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 nedicines 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."



Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises.

It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed - all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Here's the Proof.
Mr. L. ROLAND, Bishop of Scranton, Pa. says:—"On the 7th of this present month, as I was leaving the building at noon for lunch, I slipped and fell, spraining my wrist. I returned in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I could not hold a pencil in my hand. I returned home later and purchased a bottle of

Sloan's iniment

I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."



Sloan's Liniment is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sloan's book on orses, cattle, sheep ad poultry sens co. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Excellent Reason. From London Sketch

"Ol'll work no more for that man Dolan."
"An' why?"

"Shure, and 'tis on account av a re-mark he made."
"An' phwat was that?"

"Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're dis-

Bud Doble,

The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience horses I have found Spohn's Distemper Cure the most successful of all remedies for the horses. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle, 50c and \$1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers. Agents wanted. Send for Free Book. Spohn Medical Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Last Straw. From Judge.

An attendant at a Kansas institute deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapidfire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by. "By ringing the dumbbells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

A man is never actually happy in the presence of misery, but most men can make a noise like it.

Men are measured by what they don't ay even more than by what they do

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an old-nashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Bal-nem. Sold by all druggists, 20c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

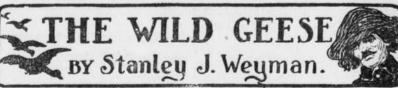
A balky horse is the product of per nicious association with a man does not possess "horse sense

Too much time is spent in wishing could start over again, and

too little in keeping the start one has

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S 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 care yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from 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, inc. It was, as she had foreseen it, inc. The summers and some summons and some pushed the door open and went in. No one answered the summons and she pushed the door open and went in. No one answered the summons and she pushed the door open and went in. No one answered the summons and she feared, enlightened by Asgill shirt, she found James was awake and going back to her own chamber, she decision in the house of the doors, and served the summons and she deared, enlightened by Asgill shirt, the June sunshine was pour-ing with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the windows as stir, the June sunshine was pour-ing with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the windows. She heard one of the windows as stir, the June sunshine was pour-ing with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the windows as the windows as the stirling with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the windows as the windows as the windows as time the house.



(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman.) through the long, restless, torturing CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The girl recoiled, outraged and angry But, knowing her brother was at hand, and seeing in a flash what might hap-pen in the event of a collision, she did pen in the event of a comsion, she did so in silence, hoping to escape before he came upon them. Unfortunately Payton misread her silence and took her movements for a show of feigned modesty. With a movement as quick as hers, he grasped her roughly, dragged her toward him and kissed

She screamed then in sheer ragescreamed then in sheer rage—screamed with such passion that Payton let her go and stepped back with an oath. As he did so he turned, and the turn brought him face to face with James McMurrough.

The young man, tipsy and smarting with his wrongs, saw what was before his eyes—his sister in Payton's arms—but he saw something more. He saw the man who had thwarted him that day, and whom he had not at the time dared to beard! What he might have done had he been sober matters not. Drink and vindictiveness gave him more than the courage he needed, and, with a roar of anger, he dashed the class he was carrying and its conglass he was carrying—and its contents—into Payton's face.

The Englishman dropped where he was, and James stood over him, swearing, while the grease guttered from the tilted candle in his right hand. Flavia gasped, and, horror struck, clutched James' arm as he lifted the candlestick and made as if he would beat in the man's brains.

Fortunately a stronger hand than hers interfered. Asgill dragged the young man back. "Haven't you done nough?" he cried. "Would you murder

"Ah, didn't you see, curse you, he"

"I know, I know!" Asgill answered, hoarsely. "But not now! Not now! Let him rise if he can! Let him rise, I say! The moment James stood back the

fallen man staggered to his feet, and though the blood was streaming down his face from a cut on the cheekbone, he showed that he was less hurt than startled. "You'll give me satisfaction for thus!" he muttered. "You'll give me satisfaction for this," he repeated,

"Ah, by heaven, I will!" James Mc-Murrough answered furiously. "And

kill you, too!"
"At 8 tomorrow! Do you hear? At 8 tomorrow! Not an hour later!"

