NOVEMBER AILMENTS

THEIR PREVENTION AND CURE

November is the month of falling temperatures. Over all the temperate regions the hot weather has passed and the first rigors of winter have appeared. As the great bulk of civilized nations is located in the Temperate Zones, the

The Human System effect of chang-ing sensons is a Must Adjust Itself to Changing Tem-

question of the highest impor-tance. When the peratures. weather warm to cold, when cool nights succeed hot nights, when clear, cold days follow hot, sultry days, the human body must adjust itself to this changed condition

or perish.

The perspiration incident to warm weather has been checked. This detains within the system poisonous materials which have heretofore found escape

through the perspiration.

Most of the poisonous materials retained in the system by the checked perspiration find their way out of the body, if at all, through the kidneys. This throws upon the kidneys extra They become charged and over-with the poisonous excretory materials. This has a tendency to in-flame the kidneys, producing functional diseases of the kidneys and sometimes Bright's Disease.

Peruna acts upon the skin by stimu-fating the emunctory glands and ducts, thus preventing the detention of poison-ous materials which should pass out. Peruna invigorates the kidneys and encourages them to fulfill their function in spite of the chills and discouragements

cold weather. Peruna is a combination of well Pe-ru na is a World-tried harmless Renowned Rem remedies that have stood the

Renowned Rem edy For Cilmatic

test of time. Diseases.

Many of these remedies have been used by doctors and by the people in Europe and America for a hundred years.

Peruna has been used by Dr. Hartman in his private practice for many years with potable results. Its effects has with notable results.

with notable results. Its efficacy has been proven by decades of use by thousands of people and has been substantiated over and over by many thousands of homes.

Balloon Law Needed.

Two women were talking over their tea in a woman's club.

"This balloon fad is all right," said the first. "I see that George Bernard Shaw, Pinero, the Goulds, Harry Lehr, all sorts of celebrities, make occasional ascensions. But at the same time—" She made a gesture of repudiation

and horror. "At the same time," said the other woman, "it's a risky business, eh? Well, that is the truth. My husband went up to a balloon last week, and I haven't spoken to him since. What right had he to risk his life like that? He has ne to risk his life like that? He has nothing saved, and we live at a \$7,500 rate. Suppose anything had happened to him, what would then become of the, with nothing in the world but a \$15,000 insurance?"

"In Vienna," said the first woman, "they have a law that is needed here. No married Viennese male is allowed to the up in a halloon without the formal

go up in a balloon without the formal consent, before witnesses, of his wife. That is as it should be. I am positive, if the ballooning craze continues, that come such law will be adopted in

"It should be," said the second wom-an, "and if it is, it will bar my hus-band out, rest assured."

From Harper's Weekly.

Mark Twain was talking of war and
of the hardships and privations of

sieges.
"A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a woman who had two dogs. They were ugly little brutes, and, when they came near him, the man pushed them out of the way with his foot. ive, sir, you are not very

fond of dogs.'
"The man started in surprise.
"Tm not fond of dogs!' he exclaimed. 'Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris!'"

Minnie's Sincere Prayer.

From Everybody's Magazine. There had been a dressmaker in the bouse, and Minnie had listened to long discussions about the very latest fashions. That night when she said her prayers, she sided a new petition, uttered with unwonted fervency:

"And, dear Lord, please make us all very

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Othe. People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own-often, gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked Oblo doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a Jarge practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little hetter than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word. I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the

evening meal. "The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

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The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

"Excuses, excuses, Walters," was Roebuck's answer, with a sad, disappointed look, as if he had hoped Walters would make a brighter showing for himself. "How many times have you yourself talked to me of this eternal excuse habit of men who fall? And if I expended my limited brain power in looking into all the excuses and explanations, what energy or time would I have for constructive work? All I can do is to select a man for a position and to judge him by results. You were put in charge to produce dividends. I'm sorry, and I venture to hope that things are not so bad as you make out in your eagerness to excuse yourself. For the sake of old times, Tom, I ignore your angry insinuations against me. I try to be just, and to be just one must always be impersonal."

