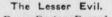
CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS .- Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps It in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time.'



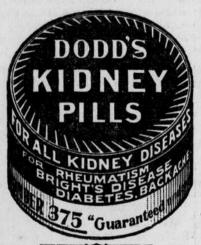
From Boston Record. A duck hunter returning from the

Maine shores tells a story typical of the hardy men who live there. On one of the islands near where he went lived a man who acted as postman for the few scattering houses on the island, and who would row to the mainland every Aay and bring back the mail, for which he received 50 cents.

One morning during a terrific storm the hunter saw the postman pull over; peveral times during the trip the boat was nearly swamped, and the man in danger of his life.

Why in the world did you make that trip?" asked the hunter, "surely not for 50 cents?"

"Well, you see," replied the postman, "If I miss a trip I have to write a con-founded long letter to Washington ex-plaining why, and so I thought I had rather pull the boat."



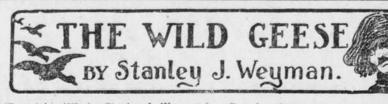
His Point of View. Dr. Germhunter-During the next decade we may expect a most wonder-ful decrease in mortality. Mr. Graves (the undertaker)-Pessimist

DAVIS' PAINKILLER substitute. No other remedy is so effective sumstiam. lumbago, stiffness neuralgia or fany sort. Put up in 26c, 86c and 50c bottles.

An Epitaph.

Twenty-five years ago, in Tombstone, when that bloody murderer Geronimo was on the warpath, the editor of the Care of the Body had editorial charge of the Tombstone Epitaph. Here is another epitaph sent to the Medical Brief by a physician who declares it e seen on a moss-grown tomb-He says he sends it as a warning to those who refuse to "doctor:" "Here lies my wife, Samantha Proc-

tor, Who ketched a cold and wouldn't



(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman.) CHAPTER XX .-- (Continued.)

"Devil a doubt of it," said Asgill, whose subtle brain had been at work. Not that it matters, bedad, for an Irish gentleman will do his best. And to-morrow Colonel Sullivan, that's more knowledge of the mode and foreign ways, will be back, and he'll be help-ing his cousin. More by token," he add-ed in a different tone, "you know him of old?"

Payton, who had frowned at the name, reddened at the question. "Is that," he asked, "the Colonel Sullivan

"Who tried the foils with Lemoine at Tralee?" Asgill cried heartily. "The same and no other. He is away today, same and no other. He is away today, but he'll be returning tomorrow, and he'll be delighted to see you. And by good luck there are foils in the house and he'll pass the time pleasantly with you. It's he's the hospitable creature!" Payton was anything but anxious to see the man whose skill had turned the joke against him, and his face betok-Joke against him, and his face betok-ened his feelings. Had he foreseen the meeting he would have left the job to a subaltern. "Hang it!" he exclaimed, vexed by the recollection. "A fine mess

you led me into there, Asgill." "I did not know him then," Asgill replied lightly. "And, pho! Take my word for it, he's no man to bear malice."

"Malice, begad!" Payton answered, illhumoredly. "I think it's I——" "Ah, you are right again, to be sure!"

Asgill agreed, laughing silently, for already he had formed a hope that the guest might be manoeuvered out of the house on the morrow. He knew Payton. He knew the man's arrogance, the con-tempt in which he held the Irish, his tempt in which he held the Irish, his view of them as an inferior race. He was sure that if he saw Flavia and fancied her he was capable of any out-rage, or if he learned her position in regard to the estate he might prove a formidable, if an honorable, competitor. In either case to hasten the man's de-parture and to induce Flavka to remain in the background in the meantime became Asgill's chief alm. James McMurrough,* on the other hand, saw in the unwelcome intruder an English officer, and, troubled by his guilty conscience, he dreaded above all

guilty conscience, he dreaded above all things what he might discover. True, the past was past, the plot spent, the Spanish ship gone. But the Colonel remained and in durance, and if by any chance the Englishman stumbled on him, heard his story and lived to carry it back to Tralee, the consequences might be such that a cold sweat broke night be such that a cold sweat broke out on the young man's brow at the thought of them. To add to his alarm, Payton, whose mind was secretly occu-pied with the Colonel, sought to evince his indifference by changing the sub-ject, and in doing so hit on one singu-larly unfortunate.

