

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Pre-ru-na for Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Sims, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time. This summer, I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time. I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are cases when they need a little assistance. Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

Atchison Globe Sights.

"Some people say everything is for the best, but they don't believe it. The man with the hair lip always wants to do the talking. Some people won't have anything new, they can buy it second hand. Two men are nearly always braver than one even if one of them has cold feet. If a boy earns 10 cents, he wants it; he isn't willing to trust the best man alive. Women seem to try about everything for their complexions except the rules of health. Arbitration is a great thing, but it doesn't appeal to the party in a dispute who has a 'clinch.' What has become of the old fashioned child which was always saying, 'I'm going to tell mamma.' The bride is never nervous, and the groom always thinks he has a lot of nerve because he showed up at all. If a man ever thinks much of his wife's skin, it is apt to be a younger sister, of whom the wife will be jealous. Some boys can have a pretty good time at anything which interferes with the happiness and comfort of others. 'I love them,' said an Atchison man today, of his grandchildren, 'but they nearly set me crazy.' (Chart: They live at his house.) There was a fracas at the Globe office yesterday afternoon, and perhaps the truth about it will be interesting. For many years, railroad officials have had a habit of visiting towns on their lines once a year. Led by the local agent, they visit the newspaper offices, although the railroad officials do not care to see the editors. We have stood this for twenty-five years, owing to passes, but passes having been withdrawn January 1, 1907, we rebelled yesterday when Jim Gardise appeared at this office with a party of Santa Fe officials, we refused to let them in. We regarded Jim Gardise as the principal offender, since he knew the officials did not care to see us, and since we have often told him we did not care to see the officials, therefore we pushed him down the steps, which started the story that there had been a fight. In the railroad party were the general manager, the passenger traffic manager, the general passenger agent, the second vice president, and two or three officials whose names we did not learn. We are tired of these officials looking over our office with a superior air which seems to say: 'These dubs should see the Tribune office in Chicago,' and passes having been withdrawn, we do not intend to stand it any longer."

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. I demand my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion. I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well. The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit. The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine. When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use. Read, 'The Road to Wellville,' in Bkgs. 'There's a Reason.'

FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE.

Corn Pudding.

Drain one can of corn and chop finely; mix with a cup and a half of milk, two beaten eggs, half a cup of cracked corn crumbs, one tablespoon of sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat hard, pour in a buttered pudding dish, bake covered for fifteen or twenty minutes, then uncover and brown. Succotash may be used in the same way. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish, and with a little cold meat and with good bread and butter furnishes a substantial meal.

Rice With Tomato Sauce.

Form plain boiled rice into croquettes, using a very little flour and white of eggs to hold the particles together. Roll in breadcrumb, place in a wire basket and fry in deep fat. Place where they will keep warm, and then drain a can of tomatoes, adding a little of the pulp if it is desired. Place over the stove and thicken with a little cornstarch or arrow-root. Pour over the croquettes on the platter and serve at once.

Custard Pie.

Three tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon of butter; the yolks of two eggs, beat them to a cream; add one and a half cups of milk a little at a time and beat; add stiff whites of the two eggs beaten last. Bake with rich crust. Mrs. C. A. Vining, Fondra, Ia.

Fried Mush.

Sift a cup of cornmeal into a quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, stir steadily until it begins to boil and is free from lumps, cover and cook for ten minutes, stirring often. Two hours, longer if possible, stirring often. Set aside in a broad, shallow pan until cold and stiff. Cut into squares, dip each of these into salted meal and fry until brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other.

After washing and thoroughly drying bed quilts and 'comfortables' fold and roll them tight, then give them a beating with the rolling pin to loosen up the batting. It will make them soft and new.

The failure of a cake, soufflé, pudding or similar dish, the lightness of which depends in a great measure upon the white of the eggs, may be traced to the cook's ignorance, who, instead of folding in the stiff whites, stirs them in, thus undoing all the work of the egg-beater.

Broken china may be mended by brushing the edges with white lead, such as painters use. Press the pieces together and tie them in place and leave two or three days to dry. To sprinkle cornmeal on the matting or carpet will make it look bright and clean when it is swept with a broom, then a carpet sweeper.

Save sour milk for making various cakes and suet puddings; it makes them very light, and thus a constant source of waste is avoided.

Fine granulated sugar makes a better cake than the coarse grade, and confectioners' sugar will make a smoother frosting than the powdered.

