How He Won Her.

From the Bohemian. He was a fisherman, and in love. He had angled for Angelina, and caught her. He had angled for fish also the live-long day, and caught one ephippid, that is, a porgy. That night he went to see Angelina's father on the delicate question of matrimony. He was nervous, and could not bring himself to the momentous question, so he talked about the weather and fishing. The old man asked presently: 'What luck?"

"Only a pound pergy," replied the suit-

"My boy!" exclaimed the happy father, "I know what you have come about. Take her, and be happy. No man has ever con-fessed to such a truth before. You are s piscaterial George Washington. That settled it, though, as a matter of fact, the porgy weighed only half a pound



A String to It.

From the London Globe.

"I was walking along State street, Chicago (the windy city), when a sudden gust relieved me of my straw hat I turned, gave chase, and after a lengthy run at full speed pounced upor it. At the same moment a stranger (also perspiring and almost breathless) took it from me and thenked me kindly. took it from me and thanked me kindly. 'But it's my hat,' said I. 'No,' said he 'yours is hanging down your back on a

> His Party. From the Argonaut.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. ——? pened the door at one house. "No, you can't," 'answered the matron decisively, "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman frew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said. "I'm the party he belongs to." belongs to:"

WIT TAKE ANY CHANCES with some untried medicine for such troubles as diarr-aos. cramps, dysentery, when for 70 years Painkilles (Perry Davis') has been relieving millions of cases.

> Globe Sights. From the Atchison Globe.

It is as difficult to select the best automobile as it is to select the best canta loupe.

If a young husband fails to kiss his wife

when he comes home, all the girls notice

You can't tell the size of a man's bank account by the length of his daughter's feather. Have you ever noticed that you no sooner get one trouble off your hands than

another comes along.

A young mother in Atchison has a baby boy a year and a half old. "I hate this

baby's wife already," she says.

If we kept a hotel, we would not buy a plano for the parlor. Every guest who cannot play always tries a hotel plano. Lately we are hearing less of mean hus-hands, and more of the manner in which married daughters impose on their hus-

If you are not saving a portion of your salary, no matter how small it is, you not following in the footsteps of your rich An Atchison retail grocer, who has been

selling cigars for 20 years, smoked a really good cigar lately, and it made him

What has become of the old fashioned child who followed the other children when they went anywhere, and cried to be

All the "healers" have been placed in the background by a South Atchison woman who can cure a burn by simply blowing her breath on it.

When a woman gets married, it is not because she loves anybody, but because she wants to get a red lamp shade and a

There is usually more or less typhoid among the young people every summer, and doctors claim it is due to camping out parties. Few spots, they contend, have the water and drainage that make them a fit place for camping out. Going in wading and swimming in stagnant water will also cause typhoid.

THREE REASONS.

Each with Two Legs and Ten Fingers. A Boston woman who is a fond

mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys. Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given can-

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was | mured. a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts

Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthlest, boys you can find in a day's march."

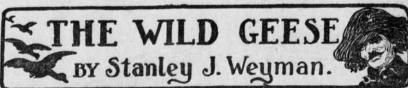
Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A moved the girl whom the colonel had seen at the landing place. She held her riding skirt uplifted in one land, her whip in the other, and she was bare
They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

In the was—and the still taking their punishment as stage that same day that ever was—and the creature shot him in the knee—bad creature shot hi human interest.



words.

"That should be Flaxia McMurrough!" the colonel murmured thoughtfully, "and Uncle Ulick. He's little changed, whoever's changed. She has a will, it seems, and good impulses."

The big man had begun by frowning on O'Sullivan Og. But presently he smiled at something the latter said, then he laughed; at last he made a joke himself. The girl turned on him, but he argued with her. A man held up a tub for inspection, and though she struck it pettishly, it was plain that she was shaken. O'Sullivan Og pointed to the sloop, pointed to his house, grinned. The listners on the deck caught the word "dues," and the peal of laughter that followed.

Captain Augustin understood naught of what was going forward. But the man beside him who did, touched his sleeve: "It were well to speak to her," he said.