larly unfortunate. "A pretty fair piece of water," he said, rising with an affected yawn. "The tower at the head of it—it's grown too dark to see it—is it inhabited?" The McMurough started guiltil7. "The tower?" he stammered. Could it be that the man knew all and was here to expose him? His heart stood still, then raced. "The Major'll be meaning the tower"

'The Major'll be meaning the tower on the rock," Asgill said smoothly, but with a warning look. "Ah, sure, it'll be used at times, Major, for a prison, you understand." "Oh!"

"But we'll be better to be moving inside, I'm thinking," he continued. Payton assented. He was still brood-ing on his enemy, the Colonel. Curse

Ing on his enemy, the Colonel. Curse the man, he was thinking. Why couldn't he keep out of his way? "Take the Major in, McMurrough," Asgill said, who feared Flavia and Morty O'Beirne might arrive from the Tower. "You'll like to get rid of your boots before supper, Major," he went on. "Bid Darby send the Major's man to him, McMurrough; or, better, Fll be going to the stables myself and Fll be telling him!" As the others went in Asgill strolled foward the stables. But when they had passed out of sight he turned and "I think I must stay over to

"he has not."

cried

heart.

she said.

But he thrust the temptation from 'him. He knew that it was not only the stranger's presence that weighed her down, but her recollection of the man in the tower and his miserable

plight As he went on with Morty, he gav him a hint to say as little in Payton's presence as possible, "I know the man," he explained, "and where he's weak. I'm for seeing the back of him as soon as we can, but without noise." "There's always the bog," grumbled Morty

"And the garrison at Tralee," Asgill rejoined dryly, "to ask where he is" And his troopers to answer the ques-

Morty bade him manage it his own way. "Only I'll trouble you not to blame me," he added, "if the English soger finds the colonel, and ruins us entirely.

"I'll not," Asgill answered pithily, "If so be you'll hold your tongue." So at supper that night Payton ooked in vain for the Kerry beauty

whose charms the warmer wits of the mess had more than once painted in hues rather florid than fit. Nevertheless he would have enjoyed himself tolerably—nor the less because now and again he let his contempt for the company peep from under his com-plaisance—but for the obtuseness of his friend; who, as if he had only one man and one idea in his head, let fall man and one idea in his head, let fail with every moment some mention of Colonel John. Now, it was the happy certainty of the colonel's return next day that inspired his eloquence; now, pleasure with which the colonel d meet Payton again; now, the the would lucky chance that found a pair of new

lucky chance that found a pair of new foils on the window ledge. "For he's rulned entirely and no one to play with him!" Asgill continued, a a twinkle in his eye. "No one, I'm meaning, major, of his sort of force at all! Begad, boys, you'll see some fine fencing for once! You'll think ye've never seen any hefore I'm doubtye've never seen any before, I'm doubt-

ing." "I'm not sure that I can remain tomorrow," Payton said in a surly tone. He began to suspect that Asgill was quizzing him. He noticed that every time the justice named Colonel Sul-livan, men looked furtively at one an-other, or straight before them, as if they were in a design. If that were so, the design could only be to pit Colonel Sullivan arguing this as the result of the second Sullivan arguing this as the result of the second second Sullivan arguing the second second second second second Sullivan arguing the second sec Sullivan against him, or to provoke a quarrel between them. He felt a qualm of apprehension, and he was confirmed in the plan he had already formed-to be gone next day. But in the meantime his temper moved him to carry the way into the enemy's country

didn't know," he snarled, taking Asgill up in the middle of an eulogy of Colonel John's skill, "that he was so great a favorite of yours."