"Well," said Walters with an air of desperation, "give me another year, Mr. Roebuck, and I'll produce results all right. I'll break the agreements and cut rates. I'll freeze out the branch roads and our minority stockholders. I'll keep the books so that all the expert accountants in New York couldn't untangle them. I'll wink at and commit and order committed all the nedecessary crimes, I don't know why I've been so squeamish, when there were so mitted raphe and pillage and assassina
full and assassina
full scene. But please remember that in this world every thought and every act is a mixture of the good and the bad; and the one or the other shows the more prom
the mixture of the good and the bad; and the one or the other shows the more prom
the may be made and every thought and the one or the other shows the more room in the one of the done on the thought of the body is a right arm in any term in an in any term in an inverse of the sound of the hear the probably isn't a criminal in any tental probably isn't a criminal in any tell, anywhere, no matter what he may say in sniveling pretense i

essary crimes. I don't know why I've been so squeamish, when there were so many penitentiary offenses that I did consent to, and, for that matter, commit, without a quiver. I thought I ought to draw the line somewhere and I drew it at keeping my personal word and at keeping the books reason-ably straight. But I'll go the limit."

ably straight. But I'll go the limit."

I'll never forget Roebuck's expression; it was perfect, simply perfect—a great and good man outraged beyond endurance, but a Christian still. "You have made it impossible for me to temper justice with mercy, Walters," said he. "If it were not for the long years of association, for the affection for you which has grown up in me. I you which has grown up in me, I should hand you over to the fate you have earned. You tell me you have been committing crimes in my service.
You tell me you will commit more and greater crimes. I can scarcely believe my own ears."

as there is a God in heaven, you will some day do a long, long sentence in

I listened to this tirade astounded. I listened to this tirade astounded.
Used as I was to men losing their heads through vanity, I could not credheads through vanity, I could not credwith a prudent dread and fear of him, with a sense of the absoluteness of his it my own ears and eyes when they reported to me this insane exhibition. I looked at Roebuck. He was wearing an expression of beatific patience; he would have made a fine study for a picture of the martyr at the stake.

picture of the martyr at the stake.
"I forgive you, Tom," he said, when
Walters stopped for breath. "Your own sinful heart makes you see the black of sin upon everything. I had heard that you were going about making loud boasts of your power over your employers, but I tried not to believe it. I see now that you have, indeed, lost Your prosperity has been your senses. too much for your good sense." He sighed mournfully. "I shall not interfere to prevent your getting a position elsewhere," he continued. "But after what you have confessed, after your slanders, how can I put you back in your old place out west, as I intended? How can I continue the interest in you and care for your career that I have had, in spite of all your shortcomings? I who raised you up from a clerk."

"Raised you up from a cierk.

"Raised me up as you fellows always raise men up—because you find them clever at doing your dirty work. I was a self, as Mrs. Elle notice of me and tempted me. But, by God, Mr. Roebuck, if I've sold out beyond pe of living decent again, I'll have my into my own. ice—to the last cent. You've got to

As I look b leave me where I am or give me a place and salary equally as good." This Walters said blusteringly, but beneath I could

detect the beginnings of a whine.
"You are angry, Tom," said Roebuck soothingly. "I have hurt your vanity—it one of the heavlest crosses I have to ear, that I must be continually hurting the vanity of men. Go away and-and

Walters gave a sort of groan; and though I, blinded by my prejudices in favor of Roebuck and of the crowd with whom my interests lay, had been feeling hat he was an impudent and crazy ingrate, I pitied him,

"What proofs have I got?" he said desperately. "If I show up the things I know about, I show myself up, and everybody will say I'm lying about you and the others in the effort to save myself. The newspapers would denounce me as a reacherous liar-you fellows own or control or foozle them in one way and another. And if I was believed, who'd pros-ecute you and what court'd condemn you? Don't you own both political parties and make all the tickets, and can't you ruin any office holders who lifted a finger against you? What a hell of a state of

swifter or a weaker descent I never witnessed. My pity changed to contempt, "This fellow, with his great reputation," thought I, "is a fool and a knave, and a

weak one at that." "Go away now, Tom," said Roebuck.
"When you're master of yourself again, to see me.

'Master of myself!" cried Walters bitrly. "Who that's got anything to lose master of himself in this country?" With shoulders sagging and a sort of stumble in his gait, he went toward the door. He paused there to say: "I've served too long, Mr. Roebuck. There's no fight in me. I thought there was, but ight in me. I thought there was, but there ain't. Do the best you can for me."

And he took himself out of our sight.

