"Oh, no, there ain't, my dear," re-

"I'm sure there are." "I'm sure there ain't."

plied Mr. Timmid.

"I tell you there are."

"I tell you there ain't." "Your husband is right, mum," interposed a low-browed individual who thrust his head into the room at this

Juneture. "We're upstairs.

And as he started down he was heard
to say to his pal: "I always believe in to say to his pal: "I always believe in helping a husband out whenever I kin. I'm a married man myself."

Alimony Liberal. Boston Transcript: Sympathetic Friend -So marriage has been a sad experience

to you, Mrs. Grass? Mrs. Grass-On the contrary, it has proved a most delightful one. The allproved a most delightful one. The ali-mony allowed by the court is extremely

For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., April 24.-Mrs. A. L. Smith, of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith emphasizes her recommendation by the following experience:

"My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells that would last a week and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she would eat very little and was very yellow; even the whites of her eyes would be yellow.

"The doctors gave us no encourage. ment; they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad Of course, we continued the treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

Mothers should heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing, they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and insure a healthy, happy future for them.

Her Decreasing Age.

Life: He-"Tomorrow is my birth-She-"I suppose you will take a day

"And how do you think I celebrate when I have a birthday?"
"I presume you take a year off."

ANOTHER RECORD IN LAND-HUNTING.

This Spring's Exodus toCanada Greater than Ever. It was thought in 1903, when over fifty thousand people went from the United States to Canada, that the limit of the yearly emigration to the wheat zone of the Continent had been reached. But when in 1894 about as large a number of American citizens signified their intention of becoming settlers on Canadian lands, the general public were prepared for the announcement of large numbers in 1905, No surprise therefore will be caused when it is made known that the pre-

dictions of fully fifty thousand in 1905 are warranted in the fact that the Spring movement Canadaward is greater than it has ever been. The have gone relying upon their own resources, satisfied that what others have done can also be done by them. This year much new territory has theen opened up by the railroads, which are extending their main lines and throwing out branches in their march across the best grain and grazing lands on the continent. This new territory has attractions for those desiring to homestead on the one hundred and sixty acres granted each settler by the Canadian Government. Many also take advantage of the opportunity to purchase lands at the low figures at which they are now being offered.

It does not require much thought to convince one that if Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and other lands, with a value of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, will give a good living by producing ten to thirteen bushels of wheat to the acre and thirty to fifty bushels of corn to the acre, the lands of Western Canada at seven to ten dollars an acre, producing from twenty to thirty bushels of a superior wheat to the acre, should produce a competence to the ordinary farmer in a very few years. These are the facts as they confront the reader. There are millions of acres of such land in Western Canada in addition to the other millions that are considered to be portions of the biggest and best ranges that ever invited the cattle and horse producer of the North American continent. What is particularly evident in Western Canada is the fact that the wheat lands, adjoining the grazing lands, make farming particularly agreeable and profitable. The agents of the Canadian Government, who are always willing to give information and advice to intending settlers, say that the acreage put under erop this season is greatly in excess of last season.

EXCURSIONS

FREE GRANT LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA

During the months of March and April, there will be Recursions on the various line of railway to the Canadian West. Hundreds of thousands of the best Wheat and Grazing lands on the Continent free to the extler. Adjoining lands may be purchased from railway and land companies at reasonable prices, act or oute, etc. Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to E. T. Holmes, 315 Jacksov St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Water-cown. South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett, S01 New York Late. Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government

Please say where you saw this _dvertisomout. Sioux City Independent List.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde.

stand in the window bay; and from lying mouse-still and watching her over-steadily I fell asleep again. When I awoke the day was in its gloaming and

she was gone. After this I saw her no more for six full circlings of the clock hands, and grew fair famished for a sight of her sweet face. But to atone, she, or some messenger of Richard Jennifer's, brought me my faithful Darius, and he it was who fetched me my food and drink and dressed my wound. From him I gleaned that the master of Appleby Hundred had returned from Queensborough, and that there were officers in red coats continually going back and forth, always with a hearty welcome from Gilbert Stair.

