Made Always With Cuffs Attached, But Not Commonly With Collars.

New York Sun: "More and more men have their shirts made with ouffs attached," said a dealer in men's furnishing goods, "but the proportion of men who have their shirts made with collars attached is small and not in-

"One reason for this lies in the diffi-culty of setting shirts with collars at-tached laundered perfectly. The best laundry work in the country is, of course, done here. There are men in other cities even as far as a thousand miles away who send their linen to New York to be laundered. But still it is difficult to get a shirt with collar attached done up perfectly. But a stronger reason for having the collar areasons is in the server teneral in the server teneral in the server teneral is the server teneral in the server rate is in the greater convenience

"For one thing, with separate collars a man can wear different sorts of col-lars with the same shirt, and then he can have his collars made to order,

Randelph, Neb., May 80.—Cedar Ca has seldem heard of a more wonderful case than that of Mrs. Lucy Nicells, of this place. For a long time Mrs. Nicells suffered with very severe pains in the back and almost instantly these pains left her. She has tried doctors and everything, but nothing had helped her till she used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She says:
"Dodd's Kidney Pills did me so much good I can't tell, it was so wonderful. My back burt me all the time I doctored and tried everything, but did not feel any better. I thought my life was short on earth, but now I feel like a new person. I used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I do not feel the slightest ache or pain. I can turn and twist any way without feeling it, and I feel so proud of it I cannot hardly express my gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for ma."

The Primitive Book. Henry Smith Williams, LL.D., in Harer's Magazine for May: The oldest books existence are, doubtless, those of the Babyloniens; but the great permanency of these is explained by the material of which they are composed, and it does not secessarily follow that they were the first pooks to be made. We know that the Egyptians employed a papyrus roll from the earliest historical periods, and that the Hindoos made their palm leaf books

the Hindoos made their paim leaf books
at a very early day. In short, every civlised nation is discovered, at the very
dawn of its history, in full possession of
a system of book making.
It is impossible to decide the question
as to whether one nation borrowed from
another in developing the idea of book
making.

another in developing the idea of book making.

Limiting our view strictly to the historic period, we find, as has been said, the five types of books in general use. We have now to consider briefly the distinguishing characteristics of each of these types before noting the steps of development through which the modern book was evolved. First lot us give attention to the papyrus roll of the Egyptians. As has been said, this type of book was employed in Egypt from the earliest day of the historical period. As is well known, papyrus torical period. As is well known, papyrus is a species of primitive paper—the word "paper" being, indeed, a derivative of "papyrus"—which was made of strips of the papyrus plant placed together to form the papyrus plant placed together to form two thin layers, the fibers of one crossing those of the other, and the whole made into a thin, firm sheet with the aid of glue and mechanical pressure. The strips of papyrus were usually from eight to fourteen inches in width, and from a few feet to several yards in length. This scroll was not used, as might perhaps have been expected, for the insertion of a single continuous column of writing. A moment's consideration will make it clear that such a method would have created difficulties both for the scribe and for the reader; therefore the much more convenient method was adopted of writing lines a few inches in length, so placed as lines a few inches in length, so placed as to form transverse columns, which fol-lowed one another in regular sequence from the beginning to the end of the scroll.

His idea. Teacher—Of what are heroes made? Scholar—One of them breakfast foods

The New Standard.
"My little man, you seem to be very fond of that young lady."
"Fond of her! Why, say, mister; she's worth her weight in radium."

Mrs. Whatow's socratic stup for Children teching; seltons the guns, reduces inflammation allers pain, eares wind colle. E centre s bottle.

A Good Idea. She—I always put my money unde, the mattress at night. He-Why?

She-So I'll have something to fall back on.

New Farm Paper. The Farmer and Breeder, which has been published in Sloux City the past

been published in Sloux City the past three years as a semi-monthly, is now published weekly, and has been greatly improved in all departments. It is a high grade, sixteen-page agricultural and live stock paper, and should be a regular visitor to the home of every farmer and live stock breeder.

