

A Land Rat's Exploits.

Chicago News: "There were a lot of rats in the storage room of my stable," writes a citizen of Johannesburg, South Africa, "and we had great difficulty in getting at them. They were shy of all traps and did a tremendous lot of damage at night, being quiet all day. At length I put in the room a square, tin lined box, about two feet deep, and in it placed some burned cheese. The rats immediately got interested in the cheese, climbed up the outside of the box, and, having got inside, could not ascend the slippery lining. In this way we killed a great many."

"One morning my children took a cat, which was a very good ratter, and placed it in the box, where there was already a good sized rat. The cat, instead of tackling the rat, appeared to make friends with it. They put their noses together and frisked around, but no harm was done, and eventually the cat jumped out, refusing to tackle the rat."

The children then put in a keen dachshund, which immediately snapped at the rat and missed it. The rat ran around the box two or three times, dodging cleverly, and eventually, by climbing on the dog's back, adroitly jumped out of the box and escaped."

The rubber exported from the Amazon river in the season of 1903-'04 amounted to 67,314,116 pounds.

Best in the World.

Cream, Ark., Nov. 7.—(Special).—After eighteen months' suffering from Epilepsy, Backache and Kidney Complaint, Mr. W. H. Smith of this place is a well man again and those who have watched his return to health unhesitatingly give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview regarding his cure, Mr. Smith says: "I had been low for eighteen months with my back and kidneys and also Epilepsy. I had taken everything I knew of and nothing seemed to do me any good till a friend of mine got me to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I find that they are the greatest medicine in the world, for now I am able to work and am in fact as stout and strong as before I took sick."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cleanse the blood of all impurities. Pure blood means good health.

Dogfish.

Philadelphia Ledger: Some of the creatures of the deep can eat like an unregenerate Digger Indian; they can consume their own weight, or twice their own weight in twenty-four hours; they pursue and kill as ruthlessly as a German grand duke whose huntsmen drive the tame deer past their blinds to be killed, just as the large-eyed eel are smitten in the Chicago stock yards; they kill for sport, and the fisherman says, "Ah, here is sport!" But his joy is momentary; the game pulls strongly and stubbornly, perhaps doggedly, but it is a sticky pull, apparently the holding back of an animated old bootlegger, and the sport comes to a sudden and some sharp work with the knife and the musing of the boat, profanity and loss of hope for the days sport, for where the dogfish abounds the real fish are likely to be lying low.

The dogfish breaks nets, sours anglers' temper, discourages the commercial fisherman, and from Maine to Florida his name is anathema. The Canadian government has just adopted an ingenious plan—the best yet discovered short of balling out the ocean—of depleting his numbers. The bounty system has been discarded as likely to be costly, difficult of administration, futile. The minister of marine and fisheries has decided to build three large reduction plants, and at these plants agents of the government will pay a good price for the fish. The dogfish and fish oil which may be brought in. The dogfish will be converted into glue and fertilizer, and thus an industry will be founded while something is being done to save the fisheries, which for several seasons have been menaced by the omnipresent dogfish.

TILL NOON.

The Simple Dish that Keeps One Vigorous and Well Fed.

When the Doctor takes his own medicine and the grocer eats the food he recommends some confidence comes to the observer.

A Grocer of Ossian, Ind., has a practical experience with food worth anyone's attention.

He says: "Six years ago I became so weak from stomach and bowel trouble that I was finally compelled to give up all work in my store, and in fact all sorts of work, for about four years. The last year I was confined to the bed nearly all of the time, and much of the time unable to retain food of any sort on my stomach. My bowels were badly constipated continually and I lost in weight from 165 pounds down to 88 pounds."

"When at the bottom of the ladder, I changed treatment entirely and started in on Grape-Nuts and cream for nourishment. I used absolutely nothing but this for about three months. I slowly improved until I got out of bed and began to move about."

"I have been improving regularly and now in the past two years have been working about fifteen hours a day in the store and never felt better in my life."

"During these two years I have never missed a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, and often have it two meals a day, but the entire breakfast is always made of Grape-Nuts and cream alone."

"Since commencing the use of Grape-Nuts I have never used anything; to stimulate the action of the bowels, a thing I had to do for years, but this food keeps me regular and in fine shape, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day."

"My customers, naturally, have been interested and I am compelled to answer a great many questions about Grape-Nuts."