Now, though the master of my stolen heritage had little cause to love me, I thought he had still less to fear me; so it seemed passing strange that he came not once to my bedchamber to pass the time of day with his unbidden guest, or to ask how he fared. But in as in many other things, I reckoned without my enemy, though I might have known that Sir Francis would be oftenest among the red-coat-

ed officers coming and going.

But stranger than this, or than my lady's continued avoidance of me, was the lack of a visit from Richard Jennifer. Knowing well my dear lad's loyalty to the patriot cause, I could only conjecture that he had finally broken Margery's enforced truce to go and join Mr. Rutherford's militia, which, as Darius told me, was rallying to attack a Tory stronghold at Ramsour's Mill. With this surmise I was striving to

yourself, you pass on to Richard Jen-nifer:" she cried. "Was it not enough nifer!" she cried. "Was it not enough that you should get yourself slain, without sending this headstrong boy never mockingly, as of the others. Nay, without send to his death?'

Now in all my surmisings I had not

quarrel with this villain was but the chartered passion. So long as I could avenging of poor Dick Coverdale's keep my love well masked and hidden

for my lack of words.
"What should I say? I have not for-

got that once you called me ungener-"You should defend yourself, if you can. And you should ask my pardon for calling my father's guest hard

The last I will do right heartily. 'Twas but the simple truth, but it was ill-spoken in your presence, Mistress

Stair. At this she laughed merrily; and in all my world wanderings I had never heard a sound so gladsome as this sweet laugh of hers when she would be

on the forgiving hand.

As even when she was with me, my me at this business of pacing back eyes were devouring her; and at the forth. Whereat she scolded me as sigh and the trembling of the sweet her wont when I grew restive. lips in sympathy I found that curious "What weighty thing have y love madness coming upon me again. Then I saw that I must straightway dig some chasm impassable between this woman and me, as I should hope

to be loyal to my friend. So I said: 'He loves you well, Mistress Margery." She glanced up quickly with a smile which might have been mocking or lov-ing; I could not tell which it was.

"Did he make you his deputy to tell me so, Captain Ireton?" Now I might have known that she was only luring me on to some pitfall of mockery, but I did not, and must needs burst out in some clumsy dis-claimer meant to shield my dear lad. And in the midst of it she laughed

Oh, you do amuse me mightily, mon

Capitaine," she cried. "I do protest I shall come to see you oftener. "Tis as good as any play."
"Saw you ever a play in this backwoods wilderness?" I asked, glad of any excuse to change the talk and keep her

'No, indeed. But you are not think that no one has seen the great world save only yourself, Captain Ire-ton. What would you say if I should

tell you that I, too, have seen your London, and even your Paris?" Here I must blunder again and say that I had been wondering how else she came by the Parisian French; but at this her jesting mood vanished suddenly and she spoke softly.

had it of my mother, who came of the Huguenots. She spoke it always to me. But my father speaks it not, and now I am losing it for want of

How is it that love transforms the campaigning on the continent had giv-en me the French speech, or so much of it as the clumsy tongue of me could master, and I had always held it in hearty English scorn. Yet now I was eager enough to speak it with her, and to take as my very own the little cry of joy wherewith she welcomed

my hesitant mouthing of it.

From that we fell to talking in her mother's tongue of the hardships of those same Huguenot emigres; and when I looked upon her my heart beat faster and my blood leaped quickly, and I knew not always what it was I

After a time-'twas when Darius fetched me my supper and the candles —she went away; and so ended a day which saw the beginning of a struggle fiercer than any the turbaned Turk had ever given me. For when I had eaten and was alone with time to think I knew well that I loved this woman and should always love her; this in spite of honor, or loyalty to Richard Jennifer, or any other thing in heaven

or earth. CHAPTER V. HOW I LOST WHAT I HAD NEVER GAINED.