"Who is she?" the skipper seked im-

went on into a pear of Trianic laughwith an angry exclamation, shook her
whip at O'Sullivan Og—who winked the
moment her back was turned—and cantered away up the hill. On the instant the men picked up the kegs they
had dropped, a shrill cry passed down
the line and the work was resumed.

But that which amused him did not
staring at Colonel Sullivan as if she
were far more surprised than pleased.
At length, and with a childish dignity,
she held out her hand.

"If you are Colonel John Sullivan."

But the big man remained and the skipper, with the colonel at his elbow, made for him through the half naked

mg."
The colonel put the skipper on one side. "By your leave," he cried, "one word. You don't know, sir, who I am,

but"—
"I know you must pay your dues,"
"Incle Ulick answered, parrot like, "Oh,
yes, you must pay your dues!" He was
clearly ashamed of his role, for he
shook off the colonel's hold with a petclish gesture, struck his horse with his
stick and cantered over the hill.
"Vaurien," cried Captain Augustin.
shaking his fist after him, but he might
as weel have sworn at the moon.

CHAPTER II.

MORRISTOWN.

It was not until the colonel had jassed over the shoulder above the stonewalled house that he escaped from the jeers of the younger members of this savage tribe, who, noting something abnormal in the fashion of the tranger's clothes, followed him a space. On descending the farther slope, how-tiver, he found himself alone in the slince of the waste. Choosing without hesitation one of two tracks, ill trodden, but such as in that district and at that period passer for roads, he took his way

along it at a good pace.

A wide brown basin, bog for the most part, but rising here and there into low mounds of sward or clumps of thorn trees, stretched away to the foot of the hills. The tower on the shoulder behind him had been raised by his wild fore-fathers. Soil and sky, the lark which sang overhead, the dark peat-water which rose under foot, the scent of the moist air, the cry of the curlew, all spoke of the home which he had left in the gayety of youth, to return to it a grave man, older than his years, with gray hairs flecking the black. No wonder that he stood more than once and, absorbed in thought, gazed on this or that, on crag and moss, on the things which time and experience had so strangely diminished.

strangely diminished.

The track after zig-zagging across a segment of the basin, entered a narrow valley, drained by a tolerable stream. After ascending this for a couple of miles it disclosed a view of a wider vale, enclosed by gentle hills. In the lap of this nextled a lake, on the upper end of which some beauty was conferred by a few masses of rock partly ferred by a few masses of rock partly clothed by birch trees, through which a stream fell sharply from the upland. Not far from these rocks a long, low house stood on the shore. The stranger paused to take in the

prospect; nor was it until after the lapse of some minutes, spent in the deepest reverie, that he pursued his way along the left bank of the lake. By and by he was able to discern, amid the masses of rock at the head of the lake, a gray tower, the twin of that Tower of Skull which he had left be-hind him, and a hundred paces further on he came upon a near view of the

"Two and twenty years!" he mur-mured. "There is not even dog to bid me welcome!"

The house was of two stories, with a thatched roof. Its back was to the slopes that rose by marshy teraces to the hills. Its face was turned to the lake and between it and the water lay a walled forecourt, the angle on each side of the entrance protected by a tower of an older date than the house. The entrance was somewhat pretentious and might—for each of the pillars supported by a heraldic beast—have seemed to an English eye out of character with the thatched roof. But one of the beasts The entrance was somewhat pretentious was headless, and one of the gates had fallen from its hinges. In like manner the dignity of a tolerably spacious garden, laid out beside the house was marred by the proximity of the fold

resting place for as many beggars, engaged in drawing at empty pipes, while twice as many old women sat against the wall of the forecourt and with their drugget cloaks about them kept up a continual whine. Among these, turning herself now to one now to execute

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

For a ful minute the girl vented her aniger on Og, while he stood sulky but patient, waiting for an opening to defend himself. When he obtained this he seemed to the two on the deck of the sloop to appeal to the big man, who said a word or two, but was cut short, you have come, you will be welcome at

the sloop to appeal to the big man, who said a word or two, but was cut short by the girl. Her voice, passionate and indignant, reached the deck, but her words.