"Some people would think that a simple dish of Grape-Nuts and cream would not carry one through to the noonday meal, but it will and in the most vigorous fashion."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

Copyright 1901 by T. Fitzgerald Malloy

Author of "The Dis of Destiny," "An Excellent Knave," Etc.

Before her eighteenth birthday, she had married him against the advice of her mother, and in spite of the warning of her friends, endowing him who was dependent on his pay and steeped in debt with the handsome fortune left her by her father. There came three years of wedded life of varying happiness, at the end of which time the ardor on her part remained unabated, while on his it had vanished quite.

His growing indifference made her womanly fears more anxious to gain his affection, while her eagerness defied its own ends by rendering him more careless still. Satisfied now if she might retain his friendship if not his love, she exerted her wit, tact and fascination, straining her heart in vain. And now she began to realize how she had in the fulness of her girlish love, idealized him; seeing him as no other had; endowing him with attributes of heart and character he had never possessed; for no longer did he take pains to conceal the hardness, selfishness and lack of honor, which a brilliant surface manner had once helped to hide.

Her disillusion once begun, was quickly completed. Each came to the knowledge of his unfaithfulness, his losses on the race course and at the gaming table, as well as the perception that his nature was gradually coarsening by drink and dissipation. The day was not long postponed when she learned her whole fortune had been squandered by him in ways that were wrong to her. And when, no longer able to preserve patience, she upbraided him, he brutally struck her. By this time he had quitted the army, and disappearing, he left her and her child dependent on friends, her mother being now dead.

Then began her struggle for life, bitter and long maintained. She had always possessed a certain talent for writing, a facility of expression, plenty of imagination, and having before her examples of those who had won independence with ease and without effort, and being all unconscious of the numbers who yearly perish in the hard struggle to gain the shores of success, and are therefore unheard of and unknown, she resolved to embrace literature as a calling. To pen short stories for children, biographical sketches and articles on subjects of the day, was to be one endowed with her gifts but the least part of the difficulty before her. To dispose of them became an arduous task, for no one desired to read, much less to accept them.

Many a mile she walked from office to office, with a fluttering heart and overstrung nerves she entered to offer manuscripts over which she had spent much time, always hoping she might find acceptance. Money was terribly needed by her. The result was sent by post, where, when no lost or mislaid, invariably returned to her, until her spirit was well-nigh broken.

A turn came in the tide of her affairs when they seemed desperate. A tale retained by a magazine for over twenty months at last saw the light of publication. Reviews spoke of its truth to nature, pathos, and originality by the same magazine, and an editor who had returned her stories and essays unread, requested her to send him some articles. Those he rejected were posted to him and paid for within a week.

Slowly and gradually her name began to grow familiar to the public; with appreciation came courage to persevere, and you before at her strength, she wrote a novel, largely embodying in its pages, her own life. This had been published by George Bostock. Its success was immediate, her name became famous, independence was won.

Any well, she lifted out of the storm and stress of life, and beginning to bask in the sunshine of hard-earned success, her husband, after years of absence, returned to claim the benefit of her changed fortunes; returned a worn-out wreck, hardened, adventurous, a confirmed rogue. For her own sake, and for the sake of her child, she protected herself against him, and succeeded in buying for a considerable sum, his consent to a legal separation, which she courted, wisely have obtained had she brought the incidents of her life into court. And for five years she heard of him no more, until at the period the story opens, she received a demand for money to which she paid no heed, nor had she seen him meanwhile, until that terrible night—his last on earth.

The ghastly horror of that scene came back to her afresh with all its terrible possibilities for her future and her heart sank, weighted by despair within her. For a moment it seemed she had no courage to meet the appalling accusation which would be brought against her; no strength to assert her innocence until the memory of her child came to her. Then from the depths of her stricken soul, she prayed for aid that she might meet this dark misfortune; that her innocence should be made plain to the world.

When breakfast was brought, she drank some coffee, but could not eat; nor did she talk, her mind was now busy with plans, surmises, possibilities, fears.

At last Veronica said: "There is some one waiting to see you."

"Who?" Olive Dumbarton said fearfully.

"Mr. Bostock."

A sense of intense relief came to the miserable woman at the sound of that name, and she suddenly realized that she was not quite alone in the dressing room. The blinds were up; the midday sun streamed through the windows, and in the apple and peach trees still in leaf, the birds were singing blithely, the sky was cloudless. All things appeared to mock at the woe within her. It seemed as if nature, which she loved so well, had no sympathy with her in this dark hour of trial.

