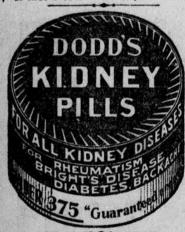
The Most Forgetful Man. Exchange: A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a traveling man's wife met one day recently, and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands. The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would forget his notes and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about. The doctor's wife thought her husband was the more forgetful still, for he would often start out to see a patient and would forget his medicine case and travel nine miles for nothing. "Well," travel nine miles for nothing. "Well," said the traveling man's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said: 'I believe I have seen your face before—what is your name?'



Jiggs Before a girl is married she sets a flower in her hair.

Jaggs And after she is married she sets her hair in the flour.

Mrs. Winslow's Scottling evalue for Children sething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation al-She-Procrastination is the thief of

He-There are other watch lifters. WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From Octoberto May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause, E. W. Grove on box 25c A Surprising Mistake.

Tit-Bits: A short time ago some mem-

Tit-Bits: A short time ago some members of the education committee visited a council school in a provincial town. It was "examination day," and the chairman of the committee, a large and pompous old gentleman, was present.

ent.

A reading class was called, and a bright little fellow rose, and in a monotone drawled through a paragraph about a massacre in the time of Nero.

"Ah, um!" interrupted the chairman. "Will you please let that little boy read that verse again?"

The paragraph was given again precisely as before.

"Ah! um!" exclaimed the wise man, smiling like a pleased chimpanzee; "why do you pronounce that word 'massaker'?"

This youngster hung his head and

This youngster hung his head and

made no reply.
"It should be pronounced 'massa-cree,' "continued the chairman, benign-

There was a painful silence for a moment; then the teacher meekly said:
"Excuse me, Mr. Jones, but the fault is mine. I think, if that word is mispronounced, I have told the class to pronounce is 'massa-ker.'"
"Why sir may I inquire?"

"Why, sir, may I inquire?"
"I believe that Webster, who compiled the great dictionary, favors that pro-

"Impossible, sir!"
"Well, that is a matter easily settled.
Here is a copy of Webster's unabridged. Suppose we refer to it"
The education committee chairman

The education committee chairman seized the dictionary and hurriedly turned to the word. For a moment his face was a study. Then he removed his glasses, wiped them on a red silk handkerchief and, replacing them, said most solemnly:
"I am perfectly astounded, sir, that
Mr. Webster should have made such a
mistake as that."

OLD SURGEON

Found Coffee Caused Hands Tremble.

The surgeon's duties require clear judgment and a steady hand. A slip or an unnecessary incision may do irreparable damage to the patient. When he found that coffee drinking

caused his hands to tremble, an Ills. surgeon conscientionsly gave it up and this is his story.

"For years I was a coffee drinker until my nervous system was nearly broken down, my hands trembled so I could hardly write, and insomula tortured me at night.

"Besides, how could I safely perform operations with unsteady hands, using knives and instruments of precision? When I saw plainly the bad effects of coffee, I decided to stop it, and three years ago I prepared some Postum, of which I had received a sample.

"The first cupful surprised me. was mild, soothing, delicious. At this time I gave some Postum to a friend who was in a similar condition to mine,

from the use of coffee. "A few days after, I met him and he was full of praise for Postum, declaring he would never return to coffee but stick to Postum. We then ordered a full supply and within a short time my nervousness and consequent trembling, as well as insomnia, disappeared, blood circulation became normal, no dizziness nor heat flashes.

"My friend became a Postum enthusiast, his whole family using it exciusively.

"It would be the fault of the one who brewed the Postum, if it did not taste good when served.

"The best food may be spoiled if not properly made. Postum should be boiled according to directions on the pkg. Then it is all right, anyone can rely on it. It ought to become the national "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

THE

Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

or was it only an imagination that and the dark line of trees which fringed the shadows thickened round the bed behind him and closed in more nearly stars were shining.

the paler and grimmer, the more saturnine and all mastering, for the dark frame which set it off?

"He did this," he continued slowly, "which came to light and blasted him—he asked as the price of his service in betraying me his brother's estate."

"Impossible!" I stammered. "Why, Sir Anthony"—

"What of Sir Anthony. you would ask?" the chancellor replied, interrupting me, with savage irony. "Oh, he was a papist, an obstinate papist! He might go hang—or to Warwick jail."

