

WELL QUALIFIED.



Squillbob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet. Squilligan—A genius, eh? Squillbob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he wouldn't get so hungry living.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

After Suffering With Kidney Disorders for Many Years.

Mrs. John S. Way, 209 S. 8th St., Independence, Kans., says: "For a number of years I was a victim of disordered kidneys. My back ached, the kidneys were constantly inflamed, the passages were irregular, my feet and ankles were badly swollen. Spots often appeared before my eyes and I became very nervous. After using numerous remedies without relief I was completely cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. This seems remarkable when you consider my advanced age."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it falls in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view, that not only judges, but barristers, also took up the custom throughout Europe.

The Dentist's Joke.

At a recent dinner of the Authors' club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Manuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned: "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

A Real Argument.

They were talking about arguments, not in the abstract, but as applying to domestic happiness. "What do you think is the most unanswerable argument you ever heard?" one bachelor asked a married man. "That's very easy," he replied. "When your wife says: 'If they can afford it, we can,' there is no flaw in that—and never will be."—Youth's Companion.

Literary Note.

"Do you think that poets should never marry?" "I don't know about that. But they should be very careful about composing love letters unless they intend to."

The grand knowledge for a man to know is the essential and eternal difference between what is right and wrong, between base and noble.—Mallock

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

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

Among the Many Mansions

By Rev. James Mudge, D. D. Montreal, Can.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2.

Too much can hardly be made of the fact that heaven, in a very important sense, is here and now. Nevertheless, there is, of course, a life hereafter beyond this world, a life eternal in Immanuel's land. There is a place "where Christ is," a place which He told His disciples He would prepare for their final abode. What should be our attitude toward it, and what feeling about it? What use can we profitably make of it in the deepening of our spirituality, the perfecting of our character?

It is a test both of our faith and our faithfulness. In proportion to the vigor of our faith will be the clearness of our sight of the things unseen by mortal eye, our realization of the intangible. We may have a faith so strong that there will be no more doubt as to the reality of that world than of this, no hesitation whatever in accepting the intimations concerning it which are found in the written Word, no question as to the satisfying solidity of its joys, the permanency of the rich possessions to which it introduces the redeemed. What will give us this faith? Our faithfulness to God and duty, our living constantly in His presence, our cultivating those faculties which apprehend the things of the spirit. "The doctrine of immortality," it has been well said, "is an achievement and can be present in power only as the issue of that spiritual growth whose flower and fruit it is to be." If we would achieve certainty about it we must so live that it alone stands as the interpretation and consummation of our days. We must habitually cherish such convictions in our soul, must breathe such a high spiritual atmosphere, must walk so closely with the infinite one, with the Heavenly Father, in our daily experience that no other outcome of our being than its blissful continuance beyond death will seem in any way reasonable or possible. Such is the only path to perfect peace in this matter. How can a man of evil life really believe in the hereafter? How can he who is living wholly, or mainly, or even largely for this passing world obtain or retain a firm hold on the fact that there is another world far more important a palace to which this is but a portico? He could not live as he does if he did so believe. His choosing that kind of life inevitably deadens or destroys his power of belief in anything better by and by. We know as to the future what we are capable of knowing. If we would know more we must be more. If we would see further into the future we must live at a higher elevation. This, and not seances or table movements or supposed materializations of the spirits of the departed, is the way to get solid ground under one's feet as to the other world.

Should longings for Heaven fill much of our thought and time? Not to such an extent as to prevent the devotion of all our energies to the work assigned us by the Master. Surely not to the breeding of the slightest discontent with the duration of our tarrying here. St. Paul's position about it (Phil. 1:23) would seem to be ideal. He keenly appreciated the glorious gain involved in the transition to the splendor as yet so imperfectly revealed, but he also appreciated fully the joy of laboring for Jesus on this earth and increasing the triumphs of the gospel. He was sufficiently unselfish to put aside his own joy in favor of the advantage of his converts and others to whom he could do still further good. It is certainly safe to leave the decision as to the best time and manner of our death with God, assured that it shall be exactly right and need not concern us in the least. It is not natural or possible for those in perfect health, in the springtime of youth, with the inviting, untried experience of life in this world all before them, to feel about another world as they reasonably may who are manifestly near it and whose friends are mostly there. Yet at all ages it is wholesome to keep in the background of our thought the solemn fact that we are pilgrims and strangers on these shores of time, and soon to launch forth for a voyage to fairer climes.