James tried to utter the oath that, deceiving her, might rid him of her presence. But his nerves, shaken by his overnight drink, could not command his voice even for that. His eyes dropped in shame; the muttered, "What the plague will you be wanting at this hour?" was no more than a querulous whisper."

"I couldn't sleep," she said, avoiding

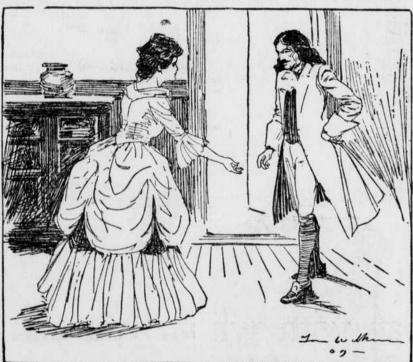
"I, no more," he muttered. "Curse him! Curse, you, too! Why were you

"Heaven forbid!" she exclaimed.

himself to and fro in his excitement.
"If it were any one else, I'm as ready
to fight as another. But he's killed
four men, and he'd kill me. Oh, if I'd
not come up at that minute. If I'd not
come up at that minute."

elf-pity. Yet he did not suffer more sorely under the lash of his own terrors than Flavia suffered—seeing him thus, the braggadocio stripped from him, and the poor, cringing creature displayed. It she had thought too much of her descent—and the more in proportion as fortune had straightened the line, and only in this corner of a downtrodden land was its greatness even a memory she was chastened for it now. vet, so plain was the collapse of the man before her that she did not think of reproach, even had she found heart to chide him, knowing that her words might send him to his death. All her thought was, could she hide

the blot? Could she, at any rate, so veil it that the insolent Englishman, this bully of the conquering race, might



"It's you that struck him after he was disarmed," cried Morty.

"That will be seen—tomorrow," the Englishman answered, in a tone that chilled the girl's marrow. Then, with his kerchief pressed to his cheek to stanch the blood, he retreated to his room and slammed the door. They heard him turn the key in it.

Flavia found her voice. She looked ther brother. "Ah, heavens!" she ried. "Why did I open my door?" James, still pot-valiant, returned her "Because you were a fool," he "But I'll spit him, never fear! Faith, and I'll spit him like a fowl!" In his turn he went on unsteadily to

his head, but did not speak.
"He will kill him!" she said.
Asgill reflected in a heavy silence. will think what can be done," he mutered at last. "Do you go to bed."
"To bed?" she cried.

"There is naught to be done tonight," he answered, in a low tone. "If the troopers were not with him—but that is useless. And—his door is locked. Do useless. you go to bed, and I will think what

"To save James?" She laid her hand on Asgill's arm, and he quivered. "Ah, you will save him!" She had forgotten her brother's treatment of her earlier

was damp and very pale. "If I can," he repeated. "Tut it will not be easy to

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEHIND THE YEWS.

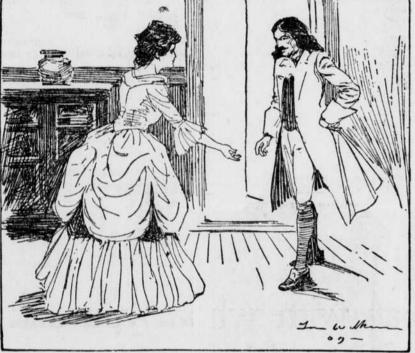
him! Curse, you, too! Why were you getting in his way? You've as good as murdered me with your tricks and your poses!"

'Ah, you have," he anwered, rocking

The picture of what he would have escaped had he mounted the stairs a minute later was too much for him. Not a thought did he give to what might have happened to her had he came on the scene later; but, with all his cowardly soul laid bare, he rocked himself to and fro in a parayyem of himself to and fro in a paroxysm of

not perceive it? That were worth so much that her own life seemed a small price to pay for it.