"Nay, but this at least, my lord, is false!" I cried. "Palpably false! If my father had so betrayed his own flesh and blood, should I be here? Should I be at Coton End? You say this happened eight years ago. Seven years ago I came here, Would Sir Anthony"—

"There are fools everywhere," the old to

I covered my face. Alas, I believed him! I, who had always been so proud of my lineage, so proud of the brave traditions of the house and its honor, so proud of Coton End and all that belonged to it! Now, if this were true, I could never again take pleasure in one or the other. I was the son of a man branded as a turncoat and an informer, of one who was the worst of traitors! I sank down on the settee behind me and hid my face.

Another might have thought less of the blow, or, with greater knowledge of the world might have made light of it as a thing not touching himself. But on me, young as I was, and proud, and as yet tender, and having done nothing myself, it fell with crushing force. It was years since I had seen my him! I, who had always been so proud of my lineage, so proud of the brave traditions of the house and its honor, so proud of Coton End and all that belonged to it! Now, if this were true, I could never again take pleasure in one or the other. I was the son

Ing myself, it fell with crushing force.

It was years since I had seen my father, and I could not stand forth loyally and fight his battles as a son his father's friend and familiar for years might have fought it. On the contrary there was so much which seemed mysterious in my past life, so much that bore out the chancellor's accusation, that I felt a dread of its truth even before I had proof. Yet I would have proof. "Show me the letters!" I said harshly. "Show me the letters, my lord!"

I his was and found my own sword lying there, the sword which Sir Anthony had given me on my last birthday. But how had it come there? As I took it up something soft and light brushed my hand and drooped from the hilt. Then I remembered. A week before I had begged Petronilla to make me a sword knot of blue velvet for use on state occapions. No doubt she had done it and had brought the sword back this evening and laid it there in token of peace. I sat down on my bed, and softer and letters, my lord!"
"You know your father's handwrit-

"I do." "I do."

I knew it, not from any correspondence my father had held with me, but because I had more than once examined with natural curiosity the wrappers of the dispatches which at intervals of many months, sometimes of a year, came from him to Sir Anthony. I had never known anything of the contents of the letters, all that fell to

year, came from him to Sir Anthony, I had never known anything of the contents of the letters, all that fell to in my share being certain formal messages, which Sir Anthony would give in the generally with a clouded brow and a testy manner that grew genial again and in the state of the letters, and at the state of the letters, and a less than the letters, and a letter and long, untanned boots. I was yet in the midst of this work of the letters, and that all about me, except the red glow of the was pound. The treachery that could flush that worn as the state of the letters of the letters and the state of the letters, and in my strength of the letters and the state of the letters, and the state of the letters, and the letters, and the state of the letters, and the letters, and the state of the letters, and the state of the letters, and the lett

you—only, when you are inside, play the man and be faithful."

"What would you have me do?" I whispered hoarsely.

"I would have you do this," he answered. "There are great things brewing in the Netherlands, boy—great changes, unless I am mistaken. I have need of an agent there, a man, stout, trusty, and, in particular, unknown, who will keep me informed of events. If you will be that agent, I can procure for you—and not appear in the matter myself—a post of pay and honor in the regent's guards. What say you to that, Master Cludde? A few weeks, and you will be making history, and Coton End will seem a mean place to you. Now, what do you say?"

I was longing to be away and alone with my misery, but I forced myself to reply patiently:

"With your leave I will give you my answer tomorrow, my lord, "I said as steadily as I could, and I rose, still keeping my face turned from him.

"Very well," he replied, with apparent confidence. But he watched.

"Very well," he replied, with apparent confidence. But he watched me keenly, as I fancied. "I know already what your answer will be. Yet before you go I will give you a piece of advice which in the new life you begin lonight will avail you more than silver, more than gold—aye, more than steel—Master Francis. It is this. Be prompt to think, be prompt to strike prompt to think, be prompt to strike, be slow to speak! Mark it well! It is a simple recipe, yet it has made me what I am and may make you greater. Now go!"