Expensive Smile.
The Tragedian—Ah! her smile haunt.

me yet.
The Comedian—Same here. I asked her to take a drink last night and she ordered champagne.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toleda, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

heir firm.

TEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

VALDING. KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting freedly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Penton Holme-I want to take you to the theater tonight, but I felt as though I couldn't afford it. Mrs. Benton Holme-That's all right.

No Getting It Back. Catholic Standard and Times: Mrs.
Petty—I think I'll get our Willie a savings bank for his birthday.
Mr. Petty—Good! and I'll put in about twenty dimes as my present.
Mrz. Petty—It's a splendid bank; once the money's in it's impossible to

get it out.

Mr. Petty-Well-er-come to think
of it, dear, I'm so short of money I'll
just give Wille a tin horn or something.

The Princess of Wales is the most as-duous of readers in the English royal

The Black Wolf's Breed

Copyright 1899



"Bravo! Placide," he exclaimed, clapping his hands, his rugged face aglow with martial joy. His countenance changed, however, when his eye fell upon the cringing figure of Matamora, the commandant of perfidious memory.

"You, too, Matamora? What, not yet killed! Hast saved thy precious skin again? More's the pity. And do you think to merit the respect accorded manhood and good faith? By the name of honor, no. Here boy," and he beckoned to the negro slave who stood and he at his elbow, "do you take yon dis-honored weapon and break it before

And Matamora, full glad to escape with life and limb, willingly yielded up his sword to the black who snapped it under his foot, obedient to Bienville's from nod, then cast the tainted pieces from

Upon the long march to Biloxi, de la Mora was the life of the command, and drew to our campfire every straggler who could make a fair excuse to come. He knew good songs, and he sang them well; he knew good cheer, and he kept us all in radiant spirits. All, save myself. I was bitterly dejected. "Cheer up, lad," he'd say, "What ails

you? One would think you'd met re-verse, instead of winning glory and promotion. It was a brave day, and bravely you did bear yourself. Would that Jerome could see."

But the consciousness of dishonor had torn elation from my soul, though, God knows, it had before been stain-less in thought or deed.

"We'll have many sweet and tran-quil hours at Biloxi when days of peace are come. My cottage can be your home after the barracks no longer claim your care. Agnes is the sweetest of wives; her little sister, too, a child, but fair, and clever too, beyond her

Verily I cared nothing for a baby sister. But Agnes?

He repeated his invitation to their cottage many times, and mentally I prayed, "O God, lead not Thy children into temptation."

When we had settled down sorin at

When we had settled down again at Riloxi, for days I remained to myself in the barracks, and saw no one, mak-

ing pretense of being busy amongst my De la Mora rallied me upon my ungallant conduct, in denying to the la-dies the sight of so famous a soldier. I had now firmly determined to make necessary to be away from the post for a season, either in campaign with the Choctaws against the Natchez, or by taking part in the coming siege of Havana. Any pretext to get away. Anything but the truth.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONTENTS OF THE BOX.

One day very soon thereafter my servant presented me a box, which he said had been brought there by an Indian from Colonel d'Ortez, with the request that it be delivered into my own hand. And further, to beg I would make him a visit as soon as my duties

The evening being advanced I could not go that night, so contented myself with the promise I would cross the bay

would but search them out. the box, bound together by deerskin thongs, were many writings, some on parchment, some paper, of different dates and degrees of preservation. Some were well worn from age and of spreading before me a long life of spreading before me a long life of spreading before me a long life of better condition. Some there were which appeared quite new and fresh; these must have been the latest to find a resting place in his keeping.

