would have to remain in bed, at other times I couldn't lie down the pain would be so great. My life was a torture and if I went away from home for a day I always came back more dead than alive.
 "One day I was telling a woman my troubles and she told me she knew that it was probably coffee caused it. She said she had been cured by stopping coffee and using Postum Food Coffee and urged me to try this food drink.
 "That's how I came to send out and get some Postum and from that time I've never been without it for it suits my taste and has entirely cured all of my old troubles. All I did was to leave off the coffee and tea and drink well-made Postum in its place. This change has done me more good than everything else put together.
 "Our house was like a drug store for my husband bought everything he heard of to help me without doing any good, but when I began on the Postum my headaches ceased and the other troubles quickly disappeared. I have a friend who had an experience just like mine and Postum cured her just as it did me.
 "Postum not only cured the headaches, but my general health has been improved, and I am much stronger than before. I now enjoy delicious Postum more than I ever did coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
 "There's a reason" and it's worth finding out.

October Century will bring the conclusion of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's remarkable biography, "The Youth of Washington." The work will be published in book form October 8th. The other strong fiction serial feature, Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," is nearing its final climax and will end in the November issue. The short stories of the number will include: "The Thorn That Pricked," a pathetic story of some typical experience of the studio, by Grace Ellery Channing; "The Wullerwups," another "Miss Nigger" tale, by Rose Young; "A Ready Letter-writer," another story of the Nevada mountains, by Miriam Mitchell; "Love at Long Distance," a humorous love story, by James Raymond Perry; "Concerning My Aunt Helen," by Gouverneur Morris; another of Anne Warner's richly humorous Miss Cleg stories, this time "Jathrop Lathrop's Cow," and a monologue, "Richard's Practising," by Ruth Kimball Gardner.

Russia Has Most Holidays.
 Russia has more holidays per annum than any other European nation—eighty-six in all. Austria comes next with seventy-six.

Everybody's Magazine.
 The picturously personal of Thomas W. Lawson is well to the fore in the October issue of Everybody's Magazine. Not satisfied with the allowance of space given to his "Frenzied Finance" in the body of the magazine, he has burst the bonds of editorial convention and appropriated several pages in the advertising section, part of which he uses to reply to the scores of letters and inquiries which his remarkable articles have brought him. He deals with his critics in much the same spirit he handles the financiers—without gloves. Incidentally, the October issue of Everybody's is 550,000; the issue of September was 425,000 and a second edition had to be printed.

Teach Boys to Swim.
 In one of the leading English schools the boys are taught to swim, as in other schools, but they are taught to swim fully dressed.

McClure's for October.
 McClure's for October is timely in the best sense. It reads vigorously and intelligently some of the important lessons of the hour. In its serious articles McClure's does not deal with the cursory and superficial, but with the vital, fundamental thing, and interprets its real meaning and application. It is impressing itself tremendously on the life and thought of the day by its weighty and authoritative way of doing things. In the dramatic story of Governor LaFollette and the fierce political war which is rending the state of Wisconsin, Lincoln Steffens has found material, not only for a stirring story, but for the presentation of facts and principles of the gravest significance to the republic.

Condemn Clay Modeling.
 Clay modeling in schools is condemned by European doctors as "worse than slates" as a means of transmitting infectious disease.

St. Nicholas for 1905.
 Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the well known critic, has prepared a series of articles for young folks under the title, "How to Study Pictures," which will be a feature of St. Nicholas Magazine during the coming year. A set of beautiful copies of the pictures selected by Mr. Caffin from the world's masterpieces has been prepared especially for St. Nicholas and will accompany these articles. In each article Mr. Caffin will contrast the work of some great artist with that of another equally great, showing a single picture painted by each and pointing out the likeness and differences between the two pictures and the methods of the two painters.

Pawns Cemetery Lot.
 A man of Halifax N. S., wanted a vacation so badly that he pawned a cemetery lot in order to pay the expense of one.

Rats Destroy Insulation.
 Rats give trouble, in the London underground railway, by eating the rubber insulation off the wires.

And Papa Sometimes Is the 7.
 The statistics show that the average number of persons to a family in the United States is 4.7.—New Haven Union.

Pacific Coast Shells.
 As one travels south along the Pacific coast the shells become more brilliant in their colorings.

Wine in Goatskins.
 Wine in Madeira is still carried to market at Funchal in goatskins by the peasants.

Around the World
 I have used your Fish Brand Slickers for years in the Hawaiian Islands and found them the only article that suited, I am now in this country (Africa) and think a great deal of your coats."
 (NAME ON APPLICATION)

The world-wide reputation of Tower's Slickers for years in the Hawaiian Islands and found them the only article that suited, I am now in this country (Africa) and think a great deal of your coats."
 (NAME ON APPLICATION)

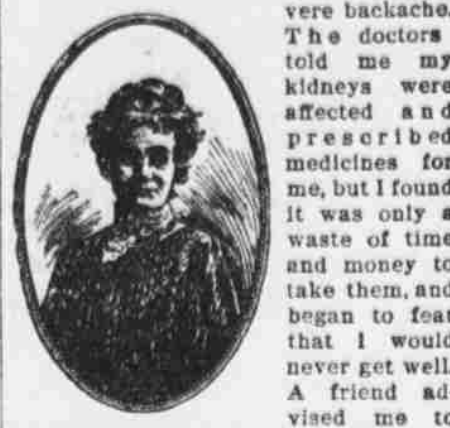
A. J. TOWER CO.
 Boston, U. S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
 Toronto, Canada



"CAN I TRUST YOU FULLY AND FREELY?" ASKED COBB.



"YES—YES—YOUR HUSBAND—IT IS HE WHO IS TO SUFFER!"



TRY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. WITHIN A WEEK AFTER I BEGAN USING THEM I WAS SO MUCH BETTER THAT I DECIDED TO KEEP UP THE TREATMENT, AND WHEN I HAD USED A LITTLE OVER TWO BOXES I WAS ENTIRELY WELL.