

THOS. CALE, OF ALASKA, MEMBER OF U.S. CONGRESS.

Well Known on the Pacific Slope. His Washington Address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

CONGRESSMAN THOS. CALE.

Hon. Thos. Cale, who was elected to ongress from Alaska, is well known on the Pacific slope, where he has resided. His Washington address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C. Peruna Drug Co., Columbus Ohio Gentlemen: I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as a very efficient remedy for coughs and colds. Thomas Cale.

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At the Circus.

Mistress—I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora. Nora (the nurse)—There's no risk, mum. The tiger is a "man eater," and the child is a girl.

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A Mighty Mite.

Jim—"What did Tom mean when he said that his matrimonial hopes all depended upon the widow's smile?"

Dick—"He merely meant that she unight marry him or she might not."

Time and Money.

keen spending a week with you."

Kilduff—"Yes, it is true. He spent a drink the spirit.

It was at this moment that the doctor

FITS St. vitus Dance and all Actrons Disa.
Form Resident, Sent for Free 38 trial bottle and treat
Bit. R. E. KLINE, 14, 231 Area Streat, Philadelphia.

Pierre Loirat, a retired sea captain has just died, near Bordeaux, at the age of 103. He was only 11 when he went to sea as cabin boy, and later, while serving in a French bark, he was while serving in a French bark, he was taken captive by Spanish pirates. He and his fellow prisoners succeeded in everpowering their captors, 'taking command of the vessel and bringing it safely fits French port, where the pirates were handed over to the law.

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Full of information that informs.
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One of Them.

Expect to be in Florida next

week.

Peggy—Yes; all others start for the couth about this time.

Reggy—What others?

Peggy—Wild geese.

week and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry compound. Write quick-ly. Grant Co., Dept, 27, Springfield, Ill.



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ome of the choicest lands for grain growing, ck raising and mixed farming in the new dis-its of Saskatchewan and Alberta have rently been Opened for Settlement under the

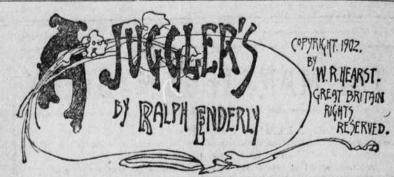
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Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily obtainable in these great graingrowing, stock raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good

There you will find healthful climate, good seighbors, churches for family worship, achools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ortawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Watertown, South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett, Ser New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents



"Doctor Beckett?" "Yes; what do you want?" "I want you to come with me to a dying

"No one yo' know, doctor. No one liv-ing in the place, I mean."
"But I don't know you. Ah! I have it now. You belong to one of the traveling shows just come in for the fair."

"You've hit it, guv'nor! That's me." Well, is the sick man now a van-Yes. It's old Joey Baretta, the juggler!

He's struck for death, and wants to see you."
"To see me? It must be a mistake.

have never heard of him."
"It's no mistake; for the old 'un has got your name as pat as mine, and I've know

ed him more nor a year or two."

"Well, I'll go with you. Just wait a minute while I put up a few things. Beretta—never heard the name in my life." The flashily-dressed, shabby-looking in dividual, who had knocked up Dr. Miles Beckett just before dawn, on a raw, dark morning in October, was not a person like-

one of the lovellest women in society, and as popular as she is beautiful. The match was quite a romantic one, Sir Ranuall, with all the honors of the late campaign thick upon him, and being one of the most distinguished heroes of the hour, having won his wife, Othellowise, as it were, and for the sake of the dangers he had passed. General Sir Randall Sandys, who has re-ceived a baronetcy, is quite 25 years the senior of Lady Ivy. "Isn't it too bad?" said the lady, sing the paper to her husband, across his able.

"There is absolutely nothing sacred with editors nowadays!"

"It is one of the penalties of over-civilization, I suppose," said the bron; soldier opposite. "There is one thing, it breaks no bones, and we can afford to laugh at It."

They were at breakfast at Claridge's the morning after their arrival.

"As soon," continued Lady Ivy, "as I have safely packed you off, sir, to the war office. I am going to see Uncle Miles."

"That's right, dear, and directly I have finished my business I will follow you."

Within the half how the deliver.