Toggir courtesy, if it is to store at Morristown. But if it is to start a cry about this morning's business you've traveled on your 10 toes to no

man beside him who did, touched his sleeve: "It were well to speak to her," he said.

"Who is she?" the skipper asked impatiently. "What has she to do with it?"

"They are her people," the colonel snswered simply—"or they should be. If she says yea it is yea, and if she says nay it is nay. Or so it should be as far as a league beyond Morristown."

Augustin waited for no more. He was still in a fog, but he saw a ray of hope. This was the chatelaine, is seemed. He bundled over the side.

Alas, he ventured too late. As his feet touched the slippery stones of the jetty the girl wheeled her horse about with an angry exclamation, shook her

she held out her hand.
"If you are Colonel John Sullivan,"
she said, in a thin voice, "you are welcome at Morristown."

He might have laughed at the dis-

The girl laughed unkindly.

The girl laughed unkindly. "You're opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, Darby," she said. "If the colonel is not a foreigner".—

"And sure he couldn't be that and his own father's son!" cried the quick-witted Irishman. "And if, bad luck, he's a Protestant, I'll never believe he's one of them through-and-through black Protestants that you and I mean! Glory be, it's not in the Sullivans to be one of them!"

The colonel laughed as he shook the old servant's hand, and Uncle Ulick joined in the laugh. "You're a clever

old servant's hand, and there office for a clever rogue, Darby," he said, "You're a clever never be in a rope, but you fingers will untie the knot! And now, where'll you put him?"

"Put His Honor?" Darby repeated, rubbing his bald head. "Ay, sure, where'll we put him? May it be long before the heavens is his bed! There's the old master's room, a grand chamber fit for a lord, but there's a small matter of the floor that is sunk and lets in the rate—bad cess to the dogs for an idle, useless pack. The young master's friends are in the south, but the small room beyant that has the camp tackle that Sir Michael brought camp tackle that Sir Michael brought from the ould wars, that's dry and snug! And for the one window, that's airy, sure, 'tis no drawback at this

"It will do very well for me, Darby," the colonel said, smiling.
"Well," Darby answered, "I'm not so sure where's another. The young mas-

ter footing.'



"Flavia flicked her with her whip, as she would a dog."

'I thank you," he answered. And then, | the one to tell her," Uncle Ulick added, addressing Ulick Sullivan, "I need not say that I had your communication," he continued, "with the news of Sir he continued, "with the news of Sir Michael's death and of the dispositions made by his will. I could not come at once, but when I could I did, and I am here. Having said so much," he went on, turning to the girl with serious kindness, "may I add that I think it will be well if we leave matters of business on one side until we know one another?"

one another?"
, "Well, faith, I think we'd better,"
Ulick Sullivan chuckled. "I do think so, bedad!"

The girl said nothing, and restraint rhe giri said nothing, and restraint fell upon the three. They turned from one another and looked across the lake, which the wind, brisk at sea, barely ruffled. Colonel Sullivan remarked that they had a little more land under tillage than he remembered, and Ulick assented. Again there was slience, until the girl struck her habit with her whip and said flippantly. "Well, to dinner, if we are to have dinner." She turned and led the way to the gate of the foreccurt.

The man who followed was cleyer enough to read defiance in the pose of head and resentment in her lers. When a beggar woman, importunate than the rest, shoulders. more importunate than the rest, caught hold of her skirt, and Flavia flicked her with her whip as she would have flicked a dog, he under-

There were dogs in the stone paved hall; a hen, too, finding its food on the fleer and strutting here and there as if it had never known another home. On the left of the door an oak table stood laid for the midday meal; on the right, before a carved stone chimneyplece under which a huge log There were dogs in the stone paved chimneypiece, under which a huge log smouldered on the andirons, two or three men were scated. These rose on the entrance of the young mistress—they were dependents of the better class, for whom open house was kept at Morristown. So far, all was well; yet it may be that on the instant eyes which had been blind to defects were opened by the presence of this stranger from the outer world. Flavia's voice was hard as she asked old Darby, the butler, if The McMurrough was in, the house.

house. "Faith, I believe not," said he. "His Honor, nor the other quality, have not returned from the fishing." "Well, let him know when he comes," she rejoined, "that Colonel John

Sullivan has arrived from Sweden, and," she added, with a faint sneer, "it were well if you put on your uniform, Darby."