Though I dared not hope she would keep her promise and was sometimes so sorely beset as to tremble at her

With that she left me and went to coming, Margery looked in upon me oftener, and soon there grew up be-tween us a comradeship the like of which, I think, had never been between a woman loved and a man who, loving her, was yet constrained to play the

part of her true lover's friend.

If I played this part but stumblingly; if at times the madness of my passion would not be denied the look or word or hand-clasp not of poor cool friendship; I have this to comfort me: that in after time, when my dear lad came to know, he forgave me freely—nay, held me altogether blameless, as I was not.

Of what these looks and words and hand-clasps meant to Margery I had no hint. But in my hours of sanity, when I would pass these slippings in review, I could recall no answering flash of hers to salt the woundings of the conscience-whip. So far from it, it seemed, as this sweet comradeship budded and blossomed on the stock a better acquaintance, she came to hold me more as if I were some cross be-tween a father or an elder brother, and some closer confidant of her own sex.

You are not to understand that she was always thus, nor over-often. More frequently that side of her which I soon came to call the mother's was turned to me, and I was made to stand a tar get for her wit and raillery. But she was ever changeful as a child, and in the midst of some light jesting mood would sober instantly and give my age its due.

In some of these, her soberer times, I felt her lean upon me as my sister might, had I had one; at others she would frankly set me in her father's place, declaring I must tell her what to say or do in this or that entanglewith this surmise I was striving to content myself on that evening of the third day, when Mistress Margery burst in upon me, bright-eyed and with her cheeks aflame.

"Captain Ireton, I will know the true of this countries of the countries of th cause of this quarrel which, falling in lant of them all save only Richard Jen-

once when I pressed her on this point, asking her plainly if my dear lad had Now in all my surmisings I had not thought of this, and truly if she had sought far and wide for a whip to scourge me with she could have found no throng to cut so deep.

"God help me!" I groaned. "Has this fiend incarnate killed my poor lad?"

"No, he is not dead," she confessed, relenting a little. "But he has the baronet's bullet through his sword arm

relenting a little. "But he has the baronet's bullet through his sword arm for the sake of your over-seas disagreement with Sir Francis."

Leaved not fell in the has the baronet's bullet through his sword arm that she would tell me freely of these her little heart affairs; and seeing her so safe upon the side of the greement with Sir Francis." so safe upon the side of friendship, I could not tell her that though my held the looser rein upon my own unwrongs, Richard Jennifer's was for the baronet's affront to her. So I bore if I should give it leave to live in the blame in silence, glad enough to be assured that my dear lad was only wounded.

**Rech my love went masked and midden to the or any the blame in silence, glad enough to be prison? None, I thought; and yet at times was made a very coward by the thought. For love, like other living "Why don't you speak, sir?" she things, will grow by what it feeds upon, snapped, flying out at me in a passion and once full-grown, may haply come to laugh at bonds, however strong or cunningly devised.

With such a fever in my veins it was

little wonder that my wound healed slowly. As time passed by, with never a word of news from the world without --if Margery knew aught of the fighting she would never lisp a syllable to me—and with Gilbert Stair still keep-ing churlishly beyond the sight or sound of me, I freited sorely and would be gone.
Yet this was but a passing mood.

When Margery was with me I was not ill-content to eat the bread of suffrance in her father's house, and angry pride had scanty footing. But when she was

June my lady came early and surprised Then she sobered quickly and added this:
my me at this business of pacing back and "And yet I fear that this is what my

"What weighty thing have you to do that you should be so fierce to be about it. Monsieur Impetuous?" she cried. 'Fi done! you'd try the patience of a saint

Which you are not," I ventured. "But truly, Margery, I am growing stronger now, and the bed does irk me desperately, if you must know. Be-

"Well, what is there else besides? Do I not pamper you enough?"
I laughed. "I'll say whatever you would have me say—so it be not the

truth "I'll have you say nothing until you sit down.

