

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. **Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price**. Genuine must bear Signature *W. D. Wood*

STOCKERS & FEEDERS
Choice quality; reds and roans, white faces or Angus bought on orders. Tens of Thousands to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence Invited. Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co.
At either Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

720 Acres Kansas Ranch good pasture water. Crops in 1910. Alfalfa, Corn, Wheat, Oats and Grass. 2 miles from a good R. R. town. Mostly bottom land. \$40 per acre. Ad. Callahan Bros., Healy Co., Leola, Kan.

DIDN'T LIKE DARK COLORS.



Johns—I heard you tell that man to never darken your door again. Trying to marry your daughter?
Thomas—No; he's a painter and he painted my front door ebony instead of oak.

It Was the Other Way.
"Mr. Jones," said the senior partner in the wholesale dry goods house to the drummer who stood before him in the private office, "you have been with us for the past ten years."

"Yes, sir."
"And you ought to know the rules of the house. One of them is that no man of ours shall take a side line."
"But I have none, sir."
"But you have lately got married."
"Yes; but can you call that a side line, Mr. Jones?"
"Technically, it may not be."
"You needn't fear that having a wife is going to bring me in off a trip any sooner."
"Oh, I don't. It is the fear that having a wife at home you'll want to stay out on the road altogether!"

His Soft Answer.
"And this is the sort of excuse you put up for coming home two hours late for dinner and in such a condition—that you and that disreputable Augustus Jones were out hunting mushrooms, you wretch? And where, pray, are the mushrooms?"
"Eere zay are, m' dear, in m' ves' pocket; and w'ile zay ain' so many of 'em, m' dear, we had lots of fun—Gus an' I—huntin' 'em."

She Knew the Worst.
Mistress (hiring servant)—I hope you know your place?
Servant—Oh, yes, mum! The last three girls you had told me all about it.

A COOL PROPOSITION
And a Sure One.
The Body Does Not Feel Heat Unpleasantly if it has Proper Food—
Grape-Nuts

People can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the diet.
The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a goodly allowance of fruit, either fresh or cooked. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of crisp toast with a meager amount of butter, and one cup of well-made Postum.
By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of ease and perfect digestion, for the food being partially pre-digested is quickly assimilated by the digestive machinery.
Experience and experiment in food, and its application to the human body, has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

WILD OATS

BY HERBERT RICHMOND.
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"Lady to see you, sir. No name."
"Ask her to wait a few minutes," Williams," said Reuben Power, as he went on sorting papers, and then proceeded to ring up the police, with a request for a special officer.

"Power's Detective Agency" was on Broadway. A rather decrepit elevator at the back of a large dry goods store conducted clients first to the outer office, tenanted by the chubbiness personality of Mr. Williams, and thence—if they were found worthy—into the sanctum of the great Mr. Power himself—a luxuriously furnished room, containing a bureau and the usual complement of telephones. Some cases of burglars' tools and relics of "cause celebres" were hung round the walls, together with maps, diagrams and photographs dealing with the bloody deeds which it has been Mr. Power's duty to investigate.

"All right, Williams," he called out, after keeping the lady a few moments, according to custom—for, barring an appointment, it was policy with Mr. Power to be always most particularly engaged.

The door opened and a lady entered, ushered in by Williams, who then carefully closed the door and disappeared. Power rose, returned the rather strained bow of his mysterious visitor, and motioned her to a chair.

"Mr. Power, I believe," she began.
"Yes, madam; how can I be of service to you?" he replied, and took a careful note of her appearance as she raised a thick blue veil she had hitherto worn.

"She was perhaps thirty, perhaps hardly so much, blond, with a wealth of golden hair, blue eyes—the mouth was a little too large, but the whole face, if not one of regular beauty, had an irresistible charm incapable of analysis. There were loyalty written there, and the devotion that would stand by a man though all the world was against him.

"Mr. Power," she said, "I don't know you, of course, but I have come to see you about a matter which I dare not mention to any of my friends. My name—I should tell you—is McLeavy, I am the wife of Rev. James McLeavy, who is no doubt well known to you by name. As you know, he is minister of the church on Twelfth avenue, and

looked up to and respected by every one. We have been married ten years nearly, and have never had an unkind word. Until two months ago he was every respect a model man and a model husband. About that time he did not come home one Sunday evening after service. I waited up for him nearly all night and all day on Monday. At length he arrived home at 12 o'clock on Monday night, in what condition I am ashamed to tell you. Since then the same thing has happened every Sunday evening. I have used tears, remonstrances and prayers, but in vain. To find out just what the matter was followed him after Sunday evening church last week. He got on a car and went down town to Eighth street, and there I saw him disappear into a house which stood back some way from the pavement.