The gospel view of death, that it is gain, not loss, to the believer; sunrise, not sunset; transition, not destruction; birth into a higher state of being; something to be hailed with joy, not shrunk from with horror, is far too rare. Most people, as the apostle says, are "all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death" (Heb. 11:15), not knowing that Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality" (II Tim. 1:10). What a pity that they should thus miss, through lack of faith, one of their chief joys, the deliverance assured to them in Jesus. It is our privilege, as Browning says, to "greet the unseen with a cheer," to feel that it we! accords with "the new day, the bustle of man's work time," to think of and prepare for and pass to the higher world which waits us there. What, indeed, is there to fear in death, the foe that the mighty Prince of Life so effectually conquered, binding him to His triumphant chariot wheels?

It's mighty hard being patient with the man who prates of his patience.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Chinese Take to Smoking Cigarettes



WASHINGTON. — America has taught the people of the Chinese empire to smoke cigarettes. In a report to this government on foreign trade by Consul General Charles Denby of Vienna, in which he described the class of foreign markets which may be created by American enterprise, and then supplied the consul general says: "One of the most conspicuous examples of such a market is the demand for cigarettes in China. Ten years ago the cigarette was an article used in China by a small number of people, chiefly foreigners. The field attracted the attention of a group of American manufacturers who examined into it and decided to introduce the cigarette to the Chinese people by American methods. The result is that now the cigarette is popular throughout the empire."

The international opium conference to be held at The Hague next fall will have a very general representation of the powers, according to the latest information reaching the state department.

In reporting to this government on opportunities in Malaysia for rubber-

growing enterprises, Consul General James T. Dubois at Singapore, cited as follows an instance to show how the investing public is sometimes taken in, in the exploitation of the rubber industry there:

An estate was sold to promoters for \$150,000. The syndicate got an old planter who knew the estate to put a flotation value on it. He named \$250,000. The promoters were not satisfied. Another expert examined and reported. His price was \$350,000.

British and American gold was pouring into the country and the get-rich-quick spirit was born. Another expert was called in. He was told of the former valuations and that they were unsatisfactory. He valued the estate at \$500,000.

Just at this time, rubber took a big jump in the London and New York markets and another expert was asked to report and he placed the flotation price at \$750,000 and the syndicate in order to have it in round numbers made it an even \$800,000 and floated it at this price.

People fought for the stock, the share issue was oversubscribed and many of them immediately sold at a good advance. All this was done within a few months without the slightest improvement on the property except the natural growth of the few hundred acres of Para plants which had recently been planted.

Trained white supervisors on the rubber estates are in demand, the consul general reports, and there is a scarcity of labor and consequent high wages.

Heads of Navy Are Annoyed By Women



JOHN HAY had a saying that the ideal diplomatic service—if any government ever succeeds in having one—will be composed exclusively of unmarried men. Mr. Hay had no experience in naval matters, or he might have included the navy in his maxim.

There probably is no branch of the government service, the Washington Post says, where petticoat influence is so strong as in the navy. Ask any ex-secretary of the navy about it and he will tell you how the navy women in a thousand different ways, sometimes unconsciously and occasionally deliberately, annoy the navy department. He will tell you how they scheme to obtain desirable posts of duty for their husbands or sons and how they annoy the department with requests for a change of orders when their husbands are transferred from an easy job in Washington to sea duty on the Asiatic station or some other far-away tropical post. The recent row at the Boston navy yard, which cul-

minated in the court-martial of two officers, illustrates the prominent part women play in navy circles.

Almost everybody knows of the mutual ill feeling existing between the navy women and the department. Every once in a while something happens to widen this breach. Only a few days ago Ensign Charles M. Austin, son of Representative Richard W. Austin of Tennessee, was deprived of an especially desirable berth by the navy department merely because he got married. He had been detached from the dispatch boat Dolphin at the Washington navy yard and ordered to Japan for duty as a student attaché at the American embassy at Tokyo for the purpose of studying the Japanese language. On the way to his new post of duty he stopped at his former home in Tennessee and was married to a girl he had known for many years.

This was too much for the unromantic departmental authorities, who suddenly decided that a married ensign would not make as good a student of the Japanese language as a bachelor. Accordingly his orders were revoked and instead of spending his honeymoon in Tokyo he will have less interesting service at the naval training station on the Pacific coast. He will, however, have his wife.