She pushed the great chair of Indian wickerwork into place before the win-dow-bay, and when I was at rest she drew up a low hassock and sat at my

feet.
"Now you may go on," she said. "You have not told me what you would have me sav."

"The truth," she commanded,
""What is truth," said jesting
Pilate," I quoted. "Why do you suppose my Lord Bacon thought the Roman procurator jested at such a time You are quibbling, Monsleur John. I

want to know why you are so impa-tient to be gone." "Saw you ever a man worthy the

saw you ever a man worthy the name who could be content to bide inactive when duty calls?"

"That is not the whole truth," she said, half absently. "You think you are unwelcome here."

unwelcome here. "'Twas you said that; not I. But I must needs know your father will be relieved when he is safely quit of me."
"Twas you said that, not I, Monsieur John" she retored John," she retorted, giving me back my once contemptible into a thing most own words. "Has ever word been highly to be prized? My eight years of brought you that he would speed your parting?

"Surely not, since I am still here. But you must know that I have never seen his face, as yet.' "And is that strange? You must not

forget that he is Gilbert Stair, and you are Roger Ireton's son.' I am not likely to forget it. But still a word of welcome to the unbid-den would not have come amiss. And it

and his house." True; but that has naught to do with any coolness of my father's."
"What is it, then?—besides the fact
that I am Roger Ireton's son?"

"I think 'twas what you said to Mr. Pengarvin That little smirking wretch? What was he to say or do in this?"

She looked away from me and said:
"He is my father's factor and a man of

'Ah, I have always to be craving your pardon, Margery. But I said naught to this parchment-faced—to this Mr. Pengarvin, that might offend your father, or any."
"How, then, will you explain this.

that you swore to drive my father from Appleby Hundred as soon as ever you had raised a following among the rebels?"

you; I will not name him any name at all. What I meant to say was that all. What I meant to say was that he lied. I made no threats to him; to tell the plain truth, I was too fiercely mad to bandy words with him."
"What made you mad, Monsieur John?"

"Twas his threat to me-to taint me with my father's outlawry. Do you greatly blame me, Margery?"

Thereat a silence came and sat be-

tween us, and I fell to loving her the more because of it; but when she spoke I always loved her more for speaking. "My father has had little peace since coming here," she said at length. "He is old and none too well; and as for king and congress, asks nothing but

his right to hold aloof. And this they will not give him."

Remembering that Jennifer had told me of Gilbert Stair's trimming, I smiled

"That is the way of all the world in war-time, ma petite. A partisan may suffer once for all, but both sides hold a neutral lawful prey.

Twas as the spark to tinder: my word the spark and in her eyes the answering flash. "I tell him so!" she cried. "I tell him always that the king will have his own

and when these rebels come and quarter on us-I fear she must have seen my inward smile this time, for she broke off in the midst, and I made haste to forestall her flying out at me.

again. But still he halts and hesitates:

"Oh, come, my dear; you should not be so flerce with him when you yourself have brought a rebel to his house to nurse alive.

She looked me fairly in the eye. "You should be the last to remind me of my treason, Monsieur John."

"Then you are free to call it treason, are you, Margery?" I said.
She looked away from me again.
"How can it well be less than treason?"
Then suddenly she turned and clasped her hands upon my knee. "You must not be too hard on me, Monsieur John. I've tried to do my duty as I saw it, and I have asked no questions. And yet I know much more than you have

What do you know?" "I know your wound has been your safety. If you should leave this room and house today you would never wear the buff and blue again, Captain Ire-

"You mean they would hang me for a spy. Will you believe me, Margery, if I say I have not yet worn the buff and blue at all?"