A pinch of bicarbonate of soda mixed with milk or cream, will prevent curdling if added before they begin to boil.

Saffron added to the rinsing water will make ecru lace curtains look much better than coffee when used in the rinsing water.

A drop of cinnamon extract and three or four drops of vanilla added to a pot of chocolate will greatly improve the flavor.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

When making starch be sure to boil it well or it will stick to the iron, and if it is not strained it will be lumpy.

Before placing a roast of beef in the oven dip in boiling water. It prevents the juices from escaping.

If new shoes blister the heel rub the shoe inside lining with a piece of hard soap.

Atchison Globe Sights.

The older a man is, the quicker he is buried after he is dead. Half a man's time is spent in trying to square himself with the fools. Some women's ideas of independence is to have a man to depend on. Praise some people, and it acts upon them like an intoxicating liquor. Every literary society has for its foundation the mutual admiration idea.

Boys have been known to complain about everything except too much noise. The apple has very few supporters among the strawberry makes its appearance.

The game of life is a good deal like gambling; no one seems to win in the long run. A woman can get along on a very small income if it is larger than her neighbors'. A good many people believe that to know a lot of contemptible gossip is to be wise. After all there are few women as tiresome as the one who considers herself abused.

This may be depended upon about the first explanation: It leads to many others. Never believe a man's own story of how brave he was. Brave people are always modest. 'God gives us our kin,' says a wise man, 'but thank God, we can choose our own friends.

Getting religion is like getting in love; you don't want a crowd around when you get it. When you think you have done your best the chances are that you have only just started.

When the Atchison fisherman thinks he is a pretty fair liar until he meets a man from Minnesota.

This would be a more comfortable world if people would listen to reason as readily as gossip. A lot of precaution that would have been useful if applied before, is wasted after every great accident. When we find a man who enjoys being fat and bald headed, we shall believe in Christian Science. When some people speak of 'getting back to nature,' it simply means they are figuring on loafing for awhile.

What has become of the old fashioned man who was always figuring on a great time when his ship came in? Old people look more ashamed than young people; probably a result of long experience with themselves and others. When real old fashioned people get sick they are so considerate of the doctor they will not let him be called before morning.

Every bride and groom should have their pictures taken together; such is the way we afford their grandchildren a lot of amusement.

The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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Then, in that first moment of inactivity, the fear of Martigny came back upon me. Had he really gone to the hotel? Had he deemed us not worth watching? Or had he watched? Was he on the train with us? Was he able to follow? The more I thought of him, the more I doubted my ability to detect a sign of relief. Perhaps I had really blinded him!

An hour's run brought us to Bezeville, where we were dumped out, together with our luggage, in a little frame station. An official informed us that we must wait here three hours for the train for Les Iles. Beyond that he could not say. We might possibly reach Etretat next day.

"How far is Les Iles from here?" inquired my companion.

"About twelve kilometers, monsieur."

"And from there to Etretat?"

"Is twenty kilometers more, monsieur."

"Thirty-two kilometers altogether," said Mr. Royce. "That's about twenty miles. Why can't we drive Lester? We ought to cover it easily in three hours-four at the most."

Certainly it seemed better than waiting on the uncertain railway, and we sat at once about the work of finding a vehicle. I could use little use, since English was an unknown tongue at Bezeville, and even Mr. Royce's French was sorely taxed, but we succeeded at last in securing a horse and light trap, together with a driver who claimed to know the road. All this had taken time, and the sun was setting when we finally drove away northward.

The road was smooth and level—better manage their road making better in France—and we bowled along at a good rate past cultivated fields with little dwellings like doll houses dotted here and there. Occasionally we passed a man or woman trudging along the road but as the darkness deepened, it became more and more deserted. In an hour and a half from Bezeville, we reached Les Iles, and here we stopped for a light supper. We had congratulated ourselves that we had secured a vehicle at Bezeville, for we learned that no train would start for Etretat until morning. The damage wrought by the storm of two days before had not yet been repaired, and the wires were still down, and we were warned that the road was badly washed in places.

Luckily for us, the moon soon arose, so that we got forward without much difficulty, though slowly; and an hour before midnight, we pulled up triumphantly before the Hotel Blanquet, the principal inn of Etretat. We lost no time in getting to bed; for we wished to be up betimes in the morning, and I fell asleep with the comforting belief that we had at last eluded Monsieur Martigny.