But alas! she could not purchase it with her life. Only in fairy tales can the woman pass for the man and Doris receive in her tender bosom the thoust receive in her tender bosom the thrust intended for the sterner breast. Then could they shun at least open disgrace —open dishonor? For it needed but a glance at her brother's pallid face to



etorted.
Flavia leaned almost fainting against er door. She tried to speak, but her

would prove unequal to the task of cloaking his fears.
She sickened at the thought, and her her door. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

And Payton's livid, scowling, bleeding face was hate itself. "Behind the yows in the garden?" he said, disregarding her presence.
"Ah, I'll meet you there?" The Mc-

more by token, order your coffin, for you'll need it!" Drink and rage left no place in his brain for fear.

heard him turn the key in it. She looked his room, disappeared within it, and the

Flavia and Asgill remained together. Her eyes met his. "Ah, why did I open my door?" she cried. "Why did I?" He had no comfort for her. He shook

in the day.

"If I can," he said slowly. His face
"If I can," he ave him honorably."

The passages were still gray and chill when one of the bedchamber doors opened and a face peeped out. The face as Flavia's Presently the girl stepped was rayla's research the girl stepped forward—paused, scared by a board that creaked under her naked foot— then went on again. She reached one of the doors, and scratched on it with

"I'll not keep you waiting," James assure her that, brought to the field, he

ty to spare for him.
"Can't you be seeing?" he answered "Ah, I'll meet you there?" The McMurrough answered, pot-valiant. "And,
more by token, order your coffin, for
you'll need it!" Drink and rage left
be seeing I am not fit to get up? See
the like like in the left of the left like in the like in the left like in the like in the left like in the like in the left like in the left like in the like in the like in the like in the left like in the like hand shakes!

"What is to be done, then?"

of rage. He beat the pillow with his "That does no good," she said.

"I believe you want to kill me!" he omplained with childish passion. "I believe you want to see me dead! Why can't you be managing your own affairs, without — without, heavens!"
And then, in a dreadful voice, "I shall be dead tonight! And you care nothing!"
He hid unmanly tears on his pillow,

while she looked at the wall, pale to the lips. Her worst misgivings had not pictured a thing so mean as this, a spirit so poor. And this was her brother, her idol, he to whom she had fondly looked to revive the glories of the race. Truly she had been blind. She had spoken to Luke Asgill the night before, and he would help her, she believed. But for that she would have turned, as her thoughts did turn, to Colonel John. But he lay prostrate, and the O'Beirnes were out of the question; she could not tell them. Youth has no pity, makes no allowance, expects the utmost, and a hundred times they had heard James brag and brawl. And Ulcle Ulick was away.

There remained only Luke Asgill. "If you are not well," she said, in the same hard voice, "shall I be telling Mr. Asgill? He may contrive something."
The man sweating on the bed leaped at the hope, as he would have leaped at any hope. Nor was he so upset by fear as not to reflect that, whatever Flavia asked Asgill would do. "Ah, tell him," he cried, raising himself on his elbow. "Do you be telling him! He can make him—wait, may be."

At that moment she came nearly hating her brother. "I will send him to you," she said.

to you," she said.
"No!" he cried anxiously. "No! you be telling him! Do you hear? am not so well to see him."

She shivered seeing plainly the unmixed selfishness of the course he urged. But she had not the heart to

shame from all if she could! Even to say what she had to say cost her in humiliation more than her brother had

humiliation more than her brother had paid for aught in his selfish life. But it had to be said, and after a pause, and with eyes averted, "My brother is ill," she faltered. "He cannot meet —that man this morning. It is—as you feared. And—what can we do?" In another case Luke Asgill would have blessed the chance that linked him with her, cast her on his help. He had guessed, before she opened her mouth, what she had to say—nay, for hours he had lain sleepless on his bed, anticipating it. He had been certain anticipating it. He had been certain of the issue—he knew James McMurrough; and, being a man who loved Flavia indeed, but loved life also, he had foreseen, with the cold sweat on his brow, what he would be driven to do

He made no haste to answer, there He made no haste to answer, therefore, and his tone, when he did answer, was dull and lifeless. "Is it ill he is?" he asked. "It's a bad morning to be ill and a meeting on hand."

She did not answer.

"Is he too bad to stand?" he continued. He made no attempt to hide the comprehension or his scorn.

his comprehension or his scorn "I don't say that," she faltered. Perhaps he told you," Asgill saidand there was nothing of the lover in his tone—"to speak to me?" She nodded.

