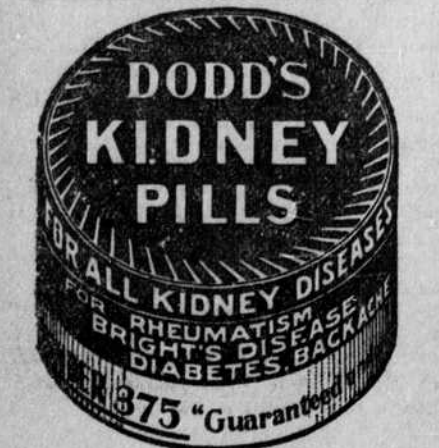


Heard from His Note in a Bottle.
Platt Correspondence to the Minneapolis Journal.

While on his way to Germany about a year ago Edward Reese wrote his name and address on a card, which he placed in a bottle, and after carefully sealing threw the bottle into the ocean about midway between the two continents. A day or two ago he received a letter from Theodore Schultz, dated at Brookings, S. D., in which Schultz informed him that he was the finder of the bottle. Schultz, before coming to America resided on the coast of Denmark, and one day while strolling along the coast of that country discovered and took possession of the bottle, which had floated ashore from midocean.



To the Blush of Edna's Cheek.
Thou lucky blush! Let me repeat
With warm and firm insistence,
Why these thy short and fleet
Yet happiest existence!

Thy life is briefer than the rose;
And yet, couldst thou but live
Were every treasure that man knows
Mine own, I'd gladly give it.

But since there's not for me the bliss,
Thou crimson blush to be thee,
I can at least bestow a kiss,
And then, in rapture, see thee!

—Charles Hanson Towns.

According to Hoyle.
Miss Pert—I believe in calling a spade a spade.
Chappell—Sure. It would be ridiculous, you know, to call it a heart, a club or a diamond.

The customs service of China estimates the total population of that country at 488,214,000.

FITS St. Vitor's Dance and Nervous Diseases Permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent for free on request. DR. H. H. KLINE, L.D., 301 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Village Utopia.
From the London Globe.

An agricultural village in which half the houses are on the telephone, where the cottages can ring up the shopkeepers in the neighboring towns and order their stores without taking the journey, where the village school has been transformed into a paradise which is to the children a perpetual joy, where there are motor cars for the teachers and a motor launch for the youngsters—it sounds like "News from Nowhere," and yet it really is in the very heart of England. The village Utopia is, says "Progress," Eredon's Norton, in Worcestershire, five miles from Tewkesbury. The village until the advent of the present owner was in a tumble-down condition which is typical of so many decaying agricultural villages in England today. The village school was managed in the bad, old, inefficient style, and the villagers were as much cut off from communication with the outside world as if they had been in the center of the African continent. The first step was to cut up the estate into small holdings of from five to 25 acres; the next to restore and beautify the old manor house and establish there a woman's agricultural club, where about 20 women are studying agriculture under competent teachers. This club is now self-supporting. The next attack was on the village school, and after a hard fight with the education authorities the reformers persuaded them to allow the whole school to be run under the supervision of a trained teacher from the Froebel educational institute have been brought from London, and the whole teaching up to the history standard is arranged with a view to the training of the eye, and, indeed, the whole body, to assist the brain. We are told that "the finest gramophone places the best music of the day at the disposal of the children."

The Greatest Ever.
Drinks—Who was the greatest liar known?
Winks—Old Rip Van Winkle.
Drinks—How do you figure that out?
Winks—Why, didn't he lie in the woods for 20 years?

"THE PALE GIRL."
Did Not Know Coffee Was the Cause.
In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee good to help keep warm. So it is—for a short time but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness.

There is a hot, wholesome drink which a Dak girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

She says:
"Having lived for five years in N. Dak., I have used considerable coffee owing to the cold climate. As a result I had a dull headache regularly, suffered from indigestion, and had no 'life' in me.

"I was known as 'the pale girl' and people thought I was just weakly. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous, never knew what it was to be real well. Took medicine but it never seemed to do any good.

"Since being married my husband and I both have thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us.

"Then we got some Postum. Well, the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy I had never known while drinking coffee.

"I haven't been troubled with indigestion since using Postum, am not nervous, and need no medicine. We have a little girl and boy who both love Postum and thrive on it and Grape-Nuts."