Girl's Good Looks Are a Bar to Work



AFTER losing four positions within a year just because of her beauty, Mary Todd has left Washington and will try her fortune elsewhere. Miss Todd set out to be a stenographer. Her employer got mixed up in his dictation and included phrases that could not have been part of the correspondence. As a shopgirl the floorwalkers strolled too often near her counter. As a milliner she aroused the envy and jealousy of customers. Miss Todd has been living in Georgetown for a little more than a year. She came here from a small Pennsylvania town, well equipped to work, with money enough to wait until a reasonably good position was open to her.

"Yes," she said, half-angry and half-amused, "I have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage as well as of employment. But these offers do not appeal to me. Most men forget that I have my own sweetheart, and if I were inclined to consider a second time it seems that mine should be the privilege of inviting his attentions without having them thrust upon me."

"At first I did not take such things seriously, but since then I have known other girls who have shared the same fate, merely because they are more beautiful than their colleagues."

"I have worked in offices where there were 17 girls, and by the end of the third week I was embarrassed by repeated offers of company, pleasures and the like by various men in the office. This gave rise to some bitter passes between some of the other girls and myself."

"I hope to be married by the autumn of next year, but until then I wish to do something."

Sad Red Men Must Ride on the Wagon



POOR Lo has suffered many privations at the hands of the national government in the process of civilizing him, but the hardest blow yet must be no more "fire water" sold on the ceded lands of Minnesota. Lo will take his seat on the water wagon at once.

The order includes several counties and if carried out to the letter would even prevent the sale of liquor in St. Paul and Minneapolis, which stand on ceded lands.

Under state laws the counties embraced in the order—Becker, Cass, Clay, Hubbard, Mahanomen, Norman, Beltrami, Itasca, Polk, Clear Water, Red Lake, Crow Wing, Wadena and Ottertail—have enjoyed the license system of the state and Lo, who dearly loves his fire water, has been able

to procure it without restriction. By the new order he will have to go dry.

The provisions of the treaties by which the lands were ceded prohibit the introduction of intoxicating liquors in the whole northern part of the state, except by consent of congress or the president, but up to the present time the provisions have not been enforced owing to opposition from the white population, which vastly outnumbers the reds.

Ocean vs. Bartender.

"Do you remember where they stung us ten cents for beer on the pavilion at Brighton, where we sat at a table and looked at the ocean?" he asked. "Well, when you all went away I walked around to the bar and got one for five. A shame to charge you five cents more just to sit down and look at the ocean, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'd rather pay the extra five than have to stand by the bar and look at the bartender if he was anything like some I have seen."—New York Press.

WHERE HE SAW RESEMBLANCE

Apt Remark of Small Boy Embarrassed Toper and Filled Car With Merriment.

Jimmie, who is a very small boy living in the East end, accompanied his mother downtown several days ago. Nearly everything he saw was quite new to him, so he was not sparing in his comments and opinions and questions.

Seated opposite Jimmie and his mother on the car homebound was an individual who, judging by the "blossom" on his nose, had partaken freely of joy water. None of Jimmie's neighbors possessed an appendage that could compare with the one across the aisle.

In silence Jimmie took in the situation and the "blossom." His thoughts must have grown so curious that they could not be withheld any longer and he finally blurted out in a loud voice: "Mamma, is that Santa Claus?" pointing to the man with the red nose.

Embarrassed, Jimmie's mother tried to silence her son, but it was no use. In an audible whisper the connection between the man and Santa Claus was disclosed much to the discomfort of the man.

"Why, mamma, didn't it say in that story about Santa Claus that Santa had a nose like a cherry," he asked, and the car was in an uproar.—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded, and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fall, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers. "No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

Qualified.

A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him."

"Now, my son," I said, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?" "The boy smiled confidently. "I be," he said.—Independent.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hedging.

Clergyman—Will you take this woman until death?

Prospective Bridegroom—Isn't there any minimum sentence?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures whooping cough, croup, colic, and all the little ailments.

Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot.

Lewis' Single Binder 50 cigar equals in quality most 100 cigars.

Tips you get are almost as worthless as those you give.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."



"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of uncollected and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letters as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine number Signature

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It is a safe and sure remedy for all kinds of flies, including house flies, stable flies, and mosquitoes. It is made from natural and pure ingredients and is entirely harmless to humans and animals. It is sold in small packets for easy use.

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The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medicinal roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

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