pointed to the little door opening He pointed to the little door opening on the staircase, and I bowed and went out, closing it carefully behind me. On the stairs, moving blindly in the dark, I fell over some one who lay sleeping there and who clutched at my leg. I shook him off, however, with an exchamation of rage, and stumbling down the rest of the steps gained the open air. Excited and feverish, I shrank with aversion from the confinement of my room, and hurrying over the drawbridge sought at random the long terwith aversion from the confinement of my room, and hurrying over the drawbridge sought at random the long terrace by the fish pools, on which the moonlight fell, a sheet of silver, broken only by the sundial and the shadows of the rosebushes. The night air, weeping cheeks as I paced up and, down. One way I had before me the manor house—the steep gable ends, the gateway tower, the low outbuildings and corn stacks and stables—and flanking these the squat tower and nave of the church.

might fly through Dunstable, St. All and the crossbow and the crossbow "For thee, tyre and dagger, and for money I had but a gold angel and a few silver bits of doubtful value. But I trusted that this store, slender as it was, would meet my charges as far as London. Once there I must depend on my wits either for providence at home or a passage abroad.

Striding steadily up and down hill, for Arden forest is made up of hills and the crossbow "For thee, tyre and the crossbow "For thee, tyre and the crossbow bearing the constitution of the constitution of

He paused. Had the fire died down, I turned. Now I saw only the water

behind him and closed in more nearly on us, leaving his pale grim face to confront me—his face which seemed the paler and grimmer, the more saturnine and all mastering, for the dark frame which set it off?

"He did this," he continued slowly, "which came to light and blasted him—he asked as the price of his service in betraying me his brother's estate."

"Impossible!" I stammered. "Why, Sir Anthony——

"What of Sir Anthony, you would ask?" the chancellor replied, interrupting me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and the remembrance stung me, with savage frony. "Oh, he lad smiled, and there was no starlight. There all was a blur of wild passouthward, travel stained indeed, but dry and whole. My spirits rose with the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the heavy base behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the heavy base behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the heavy base behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me and found amusement in the sights of the road—in the

patron who would know and might cast in my teeth the old shame. A third reason, too, worked powerfully with me as I became cooler. This was the conviction that, apart from the glitter which the old man's craft had cast about it, the part that he would have me play was that of a spy—an informer. A creature like—I dared not say like my father, yet I had him in my mind. And from this, from the barest suspicion of this, I shrank as the burned puppy from the fire—shrank with fierce twitching of nerve and sinew.

Yet if I would not accept his offer it was clear I must fend for myself. His threats meant as much as that, and I smiled sternly as found necessity at one with inclination. I would leave Coton Find at the man did not pass me.

Then I turned, and shading my eyes from the sun, which stood just over his shoulder, said, "Good day, friend."

"Good day, master." he answered. He was a stout fellow, looking like a citizen, although he had a sword by his side and wore it with an air of importance which the sunshine of opportunity might have ripened into a swagger. His dress was plain, and he sat ago I came here. Would Sir Anthony"—

"There are fools everywhere," the old man sneered. "When my Lord Hertford refused your father's suit, Ferdinand began—it is his nature—to plot against him. He was found out and execrated by all, for he had been false to all. He fled for his life. He left you behind, and a servant brought you to Coton End, where Sir Anthony took you in."

I covered my face. Alas I helicard

d me—lay a dark line.

I stooped mechanically to see what this was and found my own sword lying there, the sword which Sir Anthony had given me on my last birthday, But how had it come there? As I took it up something soft and light brushed my hand and drooped from the hilt. Then I remembered. A week before I had begged Petronilla to make me a sword knot of blue velvet for use on state occasions. No doubt she had done it and had brought the sword back this evening and laid it there in token of peace.

I sat down on my bed, and softer and kindlier thoughts came to me—thoughts of love and gratitude, in which the old of love and gratitude, in which the old man who had been a second father to me had part. I would go as I had resolved, but I would return to them when I had done a thing worth doing, something which should efface the brand that lay on me now. With gentle fingers I disengaged the velvet knot and thrust it into my bosom. Then I tied about the hilt the old leather thong, and began to make my prepar-

was a ghastly pantomine, and it seemed to me that I saw madness in his eyes. "In heaven's name, no!" I cried. "No! Do you hear, Martin? No!"

He stood back on the instant, as a dog might have done being reproved. But I could hardly finish in comfort after that with him standing there, al-though when I next turned to him he seemed half asleep and his eyes were

seemed half asleep and his eyes were dull and fishy as ever.