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

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The north wall of the church at Cotton End is only four paces from the house, the church stands next to the house, and the sacred building, therefore, is from the outer world by the wide spreading chaise and close massed with the homestead. Sir Anthony had some excuse for considering the mill or the smithy. In words as he may have been willing to admit a distinction, but in thought I fancy he lumped it with the rest of his possessions.

It was with a lowering eyes that on this Sunday morning he watched from the porch of the gateway the unusual stream of people making for the church. Perchance he had in his mind walked out at this hour, light of heart and kind of eyes, servants, staff in his fist, and his glove dangling, and his dog at his heels, and, free from care, had taken pleasure in each bonnet doffed and each old wife's "God bless you, Sir Anthony." Well, those days were gone. Now that had come in the night—and the bells that could on occasion ring so cheerily sounded sad and forlorn. His daughter, when she came, according to custom, bringing his service book, could scarcely look him in the face, he knew not whether even then his resolution to dare all might not at sound of a word from her or at sight of her face have melted like yesterday's ice, but before the world could be spoken of the eyes met another face, and the stone staircase, and Brother Ferdinand entered.

"They are here!" he said in a low voice. "Six of them, Anthony, and sturdy fellows, as all Clodde's men are. If you do not think your people will stand up to them, I will see to it."

The knight fired at this suggestion. "What," he burst out, turning from the window. "If Cludde men cannot meet Clodde men, the times are indeed gone mad! Make way and let me see again in Cotton church, it shall be said today!" And he swore a great oath.

He strode down the stairs and under the gateway, where were arranged, according to the custom of the house on wet days all the servants, with Baldwin and Martin Luther at their head. The knight stalked through them with a gloomy brow. His brother followed him, a faint smile flickering about the corners of his mouth. Then came the diamond's wife and Petronilla, the latter with her hand drawn close about her face; Anne, with her chin in the air and her eyes aglow. "It is not a bit of a bustle will scare her!" Baldwin muttered, as he fell in behind her and eyed her back with no great favor.

"She is as good as dead, but I do not touch her," Martin replied in a cynical whisper. "She is well mated—well mated and ill fitted! Ha, ha!"

"Silence, fool!" growled his companion angrily. "Is this a time for antics?" "Ay, now!" Martin retorted swiftly, though with the same caution. "For, when wise men turn fools, fools are put to it to act up to their profession! You see, brother?" And he deliberately cut his eyes over his shoulder, and the nerves on one side of his face twitched oddly. Baldwin looked at him and muttered that Martin was going to have one of his mad fits. What has grown on the fool of late?

The knight reached the church porch and passed through the crowd which awaited him there. Save for its unusual size and some strange faces to be seen on its skirts, there was no indication of trouble. He walked, and the crowd on the pavement a little more loudly than usual, to his place in the front pew. The household, the villagers, the strangers, pressed in behind him until every seat was filled. Even the table monuments of Sir Francis Cludde which stood lengthwise in the aisle, was seized upon, and if the two similar monuments which stood to right and left below the chancel steps had not been under the knight's eyes they, too, would have been invaded. Yet all was done decently and in order, but no scrambling or ill words. The Clodde men were there. Baldwin had marked them well, and so had a dozen stout fellows, sons of Sir Anthony's tenants. They behaved discreetly, and with such silence as Father Carey never remembered to have faced he began the Roman service.

The December light fell faintly through the east window on the fatherly figure of the knight, on his small acolytes, on the four Cludde brasses before the altar. It fell everywhere—on gray dust walls buttressed by gray tombs which left but a narrow space in the middle of the chancel. The merry crusader to the left, the motherly canopied bed of Sir Anthony's parents on the right, the abbess' tomb in the next row faced the plainer monument of Sir Anthony's wife, a vacant place by her side being his own effigy, and there were others. The chancel was so small—nay, the church, too—so small and old and gray and solid and the tombs were so massive that they dwarfed one another. The very dust upon the floor seemed to be the father's and the mother's.

And then the interruption came. "I protest!" a rough voice in rear of the crowd cried suddenly, ringing harshly and strangely above the father's and the mother's and the solemn hush. "I protest against this service!"

A thrill of astonishment ran through the crowd, and all rose. Every man in the church turned round, Sir Anthony among the first, and looked in the direction of the voice. Then it was seen that the Clodde men had massed themselves about the door in the southwest corner, a strong position, when retreat was easy. Father Carey, after a momentary glance, went on as if he had not heard, but his voice shook, and all still waited with their faces turned toward the west end.

