

Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle ve.. Brooklyn, N. Y., write: Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y., write ... "Peruna cured me in five weeks "Peruna cured me in five weeks after

of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctor-ing without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say All hail to Peruna."

writes: "I waited before writing to you sickness, catarrh of the stom-

ach, which I had over a year ago.

"There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effects, have a good appetite and am getting fat. So I am, and will say to all, I am cured for good. 'I thank you for your kindness.

"Peruna will be our house medicine hereafter."
Catarrh of the stomach is also known

in common parlance as dyspepsia, gas-tritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except if removes the catarrhal condition.

Gained Strength and Flesh.

Miss Julia Butler, R. R. 4, Appleton, Wis., writes she had catarrh of the stomach, causing loss of sleep and appetite, with frequent severe pains after eating. She took Peruna, her appetite returned, she gained strength, flesh and

A Conscious Fund.

A man in a small western town bought a quart of milk, and on arriving home found it was adulterated with water. The next day he posted in different sections of the town the following notice:
"I bought a quart of milk yesterday which I found to be adulterated. If the

scoundrel will bring me another quart I'll The next day he found three quart cans on his doorstep. There were three dairy

Guns, Traps, Decoys, etc. Lowest prices. Write for free catalog No. 1. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE "TALL WALK."

The "American walk," to which the Parisians have taken so kindly is the gait of Miss Lola Robinson, of Wash-ington, who is the guest of Mrs. Stuy-It is not alone by her stride that Miss Robinson catches eyes. She has drawn attention by a great array of linen gowns with hats to match.

DYSPEPSIA

would in a year."

James McGune, 166 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.



ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will
improve her health
and do all we claim
for it. We will
box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send

rections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and infiammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by 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. So cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Made discovery whereby on grow full head of hair on ary baid head, cradicate any scalp trouble, stop failing hair and reproduce the lost coloring matter in the hair follicle of gray or faded hair. Goods on hand. Want partner with \$ 000 cash to open office to demonstrate. G. W. Scheenhut, Sioux City, Ia

SIOUX CITY P'T'G CO., 1,207-37, 1907

Pressure Flushing Plan Tried Successfully in New York. From the New York Sun.

PROVES SUCCESSFUL

Commissioner Bensel, of the street cleaning department, held an exhibi-tion on the plaza recently with Dep-uty Bill Edwards as chief marshal. It was the first trial of the proposed method of cleaning the streets by wa-

About 9 o'clock some forty whitel wings solemnly took up a position on the plaza. Shortly afterward Deputy Commissioner Edwards tooted up in an automobile and got things in readiness. Guests of the Hotel Savoy and the Guests of the Hotel Savoy and the New Netherlands and members of the Metropolitan club gathered on the balconies to see what "as coming off.

Deputy Edwards led the way to a dark corner of the park, where a queer looking machine was drawn upilt was a cast iron water wagon, but at first sught it looks like one of the

at first sight it looks like one of the great lakes whalebacks. The wagor is the invention of Harry S. Dewey president of the Atlantic Street Flush-

ring company.

According to Mr. Edwards the wagon exhibited weighed 4,500 pounds and had a water capacity of 250 gallons. In the front is an air tank which has a pressure of twenty-five pounds and the air pressure forces the way and the air pressure forces the wa-ter out at the rear in two strong streams which spread fan like for a distance of ten feet on each side. Mr. Dewey asserts that the wagon will do away with the necessity for hand labor in cleaning the streets.

After the wagon and its workings had been fully explained to the newspaper men Deputy Commissioner Edwards took an extra hitch on his trousers and led the way out into the plaza. Commissioner Bensel had not yet arrived so it was determined.

hold a rehearsal.

First several horse sweepers were sent on a trot over the asphalted plaza in an imposing array. Then the A gust of ex water wagon got busy.

With a loud swish the water poured

frem one of the flushers in the rear and it was feared that Deputy Edwards had been swept away, but both he and the Sherman statue were intact. After the wagon had gone up and down the plaza it was shown that it had cleaned away the surface dirt neatly and piled it up on each side of the plaza. Then the white wide of the plaza. Then the white wings gathered it up. Commissioner Bensel arrived after the wagon's first trial.

the wagon's first trial.

"We are merely making an experiment," he said. "The whole idea is to find some method of cleaning the streets more thoroughly and with the use of mechanical apparatus rather than by hand. If this flushing wagon moves a success the other colds. proves a success the city could save a great deal of money on hose and many other things. After the traffic of the day was finished, fifty or sixty of these wagons could be sent out and clean the streets more thoroughly and in less time than is done at presand in less time than is done at pres

WORN TO' A SKELETON.

Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

land, Pa., says:

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elk-"Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was failing fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions.

My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly

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

Nathan Straus was driving his superb mare, "Ida Highwood," on the New York speedway. A company promoter, noted no less for his wealth than his unscru-pulousness, dashed by, and Mr. Straus

"There is Blank. When he came to New York in the '70s, he had only a dollar in his

Mr. Straus paused and smiled.
"However," he said, "there were other

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for my case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Waldding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Drüggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Island Red With Lobsters. From the Philadelphia Inquirer.
An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was at supper one

ght describing a voyage.
"While crossing in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."
"But," said one of the guests, smiling

incredulously, "lobsters are not red until 'Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chart Hillithin.

L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES THE WORLD \$25,000 To any one who can prove W. L.

Reward more Men's \$3 & \$3.50 shoes (than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most completeorganization of superintendents, foremenand skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled. If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass, and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, weardonger and are of greater value than any other make.

My 34 Gif Edge and \$5 Gold Bond Shoes cannot be equalled at any price. CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on botton. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W.L.Douglas, Brockton, Mass

THE MARATHON MYSTERY

A STORY OF MANHATTAN.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holladay Case," "Cadets of Gascony," Etc.

A CALL IN THE NIGHT. A sudden gust of wind wrenched the foor from Godfrey's grasp and slammed it with a bang that echoed through the

"Anything doing?" he asked, as he flapped the rain from his coat. Simmonds, the grizzled veteran of the Central office, now temporarily in harge of the devious business of the "Tenderloin," shook his head despond-

ently.
"Not a thing. Only," he added, his tyes gleaming suddenly with appreciation, "you were right about that De-anne abduction case. It was all a faked-up story on the mother's part. She confessed this evening."

"I thought she would if you kept at her," said Godfrey, sitting down with quick nod of satisfaction. "She asn't nerve enough to carry through t thing like that—she's too pink-and-white. How does it happen you're blone?"

"Johnston's gone down to Philadelplaza. Commissioner Bensel had not phia to bring back Riggs, the forger. Fleming's got the grip. Bad night, in't it?"
"Horrible!" agreed Godfrey. "Listen

A gust of extra violence howled down the street, rattling the windows, shriek-

There was a certain similarity in the aces of the two men, especially in the expression of the eyes and mouth. Age, lowever, had given to Simmond's features a trace of stolidity which wanting in those of his companion. had been connected with the Central office for many years—was dean of the orce, in fact—and though he had de-reloped no special genius in his deal-

which had frequently achieved success. In the end, his chief had come to trust lim greatly, probably because the briliant theorists of the force made so many fortunate mistakes.

Godfrey was a brilliant theorist and tomething more. He was not so patent as Simmonds, but then he was much younger. He had more imagination, and perhaps his greatest weakness was that he preferred picturesque tolutions to commonplace ones. During his three years' connections. tolutions to commonplace ones. Dur-ing his three years' connection with the force he had won four or five nosable victories—so notable, indeed, that they attracted the attention of the Rec-ord management. The end of it was that Godfrey resigned his badge and entered the Record office as criminal expert, climbing gradually to the position of star reporter. Since then, the Record had not waited on the police; ndeed, it had been rather the other

It was with Simmonds that Godfrey tad long since concluded an alliance offensive and defensive. The one sup-plemented the other—the eagle gave splemented the other—the eagle gave tyes to the mole; the mole gave the tagle the power of working patiently in the dark. Simmonds kept Godfrey in touch with police affairs; Godfrey enabled Simmonds to make a startling arrest now and then. Godfrey got the story Simmonds got the glory and story, Simmonds got the glory, and both were satisfied. It may be added that, without in the least suspecting it, that, without in the least suspecting it, the mole was considerably under the minence of the eagle. Brains naturally ead industry; besides, the blind must have guidance.

They listened until the gust of wind lied away down the street, then God-frey arose and began to button up his

"Nevertheless," he said, "I've got to be moving on. I can't stay loafing here. I wouldn't have stopped at all but for the chance of seeing you."

"Oh, don't go," protested Simmonds.
"I was mighty glad to see you come in. I was feeling a little lonesome. White this "Who is he?"
Wait till this squall's over, anyway—and have a smoke." and have a smoke."