You will wonder how I was ever able to be sat, and I stood—she tranquil and beautiful and cold, I every instant on the state of the s

campaigns in which subordinates com-mitted rapine and pillage and assassina-tion. I did not then see the radical difference-did not realize that while Grant's work was at the command of patriotism and necessity, there was no necessity whatever for Roebuck's getting rich but the command of his own greedy and cruel

Don't misunderstand me. My morals are practical, not theoretical. Men must die, old customs embodied in law must be broken, the venal must be bribed and the weak cowed and compelled, in order that civilization may advance. You can't escivilization may advance. tablish a railway or a great industrial system by rose-water morality. But I shall show, before I finish, that Roebuck and his gang of so called "organizers of industry" bear about the same relation to and industry that the boll weevil bears to the

greater crimes, I can scarcely believe my own ears."

Walters laughed scornfully—the reckless laugh of a man who suddenly sees that he is cornered and must fight for his life. "Rot!" he jeered. "Rot! You always have been a wonder at juggling with your conscience. But do you expect me to believe you think yourself execute the orders you issue—orders that can be carried out only by committing crimes?" Walters was now beside himself with rage. He gave the reigns to that high horse he had been riding ever since he was promoted to the presidency of the great coal road. He began to lay on whip and spur. "Do you think," he cried to Roebuck, "the blood of those 500 men drowned in the Pequot mine is not on your hands—your head? You, who ordered John Wilkinson to suppress the competition the Pequot was giving you. ordered him in such a way that he knew the alternative was his own ruin? He shot himself—yet he had as good an excuse as you, for he, too, passed on the order until it got to the poor fireman—that wretched fellow they sent to the penitentiary for life? And as sureas there is a God in heaven, you will some day do a long, long sentence in white recombination in the read of the presence of this great and good man at prayer!

Gotton crop. Till withraw has, the result of the activities of those parasites, anybody anywhere is using or is able to use a single pound or bushel of yard mere of any commodity whatsoeyer. I'll with-draw this, if one can show me that, as the result of the activities of those parasites, ashigh pound or bushel of yard mere of any commodity whatsoeyer. I'll with-draw this, if one can show me that, as the result of the activities of those parasites, ashgrle pound or bushel of yard mere of any commodity whatsoeyer. I'll with-draw this the susing to a shigh pound or bushel of yard mere of any commodity whatsoeyer. I'll with-draw this the susing or is able to use a single pound or bushel or saingle pound or bushel of yard mere of any commodity whatsoeyer. I'll with-draw the susing or is able to use

some day do a long, long sentence in whatever hell there is, for letting that wretch rot in prison—yes, and for John Wilkinson's suicide, and for the lives of those 500 drowned. Your pensions to the widows and orphans can't save you."

How he and that God of his must have laughed at me! So infatuated was I that, clear as it is that he'd never have let me be present at such a scene without a strong uilcr'or motive, not until he himself long afterward made it impossible for me to deceive myself did I penetrate to his real nurses, which he wished to the real nurses. combat it. But at the time I thought-imbecle that my vanity had made me-at

> Is it not amazing that one who could fall into such colossal blunders should survive to tell of them? I would not have survived had not Roebuck and his crowd been at the same time making an even more colossal misestimate of me than I was making of them. My attack was violent, but temporary; theirs was equally violent, and chronic and incurable to boot.

XII. ANITA.

On my first day in long trousers I may have been more ill at ease than I was that Sunday evening at Ellerslys'; but I doubt it. When I came into their big drawing

room and took a look around at the assembled guests I never felt more at decent, honest fellow when you first took and as I noted the friendly interest in the glances of the women, "this is where I belong. I'm beginning to come

As I look back on it now I can't refrain from smiling at my own simplicity-and snobbishness. For, so determined was I to believe what I was working for was worth while, that I actually fancied there were upon these in reality ordinary people, ordinary in looks, ordinary in intelligence, some subtle marks of superiority, that made alm down. Think the situation over mon run. This ecstasy of snobbishness deluded me as to the women only—for coolly; then come and apologize to me, and I will do what I can to help you. As for your threats—when you are calm, you will see how idle they are."

Walters gave a sort of groan; and though I, blinded by my prejudices in favor of Roebuck and of the crowd with than I, it was because of his manner which, as I have probably said before is superior to that of any human being I've ever seen—man or woman.