"The house is square, painted yellow, with a pillared portico, and has an air of neglect about it. The blinds and shutters were drawn tight, and I was only able to catch a glimpse of the hall as the door opened and shut. Now, Mr. Power, I have no friend whom I dare trust with this secret. I am alone all I can and am powerless. If the church people hear a suspicion of this my husband's character is gone, his position ruined and we shall be turned out into the world without food or shelter. Now, what I want you to do is—phone up my husband and ask him next time he is passing to call and see you. Tell him that through your agents you have made this discovery, and have been asked by a friend (who wishes to remain unknown) to mention the matter and entreat him to give up these visits."

It was impossible not to feel sympathy for such genuine distress; but it was not the kind of business that Power cared for. For some seconds he lay back and surveyed the ceiling with some interest and then, as his glance fell to Mrs. McLeavy's eager face, his hard features relaxed into a kindly smile. "I'll do what I can," he said, and with evident anxiety not to be thanked, bowed out his fair client.

The following day, Thursday, at about the same hour, Rev. James McLeavy occupied that same chair which his wife, all unknown to him, had occupied the previous day.

"One minute, Mr. McLeavy," said Power, as apparently absorbed in work he proceeded to focus a mirror on McLeavy's chair and take the measure of his man.

Yes, the face was a good one—open and frank, but the face of a fanatic. The forehead high and bare, the eyes large and piercing, the nose aquiline. A man who could persuade other persons and himself as well that right was wrong and wrong was right; nervous, excitable, impressionable. A man who in another age might have been a Spanish Inquisitor or a member of that order of Friars called "Flagellants," who beat themselves till the blood flowed, to show their devotion to God. A man who would break but never bend.

Reuben Power had the face of a sphinx. In repose it conveyed nothing of the thoughts passing in his mind. His figure was tall and spare, and always seemed ready to bend under the weight of the massive head. He had an unusually high skull, a snub nose, large ears, and eyes which always seemed as if they were trying to escape the gaze of others, and which he could veil at any time by simply lowering his brows. He did not appear to see anything, yet nothing ever escaped him.

Well, Mr. McLeavy, I have been asked by a friend of yours (not a member of your congregation, I may say) to speak to you on a rather unpleasant subject," said Power, suddenly wheeling round his chair. "The fact is that

this person is in possession of information to the effect that you are in the habit of making certain visits weekly to a certain house. No one else has knowledge of the affair except myself. I am to ask you to discontinue those visits. Will you promise me to do so?"

"For some moments neither spoke. McLeavy turned white as a sheet, and after making one of two ineffectual attempts to say something leaned back, gazing hopelessly at Power.

"Then I may say you will discontinue?" began the latter.

"I do not know," said McLeavy in a broken voice. "Just now I can hardly think. It is useless for me to deny, as I see that you know all. Let me have a day to think it over. Say I come in tomorrow at this time?"

Power looked at the clock and saw it was 3:30; consulted a notebook. There was no engagement. "Very well, McLeavy. I hope sincerely that you will do as my friend wishes. You may rely on me to render you any assistance in my power."

"Thank you, Mr. Power," said McLeavy, as he boarded a car for home.

Twenty minutes passed—then Power was rung up on the phone.

"Who is it?" he asked, "Oh! Mrs. McLeavy! Well!—then there was a pause—'Shot himself, you say! Good God, I'll come at once.'"

And Power did go—but too late to do aught save find in the pocket of the ghastly corpse, the following note on a dirty scrap of paper in an almost illegible hand:

"Dear Tim:
"You seem to have forgotten your old pals these days since you got religion. If you don't come down and spend a few dollars with us occasionally maybe we'll feel it only kind to come and see you at your place of business. A man that's been sentenced for killing a man in Montana, can't afford to lose sight of his old mates. Yours,
"Billy McCreery."

The Dancing Masters.
From the New York World.
Having thundered against the "two-step" only to see that derided dance persist in popular favor, the dancing



professors the meditating a subtler form of attack by modifying the waltz step.
Professors propose, but dancers decide. The spirit of ragtime in the two-step lures them on and will not down. In spite of Professor Duenweg's improved waltz movement, "which is the ordinary waltz what a Liszt rhapsody is to a five-finger exercise," the more graceful measure is not likely soon to regain the ground it has lost to its leveller rival.

The dancing masters are this year in session in New York. They are reported as dwelling more on the aesthetic and educational features of dancing, as distinct from its functions as a social pleasure. They have distinguished authority on their side. Has not a Yale professor lauded the jig of a prime form of exercise and made it a part of the gymnastic course?

The opportunity to dedicate a new dance to the peace commissioner is too apt to be lost on the professors. What will it be—a Portsmouth polka, Komura quadrille, Mikado gavotte or Oyster Bay schottische?

Privileged.
From Harper's Weekly.
Simeon Ford enjoyed nothing better than to tell a story of the humors of the hotel business.

"A friend in the west," says Mr. Ford, "once related to me the trials and tribulations of the people employed in the office of his hostelry to keep in proper bounds a young man from Chicago who as soon as he had registered proceeded to make things lively. The first evening he spent with them he did the proprietor out of a neat sum at poker; the next night he returned to his quarters considerably intoxicated, after having whipped his cobby; the third night he gave an impromptu concert in the halls. This was too much for the hotel people; they asked for his key and rendered his bill. Evidently the amount thereof was not to his liking, for he exclaimed pathetically:
"Say, don't you fellows make any discount to the clergy?"

