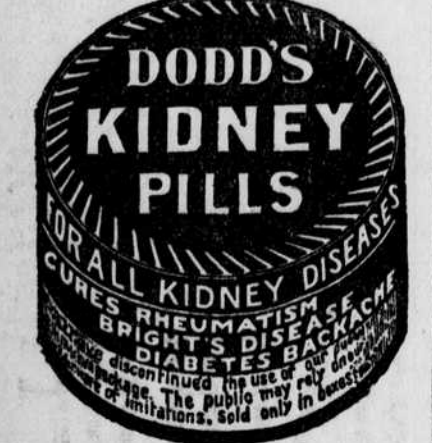


Kaiser Bills Humor.
A German editor told at dinner in New York a new story about the German emperor.
"The emperor not long ago," he said, "was taken ill. Two physicians were called in. They examined the patient, decided that he had influenza, and advised that he remain alone three days."
"In the midst of their advice and talk the imperial bodyguard drew up before the palace. Loud hurrahs sounded from the crowd outside, and the emperor rose and ran to the window."
"One of the physicians remonstrated, but the emperor interrupted him.
"It is necessary," he said with a laugh, "for me to show myself at this window, for it is stated in Baedeker and the other guide books that I may be seen here from the street about this time every day."

Jealousy.
Stubb—"That wealthy Mrs. Glider learning to be a manicurist! Why, I am surprised."
Penn—"Nothing remarkable. You see, her husband has been patronizing a professional lady manicurist and Mrs. Glider can't bear to think of any other woman holding his hands."

In our town not long ago there was a bank failure, and as papa sat down to breakfast next morning he remarked to mamma that B. & B. had "busted." One of the younger girls looked up, saying: "I thought I heard a funny noise last night."



Her—"I hear the Newsies have separated. Do you know the cause of it?"
Him—"Yes. She insisted on going to her club twice a week, so he went home to his father."

Garfield Tea, the Mild laxative, is a pure, practical household remedy; good for young and old. To be taken for constipation, indigestion, sick-headache, colds and diseases arising from impure blood. It clears the complexion.

25,000 NEEDLESSLY BLIND.

Worker Says There is a Large Amount of Preventable Blindness.

From the Washington Times.

Miss Winifred Holt, secretary of the New York association, for the blind, at a conference on blindness, intended to be primarily a chautauqua for practical workers in philanthropy, held yesterday in the United Charities building, in Fourth avenue, illustrated her address by a variety of products, the handwork of the sightless, and by a series of interesting lantern slides, each of which served to demonstrate how easily the problem of the blind can be solved.

In the course of her address Miss Holt said: "To help the blind, we must get at them and reclaim them; find out where they are, what their conditions are and how we can help them. In the census of 1900 some classification was made. These censuses all prove that blindness is often the result of poverty; that, as a rule, the blind are poor; that there is a shocking amount of preventable blindness. There are 60,000 blind persons in the United States, according to the last census. Twenty-five thousand more have borne the disasters and hardships of total or partial darkness whose eyes, with proper care and treatment, could have been saved; 6,500 more could have been preserved from darkness by a simple and inexpensive method; if mothers and physicians had known how to treat the eyes of the newborn."
"This shows that two-fifths of the blindness in our country could have been avoided. It is obvious that our first duty is to prevent this needless suffering. The law and the state should head this crusade, which should be supplemented by private effort."
"There are in New York state over 4,000 blind. More than three-fourths of them lost their sight after the school age, when the state does not undertake to teach them, and offers them the hospitality of the almshouses, hospitals, prisons or lunatic asylums."

ROMANTIC DEVONSHIRE.

