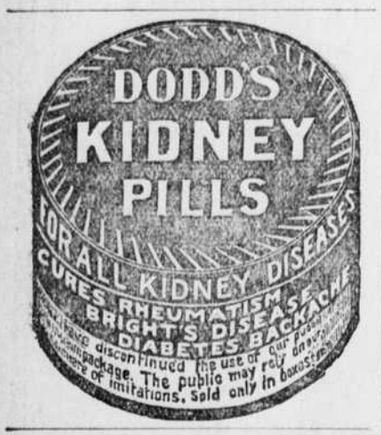
Not the Same.

'Tis not the same, the garb she wears,
As when the summer skies were bright.
No more the flimsy fabric dares
The sun to speed his shafts of light.
The style is jaunty, yet severe,
And somehow when she speaks a name
It sounds peculiarly severe—
In sooth, she's not at all the same.

And her complexion, once so tanned,
Is faintly blushing as the rose;
The tapering of her slender hand
A different ring doth now disclose.
She starts her letters with "Dear Jack"—
'Twas "Ned" who formerly could claim
The missives that she wrote. Alack!
There's nothing that is quite the same!
—Washington Star.



THE BEST COUGH CURE

A well-known Rochester lady says: "I stayed in the Adirondacks, away from friends and home, two winters before I found that by taking

Kemp's Balsam

I could subdue the cough that drove me away from home and seemed likely to never allow me to live there in winter."

Kemp's Balsam will cure any cough that can be cured by any medicine.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm,

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

BLACK OR YELLOW

On sale everywhere

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CAN. 422

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Canadian West is the Best West

The testimony of tens of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Year by year the agricultural returns have increased in volume and in value, and still the Canadian Government offers 160 acres free to every bona fide settler.

Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience.

The NINETY MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means $60,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other grains and cattle.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Watertown, South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A Positive CURE for CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

HAY FEVER

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD

W. L. Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country. Send for Catalog

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.

Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 14, Brockton, Mass.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

And now I see all the smooth frauds, all the weak people who never have purposes or passions worthy of the name, all the finicky finger-dusting gentry with the "fine souls," who flatter themselves that their timidity is the squeamishness of superior sensibilities—I see all these feeble folk fluttering their feeble fingers in horror of me. "The brute!" they cry; "the bounder!" Well, I accept the names quite cheerfully. Those are the epithets the wishy-washy always hurl at the strong; they put me in the small and truly aristocratic class of men who do. I proudly avow myself no subscriber to the code that was made by the shearers to encourage the sheep to keep on being nice docile animals, trotting meekly up to be shorn or slaughtered as their masters may decide. I harm no man, and no woman; but neither do I pause to weep over any man or any woman who flings himself or herself upon my steady spear. I try to be courteous and considerate to all; but I do not stop when some fellow who has something that belongs to me shouts "Rude!" at me to sheer me off.

At the same time her delicate beauty, her quiet, distinctive, high-bred manner, had thrust it home to me that in certain respects I was ignorant and crude—as who would not have been, brought up as was I? I knew there was, somewhere between my roughness of the uncut individuality and the smoothness of the planed and sand-papered nonentity of her "set," a mean better than either, better because more efficient.

When this was clear to me I sent for my trainer. He was one of those spare, wiry Englishmen, with skin like tanned and painted hide—brown except where the bones seem about to push their sharp angles through, and there a frosty, winter apple red. He dressed like a Deadwood gambler, he talked like a stable boy; but for all that, you couldn't fail to see he was a gentleman born and bred. Yes, he was a gentleman, though he mixed profanity into his ordinary flow of conversation more liberally than did I when in a rage.

I stood up before him, threw my coat back, thrust my thumbs into my trousers pockets and slowly turned about like a ready-made tailor's dummy. "Monson," said I, "what do you think of me?"

He looked me over as if I were a horse he was about to buy. "Sound, I'd say," was his verdict. "Good wind—uncommon good wind. A goer, and a stayer. Not a lump. Not a hair out of place." He laughed. "Action a bit high perhaps—for the track. But a grand reach."

