nly skin deep. netimes I wonder what I was made for, anyhow. I hear other animals talking about mos-

What are mosquitoes Of all the awkward, ungainly things I ever saw, I think the kangaroo in that next cage is the queerest. It must be awfully unhandy for these two-legged creatures they call men to

move around. They seem to have only one toe on each foot. Some day when I have a good chance I'll run my horn through that fellow with the sharp stick that makes me get

A Great Discovery.

Clayton, Texas, May 1 .- (Special.)-

up and walk around when I'm tired. He knows where my sore spots are.

That a genuine cure for Diabetes has been discovered is the opinion of Mr. J. H. Bailey of this place. Speaking of the matter Mr. Bailey says:

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills is the best remedy for Diabetes and the only one that has ever been discovered that will cure Diabetes.

'I have a genuine case of Diabetes. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am still taking them. They have helped me so much that I am now up and able to work some. believe that if I had conformed strictly to a Diabetes diet I would now have been completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured hundreds of cases of Diabetes and never once failed. It is an old saying that what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease and that's just exactly what Dodd's Kidney Pills do. They cure all kidney diseases from Backache to Bright's Disease.

#### A Distinction.

Public Ledger: The dowager em-press of China has decided that the Chi-nese lawyers who are on the boards of punishments must study law. The dowager seems to know the distinction etween a lawyer and a member of the

MYS. Winslow's BOOTHING STRUP for Children casthing; softens the gums, reduces inflammation allege pain, cures wind colle. 25 cent: a bottle.

Not for His Title. Chicago Record-Herald: "Ah!" said the

earl, "I am afraid you are marrying me merely for my title." "Oh, dear, no!" replied the heiress. It's merely because I want to see that dear old castle of yours repaired before it is an sutter ruin.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease. It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet. Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmited, LeRoy, N. Y.

Then and Now.

Philadelphia Bulletin: "When John D. Astorfeller started in life he worked in a ountry store and was glad to sleep under the counter. "And now?"

"He's so troubled with insomnia that he'd be glad to sleep anywhere."

effer One Hundred Dollars Reward for

Eall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney
if the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly
ouorable in all business transactions and finanally able to carry out any obligation made by
our from.

sily able to carry our an engagests, Toledo, O. FEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. FALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale pruggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting irectly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of he system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wants to Sell. Chicago News: When you hear a nuts to fudge he wants to sell his

#### ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura-Scratched Day and Night, "My scalp was covered with little mimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cutleura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. , Now my thead is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Soakable. Ally Sloper: He-Yaas, you know, i She-Have you tried blotting paper?

Catarrh of the bladder and kidney trouble absolutely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remaily World famous for over 30 years. \$1 a bottle.

Miraculous. "Where have Fort Worth Record:

"On a deer hunt."

"How'd you come out?"
"Fine! Wasn't mistaken for a deer

Protesting Against Rate Reduction Atlanta, Ga.

The recent proposition of J. Pope Brown, Chairman of the Georgia Railroad Commission, to reduce the passenger rate in Georgia from three to two cents per mile was protested against by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and unions of the blacksmiths, machinists, telegraphers, boilermakers, railway train men, carpenters and joiners, clerks and car men. These organizations employed an attorney especially to represent them, who urged that such a reduction would work against the prosperity of the State and lead to reduction in the number of railroad employes, as well as of their wages. The Travelers' Protective Association also protested that a reduc-

trains and poorer service. English opticians are preparing to introduce a bill in parliament for the registration of persons who profess to

tion as proposed would result in fewer

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best medicine I have ever found for coughs and colds.—Mrs. Oscar Tripp, Big Rock, Ill., March 20, 1901.

Scraps: Mrs. Newrich-Don't the ozone \*meil strong up 'ere, 'Enery?

'Enery-Why, M'ria, it ain't in bloom
get. Yer can't sniff nuffink but the sea.

## THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde.

last to you and Richard Jennifer, I shail be well content, I do assure you, Mar-

She sprang up from her low seat and went to stand in the window bay. After a time she turned and faced once again, and the warm blood was in cheek and neck, and there was a soft light in her eyes to make them shine like stars.

"Then you would have me marry Richard Jennifer?" she asked. Twas but a little word that honor bade me say, and yet it choked me and I could not say it.

"Dick would have you, Margery; and Dick is my dear friend—as I am his."
"But you?" she queried. "Were you my friend, as well, is this as you would

have it? My look went past her through the ead-rimmed window-panes to the great oaks and hickories on the lawn; to these and to the white road winding in and out among them. While yet I sought for words in which to give her unreservedly to my dear lad, two horsemen trotted into One of them was a king's man; the other a civilian in sober black. The redcoat rode as English troopers do, with firm seat, as if the man were master f his mount; but the smaller man in black seemed little to the manner born. and daylight shuttled in and out beneath him, keeping time to the jog-trot of his

I thought it passing strange that with all good will to answer her, these coming horsemen seemed to hold me silent. And, indeed, I did not speak until they came so near that I could make them out.
"I am your friend, Margery mine; as

good a friend as you will let me be. And as between Richard Jennifer and another. I should be a sorry friend to Dick did I

She heard the clink of horseshoes on the gravel and turned, signing to me for silence while she looked below. The win-dow overhung the entrance on that side, through the opened air casement I heard some babblement of voices, though not the words.

"I must go down," she said, ""Tis com-pany come, and my father is away."
She passed behind my chair, and, hear-ing her hand upon the latch, I had thought her gone—gone down to welcome my enemy and his riding mate, the fac-tor. But while I was cursing my unready tongue and repenting that I had not given her some small word of warning, she spoke again,

'You say 'Richard Jennifer or another.' What know you of any other, Monsieur John?

"Nay, I know nothing save what you have told me; and from that I have been hoping there was no other." "But if I say there may be?"

My heart went sick at that. True, I had thought to give her generously to whose right was paramount; but to another-

"Margery, come hither where I may see you." And when she stood before me like a bidden child: "Tell me, little comrade, who is that other?"

But now her mood was changed, and rom standing sweet and pensive she fell a-laughing. 'What impudence!" she cried. "Ma

You should borrow Pere Matthieu's cassock and breviary; then, mayhap, I might confess to you. But not before." But still I pressed her.

"Tell me, Margery."

She tossed her head and would not look at me "Dick Jennifer is but a boy; suppose this other were a man full grown."

"And a soldler." The sickness in my heart became a

All in a flash the jesting mood was plied upon him. gone, but that which took its place was strange to me. Tears came; her bosom heaved. And then she would have passed me but I caught her hands and held them

fast.
"Margery, one moment; for your own sweet sake, if not for Dick's or mine, have naught to do with this devil's emissary of a man. If you only knew-if I dared

But for once, it seemed. I had stretched my privilege beyond the limit. She whipped her hands from my hold and

faced me coldly.
"Sir Francis says you are a brave gentleman, Captain Ireton, and though he knows well what you would be about, he has not sent a file of men to put you And in return you call him

names behind his back. I shall not stay With that she passed again behind my chair, and once again I heard her hand upon the latch. But I would say my say.

"Forgive me. Margery, I pray you; 'twas only what you said that made me mad. 'Tis less than naught if you'! I waited long and patiently, and thought

she must have gone before her answer came. And this is what she said:
"If I must tell you then; 'tis now two weeks and more since Sir Francis Falconnet asked me to marry him. I—I hope you do feel better, Captain Ireton."

And with these bitterest of all words to her leave-taking, she left me to endure as best I might the hell of torment

they had lighted for me. CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW RED WRATH MAY HEAL A WOUND.