CHAPTER XVII.

ETRETAT.

We were up at an hour which astonished the little fat keeper of the inn, and inquired the location of the office of the registrar of births. It was two steps away in the Rue Alphonse Karr, but would not be open for three hours, he said. Would messieurs have their coffee now? They had not, and they returned where they found the residence of the registrar of births? His residence, that was another matter. I fell asleep with the comforting belief that we had at last eluded Monsieur Martigny.

"And he lives here?"

"Oh, surely, on the cliffs just above the town house—France—you cannot miss it—buried in a grove of trees. He married the daughter of Madame Alix some years ago—he was from Paris."

"And his wife is living?"

"Oh, surely, she is living, she herself returned from America but three weeks ago, together with her mother and sister. The sister, they say, is well—"

"I believe so," said the notary, eying him with more and more astonishment.

"But a sudden light gleamed in the notary's eyes.

"Walt, messieurs! he cried. 'A moment. But a moment. Ah, I remember it now—it was the link which was wanting, and you have supplied it—Holladay, a millionaire of America, his wife, Madame Alix—she did not live in the villa, then, messieurs. Oh, no; she was very poor, a nurse—anything to make a little money; her husband, who was a fisherman, was drowned, and left her to take care of the children as best she could. Ah, I remember—one a mere baby!'"

He had got down another book, and was running his finger rapidly down the page—his finger all a-tremble with excitement. Suddenly he stopped with a little cry of triumph.

"Here it is, messieurs! I knew I could not be mistaken! See!"

Under the date of June 10, 1876, was an entry of which this is the English: "Holladay, Hiram W., and Elizabeth, his wife, of the city of New York, United States of America; from Celeste Alix, widow of Auguste Alix, her daughter Celeste, aged 5 months. All claim surrendered in consideration of the payment of 25,000 francs."

"Royce caught up the book and glanced at the back. It was the 'Record of Adoptions.'"

here during the months of May, June and July, 1876, and that while they were here, a daughter was born to them. Think again—have you no recollection of them or of the event?"

"The little notary sat for some moments with knitted brows. At last he shook his head.

"That would be the height of the season, you see, monsieur," he said apologetically. "There are a great many people here, at that time, and I cannot know all of them. Nevertheless, it seemed to me for a moment that there was about the name a certain familiarity—as of an old tune, you know, forgotten for years. Yet it must have been my fancy merely, for I have no recollection of the event you mention. I cannot believe that such a birth took place at Etretat."

"There was another chance and I gave Mr. Royce the clew.

"Monsieur Fingert," he asked, "are you acquainted with a man by the name of 'Pierre Bethune'?"

And again the notary shook his head.

"Or Jasper Martigny?"

"I never before heard either name, monsieur," he answered.

We sat silent a moment, in despair. Was our trip to Etretat to be of no avail? Where was my premonition now? If we had lost the trail thus early in the chase, what hope was there that we should ever run down the quarry? And how explain the fact that no record had been made of Frances Holladay's birth? Why should her parents have wished to conceal it? Would they not naturally have been anxious to see that it was properly recorded?"

An hour had passed; the shops were open and a bustle of life reached us through the open door. People began to pass by twos and threes.

"The first train for three days is about to arrive," said the little notary. "You see, this is a very small town, messieurs. The arrival of a train is an event."

Again we fell silent. Mr. Royce got out his purse and paid the fee. We had come to an impasse—a closed way, we could go no farther. I could see that the notary had a-hunger for his roll and coffee. With a sigh, I arose to go. The notary stepped to the door and looked up the street.

"Ah," he said, "the train has arrived, but it seems there are not many passengers. Here is one, though, who has finished a long journey."

He nodded to someone who approached slowly, it seemed. He was before the door—he passed on—it was Martigny!

"That is the man!" I cried to Mr. Royce. "That is Martigny! Ask who he really is!"

He understood on the instant, and caught the notary's arm.

"Monsieur Fingert, who is that man?"

"The notary glanced at him, surprised by his vehemence.

"That," he said, "is Victor Fajolle. He is just home from America and seems very ill, poor fellow."

"And he lives here?"

"Oh, surely, on the cliffs just above the town house—France—you cannot miss it—buried in a grove of trees. He married the daughter of Madame Alix some years ago—he was from Paris."

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"(Concluded Next Week.)"

Hopeless Either Way.