Within the half hour the dainty little figure—not to be recognized as one with the grief-stricken child of 20 years before, by to inspire confidence in a staid country practitioner, not too well versed in the ways of the world, but his kind heart for-



bade him to refuse any call for help, and having put on his coat he hurried out. "Ah, this is the place, I suppose?" said the doctor, as they stumbled into a tangle of vans, tents, tethered horses, and all the scattered, ragged and dirty parapher-

nalia of a stroller's encampment "Nat!" said a voice out of the darkness and apparently proceeding from a large van, the windows of which showed a din light, through the grimy blinds, "got the doctor? The old man's nearly gone. He's bin callin' for you this arf 'our or more."
"All right, doctor's here. You keep outside till I tells you."

On the lowermost bunk in the hot, stiffing van lay a man, evidently prematurely old. His hair was gray, his features drawn and ashen white.

Doctor Beckett lost no time, but went down to look at him,

"Here, the light-you!" said the doctor sharply to his guide. "I thought so."

Filling a small pocketglass with brandy, Taudells-"I hear that Jaysmith has he put his arm under the sick man's

was conscious of another presence. Half hidden by the curtain at the bed-

head, he could just make out in the gloom a little figure, a girl child, whose large round eyes were fixed in terrified intensity You sent for me!" he said to the latter

"Lave I seen you before? Do you know "Yes, I know you, but you have never en me," was the whispered reply. "I don't understand."

'Your sister-doctor-Ivy' "What do you know of her, man?" cried Dr. Beckett, started out of himself. "My sister disappeared years ago! What of

'She-she died-when this little one was

"You are dying!" the doctor responded. with almost brutal frankness. "You would not; you could not deceive yourself or me with such a statement, if it were not

"It is true!" came the labored articula-Milan, young, famous, rich! I saw your sister at Liverpool. I loved her, she loved me, and, heaven forgive me if I did wrong! I persuaded her to marry me and to cast

in her lot with me "Yes, yes, and then?"
"Then," went on the dying man, with
ever-increasing gasps for breath—"then
was the happiest time of all my life. One, two, three children were born and died; and now, come closer-I cannot see you-

my-my little lvy-my baby. I go The child heard and understood. Throwing herself across her father's breast, in an abandonment of grief, she kissed his thin, pale cheeks, beseeching him-crying bitterly the while-not to leave her.

Tenderly the doctor detached her arms m around Giuseppe Baretta's neck and ed her away.

Sitting her on his knee, with her head against his shoulder, he spoke again.
"You are distressed for the child's future?" he said. "But why did you not nd her to me when my-when your wife "Send her away!" was the almost flerce

reply; the last flicker of the lamp of life. "My Ivy-the one thing in all the world I had to love me and to love!"

derneath, as an evident afterthought, were Giuseppe Baretta was beyon't speech. His the words: "I have arranged with my eyes rested for a second only upon the two partners, Nat Ross and Charlie Towneyes rested for a second only upon the fair-haired child he was leaving, and with a satisfied smile upon his lips, he fell back

1902. The following extract is from the Morning Post of September is: the thoughts of both going out to "Sir Randall and Lady Ivy Sandys have grave the strangely assorted pair,

returned from the Australian Tyrol, after the struggle and the whither they went for their honeymoon.

"Lady Sandys, who it may be remembered is the niece of Sir killes Ecckett."

*** physician-in-ordinary to his majesty, is

taircase and into her brougham.

"The drive was a short one across Oxford street to Seamore place, Park Lane.

The once obscure country doctor was now the famous and honored specialist. A member of the reigning house had been practically saved by his skill, and the reward was a knighthood and a court appolitment.

As Ivy descended from the carriage at her uncle's door, she saw what she had falled in her excitement to notice before, that the coachman (the brougham was one of Sir Miles', sent by him for her use till

of Sir Miles', sent by him for her use till she was settled) was grinning a recogni-

"Why, Plunkett!" she exclaimed, with a smile, "is that you? You don't look a bit altered!"

liance; indeed, Sir Randall had no caus for complaint, seeing that his wife's motter was really Sir Miles Beckett's sister.

That's all right, Plunkett! You and I have known each other for a few years.

And has my uncle lent you to me?"

"Yes, my lady. He said he thought I'd

take more care of you than the second "Just like him, isn't it. Plunkett? You needn't wait. I'm going to stay all day with Sir Miles."