The Land Made Famous by Philpotts' Novels.
Philpotts has made us familiar with romantic Devonshire, in his fascinating novels, "The River," "Children of the Mist," etc. The characters are very human; the people there drink coffee with the same results as elsewhere. A writer at Rock House, Orchard Hill, Bideford, North Devon, states:
"For 30 years I drank coffee for breakfast and dinner, but some 5 years ago I found that it was producing indigestion and heart-burn, and was making me restless at night. These symptoms were followed by brain fag and a sluggish mental condition."
"When I realized this, I made up my mind that to quit drinking coffee and having read of Postum, I concluded to try it. I had it carefully made, according to directions, and found to my agreeable surprise at the end of a week, that I no longer suffered from either indigestion, heartburn, or brain-fag, and that I could drink it at night and secure restful and refreshing sleep."
"Since that time we have entirely discontinued the use of the old kind of coffee, growing fonder and fonder of Postum as time goes on. My digestive organs certainly do their work much better now than before, a result due to Postum Food Coffee, I am satisfied."
"As a table beverage we find (for all the members of my family use it) that when properly made it is most refreshing and agreeable, of delicious flavor and aroma. Vigilance is, however, necessary to secure this, for unless the servants are watched they are likely to neglect the thorough boiling which it must have in order to extract the goodness from the cereal." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Romance Takes a Somersault.

From the New York Sun.
The time was Tuesday morning. The place was Foam-by-the-Sea. And the personage (to start with) were five visions of unconscious beauty (visions, I said, of unconscious beauty) sitting on the piazza of "The Combars" in various attitudes of unstudied grace (unstudied—do you understand me?), while walking up the piazza steps—a real stylish young gentleman.

—Ah—now you catch me meaning. (And while the novices are waiting open-mouthed at this slight hint of the depth of my wisdom, I would have a word with those alone, my faithful ones.)
—Observe these five. Observe them well. I know them. Too well I know them; their motives, thoughts and actions. Scientifically and dispassionately have I studied them. Well, then, I am now about to dissect their motives, thoughts and actions. You see me wink my eye in a droll and waggish manner, you will understand my meaning.
—Are you on?
—You are on.
—Good.
—First thoughts of the five—one thought for each.
"At last."
"He must have come last night. He'll do."
"Him for me."
"How lucky I was out here. You never can tell."
"I'm so glad I put this clean dimity on this morning."
—And while our hero doffs his hat and says, "Good morning, ladies," I'll let you into a thing or two.

The first young lady was down for a week. She had sewed her finer and finer off for the preceding three months "getting ready." She now considered herself "ready."
The second young lady had a friend who had gone away the summer before and had come back engaged.
The third young lady was a typewriter and bookkeeper and she was herself "ready."
—And of the other two it is sufficient to say that they were trained to the minute.

—Good morning, murmured the five.
Three other young ladies, one of them having a fine and the other two interlocking, strolled out of the hall and sat down on the piazza.
Of the intertwiners, one whispered a private joke to the other, whereas a wrist was presently slapped to the accompaniment of laughter.
The hummer continued her tune, but never a sound had given you the young man's Bertillon measurements, hum she never so unconcernedly.
Four other visions walked up from the beach and sat down on the piazza steps. Three girls staying at a house across the street walked over to make a call on one of the friends who had left "The Combars" the week before.
A stout old lady whispered to a little boy, who disappeared into the house. Soon a young lady came out of the house. "Here," said the stout old lady, "you can have my chair." And, having thus entered her daughter in the contest, she withdrew to a position where she could see fair play.

Six marriageable ones strolled around the side of the house and looked peaches and cream at no one in particular.
A giddy one came rushing out. "Where is he?" she breathlessly asked before she saw him.
A dashing young widow tripped down the stairs and sat outside on the piazza railing, swinging her feet. (The stout old lady gave her such a look.)
—(And right at this point I'll let you into another thing or two. In the first place, the stylish young gentleman reminded me of a lady present of a bridegroom she had known, and in the second place, every one there, with the exception of the three girls from across the street, had been attracted to the place by a piece of printed matter bearing a photograph of a tallish standing in front of "The Combars," which tallish—do you see—was the young man's portrait, while five other disconsolate young gentlemen clustered on the sidewalk.)
"It's a beautiful day," said our hero.
"Yes," they all murmured.
(The sun shone; warm and sultry. White light and dimness. Tender looks, slow glances and a murmur. You are taking it all in?)
"How'd you like to have your picture taken?" he asked.
Murmurs of acquiescence.
"He shouted, 'Bring her round.'"
A hush. The group started. "Under a camera. He placed this in position to cover the crowd and then ate a morsel of tobacco."
"Twenty-five cents each," said the stylish young gentleman, taking an order blank from his pocket.
—And that, of course, was the end of Sweet Romance.