"Pull down the blinds, dear; I cannot bear the sun," she said. Then, when Veronica had obeyed, her mother sud-

denly started and listened. "That is a man's footstep in the passage outside; is it Mr. Bostock's?"

"No," the girl replied, turning her head aside in some confusion.

"Dr. Quave's?"

"No, dearest. Don't heed it; what does it matter?"

"Tell me who it is, Veronica. I will know—tell me."

"Oh, darling, why do you ask me? It's a policeman."

Olive Dumbarton grew white and drew a long, deep breath.

"Sit down, mother, here in this easy chair. How pale and haggard you look," the girl said, unable to restrain her tears.

"I am all right now, Veronica. You can send for Mr. Bostock," Mrs. Dumbarton replied, wiping away the perspiration which had gathered on her white face.

A moment later the door opened and George Bostock entered. He went quickly forward to where Mrs. Dumbarton sat and took her hand. She looked into his eyes and failed to see their either interrogation, shrinking of blame; only a great pity, a deep tenderness, and beyond these, a feeling which even then touched and warmed her desolate and desponding heart—a feeling before scarce suspected, but now realized beyond all possibility of doubt.

"My dear friend, this is terrible—this is terrible!" he said in a grave, troubled voice.

"I am innocent," she replied, lifting her eyes to his again.

"I know, I know," he answered rapidly, his voice full of pain.

"You did not—you did not think me guilty?"

"Not for a moment," he replied fervently.

"Thank God!" she murmured. There were two at least in the world who believed her incapable of this crime; the two whose faith and trust in her she valued most.

In the pause that ensued, sounds of a slow, measured step in the corridor outside, once more fell ominously on her ears.

"But the position in which you are placed—," George Bostock said un- easily, his face expressing the anxiety he felt.

"Assurances are all against me, I suppose?"

"So far. But who knows? I came here at once to consult with you—to advise you, if I may?"

"If you will," she replied quietly, pathetically. Intuitively she felt that he had resolved to help her with all his strength, let the effort cost him what it might.

"My cousin, Valerius Galbraith, is on his way to Egypt," she said after a moment's consideration. "He may be in Paris yet. Perhaps it would be well to send for him."

"He will read of—the occurrence in the papers and be sure to return. Meanwhile, you must have the best legal advice you can get. If you approve I will go and see Coris & Son at once."

"Do as you please," she answered. "I feel sure you will act for the best."

"There is no time to lose," he said, rising; and then adding with some hesitation, "you know the inquest will take place tomorrow, when you will be expected to attend."

She winced visibly at the thought his words conveyed, but after a second's silence, said:

"You have not asked me how—how it happened—last night."

"I didn't wish to distress you," he replied, "seeing how weak you are today."

"I will tell you," she murmured, turning pale at the recollection of the previous night's tragedy.

"Not now; it pains you too much—another time," he suggested.

"It's best you should know all as soon as possible," she responded, bracing herself to recount what had passed between her and the man whose lips were silenced forever.

CHAPTER V.

Though anxious she should be spared the pain of realizing and recounting what had happened between her and her husband during the last moments of his life, George Bostock was eager to hear Mrs. Dumbarton's account of the event. Not that he needed words of hers to confirm his belief in her innocence—of that none was more certain than he, but he was impatient to hear how it came to pass that she was

The Moody End. Hixon—There is no end to the wasps out here.

Dixon (just stung)—There was an end to the one that just lit on me.

Life: "Age before beauty," said Falstaff, as he attempted to enter before the prince.

"No! Grace before meat," said the prince, gently, as he pushed him from his path.

The sailors of the steamship Cheltenham, which was seized by the Russian Vladivostok squadron, July 2, in Japanese waters, got \$50 each and the costs in a suit against the owners. It took a three weeks by sea to go from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg. They nearly starved and they suffered other hardships. The damages were granted because they had not been told on shipping that the vessel was to carry contraband.

An eminent surgeon has declared that he owes it to his patients to quiet his nerves by playing a game of golf before undertaking an important operation.

Good Thing. She—if it was within your power to cause rain at will, what would you do? He—Manufacture umbrellas.

found in a position and under the circumstances that conveyed an idea of guilt.

Veronica, likewise, longingly awaited this narrative, which she felt certain would prove a vindication of her mother's innocence, for the girl, having implicit faith in the veracity of one she so tenderly loved and honored, concluded the worst must needs hold her guiltless once she asserted her blamelessness and explained her position.