The meeting between uncle and niece was something neither would be likely to for-

get. He had missed her so, this lonely, prosperous man, and she, though her heart was now given to a husband, had looked forward to seeing him again with all the great love of a child for her

Later on, when the general joined the little family circle, it was a question whether a happier one existed in all Eng-While the two were alone, however, Sir Miles was suddenly reminded by a chance remark of Ivy of the deathbed scene of

"Uncle," r said, "have you not a pic-ture, a trinket, or some little thing once owned by my mother which you could give

"Why, of course I have, child! Your father the night he died gave me a packet,

which, somehow, I have refrained from opening until now." "Oh, fetch it dear, do! I think that I should be still happier than I am, if I could only see and touch something which belonged to—my mother."

ent and got it, and together they opened it. There was a miniature of the first Ivy; a pathetic letter, written to her father, but

never sent; her marriage certificate, and ; ring. With these, was a letter addressed to Sir Miles, and which, reproaching himself for having so long neglected to read, he passed to the writer's daughter. After a repetition of that which, when

dying, he had told the doctor, he went on to say that "he had always desired, for the child's sake, to intrust her to her uncle's care, but that the temptation to have her near him was too great to be resisted. Finding himself in the neighbor-hood where him wife, breather the hood where his wife's brother lived, and realizing that his own end was near, he determined that he would lose no time in carrying out that which he knew to have been his wife's earnest desire.

"For two or three years now," he concluded things have gone from bad to worse with me, so that I can leave nothing "Well-no-jerhaps you could not. But isten. I will take her now. She is my own flesh and blood. We-my wife and 1-have no children. She shall be to us as a daughter. Will that comfort and content

send, that after my death the whole show -tent, vans, and horses-be sold; see that there is taken out of the proceeds enough to bury me decently. I want to lie with Ivy, my wife, Nat knows where."

Uncle and niece looked at one another the thoughts of both going out to the after the struggle and the storm lay calm-ly and peacefully side by side, at rest

Once more it was fall time on the out-

skirts of the little country town, where we first met most of the people who figured in

this little story.

The parlor of the "Bear" was fairly full about 6 in the evening.

There appeared to be something under discussion which was the cause of more

than ordinary interest. "Read that agen, Mister Plunkett!" said gray-haired father of the hamlet.

"My son, ye see," repeated Mr. Plunkett,
"as is up in Lunnon as coachman to Sir
Miles Beckett-him as lived about 'ere nigh twenty years ago-'as sent me this paper, the Marnin' Poast, which 'as a bit in it about the owd doctor and 'is niece."
Mr. Plunkett then proceeded to read the extract with which we are already famil-

While he was reading it a poorly dressed man, who was quietly sitting in a corner with some bread and cheese and a pint of eer, ceased from eating and drinking, and

beer, ceased from cating and listened intently.

"Beg pardin,' mate," he said, when the other had finished, "did I understand you to say as Dr. Beckett, as used to live hereabouts is in London now? Mr. Plunkett looked the speaker up and down, and then apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, replied that it was the same.

"Do you know where he lives in Lon-"Well, seein' as my son 'as bin his coachman for nigh 25 year, I ought to."
"Perhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' me.
I've something I wants bad to see him

"I dunno as I oughter; but I don't think

as you can do 'e much 'arm."

With the address in his pocket Nat Ross, old Joey Baretta's one-time partner, prepared to tramp the 60 miles and odd to London 'It ain't no 'arm to remind 'im or

"It ain't no 'arm to remind 'im or 'er of old days; an' me clean broke to the world. She's married, 'that's certain, but I don't think as she'll be fur away from the old doctor. Anyway I'll try my luck, for I ve carried her in my arms 'undreds of times when she wer' fractious, an' old Joey didn't no more know what to do with her than a babby unborn."

It was a fashionable concert at St. James' Hall. Scores of carriages were waiting in line

Hanging round the entrance in Regent street, and closely scanning every lady's face that came out, was Nat Ross.

Edrier in the day he had just missed Ivy

as she drove from Seamore Place, but managed to hear the butler's order for St. James' Hall For two hours or more he had patiently waited, unconscious that he was being watched by a pair of keen official eyes. He would never have recognized her, of course, but for knowing which was her

carriage.
"Lady Sandy's carriage!" shouted the ommissionaire.
Up it dashed, and as its fair occupant

put her foot upon the step, a voice spoke in her ear.