But what of that?
By mental process those assembled tormentors of man made themselves divisible into four classes.
(a) Those who thought he was real stylish.
(b) Those who reflected that he kept a man.
(c) Those who figured his weekly profits at 25 cents a clip.
(d) Those who had tried typewriting and bookkeeping and were jolly well tired of it.
Whereupon Sweet Romance, throwing a back somersault, banged his head on the floor and gave up the ghost with an awful cry.

A Transparent Fiction.
The late Clarence H. Clark, of Philadelphia, had one of the finest private libraries in the world. Mr. Clark was an authority on incububula and on first editions.
A Philadelphia auctioneer once submitted to Mr. Clark a copy of Dickens' "Little Dorrit." The auctioneer said to the owner of the book claimed that it was a first edition, and he wished to know if the man spoke the truth.
Mr. Clark examined the work. Then, with a smile, he said:
"The owner spoke the truth to the same extent as a friend of mine once did on his honeymoon."
"Starting with his bride on the honeymoon, my friend entered a railway office, and, as always in the past, bought only one ticket.
"The bride noticed the oversight at once."
"Why, you bought only one ticket, dear," she said.
"By Jove," the fellow answered, "I forgot all about myself!"

A Good Definition.
"Pa, what is a psychological moment?" asked a Virginia farm boy of his father.
"I've read so much about it," continued the boy, "and even the dictionary doesn't give a definition of it."
"A psychological moment? Let me see," said the farmer, meditatively. "Well now did you ever notice your ma when she was hanging out a washin'? Did you ever see the old clothesline break and let the whole line fall into the mud? Well, that's a psychological moment—a moment when you had better have urgent business at the barn."

Old Joke Newly Twisted.
"When shall I call again with this bill, Mr. Slowpaw?" asked the collector.
"Oh, there's no hurry about it," replied Slowpaw. "Suppose you wait until I return your call."

The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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They nodded, looked at me, nevertheless, with eyes narrow with suspicion.
"Yes, monsieur, we know," said Jourdain, "the authorities at the hospital at once notified us."
"It was not the first attack," I asserted, with a temerity born of necessity. "He has had others, but none so serious as this."
—He nodded sympathetically. Plainly they had been considerably impressed by my lodger.
"So," I continued brazenly, "he knows at last that his condition is very bad, and he wishes to remain at the hospital for some days, and he has quite had the second floor back, which was occupied by the ladies."
I spoke the last word with seeming nonchalance, without the quiver of a lash, though I was inwardly a quaking, for was risking everything upon it. Then, in an instant, I breathed more freely. I saw that I had hit the mark, and that the suspicions were growing gradually less.

"They, of course, are not coming back," added "at least not for some time; he has no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth—I can take possession tomorrow."
—They exchanged a glance and Madame Jourdain arose.
"Very well, monsieur," she said. "Will you have the kindness to come and look at the room?"
I followed her up the stair, giddy at my good fortune. She opened a door and lighted a gas jet against the wall.
"I am sure you will like the apartment, monsieur," she said. "You see, it is a very large one and most comfortable."
It was indeed, of good size and well furnished. The bed was in a kind of alcove, and beyond it was a bath—curled up in a tub, striving vainly to penetrate the mystery. For I was as far as ever from the solution of it. Who were these people? What was their aim? How had they managed to win Miss Holladay over to their side; to persuade her to accompany them; to cause her change of attitude toward him? Or had they really abducted her? Was there really danger of foul play—danger that she would fall a victim as mine had been? Who was Mr. Lester? And above all what was the plot? What did he hope to gain? What was he striving for?