The old butler did not hear the last words. He was looking at the new-comer. "Glory be, colonel," he said, "it's er. More by token, he went out with the garrison officer after his second bottle that same day that ever was—and the

Flavia tapped her foot on the floor; oreseeing, perhaps, what was com-

"That will do, Darby," the girl cried impatiently. And then, "I am sorry, Colonel Sullivan," she continued stiffly, "that you should be so poorly lodged—who are the master of all. But doubtless," with an irrepressible resentment in her voice, "you will be able presently to put matters on a better footing."

With a formal courtesy she retreated up the stairs, which at the rear of the hall ascended to a gallery that ran right and left to the rooms on the first

floor.

Colonel Sullivan turned with Uncle Ulick to the nearest window and looked out on the untidy forecourt. "You know, I suppose," he said, in a tone which the men beside the fire, who were regarding him curiously, could not hear, "the gist of Sir Michael's letter to me?"

Uncle Ulick drummed with his fingers on the window sill. "Faith, the most of it," he said.

"Was he right in believing that her brother intended to turn Protestant for the reasons he told me?"

"It's like enough, I'm thinking."

"Does she know? The girl?"

"Not a breath! And I would not be Colonel Sullivan turned with Uncle



th some grimness.
"Yet it may be necessary?" Uncle Ulick shook his fist at a par-ticularly importunate beggar who had

ventured across the forecourt. "It's a gift the little people never gave me to tell unpleasant things," he said. to tell unpleasant things," he said.
"And if you'll be told by me colonel,
"you'll travel easy. The girl has a
spirit, and you'll not persuade her to stand in her brother's ligh, at all, at ail! She has it fast that her grand-father wronged him—and old Sir Michael was queer tempered at times. The gift to her will go for nothing, you'll see!"

"She must be a noble girl."
"Never a better!"
"But if her grandfather was right
in thinking ill of his grandson?"
"I'm not saying he wasn't," Uncle Ulick muttered. "Then we must not let her set the will aside."

(Continued Next Week) Cedar for Pencils.

From the Washington Post.
"Down in my state there is a patch of territory about 25 miles square, near the town where the battle of Franklin was fought during the civil war, which is practically the only section in the United States where cedar is grown for no other purpose than to furnish stock for the lead pencil industry," said Thomas Green, of Nashville. trees seem to spring prepare the cedar for shipment to lead pencil factories in the Eastern states and to Europe. An immense amount of the wood is cut, planed, sawed and shipped out of the town of Murfreesboro, Tenn., every year. There have been many fortunes made in that sec tion out of cedar. Cedar trees are cultivated as is any other crop. The groves, conserved as they are now by the wise owners, will last forever, and will be furnishing the close grained, fine fibred wood for pencils a century from now.

Dramatic Humor in China

From the Shanghai Mercury At most towns we have called at theatricals formed one of the sights. The din and discord of the band attracted us more than once even if the play had no fascination. It matters little or not at all to a foreigner what garden, laid out beside the house was marred by the proximity of the fold yard.