"You are to take Anita in," said Mrs. Ellersly. With a laughable sense t I was doing myself proud, I crossed room easily and took my stand in front of her. She shook hands with me po-Langdon was sitting be side her: I had interrupted their con-

with a quizzical, satirical smile with the eyes only. "It seems strange to see you at such peaceful pursuits." His glance traveled over me critically-and that was the beginning of my trouble. Presently he rose, left me alone with

You know Mr. Langdon?" she said, because she felt she must obviously obviously say something. "Oh, yes," I replied. "We are

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We are out friends. What a tremendous swell he is—really a swell." This with enthumade no comment. I debated with myself whether to go on talking of Langdon. I decided against it be cause all I knew of him had to do wit matters down town-and Monson had "I've impressed it upon me that down town was taboo in the drawing room. I rumme"

blind myself to the reality of this fright- more miserably self-conscious. When ta:

the start for the dining room was made I offered her my left arm, though I had I offered her my left arm, though I had carefully planned beforehand just what I would do. She—without hesitation and, as I know now, out of sympathy for me in my suffering—was taking my wrong arm, when it flashed on me like a blinding blow in the face that I ought to be on the other side of her. I got red, tripped in the far-sprawling train of Mrs. Langdon, tore it slightly. I got red, tripped in the far-sprawling train of Mrs. Langdon, tore it slightly, tried to get to the other side of Miss Ellersly by walking in front of her, recovered myself somehow, stumbled round behind her, walked on her train, and finally arrived at her left side, conscious in every red-hot atom of me that I was making a spectacle of myself and that the whole company was enjoying it. I must have seemed to them an ignorant boor; in fact, I had been about a great deal among people who knew how to behave, and had I never given the matter of how to conduct myself on that particular occasion an instant's thought I should have got on without the least trouble.

It was with a sigh of profound relief

got on without the least trouble.

It was with a sigh of profound relief that I sank upon the chair between Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Langdon, safe from danger of making "breaks," so I hoped, for the rest of the evening. But within a very few minutes I realized that my little misadventure had un. so that I could scarcely lift the soup spoon to my lips, and my throat had got so far beyond control that I had difficulty in swallowing. Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Langdon were each busy with the man on the other side of her: I was left to my own reflections, and I was not sure whether this made me more or less uncomfortable. To add to my torment I grew angry, furiously ny torment I grew angry, furiously ingry, with myself. I looked up and lown and across the big table, noted all these self-satisfied people perfectly at their ease, and I said to myself: "What's the matter with you, Matt?

But it was of no use. When Miss But it was of no use. When Miss Elicrsly finally turned her face toward me to indicate that she would be graciously pleased to listen if I had anything to communicate, I felt as if I were slowly wilting, felt my throat contracting into a dry twist. What was the matter with me? Partly, of course, my own snobbishness, which led me to attach the same importance to those my own snobbishness, which led me to attach the same importance to those people that the snobbishness of the small and silly had got them in the way of attaching to themselves. But the chief cause of my inability was Monson and his lessons. I had thought I was estimating at its proper value. Monson and his lessons. I had thought I was estimating at its proper value what he was teaching. But so earnest and serious am I by nature, and so earnest and serious was he about these trivialities that he had been brought up to regard as whole of life, that I had unconsciously absorbed his attitude; I was like a fellow who, after craniming hard for an examination, finds that all the questions put to him are on things he hasn't looked at. I had been making an ass of myself, and that evening I got the first instalment of my sound and just punishment. I who had prided myself on being ready for anything or anybody. ng ready for anything or anybody. ho had laughed contemptously when I who had laughed contemptously when I read how men and women, presented at Euro, ean courts, made fools of themselves—I was made ridiculous by these people who, as I well know, had nothing to back their pretensions to superiority but a barefaced bluff.

Perhaps, had I thought this out at the table, I should have got back to myself and my normal ease; but I didn't, and that long and terrible dinner was one long and terrible agony of stage fright.

that long and terrible dinner was one long and terrible agony of stage fright. When the ladies withdrew, the other men drew together, talking of people I did not know and of things I did not care about—I thought then they were avoiding me deliberately as a flock of tame ducks avoids a wild one that some wind has accidentally blown down among them. I know now that my forbidding aspect must have been responsible for my isolation. However responsible for my isolation. However, I sat alone, sullenly resisting old Ellersly's constrained efforts to get me into the conversation, and angrily suspicious that Langdon was enjoying my discomfiture more than the cigaret he was apparently absorbed in.