"He was not," Asgill replied dryly. "He is now, it seems," in the same

"We know him better. Don't we, boys?" They murmured assent. "And the lady whose horse I shel-tered for you," the major continued, spitefully watching for an opening— "confound you, little you thanked me for it—she must be still more in his interest than you? And how does that sult your book?" suit your book?

Asgill had great self control, and the Asgin had great self control, and the major was not a close observer. But the thrust was so unexpected that on the instant Payton read the other se-cret in his eyes—knew that he loved, and knew that he was jealous. Jealous of Sullivan; Jealous of the man whom he was for some reason praising Then why not jealous of a younger, a more fashionable rival? Asgill's cunningly reared plans began to sink, and even while he answered he knew it. "She likes him," he said, "as we all

iabored under a weight of agitation that did not suffer her to reason. "But if he dies?" she cried in a woe-ful tone. "If he dies of hunger? Oh, my God, of hunger! What have we done then? I tell you," she continued, "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" She looked from one to the other as appealing to each in turn to share her horror, and to act. "It is wicked, it is wicked!" she continued, in a shriller tone and with a note of defiance in her voice, "and who will answer for it if he does? I—not you! I, who tricked him, who lied to him, who lured him there!"

For a moment there was a stricken delence in the room. Then, "And what had he done for her?" Asgill retorted with spirit—for he saw that if he did not meet her on her own plane she was apable of any act, however ruinous, 'Or, if not to you, to Ireland, to your g, to your country, to your hopes? flung into his voice all the indigna king. He "A trick tion of which he was master, ou say? Was it not by a trick he uined all? The fairest prospect, the brightest day that ever dawned for Ire-The day of freedom, of liberty,

She twisted her fingers feverishly to

"Yes," she said, "yes! Yes, but I an't bear it! It is no use talking," she continued, with a violent shudder. "You are here—look!" she pointed to the table strewn with the remains of the meal. "But he is—starving! Starving!" she repeated, as if the physical pain ouched herself.

'You shall go to him tomorrow. Go

yourself," he replied in a soothing tone. "I?" she cried. "Never!" "Oh, but"— Asgill began, perplexed "Oh, but" — Asgill began, perplexed but not surprised by her attitude. "But there's your brother," he continued, re-lieved. "He will tell you, I'm sure, that nothing can be so harmful as to change now. "Your sister," he went on, ad-dressing The McMurrough, who had just descended the stairs, "she's wish-ing some one will go to the Colonel and see if he's down a neg. But 'm telling see if he's down a peg. But I'm telling

her"— "It's folly entirely, you should be telling her," James McMurrough re-plied, curtly and roughly. "Tomorrow at sunset, and not an hour earlier, he'll be visited. And then it'll be you, Flavvy, that'll speak to him. What more is it you're wanting?" "I speak to him?" she cried. "I couldn't!"

couldn't!

"But it'll be you'll have to," he re-plied roughly, "Wasn't it so arranged?" "I couldn't!" she replied, in the same tone of trouble. "Some one else—if you like

"But it's not some one else will do," James retorted. "But why should I be the one-to

go?" she wailed. She had Colonel John's face before her, haggard, sunken, famished, as, peering into the gloomy, firelit room, she had seen it that after-

"For a very good reason," her brother retorted with a sneer. He looked at Asgill and laughed.

loved her! Because hard words, cruel treatment, brutality from her would be

Asgin and laughed. That look startled her as a flash of light startles a traveler groping through darkness. "Why?" she repeated, in a different tone.

will.'