All were arranged in due and systematic order; of whatever age, each bore a careful superscription, giving in brief the contents of the paper written by his own exact hand. Beside this, each document was numbered and placed in sequence. Verily, it was most

It was with much misglying I approached the task of making myself familiar with my old friend's secret. he committed some youthful which weighed heavily upon his trembling age, and had driven him to these savage shores, where, shut out from all companionship with his kind, he did a lonely penance. If so, I pre-ferred to remain in ignorance, for his was a friendship so dear, so pure, I desired not to taint it with the odor

He had, however, made his request in such urgent terms, even pathetic, I could not disregard it, and putting aside the reluctance I felt, I took up

as follows:

My Dear Placide: The great feebleness of my worn-out frame warns me again that time for me is almost past. It may be, when you recross the seas, I shall have gone to final judgment. . . remember my request, and carry on to the end that work which generations of cowards have left undor.e. . . All is here contained in these papers, except some recent news I have of the Pasquiers from the northern colonies.

I have of the rasquees to Quebec and colonies.

Possibly if you went to Quebec and sought out the Cure of St. Martin's (who wrote this last, No. 32) you may right it all, and give to my soul its eternai peace.

With the strong affection which my bodily infirmities have in no wise diminished, I am, your old friend,
Raoul Armand Xavier d'Ortez, of Cartillon, Normandy.

Having carefully read this letter, I then proceeded to peruse the various documents in the order he had ar-

ranged them.
The first, written by the hand of the Benedictine, Laurent of Lorraine, ab-bot of Vaux, told of the admission to the monastery of a child, son of Henri d'Artin, to whom the good monks gave the name Bartholomew Pasquier. This child, though designed for orders, left the monastery, cast his fortunes with the king of Navarre, and became a great officer in the household of King Henri the Fourth.

Other documents gave an account of the posterity of this child down to one Francois Rene Alois de Pasquier, who fled to America in 1674 to escape the vengeance of a certain great lord whose son he slew in a duet. This was he who was reputed to have been billed in battle, and to have left no isbown me the same. And this was he whom I afterward found to be my own good father. There was also contained an account

profiting not by his blood-gotten gains, threw himself, while in delirium, into the same old well whereon he had hanged his brother, Henri d'Artin.

Some further notes by the good abbot told of how Raoul, the second son their father's eyes, in order that he, Raoul, might be count of Cartillon. And this same Raoul, some years later, did have the locket made and forced his own son to swear that he would restore the real sons of d'Artin, the true children of the Black Wolf's Breed,

true children of the Black Wolf's Breed, to their own again. All of these accounts are of surpassing interest, old and quaint, to a perusal of which I recommend my children.

For the first time, in reading these manuscripts, did I begin clearly to associate the name d'Ortez with the name used by the madman in his story at the old Norman rule. With this naw at the old Norman ruln. With this new light, link by link did the whole knotted chain untangle. Curiously enough, the tale I had heard at the ruined castle tallied in the main with the monkish documents here preserved. In-deed it supplied me with knowledge of much which otherwise I would not have comprehended so completely. The horrible reality of that weird recital was still fresh and distinct before me, undimmed by time and unforgotten through all my troubles. I had sought refuge many times from

brooding over my own affairs by turning to this for interest and occupation. Every further detail was supplied by a number of quaint documents, which Colonel d'Ortez had digested into this: Table showing the male descendants of

Henri d'Artin: Henri Francois Placide d'Artin, died Henri Francois Placide d'Artin, died August 26, 1572.

Bartholemew Pasquier (son of above) died 1609.

Sons of above—Bartholemew Placide Pasquier, killed in wars of the Fronde: Henri Louis John (brother to above), died 1854.

1654.
Francois Rene Xavier de Pasquier (ennobled), killed 1650.
Francois Rene Alois de Pasquier, fied to
America. Supposed to have been killed
about 1681. No known descendants. Well
known to the Cure of St. Martin's, Que-

bec.
Table showing the male descendants of Pedro Ortez:
Pedro d'Ortez, suicided 1604.
Sons of above—Charles Pedro, killed by Raoul 1602; Raoul, died 1618.
Charles Francis Peter (son of Raoul), died without issue.
Pedro d'Ortez (brother to above), died 1663.