Old Ellersly, growing more and more nervous before my dark and sullen look, finally seated himself before me. "I hope you'll stay after the others have gone," said he. "They'll leave early, and we can have a quiet smoke and

All unstrung though I was, I yet had the desperate courage to resolve that I'd not leave, defeated in the eyes of the one person whose opinion I really cared about. "Very well," said I, in reply to him.

(Continued Next Week.)

is going to be recorded against I hear always makes me so sorry when I hear a lady swear like that. But if she says a lady swear it in an amiable, nice 'damn' and says it in an amiable, nice way, it isn't going to be recorded at

"The idea that no gentleman eve swears is all wrong; he can swear and still be a gentleman if he does it in a nice and benevolent and affectionate way. The historian, John Fiske, whom knew well and loved, was a spotless and most noble and upright Christian gentleman and yet he swore once. Not exactly that, maybe; still he-but I will tell you about it.

"One day when he was deeply immersed in his work his wife came in much moved and profoundly distressed were 19,000 feet up in the air in the hot summer the summer of the and said, 'I am sorry to disturb you, John, but I must, for this is a serious matter and needs to be attended to at once.' Then lamenting, she brought a grave accusation against their little son. She said: 'He has been saying his Aunt Mary is a fool and his Aunt Martha a damned fool!' Mr. Fiske re-flected upon the matter a minute, then 'Oh! well, it's about the distinct tion I should make between them, my-

Had Missed It.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.
"What are you crying for, my pool
little boy?" said a man to a crying boy. Pa fell downstairs." "Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get "That isn't it. Sister saw him fall-all

A Practical Joke.

From the New York Weekly.
Tramp—You gave me a counterfeit
ve-dollar bill a few moments ago.
Practical Joker—He! he! he! ho! ho! Found it out, eh?

LEMONS BECOMING SCARCE AND DEAR

Lemons have become quite a domestic "question." The housewise is discovering that lemons are scarce and that my little misadventure had un-nerved me. My hands were trembling dear. The explanation of the shortage so that I could scarcely lift the soup is a simple one. This has been a record summer for the use of lemons, and the supply has not equaled the demand; prices have gone up and the end of the summer finds a great inroad made into the autumn stock.

Our lemon supplies are mostly guaranteed by Sicilian summers, says the London Daily Mail. The Messina and Palermo crops begin in November and sometimes last through the whole year, so that the same ship may bring the last cases of the old crop and the first of the new Part this has been a larger. "What's the matter with you, Matt?
They're only men and women, and by no means the best specimens of the breed. You've got more brains than all of 'em put together, probably; is there one of the lot that could get a job at good wages if thrown on the world? What do you care what they think of you? It's a damn sight more important what you think of them, as it won't be many years before you'll hold everything they value, everything that makes them of consequence, in the hollow of your hand."

But it was of no use. When Miss of the old crop and the first of the new. But this has been a lemon summer, and so the last shipments from Sicily did not provide more than enough to meet the August heat wave.

Next to Sicily we depend upon Naples and the Neapolitan crop, which begins in the early spring, usually lasts until October, but this year, again, Neapolitan lemons have lasted only until the beginning of September. Then comes summy Spain, with Malaga, Murcia and Carthagena lemons, and the groves of Lisbon practically complete the tale of our supplies.

Mostly from California.

Mostly from California.

California has, during the last thirty years, supplied some portion of the American demand, but the United States is not independent of the lemon groves of Europe, and it is the largest consumer of European lemons, with Great Britain a good second.

The confectioners take their share, though most of their supplies come in the form of pickled rinds and citrate of lime. The Messina lemons, having the most acidity, are the best for the purposes of the manufacture of citrate of lime, and it is in Messina that the purposes of the manufacture of citrate of lime, and it is in Messina that the lemons whose products are wanted by the confectioners are dealt with.

The pulp is there turned into powdered citrate of lime, as it is more convenient to export than the concentrated lemon juice from which the manufac-

lemon juice from which the manufac-turers here derive their citrate of lime; and the rinds are put in brine and sent over to England to be turned into that adjunct to Christmas cheer, can-

The essence of lemon is squeezed out The essence of lemon is squeezed out of the peel by hand. Sicilian girls stand with a pile of peel cut into quarters at their side and before them is a sponge. That is all their apparatus. They squeeze each quarter of the rind and a jet of essence issues forth and is soaked up by the sponge. Then the sponge is squeezed and the costly essence is bottled, but thousands of lemons are necessary to fill a tiny vial.

Tree is a Frail Plant. Tree Is a Frail Plant.