Godfrey took the proffered cigar and

Godfrey took the proffered cigar and relapsed into his chair.
"I'm only human," he said, as he struck a match, "and, besides, there's a fascination about you, Simmonds—there's always a chance of getting a good story out of you. You know more about the criminal history of New York than any other man living, I think." Simmonds chuckled complacently.

"I have been in on most of the big cases," he agreed.
"Come, now," continued the other persuasively, "if I consent to stay, you've got to produce a story. Take those big cases—which do you think was the best of the lot?" 'The best?' "The most intricate, I mean—the most

"Well," and Simmonds rolled his cigar reflectively, "the hardest to solve," of course, were those that were never solved at all. There was the shooting of old Benjamin Nathan, in the summer of '70, at his house on West Thirty-third street and there was the stay. of did Benjamin Nathan, in the summer of '79, at his house on West Thirty-third street, and there was the stabbing of Harvey Burdell. I never had the least doubt that Burdell was killed by Mrs. Cunningham, the woman he'd secretly married. The stabbing was secretly married. The stabbing was done by a left handed person, and she was left handed; but we weren't able to

convict her.' Yes," nodded Godfrey; "and the Nathan case?"
"There wasn't anybody in the house, so far as known, but the two sons," said Simmonds slowly, "and both of them managed to prove an alibi. But I've always thought— Hello! What's

this?"
The door flew back with a crash and a man rushed in—a heavy set man, with red cheeks, who stopped, gasping,

Godfrey had a flask to his lips in an "Come, brace up!" he commanded ernly, slapping the stranger on the sternly, slapping the stranger on the back. "Take a swallow of this—that's

marked Simmonds, looking at the flushed countenance with contemplative

eye.

"Of course you do!" gasped the stranger. "I'm Higgins—th' Marathon," and he jerked his head toward the door. "Oh, yes," said Simmonds. "You're the janitor of the Marathon apartment "Well, what's happened at the Marathon?" demanded Godfrey. "No ghosts over there, I hope?"
"There'll be one," answered Higgins, his eyes beginning to pop again. "Oh, my God!"

"That you, sergeant?" he called. "This is Simmonds. Send three men over to the Marathon right away." over to the Marathon right away."
He put back the receiver with a jerk.
Godfrey twirled the janitor sharply
around in the direction of the door.
"Go aheal," he commanded, and
pushed rather than led him out into

the storm. They made a dash for it through the rain, which was still pouring in torrents. Halfway across the street, they descried a cab standing at the farther curb, and veered to the right to avoid it. "Here we are," said Higgins, running up a short flight of steps into a lighted vestibule. "It's in soot fourteen—sec-ond floor."

They sprang up the stairs without

They sprang up the stairs without thinking of the elevator—one flight, two * * * Higgins began to choke

again. A single door stood open, throwing broad glare of light across the hallway.
"It's there," said Higgins, and stopped

to gasp for breath.

The others ran on. For an instant, they stood upon the threshold, gazing into the room—at a huddled form on the floor, with a red stain growing and growing upon its breast—at a woman staring white-faced from the farther her—a woman, tall, with black hair black eyes.

Then Godfrey stepped toward her ine street, rattling the windows, shrieking around the corners, tearing down tigns, and doing such other damage as ay in its power.

There Godfrey stepped toward be with a quick exclamation of surprise incredulity, horror.

"Why, it's Miss Croydon!" he said.

CHAPTER IL

A TANGLED WEB. Simmonds had dropped on one kneed eside the body. He was up again in

an instant.
"No need for an ambulance," he said tersely. "He's dead."
The words seemed to rouse the girl

from the ecstasy of horror which pos-sessed her, and she buried her face in her hands, shuddering convulsively.

An exclamation from Simmonds in-terrupted her. He had picked up a small, pearl-handled revolver from the floor in the corner.

"Is this yours, miss?" he asked.
She nodded faintly.

sas and chambers. One had been discharged. He sniffed at the barrel, then held it post, the gunpowder was plainly discernible. Godfrey's face hardened as he turned other to the janitor, who had regarded his to the janitor, who had regained his breath and stood staring on the breath and stood staring

threshold.
"My friend," he said, "shut the does neavy feet approaching along the cor-

ridor "Wait," said Simmonds. "There c my men. I'll be back in a minute."
Godfrey nodded curtly, and waited until Simmonds closed the dec

him.
"Now, Miss Croydon," he said, "tell
"Now, Liberty to bappened, I can't me quickly how it happened. I can't help you unless I know the whole story, and I want to help you."