From the Youth's Companion.

When the teacher called the class for geography she noticed that Eben Wilkins, her dumbest pupil, wore a particularly cheerful smile.

"You look as if you knew your lesson today," she said, encouragingly.

"Yes'm, I do," he answered briskly.

"The answer to the first question is 'North,' and the next is 'Alaska,' and the next is 'United States,' and the next is—"

"But that is not the way to learn your lesson, Eben," and the teacher struggled for a properly severe expression. "You must skip about things. It is what I shall do for you."

Eben looked as if the joy of living had departed once for all.

"But supposing I didn't skip about just the way you do," he said, plaintively, "then I'd be all mixed up."

Nightly Demonstrations.

Gunner—"Most extraordinary looking club house over there?"

Guy—"Yes, that is the 'Isaac Walton' club."

Gunner—"But why is it such a long building?"

Guy—"Well, you see the truthful members need plenty of room to illustrate the length of the big fish that 'got away!'"

This is a jolly world. If a man has a capable wife she rules him. People know it and laugh. If he has an incapable wife she works him. People know it and laugh.

HOT WEATHER AHEAD.

How to Keep the Kitchen Cool and Comfortable in Mid-Summer.

Many a housewife is wondering how she will pass through the coming summer months with the stove she well knows will make the kitchen unbearably hot—to say nothing of the dirt, dust and ashes that will add to the discomfort.

There is a way out of it all—a way that not only lessens the work and keeps the kitchen cool, but that also reduces fuel expense. This convenience, comfort and economy is all effected by the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove, an oil stove so superior to other makes that it is fast replacing the coal and wood range, the old fashioned oil stove, and in many cases the gas stove.

Anyone who has had to wait ten or fifteen minutes for the fire to get started will appreciate the New Perfection, which gives a strong working flame at moment of lighting. "Blue Flame" means the hottest and cleanest flame produced by any stove. The flame is always under immediate control and can be raised or lowered instantly. The convenience of this will be understood when it is considered that while the flame of one burner is boiling the kettle or roasting a large joint, that of another can be reduced to simmering point—in this way enabling the housewife to cook a variety of dishes at one time.

The comfort of the Wick Blue Flame of the New Perfection is intensely hot, yet the heat is not thrown off into the kitchen because it is concentrated by blue-enamelled chimneys.

On washing and ironing days the comfort and convenience of the New Perfection will be greatly appreciated. It gives best results in the least time, and does away with all coal and wood carrying and the many other disagreeable jobs that have to be done with other stoves. The New Perfection is made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners, and is warranted to give full satisfaction.

Another home comfort is the Rayo Lamp, which produces a light of unusual brightness, yet soft and mellow—a light that will not hurt the eyes. The Rayo Lamp can be used in any room, whether it be library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. It is highly ornamental, being made of brass throughout and beautifully nickel-plated. Every lamp is warranted and makes a valuable and handsome addition to any home.

The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and the Rayo Lamp are two real essentials to home comfort. Their easy operation, absolute safety and handsome appearance commend them wherever stoves and lamps are used.

Poor Man!

From the Chicago News.

Gunner—Yes, she paid \$300 for her spring outfit. I tell you she was a picture on Easter Sunday.

Guy—Yes, and her husband was a picture also.

Another—Indeed! What kind of a picture was he?

Guy—Why the picture of despair.

The hypocrite's great business is to find some appearance of virtue to cover every vice.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, RIBBON LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE PILL.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FREE

To convince any woman that Paxtine will improve her complexion and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal note.

PAXTINE

fections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat, sore mouth, direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 60 cents at drug stores or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Lumbering IN OREGON.

MOST PROFITABLE INDUSTRY on American Continent. Wealthiest corporations and individual investors here. Group of practical, experienced Western men have organized a company and are purchasing well established lumbering business in Oregon with mill of 50,000 feet capacity and large amount standing timber. Cost of production low—profits very large—demand enormous. Portion of capital stock sale, constituting a safe, sensible and most profitable investment in either large or small amounts. Write today to Sunset Lumber Co., 308 McKay Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Canadian Western Farms

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.

Good crops are also probable callings. Coal, wood, water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low. For advice and information, address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government agent, D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Waterbury, South Dakota; or W. A. Williams, Box New York, Life Building, Omaha, Neb. Authorized Government Agent.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water sore eyes, use

INDIANA PEOPLE IN WESTERN CANADA.