Frightened in spite of herself, for she was a brave little soul, Ivy gave a suppressed shrick.

At the same moment a heavy hand was laid upon the man's shoulder. "What do you want with the lady?"

"Nothing. "That's very likely."

"Let him go, policeman!" said Ivy, pleadingly. "He hasn't done me any

"Very sorry, my lady, but this kind of thing's been going on for a good bit lately, and we've got orders to run the next man in."

It was all very unpleasant, for Ivy

never wronged 'im of a penny."

Ivy was not one to conceal from her husband the fact of her mother's mesai-liance; indeed, Sir Randall had no cause for complaint, seeing that his wife's moth-

"Nor more do you, Miss—my lady—I beg get into the papers, so that no our ladyship's pardon!"

were set a-wa-ging. Fortunately, the circumstances did not "Look here, my man!" said the general to Nat, the morning after his release from custody, "we want to do something for custody, "we want to do som you. What would you like?

e.ther go down to my place in the country, and I'll find you a job there, or we'll set you up in something. "That's it, sir," said Nat; "would it run to a little shootin' gallery to go round with? I could see my way to a good livin'

"Very well, come up here tomorrow, and we'll see about it; meanwhile, go and get a lodging and something to eat."

"Randall," said Ivy, when the vaga-bond had gone. "I love you more than I did before, for you have helped an unfortunate to help himself, and, more than that, do not love me any the less because noor juggler was my mother's husband

A diver is working indefatigably in from 16 to 24 feet of water, putting in a new underpinning for Winchester cathedral in England, and it has been suggested that when he completes his work, room should be found somewhere for a statue of him minus his helmet, he being one of the cathedral's greatest benefactors.

A writer in the London Daily News, A writer in the London Daily News, giving some experiences during dense fogs, says he was once on a bus which stopped suddenly on Waterloo bridge in a fog. The driver urged the horses to move, but they would not, and when the conductor went to investigate he found them looking over the parapet.

One of the most wonderful under ground waterways in the world, which was constructed at the latter end of was constructed at the latter end of the eighteenth century by the Dukes of Bridgewater, is now being used for the conveyance of waste water from the Earl of Ellesmere's colleries, at Walkden, near Manchester. The canal, which is entirely underground, with its arms and junctions, covers over 40

Canada alone produces over \$3,000 worth of furs every year, and to this Alaska now adds \$750,000 of raw pelts, and Labrador probably half this amount. Until a decade or so ago the Prybiloffs and other seal islands sent out \$2,500,000 worth of skins annually; and then, of course, there are the enor-mous quantities dressed and manufactured for the home markets

The discovery of the process of con-\$150 a karat was suggested to the French scientist, Professor Bordas, by the fact that minute glass tubes in which radium is confined take off gradually a beautiful azure color resembling

"The All Embracing Church," is the name of a new faith which is to be started at Seattle by Walter A. Cogswell, and which will include every creed and color, with a bible made up of excerpts from all the leading philos-ophers and teachers since the mind of man has been capable of evolving ideas.

A WAYWARD FANCY.

By Blanche Maude Heywood. (Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.) "Mercies are fairly showered upon me Mamma, according to you and

Aunt Helen, and now Tom Seymour is thrown in as an extra blessing," said Inez Payson.

'Do not joke, Inez, about so serious a matter," and Mrs. Payson held up her

shapely hands deprecatingly.

"Joke, I never felt more sedate—is not a life-important decision involved for me!" and she smiled bitterly.

How pretty Inez Payson was. Her aunt felt her heart swell with pride as she looked at her. Just so she had looked 30 years ago. She had had the same violet eyes, full of purple shadows, the same brown hair with a glint of gold in it, and the girl had her own

high spirit too, she sighed.

The lesson would come soon enough, she did not want her beautiful niece to learn too soon that life had wilder-nesses—she did not want her to com-mit that crowning folly that had ruined her life—a love match—a quiet affection that would stand the wear and tear of years was best. Friend-ship and esteem would live when love lay bleeding.

"Inez," she said in her soft pathetic

voice, "your mother was going to say that in all probability Mr. Seymour will speak to you this afternoon, and a load would be lifted from us if you could give us just a hint of what your an-swer would be."

swer would be."