The old butler did not hear the last words. He was looking at the new-omer. "Glory be, colonel," he said, "it's in a field of peas I'd have known you! It's he was evidently the punishment inflicted on the villains of the drama. True for you, you're as like the father thave graced a more stately mansion, led down to the water. They formed a resting place for as many beggars, engaged in drawing at empty plpes, while twice as many old women sat against the wall of the forecourt and with their drugget cloaks about them kept up a continual whips. Among these twice of the conditions of the said, "it's in a field of peas I'd have known you! It's he was the grand gentleman! I was beyant the Maloney's great gravestone when he shot Squire twice as many old women sat against the wall of the forecourt and with their drugget cloaks about them kept up a continual whips. Among these twice of the poor will be the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long for two or three days, sometimes long or. We witnessed a screaming act that bred you as the two covers of a book! It's he was the grand gentleman! I was beyant the Maloney's great gravestone when he shot Squire cold douche was dashed in their faces. Under the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long for two or three days, sometimes long or. We witnessed a screaming act the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or. We witnessed a screaming act the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or. We witnessed a screaming act the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or the plot is all about, as this drags on for two or three days, sometimes long or the plot is all about, as thi we strolled away the poor villains were still taking their punishment as stage

MODERN METHODS OF ADVERTISERS

How They Reach the People With Whom They Wish to Do Business.

MAILING CIRCULARS ART

There Is No Longer the Old Fashioned

Hit and Miss Methods of Sending Out Literature Pertaining to Business.

From the New York Sun. Few industries have grown so fast as that of advertising by circulars, letters and pamphlets through the mails. Last year, it has been estimated, more than \$30,000,000 was spent for postage on such communications, and an advertising authority familiar with this field asserts that every other letter carried by Uncle Sam is an advertise-

Formerly mail advertising was carried on more or less in the dark. The advertiser simply got a city directory or blue book or telephone directory, copied the names on envelopes, stuck in his circulars and let them go, hitting old and young, men and women, rich and poor, learned and unlettered alike. Today that sort of advertising would be regarded as criminally wasteful.

The city directory is now an advertiser's last resort, used only when the whole population of a city is to be reached with some great proposition. Even the blue book and telephone directory, while regarded with more farectory, while regarded with more farectory. vor, are clumsy in comparison with newer ways of getting names and ad-dresses.

An advertising letter nowadays must hit the recipient on some special interest. It often echoes what one has in mind with a certainty that smacks of soothsaying on the advertiser's part. For, if you live in a small western town it will not at all be out of the way for you to receive a circular adtown it will not at all be out of the way for you to receive a circular advertising stove repairs, mentioning the make and number of your stove. Or such a missive may call attention to the fact that your plano, of such and such a make and age, is getting rather out of tone, and ought to be replaced with another or helped out with a piano player.

Or perhaps you live in a city and have lately taken a flyer in stocks or purchased a few bonds for investment. Other investment propositions will come to you by mail, and the advertiser who sends them mentions your recent operations. operations.

How are advertising letters made to strike home so accurately? In ways altogether simple and logical when you know them.

To make his advertisement hit cleanly, the advertiser begins with your name and address. That is the key to his whole system—getting you on his

mailing list in your proper classifica-The business of securing names and addresses is now carried on separately by large concerns, that furnish to advertisers lists of any sort desired, from one including 250,000 farmers west of the Mississippi river to another enum-erating 1,000 persons in a given state who have automobiles.

who have automobiles.

Do you wish to advertise baby carriages to families with babies? The advertising list concern will sell you the names and addresses of 10,000 families in a certain city who have children under two years of age and incomes over \$5,000.

Are you a maker of artificial limber.

Are you a maker of artificial limbs? Every day he will furnish you a list of persons throughout the country who

of persons throughout the country who have lost arms or legs.

Are you in the musical line? You can have lists of persons anywhere who play any sort of instrument, from the gently plinking mandolin to the strenuous bass drum. Such lists are obtained in various ways. To get 250,000 farmers in a cer-

tain territory the address specialists usually go to county tax lists, where names and addresses are accurate and complete. At such a source it is also possible to grade the names according to income, estimates being made by the amount of property on which

each person pays taxes.

Among lists of this character you can purchase the names and addresses of 125,000 retail grocers, 121,000 physi-cians, 25,000 flour mills, or any other

general classification desired.