Henry (son of above), killed in battle.

Sons of above—Alphonze, killed in battle;
Felix, died in infancy; Raoul Armand
Xavier d'Ortez, born 1641 (myself). Died

No children.

She who was born my daughter I disowned, and she died without issue.

It appeared that the only thing to be done was to visit the good cure of St. Martin's, and, enlisting him in the search, find whatever descendants might have been left by this Francois Rene Alois de Pasquier. The task need

Rene Alois de Pasquier. The task need not be a difficult one, as many old people should still be living who might have known of the man.*

"A very slight investigation showed that this last named Francois Rene Alois de Fasquier was none other than my own good father, who assumed the name de Mouret to avoid the consequences of a fatal duel in France. This I learned from the plous Cure of St. Martin's, who knew him well.

I now bethought me of this enter-

I now bethought me of this enterprise as a fair excuse whereby I could leave Biloxi for a space. I would, therefore, call upon my old friend, and having obtained leave, matters now being safe with the colony, make the journey to Quebec.

But, alas for the work.

ar and But, alas for the weakness of fallen humanity; my last act before putting myself out of temptation's way was

handling, others more recent, were in better condition. Some there were in which appeared quite new and fresh:

Just as on the day I departed from Versailles, I determined, cost what it would, to see Agnes once again. So I wrote her a note. Such a blunt and clumsy billet as only a love-sick soldier or a country clown could have written. It craved pardon for the heat and the haste displayed by me when methodically done, so any child could read and understand. we parted at Sceaux; it implored one last interview before I left the colonies forever. I had not the art to conceal or veil my meaning, but told it out and plainly. Such a note as an idiotic boy might pen, or a simpering school lass be set fluttering to receive.

I bade my man deliver this to Madame de la Mora on the morrow, charging him minutely and repeatedly

to see it safe in her own hands. So careful was I, I did not doubt that even so stupid a lout as Jacques understood me perfectly.

His further instructions were to meet

me at the bay when I should return in the evening from my visit to Colonel d'Ortez, and there beside its rippling waters—or so I had arranged—I was to receive her answer.

the paper which lay on top, directed to the paper which lay on top, directed to myself, and began its perusal. It was as follows:

My Dear Placide: The great feebleness sires, my chiding sense of ill-doing. sires, my chiding sense of i and the d'Ortez story I had tossed and tumbled through the remaining hours of darkness. Tumbled and tossed, whilst the sins and sufferings of men long dead passed and re-passed with their spectral admonitions Early on the morrow, while the day was yet cool, I crossed the bay, and climbed the slope of sand before the lonely house. It looked more deserted and desolate than

I had ever seen it. The stillness of solitary death clung as a pall about the place. Pachaco, the Indian servant. beside the gate, as motionelss as the post against which he leaned. 'How is the master, Pachaco?" I inquired, passing in.
"Him die yesterday," came the stolid

reply What? Dead! When?"

"The shadows were at the longest," he answered, indicating by a gesture the western horizon. I hurried into the master's room. the same position he had occupied, when, months ago, he had beckoned me to remain, he sat there, dead in his chair. His clothing hung about him in that sharply angular fashion in which garments cling to a corpse. Long, thin locks were matted above his brow, awesomely disarranged. But the pose of his head, drooped a little forward,

suggested a melancholy reverie, nothing more.
The golden locket, which he had shown me that well-remembered night, rested within his shrunken palm. I noted that the side was open which rethe answer. vealed the blazing par of red. As if absorbed in that same unpleasant rather rice on top with the driver. It

lead, and I alone knew his story. vividly the old man's sorrow came

ack; how it oppressed me. I bent down in tender sympathy to look again upon his wasted features, and kneeling, gazed into his wide-open eyes. The calm of promised peace apon his brow was distorted by the satisfied expression of one who has left

nis work undone. his work undone,
So are the sins of the fathers visited
upon their children, for I was no longer
in doubt but that the murderer, Pedro
Ortez, was the sinning ancestor of my
old-time friend. Even in his presence
my thoughts flew to Agnes; had she not
spoken of her grandsire as being such
a man? The stiffning had. a man? The stiffening body at my side was speedily forgotten in the music of this meditation.