To these questions I could find no reasonable answer; I was still groping in the dark; and at last in sheer confusion, I put down my pipe, turned out the light, and went to bed.
CHAPTER XIII.
EN VOYAGE.
Mr. Graham's congratulations next morning were not only complete and speedy success, Mr. Lester, he said warmly. "You've done splendid work."
I pointed out to him that, after all, success was purely the result of accident. Had I really been clever, I should have instantly suspected what that sudden seizure on the station platform meant, I should have hurried back to the scene and followed Margigny—as I still called him in my thoughts—do the hotel, in the chance of securing his first address. Instead of which if chance had not befriended me I should have been as far as ever from a solution of the mystery. I trembled to think upon what a slender thread my victory had hung.
But my chief joy was not that he declared that a man must be judged by his achievements, and that he judged me by mine.
"Let us find out how our friend is," I said last, so the hospital was called up. "Yes, I'll return to the patient was stronger, but would be unable to leave his bed for two or three days."
"The Jourdain may tell him of my call," said I. "They'll suspect something when they return today—yet they may wait for me a day or two longer—they have my money—and one day is all I want. It's just possible that they may keep silent altogether. They've nothing to gain by speaking at all. They're not in the conspiracy. Anyway, tomorrow I'll be out of reach."
"Yes—that's plainly the next step. You must follow them to France—but where in France will you look for them? I didn't think of that before. Why, the search is just beginning." I thought it impossible to accomplish what you have accomplished, but that seems easy, now, beside this new problem."
"Yes," I assented; "still, it may not be so hard as it looks. We must try to find out where the women have gone and I believe Rogers can help us. My theory is that they're from one of the hotels where the Holladays visited when they were abroad, and Mr. Holladay must have kept in touch with his office, more or less, during that time."
My chief sprang up and seized his hat.

"The very thing!" he cried. "There's no luck about that bit of reasoning; Mr. Lester. Come, I'll go with you. Rogers had been carrying on the routine work of the business since his employer's death, and was supervising the settlement of accounts, and the thousand and one details which must be attended to before the business could be closed up. We found him in the private office, and stated our errand without delay."
"Yes," he said, "Mr. Holladay kept in touch with the office, of course. Let me see—what was the date?"
"Let us look for the first six months of 1876," I suggested.
He got down the file covering that period, and ran through the letters.
"Yes, here they are," he said after a moment. "In January, he writes from Nice, where they seem to have remained during February and March. About the middle of April, they started north—here's a letter dated Paris, April 19—and from Paris they went to a place called Etretat. They remained there through May, June and July. This is all the time covered by this file. Shall I get another?"
"No," I answered; "but I wish you'd make an abstract of Mr. Holladay's whereabouts during the whole time he was abroad, and send it to our office no later than this afternoon."
"Very well, sir," he said, and we left the room.

"Why didn't you let him go farther?" asked Mr. Graham, as we went down in the elevator.
"Because I think I've found the place, sir," I answered. "Did you notice—the time they stayed at Etretat covers the period of Miss Holladay's birth, which, I'm convinced, these people were in some way concerned. We must look up Etretat."

A map at the office showed us that it was a little fishing hamlet and seaside resort on the shore of the English channel, not far north of Havre.

"My theory is," I said, "that when the time of her confinement approached, Mr. Holladay brought his wife to Paris to secure the services of an experienced physician, perhaps; or perhaps a nurse, or linen, or all of them. That done, they proceeded to Etretat, which they may have visited before, and knew of as a quiet place, with a bracing atmosphere. They would naturally desire. Here, the daughter was born, and here, I am convinced, we find the key to the mystery, though I am very far from guessing what that key is. But I have a premonition you may smile if you wish—that I'll find the clew I'm seeking at Etretat. The name has somehow struck an answering chord in me."
The words, as I recall them now, seem more than a little foolish and self-assured; yet, in light of the result, well as they may be, my chief showed no disposition to smile, but sat for some moments in deep thought.