"I protest in the name of the queen!" the same man cried sharply, while his face glowed as men stirred, so that the priest's voice was drowned.

Sir Anthony stepped into the aisle, his face inflamed with anger. The interruption taking place there, in that place, seemed to him a double profanation.

"Who is that braver?" he said, his hand trembling on his staff, and all the old dames trembled too. "Let him stand out."

The sheriff's spokesman was so concerned by his fellows that he could not be seen, but he answered civilly enough.

"I am no braver," he said. "I only require the law to be observed, and that you know, sir, I am here on behalf of the sheriff, and I warn all present that a continuation of this service will expose them to grievous pains and penalties. If you desire it, I will read the royal orders to which I do not speak without warrant."

"Begone, knave, you and your fellows!" Sir Anthony cried. A loyal man

as much as the Clodde men's trick as at the danger in which Father Carey matters worse. "Who are these villains," he cried in a rage, his face aflame, "who come attacking men's houses in time of peace? Begone, or I will have at ye!"

"Sir Anthony," Clodde cried, interrupting him, "in heaven's name, do not carry the thing farther. Give me way in the queen's name, and I will—"

What he would do was never known, for at that last word, away at the house, behind Sir Anthony, there was a puff of smoke, and down went the sheriff's head, horse and man, while the report of an arquebus rang duly round the building. The knight gazed, horrified, but the damage was done and could not be undone—nay, more, Clodde men took the sound for a sign, and a shout, before Sir Anthony could interfere, they made a dash for the group of horsemen. The latter, uncertain and hampered by the fall of their leader, who was not hit, but was stunned beyond giving orders, they let their flanks and wings, raising Sir Philip and forming a rough line, they charged toward the gate by which they had entered.

The footmen stood the brunt gallantly, and for a moment the sharp ringing of the quarter axes and the shivering of steel told of a pretty combat as ever took place on level sward in full view of an English home. The spectators could see Baldwin doing wonders. His men backed him up bravely, but in the end the Clodde men, who were the footmen gave way and fled aside, and the strangers passed them. A little more skirmishing took place at the gateway, Sir Anthony's men being deaf to all his attempts to call them off, and shaking their flanks and wings, vengeance rode off toward the forest. They left two of their men on the field, however, one with a broken arm and one with a shattered kneecap, while the house party on their side, besides sundry knocks and bruises, could show one deep sword cut, a broken wrist and half a dozen nasty wounds.

"My poor little girl!" Sir Anthony whispered to himself as he gazed with scared eyes at the prostrate man and the dead horses. Each state had its own what had happened. "This is hanging business! In arms against the queen! What am I to do?" And as he went back to the house in a kind of stupor he muttered again: "My little girl!"

"I fancy that in this terrible crisis he looked to get support and comfort from his brother, that old campaigner who had seen so many vicissitudes and knew by heart so many shifts. But Clodde thought of nothing of the sort, he was too busy to do that, and he was too busy to suggest and seemed indeed to have become on a sudden feacid and luke-warm. Sir Anthony felt himself thrown on his own resources. Who fired the shot?" he asked, looking about the room in a dazed fashion. "It was that which did the mischief," he continued, forgetting his own hasty challenge.

"I think it must have been Martin Luther," Ferdinand answered. "But Martin Luther, when he was accused, denied this stoutly. He had been so far along the Ridgeway, he said, that though he had returned at once on hearing the shot fired, he had arrived too late for the fight. The Clodde men, however, as I have known that this seemed probable enough, and though some still suspected him the origin of the unfortunate signal was never clearly determined, though in after days shrewd guesses were made by Baldwin.

For a few hours it seemed as if Sir Anthony had sunk into his former state of indecision. But when Petronilla came again to him soon after noon to beg him to go into hiding she found his mood had altered. "Go to the Mere farm," he said angrily now, but firmly and quietly. "No, girl, I cannot. I have been in fault, and I must stay and pay for it. If I left these poor fellows to bear the brunt, I could never hold up my head again. But do you go now and tell Baldwin to come to me."

She went and told the stern, down-looking steward, and he came up. "Baldwin," said the knight when the door was shut and the two were alone, "you are to dismiss to their homes all the tenants—and keep the peace, and I hope they will not be molested. For you and Father Carey, you must go into hiding. The Mere farm will be best."