"One thing you can do," I said brusquely. Then I hesitated, looking round me. I wished to send something to Petronilla, some word, some keepsake. But I had nothing that would serve a maid's purpose and could think of nothing until my eye lit on a house martin's nest, lying where I had cast it on the window sill. I had taken it down that morning because the dropit on the window sill. I had taken it down that morning because the droppings the last summer had fallen on the lead work, and I would not have it used when the swallows returned. It was but a bit of clay, and yet it would serve. She would guess its meaning.

I gave it into his hands. "Take this," I said. "and give it privately to Mistress Petronilla. Privately, you understand. And say nothing to any one, or the bishop will flay your back, Martin."

CHAPTER III.

The first streak of daylight found me already footing it through the for-est by paths known to few save the woodcutters, but with which many a boyish exploration had made me faboyish exploration had made me familiar. From Coton End the London road lies plain and fair through Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford. But my plan, the better to evade pursuit, was, instead, to cross the forest in a northeasterly direction, and passing by Warwick to strike the great north road between Coventry and Daventry, which, running thence southeastward, would take me as straight as a bird might fly through Dunstable, St. Albans and Barnet to London. My baggage consisted only of my cloak, sword and dagger, and for money I had but

do the wave and trough of the sea, only less regularly, I made my way toward Wootton Wawen. As soon as I espied its battlemented church lying in a wooded bottom below me I kept a more easterly course, and leaving Henley-in-Arden far to the left passed down toward Leek Wootton. The damp, dead bracken underfoot, the leafless oaks and gray sky overhead—nay, the very cry of the bittern fishing in the bottoms—seemed to be at one with my thoughts, for these were dreary

my thoughts, for these were dreary and sad enough.

But hope and a fixed aim form no bad makeshifts for happiness. Striking the broad London road as I had purposed, I slept that night at Ryton Dunsmoor and the next at Towcester, and the third day, which rose bright and frosty, found me stepping gayly southward, travel stained indeed, but dry and whole. My spirits rose with

he had smiled, and the remembrance stung me. I longed to assert myself and do something to wipe off the stain.

But should I accept the bishop's offer? It never crossed my mind to do so. He had humiliated me, and I hated him for it. Longing to cut myself off from my old life, I could not support a patron who would know and might cast in my teeth the old shame. A third

tunity might have ripened into a swagger. His dress was plain, and he sat a good hackney as a miller's sack might have sat it. His face was the last thing I looked at. When I raised my eyes to it, I got an unpleasant start. The man was no stranger. I knew him in a moment for the messenger who had summoned me to the chancellor's presence.

The remembrance did not please me

chancellor's presence.

The remembrance did not please me, and reading in the follow's sly look that he recognized me and thought he had made a happy discovery on finding me I halted abruptly. He did the same.

"It is a fine morning," he said, taken abook by my sudden movement, but of "It is a fine morning," he said, taken aback by my sudden movement, but affecting an indifference which the sparkle in his eye belied. "A rare day for the time of year."

"It is," I answered, gazing steadily at

"It is," I answered, gazing steamy at him.

"Going to London? Or may be only to Stratford?" he hazarded. He fidgeted uncomfortably under my eye, but still pretended ignorance of me.

"That is as may be," I answered.

"No offense, I am sure," he said.
I cast a quick glance up and down the road. There happened to be no one in sight. "Look here!" I replied, stepping forward to lay my hand on the horse's shoulder, but the man reined back and prevented me, thereby giving me a clew to his character, "you are in the look of the bishop of Winchesme a clew to his character, "you are in the service of the bishop of Winches-

His face fell, and he could not conceal his disappointment at being recog-nized. "Well, master," he answered re-luctantly, "perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not."

key cock's wattles with rage

(Continued Next Week.) Stamp Recalls Legend.

From the Kansas City Star. Switzerland has issued a new series of postage stamps, one of which possesses unique interest. The subject of this is little Henric, the son of Wil-liam Tell, the marvelously accurate cross-bowman of Burglen. The story

cross-bowman of Burglen. The story is familiar to all.

Tell was at the fair at Altdorf and was arrested by the men of Gessler, the cruel governor of the canton of Uri, who suspected the cross-bowman of disloyalty. Little Henric had been persuaded to run away to the fair by his mischievous cousin Philip, and the latter offered an indiscreetly public insult to the emblem of authority that insult to the emblem of authority that had erected in the market

Philip escaped, but Henric seized, and Gessler promised Tell his freedom if he would shoot an apple off the boy's head. Otherwise he would be slain. Tell thereupon directed Gessler to kill him as he would not take the chance of injuring the lad.

