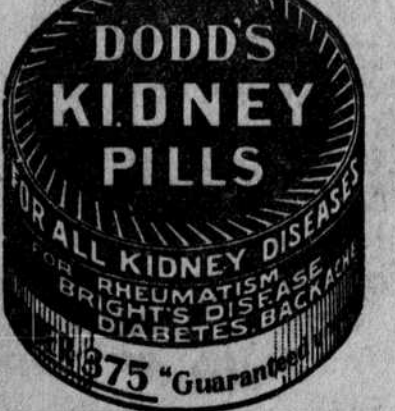




Mrs. Brown-Jones—What kind of perfume does your husband use? Mrs. De Filippo—Cloves.



Big Texas Melon. From the Galveston News. Robert Longbottom, a farmer near Shafter lake, raised an 80-pound melon.

The seed was planted July 2, the vine blossomed August 7 and the melon matured September 15, making an average growth of two pounds a day from the time the blossom dropped off the vine until the melon ripened.

Only One "BROMO QUININE". That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of B. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

HOODS WORN IN THE EVENING PROTECT HAIR

Hoods are worn in the evening to protect the hair. Specially chic and attractive are those made of tulle in one color and lined in another.

The director's shashes to match the costume are fetching and popular. But they are chiefly worn by women with slight, averted glances.

Lace frills are being put into dress and coat sleeves. Women who own fine ruffles of whom there are many in France, are bringing them out for this purpose.

Lace fans are being carried more this season than in some years. Those made of mother-of-pearl sticks and Alencon lace are much valued.

The orchid is the most popular artificial flower of the season and is used for everything from a corsage to a muff ornament.

The cabochon stones hanging from a long chain are all the rage in London. This has been largely brought about by Queen Alexandra wearing a cabochon emerald recently.

He Was Happy. From the Omaha Daily News. H. H. Baldrige is an attorney who has handled a number of estates and has heard many widows tell what "lovely" husbands they had.

He likes to tell this story: "The widow of a much abused husband wondered if he was happy in the other world. She consulted a medium, who called up his spirit, and the widow asked if he was happy."

"Yes, Mary, I'm very happy," replied John's spirit.

"Oh, John, dear are you very happy?" further asked the widow.

"Yes, Mary. More than when I was on earth."

"Why, John, if you are happier than when you were by my side, please tell me where you are," anxiously asked the widow.

"Yes, Mary, I'm in the infernal region," good naturedly replied the spirit.

NEW LIFE

Found in Change to Right Food. After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food, it is something to speak about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts, I was able to do my household work. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes up with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

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

The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Bernardet, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the eyes mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernardet, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy.

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernardet divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone, "He whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

Bernardet gave the man one sweeping glance of the eye. He fairly pierced him through with his sharp look. The unknown half bent over the table, whereon lay the papers, showed a wide forehead, slightly bald, and a pointed beard, a little gray, which almost touched the white paper as he wrote his name.

Scarcely had the unknown disappeared than the police officer took but two steps to reach the table, and bending over it in his turn, he read the name written by that man: "Jacques Dantini."

The name awakened no remembrance in Bernardet's mind, and now it was a living problem that he had to solve. "Tell me one that you have seen that man," he hastily said to Mme. Moniche.

CHAPTER IX. Jacques Dantini, moreover, was not difficult to find in the crowd. He stood near the funeral car. His air was very elegant, and he had a fine opportunity to examine him at his ease. He was an elegant looking man, slender, with a resolute air and frowning eyebrows, which gave his face a very energetic look.

"Do you know what Jacques Dantini does? Was he one of M. Rovere's intimate friends?" "Jacques Dantini?" "Yes, see, there, with the pointed beard."

dead the last tears. Ah, but he was pale, almost livid, and how he trembled—this man with a stern face! Bernardet noticed the slightest trace of emotion. He approached in his turn and took the holy water sprinkler. Then as he turned away, desirous of catching up with M. Dantini, he heard his name called, and turning saw Paul Rodier, whose face was all smiles.

"Well, M. Bernardet, what news?" he asked. "The tall young man had a charming air." "Nothing new," said the agent.

"I do not doubt it." "Leon Luzarche is enchanted. Yes, Luzarche, the novelist. He had begun a novel, of which the first installment was published in the same paper which brought out the first news of the crime of the Boulevard de Clichy, and as the paper has sold, sold, sold he thinks that it is his story which has caused the immense and increased sales. No one is reading 'L'Ange-Gnome' but the murder. All novelists ought to try to have a fine sensation published at the same time as their serials, so as to increase the sales of the paper. What a fine collaboration, monsieur! Pleasantry, monsieur! Have you any unpublished facts?"

"No." "Not one? Not a trace?" "Nothing," Bernardet replied. "Oh, well! I—I have some, monsieur—but it will surprise you. Read my paper. Make the papers sell."