The gentleness of his voice, the quiet

The gentleness of his voice, the quiet assurance of his manner, the encouraging glance, combined to calm and strengthen her. She sat up, with an effort of self-control, and clasped her ands together in her lap.
"There isn't much to tell," she began,

striving to speak steadily. "I came here to—to keep an appointment—" She stopped, her voice dying away, un-"With this man?" asked Godfrey.

"Who is he?"
"I don't know," and she cast a horrified gance at the huddled form.
never saw him before." Then it wasn't he you came here to "No-that is-it may have b

"Mo—that is—it may have been
And again she stopped.

"Miss Croydon," said Godfrey, gently
yet clearly, "I can't help you unless
you're quite frank with me, and I fear

you are going to stand in need of help.
Did you kill this man?"
"No!" she cried. "Oh, no!"
Her face was in her hands again and

she was trembling; it was impossible to doubt that she spoke the truth. "Then who did?" There was no answer; only a dry, onvulsive sobbing.

As Godfrey paused to look at her.

the door opened and Simmonds came in. He closed it and snapped the lock. "There's a policeman outside and one at each landing," he announced. "We'll look things over here, and then search the building. First, let's look at the

body. It was lying partly on its back, partly on its right side, with its legs doubled under it. The face was a bearded one, rough, coarse, and a little bloated—not a prepossessing face under any circumstances, and actively repulsive now, with its gaping mouth and widely staring eyes. It was tanned and staring eyes. It was tanned and seamed by exposure to wind and rain and there was a deep scar across the left temple.

"Between 50 and 60 years of age," re-marked Godfrey. "Pouf! smell the

Then, looking into the staring eyes, the uttered a sudden exclamation.
"See there, Simmonds, how the right pupil's dilated. Do you know what that

Simmonds shook his head. "No, I can't say I do."
"It means," said Godfrey, "that somebody hit this fellow a hard blow on the left side of the head and pro-

duced a hemorryage of the brain. Simmonds gave a little low whistle. That could hardly have been her," and he nodded toward the girl, who had regained her self-control and was leaning anxiously forward, eyes and

ears intent. 'No, of course not. Let's see if he was really shot. They stripped back the shirt from the breast. A little blood was still welling from a wound just over the

"That's what did the business," obgins, too; see there, and he pointed to the red marks about the wound. "He wasn't shot from the corner, that's

"Come," repeated Godfrey sharply.
"Out with it! What is it?"
"It's murder, that's what it is!" cried Higgins hoarsely. "I seed him, a-layin on his back—"
He stopped and covered his eyes with his hands. Simmonds had quietly opened a drawer and slipped a revolver into his pocket. Then he took down the receiver from his desk phone.

"Wasn't shot from the corner, that's sure. Let's see what he's got in his pockets."
There were only a pipe, a knife, a package of cheap tobacco, a handful of loose coins, and an old pocketbook containing a little roll of newspaper clippings and a receipt for a mouth's rent for suite 14 made out to "H. Thompton."

repeated Simmonds "and a lot of clippings. Can you read French, Godfrey?

"A little," answered Godfrey modestly. "Let me see." He took the clippings and looked at the first one. "Suresnes, September 16, 1891," he read haltingly. "I have to report an read haltingly. "'I have to report an event the most interesting which has just happened here, and which proves again the futility of yows the most rigaring the state of the orous to quiet the ardent desires of the human heart or to change the-

"Oh, well," interrupted Simmonds, we can't waste time reading any more of that rot; it sounds like a

of that rot; it sounds like a French novel. The coroner can wrestle with it, if he thinks it worth while."

He replaced the clippings in the purse, which he slipped back into the pocket from which he had taken it. "Now," he added, rising to his feet, "we'd better get the girl's story."

"Do you know who he is?" asked Godfrey, in a low voice. As he glanced at her, he was startled to note her at-

at her, he was startled to note her at-titude of strained attention, which, as he turned, lapsed instantly to one of seeming apathy.

I heard you call her Miss Croydon." Yes—she's the sister of Mrs. Rich-

ard Delroy."

Again Simmonds whistled.

"The deuce you say! Dickie Delroy!
Well, that doesn't make any difference," and he turned toward her reso-

"Miss Croydon," he began abruptly, though perhaps in a gentler voice than he would have used toward the average suspect, "were you in the room when this man was killed?"