"When you left last night," Mrs. Dumbarton said, turning toward the publisher, who sat at a little distance, his grave, anxious face expressing interest and sympathy. "I took up the book which had arrived by the late post and began to read. Feeling hot and feverish, I kept the lower window open. All within was perfectly silent; no sound came from without, and the peace seemed restful to my senses."

"Poor mother," Veronica said, striving to keep back her tears.

"The book interested me and I felt no inclination to sleep," Mrs. Dumbarton continued, and then paused with a slight shudder passed through her frame, as if some distressing sight presented itself to her vision.

"How long did you continue to read?" George Bostock asked.

"I read for a couple of hours after you left. I know I was suddenly startled by hearing the garden gate flung violently back and sounds of footsteps rushing toward the house, but before I could realize what had happened, a figure darted through the open window and stood within the room—a man's figure, whose actions were frantic, as if he were stricken with madness, or made desperate from pain. At this sight I screamed then, paralyzed from terror, I remained speechless and motionless."

"Bewildered and frightened, I had not yet recognized him, but as I fixed my eyes upon his terrified face, I saw that the man before me was my husband. Scarcely had I understood this when he came staggering toward me for help and mercy on his lips. All for help an outcry on his lips. All life seemed frozen within me, and in the seconds that passed I seemed to live through ages of agony. As he did not move I drew nearer to him, fascinated, fearful, expectant, until, perceiving the terror and the sound of repulsion that filled me, I stood beside him, when for the first time I saw—I saw a knife had been thrust into his breast."

"As yet there was no sign of blood, no forewarning of death; my sense of dread was the only thing that held me white, haggard and distorted face, appeared to me through all, and I had but one thought, to save him from danger, when, acting on impulse, I stretched out my hand and drew the knife from his breast. As I did, blood gushed from the wound, and I saw my husband's dress, and he moaned as if stricken anew. Unable to grasp what had happened I bent over him, to see his eyes grow glassy and his face become livid. Then I know he was dead."

Neither of her hearers interrupted her, but she went on with an arm round her mother's waist by way of tender support, and now, as she ceased, the girl fondly kissed her.

"Of what happened afterward I was but dimly conscious," Olive Dumbarton continued, "as one whose figure in a dream I saw my maid rush into the room and as suddenly disappear, then came Veronica, and finally the servant returned with a policeman. At sight of him a fresh sense of horror and heavy foreboding of ill fell upon my heart, and I fled to my room."

"Mother, dearest," Veronica said soothingly.

George Bostock made no immediate attempt to speak, but remained leaning back in his chair, a thoughtful troubled look on his face, for her story had taken him by surprise, and he had been entertained on her behalf, and filled him with dark forebodings. Though the fitful sunshine of this September day no longer streamed into the room, the blinds remained drawn, and now, in the light and breathless silence, the bound and something in its oppressive atmosphere that savored of a death chamber.

"Did you see no one else—no second figure pursuing him?" George Bostock asked.

"And he mentioned no name—spoke no word that would lead you to know or suspect why he had been murdered?"

"The only words he spoke were those in which he asked for help and mercy."

"You are sure nothing has escaped your memory?"

"Nothing. You think my case seems hopeless," she said, reading his thoughts.

Before his answer came the sounds in the corridor outside, which had for some time ceased, now began again. On hearing them, Olive Dumbarton drew a quick, sharp breath, and a look of terror came into her eyes.

"I have no doubt," George Bostock said, with the object of cheering her, "that the truth regarding the midnight affair will come out—that is, that the truth of your innocence will be proved."

"God grant that it may be," she cried, "but I cannot fall to see that my danger is great."

"You are not guilty," he answered, deeply moved by her words and the pain with which they were uttered. "Surely that can be proved."

"Only by discovering who is," she replied promptly.

He rose hastily and turned away that his thoughts might not be guessed from the expression of his face.

"Do you think it is impossible?" she asked surprised by his movements.

"No, no," he said hurriedly, and then added after a moment's pause, "I feel sure—quite sure, your blamelessness will be proved sooner or later. And now I will go and see Coris & Son. If they take up the case you may rely on it they will see you safely out of your trouble."

"How can I thank you?" she said.

"Don't—don't speak of it," he replied, his voice full of emotion, as he bent above her hand she gave him.

When he had quitted the room, the sense of fear, depression and loneliness she had felt since morning deepened.

"Mother—mother," she whispered, appalled at seeing her sit without word or motion as she stared into space.

