

**A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.**

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.**



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

**Unflattering Truth.**  
A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The five children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased acclamation. The good doctor felt duly flattered, but rashly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the better truth.

"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrid medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you, always, 'cause you made us stick out our tongues. We stuck 'em out awful far!"

**Looked Like a Pattern.**  
"My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"

"My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening Post.

**The Inevitable.**  
Briggs—I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.

Griggs—Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false.—Life.

**Hot-Headed If You Mention It.**  
Scott—Jones is a cool-headed chap.  
Mott—Naturally! He's as bald as a door knob.

Whether the church shall stay in the world depends not on whether the world will support it but on whether it will serve the world and save it.

**Compound Interest**  
comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

**That Certain Sense**  
of vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigested

**Grape-Nuts**  
take their place.

If it has taken you years to run down don't expect one mouthful of this great food to bring you back (for it is not a stimulant but a builder.)

Ten days trial shows such big results that ones sticks to it.

**"There's a Reason"**

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

**SQUIRE TOM'S LONG PRAYER**  
BY H. M. WILTSE

(Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.) My friend Squire Tom is the son of a Tennessee man, who was born in Virginia, and a Cherokee woman. When the civil war began he was a mere boy, but he promptly joined the confederate army, and became a scout, first for General Joe Wheeler and then for General N. B. Forrest.

Upon one occasion his little party was ordered to make the nearest possible approach to Nashville, take careful observations of the strength of the situation of the enemy and report to the commanding general.

As they were proceeding rather leisurely through a fertile section of middle Tennessee to give the horses a little rest toward noon they were surprised by a force of federal cavalry, and in Squire Tom's own words, "did the only thing that was left for us to do, and ran like the devil."

Duck river was somewhat swollen, but under the inspiration of a sharp fire from their pursuers they forced their horses into the stream and all emerged on the opposite bank without casualty save Tom, whose horse was shot and killed.

Being an expert swimmer he succeeded in securing the bridle and saddle and getting safely ashore with his valuable burden.

The party was now in a forest, and for the time being comparatively safe. But it was imperative that those who were mounted should push on as far as possible during daylight.

The lieutenant in command said to the unfortunate boy: "Tom, you are in a desperate predicament, but I know of no other way than for us to leave you to your fate, and may God bless you. Goodby."

"All that I ask of you," replied Tom, "is that you will throw a green branch upon the right hand side of the road whenever you leave Notchey Trace," for he knew that they would have that highway at night when they were ready to go into camp. Notchey Trace was so called because in those wild days the way through the forest was indicated by cutting notches in the trees to tell the miles as well as perform the functions of guide posts when the road was not plain.

"I will do that, you may be sure," said the lieutenant, "but what earthly good will that do you? We shall travel at least twenty-five miles before we get into camp, and you have no horse. We must break camp and push on before daylight in the morning."

"I will be with you when you break camp," said Tom.

The lieutenant pressed his hand warmly, the boys all bade him a reluctant, and, as they believed, a last goodby, and away they went at a swift gallop.

Tom proceeded along the road that they had taken until he came to a large torn field. Into the midst of this he plunged, and there kneeling upon the ground, in obedience to a promise made to his Indian mother, who was a devoted Christian, and whose implicit faith would put to shame the feebleness given to many people of greater pretensions, that he would always appeal to God for help in cases of emergency.

"I went at it in mighty earnest," said Squire Tom, "but with the most implicit faith that God would hear and answer my prayer. It may seem ridiculous to you that I should have prayed so long and so earnestly while intending at the time to steal the first horse that I laid eyes upon, but I was praying for a horse, and I believed that God would send me one, to take as a gift from Him or to steal as a necessity of war."

It was 11 o'clock in the forenoon when his companions left him. It was noon when he entered the corn field. It was sundown when he heard sounds as if of a body of men and a train of wagons moving up the road, and thereupon brought his long prayer to a close. He crept to a point where he could see, and sure enough a body of federal troops and a wagon train were passing by.