"It is I am to-put it off, I suppose?"

"If it be possible," she cried. "Oh, if be possible! Is it?" He stood, thinking, with a gloomy face. From the first he had seen that there were two ways out of extricating The McMurrough. The one by a mild explanation, which would leave his honor in the mud. The other by an explanation after a different fashion, with the word "liar" ready to answer to

planation after a different fashion, with
the word "liar" ready to answer to
the word "coward." But he who gave
this last explanation must be willing
to back the word with the deed, and
stop cavilling with the sword point.

Now, Asgill knew the Major's skill
with the sword; none better. And under other circumstances, the justice—
cold, selfish, scheming—would have
gone many a mile about before he entered upon a quarrel with him. None
the less, love had drawn him to contemplate this very thing. For surely
if he did this and lived, Flavia would
smile on him. Surely, if he saved her
brother's honor, she would be won. It
was a forlorn, it was a desperate expedient. For no other advantage would
Luke Asgill have faced the Major's
sword point. But, whatever he was, he
loved. He loved! And for the face and
form beside him, and for the quality of
soul that shone from the girl's even form beside him, and for the quality of soul that shone from the girl's eyes, and made her what she was, and to him

and made her what she was, and to him different from all other women, he had made up his mind to run the risk.

It went for something that he be lived that Flavia, if he falled her, would go to Colonel Sullivan. If she did that, Asgill was sure that his own chance was at an end. This was his chance. It lay with him now, today, at this moment—to dare or to retire, to win her favor at the risk of his life, or to yield her to another. In the chill morning hour he had discovered that he must risk all or lose all; and he had decided. "I will make it possible," he said, slowly, questioning in his mind whether he dared make terms with her. "I will make it possible," he repeated, still more slowly, and with his eyes fixed on her face.

her face.
"If you could!" she cried, clasping "If you could!" she cried, clasping her hands.
"I will!" he said, a sullen undertone in his voice. His eyes still dwelt darkly on her. "If he raises an objection, I will fight him—myself!"
She shrank from him. "Ah, but I can't ask that!" she cried, trembling. "It is that or nothing."

"It is that or nothing."

"That or"—
"There 's no other way," he said. He spoke with the same ungraciousness: for, try as he would, and though the habit and the education of a life cried to him to treat with her and make conditions, he could not; and he was enraged that he could not.

The more as her wet eyes, her quick, mounting color, told of her gratitude. In another moment she might have said a word fit to unlock his lips. And he would have spoken; and she would have pledged herself. But Fate, in the person of old Darby, intervened. Timely or untimely, the butler appeared in the distant doorway, cried "Hist!" and, by a backward gesture warned them by a backward gesture warned them of some approaching peril. "I fear"— she began.

"I fear"— she began.
"Yes, go!" Asgill replied, a!most roughly. "He is coming, and he must

not find us together." She sickened at the thought, and her eyes grew hard. Was this the man in whom she had believed? And when he turned on his side and hid his face in the pillow and groaned she had small pity to spare for him.

"Can't you be seeing?" he answered the contraction of the garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The Englishman paused an instant in the gateway, his sword under his arm and a handker-chief in his hand. Thence he looked the payer of the payer of the garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. up and down the road with an air of confidence that provoked Asgill beyond measure. The sun did not seem bright enough for him, nor the air scented to his liking. Hastily he approached the Irishman, who, affecting to be engaged with his own thoughts, had kept his

'Is he ready?" he asked, with a sneer.

With an effort Asgill controlled himself. "He is not," he said.
"At his prayers, is he? Well, he'll need thim." "He is not, to my knowledge," Asgill plied. "But he is ill."
"Payton's face lightened with a joy

not pleasant to see. "A coward!" he said coolly. "I am not surprised. Ill, is he? Ay, I know that illness. It's not the first time I've met it!

(Continued Next Week.)