Olive Dumbarton started from her room.

"For your sake, dearest, I will be strong," she replied as she raised her eyes to the girl's fear-stricken face.

(Continued Next Week.)

Repartee. Life: "Age before beauty," said Falstaff, as he attempted to enter before the prince.

"No! Grace before meat," said the prince, gently, as he pushed him from his path.

The sailors of the steamship Cheltenham, which was seized by the Russian Vladivostok squadron, July 2, in Japanese waters, got \$50 each and the costs in a suit against the owners. It took a three weeks by sea to go from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg. They nearly starved and they suffered other hardships. The damages were granted because they had not been told on shipping that the vessel was to carry contraband.

An eminent surgeon has declared that he owes it to his patients to quiet his nerves by playing a game of golf before undertaking an important operation.

LONDON SOLVES THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Three Thousand Men Are Now Employed in That City as Maidservants.

ARE BETTER THAN GIRLS

Testimony From Titled Ladies Proves That They Are a Success—Work Harder Than Girls and Require Few Evenings Off.

London Mail: The London domestic problem is being solved—by men. The ever-growing scarcity of handmaids, due mainly to the multiplication of tea rooms and cheap restaurants, where the greater freedom and increased matrimonial facilities attract girls, is bringing over to this country large numbers of men from Switzerland, Germany, France and Italy, who do exactly the same kind of housework as girls for the same money. They are, in short, male "domestics."

The season for engaging the continental man "maidservant" has just set in. I will be at its height in about a fortnight's time. All the little restaurants in the popular resorts on the continent will be then reducing their staff of waiters, cleaners and assistant cooks. Formerly these people sought similar employment for the winter in the larger towns of their own countries, but work was not always obtainable. Then a batch of the unemployed heard from the British and foreign domestic bureau, 35 Harst street, Bloomsbury, that there was a great dearth of female servants in England, and that the vacancies they might fill some of the possibilities.

The suggestion was acted upon. Within the past twelve months this establishment has "placed" 400 foreign men as domestic servants in the homes of well-to-do English people. Other agencies are also "booking" male "generals"—parlor maids and housemaids, and an authority estimates that there are now in London alone 3,000 men who daily wield the broom and duster for a livelihood.

In some of the large houses, three male "domestics" are kept—a parlor maid, a housemaid and a cook. They discharge all the duties appertaining to their several positions just as girls were wont to do. The housemaid—the word might be changed to "houseman"—makes the beds, sweeps the bed rooms, cleans the windows and dusts the furniture. The "parlormaid's" particular province is the dining room. He keeps that apartment clean and tidy, polishes the plate, and at meal times waits at the table. In the intervals he opens the door to callers.

"I have abundant testimony from titled ladies and others that the male domestics are a great success," said the principal of the domestic bureau. "They work harder than girls, they do not require so many 'evenings off,' they are neat and long lived, and, of course, do not have 'followers.' The only stipulation they make is that they shall have half an hour's rest in the afternoon for a smoke."

The male domestic, it further appears, receives as rule 5 shillings a week, and his laundry, while his most servicable age is between nineteen and twenty-three. In the morning the "parlormaid" and "houseman" don aprons, which they subsequently remove to assume dress clothes, and the men servants are more amenable than female," added the above quoted authority. "They do not object to undertake a little washing, and they do it remarkably well. The reason of their handiness is the most, if not all of them, have served in the army."

The Czar and His Money. Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post: The fact that the czar has just made a little contribution from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world. There are a few others, and there is hardly a doubt that the Russian monarch overtops the standard oil emperor, not only as the first of autocrats, but as the first of plutocrats.

Most royalties are very small potatoes financially compared with any one of several American millionaires. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe, except the czar, on his payroll at their present wages without depriving himself of a single bowl of crackers and milk or ever lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday. He could pay the salary of King Edward or of the kaiser for a year out of a month's income, and have something left for carfare.

But the Russian emperor is in a different class. In the imperial budget the allowance for his household is figured at the meager rate of about \$8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property—mines, forests and illimitable stretches of arable lands. In European Russia alone the strictly private domains of the imperial family are as valuable as Indiana. The state owns twenty times as much more, and the czar is the state. In Siberia the imperial resources are still more opulent. Most of the rich mines of gold, platinum and precious stones are worked for the benefit of the czar and his family.