It was full two days after the coming of the baronet and the factor-lawyer

I knew Sir Francis and the lawyer still lingered on at Appleby Hundred— gage the Tories gathering under Colo-Indeed, I saw them daily from my window—and Darius would be telling me no force of any consequence to take that they waited upon the coming of the field against Cornwallis, though some courier from the south. But this I there were flying rumors of an army marching from Virginia, with a newbaronet might have told, I thought; but appointed general at its head. when I saw him walk abroad with On the whole it was the king's cause Margery on his arm, pacing back and that prospered, and the rising wave of forth beneath the oals and bending low invasion bade fair to inundate the land. forth beneath the oaks and bending low to catch her lightest word with grave and courtly deference that none know ing naught to gain or lose in the great better how to feign, I knew wherefore war, or ather having naught to lose he stayed-knew and raged afresh at and everything to gain, whichever way

of this devil. Yours is a colder century than was ours, my dears. Your art has tempered love and passion into sentiment, and hate you have learned to call aversion or dislike. But we of that simple-hearted elder time were more downright; and I have writ the word I mean in saying that my love was at the mercy

of this fiend.

I know not how it is or why, but there are men who have this gift—some winning way to turn a woman's head or touch her heart; and I knew well this gift was his. 'Twas not his face, for that was something less than hand-

" Tis good and true of you to say so, | though that was big and soldierly little one; but there be two sides to that as well. So my father's acres come at of manner, some power of simulation whereby in any womanly heart seemed to stand at will for that which he was not.

As I have said, I knew him well enough; knew him incapable of love apart from passion, and that to him there was no sacredness in maiden chastity or wifely vows. So he but gained his end he dired no whit what followed after; ruin, broken hearts, lost so'l's, a man siain now and then to keep the scale tipping—all were as one to him, or to the Francis Falconnet I

And touching marriage, with Margery or any other, I feared that love would have no word to say. Passion there might be, and that flerce desire to have and wear which burns like a miser's fever in the blood; but never love as lovers measure it. Why, then, had he proposed to Margery? The answer did not tarry. Since he was now but a gentleman volunteer it was plain that he had squandered his estate, and so might brook the marriage chain if it were linked up with my father's

It was a bait to lure such a gamester strongly. As matters stood with us in that wan summer of exhaustion and that wan summer of exhausted and defeat, the king's cause waxed and grew more hopeful day by day. And in event of final victory a landless event of final victory a landless baronet, marrying Margery's dower of Appleby Hundred, might snap his fingers at the Jews who, haply, had

driven him forth from England.

And as for Margery? Truly, she had told me, or as good as told me, that her maiden love had pledged itself a pawn for Jennifer's redeeming. But there be other things than love to sway a wom-an's will. This volunteer captain with the winning way was of the haute noblesse, and he could make her Lady Falconnet. Moreover, he was with her day by day; and you may mark this as you will, that a present suitor hath ever the trump cards to play against the absent lover.

So, brooding over this, I wore out two most dismal days-the first in many I had had to pass alone. But on the morning of the third the sky was lightened, though then the light was but a flash and darkness followed quickly after. She came again and brought me after. She came again and brought me a visitor; it was this same Father Matthieu with whom she had jestingly compared me, and lest I should take my punishment too lightly, stayed but to make the good priest known to me.

Now I was born and bred an heretic, by any papist's reckning but I have

by any papist's reckoning, but I have ever held it witless in that man who lets a creed obstruct a friendship. Moreover, this sweet-faced cleric was the friendliest of men; friendly, and yet the willest Jesuit of them all, since he read me at a glance and fell straight-way to praising Margery.

'A truly sweet young demoiselle," he said, by way of foreword, no sooner was the door closed behind her, and while he preached a sermon on this text

He was a little man, as bone and muscle go, with deep-set eyes, and features kind and mild and fine as any woman's: some such face as Leonardo gave St. John, could that have been less youthful. I could not tell his order, though from his well-worn cassock girded at the waist with a frayed bit of hempen cord he might have been a Little Brother of the Poor. But this I noted: that he was not tensured, and his white hair, soft and fine as Mar-gery's, was like an aureole to the finely chiseled features. As missionay men of any creed are apt, he looked far older fire.

