# **FACTS** FOR SICK



No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering

women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been bene-fited by it, or has friends who have. In the Pinkham Laboratory at

Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's 'Vegetable
Compound has saved many women

from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is whole-

some and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains in-gredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

Just 3,962,660 cords of wood were used in the United States in the manufacture of paper pulp last year, twice as much as was used in 1899.

Jennie—What makes George such a

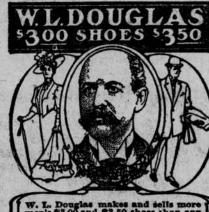
pessimist?

Jack—Well, he's been married three times—once for love, once for money and the last time for a home.

mirs. Winslow's SOUTHING SYBUE for Children techning; softens the gums, reduces inflammation. A syspain curve wind called "Scient" a bottle

Frank About It. Dolly-Did Jack propose to you of his

string, all right. Polly-A cord? Well, I had him on a



W. L. Douglas makes and sells mor-men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the sworld, be-cause they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make and wear longer than any other make.

Shess at All Prices, for Every Member of the
Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children
W.L. Donglas \$4.00 and \$5.00 dilt Zege Shess earned
to equalled at any price. W. L. Donglas \$2.00 andes are the best in the world

Frast Color Eyested Vecce Enclassively,
ar Take No Substitute. W. L. Donglas
mame and price is stamped on bottom. Sold
everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any
part of the world. Catalogue free.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations

germicidal, disin-fecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional ex-cellence and economy. for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

PAXTINE Invaluable .

Large Trial Sample WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Why Debs Runs to Lose.

Lincoln Steffens in Everybody's.

The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else; business, prosperity, prop-erty. Remarking this to him, I said lightly that he was therefore unfit to

be president.
"Yes," he answered seriously, "I am not fitted either by temperament or by taste for the office, and if there were any chance of my election I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me. We socialists don't consider individuals, you know; only the good of all. But we aren't playing to win; not yet. We want a majority of socialists, not of

"I am running for president to serve a very humble purpose; to teach social consciousness and to ask men to sacriconsciousness and to ask men to sacrifice the present for the future, to throw away their votes, to mark the rising tide of protest and build up a party that will represent them. When socialism is on the verge of success the party will nominate an able executive and a clear headed administrator not

### CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scables—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching-Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scables (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratchof women or received so many gen- ing and she was not able to retain solid uine testimonials as has Lydia E. food. We worked hard over her for Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. seven weeks, but we could see little In every community you will find improvement. One day I bought a cake cura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

Among recent wonderful surgical opera-Among recent wonderful surgical opera-tions is one of a most daring and un-usual nature. An idiot, 6 years old, the daughter of a resident of Berlin, has been converted into an intelligent being been converted to an interligent temps by the process of grafting part of the mother's thyroid gland upon the child's pancreas. In more popular language, this means that part of the mother's throat has been transferred by the grafting process to a gland, or tissue, lying directly at the back of the stomach. The operation was carried out by Dr. Carl Garre, a German surgeon, whose success in the trans-planting of organs from one animal to another and even from the lower animals to human beings, has attracted wide at-

Trees in Town.

From the London Times.

Since we love nature more, perhaps, than any of the great city builders of the past, our aim should be to give our cities a natural beauty-which theirs did not possess, so that we need not pine for green fields in them, and may have foreign whispers in the streets and the market place. There are few things more beautiful in nature than well grown trees, and none more comwell grown trees, and none more com-fortable to the souls and bodies of men; and we can have trees wherever we choose.

## THREE WEEKS

Brought About a Change. Mrs. A. J. Davis of Murray, Ky.,

says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, kidney disease was slowly poisoning me. Dizzy fall, sharp pains like

spells almost made me knife thrusts would catch me in the back, of grip left me with a constant agonizing backache. Doan's Kid-

ney Pills helped me quickly and in three weeks' time there was not a symptom of kidney trouble remaining." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. Karl von Noorden, in an open letter published in a Berlin paper, defends his position on the alcoholic question, which was not clear to some of the physicians who heard his lectures on the prin-ciples of nutrition. He says that he has called attention repeatedly to the injury wrought by alcohol. "Especially did I warn gouty subjects against the use of the smallest quantity," he adds. He does not share, however, the opinion of those who believe that alcohol should be banished from the sick chamber.