"Oh!" The little exclamation was of

"Oh!" The little exclamation was of pure delight. "Then they were all mistaken? You are no rebel, after all?" Was ever man so tempted since the fall of Adam? As I have writ it down for you in measured words, I was no more than half a patriot at this time. And love has made more traitors than its opposites of lust or greed. uncertain sense I was a man without a country; and this fair maiden on the hassock at my feet was all the world to me. I saw in briefer time than any clock hands ever measured how much a yielding word might do for me; and then I thought of Richard Jennifer and

was myself again.
"Nay, little one," I said, "there has been no mistake. For their own purposes my enemies have passed the word that I am here as the Baron de Kalb's paid spy. That is no mistake; 'tis a lie cut out of whole cloth. I came here straight from New Berne, and back of that from London and the continent, and scarcely know the buff and blue by sight. But I am Carolina bore, dear lady; and this King George's governor hanged my father. So, when God gives me strength to mount and

"Now who is fierce?" she cried. And then, like lightning: "Will you raise a band of rebels and come and take your 'You know I will not," I protested, so

gravely that she laughed again, though now there were tears, from what wellspring of emotion I knew not, in her 'Oh, mercy me! Have you never one little grain of imagination, Monsleur John? You are too mon-strous literal for our poor jesting age."

father fears. I did not tell her that he might have feared it once with reason, or that now the houseless dog she petted should have life of me though mine enemy should sick him on. But I did say her father

had no present cause to dread me.
"He thinks he has. And surely there
is cause enough," she added. I smiled, and, loving her the more for her fairness, must smile again

"Nay, you have changed all that, dear ady. Truly, I did at first fly out at him and all concerned for what has made me a poor pensioner in my father's house or rather in the house that was my father's. But that was while the hurt was new. I have been a soldier of fortune too long to think overmuch of the loss of Ap-Hundred. 'Twas my father's, cer tainly; but 'twas never mine.'

"And yet—and yet it should be yours, John Ireton," She said it bravely, with uplifted face and eloquent eyes that one who ran might read.

(Continued Next Week.)

Ladybugs Feast on San Jose Scale. Seattle Post-Intelligencer: An ex-periment is being made near Grant's Pass, Oregon, which, if it proves satisfactory, will be of vast benefit to apple growers and orchardists all over America. Some thirty big ladybug beetles, direct from China, have been turned loose in an old orchard there badly infested with scale. original home of these beetles was near the great wall, northern China. are the Asiatic ladybug beetle, and they the natural enemy of the San Jose le. They feed on the scale in China, and multiply in such numbers that where they are the scale cannot thrive. Curiously enough, the home of the San Jose scale is also near the great wall, northern China. The beetles that have been liberated in the old orchard in southern Oregon are being closely watched. An orchardist who has them in charge reported that the little bugs had gone diligently to work on the scale. He noticed eight on one tree greedily devouring the scale. climate of this part of Oregon is very similar to that of China, and it is very likely that a multitude of these ene will spring up from the parent and spread to surrounding states.

How Dinah Viewed It.

New York Times: On her return to her home in one of the small provincial towns of the south, her mistress brought the cook a number of new and, to her, wonderful kitchen utensils. nah had never seen patent egg beaters, paring knives or any of the ingenious devices in common use in cities, and se exhibted a satisfactory degree of pleasure in their possession. When When er wonder had somewhat abated she to her mistress:

"Miss Sally, please, ma'am, do show me somefin' you got for youse'f." Her eye fell upon an Indian rubber air cushion and she begged to be shown its use. Her mistress, putting it to her mouth, inflated it, and laying it on the seat of a chair, sat upon it.
Dinah raised her hands in astonish-

rebels?"
"Tis easily explained: this thrice-accursed—oh, pardon me again, I pray own breff, ain't you?"

HE HAD HIS REVENGE.