"See here! Professional secret! Only have you the name of the woman in black who came occasionally to see the ex-consul?" "Certainly." "Well, she must be made to come back—that woman in black. It is not an easy thing to do, but I believe that I have a way to get her out. Yes, in one of the provinces."

"Where?" "Professional secret," repeated the reporter, laughing. "And if M. Ginory asks for your professional secret?" "I will answer you. Read my paper. Read Lutece."

"But the judge—to him—" "Professional secret," said Paul Rodier for the third time. "But what a romance it would make! The woman in black? What name?"

"I do not believe so." The cortege had now reached one of the side avenues. A white fog enveloped everything, and the marble tomb shone ghostly through it. The spot chosen by M. Rovere himself was at the end of the Avenue de la Cloche. The car slowly rolled toward the open grave. Mme. Moniche, overcome with grief, staggered, and the marble tomb, but her husband, the tailor, seemed to be equal to the occasion and to his role. They both assumed different expressions behind their dead, and Paul Rodier walked along just in front of them, notebook in hand. Bernardet promised himself to keep close watch of Dantini and see in what manner he carried himself at the tomb. A pressure of the crowd separated them for a moment, but the officer was perfectly satisfied. Standing on the other side of the grave, he saw with him, was Dantini. A row of the most curious had pushed in ahead of Bernardet, but in this way he could better see Dantini's face and not miss the quiver of a muscle. He stood on tiptoe and peered this way and that, and he was not satisfied. He could not scrutinize and analyze without being perceived himself.

Dantini was standing on the very edge of the grave. He held himself very upright, in a tense, almost aggressive way and looked from time to time into the grave with an expression of anger and almost defiance. Of what was he thinking? In that attitude, which seemed to be a revolt against the destiny which had come to his friend, Bernardet read a kind of hardening, a defiance against the unknown which might become excessive and tell-tale. He was not as yet persuaded of the guiltiness of this man, but he did not find in that expression of defiance the tenderness which ought to be shown for a friend, and the marble tomb, in his mind, that Rovere was—and then, the more he examined him—there, for example, seen; his dark silhouette clearly defined in front of the dense white of a neighboring column—the more the aspect of this man corresponded with that of the vision transfixed in the dead man's eye.

Yes, it was the same profile of a trooper, his hand upon his hip, as if resting upon a rapier. Bernardet blinked his eyes in order to better see that man. He perceived a man who stood by the grave with an expression of anger and almost defiance. Of what was he thinking? In that attitude, which seemed to be a revolt against the destiny which had come to his friend, Bernardet read a kind of hardening, a defiance against the unknown which might become excessive and tell-tale. He was not as yet persuaded of the guiltiness of this man, but he did not find in that expression of defiance the tenderness which ought to be shown for a friend, and the marble tomb, in his mind, that Rovere was—and then, the more he examined him—there, for example, seen; his dark silhouette clearly defined in front of the dense white of a neighboring column—the more the aspect of this man corresponded with that of the vision transfixed in the dead man's eye.

CRACK SHOT KILLS FLY 20 YARDS AWAY

Some Clever Feats With Revolvers—One Played Piano Selection With Bullets.

Mr. Walter Winans, the well known millionaire sportsman, who is making arrangements for the deadliest kills in the world to exhibit their skill in London, is himself perhaps the most phenomenal marksman living today. Indeed, his feats with revolver and rifle are so amazing that they border on the miraculous.

Some years ago at a fête at Bagshot he gave some very astonishing exhibitions of his marksmanship for the entertainment of the visitors. Among other equally wonderful feats were the following: He sent bullet after bullet clean through the center of the ace of hearts held at a distance of eight yards, never once missing his tiny bull's eye during the whole afternoon. He repeatedly shattered a glass ball placed on the glass of his watch as it lay face upward on a table; and out of six visiting cards placed edgewise before him he cut five in halves with six consecutive shots.

But perhaps his most remarkable performance was that at the Brighton rifle gallery a few years ago, when, firing 33 consecutive shots with a revolver at a target 16 yards distant, he placed a bullet on a bull's eye only three inches in diameter, scarcely as large as the palm of a man's hand!

Killed 103 Stags. Mr. Walter Winans' rifle shooting, by the way, is quite as amazing as his marksmanship with the revolver, and the stag which can escape, at any possible range, from his death dealing bullet is exceedingly lucky. He has killed as many as 103 stags in a single season, including the record of 12 in one stalk, while some years ago he had accounted for 1,000 stags. The record feat of killing a dozen stags in a single stalk was performed by crawling up to a herd of 15, and killing 12 before they could escape out of range! On one occasion, too, Mr. Louis Winans, who is little less clever than his famous brother, laid 20 stags low with as many consecutive bullets.

Mr. Walter Winans, who is as modest as he is clever, always tells that the late Chevalier Ira Paine was a much deadlier shot than himself, and he tells how, on one occasion, the chevalier killed a bluebottle fly which had settled on the white part of a target 20 yards away. This performance ranks as one of the most wonderful in the annals of shooting—and no wonder.