But beyond all this, the emperor is the absolute master of the national treasury and all its varied sources of income. In England the king talks in his speeches of "my army," "my navy" and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by parliament, and the king cannot touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use. But in Russia the czar can speak of "my army" and "my navy" in literal fact. He could disband the whole outfit if he chose, and pocket the money saved by the operation. His civil list is simply the amount that he sees fit to dip out of the treasury. He could double or triple it without asking anybody's permission. The whole treasury is his, and all the taxing power of the empire to the limit of his subjects to pay. Is it not clear that the diffident young Nicholas is the richest man in the world?

Shocking. Chicago News: Daughter—"Don't invite my rural uncle in the reception room any more."

Mother—"Did he make any bad breaks before the company, dear?"

Daughter—"Should say so. When I showed him a Louis XV' chair he asked if Louis was a good chair-maker."

A Lemberg doctor who experimented on a hospital porter with Roentgen rays has had to pay £500 for the permanent injury he caused.

MAN IN THE CABOOSE

JACK RUMSEY'S SECRET FOR SCOURING SLEEP.

A Missouri Pacific Railroad Conductor Tells How He Prevents the Wreck of His Nerves.

A great deal of fatigue and anxiety is housed up in the little red box that swings at the tail end of every freight train and shares in every jolt of the string of heavy cars that precedes it on the rails. The men in it are good, hearty fellows who bear cheerfully the hazards connected with the great problem of transportation. They are astir night and day on a vast network of lines and the sympathies of tens of thousands of peaceful little homes go with them on their runs. The great public must have its supplies and these are the men who must get them through at the cost even of their lives.

Mr. Jack Rumsey, of Council Grove, Kansas, is an energetic, frank, good-natured member of this brotherhood and he bears a load of worries that makes it necessary for him to seek help to keep his excited nerves from wearing him out. He says:

"What troubled me most was my inability to get sleep when the chance came and a most irritating sensitiveness of my whole nervous system, growing out of the irregularities and anxieties connected with my daily work. Three or four years ago a clerk in the superintendent's office of the Missouri Pacific, at Oswatimie, advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I acted on his advice and got help right away. So I keep them on hand all the time and whenever the strain begins to tell on me I take a few doses. They quiet down my excited nerves and make it possible for me to sleep just like a child. They are mighty good medicine for a railroad man. That is the absolute truth, as far as my experience goes, and I am right glad to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are unlike other medicines because they act directly on the blood and nerves. They are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood or shattered nerves. They are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE LATEST IN SHOES.

Result of Years of Experience in Shoe Designing and Perfected Methods of Manufacture.

"Honorable" and "Western Lady" are the names of two new shoes which are conceded to reach the height of perfection in shoe making.

The successful originator of these two lines of perfect shoes is the F. Mayer Boot and Shoe Co. of Milwaukee, Wis. This name will be sufficient to assure most of our readers of the quality of these goods. A great many are already familiar with the high standing and good wearing features of Mayer shoes, while thousands have been impressed by the straight forward, persistent advertising done by this firm in all the principal publications throughout the country.

Mayer shoes have a high standing among shoe dealers and are recommended by them as giving the greatest satisfaction of any shoes in the market. The new shoes will surpass in style, fit and durability anything the Mayer Boot and Shoe Co. has ever placed on the market.

In announcing these new lines it is hoped that every reader will take careful note of the advertisements of "Honorable" and "Western Lady" shoes and when next in need of shoes, make a request upon the dealer for one of these new brands.

The "Honorable" for men is a substantial, nobby and fashionable kind that every man who is at all desirous of being well dressed will search for. Made in a variety of designs, for exclusive business or dress wear, or as appropriate for all uses, it has features that appeal to every man.

The "Western Lady" for women will quickly become recognized as the most proper shoe for ladies as it embodies all that appeals to a woman when she seeks the ideal shoe for her use. The beautiful design and graceful lines delight the fastidious taste of the fair sex. Made from the softest, most upper leathers and the most flexible and durable sole leathers, they are endowed with wearing and comfort qualities that afford a world of satisfaction.

If your dealer does not happen to have the "Honorable" or "Western Lady" shoes to show you write to the F. Mayer Boot and Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis., and they will inform you where to get them.

Of Course.

Daisy—We decided it would be helpful for us to tell each other her faults. Maisy—How did the plan work out? Daisy—We haven't spoken for nearly a year.

A Rooster. Micky—Say, me go! Lis 'a hot rag all right. Jimmy—She must be, judgin' from de way she was roastin' you yesterday.