But neither her tone nor Asgill's glance put James McMurrough on his guard; he was in one of his brutal hu-mors. "Why?" he replied. "Because sneering tone. "We know him better. Don't we,

he was for some reason praising. Then

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS 4

EBEN'S FAULT. Mr. Farmer-Well, by grass! Th pesky thermometer hes bin a-standin' purty near zero the hull day. Mfs. Farmer-What else could you ex-pect, Eben? Yew would leave it a-hang-in' out on th' back porch in th' cold 'stead uv bringin' it in th' house.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S OPINION OF WOMANKIND

G. Bernard Shaw, in New York World. Some men who know a great deal about women can't be induced to admit it. There is Edward Bok, for exmit it. There is Edward Bok, for ex-ample, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, who, when interviewed re-cently on the subject of the eternal feminine, remarked demurely, "Con-sidering all the years I have known, loved and worked for women I know absolutely nothing about them, and am utterly unable to say anything in regard to them." regard to them."

But one connoisseur in dames is less bashful. He is George Bernard Shaw, the daring English dramatist, who with play and novel and criticism of life and literature has been incessant-

ly characterizing la femme, in all her garbs and guises, for many years. And here are just a few of the things he declares he has found out about her: The ordinary woman's business is

to get married.

Women begin to be socially toler-able at 30, and improve until the deepable at 30, and improve until the deep-ening of their consciousness is checked by the decay of their facul-ties. But they begin to be pretty much earlier than 30, and are indeed some-times at their best in that respect long before their chattering is, apart from the illusions of sex, to be preferred in serious moments, to the si-lent sympathy of an intelligent pet animal

Two Americans of the fair sex have Two Americans of the fair sex have been not unknown to me. One is that glorious and beautiful phenomenon the "heartless" rich American woman, who so thoroughly and admirably understands that conscience is a luxury and should be indulged in only when the vital needs of life have been abundantly satisfied.

The other is that most awful em-bodiment of virtue and decorum the intellectual American lady.

intellectual American lady. In every case the relationship be-tween the woman and the man is the same; she is the pursuer and contriv-er, he the pursued and disposed of. When she is baffled, like Ophelia, she goes mad and commits suicide; and the man goes straight from her fu-neral to a fencing match. "Womanly self-sacrifice" is an es-sentially manly weakness. She did not answer. Outwardly she was not much moved, but inwardly the

horror of herself which she had felt as sentially manly weakness. she lay upstairs in the darkness, think-ing of the starving man, choked her. They were using her because the man-

He who desires a lifetime of happi-ness with a beautiful woman desires to enjoy the taste of wine by keeping The formation of a young lady's mind and character usually consists

10 times more hard, more cruel, more brutal than from others! Because such treatment at her hands would be more

women do not mind ill-usage so much, because the strongest position for a woman is that of a victim. It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most ruthlessly. I know a poor wretch whose one desire



THULLY GEE

LLS ERYESSIRS

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment f^{--m} food that is put into it. These pills cor-tain no calomel; they are soothing, head-ing and stimulating. For sale by all drug-gists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their abil-ity absolutely free of Charge. MUN-YON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Phil-adelphin, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheuma-tism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures 'n a few days. Price 25c.

Barnyard Optimism.

Fluffs, the Chick-Hey, mother! Look at that guy. Ain't he just dressed to kill

Madam Kaduck, the Hen-That's not so bad as being killed to dress.

Mrs. Winslow's Scotline Staup for Children teching, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allayspain, cures wind collo. 25c a bottle.

Are You In On a "Pass." From the Novelty News.

There is a story about the man whe There is a story about the man whe went to see 'Hamlet'' played by a 'barnstormer'' company in a frontier town. The play was awful and the acting a scandal, even for so crude a town. Everyone in the audience threw eggs or vegetables, or hissed and caterwauled; everyone except the hero of the story. He was silent. His silence attracted general attention. "Why don't you hiss, pard?" said his next door neighbor. "Do you think it's good? It's rotten! You ought to hiss, or heave a cabbage, or do some-thing to show the actors how you feel about it."

about it."

"That's so," replied our hero. ought to do it—and I will! Here, hold my hat while I go out and buy a ticket. You see, I'm in here on a billboard pass.

How He Got Even. From Success Magazine.