"And what of you, Sir Anthony?" the steward asked, amazed at this act of folly.

"I shall remain here," the knight replied, with dignity.

"Very well," said the knight. The man shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Why do you mean?" asked Sir Anthony in anger.

"What, just that I cannot do it?" Baldwin answered, glowering at him, with a flush on his dark cheek. "That is what I mean. Let the priest go, I cannot go and will not."

"The knight warmly. 'You have been in arms against the queen, you fool! You will be hanged as sure as you stay here!'"

(Continued Next Week.)

At \$30 Worth of Peaches.
From the Chicago Evening Post.

The late William C. Whitney wanted to do something for the poor of the city, and he gave his first cabinet dinner as a member of President Cleveland's cabinet. He scoured the markets of Washington for delicacies. For fruit, he decided he would have peaches.

It was in the middle of February, and there were no peaches in Washington. He found a man in New York who said he could get some, and Whitney ordered several baskets.

The dinner was a great success. In discussing it next day Judge Lamar said: "Those peaches were fine, Mr. Whitney. Where did you get them?"

"In New York," Mr. Whitney said. "A man there found them for me."

"Peaches in February are certainly a great treat," continued Lamar. "It is a fair question, how much did they cost?"

"They cost \$48 a dozen," said Whitney.

"Did he eat any of them?" asked Whitney. "I thought he rather crowded the mourners. He ate five!"

Under Fire.
A cavalry officer who had by no means distinguished himself in the South African war retired from the service and built himself a villa in a remote spot on the coast of Devonshire. He was showing it to a friend one day, and remarked:

"The one difficulty I have is about a name for the house. I should like to hit upon something suitable—something appropriate to my military career, you know."

"How would you like 'The Retreat'?" "then why not call it 'The Retreat'?"

Of known iron ore the south has more than the rest of the country. In it has the foundation for duplicating all the iron and steel industry of the United States.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PANIC OF 1857

One of the Country's Historic Financial Crashes and the Quick Recovery.

Louis Windmuller, of the firm of Louis Windmuller & Roelker, discussed yesterday some of the points of similarity between the famous panic of 1857 and the recent financial depression. "In both panics," he observed yesterday, "financial relations with railroads were at the beginning of the trouble. In 1857 it was because of the too rapid expansion of the railroads and the confidence of their promoters, who induced banks to invest heavily on the expectation that towns and a crying population would spring up quickly along the new lines. When this prosperity failed to materialize and the securities the banks had purchased fell far below the purchase price the crash came. The recent depression of 1907 really started in March of last year, when there was an expectation of reappraisal for the government of the railroads in which financial institutions had large holdings. This started the decline that ended with the closing of so many banks and trust companies."

"The panic of 1857 came like a bolt out of a blue sky, and it caught nearly everyone by surprise. There were a few of us, however, who early in the summer drew out at the cash we could from our banks and kept it in the form of the few. Why I did it I cannot now recall. I am pretty certain, though, that I had no definite sense of impending disaster. It may have been a premonition, but it was lucky. The prime importance of having cash at that time was even greater than during the trouble last fall. We did not have the makeshift of clearing house certificates, and many of the bank notes in circulation were of the wild variety of banks passed on by the banking system. There were two sorts of banks. The better sort of these deposited a safety fund with the state treasurer to insure their circulation and to protect their creditors. The notes of these banks passed usually at face value. The second class, called 'free banks' and 'wildcat banks,' deposited simply enough to secure the note holders. The notes from these banks sometimes suffered as much as 10 per cent discount."

"Under such conditions it is not surprising that credit was high, and I know a merchant who paid 1 per cent for the use of a certain sum for a single day. You can understand that with such rates business men began to fall and factories to shut down. The depression, the suffering and the excitement over overshadowed the crisis last year, because the country has grown enormously in wealth and our banking system and currency have improved. The worst panic we ever have had, in my opinion, was that of 1873."

Regarding the rapid recovery from the panic of 1857, Mr. Windmuller said: "All the banks in the country outside of New York suspended, as I recollect, with the exception of the banks in San Francisco."

"But it was late in the summer, and that year we had unprecedentedly large crops. These saved the day, and the banks began to come in from Europe and from San Francisco. In the early winter that year business began to struggle to its feet, and conditions were normal by the spring of 1858. This year we are promised a bumper crop, and I believe the effects of the recent depression will be virtually wiped out as a result."