"O, Margery! Don't tell me it is this to tell me of his life among the Indians, it was patent how the years had multi-

> I listened, well enough content to learn him better by his own report.
> "But you must find it thankless work; this gospeling in the wilderness,"
> I ventured, when all was said. "Tis but a hermit's life for any man parts; and after all, when you have done your utmost, your converts are

> this he smiled and shook his head.
> "No, monsieur, not so. You are a soldier and cannot see beyond your point of sword. Mais, mon ami, they have souls to save, these poor children of the forest, and they are far more sinned against than sinning. I find them kind and true and faithful; and some of

them are noble, in their way, I laughed. "I've read about these noble ones." I said. "Twas in a book caled 'Hakluyt's Volages.' Truly, I know them not as you do, for in my youth I knew them most in war. called them brave but cruel then; and when I was a boy I could have shown you where, within a mile of this, they burned poor Davie Davidson at the stake.

"Ah, yes; there has been much of that," he sighed. "But you must confess, Captain Ireton, that you English carry fire and sword among them, too."

From that he would have told me more about the savages, but I was interested nearer home. As I have said, I was like any prisoner in a dungeon. I was like any prisoner in a dungeon for lack of news, and so by degrees I fetched him round to telling me of

what was going on beyond my windowsight of lawn and forest. Brave deeds were to the fore, it seemed. At Ramsour's mill, a few miles north and west, some little hand-ful of determined patriots had bested thrice their number of the king's par-tisars, and that without a leader big-Pengarvin before I saw my lady's face rear-hand again, and sometimes I was glad for Richard Jennifer's sake, but oftener would curse and swear because I was bound hand and foot and could not balk my enemy.

I knew Sir Francis and the lactor-lawyer tusins, and that without a leader big-tusins, and

So thought my kindly gossip; and, havmy own impotence, and for the thought these worldly cards might run, he was that Margery was wholly at the mercy a fair, impartial witness.

As you may well suppose, this news awoke in me the lust of battle, and I must chafe the more for having it. And while my visitor talked on, and I was listening with the outward ear, may brain was busy putting two and two together. How came it that the British outpost still remained at Queensborough, with my Lord Rawdon withdrawn and the patriot home guard well down upon its rear? Some urgent reason for the stay there must be; and

I scored this matter with a question some, to my fancy; nor yet his figure. wark, putting it aside to think on more; reis of potatoes a year.

when I should be alone. And when the priest had told me all the news at large, we came again to speak of Mar-

"I go and come through all this borderiand," he said, when I asked him how and why he came to Appleby Hundred, "but it was mam'selle's message brought me here. She is my ewe lamb in all this region, and I would journey

far to see her."
I wondered pointedly at this, for in that day the west was fiercely Protest-ant and the mother church had scanty footing in the borderland.

But Mistress Margery is not a Cath. said L His look forgave the protest in the

"Indeed she is, my son. Has she not told you?"

Now truly she had not told me so in any measured word or phrase; and yet I might have guessed it, since she had often spoken lovingly of this same Fa-

ther Matthieu. And yet it was incredible to me. "But how—I do not understand how that can be," I stammered, "Surely, she told me she was of Huguenot blood on the mother's side, and that is—" The missionary's smile was lenient

still, but full of meaning.
"Not all who wander from the Cath-Not all who wander from the Cath-olic fold are lost forever, Captain Ire-ton. The mother of this demoiselle lived all her life a Protestant, I think, but when she came to die she sent for me. And that is how her child was sent to France and grew up convent-bred. Monsleur Stair gave his promise at the mother's deathbed, and though he liked it'not, he kept it."

"Aha, I see. And for this single lamb of your scant fold you brave the terrors of our heretic backwoods? It does you credit, Father Matthieu. The war fills all horizons now marker but I be the contraction of the contractio all horizons now, mayhap, but I have seen the time in Mecklenburg when your cassock would have been a chalseen the time in Mecklenburg lenge to the mob."