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was

business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient." "Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Everyone has his peculiarity. S-stam-mering is mine. What's y-yours?" "I'm not aware that I have any," re-plied the merchant.

plied the merchant. "D-do you stir your coffee with your right hand?" asked the salesman.

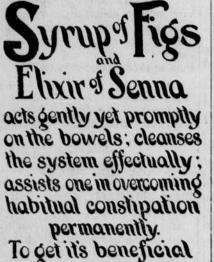
"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant. "W-well," went on the salesman,

a lighter heart-I'm thinking it will be for bringing him down, if anything

She couldn't stay, she had to go-Praise God, from whom all blessings

Convincing, is it not? Run for the doctor.

When a man gets married there is the license and the preacher, and some-times the devil to pay, and still some people think it is not a costly procedure.



effects always buy the genuine, MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50'A BOTTLE PAY IF CURED LES FREE REP CORED REA CO., DEPT. 85, MINNEAPOLIS, MINE. If attlicted with THOMPSON'S EVE WATER

AGENTS wanted to introduce our beauti-AGENTS wanted to introduce our beauti-ful spring suitings, sliks and fine cotton fabrics. Large sample outfit free, by exp. prepd. No money required. Liberal credit to responsible agts. Write and secure terri-tory now, NATIONAL DRESS GOODS 60., (Dept. B) 260 W. Broadway, New York City.

ABOUT Tobacco and its effects. Book for tobacco users and non-users. Instruc-tive reading. Send \$1.00 for copy, and agent's terms, to the Slocum Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.,

A RAKE chance to buy nice land adjoin-ing a railroad town in Panhandle coun-try, 32 per acre. Address Dalby, Middle-water, Texas.

WANTED Active and ambitious young BASEBALL seems, to take the place of plac

SIOUX CITY P'T'G CO., 1,330-4, 1910 son for taking her hand linght out., and-his head grew hot at the thought.

toward the stables. But when they had passed out of sight he turned and walked along the lake to meet the girl and her companion. As he walked he had time to decide how he might best deal with Flavia and how much he should tell her. When he met them, theremore—by this time the night was falling—his first question related to that which an hour before had been the one preoccupation of all their minds. "I think I must stay over tomor-row," Payton remarked, smiling at the ceiling. "There must be a good deal to be seen here.

"Ah, there is," Asgill answered in apparent good humor

"Worth seeing, too, I'll be sworn!" the Englishman replied, smiling more too, as one whom she had never seen broadly

one preoccupation of all their minds. "Well," he said, "he'll not have yield-ed yet, I am thinking?" "And that's true, too!" the other rejoined.

Joined. He had himself in hand, and it was not from him that the proposal to break up the party came. The major it was who at best diversity came. The major Dark as it was, the girl averted her face to hide the trouble in her eyes. She shook her head. "No," she said, it was who at last pleaded fatigue. Englishmen's heads, he said, were stronger than their stomachs; they "he has not." "I did not count on it," Asgill replied cheerfully. "But time—time and hun-ger and patience—not a doubt he'll give in presently." She did not answer, but he fancied— she kept her face averted—that she shivered were a match for port, but not for claret

In presently." She did not answer, but he fancied— she kept her face averted—that she shivered. "While you have been away some-thing has happened," he continued. Aft-er all, it was perhaps as well, he re-flected, that Payton had come. His coming, even if Flavia did not encoun-ter him, would prevent her dwelling ten long on that room in the tower ter him, would prevent her dwelling too long on that room in the tower and on the man who famished there.

ere. gentleman." ved. "There's none will take it here," As-But gill answered. "An Irishman's house is hate his guest's castle. "But, knowing that How Payton liked his glass, he wondered, the until it occurred to him that the other un- wished to have his hand steady for the un- wished to have to have here the steady for the un- wished to have the steady for the steady for the steady have next day. and on the man who famished there. She hated the colonel, Asgill believed. She had hated him, he was sure. But how long would she continue to hate him in these circumstances? How long, if she learned what were the colonel's feelings toward her? "An un-welcome guest has come," he continued glibly, "and one that'll be giving trou-ble. I'm fearing." sword play next day. The McMurrough, who had risen,