The First Day of School.
The first day of school is the best day of all—
You are so important and happy and tall!
You have some new dresses, and in your new books,
New studies with lovely queer jumble and crooks.

And teacher looks fresh and a little bit fat,
And wears the most funnery, summery hat;
You wonder how some day 'twill feel to be old,
And 'twill be scolded, and never be told."

The blackboard is painted all shiny and black,
And somehow, it really is good to be back.
There's Amy and Harriet, Mary and Ben,
And Maribel Mathers, who has the gold pen.

And Maribel's doing her hair a new way,
And has a new bracelet that's looked on to stay.
You wish that mama weren't so strict about things,
That you could wear brooches and bracelets and rings.

We don't have to study the first day, at all,
And teacher, quite often, goes out in the hall,
We whisper, but teacher comes back with a smile—
We'll have to behave better after a while.

Oh, summer vacation is splendid, of course,
With the lake, and the farm, and the horse,
But truly I love the first day, in the fall,
When school seems real fun—'tis the best of all.

—Edna Kingsley Wallace in September St. Nicholas.

The Key to Real Success.
W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine for September.

A prime qualification for success in any art, trade, or profession is the love of it, though love alone will by no means bring success in it. The love must be reciprocal; that is, the vocation must desire its follower, for reasons which there is no finding out, and which must remain as much a mystery to him as to any of the witnesses. "She was love-worthy," says Helne, in treating of a more passionate case, "and he loved her; but he was not love-worthy, and she loved him not." The fond youth, university-bred or self-made, may have ever so great a desire for journalism, but journalism will have no desire for him, unless he has the peculiar charm for it which commands affection in all cases. He can only prove the fact by trying, and by longing to try with a longing that excludes the hope of every other reward beside the favor of the art he wishes to espouse. Riches, fame, power may be in the event, but they are not to be in the quest. The wish to succeed in it for its own sake must be his first motive, and the sense of success in it must be his first reward; those other things must be left to attend themselves, without his striving for them. So far as he strives for them, they will alloy and dilute his journalistic success.

Competition.
From the Nashville American.

"Mrs. Jones had a most delicious bit of scandal to tell Mrs. Brown, and the latter wouldn't give her a chance to get up to it."

"I thought she revelled in such things."
"She does."
"Why wouldn't she hear it?"
"The time was so short and she had some scandal that she wanted to tell herself."



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Spiering, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The Story of Starlight.
From the New York Sun.

August Belmont, president of the Jockey club, at a dinner in New York said of racing:

"Racing is honestly conducted in the main. The stories that one hears about it are rather absurd. They are like the story of Starlight."

"Once there was a group of sportsmen who were all quite broke. They must, however, get into the races. And one at a time they presented themselves at the paddock gate."

"I am the owner of Starlight," the first said. He was well dressed and imposing. They believed and passed him in.

"I am Starlight's trainer," said the second. His red face and bluff manner bore out his story and they admitted him.

"The third man, small and thin, next appeared."

"Starlight's jockey," he said shortly, and hurried through the gate.

"The fourth and last man of the group was very shabby indeed."

"Well, who are you?" they said impatiently, when he presented himself.

"I am Starlight," was the meek reply.

Quick as Wink.
If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation and dizziness use PETER'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

How He Explained.
From Lippincott's.

The dissatisfied voter had dropped out of his regular party and tried something else at the previous election. When he appeared to register for the next primary there was some hitch in the proceedings.

"Didn't you vote the prohibition ticket last time?" inquired the clerk.

"Yes," responded the voter unabashedly.

"How do you explain that?"

"Well, you see," he explained with charming frankness, "I was drunk at the time and didn't know what I was doing."

The clerk accepted the explanation as quite satisfactory and took him back into the fold again.

Heard in the Capital.
The Congressman—You have had a great many epochs in your career.
The Senator—Yes; sometimes I feel as though I have had more epochs than career.

The Safe Way to Buy Paint.
Property owners will save a deal of trouble and expense in keeping their buildings properly painted, if they know how to protect themselves against misrepresentation and adulteration in paint materials. There's one sure and safe guide to a pure and thoroughly dependable White Lead—the "Dutch Boy Painter" brand which the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine White Lead, place on every package of their product. This company sends a simple and sure little outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable paint book, free, to all who write for it. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

Large Trial Sample
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

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