

How He Won Her.

From the Bohemian. He was a fisherman, and in love. He had angled for Angelina, and caught her.



CHAPTER I.—Continued. For a full minute the girl vented her anger on Og, while he stood sulky but patient, waiting for an opening to defend himself.

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.

Why Take Any Chances?

It is as difficult to select the best automobile as it is to select the best cantaloupe.

Globe Sights.

From the Atchison Globe. It is as difficult to select the best automobile as it is to select the best cantaloupe. If a young husband fails to kiss his wife when he comes home, all the girls notice it.

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 candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weaned 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, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

"There's a Reason." Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

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CHAPTER I.—Continued.

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.

Colonel Sullivan turned with Uncle Ulick to the nearest window and looked out at 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?"

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CHAPTER II.

MORRISTOWN.

It was not until the colonel had passed over the shoulder above the stone-walled house that he escaped from the jeers of the younger members of his own tribe, who, noting something abnormal in the fashion of the stranger's clothes, followed him a space.

"I thank you," he answered. And then, addressing Ulick Sullivan, "I need not say that I had your communication," 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?"

"Well, faith, I think we'd better," Ulick Sullivan chuckled. "I do think so, bedit!" "The girl said nothing, and restraint fell on 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 silence, 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 forecourt.

"There were dogs in the stone paved hall; a hen, too, finding its food on the floor and strutting here and there as if it had never known a father before. On the left of the door an oak table stood laid for the midday meal; on the right, before a carved stone chimney-piece, under which a huge log smouldered on the andirons, two or three men were seated. These were 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.

"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 in," 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."

The old butler did not hear the last words. He was looking at the newcomer. "Glory be, colonel," he said, "it's in a field of peas I'd have known you! True for you, you're as like the father that had you as the two cows of the book! It's he was the grand gentleman! I was beyant the Maloney's great gravestone when he shot Squire Crosby in the old churchyard of Trillick for an appetite to his breakfast. More by token, he went out to the garrison officer after his second bottle that same day that ever was—and the creature shot him in the knee—bad luck to him for a foreigner and a Protestant—and he limped to his dying day!"



Flavia flicked her with her whip, as she would a dog. "I thank you," he answered. And then, addressing Ulick Sullivan, "I need not say that I had your communication," 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?"

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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 his own Protestantism through-and-through." "Flavia tapped her foot on the floor; forseeing, perhaps, what was coming."

"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 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 from the old wars, that's dry and snug! And for the one window, that's airy, sure, 'tis no drawback at this season."

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 at 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?"

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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 advertisement.

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 favor, are clumsy in comparison with newer ways of getting names and addresses.

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 stuntsaying on the advertiser's part. For, if you live in a small western town 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 piano, 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.

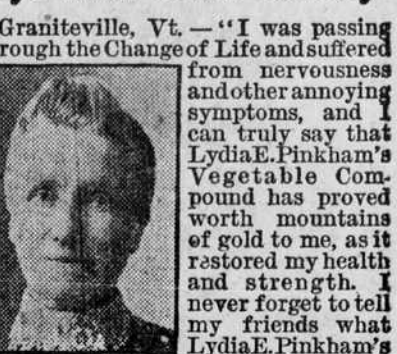
How are advertising letters made to strike home so accurately? In ways altogether simple and logical when you know them. To make his advertisement hit cleanly, the advertiser begins with your name and address. This is the key to the whole system—getting you on his mailing list in your proper classification.

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 enumerating 1,000 persons in a given state who have automobiles.

If 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.

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 Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much 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 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 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. Barclay says, 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 Frankfurt.

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

PROVED BY TIME. No Fear of Any Further Trouble. David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan'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 new."

Says de bum'ly bee to de butterfly, "Why doesn't you work as de days go by. A 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 butterflyes worked an' learned to sting."

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

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL. To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, 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. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

Mother's milk will supply the baby 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.