"My answer," said the girl, thoughtfully, and she bent and caressed an Angora cat that purred at her feet. She had known for a long time that Tom Seymour loved her, and she had made a desperate attempt to gain time. She had had the innumerable advantages of such a match pointed out by them so often that she knew precisely what was expected of her.

often that she knew precisely what was expected of her.

She knew equally well how afraid they were of any love passages between her, and dissipated, wicked Jimmy Dale, as they called him, but still she enjoyed keeping them in suspense, so she dallied a bit longer with the soft fur of the cat and they said the sold. fur of the cat, and then said in a cold,

hard voice.

"My answer—will be what you expect me to say. It will be yes, and now if you please I will go."

She wanted to be alone, to stamp out

the present, and face her future. It seemed to her that all the dear old past was gone.

was gone.

"And you, too, Jimmy, among the rest," she moaned, "if you had only spoken, only showed me that you cared, I could have stood up and defied them all. Just for your love I would have been content to let the world slip. have been content to let the world slip by. But you did not speak, and now I mean to cast all thought of you to the wind, and live my life as other women live theirs and if I find Tom Seymour in a foolish enough mood to ask me to marry him this afternoon I shall do it—and live a great lady, all without love."

She looked like a wood nymph in her green and white gown, as she wan-dered down to the lily pond that after-noon, with Tom Seymour. A silence had fallen between the two, and she almost gave a start when he sang in

full round tones:

rull round tones:
"Oh saw ye not fair Inez, who came
from out the West."
"I always think of sunsets and clouds
and gorgeous effects when I see you
Inez," he said, "and I wonder if that
other Inez of the old song was half as
fair or loved one half as well as I love
you."

"You are so sweet, so gracious, so kind, that you will not daily with me. I do not want you to think of my possessions, but of me, the man who asks you to be his wife. Am I worthy? Let your heart speak, Inez, my darling."
"Are you worthy? Tom, Tom, my dear, I am not half good enough for one like you. An honest heart is without money and without price. I like you Tom and my answer is yes," and she burst into tears. You are so sweet, so gracious, so

Tomorrow was her wedding day, and Inez Payson stood looking down into the lily pond for the last time.

"Pretty blossoms I wait for my story, will the long years bring it such as I wish it to be? You nod your heads lilies," she said, "but you do not smile up at me."

Then she gave a start, and tried to jump back from her own bright re-

jump back from her own bright reflection in the water, for over her shoul-der was another face. Jimmy Dale's face, looking down into the water at

She turned and looked straight into a pair of burning black eyes. The color slowly mounted her forehead, until it crimsoned her face and neck, but she did not speak.

did not speak.

"Inez," he said at last, "I can stand this duel of glances no longer. Inez tell me that it is all a lie, that you will be my little sweetheart, for I swear that this wedding shall never be. With my own hands I will choke the life out of your pretty white throat, rather than let you marry another. It is he you love, me—wicked, miserable, poor, but you love me."

"Corne with me now, and we will marry at the small church, the old pastor is my friend. You do not speak,

pastor is my friend. You do not speak, you do not move—then by heaven I will compel you to come."
"I have a little to say about that, you madman," rang out Tom Seymour's clear voice, as he stepped into the space, a tall man of gigantic mould, be-fore whom the other seemed dwarfed, and common and stood looking down at

Inez Payson looked from one to the other, and revulsion shook her, at last she saw Jimmy Dale as he was, stripped of every glamour, with the seal of vice and sin upon him, and her pure heart cried out, "unclean, un-

"I have nought to say about a fellow who would steal an honest man's sweet heart right under his own nose, bu I am here to protect this girl. If Inez wishes to marry such as you," and Tom Seymour's voice was full of scorn, I am not the one to stand in but she has no call to sneak off

'Inez, my girl, you know what I am, and it is to be presumed you know this fellow, also. It is he or I—choose, girl

While he had been speaking her eyes had never left his face, and her voice was very low and tender, as she an-"I have made my choice, it is you, Tom. You are the real man, he is the counterfeit. It needed but his com-

ing to show me how much I love you. Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. An engagement goes on in grand opera,

An engagement goes on in grand opera, narriage is ragtime.

The reason a girl likes to have a chaperon is so it won't be her mother.