"I don't doubt that you're right, Mr. Lester," he said at last. "At any rate, I'm ready to trust your experience—since I have absolutely none in this kind of work. I don't need to say that I have every confidence in you. I'll have a letter of credit prepared at once so that you may not want for money—I shall we say five thousand to start with."
I stammered that I was certain that would be more than enough, but he silenced me with a gesture.
"You'll find foreign travel more expensive than you think," he said. "It may be, too, that you'll find that money will help you materially with your investigations. I want you to have all you may need—don't spare it. When you find more don't hesitate to draw on us."
I thanked him and was about to take my leave, for I had some packing to do and some private business to arrange, when a message came from Dr. Jenkinson. Mr. Graham smiled as he read it.

"Royce is better," he said; "much better. He's asking for you, and Jenkinson seems to think you'd better go to him, especially if you can bring good news."
"Just the thing!" I cried. "I must go and bid him goodby, in any event," and half an hour later I was admitted to our junior's room. He was lying back in a big chair, and seemed pale and weak, but he flushed up when he saw me, and held out his hand eagerly. He couldn't wait any longer, Lester— he begged me to come. "It seems an age since I've seen you. I'd have sent for you before this, but I knew that you were working."
"Yes," I smiled, "I was working."
"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded. "All about it—every detail."
The door opened as he spoke, and Dr. Jenkinson came in.

"Doctor," I queried, "how far it is safe to indulge this sick man? He wants me to tell him a story."
"Is it a good story?" asked the doctor.
"Why, yes, fairly good."
"Then tell it. May I stay?"
"Certainly," said Mr. Royce and I together, and the doctor drew up a chair. So I recounted, as briefly as I could, the events of the past two days, and the happy accident which gave me the clue I sought. Mr. Royce's face was beaming when I ended.
"And you start for France tomorrow?" he asked.
"Tomorrow morning—the boat sails at 10 o'clock."
"Well, I'm going with you!" he cried. "Why?" I stammered, startled by his vehemence. "You strolled enough. I'd be mighty glad to have you, but do you think you ought? How about it, doctor?"
Jenkinson was smiling with half-shut eyes.

"It's not a bad idea," he said. "His needs rest and quiet more than anything else, and he's bound to get a week of that on the water, which is more than he'll do here. I can't keep that brain of his still, wherever he is. He'd worry here, and with a good doctor he was. I should be mighty glad to have you, but do you think you ought? How about it, doctor?"
I believed so, too; but I recognized in Jenkinson's words that fine optimism which had done so much to make him the great doctor he was. I shook my junior's hand again in the joy of having him with me. As for him, he seemed quite transformed, and Jenkinson gazed at him with a look of quiet pleasure. "You'll have to pack," I said. "Will you need my help?"
"No; nurse can do it with the doctor here to help us out," he laughed. "You've your own packing to do, and odds and ends to look after. Besides, neither of us will need much luggage. Don't forget to reserve the other berth in that stateroom for me."
"No," I said, and rose. "I'll come for you in the morning."
"All right; I'll be ready."
The doctor followed me out to give me a word of caution. My way was still far from well; he must not over-exert himself; he must be kept cheerful and hopeful, if possible; above all, he was not to worry; quiet and sea air would do the rest.