Greece-Everything that King Midas touched turned to gold. What do you think of that?

Nise—I've often heard it—but I have always thought that the story was invented by his press agent.

PATENTS How to obtain them, Book free. 17 years experiany bank in Sloux City. H. C. GARDINER, Patent Attorney, 4th and Pierce. Sloux City, In.

"Having taken your wonderful "Casearets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to "Cascarets" for their wonderful composition. I have taken memerous other so-called remedies but without avail and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McGune, 168 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, De Good, Never Sicken, Wesken or Gripe, 18c, 25c, Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C, Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

BIOUX CITY P'T'G CO., 1,265-43, 1908 ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

A heaping teaspoonful to a gallon of hot water will cleanse your dishes, plates, cups, earthenware, cutlery and kitchen utensils from dirt and grease, leaving neither taste nor smell. All dealers. Sample, Booklet and Parloy Card Game "WHIZ," 10c. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Chicago, III.

## The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretic Boulevard

While she was going toward the door Bernardet slowly mounted the two flights of stairs, followed by Moniche and the tall young man who had arrived in his coupe at a gallop in order to get the first news of the murder and make a "scoop" for his paper.

The commissary, before entering, took

The commissary a little brusquely, for he noticed a hesitation to reply in both Moniche and his wife.

"Well, and what does this means nothing!" And the concierge went on to tell how, one evening, a very fine gentleman, and very polished, moreover, had come to the house and asked to see M. Rovere, He had gone to his apartment and had

The three men reached M. Rovere's door. Moniche unlocked it and stepped

CHAPTER III.

Nothing in the ante-chamber indi-cated that a tragedy had taken place There were pictures on the pieces of faience, some arms of

walls, pieces of faience, some arms of rare kinds, Japanese swords and a Malay creese. Bernardet glanced at them as he passed by.

"He is in the salon," said the concierge in a low tone.

One of the folding doors stood open, and, stopping on the threshold in order to take in the entire aspect of the place. Bernardet saw in the center of place, Bernardet saw in the center of the room, lying on the floor in a pool of blood, the body of M. Rovere, clothed in a long, blue dressing gown, bound at the waist with a heavy cord, which lay in coils on the floor, like a serpent. The corpse was extended besteven the two windows which opened on the Boulevard de Clichy, and Beron the service of the four the four the foot of the staircase. He lived in the house and passed for a correspondent of the institute. He shouted furiously, "When a crime is committed under my own roof, I am not even allowed to write an account of it, and strangers, because they are reporters, can have the exclusive privilege of writing it up." place. Bernardet saw in the center of tween the two windows which opened on the Boulevard de Clichy, and Berhardet's first thought was that it was a miracle that the victim could have met his death in such a horrible manner two steps from the passersby on the street.

"Whoever struck the blow did it quickly," thought the police officer. He advanced softly toward the body, casting his eye upon the inert mass and taking in at a glance the smallest objects near it and the most minute described.

one in his supreme agony. The frightful wound seemed like a large red cravat, which harmonized strangely with the half whitened beard, the end of which was wet with blood.

But what struck Bernardet above everything else, arrested his attention and glued him to the spot was the look, the

They seemed fathomless, staring, ready to start from their sockets. The eyebrows above them were black and bristling. They seemed living eyes in that dead face. They told of a final struggle, of some atrocious duel of looks and of words. They appeared, in their ferocious immobility, as when they gazed upon the murderer, eye to eye, face to face.

Bernardet looked at the hands.

"There ought to be blood under the nails, since he made a struggle," said Zernardet, thinking aloud.

to the eyes—those wide open eyes, ining at very close range each and frightful, terrible eyes, which, in their flerce depths, retained without doubt the image or phantom of some night-mare of death.

The eyes—those wide open eyes, ining at very close range each and every object in the room as a dog sniffs and scents about for a trail.