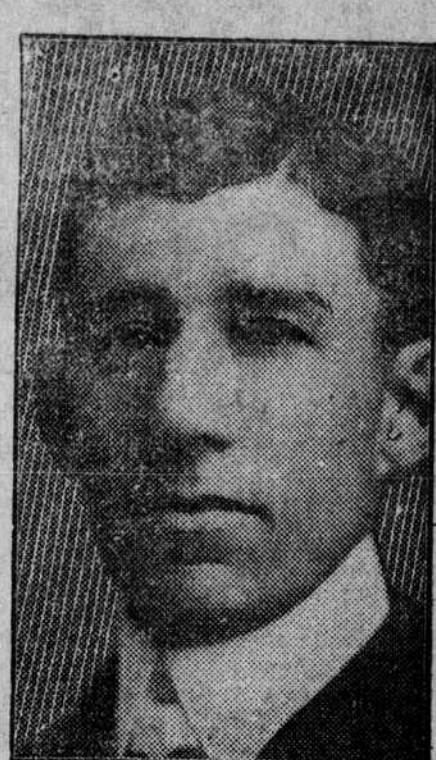
But there have been many famous shots before Paine and Winans handled a revolver, and one of the greatest of them all was Captain Horatio Ross, who was in his prime about 1845, and of whom some remarkable stories are told.

On one occasion the captain wagered \$100 with Mr. George Foljambe that with a pistol firing a single ball, he would kill 10 brace of swallows on the wing in one day. The feat seemed humanly impossible, but Dantini was actually polished off his 20 swallows before an early breakfast.

Almost equally remarkable was a contest between Captain Ross and a famous Spanish marksman for \$50 a side. The match was held at the famous Red House in London, the distance being 22 yards, the number of shots 50, and the target an ordinary playing card with a bull's eye, the exact size of a sixpence, marked on its back. The captain, who proved an easy winner, actually hit the bull's eye with his eyes 23 feet out of the last 25 shots.

Mr. John Tharp, of Newmarket, was another adept of these long-gone days. One of his favorite feats was to shoot at coins flung high in the air; and on one occasion, for a wager of £100 he actually struck 97 pennies out of 100.

PE-RU-NA AS A LAST RESORT



MR. WM. F. VAHLBERG.

Mr. William F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes: "One bottle of Peruna which I have taken did more toward relieving me of an aggravated case of catarrh of the stomach, than years of treatment with the best physicians."

"I had given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruna as a last resort. I shall continue using it, as I feel satisfied it will effect an entire and permanent cure."

"I most cheerfully recommend Peruna to all who may read this." Peruna is usually taken as a last resort. Doctors have been tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been resorted to.

At last Peruna is tried. Relief is found. This history is repeated over and over again, every day in the year. It is such results as this that gives Peruna its unassailable hold upon the people. We could say nothing that would add force to such testimonials as the above. That people who have had catarrh and have tried every other remedy available, find relief in Peruna, constitutes the best argument that could be made.

He Would "Kape a Gettin'." Mike Kavanagh lives in Sleepy Eye, up in Minnesota, where he carries on a little truck garden and contributes largely to the good stories of the town. Mike is living with wife No. 4. Anne could say nothing that would add force to such testimonials as the above. That people who have had catarrh and have tried every other remedy available, find relief in Peruna, constitutes the best argument that could be made.

Courage in the Witness Box. From the London Daily Mirror. Man is apt to suffer in the witness box from a kind of mental paralysis. For the true woman even the most celebrated of his majesty's counsel has no terrors in the old days there were such things as professional witnesses. If the trade were not extinct, and woman cared to stoop so low, she would assuredly conquer at it.

Glasses and Glasses. From the Catholic Standard Times. "I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning," said Luschman. "Perhaps it's my eyes; do you think I need stronger glasses?" "No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

SHORT BONES IN CORSETS. It is interesting to know that while corsets are longer, the bones in them are shorter. They go over a part of the hip, but do not run down to the end of the corset. These long bones were found disastrous, as they were constantly breaking or bending and pushing the corset into a curve below the waist.

Now the bones stop short enough to prevent breakage, and the coutille is strapped and stitched and fitted to the figure for the rest of the length.

Affinities. From the London Opinion. First Bridesmaid—They are well matched, don't you think? Second Bridesmaid—Rather; she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian.

Many a girl who looks like a peach is really a lemon in disguise. Truth and Quality appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figa and Elxir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Speculated. "Why do you assert that the stock was watered?" "Gad, don't I know, I got my feet wet." "The trouble with most men—women," says an exchange. It will read as well as be as true if reversed to read—"The trouble with most women—men."

To Temper the Wind. From the Philadelphia Record. A mot of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia. On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked around City Hall square with a young eel. The two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you? Providence then might be induced to temper the wind."