I gained my feet again and looked down upon him, fascinated by the changeless features of the dead. It was probably natural that standing there I should revolve the whole mat-ter over and over again, from the first I knew of it until the last. A young I knew of it until the last. A young man's plans, though, work ever with the living; the dead he places in their tomb, covers them with earth, bids them "Godspeed," and banishes the recollection. I was aiready busy with my contemplated search for the last d'Artin, and stood there leaning against the oaken table pondering over the the oaken table pondering over the question, "Where is the last d'Artin?" My mind wandered, returning with a dogged persistence to that one thought, "Where is the last d'Artin?" "Where could I find him?" My restless eye roamed round the cheerless room, com-

ing back to rest upon a long dust-cov-ered mirror set in the wall across the As window-driven clouds gather and group themselves in fantastic shapes, so, deep in that mirror's shadowy deep in that mirror's depths, a vague figure gradually took

form and character--myself.

With the vacant glance of a man whose mind is intensely preoccupied, I studied minutely the reflection, my own bearing, my dress, my weapons. I even noted a button off my coat, and tried dimly to remember where I had lost it, until-great God-this chamber of death and revelation had turned my

What face was that I saw? My own, assuredly, but so like another.

Aghast, powerless to move or cry out,
I stared helplessly into the glass.

Every other sensation vanished now
before this new-born terror which held

My body seemed immovable with horror, but a trmebling had arose and pointed at the mirror. Scant need there was to call attention to that dim, terribile presence; my whole soul shrank from the ghostly face reflected in the glass. For there, there was the same pallid countenance, death-distorted and drawn, which I had conjured up in many a frightened dream as that of the

my soul enslaved. I closed my eyes, I

murdered count-there was Henri How long I stood transfixed, pointing into the mirror, I know not. As men think of trifles even in times of deadly fear, so did my lips frame over and over again the last question I had in mind before all sense forsook me, Where is the last d'Artin? Where is

the last d'Artin? Where-? And in answer to my question, that long, rigid finger pointed directly at me from out the dusty glass. It was as if the hand of the dead had told me who I

It had been no blind chance, then, which led me to the Paris house of the "Black Wolf's Head;" the girl's ring with the same device, and the grewsome narrative beneath the shadow of the Wolf at the Norman ruin-nothing less than fate had brought these lights

Verily some more logical power than unreasoning accident must direct the steps of men. A God of justice per-haps had placed these tokens in my path. And soldiers call this "For-tune."

I dispatched Pachaco to Biloxi with the news of death, and long before the afternoon our few simple arrangements

for his funeral had been made.
"Bury me here, Placide, beneath this great oak," he had said to me one day. The Infinite Mercy will consecrate the grave of penitence, wherever it

He had his wish CHAPTER XXIII.
A NOTE WHICH WENT ASTRAY.

Meanwhile Jacques had undertaken to manage my little affair at Biloxi with tact and discretion. And this is

how the fellow did it:

It seems that Jacques thought no harm of the note, and when he took it first to the house my lady was out. The honest fellow, doing his best to carry out my instructions, refused to leave it. When he returned, my lady worked, bent down amongst her flow-ers, in the little garden beside her cot-tage. The Chevalier stood some distance off, busied someway, Jacques knew not how, but with his face turned away from my messengers as he came up. Jacques handed the note to my lady through the fence, and she took it gently by the corner, fearing to soil it. She held it up to look at the name written upon it, and seeing it was her own, looked again more curi-ously at the writing. She did not know the hand. Then she gaily called to the

(Continued Next Week.) Has Roosevelt Heard of Him? "This pass is for yourself and family I see," said the conductor. "Where is

the family?" "Here they are," replied the passenwho had presented the document

"All the people in this end of the Pretty near it, I guess. There are sixteen of us.