Stick to the Farm Stick he farm," says the President To the wide-eyed farmer boy, hen he hies him back to his White

With its air of rustic joy. "Stick to the farm," says the railroad

king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car. "Stick to the farm," says the clergyman To the youth on the worm fence perch, Then lays his ear to the ground to hear A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the dostor wise
To those who would break the rut.
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.

-New York Sun.

The Wisdom of Youth.

From the National Monthly They were expecting an addition to the family and the daughter aged 10, was sent to the country to stay relatives. Johnny, aged 9, remained at

When the new arrival had made its appearance Johnny's father wrote a long telegram to his little daughter in the country, announcing that on her re-turn home she would find a new brother awaiting her.

The family gave Johnny \$1 to go out and send the telegram. When Johnny returned he handed his father 60 cents change.
"How is this?" asked the father

Your telegram was too long father and I cut it down and saved your mon said Johnny "What did you say in the telegram? the father asked.

Johnny handed him a copy of the elegram. It read: telegram. "Susie Smith, Bingville, Ohio: "Dear Sister—I win. It's a boy.
"Johnny."

ELEMENTS WILL MIX IT BAD DURING 1910

Rev. Irl R. Hicks Takes Gloomy Look Into the Year, Predicting Many Bad Storms.

DES MOINES THE CENTER

Says a Twister That Will Out-Twist Anything That Ever Happened Will Strike Capital-Planets Will War.

From the Sioux City Tribune. Iowa is to experience one of the worst storms in its history during the coming year, according to the almanac of Rev. Irl R. Hicks, of St. Louis, copies of which have just reached Sioux City. As a long range weather forecaster, Rev. Mr. Hicks stands unequaled. While the reverend gentle-man is considered a joke by scientists and government weather men, each year he issues his weather prognosti-cations, unconcerned at the scoffers and unbelievers of his theories.

Rev. Mr. Hicks is regarded as a pes simist, but this year his forecast is indeed gloomy and foreboding. He says that between the dates of January 27 and October 29 Des Moines will be visited by a cyclone that will put all former wind storms in the shade. Although a definite date is retrieved. former wind storms in the shade. Al-though a definite date is not desig-nated, the St. Louis prophet declares that in the interval mentioned Iowa will be a seething, whirling storm cen-

Starts in February.

The storm will begin in February, when a raging blizard is due to sweep across the state. It is called a "crisis to a reactionary period," and Hicks

adds adds:

"Without the slightest pretense of claim to prophetic knowledge, we again declare that 1910 'will have its victims of storm weather.' With equal truth and emphasis we may also repeat that 'all years have them.' And just as truthfully may we affirm that almost 100 per cent of loss and suffering and death will occur within the limitations of periodic times, defined and charted of periodic times, defined and charted in this almanac as storm and danger periods. We could not afford to put this declaration on this page, if we were not gladly willing for thousands to say whether the history of our work for 40 years justifies it."

Planets Will Mix It. Following these disturbances floods will be in order, and the planets Venus, Earth and Mercury will engage in a triangular fight, causing storm ructions that will bear watching. that will bear watching.

that will bear watching.

Fourth of July will furnish its own fireworks, according to Rev. Mr. Hicks. Due to the little scrimmage of the planets, there will be severe thunder storms during the first three days of the month, culminating with a dazzling electrical storm on the night of the third, followed by a chilly spell on the fourth.

tendency of fierce northwesterly gales over all that region, annually, in Octo-ber and November, but this tendency is increased when a Venus equinox falls in these months. The storm diagram shows a Venus period central on Octo-The Mercury period coming into force the last week of the month, blending with the Venus period, as already world. ber 13 and extending into November. with the Venus period, as already noted, will breed storm and weather conditions, especially on and about the great lakes, and perhaps on the north Atlantic seas and coasts, that ought to put shippers and navigators on their guard. We thus repeat and emphasize

the warning." If 1910 was ushered in with a raging blizzard it will not go out as a lamb, for it will be very cold and on Christmas day there will be blowing a regular blizzard.

lar blizzard.

Love in the City. written for young friends, this poem is, so far as known, Mr. Gilder's last piece of verse.] How many bards have sung Love in glad

valleys
(And chiefly one who lately passed from earth!)