What kind of a man was your lodger?" was the first question.

He touched the dead man's hand. The was beginning to set in. The reporter saw the little man take

The reporter saw the little man take from his pocket a sort of rusty silver ribbon and unroll it and heard him ask Moniche to take hold of one end of it. This ribbon or thread looked to Paul Rodler like brass wire. Bernardet prepared his kodak.

"Above everything else," murmured whom did he receive?"

"Ew people. Very few," the porter

"Above everything else," murmured Bernardet, "let us preserve the expres-scion of those eyes."
"Close the shutters. The darkness will be more complete." The reporter assisted Moniche in or-

der to hasten the work. The shutters closed, the room was quite dark, Berning off a great his task. Counting off a Rhonorter was much astonished at the der to hasten the work. The shutters closed, the room was quite dark, Bernardet began his task. Counting off a few stens, he selected the best place from which to take the picture.

"Be kind enough to light the end of the magnesium wire," he said to the concierge. "Have you any matches?"

"No, M. Bernardet."

The police officers to dicated by a significant of the concierge.

The police officer indicated by a sign of the head a match safe which he had

of the head a match safe which he had noticed on entering the room.

"There are some there."

Bernardet had with one sweeping glance of the eye taken in everything in the room—the fauteuils, scarcely moved from their places; the pictures hanging on the walls, the mirrors, the bookcases, the cabinets, etc.

Moniche went to the mantlepiece and Moniche went to the mantlepiece and took a match from the box. It was M. Rovere himself who furnished the light

which a picture of his own body

hand like a gunner who awaits the or-

der to fire.

"Go!" said the agent.

A rapid, clear light shot up and suddenly lighted the room. The pale face seemed livid, the various objects in the room took on a fantastic appearance in this sort of tempestuous apotheosis, and Paul Rodier hastily inscribed on his writing pad "picturesque, hizarre mar-

"That is all," said Bernardet very oftly. "If with these three nega-

The commissary, before entering, took The news had traveled fast and his paper had sent him in haste to get all the details of the affair which could be obtained.

The commissary, before entering took a comprehensive survey of the room and said in a short tone: "Every one must go out. Madame, make all these people go out. No one must enter."

There arose an uproar. Each one tried

door. Moniche unlocked it and stepped to explain his right to be there. They back. Bernardet, with the reporter at his heels, notebook in hand, entered desire to assist at this sinister investi-

gation.

"But we belong to the press."

"The reporters may enter when they have shown their cards," the commissary replied. "The others—no." There was a murmur from the crowd.

"The others—no," repeated the commissary. He made a sign to two officers who accompanied him, and they demanded the reporters' cards of identification. The concourse of curious ones rebelled, protested, growled and declaimed against the representatives of the press, who took precedence everywhere. everywhere.
"The Fourth Estate!" shouted an old

jects near it and the most minute details. He bent over and studied it thoroughly.

M. Rovere seemed living in his tragic pose. The pale face, with its pointed and well trimmed gray beard, expressed in its fierce immobility a sort of menacing anger. This man of about 50 years had evidently died cursing some one in his supreme agony. The fright.

Bernardet stood respectfully in front of his superior officer as a soldier car-rying arms, and the commissary in his turn approached the body, while the turn approached the body, while the curious ones, quietly kept back by Mo-niche, formed a half circle around the pale and bloody corpse. The commis-sary, like Bernardet, was struck by the

glued him to the spot was the look, the extraordinary expression in the eyes. The mouth was open as if to cry out; the eyes seemed to menace some one, and the lips about to speak.

They were frightful. Those tragic eyes were wide open, as if transfixed by fear or fury.

They seemed fathomless, staring, ready to start from their sockets. The

Possibly in speaking aloud his thoughts the commissary was talking so that the reporters might hear him. so that the reporters might hear him. They stood, notebooks in hand, taking notes, and Paul Rodier, catching the names, wrote rapidly in his book: "M. Desbriere, the learned commissary, so artistic, so well disposed toward the press, was at one time a journalist. He noticed that the victim's pale face, with its strong personal characteristics reface to face.