"What Shall We Do? I've Got to Build Granaries."

A letter written to a Canadian government agent from Tipton, Ind., is but one of many similar that are in the hands of the Canadian government agents whose privilege it is to offer one hundred and sixty acres of land free, and low railway fares. But here is a copy of the letter:

"Tipton, Ind., Nov. 28, 1906.

"At your earnest solicitation a party of us from Tipton left May 15 for Western Canada. Our interviews with you and a careful study of your literature led us to expect great things of your country when we should arrive there, and we were not disappointed. We went prepared to make a careful examination of the country and its resources, and we did so. At early dawn the second morning out of 'Tipton we awoke in a new world. As far as the eye could reach was an apparently limitless expanse of new sown wheat and prairie grasses. The vivid green of the wheat just beginning to stool out, and the inky blackness of the soil contrasted in a way beautiful to see. An hour or two later we steamed into Winnipeg. Here we found a number of surprises. A hundred thousand souls well housed, with every convenience that goes to make a modern, up-to-date city—banks, hotels, newspapers, stores, electric lights, street railways, sewerage, water works, asphalt pavements, everything. With eyes and ears open, we traveled for two thousand miles through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, going out on the Canadian Pacific Railway, via Calgary to Edmonton and returning to Winnipeg over the Canadian Northern Railway. In the meantime we made several side trips and stopped off at a number of points where we made drives into the surrounding country. On every hand were evidences of prosperity. The growing wheat, oats, rye, flax, barley, not little patches, but great fields, many of them a square mile in extent, the three, five and sometimes seven horse teams laying over an inky black ribbon of yellow stubble, generally in furrows straight as gun barrels and at right angles from the roads stretching into the distance, contrasted strangely with our little fields at home. The towns, both large and small, were doubly conspicuous, made so, first by their newness and second by the towering elevators necessary to hold the immense crops of wheat grown in the immediate neighborhood."

"The newness, the thrift, the hustle, the sound of saw and hammer, the tents housing owners of buildings in various stages of completion, the piles of household effects and agricultural implements at the railway stations waiting to be hauled out to the 'Claims,' the occasional steam plow turning its twenty or thirty acres a day, the sod house, the unpainted house of wood, the up-to-date modern residence with large red barn by, all these were seen everywhere we went, an earnest of prosperity and wealth to be. We talked with men and visited their places that four years ago was unbroken prairie. Their houses, barns, implements and live stock were the equal of anything in Tipton County and why not, when they were raising five, ten and twenty, yes in one instance forty thousand bushels of wheat a year. The fact that such large yields of wheat are raised so easily and so surely impressed us very favorably. And when we saw men who four or five years ago commenced there with two or three thousand dollars, and are now as well fixed and making money much easier and many times faster than lots of our acquaintances on Indiana farms fifty years cleared and valued at four times as much, we decided to invest. So we bought in partnership a little over two thousand acres, some of it improved and in wheat.

"Before leaving Indiana, we agreed that if the opportunities were as great as they were represented to be, that we would buy, and own in partnership a body of land, and leave one of our number to look after and operate it. This we accordingly did.

"Just before time to thresh I received a letter from him. 'What shall we do,' said he, 'I've got to build granaries. There's so much wheat that the railways are just swamped. We can't get cars and the elevators are all full. I never saw anything like it.' In reply we wrote 'Good for you. Go ahead and build, your story sounds better than the letters we used to get from our friends in Kansas when they bewailed the fact that the hard wheat had been destroyed by the chinch bugs and the corn by hot winds, and that they must sell the stock for means to live on.' 'Yes, build by all means,' And he did, and our wheat put in by a renter made twenty-seven bushels per acre.

"Very truly yours,
(Sd) A. G. BURKHAUERT,
(Sd) J. TRELOAR-TRENTIDDER,
(Sd) WALTER W. MOUND.

Her Sad Fate.

From the New York Weekly.

Mr. De Rich—What a sad, sweet face Miss Psyche has! She never smiles. She must have met with some great loss.

Miss Desmart—Yes; she was in a railroad accident some weeks ago, and she lost a front tooth.

Garfield Tea. Nature's remedy, brings relief from many ailments; it overcomes constipation, regulates the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood and clears the complexion. It is made of Herbs, and is absolutely Pure.

A Deceptive Agent.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Is Maud taking a day off to celebrate her birthday?"