Names and addresses of families with children are secured by a systematic private census, made by the list specialist's own enumerators. All homes in a city are visited and the number of the state of the st of children, their ages, etc., obtained, either from householders or the neigh-bors. Janitors are a good source for

bors. Janitors are a good source for information of this sort.

A family's probable income is easily determined from the neighborhood. One of the railroads running out of New York city for example, wishes to advertise its suburban towns. A little monthly magazine is mailed for this purpose to names taken from the mail boxes of apartment houses in neighborhoods where rents denote incomes ranging between \$2,000 and \$5,000.

Advertisers are regular readers of certain information in newspapers, such as deaths, births, marriages, accidents. Every birth means a cent or two to the list concern, which forwards it to a baby food manufacturer.

two to the list concern, which forwards it to a baby food manufacturer. Five cents is paid by a manufacturer of artificial eyes for every report of the loss of an eye. Even deaths are a matter of traffic, for families bereaved are canvassed by the maker of memorial cards. Some advertisers put names of this character away for a names of this character away for a year, until the expenses attendant upon a death have been met by the family, and then approach the survivors with a proposition to erect a monu-

It is easier to get lists of persons who own pianos, stoves, organs, etc., or who play certain musical instruments. The advertisers employ children during school vacations, paying them for filling out blanks with correct names and addresses of families in their own towns, giving name of plano, make of stove and number musical inmake of stove and number, musical in-clinations number and ages of chil-

dren, etc. Since the telephone became a factor in farm life the local telephone directories are in great request with compilers of advertising names. It is reasoned that the telephone directory of a given community contains the cream of its residents.

of its residents.

Some of the queer lists for rile are the names of thirty-three dynamite makers, twenty-two sandpaper manufacturers, nine lead pencil factories, and the like. Such lists are often sold for a dollar a name, being used by advertisers who sell machinery and supplies in large quantities.

one list that has a peculiar fascination for advertisers, it is said, contains the names of 300 millionaires. It is used again and again, though the address specialist frankly considers it one of the least promising he has.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that LydiaE.Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health

never forget to tell my friends what LydiaE. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for meduring this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffer-

and strength. 1

to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record

cine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclaysays, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

A Novel Museum.

The German city of Frankfurt has added to its many institutions of learning, sciences and fine arts a new one of a novel character, namely, a museum of culinary art, according to Consul General Richard Guenther, of Frankfort.

Frankfort.

"The museum was opened last January," said the consul general to a New York Telegram reporter. "Its object is to cultivate the culinary art to the highest degree.

"Every new dish of gastronomic invention will be duplicated and tested in the museum, which in reality, will be a university for chefs, hotel keepers gourmets and producers and dealers."

gournets and producers and dealers of fine food articles. The new institution has the hearty support of every caterer and chef in the kingdom."

The Old-Fashioned Bonnet. How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet, The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear,
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—
The bonnet that didn't want false curly

The dishpan effect may be stylish and stunning.

The waste paper basket that's lately come in May be quite the rage and recherche and

But give me the hat she tied under her chin. —London Opinion.

PROVED BY TIME No Fear of Any Further Trouble David Price, Corydon, la., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble-lame, weak, run down to a mere



skeleton. My back hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began Poan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my

health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, and I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Each to His Way. Philander Johnson in Washington Star. Says de butterfly to de bum'ly bee, "Why isn't you all dressed up, like me?

I hasn't a thing in de world to do 'Cep' show off de clothes dat look so Says de bum'ly bee to de butterfly, 'Why doesn't you work as de days go by, layin' up honey de way I does;

You hasn't got even de grit to buzz." And' de bullfrog holler, "You stop dat Dis' world would be in a so'-nuff muss
If de bees loafed 'round, on gaudy wing,
An' de butterflies worked an' learned

The Chinese have astronomical records which go back to 2356 B. C.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

A NUINT UAIME LAUT O APPEAL.
To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

Mother's milk will supply the haby laxative enough, if

she takes a candy Cascaret. And the laxative will be natural gentle, vegetable-just what baby needs. Try one and you'll know why millions of mothers use them.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores, Pooula new use a milion bears monthly.