"A guest?" Flavia repeated in aston-ishment. She halted. What time for guests was this? "And unwelcome?" ishment. She halted. What time for guests was this? "And unwelcome?" she added. "Who is it?" "An English officer," Asgill ex-plained, "from Tralee. He is saying that the castle has heard something and has sent him here to look about him." ceit of himself, Asgill silent and down-cast. His scheme of ridding himself of Payton had failed; but it remained to face the situation. He did not dis-trust Flavia but he distrusted Payton-bis insolance bis violance and the his insolence, his violence, and the privileged position which his duellist's skill gave him. And then there was Colonel John. If Payton learned what Naturally the danger seemed greater Naturally the danger seemed greater to the two than to Asgill, who knew his man. Words of dismay broke from Flavia and O'Beirne. "From Tralee?" she cried. "And an English officer? Good heavens! Do you know him?" "I do," Asgill answered confidently. "And I can manage him. I hold him, like that, not the least doubt of it; but the less we'll be doing for him the sooner he'll be going and the safer we'll be! I would not be so bold as was afoot at the tower, and saw his way to make use of it, the worst might happen to all concerned.

He looked up at a touch from Morty, and to his astonishment he saw Flavia standing at the end of the table. There was a hasty scrambling to the feet, for the men had not drunk deep, and by all in the house—except her brother— the girl was treated with respect. we'll be! I would not be so bold as to advise." he continued, diffidently, "but I'm thinking it would be no worse

"I was thinking," Asgill said, fore-eing trouble, "that you were in bed d asleep." Her hair was tied back If you left him to be entertained by the men." "I will!" she cried. "Why should I be wanting to see him?" and asleep." negligently and her dress half fastened the throat. 'I cannot sleep," she answered. And

"Then I think he'll be ordering his horse tomorrow!" "I wish he were gone now!" she then she stood a moment drumming with her slender fingers on the table, and the men noticed that she was un-usually pale. "I cannot sleep," she re-peated, a tremor in her voice. "I keep thinking of him. I want some one— to go to him." "Now?" "Ah. so do I!" he replied, from his "I will go in through the garden."

He assented. She turned aside, and for a moment he bent to the tempta-"Now! "Now!" "But," Asgill said slowly, "Tm think-ing that to do that were to give him hopes. It were to spoil all. Once in 24 hours—that was agreed. And it is not four hours alnow non-more and it. tion to go with her. He was sure that she had begun, not only to suffer his company, but to suffer it willingly. And here, as she passed through the darkling garden, was an opportunity of making a further advance. She would have to grope her way, a rea-son for taking her hand might offer, not four hours since you were there. If there is one thing needful, not the least doubt of it!—it is to leave him thinking that we're meaning it."

He spoke reasonably. But the girl affRence.

"Some more, some less," Payton an-wered with a grin. "Just so," the Irishman returned, ontrolling himself. "Some more, some ess. And why not, I'm asking?" "I think I must stay over tomor-ow," Payton remarked, smilling at the of the train he leaves on. That is what all women do. truth came home to her at once. And

because it placed him in a light in which she had never viewed him before, No woman looks her best after sitbecause it recalled a hundred things, acts, words on his part which she had barely noted at the time, it showed him,

ting up all night. A lady who is invariable exceeding-ly disagreeable is in consequence held

ly disagreeable is in consequence held to be exceedingly good. Mrs. Tanqueray was received with delight by the public; Saint Teresa would have been hissed off the same stage for her contempt for the ideal represented by a carriage, a fashion-able dressmaker and a dozen servants. In the past women have rather liked being worshiped on false pretenses. In America they still do. Women spend half their lives tell-ing little lies for men, and sometimes big ones. Had he been free, prosperous, triumph-ant, the knowledge that he loved her, ing, the fact that he loved her touched her leart, transfixed her with an almost poignant feeling, choked her with a rising flood of pity and self reproach. "So there you have it, Flavvy!" James cried complacently. "And sure,

big ones. When women are offended they do

not group themselves pathetically to sing "Protegga il Giusto Cielo!" they grasp formidable legal and social

A man who discusses his conscience is much like a woman who discusses

her modesty. If women were as fastidious as men, morally or physically, there would be an end of the race.