"I know all that," said I. "You miss my point. Suppose you wanted to enter me for—say, the Society sweepstakes—what then?"

"Um—um," he muttered reflectively. "That's different."

"Don't I look—sort of—new—as if the varnish was still sticky and might come off on the ladies' dresses and on the fine furniture.

"Oh—that!" said he dubiously. "But all those kinds of things are matters of taste."

"Out with it!" I commanded. "Don't be afraid. I'm not one of those damn fools that ask for criticism when they want only flattery, as you ought to know by this time. I'm aware of my good points, know how good they are better than anybody else in the world. And I suspect my weak points—always did. I've got on chiefly because I made people tell me to my face what they'd rather have grinned over behind my back."

"What's your game?" asked Monson. "I'm in the dark."

"I'll tell you, Monson. I hired you to train horses. Now I want to hire you to train me, too. As it's double work, it's double pay."

"Say on," said he, "and say it slow."

"I want to marry," I explained. "I want to inspect all the offerings before I decide. You are to train me so that I can go among the herds that'd shy off from me if I wasn't on to their little ways."

He looked suspiciously at me, doubtless thinking this some new development of "American humor."

"I mean it," I assured him. "I'm going to train, and train hard. I've got no time to lose. I must be on my way down the aisle inside of three months. I give you a free hand. I'll do just what you say."

"The job's out of my line," he protested.

"I know better," said I. "I've always seen the parlor under the stable in you. We'll begin right away. What do you think of these clothes?"

"Well—they're not exactly noisy," he said. "But—they're far from silent. That waistcoat——" He stopped and gave me another nervous, timid look. He found it hard to believe a man of my sort, so self assured, would stand the truth from a man of his second-fiddle sort.

"Go on!" I commanded. "Speak out! Mowbray Langdon had on one twice as loud the other day at the track."

"But, perhaps you'll remember, it was only his waistcoat that was loud—not be himself. Now, a man of your manner and voice and—you've got a look out of the eyes that'd wake the dead all by itself. People can feel you coming before they hear you. When they feel and hear and see all together—it's like a brass band in scarlet uniform, with a seven-foot, sky-blue drum major. If your hair wasn't so black and your eyes so steel-blue and sharp, and your teeth so big and strong and white, and your jaw such a—such a—jaw——"

"I see the point," said I. And I did. "You'll find you won't need to tell me many things twice. I've got a busy day before me here; so we'll have to suspend this until you come to dine with me at 8—at my rooms. I want you to put in the time well. Go to my house in the country and then up to my apartment; take my valet with you; look through all my belongings—shirts, ties, socks, trousers, waistcoats, clothes of every kind. Throw out every rag you think doesn't fit in with what I want to be. How's my grammar?"

I was proud of it; I had been taking more or less pains with my mode of speech for a dozen years. "Rather too good," said he. "But that's better than making the breaks that aren't regarded as good form."

"Good form!" I exclaimed. "That's it! That's what I want! What does 'good form' mean?"

He laughed. "You can search me," said he. "I could easier tell you—anything else. It's what everybody recognizes on sight, and nobody knows how to describe it. It's like the difference between a cultivated 'jimson' weed and a wild one."

"Like the difference between Mowbray Langdon and me," I suggested good-naturedly. "How about my manners?"

"Not so bad," said he. "Not so rotten bad. But—when you're polite, you're a little too polite; when you're not polite you——"

"Show where I came from too plainly?" said I. "Speak right out—bit gooey and hard. Am I too frank for 'good form?'"

"You needn't bother about that," he assured me. "Say whatever comes into your head—only, be sure the right sort of thing comes into your head. Don't talk too much about yourself, for instance. It's good form to think about yourself all the time, it's bad form to let people see it—in your talk. Say as little as possible about your business and about what you've got. Don't be lavish with the I's and the my's."

"That's harder," said I. "I'm a man who has always minded his own business, and cared for nothing else. What could I talk about, except myself?"