His smile was quite devoid of bitterness. "The time has not yet passed," he said, gently. "I have been six weeks on the way from Maryland hither, hiding in the forest by day and faring on at night. Indeed, I was in hiding on a neighboring plantation when our demoiselle's messenger found me."

This put me keen upon remembering what had gone before; how he had said at first that she had sent for him. I thought it strange, knowing how peril-ous the time and place must be for such as he. But not until he rose and, bidding me good-day, left me to myself, did I so much as guess the thing his coming meant. When I had guessed it; when I put this to that—her telling me Sir Francis had proposed for her, and this her sending for the priestthe madness of my love for her was as naught compared to that anger which seized and racked me.

I know not how the hours of this black day were made to come and go, grinding me to dust and ashes in their; passage, yet leaving me alive and keen to suffer at the end.

A thousand times that day I lived in ficial. Time

torment through the scene in which the priest had doubtless come to play his part of joiner. The stage for it would be the great room fronting south; the room my father used to call our castle. For guests I thought there would be space enough and some to spare, for, as you know, our Meck-lenburg was patriot to the core. But as to this the bridgeroom's troopers. as to this, the bridegroom's troopers might fill out the tale, and in my heated fancy I could see them grouped be-neath the candle-sconces with belts and baldrics fresh pipe-clayed, and shakos doffed, and sabretaches well in front. "A man full grown—a soldier," she had said; and trooper guests were

fitting in such case.

From serving in a Catholic land I knew the customs of the mother church. So I could see the priest in cassock, alb and stole as he would stand before some makeshift altar lity with condies. And as he stands they with candles. And as he stands, they come to kneel before him; my winsome Margery in all her royal beauty, a child to love, and yet an empress peerless in her woman's realm; and at her side. with his knee touching hers, this man

What wonder if I cursed and choked What wonder if I cursed and choked and cursed again when the maddening thought of what all this should mean thought of what all this should mean flunkies in the red and yellow livery flunkies in the red and yellow livery thought of what all for my poor wounded Richard—and later on, for Margery herself—possessed me? In which of these hot fever-gusts of rage the thought of interference of rage the thought came, I know not. Bu length—a thought and plan full-grown at birth—I do know.

The pointing of the plan was desper-

The pointing of the plan was desperdate and simple. It was neither more nor less than this: I knew the house and every turn and passage in it, and when the hour should strike I said. I should go down and skulk among the guests, and at the crucial moment find or seize a weapon and fling myself upon this bridegroom as he should kneel before the alter.

e should kneel before the altar.
With strength to bend him back and strike one blow, I saw not why it might not win. And as for strength, I have learned this in war; that so the rage men—furious little royalists—go to jail be hot enough, 'twill nerve a dying man for him joyous martyrs. Bankers, so to hack and hew and stab as with the

strength of ten.
(Continued Next Week.) LIFE A LOTTERY.

Good Temper.

Mexican Heraid: A far northern contemporary objects to the phrase, "Life is a lottery," and goes on to repeat the time-worn platitudes, that "Life is an opporation of the property of the phrase, "Life is an opporation of the property of the temporary objects to the phrase, "Life is a lottery," and goes on to repeat the timeworn platitudes, that "Life is an opportended pretender may become a ful adjunct to every throne, just as tunity," a "struggle," etc. But life may be both an opportunity and a battle, and yet have some of the features of a lottery. In the first place, men and women are not responsible for their temperament which makes or mars fortunes, and renders life happy or the reverse. We think as our temperament inclines us, and here does fate lay a heavy hand upon us at the very outset of existence. Then there is the bare chance of being born into a well-to-do family with civilized instincts and so having the benefit of solicitous care bestowed on one's health and education. The child born into a cross-grained,