"You know him?"
"Only slightly," she answered coolly, disregarding Godfrey's stare of amaze-"His name, I think, was Thomp-

You had an engagement with him here? "Yes, sir; on a private matter which cannot concern the police." Simmonds passed that over for a mo-

Will you kindly tell us just what "Will you kindly tell us just what happened?" he asked.
"I drove here in a cab," she said, speaking rapidly, "which I told to wait for me. In the vestibule, I met the janitor, and asked to be conducted to suite 14. He brought me up here where Mr.—Mr. Thompson was waiting. I entered and closed the door. We were talking together when the door of the inner room opened and a man came talking together when the door of the inner room opened and a man came out. Before I realized what he was doing, he raised a bar of iron he held in his hand and struck Mr. Thompson upon the head. Then, standing over him, he drew a revolver and fired one shot at him. I had shrunk away into the corner, but thinking him a madman, believing my own life in danger, I drew my pocket pistol and fired at him. Without even glancing at me, he opened the outer door and disappeared. The janitor rushed in a moment later."

"Did your shot hit him?" saked Sim.

"I don't know; I think not; he showed no sign of being wounded."

Simmonds stood looking at her; Godfrey turned to an examination of the

"Did your shot hit him?" asked Sim-

opposite wall.
"Miss Croydon't shot went wild," he said, curiously elated at this confirma-tion of her story. "Here's the bullet," and he pointed to it, embedded in the woodwork of the bedroom door.
Simmonds took a look at it, then he returned to the inquiry.
"Did you know this intruder?" he

"No, sir; I'd never before seen him,"

"No, sir; I'd never before seen him," she answered steadily.
"Will you describe him?"
She closed her eyes, seemingly in an effort at recollection.
"He was a short, heavy-set man," she said, at last, "with a dark face and dark mustache which turned up at the ends. That is all I can remember."
"And dressed how?"
"In dark clothes; he wore a slouch hat. I think drawn down over the

hat, I think, drawn down over the eyes. I didn't see the face clearly." The answer came without hesitation, but it seemed to Godfrey that there was in the voice an accent of forced sincerity.

"What did he do with the bar of

"What did he do with the bar of iron?" asked Simmonds.

"As soon as he struck the blow, I think he—he threw it down. I remember hearing it fall—"

"Yes—here it is," said Godfrey triumphantly, and fished it out from under a chair which stood near the walk "But see, Simmonds—it's not a bar, it's a pipe."

Simmonds examined it. ordinary piece of iron piping, about fifteen inches in length.

fifteen inches in length.

"Her story seems to be straight," he said, in an undertone to Godfrey "What do you think about it?"

"I think she's perfectly innocent of any crime," answered Godfrey, with conviction. He had his doubts as to the absolute straightness of her story, but he concluded to keen them to him.

"Well, there's nothing more to be learned out here," remarked Simmonds, after another glance around "Suppose we take a look at the other room," and he led the way toward the

It was an ordinary bedroom of modat was an ordinary bedroom of mod-erate size and with a single closet, it, which a few soiled clothes were hang-ing. The bed had been lain upon, and evidently by a person fully dressed, for there were marks of muddy shoes upor there were marks of muddy shoes upor the counterpane, fresh marks as of one who had come in during the even-ing's storm. An empty whisky bottle lay on a little table near the bed. "I guess Thompson was a boozer," observed Simmonds. "Yes," agreed Godfrey, "his face showed that pretty plainly." "Well, the man we're after ain't ir here; we'll have to search the house." "Can't we let Miss Croydon go home."

"Can't we let Miss Croydon go home; She won't run away—I'll answer for that. Besides, there's nothing against

Simmonds pondered a minute.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, at last

"Of course, she'll have to appear at
the inquest. Do you know her ad-"Yes-twenty-one East Sixty-nintr

Simmonds jotted it down in his note-"All right," he said. "You'd better take her down to her cab."

(Continued Next Week.) No Other Way Out. From the Youth's

There is a story often told to illustrate the manner in which President Lincolr was besieged by commission seekers Hearing that a brigadier-general and his horse had been captured and the general taken to Richmond, he asked eagerly

about the horse. "The horse!" exclaimed his informant You want to know about the horse?" "Yes," said Lincoln, "I can make s brigadier any day, but the horse was

To this John Russell Young, in his me moirs, adds a similar tale. He was calling upon Lincoln one day at the White House 'I met So and So on the steps," he re-

marked.
"Yes," replied the president. "I have just made his son a brigadier."
"A genera!" exclaimed Mr. Young in

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, with great weariness. "You know I must have some time for something a se."

STUDENTS' HOMES IN PARIS

Among the many homes and revous that have been established for English speaking girls in Parks, one of the oldest, The American Girls crab, which was established by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, is probably the only one that is exclusively national. Mrs. Reid pays the rent of the house and the expenses of the tea room, but apart from this, it, as are the other clubs, is self supported. porting.