"Blest if I know," replied he. "Where you want to go, the last thing people mind is their own business—in talk, at least. But you'll get on all right if you don't worry too much about it. You've got natural independence, and an original way of putting things, and common sense. Don't be afraid."

"Afraid!" said I. "I never knew what it was to be afraid."

"Your nerve'll carry you through," he assured me. "Nerve'll take a man anywhere."

"You never said a truer thing in your life," said I. "It'll take him wherever he wants, and, after he's there, it'll get him whatever he wants."

And with that, I, thinking of my plans and of how sure I was of success, began to march up and down the office with my chest thrown out—until I caught myself at it. That stopped me, set me off in a laugh at my own expense, he joining in with a kind of heartiness I did not like, though I did not venture to check him.

So ended the first lesson—the first of a long series. I soon saw that Monson was being most useful to me—far more useful than if he were a "perfect gentleman" with nothing of the track and stable and back stairs about him. Being a sort of betwixt and between, he could appreciate my needs as they could not have been appreciated by a fellow who had never lived in the rough-and-tumble I had fought my way up through. And being at bottom a real gentleman, and not one of those nervous, snobbish make-believes, he wasn't so busy trying to hide his own deficiencies from me that he couldn't teach me anything. He wasn't afraid of being found out, as Sam—or perhaps, even Langdon—would have been in the same circumstances. I wonder if there is another country where so many gentlemen and ladies are born, or another where so many of them have their natural gentility educated out of them?

VIII.

ON THE TRAIL OF LANGDON.

I had Monson with me twice each week-day—early in the morning and again after business hours until bedtime. Also he spent the whole of every Saturday and Sunday with me. He developed astonishing dexterity as a teacher, and as soon as he realized that I had no false pride and was thoroughly in earnest he handled me without gloves—like a boxing teacher who finds that his pupil has the grit of a professional. It was easy enough for me to grasp the theory of my new business—it was nothing more than "Be natural." But the rub came in making myself naturally of the right sort. I had—as I suppose every man of intelligence and decent instincts has—a disposition to be friendly and simple. But my manner was by nature what you might call abrupt. My not very easy task was to learn the subtle difference between the abrupt that injects a tonic into social intercourse, and the abrupt that makes the other person shut up with a feeling of having been insulted.

Then, there was the matter of good taste in conversation. Monson found, as I soon saw, that my everlasting self-assertiveness was beyond cure. As I said to him: "I'm afraid you might easier succeed in reducing my chest measure." But we worked away at it, and perhaps my readers may discover even in this narrative, though it is necessarily egotistic, evidence of at least an honest effort not to be badly boastful. Monson would have liked to make of me a self-deprecating sort of person—such as he was himself, with the result that the other fellow always got the prize and he got left. But I would have none of it.

"How are people to know about you, if you don't tell 'em?" I argued. "Don't you yourself admit that men take a man at his own valuation less a slight discount, and that women take him at his own valuation plus an allowance for his supposed modesty?"

"Cracking yourself up is vulgar, nevertheless," declared the Englishman. "It's the chief reason why we on the other side look on you Americans as a lot of vulgarians—"

"And are in awe of our superior cleverness," I put in.

He laughed.

"Well, do the best you can," said he. "Only, you really must not brag and swagger, and you must get out of the habit of talking louder than any one else."

In the matter of dress, our task was easy. I had a fancy for bright colors and for strong contrasts; but I know I never indulged in clashes and discords. It was simply that in clothes I had the same taste as in pictures—the taste that made me prefer Rubens to Rembrandt. We cast out of my wardrobe everything in the least doubtful; and I gave away my jeweled canes, my pins and links and buttons for shirts and waistcoats except plain gold and pearls. I even left off the magnificent diamond I had worn for years on my little finger—but I didn't give away that stone; I put it by for resetting into an engagement ring. However, when I was as quietly dressed as it was possible for a gentleman to be, he still studied me dubiously, when he thought I wasn't seeing him. And I recall that he said once: "It's your face, Blacklock. If you could only manage to look less like a Spanish bull dashing into the ring, gazing joyfully about for somebody to gore and toss!"