happy, perhaps struggling family is sur-rounded by unfortunate influences. There is the lottery chance of drawing a health prize. To be born with a strong constitution in addition to a genial and care-free temperament is an immense advantage. To be born nervous, rickety, subject to fits of depression from childhood is nothing less than a calamity. Many a man who has won fame, though handicapped by an irritable disposition, has confessed how hard was his struggle. To make enemies more easily than friends

is the lot of many men and women No human being can select his time for entering the world; he may arrive just when the "lean years" begin, when parents are forced to deny themselves and their children not merely luxuries, but comforts. The child born of a care-worn or anxious mother is marked for moodi-ness during life. The child whose mother is a superstitious, timorous person is handicapped in a world where courage and cheerfulness are the great success-

compelling qualities.

All through life the lottery feature of burnan conditions is made manifest. Luck your absence."

"Why," said the bright cierk, you told me to attend to all your duties in your absence." may easily go past the careful, honest and industrious and throw its prize into the laps of fools. Life is very much a lot-

New York city consumes 2,000,000 bar-

POINTERS FOR FARMERS.

From the Farmer and Breeder. Tobacco water will destroy bugs and

worms on rose bushes Keep the ground which the crops occupy free from weeds and soft and

It always pays to make every addition to the manure heap possible.

Loose hair in the mane and tail of a horse usually denotes bad blood. A noisy and slow milker will soon ruin the most gentle of cows.

A slow, sluggish horse is a puisance everywhere except at heavy dray work. While salt is beneficial to trees it must be used in limited quantities or it may kill them.

Do not be too cautious about thinning the plants as the remainder will only grow the larger.

The best stock for any farmer to keep is the kind best adapted to his farm and his markets. The dairy cow should be well suited

to her business in life and not be a mere stock or beef animal. Feed will obviate many difficulties in breeding and building up any animal,

and sheep are no exception. The future horse depends a good deal on the treatment the young colt receives the first summer of its exist-

The feeding of farm animals is often attended by loss just because the feed is not suitable or not properly prepared. In fattening animals, seeing to their

health and comfort is just as import-ant as giving them an abundance of nourishing food.

In selecting a horse for any purpose other than draft a very wide breast should be avoided for in most cases a horse with this formation paddles when The churn should never be filled more

than half full and then if the temperature is just right it will churn easily. The young fruit trees will send up many shoots which will need trimming off and this should be done as soon as they make their appearance. It is important to milk clean from the first as the retention of milk in the udder injures it and tends to decrease

Sheep bear a strong relationship to mixed husbandry, especially where high farming is followed and any attempt to separate the two will prove distastrous. As it is the nervous system which digests the food it is not best to give a horse anything to eat that is hard to digest when he is tired and weary.

One of the chief lacks in stone fruits is potash in the soil. This is especially true of peaches which are supposed to do better on sandy soils where potash is usually deficient. Liberal dressing with wood ashes will be found bene-Time is always lost and labor spent, at least partially in vain, whenever the

ever any piece of work is done in such a manner as to necessitate its being done over again in a short time. To make the best mutton the animal should be made to grow rapidly and to mature as young as possible and beyond everything else, always be kept in prime condition. The last is im-portant in making tender, juicy mutton as the tendency to poverty in an ani-mal is to make the meat hard and dry.

crops are not cultivated sufficiently to insure their highest yield and when-

ATTEND the big breeders' Hereford and Shorthorn auction, Sioux City, Thursday, May 4th.