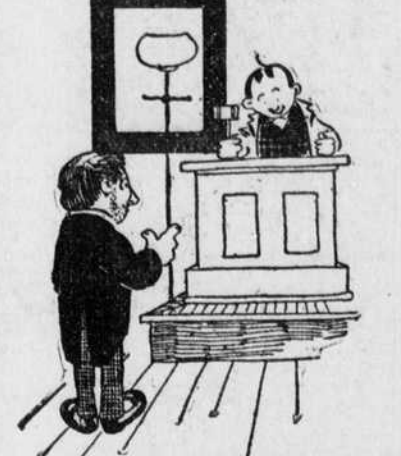
A Real Swindler.
From the New York Tribune.
Miss Mary Richmond of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said:
"As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a raucous voice say:
"Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!"

"The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure at whose breast hung a card saying: 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.
"But the coin was dropped from too great a height and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.
"The gentleman said in a stern voice:
"Confound you, you are no more blind than I am."
"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast and gave a start of surprise.
"Right you are, boss," he said, "blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb."

Kittyblanca.
From Judge.
The girl stood on the burning deck
When they tried to send her back,
Her hat on straight, she said,

LIKE HOCH.



"What have you to say to this charge of bigamy; why did you have so many wives?"
"Well, judge, I expected to weed out a few of them later."

RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now.
"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Fallin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

Seeking Comfort.

"I've got a long way to go and I'm not used to travel," said the applicant at the railway ticket office. "I want to be just as comfortable as I can, regardless of expense."
"Parlor car?"
"No, I don't care for parlor fix-ins."
"Sleeper?"
"No. I want to stay awake and watch the scenery."
"Then what do you want?"
"Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd put me up in one of these refrigerator cars I've read so much about."

THE BEST OF ITS KIND

Is always advertised, in fact it only pays to advertise good things. When you see an article advertised in this paper year after year you can be absolutely certain that there is merit to it because the continued sale of any article depends upon merit and to keep on advertising one must keep on selling. All good things have imitators, but imitations are not advertised. They have no reputation to sustain, they never expect to have any permanent sale and your dealer would never sell them if he studied your interests. Sixteen years ago Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet, was first sold, and through newspaper advertising and through people telling each other what a good thing it was for tired and aching feet it has now a permanent sale, and nearly 200 so-called foot powders have been put on the market with the hope of profiting by the reputation which has been built up for Allen's Foot-Ease. When you ask for an article advertised in these papers see that you get it. Avoid substitutes.

What They Did With Them.

An American who spends much of his time in England tells of a cockney who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted. "Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' those 'ere gry'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"
"We do not," said the dog man. "We drown 'em."

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.

Playing the Market.

"Curbroke never pays for his meat until a month afterward."
"So I hear. Prices in the meantime go up, and he feels as though he'd made something."—Puck.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* of In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

History Cleared Up.

The third grade was "having history." Forty youngsters were making guesses about the life and character of the Father of His Country, when the teacher propounded a question that stumped them all.
"Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"
Why, indeed? Not a child could think of anything but the answer to the famous chicken problem: "To get on the other side," and, of course, that wouldn't do. Then little Annie's hand shot into the air. Little Annie crossed the Delaware every summer herself, hence the bright idea.
"Well, Annie?"
"Because he wanted to get to Atlantic City."—Philadelphia Times.

Casey at the Bat.

This famous poem is contained in the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca-Cola Co., of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot-tired-thirsty? Drink Coca-Cola—it is cooling, relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere.

Oh! That Awful Gas

Did you hear it? How embarrassing. These stomach noises make you wish you could sink through the floor. You imagine everyone hears them. Keep a box of CAS-CARET'S in your purse or pocket and take a part of one after eating. It will relieve the stomach of gas.

THE LAST OF THE WORLD'S WHEAT

ANDS, good soil, plenty of rainfall, big yields, had cheap Stoner's Lent Agency, Lewistown, Mont.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Bookkeeper, High-class references. Best results.

The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.
It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak," the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an un-failing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.
Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere. **STANDARD OIL CO.** (Incorporated)

Weather Proof, Fire Proof, Wear Proof Roofing

A roof that will never give you any trouble. No more leaking; no danger from sparks; no more expense for repairs. With Gal-va-nite first cost is last cost. Gal-va-nite is plated with flaked Mica, which makes it weather proof. No chance for the sun to get in and dry up the oils and then rot the roof away.
If you want to forget you own a roof use



It makes a one-piece roof. No new shingles to be put on, don't have to be regreaved and tarred. One job and it's all done. Send for samples and test them. Also Free Book on roofing. **UNION ROOFING & MANUFACTURING CO., 200 Union Road, St. Paul, Minn.**