But the governor declared that if Tell did not try to do as he was bid both father and son would be slain on the spot. Seeing that Gessler was determined in his wicked purpose Tell selected two arrows. One he thrust in his girdle and the other he fitted to

his bow.

The apple had been placed on the boy's head, and the father turned and faced him. There was an instant of suspense, then the sharp twang of the bowstring, and the apple was fairly pierced by the arrow. Tell had saved his boy's life and his own.

Gessler, thwarted in his purpose, turned to Tell and asked why he had placed the extra arrow in his girdle, and the crossbowman replied:

and the crossbowman replied:
"For thee, tyrant! My next mark would have been thy bosom, had I failed in my first." failed in my first."

The new Swiss stamp shows Henric armed with his father's crossbow and with the arrow-pierced apple in his hand. The other stamp of the series shows Helvetia with the Alps mountains in the background.

Brazilian cocoanut palms live from

IS TETRAZZINI A SECOND TPILBY? ALL **NEW YORK ASKS**

Twenty Years She Sang in Public Without Exciting Great Applause.

NOW HER VOICE THRILLS

Eyes Always Seek Those of Her Manager When on Stage-He Even Answers Her Phone and Opens Mail.

New York, Special: Is Tetrazzini another Trilby, and is her manager Sig. Bazelli, another Svengali, who hypnotizes her as she sings?

These questions all of musical New York is asking.

For 20 years this singer, who brought the music lovers of the world's two greatest capitals to her feet, sang in obscurity, one night here and one night there in different cities in differ-ent countries. She was not a great singer then, she attracted no attention. And then her manager secured for her an engagement to sing in Covent Gar-

den, London.

For eight months she rested. And then she walked upon the stage as one in a dream, and, looking straight at Sig, Bazelli, she sang as never woman sang before. Such applause! Such rapture! In one day her fame had spread throughout London.

She came to New York for the present season, under contract with Oscar Hammerstein to sing with the Man-

ent season, under contract with Oscar Hammerstein to sing with the Manhattan Opera company. She burst in brilliance on wondering New York. Men of experience and gravity proclaimed her greater than Patil, and they asked each other:

"Who could have wrought these miracles in the voice of a woman who sang to obscurity for 20 years? Why did she never sing until she met Bazelli? Does she only sing her best now when under his control? And why is it that only since his reign over Tetrazzini has she startled the world?"

Eyes of a Svengali. Eyes of a Svengali.

The mysterious Bazelli, with eyes black, brilliant, piercing—eyes with mystery lying deep in them and cunning gleaming through them like fire through glass—faces her each night as she sings. She is nervous and ill at ease as she stands in the wings awaitrase as she stands in the wings awaiting her call. If anyone speaks to her on the way from her dressing room to the wings she is thrown into a state of nervous distress. She seems afraid that her voice will rall her. She walks out timidly and as she stops her eyes search the faces in front of her for that of Bazelli, and then she begins to sing, looking straight into the eyes of Bazelli the while.

At first her voice is like the thin, peevish trebles of a cross child, and the lower notes have an automatic quality like the first asthmatic wheezing of a phonograph before it breaks into

of a phonograph before it breaks into the full swing of the record. It is as the full swing of the record. It is as if the has not yet come under the hypnotic spell of her master. But she watches him and his eyes, with the strange hypnotic power, peer into hers. And then there flows those amazing high notes which one has described as the coloratura fireworks that fill the listener's mind with visions of falling blossoms, rockets breaking softly in a dark sky, silverthroated nightingales thrilling rapturously in dark woods. thrilling rapturously in dark and meadow larks rising ecstatically to

A Listeners Impressions Another tells of her performance as fol-

When she comes on the stage 'Rigoletto' or 'La Traviata' she babbles on in the prattle and cooling of infancy. She suggests the vaudeville stage more Then of a sudden comes the change, and she pours forth tones golden, ringing, of

intoxicating beauty.
"'Look at me in the white of the eyes, Svengali used to say to Trilby. And Tetrazzini looks into the whites of Ba-zelli's eyes as she sings. She leaves the stage exhausted and Bazelli goes to her, assists, almost carries her into a carriage, and takes her home. One can readily picture Bazelli saying to her after one of these triumphs, as Svengali said to

"Sleep my pretty one, and the next she knows she is in bed, thred unto death, quite unconscious of the fact that she, whose voice had once been laughed at, had just sung at a concert where flowers and jewels had been flung at her feet in her hearer's mad enthusiasm.