"Do you want to make me believe this is all your family?" "No, sir; this isn't quite all of the One couldn't come.'

family. One couldn' "But, great Scott-"But, great Scott—"
"I knew you wouldn't believe it, sir,"
interrupted the passenger, "and I
brought the family bible along. Here
is the register, you see. I'm John
Henry, the father. This is Mary Jane,
my wife. That's Caroline, the next one my wife. That's Caroline, the lext seat is Benjamin, the one in the next seat

"Yes, sir. I didn't forget that, either, Here are affidavits from the county judge and two of my neighbors to prove that all these are our children."
The conductor took the documents and glanced them over.

"Look here. Have you any evidence

"After you've read them." pursued the father, producing a printed slip, "Will you kindly look at this?" "What is it?" "It's President Roosevelt's speech on

At this point the conductor wilted.

Chums: A youngster who had been ill was allowed to go to a party on the

condition that, if it rained, he should take a cab to come home. It rained, but the boy arrived drenched to the skin.
"Why didn't you take a cab, as I told ou?" asked the father, sternly.
"Oh, I did, father-I did truly," was

"But I thought I would

PERVERTED APPETITE OF SOME HORSES

One Ate Raw Beef, Another Garbage, While a Third Chewed Tobacco.

A TROOPER'S EXPERIENCE

During His, Long Service in the Regular Army He Has Run Across Some Queer Freaks in the Equine Race.

Forest and Stream: Mr. Hardy gave an instance of a horse which ate cook-ed beef. I have in mind some three ed beef. I have in mind some three different horses which may be said to have had a perverted appetite. One, a small half-bred Texan, would eat a fresh piece of beef as large as a dinner plate and an inch thick. He ate it just as a dog would, holding it down with his forefoot, then tearing off chunks of it and swallowing them. This horse, which I had for a few months, appetite for fresh beef was so well known that none of it was ever left within his reach except by accident. When it was, whoever left it never saw it again. The troop that I first served in had a horse that died in it when he was twenty-three years old. Seventeen of those years he had put in with the troop, fifteen of them under the saddle. He had been shot several times, once through the neck and one in the flank. through the neck and one in the flank, but neither shot had sent him to the rear. He never had been sick a day.

Survived Custer Massacre. The last two years of his life he spent on the retired list, but was still marked fit for duty in order to keep him there; any other horse would have been condemned and shot; but he was kept as demned and shot; but he was kept as a matter of sentiment and had noth-ing to do but eat and sleep. The only other horse that I ever knew to be treated this way was the one which survived the Custer massacre; he was kept in a troop of the Seventh cavalry until he died. He was saddled up and led out in every mounted inspection led out in every mounted inspection, but was never ridden by any one.

but was never ridden by any one.

This old horse of ours (we called him Bummer) was never tied in the day time, but let go where he pleased. He paid regular visits to the cookhouse; there, getting his head in the slop barrel, he would half empty the barrel. It did not seem to make any difference to him what he found there—bean soup, stale bread, cooked meat or potato parings—all went. He did not need the stuff; he got just what the other horses got to eat twice a day.

Mares Seldem Used.