The requirements for entering any of clubs are simple. One must give good references, be unmarried and un-tier 40. The prices range form in the 30 francs a week. Candles, fire in a room and laundry are extra. Twenty-

five dollars will go as far in France as \$40 will in America.

The most elaborate as well as one of the most recent clubs is the gift of Mrs. Whitney Hoff, an American, and is called the Students' hotel. This is situated in the Boulevand St. Michel. in the very heart of the Latin quarter, in the very heart of the Latin quarter, only a few steps from the Luxembourg, and the Beaux Arts. The Julian Colarossi and Delaciuse academies of painting and sculpture are also within easy reach, making this club on ideal place for students of art. Not the least attractive feature of this new hotel in an infirmary and surgical ward, presided over by a trained nurse and visited, on certain days, by the hest physicians of Paris.

There are ten tables in the services.

sicians of Paris.

There are tea tables in the garden and an inclosed tea room, over which there is a large studio for those who cannot afford to hire a working studio for their exclusive use.

Holy Trinity Lodge is another clut due to American initiative. Situated in the Rue Pierre-Nicole, in the heart of the Montparnasse art students quarter, it serves as a parish house for English speaking women and is a focus of helpfulness, both moral and physical Its garden, about 100 yards from the building, is a little oasis of verdure such as dwellers in Paris keenly appreciate. Holy Trinity also has its studio and thy hospital, while an unusual feature is an information bureau, where adis an information bureau, where addresses of pensions, teachers, rooms to let, etc., are posted. It also boasts a circulating library, an afternoon palming club, a choral club and a musica

COUNTESS HENCKEL'S MECK-The Three Strings of Pearls That

Form it—Valuable Black Francis.
From the Westminster Gaustia.
The late duchess of Sermoneta's pearl necklace, of which one has read so much lately, is doubtless very beauti

rul and valuable, but it can someonly be considered the "most costly macking in the world."

This dictinction more probably belongs to the famous pearl necking of the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$55.000. known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be £55,500. It is really composed of three mack-laces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-Queen o." Naples, sister of the late Austrian empress; the second, once the property of a Spanish grandee, is known to faire as the "necklace of the Virgin of Oticha;" while the third was once owner by the Empress Eugenie.

cha;" while the third was once owner by the Empress Eugenie.

Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls in eight rows, the property of the late Duchess of Montrolle, was

sold for £11,820. The Empress The Empress Frederick of Germany, is said to have possessed a meridiace of thirty-two pearls worth at least £18.000; while Lady Ilchester's meridiace of black pearls is valued at about £25.600.

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day. When asked the trouble

he said:

"I'm honest and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handbarrable, about the school when I'm sweeping hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher or some one that is ten coward; to face me will give me a slur. A little while ago I seen wrote on the beard. Find the least common multiple." Well, I leacher from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I wouldn't know I wouldn't know the thing if I must it over the street. Last night, in big writing or the blackboard, it said, "Find the greater common divisor." Well, I says to mestif both of them things are lost now, and I'l be accused of taking them, so Fill quit."

NO MORE FLIES

To clear the kitchen or any spart ment from files close all the windows the last thing before leaving the roots at night. Darken them all but one Place a dish of wet chloride of thine in the lighted window. In the morning you will find the files in the window dead. This lime also makes an excellent disinfectant

There are lots of happy people !... the silly sanitariums.

FAMILY FOOD

Crisp, Toothsome and Regulars No Cooking.

A little boy down in N. C. maked his mother to write an account of how. Grape-Nut food had helped their fam. says Grape-Nuts was first brought to her attention on a visit to

Charlotte, where she visited the Mayor

of that city who was using the food by the advice of his physician. She says: "They derive so much good from it that they never pass a day without using it. While I was there I madi the Food regularly. I gained about 15. pounds and felt so well that when I

returned home I began using Grape-

Nuts in our family regularly. "My little 18 months old body shortly after being weaned was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks and we tried everything. She became so emscluted that it was painful to handle her and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to bry Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warme milk.

"Well, it worked like a clarm and she began taking it regularly and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fad as fast: as possible on Grape-Nuts.

"Some time ago several of the family were stricken with La Grippe at: the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything inthe shape of food but Grape-Note and oranges, everything else nauscated us.

"We all appreciate what your famous food has done for our family." "There's a Reason." Read "The Boad to Wellville," in pkgs...