"But I can't," said I. "And I wouldn't if I could—because that's me!"

One Saturday he brought a dancing master down to my country place—Dawn Hill, which I bought of the Dumont estate and completely remodeled. I saw what the man's business was the instant I looked at him. I left him in the hall and took Monson into my den.

"Not for me!" I protested. "There's where I draw the line."

"You don't understand," he urged. "This fellow, this Alphonse Lynch, out in the hall there, isn't going to teach you dancing so that you may dance, but so that you shall be less awkward in strange company."

"My walk suits me," said I. "And I don't fall over furniture or trip people up."

"True enough," he answered. "But you haven't the complete control of your body that'll make you unconscious of it when you're suddenly shot by a butler into a room full of people you suspect of being unfriendly and critical."

Not until he used his authority as trainer-in-full-charge, did I yield. It may seem absurd to some for a serious man like me solemnly to caper about in imitation of a scraping, grimacing French-Irishman; but Monson was right, and I haven't in the least minded the ridicule he has brought on me by tattling this and the other things everywhere, since he turned against me. It's nothing new under the sun for the crowds of chuckleheads to laugh where they ought to applaud; their habit is to laugh and to applaud in the wrong places. There's no part of my career that I'm prouder of than the whole of this thorough course of education in the trifles that are yet not trifles. To have been ignorant is no disgrace; the disgrace comes when one persists in ignorance and glories in it.

Yet those who make the most pretensions in this topsy-turvy of a world regard it as a disgrace to have been obscure and ignorant, and pride themselves upon their persistence in their own kind of obscurity and ignorance! No wonder the few strong men do about as they please with such a race of miscompoopery. If they didn't grow old and tired, what would they not do?

All this time I was giving myself—or thought I was giving myself—chiefly to my business, as usual. I know now that the new interests had in fact crowded the things down town far into the background, had impaired my judgment, had suspended my common sense; but I had no inkling of this then. The most important matter that was occupying me down town was pushing Textile up toward par. Langdon's doubts, little though they influenced me, still made enough of an impression to cause me to test the market. I sold for him at ninety, as he had directed; I sold in quantity every day. But no matter how much I unloaded, the price showed no tendency to break.

"This," said I to myself, "is a testimonial to the skill with which I prepared for my bull campaign." And that seemed to me—all unsuspicious as I then was—a sufficient explanation of the steadiness of the stock which I had worked to establish in the public confidence.

I felt that, if my matrimonial plans should turn out as I confidently expected, I should need a much larger fortune than I had—for I was determined that my wife should have an establishment second to none. Accordingly, I enlarged my original plan. I had intended to keep close to Langdon in that plunge; I believed I controlled the market, but I hadn't been in Wall street twenty years without learning that the worst thunderbolts fall from cloudless skies. Without being in the least suspicious of Langdon, and simply acting on the general principle that surprise and treachery are part of the code of high finance, I had prepared to guard, first, against being taken in the rear by a secret change of plan on Langdon's part, and, second, against being involved and overwhelmed by a sudden secret attack on him from some associate of his who might think he had laid himself open to successful raiding.

The market is especially dangerous toward Christmas and in the spring—toward Christmas the big fellows often juggle the stocks to get the money for their big Christmas gifts and alms; toward spring the motive is, of course, the extra summer expenses of their families and the commencement gifts to colleges. It was now late in the spring.

I say I had intended to be cautious. I abandoned caution and rushed in boldly, feeling that the market was, in general, safe and that Textile was under my control—and that I was one of the kings of high finance, with my lucky star in the zenith. I decided to continue my bull campaign on my own account for two weeks after I had unloaded for Langdon, to continue it until the stock was at par. I had no difficulty in pushing it up to ninety-seven, and I was not alarmed when I found myself loaded up with it, quoted at ninety-eight for the preferred and thirty for the common. I assumed that I was practically its only supporter and that it would slowly settle back as I slowly withdrew my support.