Washington Star: Washington's dogmuzzling ordinance with regard to which there was such a great outery on the part of dog owners not so lo ago, has already become virtually dead letter, enforced more in the breach than in the observance. A good many persons who do not possess dogs themselves and are therefore not to be considered dog partisans are rather glad that the dog-muzzling ordinance has thus lapsed.

The ordinance caused tragedies and

heartbreaks among the canine haut ton. It spread dismay and grief among the jeunesse doree of dogdom. The ordinance, in its practical application, gave the roaming cur a palpable edge on the patrician dog. Had Julius Caesar been bucked and gagged, he were no better warrior than the most loutish water carrier among his legions. Had Na-poleon's olive countenance been fitted with a strap, the noisiest brawler in his braggart battalions had been as wily in counsel and magnetic in action wily in counsel and magnetic in action as the Corsican. Nature provided dogs with teeth, just as it provided pugilists with tongues and typewriters, or barkeepers with bungstarters, as weapons of defense. And it gave all dogs teeth alike and impartially—mongrels and thoroughbreds. But the mighty hand of the law—to employ a frazzled reportorialism—stepped in and took away the high-grade mutt's only method of defense, thereby giving the method of defense, thereby giving the hobo dog, that remained unmuzzled, because, being a nomad, he was possessed by nobody, a cherished opportunity to lick the patrician dog right out of his hoofs and hide.

In Washington, however, there are a

number of owners of high bred dogs who, because the dog-muzzling ordinance still stands, conscientiously muz-zle their dogs, if only for the purpose of cleaving to the line of scrupulous

citizenship.

One of these still-muzzled dogs is a One of these still-muzzled dogs is a bull terrier, the domicile of whose exceedingly conscientious owner is on S street, between Seventh and Fourteenth, which is psecise enough. Before the dog-muzzling ordinance came along this bull terrier used to be the bully of his neighborhood. His pedigree is spread on the three transfer. is spread on the Almanac de Gotha of Dogdom in extra heavy-faced type. He is a hummer of a fighting dog, and as soon as he turned up on S street a few years ago all of the dogs in his princi-

pality made obeisance to him and tacitly acknowledged that he was their overlord and the entire works.

In return, the bull terrier let them, alone. All that he demanded was their unquestioning fealty, and he got it. Of course, however, this nabob among bull terriers required exercise. He got it in a mild, comfortable way, by eating up a mild, comfortable way, by eating up all of the stray, unpossessed, hobo dogs that happened to slink by his front

He would sit on his front door steps licking his chops and sunning him-self and waiting for something soft to paddle along that would permit of his taking a nice, easy constitutional. Then some wretched, skulking cur, unaware of the danger lurking in that neighborhood, would come nosing along the sidewalk. The princely bull terrier would coolly hop the front fence, remove a few pounds of pelt from the outcast, and then jump back to his yard, lie down and blink complacently in the sun, entirely satisfied with himself.

One day the bull terrier put this trick over the plate on the unoffending car-cass of a dog of any old breed—a little Newfoundland, some shepherd, perhaps a soupcon of mastiff—that un-warily happened by his gate. The outcast took his thrashing meekly, and went his mournful, directionless way,

Not very long after that, the dog-muzzling ordinance came in, and the S street bull terrier had to stand for the facial strap, his owner being a conscientious man, as stated. The dog has been muzzled ever since, in spite of the non-enforcement of the muzzling law, because the owner of the terrier believes that ordinances were made to stick, and not to be smashed by nonbelievers in them.

aw morning week-just about two years after the date of the thrashing he had administered to the mongrel that had a little of Newfoundland, some shepherd and a bit of mastiff in him—the S street bull terrier sat on his front steps, trying to wipe his muzzle off with his paws and looking poignantly unhappy. The muzzle was on to stay, and was not to be wiped off. The dog took a gloomy front-paw stretch and walked out of his front

gate with his tail down.