Mares Seldom Used. Soon after the close of the war we were dismounted at Macon, Ga., and sent to Texas. Here we got the old horses that the Eighteenth New York had been riding, and I kept a lookout for a sorrel, but the best I could get was a small sorrel mare. Mares are never used in time of peace but for the never used in time of peace, but for the last four years before this anything that could carry a saddle would be used. We had three of these mares by the time we were all mounted. They had been "captured" down south; none of them had been bought. My mare just suited me; she could carry me fifty miles a day, then carry me back again next day if I wanted her to do it. I next day if I wanted her to do it. I had her about two days when I found out that she chewed tobacco. She grabbed a small package of finecut out of my hand, and then stood chewing it, paper and all. Seeing that it did not hurt her, I kept her in tobacco, buying the leaf tobacco that all these Mexican stores sold here then, a large "hand" of it for a silver dime; that would not have paid the duty on it had any been paid, but the collector had not got here yet. When he did come these men had yet. When he did come these men had to stop selling it at any price. I never went near my mare without giving her tobacco. If she did not get it right away she would begin shoving me with her nose and keep it up until I gave her the usual chew. When we were ordered to turn in our mares a few months after this I parted with her with more regret than I have since felt in parting with a better horse than she

horse Charley, which would eat half a peck of peaches as fast as I could re-move the stones out of them. The same horse could eat a pound of sugar or candy without even stopping.

SUPERSTITIOUS CLOCK.

Cuckoo Timepiece That Won't Work on the Thirteenth of the Month.

New Orleans Times-Democrat "Speaking of the many curious things connected with the number thirteen reminds me of a clock which has been in my family now for some time," said an observant man, "and the thing I have in mind has gone far toward making me believe that there is something in the claim that thirteen is an unlucky number. The clock in ques-tion is of the cuckoo variety. Ordinarily it is one of the most reliable timepieces I have ever seen. It keeps perfect time, and never fails to 'cuckoo' promptly on the hour, except in the case I have in mind. If the thing had not happened in such regular order I would have paid no attention to it. it has been happening every n regularly from the time we introduced the aforesaid clock into the family circle. And it always happens on the 13th of the month. My clock lays off if I may say it, once every month. It refuses to work on the day which is associated with unlucky things. Somehow it seems to know that thirteen is an unlucky number. And it seems to think that it applies as much to dates as to other events and things. I have never been able to understand just why the clock should stop on this day, and up to this hour I am unable to give anything like a reasonable explanation of it. I only know that my cuckoo clock will not work on the 13th day of the month, and no matter how well it is wound, or what the weather conditions may be, when the unlucky day rolls around the clock simply stops. It is a curious thing, isn't it?"

Harper's Bazar; Gowns of Chantilly lace with the bands of applique work and flounces are still being made up over black, white or colored linings. These also require some brightening, and jet or steel ornaments, and some very costly ones are used. Artificial flowers made of silk or chiffon are embroidered on to both the net and satin gowns in a most attractive manner, and pale pink, yellow or white and mauve also help to lighten the sometimes too somber effects.

White net gowns with lace applique and

white lace gowns are always most useful, as they can be made with two waists, a high and a low one, and then can be worn for many different occasions.

With a guimpe a low waist can easily be transformed, and this is often done; or a deep cape collar can be worn over the shoulders. But, as a rule, it is better to have the two separate waists, for then the style of each can be so marked as to give the appearance of another gown even

with the one skir-

Please Tell Your Readers Our Big 50-Cent Catalogue Is Now Free.

For years the price of our big General Merchandise Catalogue has been 50 cents, but we have reduced our selling prices on all kinds of goods so far below all other houses as to insure almost every catalogue bringing orders and making new customers, and by the introduction of new paper making machinery, new automatic rotary printing, folding, binding and covering machinery we have so reduced the cost of making this big book that we will now send it by mail, postpaid, free to any address on application.

The big book which heretofore was

sold at 50 cents each and which is now free for the asking, is 81/2x111/2 inches in size, contains thousands of illustrations, descriptions and prices, is thoroughly complete in nearly every kind of merchandise, including dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, furnishing goods, notions, millinery, carpets, upholstering, hardware, tools, electrical goods, guns, sporting goods, sewing machines, musical instruments, organs, planos, furniture, baby carriages, crockery, cutlery, stoves, drugs, photographic goods, optical goods, talking machines, moving picture apparatus, buggies, harness, saddles, saddlery, watches, jewelry, silverware, clocks, safes, refrigerators, tinware, everything used in the home, in the shop, in the factory and on the farm, and all priced at prices much lower than were ever offered by any other house.