A woman gets much more comfort out of talking about her furs than wearing A man would have to be mighty smart

to make a fortune without having other

people to make it for him.

What a girl likes about a secret engage how many more people she can tell about it than if it were announced. From the Cleveland Leader.

Yassuh!

many ez he kin.

"Rastus, does yo' nex' do' neighbor eep chickens?"
"We! er huh-huh! He keep ez

He Was Not Lazy.

He Was Not Lazy.
From the Kansas City Star.
Mark Twain says that all are lazy, some are able to fight it down, while others fall. He knew a noncombatant of this class when a boy in Hannibal. His name was Jim Black, and one summer morning he was lying under a tree beside the river listening to the birds and watching the steamboats glide up and down the great stream.
"Well, what are you here for?" Mark asked him.

asked him.
"I'm here," said Jim, "for to pile them bales onto the wharf."
"Oh!" and now you are resting, are

you? you?"
"No," said Jim; "I ain't resting, because I ain't tired. I'm just waiting for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can knock off work."



Beer to Eat. From the Washington Star. Captain Biglow, of Yale, was talking about an applicant for the football

team.

"He will never make a football player." said Captain Biglow. "He is as different from a football player as a bottle of brown fluid I beheld last summer was different from beer.

"A man with a motor cycle stopped at a mountain inn where I was lunching one sultry afternoon and asked for a bottle of beer. The landlord took from a sunny shelf a bottle hung with cobwebs. He dusted it and set it before the cyclist with a flourish. fore the cyclist with a flourish.

'You'll find this the best Milwau-

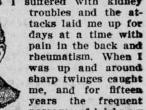
"You'll find this the best Milwau-kee, sir,' he said.
"The cyclist opened the bottle, poured a little into a glass and frowned.
"Landlord,' he said, 'this is very thick and muddy beer.'
"The landlord lifted the glass and looked at it. He tilted it from side to side. It was so thick and muddy that it would scarcely spill.
"'It's the thunder,' he muttered. 'It's the thunder that has done this.'
"'Well thunder or no thunder. I can't

"Well, thunder or no thunder, I can't drink it,' said the motor cyclist. 'But I'll tell what you might do. You might just put it in a paper bag for me, and I'll eat it on my way home.'"

THIRTY YEARS OF IT.

A Fearfully Long Siege of Daily Pain and Misery.

Charles Von Soehnen, of 201 A St. Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles and the at-



passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their

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

One Way. From Harper's Weekly.

A story, said to be characteristic, is told of an Arkansas judge. It seems that when he convened court at one of the towns on his circuit it was found that no pens, ink, or paper had been provided, and, upon inquiry, it developed that no county funds were availoped that no county funds were avail-able for this purpose. The judge ex-pressed himself somewhat forcefully. then drew some money from his ow pocket. He was about to hand this the clerk, when a visiting lawyer, a high-priced, imported article, brought on to defend a case of some import-ance, spoke up, in an aside plainly aud-

"Well," he remarked, with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the lim-

The old judge flushed darkly. "You are fined \$25 for contempt, stri Hand the money to the clerk!" he said, and when the pompous visitor had humbly complied, he continued: "Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and paper the court may require, and if there is anything left over you may give the gentleman his

Legal Tender. From the Portland Oregonian The Williamette Heights citizen handed the conductor of the car a 35 clearing house certificate.
"What's that?" asked the man be-

hind the bell cord.

That's a clearing house certificate, the new kind of Portland money," said the W. H. citizen.
"Is it good?" asked the lord of the punch. Sure it's good. Paper money goes

ese days."
"All right, old man," and the conductor immediately handed the passenger \$4.95 worth of transfers. There are in the continental United States 1,900,947,000 acres of land.

> PANTRY CLEANED A Way Some People Have.

A doctor said :-"Before marriage my wife observed in summer and country homes, coming in touch with families of varied means, culture, tastes and discriminating tendencies, that the families using Postum seemed to average better than those

using coffee. "When we were married two years ago, Postum was among our first order of groceries. We also put in some coffee and tea for guests, but after both had stood around the pantry about a year untouched, they were thrown away, and Postum used only.

"Up to the age of 28 I had been accustomed to drink coffee as a routine habit and suffered constantly from indigestion and all its relative disorders. Since using Postum all the old complaints have completely left me and I sometimes wonder if I ever had them."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."