Sig. Bazelli receives all the calters of La Tetrazzini, even though they be her

relatives or intimate friends. He opens all her letters and answers those that in his estimation are worthy of response He answers her telephone and speaks impatient, authoritative English to all inquirers for the well guarded, hedged about diva, who six months ago was only known as a plump and prattling prima donna in

second class musical centers.

In the early days of his ascendancy over the prima donna the man whom many insist is a Svengali always sang with her. He sang Romeo and Alfredo, Faust and all the other parts which furnish tenors, love songs and opportunities to stand close by and gaze into the so-Du Maurier, describing Svengali's in-

fluence over Trilby, wrote:
"And then he turned his attention to
Trilby and told her—the tone deaf, whose Trilby and told her—the tone deaf, whose singing at that time was 'too funny for laughter,' as 'some things are too sad and too deep for tears'—and you shall see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!"

And Tribly shuddered and said:

"He reminds me of a big, hungry spider, and makes me feel like a fly!"

A Wife in Bondage. Tit-Bits: He was that rare and greatly-to-be-admired person, a real live duke, and he holds sway over many workers. To give him his due, he is a good master, and for the most part his kindness is greatly appreciated by

his retainers.
But Bob Willet is a laborer with democratic proclivities and marked distaste for work, and recently his ducal master ocratic proclivities and marked distaste for work, and recently his ducal master determined that one thing to do with Bob was to dismiss him. Whereupon he did so, and Bob came to the conclusion that the time had now arrived when the pride of the peerage should be humbled. The difficulty was to think of something sufficiently biting, for the duke was a good master, as has been remarked. Then an inspiration flashed on Bob. The duke's duchess had been

remarked. Then an inspiration hashed on Bob. The duke's duchess had been appointed a lady-in-waiting to the queen, and this was Bob's opportunity. "All right, yer grace," he said, "Fill go. But I'll take heart to say this: Though I'm a poor man, I've never had to send my missus out to service, and that's more'n some people can say."

A TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Says Pe-ru-na is a Valuable Nerve and Blood Remedy.



MISS BESSIE FARRELL

M ISS BESSIE FARRELL, 1011
Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is President of the Young People's Christian
Temperance Association. She writes:

"Peruna is certainly a valuable nerve and blood remedy, calculated to build up the broken-down health of worn-out women. I have found by personal ex-perience that it acts as a wonderful restorer of lost strength, assisting the stomach to assimilate and digest the food, and building up worn-out tissues. In my work I have had occasion to recommend it freely, especially to

"I know of nothing which is better to build up the strength of a young mother, in fact all the ailments peculiar to women, so I am pleased to give it my hearty endorsement."

Dr. Hartman has prescribed Peruna for many thousand women, and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for the wonderful benefits received.

Man-a-Lin the Ideal Laxative.

Just That. Dinks-You should lay up something for a rainy day, old man. Winks—A rainy day doesn't bother me. What I want is enough surplus to enable me to face a few cold waves.

Johnny's Little Joke.

Johnny-George Washington wuz er great man, de fader of his country an' all dat, but jest de same yer kin bet, yer sweet life I'm glad I wuzn't him. Tommy-Why not? Johnny-'Cause he's dead.

WE PAY HIGH PRICES FOR FURS and hides, or tan them for robes, rugs or coats. N.W.Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis.

Holy Tea.

Bellman: A young Englishman with a title and a healthy appetite recently went to spend a few days at a monastery in Switzerland. By chance he arrived on a Friday, when the fare was especially frugal. He had little to eat that day and went to bed hungry. During the night as is their enstom one that day and went to bed hungry. During the night, as is their custom, one of the fathers went to the cells with a benediction, "The Lord be with you," which, of course, he said in Latin. When he came to the door of the visitor's cell he knocked and said, "Dominus tecum!" "Who's there?" cried the young Englishman. The monk repeated "Dominus tecum!" "Ah, thanks, I'm much obliged," said his lordship, getting out of bed. "Please put it down outside."

Manney sufficiently