To my surprise, the stock did not yield immediately under my efforts to depress it. I sold more heavily; Textile continued to show a tendency to rise. I sold still more heavily; it broke a point or two, then steadied and rose again. Instead of sending out along my secret lines for inside information, as I should have done, and would have done had I not been in a state of hypnotized judgment—I went to Langdon! I who had been studying those scoundrels for twenty-odd years, and dealing directly with and for them for ten years!

(Continued Next Week.)

DEBTS OF OUR YOUTH.

"Well, here, then, Billy, I'll lend yer three puffs till Tuesday."

Safe.

From Harper's Weekly.

An official in the land office at Washington relates how Dr. Whipple, for a long time bishop of Minnesota, once undertook to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the western states.

It appears that the bishop's effects were scattered about the "lodge," and, when about to go it, he asked the chief if it were safe to leave them here while he went to the village for the service.

"Plenty safe," grunted the Indian; "no white man in a hundred miles from here.

True—True.

"Secret marriages are no good. You can't possibly conceal them very long."

"Oh, I don't know——"

"No, you don't. As soon as a divorce is applied for its all bound to come out."

Apropos of a Drink.

From the Princeton Tiger.

Boggs—How has the world been treating you?

Hoggs—Not often enough, old man.

He Had Paid for All.

The English custom of free seats and collection plates in church is puzzling to continental visitors. In Roman Catholic countries it is usual to make a small payment on entering a church. A Frenchman on a visit to Manchester not long ago, according to the Guardian, attended services in one of the parish churches. With him was a party of English friends. The foreigner was seated at the outer end of the pew. The plate came around in due course, and the visitor was the first to deposit a coin in it. The collector was about to pass the plate along to his English friends when the Frenchman interposed: "Ah, no. I have paid for all the seats."

Thousands of women suffer daily backache, headache, dizzy spells, languor, nervousness and a dozen other symptoms of kidney trouble, but lay it to other causes. Make no mistake. Keep the kidneys well, and these aches and troubles will disappear.

Mrs. Anthony Cadrette, 77 Mechanic St., Leominster, Mass., says: "My sight failed, I had sharp pain in my back and bearing-down pains through the hips. I was nervous, fretful and miserable. The urine was greatly disordered and I began to have the swellings of dropsy. I was running down fast when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. A wonderful change came and after using them faithfully for a short time I was well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Credentials All Right.

Mrs. Tiptop—Horrors! Engaged to that man? Are you crazy? He made his money in trade!

Miss Tiptop—Oh, no, ma; he used to be a New York politician, and he stole it.

Mrs. Tiptop—Oh. That's different.

The Ideal Family Laxative

is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug store and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

GOOD OLD CHARLEY.

Old Charley was in his stall He had a pan of oats before him.

Charley was sleek and fat. He was the pride of his master, Tony Petrino. He was the pet of 4-year-old Anna and her mother. Charley's master was a contractor and it was Charley's work to haul bricks.

Tony Petrino went to the barn after breakfast. Anna went with him. Charley neighed as he heard them come. Anna had an apple in her hand.

She slipped into the stall and held the apple up to Charley. "It isn't very nice," she said. "There are specks in it, but you won't mind, Charley."

Charley put his head down and took the apple at one mouthful.

Anna laughed. "He likes specked apples," she cried.

Tony brought Charley out into the yard.

"Are you going to drive him?" asked Anna.

"No, I'm going to curry him."

The curry comb and brush slipped over Charley's sides. Anna watched them a few minutes. Then she ran off to play. Tony Petrino finished smoothing Charley's coat. He threw down some hay for the horse and then walked to work.

Near Anna's home in Jersey City is a canal. Anna spent the morning there. There were other girls and boys at play. The girls picked up little stones and threw them into the water. The boys were making boats of wood. They put them into the canal. Anna watched the children. She ran along the stream beside the boats. One boat ran against the shore. Anna leaned over the bank to see it.