Bernardet looked at the hands.

They were contracted and seemed, in some obstinate resistance, to have clung to the neck or the clothing of the assassin.

press, was the victim's pale face, with its strong personal characteristics, resembled the dead Duke de Guise in Gerome's celebrated picture, which hangs in the galleries at Chantilly."

## CHAPTER IV.

Bernardet, thinking aloud.

And Paul Rodier, the reporter, hurriedly wrote, "There was blood under the nails."

M. Desbriere now began the investigation. He questioned the porter and portress, while he studied the salon in detail. Bernardet roamed about, examples and again.

Moniche replied in flesh had become cold, and rigor mortis showed that he felt that his tenant had been accused of something.

"Oh, M. le Commissaire, a very worthy man, I swear it."

"Tew people. Very few," the porter answered. "The poor man liked soll-tude. He lived here eight years. He received a few friends; but, I repeat, a very small number."

Mr. Rovere had rented the apartment

The porter was much astonished at the number of pictures and volumes which the new lodger brought. It took a long time to settle, as M. Rovere was very fastidious and personally superintended the hanging of his canvasses and the placing of his books. He thought that he must have been an artist although he said that he was a retired merchant. He had heard him say one day that he had been consul to some foreign country-Spain or South Amer-

He lived quite simply, although they thought that he must be rich. Was he a miser? Not at all; very generous, on the contrary, but plainly he shunned the world. He had chosen their apartment because it was in a retired spot, far from the Parisian boulevards. Four was taken.

"We could obtain no picture in this room without the magnesium wire." said the agent, as calm while taking a photograph of the murdered man as he had been a short time ago in his garden. "The light is insufficient. When I say, 'Go!' Moniche, you must light the wire, and I will take three or four negatives. Do you understand? Stand there to my left. Now. Attention!"

Bernardet took his position, and the porter stood ready, match and wire in hand like a gunner who awaits the orbowed him somewhat. He went out whenever he was able, going as far as the Bois and back. Then, after break-fasting, he shut himself up in his li-

brary and read and wrote. He passed nearly all of his evenings at home. "He never made us wait up for him.

writing pad, "picturesque, bizarre, mar-velous, devilish, suggestive."

"Let us try it again," said M. Ber-seized him on his return from a summer sojourn at Aix-les-Bains for his health. The neighbors had at once noticed the effect produced by the cure. For the third time in this weird light the visage of the dead man appeared whiter, more sinister, frightful, the wound deeper, the gash redder, and the eyes, those wide open, fixed, tragic, menacing, speaking eyes—eyes filled with scorn, with hate, with terror, with the ferocious resistance of a last struggle for life, immovable, eloquent—seemed under the fantastic light to elight to be alive, to menace some of the effect produced by the care. Noticed the effect produced by the care.

When he went away he had been somewhat troubled with rheumatism, but when he returned he was a confirmed sufferer. Since the beginning of September he had not been out, receiving no visits, except from his struggle for life, immovable, eloquent—seemed under the fantastic light to easy chair or upon his lounge, while Mme. Moniche read the daily papers to him. papers to him.
"When I say that he saw no one,

"That is all," said Bernardet very softly. "If with these three negatives"—

He stopped to look around toward the door, which was closed. Some one was raining ringing blows on the door, loud and imperative.

"It is the commissary. Open the door, Moniche."

The reporter was busy taking notes, "When I say that he saw no one," said the porter, "I make a mistake. There was that gentleman—"

And he looked at his wife.

"What gentleman?"

Mme. Moniche shook her head, as if he ought not to answer.

"Of whom do you speak?" repeated the commissary, looking at both of them.

At this moment Bernardet, standing on the threshold of the library adjoining the salon, looked searchingly about the room in which M. Rovere ordinarily spent his time, and which he had probably left to meet his fate. His ear was as quick to hear as his eye to see and as he heard the question he softly approached and listened for the answer. At this moment Bernardet, standing

He had gone to his apartment and had remained a long time. It was, he thought, about the middle of October, and Mme. Moniche, who had gone up stairs to light the gas, met the man as he was coming out of M. Rovere's rooms and had noticed at the first glance the troubled air of the individual—Moniche already called the gentleman the "individual"—who was very pale and whose eyes were red.