If you have one of our big catalogues or have ever seen one you know what it is, the most complete, most up to date and lowest priced catalogue ever published. If you haven't our big catalogue don't fail to send for one at once. If you have the big book please tell your friends and neighbors that the book is now free and they can get one for the asking. Simply on a postal card or in a letter say, "Send me your Big Catalogue," and the big new book, our regular 50-cent catalogue, will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments. forget to tell your neighbor who hasn't the big book that the big 50-cent look is now free to anyone for the asking. Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

TEAL DUCK IS NOT FLESH. Why It Is Eaten in Lenten Season and

Mallard Is Not. New Orleans Times-Democrat: "Did you ever know that a teal duck is not flesh?" inquired one of a party of genlemen who were discussing the high price of fish since the Lenten season set in. "It's a fact. The teal duck is not price of fish since the Lenten season set in. "It's a fact. The teal duck is not flesh, even if it is a fowl. It is the same as a winged and feathered fish, and any good Catholic can safely eat one for fish during the Lenten season or on any Friday. I did not know this was a fact until a few days ago, when I happened to be a guest at a luncheon whereat sat one of the great dignitaries of the Catholic church. It was on a Friday and I was astounded when a Friday and I was astounded when a teal duck was served at every plate. But I knew that there were good Catholics there and that one of the arms of the church government in fact sat at the same table and had a duck before him, so I said nothing just at that

time. "After the luncheon I thought over After the luncheon I thought over the matter and puzzled my mind to know why a teal duck could be eaten on Friday when a maliard would be under the ban of the church. For that reason I asked a good friend of mine who is a pastor in one of the churches. He gave me the explanation. He informed me that a teal duck was not flesh any more than a trout or a min-now. The teal is the same as a turtle or an egg, neither flesh nor fish. And there is good reason for this, too, when you come to analyze the peculiar habits and tastes of the teal. The little duck will not feed on anything but fish, or little things of that sort that live in water. That accounts for the teal having such a strong fish taste. He lives on minnows and small fish altogether On the other hand the mallard eats grain, such as wild rice, corn, wild grasses or the seeds thereof, besides feeding, as does the teal, on minnows and small fish. But simply by the mixing of diet the mallard is under the ban so far as adorning the Friday din-

Sized Up.

Yonkers Statesman: Mrs. Bacon-I see by this paper that the average family in the United States has four and seven-tenths persons. Mr. Bacon-I supportenths in this family. suppose I'm the seven-

Detroit Free Press: Pessimist-Then you still have faith in human-Optimist-Of course; there are 80,-000,000 people in this country, and I still have faith in those who haven't

BOTH JAWS SHOT AWAY.

played me any mean tricks.

Still a Successful Business Man. A man who had both laws shot away had trouble eating ordinary food, but found a food-drink that supplies the nutriment needed. He says:

"I have been an invalid since the siege of Vicksburg, in 1866, where I was wounded by a Minie ball passing through my head and causing the entire loss of my jaws. I was a drummer boy, and at the time was leading a skirmish line, carrying a gun, Since that time I have been awarded the medal of honor from the Congress of the United States for gallantry on the field.

"The consequences of my wound were dyspepsia in its most aggravated form, and I finally proved ordinary coffee was very hard on my stomach, so I tried Postum and got better. Then I tried common coffee again and got worse. I did this several times, and finally as Postum helped me every time I continued to use it, and how often I think that if the Government has issued Postum to us in the Army how much better it would have been for the solider boys than coffee.

"Coffee constipates me and Postum does not; coffee makes me spit up my food, Postum does not; coffee keeps me awake nights, Postum does not. There is no doubt coffee is too much of a stimulant for most people and is the cause of nearly all the constipation.

"This is my experience and you are at liberty to use my name." given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."