The bank was slippery.

Splash! She fell into the water.

"Oh, oh! Mother! Mother!" cried the little girl.

"Help, help! Anna will drown," called the children.

Anna's mother heard her.

Somebody else had seen Anna fall and heard her scream. It was Charley. He had strayed from the yard. He went swiftly toward the canal and straight to Anna.

The girl's dress floated upon the water. Charley seized it in his teeth He gave a steady pull and lifted Anna out. The water ran in streams from her dress as he laid her gently on the bank.

Mrs. Petrino picked Anna up and held her in her arms.

Anna began to sob.

"My little girl is safe," her mother said. "She will soon be in the house and have some dry clothes on. She must not cry."

When Anna heard her mother speak she became quiet. Mrs. Petrino hurried home. Charley walked beside her. Now and then he put his nose to Anna's dress as if to make sure she was quite safe.

Mrs. Petrino put out one hand to pat his neck. "Good, old Charley," she said; "I'm proud of you."

Charley laid back his ears and rubbed her sleeve.

"We will give him all the apples he can eat, won't we?" said Anna. She had been too frightened to speak before.

Mrs. Petrino carried Anna into the house. She soon tucked her in bed.

When Tony Petrino came home that night his wife told him how Charley took Anna from the canal.

"I will never sell Charley now," he said. "No, not for his cart full of gold."
—Little Chronicle.

Will It Be Ever Thus?

From the Brooklyn Life.

First Angel—"What's the matter with that spirit in the seventh heaven?"

Second Angel—"He complains that the spirit in the sixth heaven won't stop practising his harp."

Sunday School Teacher—If angry with another little boy, what should you do before speaking, Tommy?

Tommy—Sit on him and then count a hundred.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Proved Remedy For Over 50 Years.

Price 25c and 50c

An Avaricious Lawyer.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"How much money will you get for defending that client?" asked a friend.

"Don't know," replied the lawyer. "Depends on how much he's got. We'll get all he has."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Satan's Relative.

Jones stayed out late o' nights and came home in a very maudlin state. Mrs. Jones thought out a brilliant plan for bringing about his reform. One morning early she wrapped herself in a sheet, pulled a pillow slip over her head and, stepping into the hall just as Jones entered, thundered in awful tones, "I am the devil!"

"Shake, ol' man," said Jones, "I'm brother-in-law o' yours, married your oldes' sishter."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Hundred-to-One Shot.

At the racetrack at Oakland, Cal., during the early part of last season, R———n, a well known jockey, was thrown and badly injured. The doctors, in consultation, decided that an immediate operation was necessary to save the boy's life. On being informed of this, the injured one was asked what his chances were, and was told: About one in ten if we operate."

"And if you don't operate, Doc?"

"Well, about one in a hundred."

"Sort of in God's hands, ain't it?"

"Why, certainly," admitted the surprised M. D.

A contented grin touched the jockey's pale lips and twinkled in his shrewd eyes.

"Well say, Doc, I guess I'd rather play a hundred to one shot with Him in the saddle than a ten to one with you fellows up. Just let her go, Doc."

She went. The long shot won and R———n is again riding winners at the old place.

Consolation for the Artist.

From the Youth's Companion.

The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, once had a chance to learn something about himself that perhaps he had not suspected. His chance came to him at a picture gallery, where his painting "Helen of Troy" was on exhibition.

He joined a group of ladies who were standing before it just in time to hear one of the number say:

"It's a horrid picture—simply horrid!"

"I'm sorry, but it's mine!" Lord Leighton exclaimed involuntarily.

"You don't mean to say you've bought the thing?" questioned the same lady.

"No; I—painted it," the artist humbly replied.

The critical lady was momentarily abashed; then she said easily:

"Oh, you musn't mind what I say."

"No, indeed, you musn't," another began earnestly. "She's only said what everybody else is saying!"

HARD TO SEE

Even When the Facts About Coffee Are Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see.

Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take some drugs and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and cure of these ills.

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."