Then, at some time or other, the individual had made another visit to M. Rovere. More than once the portress had tried to learn his name. Up to this moment she had not succeeded. One day she asked M. Rovere who it was, and he very shortly asked her what business it was of hers. She did not insist, but she watched the individual with a vague doubt.
"Instinct, monsieur; my instinct told

"Enough," interrupted M. Desbriere.
"If we had only instinct to guide us,
we should make some famous

blunders."
"Oh, it was not only by instinct,

monsieur."

"Ah, ah! Let us hear it—"

Bernardet, with his eyes fastened upon Mme. Moniche, did not lose a syllable of her story, which her hushand occasionally interrupted to correct or to complete a statement or to add some detail. The corpse, with mouth open and flery ferrollus eyes. mouth open and flery, feroclous eyes, seemed also to listen.

Mme. Moniche, as we already know,

entered M. Rovere's apartment when-ever she wished. She was his land-lady, his reader, his friend. Rovere was brusque, but he was good. So it was nothing strange when the woman, was nothing strange when the woman, urged by curiosity, suddenly appeared in his rooms, for him to say: "Ah, you here? Is that you? I did not call you." An electric bell connected the rooms with the concierge lodge. Usually she would reply, "I thought I heard the bell." And she would profit by the occasion to fix up the fire, which M. Rovere, busy with his reading or writing, had forgotten to attend to. She was much attached to him. She did not wish to have him suffer from the cold was much attached to him. She did not wish to have him suffer from the cold and recently had entered as often as possible, under one pretext or another, knowing that he was ill, and desiring to be at hand in case of need. When one evening about eight days before she had entered the room, while the visitor, whom Moniche called the individual, was there, the portress had dividual, was there, the portress had been astonished to see the two men standing before Rovere's iron safe, the door wide open and both looking at some papers spread out on the

desk.

Rovere, with his sallow, thin face, was holding some papers in his hand, and the other was bent over, looking with eager eyes at—Mme. Moniche had seen them well—some rent rolls, bills and deeds. Perceiving Mme. Moniche, who stood hesitating on the threshold, M. Rovere frowned and mechanically made a move as if to gether threshold, M. Rovere frowned and mechanically made a move as if to gather up the scattered papers. But the portress said, "Pardon," and quickly withdrew. Only—ah, only—she had time to see, to see plainly the iron safe, the heavy doors standing open, the keys hanging from the lock, and M. Rovere in his dressing gown, the official papers, yellow and blue, others bearing seals and a ribbon, lying there before him. He seemed in a bad humor, but said nothing. Not a word.

"And the other one?"

The other man was as pale as M. Rovere. He resembled him, moreover.

Rovere. He resembled him, moreover. He was, perhaps, a relative. Mme. Moniche had noticed the expression with which he contemplated those papers and the flerce glance which he pers and the fierce glance which he cast at her when she pushed open the door without knowing what sight awaited her. She had gone down stairs, but she did not at once tell her husband about what she had seen. It was some time afterward. The individual had come again. He remained closeted with M. Rovere for some hours. The sick man was lying on the lowers. sick man was lying on the lounge.
The portress had heard them through
the door talking in low tones. She
did not know what they said. She
could hear only a murmur, and she
had very good ears, too, but the had very good ears, too, but she heard only confused sounds, not one plain word. When, however, the visitor was going away she heard Rovere say to him: "I must tell all sooner or later.'