Don Carlos as a Revolutionist. Vance Thompson in Success: Don. Carlos has his palace on the grand canal in Venice. You may see him, any day, driving at full speed in his electric launch through the silent waelectric launch through the silent waterways. As the yellow, whizzing launch appears the black gondolas scatter like waterflies. In foam and noise it passes, Don Carlos lolling on of Spain, it passes—a thing of noise and pomp and color, which has no business there, drumming up the quiet waters of the canals. Don Carlos is a big man physically, his body is vast —high and wide and profound; he is rosy, blond, bearded, with bulging eyes; so far as the look of him goes, he might sit on any throne with credit —this last of the kings in exile of the male branch of the Bourbons of Spain. But he will never reign. This, perhaps, But he will never reign. This, perhaps, may be in store for Don Jaime, his son, who is with the Russian cavalry in the far east. This pretender has found a more profitable occupation. Oh, men have died for him, truly enough! Still in Biscay women pray tarkly for the day when he shall come to his own. Round about Bilbao, good men—furious little royalists—go to iail for him joyous martyrs. Bankers, so far away as Frankfort, gamble money on his chance of reigning. Don Carlos smiles skeptically in his blond beard. He has long been one of the lackeys of the court of Alphone XIII., that, but Chanco of Being Born With Health and, Small revolt, which may be promptly

> circus carries its pseudo "Rube" and the bad gambler his innocent looking 'capper.

Lord Dufferin's Gallantry. Harper's Weekly: "T. P." recalls the following entertaining anecdote of Lord Dufferin, in illustration of his ready wit: Lord Dufferin was describing to Queen Victoria the extraordinary feat of a man who, he said, had leaped twenty-one feet. Nobody believed the story "But," said Lord Dufferin. "I myself

have leaped fifteen feet." "That is as far as the end of the table is from Miss —," observed the prince consort, referring to an attractive young girl on Dufferin's right.

"If, sir," responded Dufferin. "Miss — were on the other side, I could leap a foot farther." Depressing. Washington Star: "It is pretty hard." said the ezar, suddenly arousing him-self from a brown study.

'What does your majesty mean?"

isked the courtier.
"It's pretty hard to think of suing for peace when you feel as if you ought to be suing for damages."

His Work. Public Ledger: "Young man," said e old merchant, sternly, "I caught you kissing the typewriter when I returned to the office this morning. What you to say, sir?"
Thy," said the bright clerk, "you

The Tragedies of the Stage.

Detroit Free Press: Old Friend—Is your part very difficult to play? Barnstormer—Well, rather! I'm living on one meal a day and playing the role of a man with the gout.

# Dyspepsia of Women

ABSOLUTELY NEEDLESS AGONY

Caused by Uterine Disorders and Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.



Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by a derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes a disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects

As proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Maggie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after every-thing else had failed. She writes:

thing else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I ate tasted good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have rec-

ommended it to many suffering women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement, or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea?" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE All druggists or by mail 25 cts, and 50 cts. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N.Y.

### Alabastine-Your Walls

Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, Small Pox-the germs of these deadly diseases multiply in the decaying glue present in all kalsomines, and the decaying paste under wall paper.

ALABASTINE is a disinfectant; it destroys disease germs and vermin; is manufactured from a stone cement base, hardens on the walls, and is as enduring as the wall itself. ALABASTINE is mixed with cold water, and any one can apply it.

tints and information about decorating. Take no cheap substitute. Buy only 5 pound packages properly labeled.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

Ask for sample card of beautiful

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"All Signs Fail in a Dry Time" THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME

In ordering Tower's Slickers, a customer writes: "I know they will be all right if they have the 'FISH' on them." This confidence is the outgrowth of sixty-nine years of careful manufacturing.

Highest Award World's Fair. 1904. A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish TOWERS Boston, U.S. A. Tower Canadian Co. Limited

FISH BRAND Toronto, Canada Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

Contact with Living People. James Russell Lowell: Books are, at best, but dry fodder; we need to be vitalized by contact with living peo-

No Middle Partings,
Pittsburg Dispatch: At the meeting
of the Pittsburg presbytery of the
Presbyterian church at Cumberland Presbyterian church at Donora today the Rev. W. S. Danley proposed this resolution:

"Whereas, sissified asses are no longer to be tolerated in the ministry, "Resolved. That their admission be discouraged; that the ministers be instructed to no longer part their hair in the middle."

"This is a gross case," said a Man-chester magistrate to a prisoner, who was making his 144th appearance be-fore him for drunkenness.