It happened that just as the bull terrier walked out of his gate the part-shepherd-Newfoundland-mastiff - collie hobo that he had filed his teeth nearly two years before peeked cautiously around the corner fence. his first glance the hobo dog only got a rear view of the bull terrier, and he looked as if he was going to bolt for it right quick.

The writer hereof lays claim to only the lowest possible order of imagination-but if that wayfaring dog's didn't seem to twinkle with ghoulish glee, and if he didn't appear to pull himself together and to lick his chops with revengeful anticipation, there's a

mistake somewhere.

For half a minute, while he peeked around the corner of the fence, to make perfectly certain that the bull was securely muzzled, the outterrier cast might, from the joy that glowed in his eyes, have been thought to be saying unto himself, "Here's where I've got a pat full to that stuck-up mutt's two pairs, and what I'm a-going to do

to him-well, watch me, that's all!"
Then the hobo dog took it on the run, making three jumps of it, and lit square on top of the bull terrier's back. The bull terrier was quick to recover, but recovering wasn't the thing.

He yelped and growled and tried to

put up the old scarifying bluff, but he idn't have the cards.

The wayfarer with the long memory took it comfortable and easy, and in-side of something less than two min-

utes he had made the bull terrier look

like ten tin taels of Tientsin.

He removed chunks from the bull terrier. It was all in-fighting, with the wayfarer doing all the business. The only trouble was there was no gong to save the bull terrier. He had to take it as it came, with no intermission be-

tween rounds. The hobo dragged him around by the neck, the bull terrier ineffectually kicking his legs in the air like a turned-over cockroach. Then the nomad mutt turned his victim loose, just to enjoy seeing him run. The bull terrier scooted, but the mutt was built better for speed, and in two jumps he was on top of the patrician again. Biting him calmly, but with diligence and power, on both ears, and stopping to gnaw some when he got a particularly good clutch, the hobo, observing the good clutch, the hobo, observing the rapid approach of the bull terrier's owner, gave one final wrench at the terrier's right ear and then ampled off down the street, looking like a Wandering Willie that has just got outside of a Christmas dinner of the variety known as a "sit-down."

The law of balance and adjustment is a queer old proposition and it works.

is a queer old proposition, and it works both ends from the middle, coming and going, among all living species, not excepting the human,

THE TEACHER'S FOE

A LIFE ALWAYS THREATENED BY NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

One Who Broke Down from Six Years of Overwork Tells How She Escaped

Misery of Enforced Idleness "I had been teaching in the city schools steadily for six years," said Miss James, whose recent return to the work from which she was driven by nervous collapse has attracted attention. "They were greatly overcrowded, especially in the primary department of which I had charge, and I had been doing the work of two teachers. The strain was too much for my nerves and two years ago the crisis came.

"I was prostrated mentally and physically, sent in my resignation and never expected to be able to resume work. It seemed to me then that I was the most miserable woman on earth. I was tortured by nervous headaches, worn out by inability to sleep, and had so little blood that I was as white as chalk. "After my active life, it was hard to

bear idleness, and terribly discouraging to keep paying out the savings of years for medicines which did me no good."

"How did you get back your health?" "A bare chance and a lot of faith led me to a cure. After I had suffered for many months, and when I was on the very verge of despair, I happened to read an account of some cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements were so convincing that I somehow felt assured that these pills would help me. Most people, I think, buy only one box for a trial, but I purchased six boxes at once, and when I had used them up, I was indeed well and had no

need of more medicine. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enriched my thin blood, gave me back my sleep, restored my appetite, gave me strength to walk long distances without fatigue, in fact freed me from all my numerous ailments. I have already taught for several months, and I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Miss Margaret M. James is now living at No. 123 Clay street, Dayton, Ohio. Many of her fellow teachers have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are enthusiastic about their merits. Sound digestion, strength, ambition, and cheerful spirits quickly follow their use. They sold in every drug store in the world.



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A man once annoyed a bad debtor by writing the following lebtor:

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"Tis but just to observe
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