Continued Next Week.
"The Dedicated Life."
From Boston Transcript.
"The Dedicated Life" is the latest—its predecessors having been "The Simple Life" and "The Strenuous Life." It is commended by no less practical and un-sentimental a mind than that of Mr. Haldane, secretary of state for war in the Campbell-Bannerman ministry. It makes its appearance in the address which he delivered recently as lord rector to the students of the University of Edinburgh, and which was there pronounced by Mr. Balfour himself, a "great discourse."
Mr. Haldane in this address answers the time-honored questions, "What is life? What is the measure of success?" by showing that it is the dedication, the selecting of an ideal, the concentrating upon that, the sticking to it, whether successful or unsuccessful—especially indeed, if unsuccessful—that is the noblest use to which a life can be put. The test is not success or failure, the reaching of some definite point; it is the striving itself, or rather the quality of the striving, the aiming in continually higher and higher reach towards the ideal, the struggling instead of yielding. It is manhood's highest expression. This is supported by Lessing, who declared that were God to offer him the truth on one hand and the search on the other, he would choose the search. Robert Browning delivered powerfully, again and again, this great message in some of his most characteristic poems.

One Condition.
An old-time barrister was John Williams a sarcastic wit, and a bachelor with an intense prejudice against marriage. His clerk one day asked him for a holiday to get married, and some months afterwards on entering his chambers, Williams found his dead body suspended from the door. He engaged another clerk and asked him if he was married. "No," replied the clerk, but thinking Williams would regard marriage as a guarantee of steadfastness, he added, but I am going to be."
"Very well," replied Williams, "but understand this—when you hang yourself, don't do it here."

A SOCIAL LEADER OF KANSAS CITY

Attributes Her Excellent Health to Per-una.



MRS. W. H. SIMMONS.
Mrs. W. H. SIMMONS, 1119 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the National Annuity Association.

My health was excellent until about a year ago, when I had a complete collapse from over-exercising socially, not getting the proper rest, and too many late suppers. My stomach was in a dreadful condition, and my nerves all unstrung.
"I was advised by a friend to try Per-una, and eventually I bought a bottle. I took it and then another, and kept using it for three months."
"At the end of that time my health was restored, my nerves no longer troubled me, and I felt myself once more able to assume my social position. I certainly feel that Per-una is deserving of praise."
There are many reasons why society women break down, why their nervous systems fail, why they have systemic or pelvic catarrh. Indeed, they are especially liable to these ailments. No wonder they require the protection of Per-una. It is their shield and safeguard.

Not the Student Type.
Upton Sinclair, during a recent reunion of Columbia men, said that he thought athletics too often exerted a harmful influence on undergraduates.
"When I was in Chicago," Mr. Sinclair said, "making notes for 'The Jungle,' I knew an old lodging-house keeper, and one night the old man said to me suspiciously:
"Do you know, I don't believe that there student who has taken my fourth floor back is a student at all."
"Why not?" said I.
"He studies too much," said the old man."

Canadian Government FREE FARMS
Over 200,000 American farmers who have settled in Canada during the past few years testify to the fact that Canada is, beyond question, the greatest farming land in the world.
Over Ninety Million Bushels
of wheat from the harvest of 1906, means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cash raising, dairying, mixed farming are also profitable callings. Coal, water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low. For advice and information address: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, D. Scott, Secretary of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Waterbury, South Dakota, or W. W. Bennett, Box New York, La. Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Mica Axle Grease
lengthens the life of the wagon—saves horsepower, time and temper. Best lubricant in the world—contains powdered mica which forms a smooth, hard coating on axle, and reduces friction.
If you want your outfit to last and earn money while it lasts—grease the axles with Mica Axle Grease.
STANDARD OIL COMPANY Incorporated

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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, 50 Warren Street, New York.
**ALBERTA—Leduc District, 20 miles S. of Edmonton, the capital city. A mixed farming country. Well drained and watered by creeks and lakes. Rich black soil, partly wooded, unlimited supply of coal. Land \$3 and upwards per acre.
The newly incorporated town of Leduc offers good opportunities, such as cement block factory, pork packing, starch factory, etc., besides usual trades and professions. Leduc has record for shipments of grain, hogs, dairy products and eggs. Write Board of Trade, Leduc, Alberta.**
Money Easily Made Send \$5 for deeds in the United States. Guaranteed. Successful. In 60 days you can make \$25,000.00. Write to Ely Brothers, 50 Warren Street, New York.
If afflicted with sore Eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water