The lemon tree is a frail plant and not so hardy as the orange. It is so used to the genial kindness of the sun that a nip of frost is fatal to it. One hour of frost on January 30 last year almost destroyed the Neapolitan crop, and though many of the trees recovered enough strength to put forth fresh leaves this year they had not the strength to bear fruit, but by having rested they will be all the better next year, so that the crop of 1907 may be expected to reach a high level of abundance and quality. Last year, too, the fragrant lemon groves of the French Riviera were "untimely nipped i' th' bud." The valleys showed the black and leafless skeletons of trees that should have been in leaf and blos-The lemon tree is a frail plant and that should have been in leaf and blosthat should have been in feat and blos-som and many of them, shriveled past recovery, had to be uprooted.

The Neapolitan lemons are the fin-est of all and come when they are most wanted and other crops are over. But

artifice and not nature regulates their maturity. In certain districts in Italy, particularly in Majori, they are grown particularly in Majori, they are grown on estates which once belonged, and some of which still belong, to the ancient nobility of the land who in restless political times lived on their estates outside the city and cultivated lemon groves as part of the elegancies of their pleasure gardens.

Here the trees are not allowed to grow beyond six or seven feet in height and the ripening of the fruit is artificially retarded by the trees being cov-

Mark Twain's New Story.

"We all swear—everybody, including the ladies, including Dr. Parkhurst, that strong and brave and excellent citizen, but superficially educated. For it is not the word that is the sin; it is the spirit back of the word. When an irritated lady says 'Oh!' the spirit back of it is 'damn,' and that is the way it is going to be recorded against her. It Thus the Naples lemons escape the Thus the Naples lemons escape the dangers of a glut and fetch highest prices when fresh lemons are most

When a Balloon Catches Cold.

"Balloning is so fascinating that it is almost impossible to bring oneself to come down when one ought, ways to soar higher, to travel a farther, to take just another flight, by throwing out the last bag of stand," says ticle in Appleton's magazine for Novem-

"Yet even with a large amount of balwhine above the clouds. A cool current of air struck us and condensed the gas in the balloon, so that we fell into the clouds. There, out of the sun's rays we cooled still more, and fell more rapidly. I was throwing out ballast all this time, but without stopping our descent. Indeed at one time in our fall the sand I cast overboard seemed to move upward, at such a tremendous rate were we descending. From the clouds we fell into the cool breeze that always blows over a forest; and lastly we crossed a river, which added the finishing touch to the condensation of the gas in the balloon. We threw over all the ballast, the anchor and guide rope, our luncheon and water, the camera, and all the clothes we should not absolutely need on our arrival on the earth we were so rapidly approaching. Nothing seemed to check the rapidity of our fall, and when finally we struck in the midst of a forest our legs were doubled up under us in spite of the protection afforded us by the basket. I should have had to throw my brother overboard, too, to have kept in the air. indeed he had to get out of the basket-after we had somewhat recovered from the shock of our alighting-before the bal-"Yes, sir; and, on my information, loon would rise so that we could steer it to an officer is now looking for you. Gimme five dollars in good money, and I'll throw 'em off the track. Thanks. Ta, was condensed to two-thirds its former rolling."

Not Honorable Enough. Lady Walrond, the wife of General Str William Wairond, M. P., described at a dinner party in Boston the Life of a maid

"One of my friends," she said, "was a maid of honer to Queen Victoria. She spent a part of each winter at San Remo, where I have a villa, and one January afternoon at the Sports club, as we were taking tea under an orange tree, a gentleman said to her:

man said to her: "How interesting your life at court must be. And what a delightful diary you

must be able to keep."
"No, said the maid of honor, 'that is impossible. The queen makes it a condition that we keep no dairies while at 'Ah,' said the gentleman, laughing, 'I

think I should keep a very secret one, all the same.
"'Then,' said my friend, with a grave

smile, 'I am afraid you would not be a mala of honor."

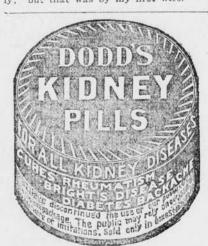
A Quick Explanation.

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on,

'How do you do, sir?" said the alienst.

"How do you do, sir,"
"What is your name, may I ask?"
"My name?" said the other, frowning
fiercely, "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."
"Yet the "Indeed:" said the alienst. "Yet the last time I was here you were the em-

peror of Germany."
"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."



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