## (Continued Next Week.)

Mr. Howells as Pagasus.
From Putnam's and The Reader for July.
He has the poet's unconscious trick, out of a world of universals and of unimi sonals, suddenly to descend into the world of the individualized and warmly human. The English child "selling permits" to visit a chapel of the neighborhood has for him, on the moment's seeing, "that sunny hair which has always had to make up for the want of other sunniness in that dim clime." A little stroke, but it is done as a poet does such things—and lo! in-finite riches of ancestral association are crowded into a little room. It is the poet in our traveller-nought else-that at Herculaneum bears well all he sees there of cruel memorabilia, but will not bear seeing the cruelty of this summer's un-remembering flowers gaily overflowing the vestiges of tragic scath in antiquity! And it is the poet who, in Exeter cathedral, musing upon the "civic edifice," actual and ideal, built by the English, can look up suddenly, and see "something in the passing regard of the choir boys less suggestive of young eyed cherubim than of evil provisionally repressed." We may be pardoned our feeling, at many a beautipardoned our reening, at many a beautiful moment of rapport, that here—here again—have we found Pegasus, not, indeed, harnessed to a dray, but still doing service as a gallant roadster harnessed to the triumphal car of fiction, or, it may be, to the dashing tally-ho of travel.

Faith in Hope.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling;
Oh, don't be sorrowful, bray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one,
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks, now, companion;
Our heads they are growing gray;
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You always will find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long, dark nights and the snow,

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day.
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that from life leads out,
good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.
—Rembrandt Peale,

Syrup & Figs and Elixir & Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Head aches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children - Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BYALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50\*per bottle.

Lawson's "Remedy" and other investments and booklet free. MARK & DAVIS, 1004 Broadway, Oakland, Co.

The Great Rivalry. Candidate, he come along,
Talkin' night an' noon.
Glee club sing a purty song;
We jines in de tune.
Hab a mos' convincin' way;
Specks dey mus' speak true,
"Mistah Candidate," I say,
"I gwinter vote for you!"

'Nuther candidate draws nigh;
Has a band dat's great.'
Say dat opposition try
To swamp de ship o' state!
An' now de question dat I note
A risin' th'oo de land,
Is dis: "Which wins de people's vote,
De glee club or de band?"
—Washington Star. Nuther candidate draws nigh;

No Horns Necessary. Wickson—I wonder why nature developed the sense of smell so much stronger in animals than in man? Suppose a man had the scent of a

Dickson—It would be great. Then he could jump when he detected the scent of gasoline two miles away.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP

& buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn. A letter written by a woman decided a contest for the office of president of a men's club in New York a few days ago. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manu-

working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness." The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these words: "It what I write you is not true, it is libel." Then she said that the club should not honor its "meanest man," and related some amusing incidents to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her estimate of the man. In closing she wrote. "What do was not mistaken in her estimate of the man. In closing she wrote. "What do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: "That's your birthday present.' If you can afford to elect that kind of man for your president, go ahead!" The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.

A French physician, believing that any A French physician, believing that any one wishing to summon a medical manto an urgent case may pass several doctors in the street while he is hurrying from house to house and ringing bells in vain, suggests that every doctor should wear a badge in his button hole as a distantiable with the street of the plan in doubt? tinguishing sign. "The plan, no doubt," says the Dundee Advertiser, "would be welcomed by the man who is struggling welcomed by the man who is struggling to build up a practice, but if it were compulsory it would add another care to that profession in which a man can hardly fall to be useful, and has more than the usual chances of being unhappy. Is it not enough that a doctor should be practically obliged to live and die in a top hat without his being required also to label himself like a physic bottle?"

Labiche, the French dramatist, wasonce asked to support a candidate for the academy a certainliterary mendicant, but hesitated for along time, and yielded only when he
was told that if the ambitious author
should fail to be elected he would dieof it. Failure, nevertheless, did come,
and the following year, when a second
vacancy occurred, Labiche's vote wasonce more solicited in the man's behalf.
"No." I will not vote for a man who-"No," "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not

## NOT A MIRACLE

Just Plain Cause and Effect. There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous. Some persons would not believe that

a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording. "I used to be a great coffee drinker,

so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day. "My friends, and even the doctor. told me it was drinking coffee that

caused the trouble. I would not be-

lieve it, and still drank coffee until 1 could not leave my room. "Then my doctor, who drinks Postume himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than

four months. "I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite re-

markable." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Well-

ville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of

human interest.