Hungry and thirsty to the point of faintness, Tom was rejoiced beyond expression when he discovered a large number of fine watermelons in the part of the corn field where he was now standing. Eating as much of the delicious fruit as he wished, he crept along, concealed by the friendly corn, until he saw the federal force going into camp near a barn and some outhouses.

He remained concealed until after darkness had fallen, and, fortunately for him, pale moonlight soon succeeded. With everything became still he reconnoitered, and discovered that a number of horses were grazing not very far from the barn. The position of the sentries he could not make out, but the risk of challenge was one that must be taken.

Lying down and dragging his saddle and bridle as best he could, he crept to the nearest horse and tried to secure it, but the animal gave a slight snort and ran away from him. He made several attempts with similar results, but finally came to a large animal which showed no fear.

Quickly placing his saddle and bridle securely for a desperate ride he mounted, and avoiding the road, where he knew sentries were sure to be posted, he made off into the fields and over fences, until he felt fairly secure from successful pursuit. Then, having a fine knowledge of stars and woodcraft in general, he took observations, and proceeded in the general direction of the spot he thought his comrades were likely to have left the road, avoiding it, and still proceeding through fields, forests and over fences.

Even in this emergency the lessons which his mother had taught him were



He made off into fields and over fences.

an exclamation. "Why, boys, look! There is a strange horse!"

The presence of the animal caused a good deal of consternation, but when one of the scouts discovered Tom rolled up in his blanket and called attention to him, the lieutenant exclaimed, in enthusiasm, which military discipline did not check, "Well, if there ain't that darned Injun!"

In turn every man in the party gave their companion, so unexpectedly returned to them, a sound hug and a "God bless you, Tom, my boy!"

It proved that the horse which Tom had stolen as an answer to his half-day-long prayer was the property of the wagon master, and the best traveler in the federal command.

**The President's Pay.**  
From the Washington Star.

President Roosevelt gets his salary the last day of each month. It is taken to the White House by a messenger from the treasurer's office in the shape of a check, and handed over to the official who has been directed to look after it.

The president's salary of \$50,000 a year divided into eight checks of \$4,166.67 each and four checks of \$4,166.66 each. Two months out of every three the president gets a check for the larger sum and the other month he gets the cent less on his check. This has been the custom for many years and a mistake was never made but once. That was during the second administration of President Cleveland. One month when his check should have been \$4,166.67, the bookkeeper made it out for only \$4,166.66. When the books were balanced at the end of the fiscal year it was found that the president was due 1 cent by the government. The officials with great solemnity made out a check on the United States treasurer for this amount and forwarded it to Mr. Cleveland. Because it was the smallest sum a warrant was ever drawn for upon the government it was kept as a souvenir and was never presented. If the ex-president desired to do so at any time it will be promptly cashed.

President Roosevelt's checks are taken to the White House by the same messenger each time. His name is William R. Padgett, and he is employed in the treasurer's office. He was for a long time a sergeant in Battery A, Fourth United States artillery, and served in the army at different points. He served in the marine corps prior to enlisting in the army and went over the world. His service to the government was honest and faithful throughout and his record when he gave up his uniform was good. His delights in going to the White House with the check for the president and takes as much care of it as if he were handling as much cash.

Padgett lives in Alexandria, Va., being a Virginian by birth.

**Talks to Wives.**  
From Harper's Bazaar.

Marriage isn't a set of rules. It is a condition of life, made by the characters of the two people who enter into it. There are homes that seem of a

**Controlled Newspapers.**

The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—Emporia Gazette.

**The Lost Chords.**

The village concert was to be a great affair. They had the singers, they had the program sellers, they had the doorkeepers and they would doubtless have the audience. All they needed was the piano, but that they lacked. Nor could they procure one anywhere.

At last the village organist learned that one was possessed by Farmer Hayseed, who lived "at the top of the hill." Forthwith he set out with two men and a van.

"Take it, an' welcome," said Hayseed cordially. "I've no objections 'long as ye put 'Pyenner by Hayseed' on the program."

They carted it away.

"An' I wish 'em joy of it," murmured Mrs. Hayseed, as the van disappeared from sight.

"Wish 'em joy of it," repeated Hayseed. "What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean I only 'ope they'll find all the notes they want," replied the good woman. "'Cos, ye see, when I wanted a bit 'er wire I allus went to the old planner for it."