Sometimes we grumble ungallantly at a lady because she does not act as well as she looks.

When a lady, because she is a lady, will face any extremity of parasitic dependence rather than take a situation as a cook or parlor maid, we make large allowances for her. "I cannot understand why she is so

unlucky; she is such a nice woman!" That is the formula. As if women with any force in them ever were altogether nice!

together nice! The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. The Eternal Feminine draws us ever

upward and on-without getting us a step further.

step further. Literary and cultured persons have been for years setting up the cry of the New Woman whenever some un-usually old-fashioned female came

Man is no longer victor in the duel of sex. Whether he has ever really been, may be doubted. At all events, the enormous superiority of Woman's natural position in this matter is telling with greater and greater force.

Who Can Tell?

Men "visibly intoxicated" and con-scious of a lingering thirst will ask for another drink at their peril if the for another drink at their peril if the Pennsylvania legislature passes a bill introduced by Representative M. Wat-son, of Indiana county. Mr. Watson would make the price of that partic-ular drink, or even the request thereof. \$5 to \$20. It is unlawful now for a saloon keeper to sell to a man "visibly intoxicated." or to an habitual drunk-ard or a minor, but the present law imposes all responsibility upon the saloon keeper to determine the man's condition. Representative Watson

saloon keeper to determine the man's saloon keeper to determine the man's condition. Representative Watson would shift some of the responsibility on the man with the thirst; also upon the habitual drunkard and the minor the habitual drunkard and the minor the habitual drunkard and the minor who would ask a saloon keeper to determine the man's saloon keeper to determine the man's saloon keeper to determine the man's to condition. Representative Watson would shift some of the responsibility on the man with the thirst; also upon the habitual drunkard and the minor who would ask a saloon keeper to determine the man's condition. Representative Watson would shift some of the responsibility on the man with the thirst; also upon the habitual drunkard and the minor who would ask a saloon keeper to determine the man's condition. Representative Watson would shift some of the responsibility on the man with the thirst; also upon the habitual drunkard and the minor who would ask a saloon keeper to violate the law. His bill proposes a fine of from \$5 to \$20 for each attempt to get a drink under the circumstances.

"t-that's your p-peculiarity. people use a teaspoon." Most

> Was Doing Her Best. From Success Magazin

William Pruette, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pru-ette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a tele-gram saying her mother was sick.

"Certainly you may go," said Mrs. Pruette, "only don't stay longer than said Mrs is necessary, as we need you.'

A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note which read: "Dear Miss Pruette i will be back

next week an plese kep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can.

Give a spendthrift time and he will get over the habit.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite. A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its' use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all-thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason.'

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



SO KIND OF HER

Mrs. W.-Are you really going to give your husband a table for Christmas? Mrs. B.-Yes-er-that is, it's a sewing

machine that drops down when it isn't in use, so that the top may be used as

Early Surgery. Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1571) tells of

early Italian surgery. He had got a bit of chipped steel in his eye, "so far into the pupil that it was impossible to get it out, so that I was in very great danger of losing that eye." But the surgeon came to the rescue with the pigeons. "The surgeon making me lie

surgeon came to the rescue with the pigeons. "The surgeon, making me lie upon my back, with a little knife opened a vein in each of their wings, so that the blood ran into my eye, and I was thereby greatly relieved. In the space of two days the bit of steel issued from my eye, and I found that I had re-ceived considerable ease, and in a great measure recovered my sight."

a table.

you'll not be making a fool of yourself at this time of day (Continued Next Week.)