Divinely congruous, Love with Nature dallies,
And, under soilless skies, hath happy Where the green burns to gold, or in deep woods,

Throbs love 'twixt man and maid in thousand moods.

Yet, 'gainst whate'er would thwart it, Love achieves; It thrives by opposition and delay; * It makes its habitation where there Not one sweet growth to feed it; Love hath way In barren lands, cold winters, stormy

weather, In happy freedom, or in steely tether. The violent town, the harsh world's shrieking mart—
Casual, cruel, crowded, ever-shifting—
Even there hath Love its undestructed

part,
As if, in calm, down lilied waters As if, in calm, down lilled waters drifting:

And many a heart, in hidden joy, remembers,
In roaring streets, its Junes and dear December.

September 15, 1909.

Richard Watson Gilder in the Century, early, Bridget dear.

Canine Etiquet.

From the Atlantic. In their relations with one another dogs have a keen sense of etiquet. A well known traveler makes this unex pected remark about a tribe of naked black men, living on one of the South sea islands.: "In their every day in-tercourse there is much that is stiff, formal, and precise." Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Un-less they are on very intimate terms. take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquet unless they are special friends. It is no un-common thing for two dogs to belong to the same person, and live in the same house, and yet never take the slight-est notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never rmit another member of the dog fam ily to pillow his head upon him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the

other dogs for that purpose. There is no editor so sour that he will not take a joke, but sometimes he will not give credit for it.



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 from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the

Adelphia, Pa.
Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

PASSING OF THE TRAPPER.

(From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The forward march of civilization has reached the wilds of the Canadian north and trappers report that their business is rapidly becoming unprofitable on account of the frequency of the settlements. That stae of affairs is to be expected and the wonder is that

periods. We could not afford to put this declaration on this page, if we were not gladly willing for thousands to say whether the history of our work for 40 years justifies it."

This same storm will cause trouble in all parts of the globe in the opinion of Rev. Mr. Hicks. Cyclones and tornadoes will be in order everywhere, and he says the loss of life will be great. The month of April will furnish interesting news for the papers, storms visiting cities and causing wholesale destruction.

Planets Will Mix It.

from the business.

It began with Maine and Massachusetts and continued to the westward until the United States was no longer tenable for the trapper. The Hudson Bay company preserved the frozen north of Canada for half a century after the United States had ceased to be a profitable hunting ground, but the onward march of the railroads and the ever restless wave of homeseekers has at last advanced to the very outposts of the Hudson Bay territory. Gold and from the business

storms during the first three days of the month, culminating with a dazzling electrical storm on the night of the third, followed by a chilly spell on the fourth.

Fall a Bad One.

In the fall of the year will come storms which will do millions of dollars worth of damages. Concerning this the prophet says:

"Within the recollection of this storm prophet, millions upon millions of dollars worth of ships and cargoes have been destroyed and hundreds of lives have been lost in October storms on the great northern lakes. There is a tendency of fierce northwesterly gales over all that region, annually, in October and November, but this tendency is increased where a Volume and adays of the Hudson Bay territory. Gold and wheat have been the lodestones and the trapping business suffers.

Where will we get our furs in the future? We will raise them. For farming, skunk farming, cat farming and the hundred and one other kinds of the trapper and his gun. Other furbearing animals will soon be taught to eat out of the hand of man just as the domestic animals of the farm have been doing for centuries. Man will simply enlarge his control over the furbearing as well as the food-bear-ing animals.

Why His Mother Mourned. From the Indianapolis Star

William M. Fogarty has

She had watched him prosper with pride. To her he was a great man. her fond vision she could see all sorts of terrible tidings coming to him, but she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. A neighbor tried to console her,

but to no avail. "I'm afraid he hasn't the money to get back," said the mother weeping. He's got the money to go round the world all right, but how will he ever the week?"

The men who strike for their "altars and their fires," generally succeed in breaking the one and quenching the

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes from Food. If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can? That is only possible by use of skilfully selected food that exactly fits the

requirements of the body. Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from

a little town in Missouri. "It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it.'

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food. Look in pkgs. for the little book,

"The Road to Wellville." "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.