**A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET**

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1113 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

**The Miser of Sag Harbor.**

"Economy," said Daniel W. Field, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Boston, who at the age of forty-five has entered Harvard, "economy is essential to wealth, but by economy I don't mean niggardliness.

"Too many men fail to attain to wealth because they practise a cheeseparing and mean economy that gets everybody down on them."

"They practise, in fact, an economy like that of old William Brewster of Sag Harbor, William, you know, would never buy oysters because he couldn't eat shells and all."

**DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.**

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Notes and Comments.  
Church—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes?  
Gotham—Yes; but not without comments.—Yonkers Statesman.

A widow may have words of praise for her late husband. But a sleepy wife, never!

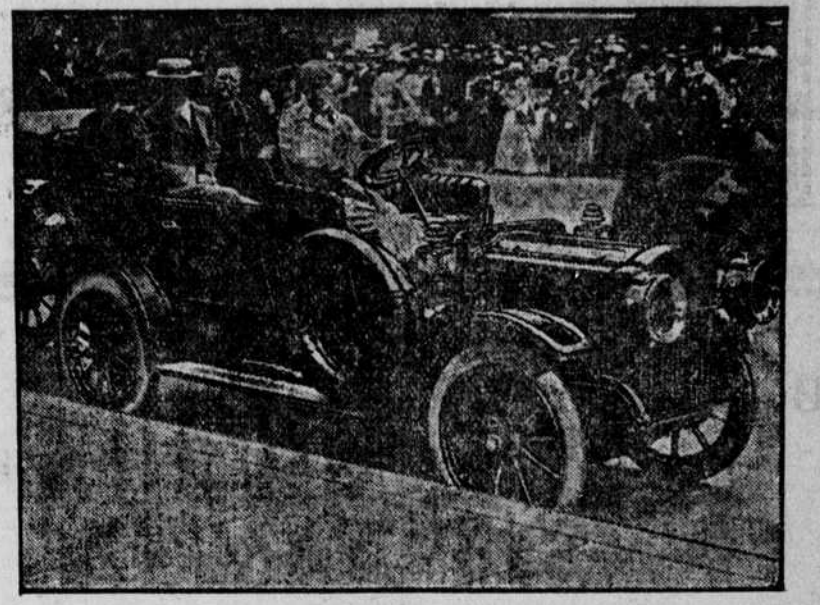
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Many a man enjoys a pipe because his wife hates it.

**ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED**

**The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American**

**The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family**



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clambake at the Travers island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

**Many Women who are Splendid Cooks**

dread having to prepare an elaborate dinner because they are not sufficiently strong to stand over an intensely hot coal range. This is especially true in summer. Every woman takes pride in the table she sets, but often it is done at tremendous cost to her own vitality through the weakening effect of cooking on a coal range in a hot kitchen.

It is no longer necessary to wear yourself out preparing a fine dinner. Even in the heat of summer you can cook a large dinner without being worn out.

**New Perfection**  
**WICK BLUE FLAME**  
**Oil Cook-stove**

Gives no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no drudgery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner sizes can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

**Standard Oil Company**  
(Incorporated)

**Your Liver is Clogged up**

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.  
Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE  
GENUINE must bear signature:

*Carter*

**ARE YOU SICK?**

If so, the Schaefer System of healing will CURE you. Every man, woman or child can be his own doctor without medical quackery of any kind. Every disease is curable. Agents wanted to whom exclusive right and diploma will be awarded. Address DR. SCHAEFER, Box 8, Erie, Pa.

**Up-Set Sick Feeling**

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists, biggest sellers in the world. Million boxes a month.

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts & kills all flies, mosquitos, gnats, house flies, etc. Kills them as they crawl, walk or fly over, will not stick to furniture or anything. Guaranteed to center. 75¢ a dozen, 6 for \$4.00, 12 for \$7.50.

**LADY OR GENT** to operate business in your own home. Large profits. Money every day. No canvassing. Complete information free. Prof. Lyke, 574 S. Main St., Jacksonville, Fla.