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CALUMET
BAKING POWDER
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You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry.

Just the lightest, faintest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Received highest award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED—For Self-Working Mops that take household dirt from floors, washes, and cleans. You cannot get better opportunity. Write for county, Edward H. Baker Mop Co., 1224 Grand Ave., Chicago.

A LOST ART.



"It seems to me that our new maid ought at least to know how to serve water, if she was six years with her last employer."

"Well, it's not surprising, dear. I know her last employer."

That Essential Struggle.

There are men who go through life without ever getting what one would call a throw-down or set-back—they never get to know what it means to face rough or tough weather. Their way is slicked and paved. They seem to miss the one great essential thing in every success—the struggle; days about everything looks as though one had done for and ready to cave in.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year \$5.00 and \$10.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Enlightenment.

"A burlesque," said the occasional theater-goer, "is a sort of take-off, isn't it?"

"It is," replied Miss Cayenne, "if you judge it by the costuming."

So much we miss if love is weak, so much we gain if love is strong.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a week's treatment—of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start to-night and have help in the morning?

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

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

THE DIAMOND SHIP

MAX PEMBERTON
Author of "Doctor Xavier," "The Hundred Days," etc.
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CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

He went away as quietly as he had come, and left me to the instruments. That which was in my mind I would share with none. Say that it was an idea which might win or lose all by a word and you will come near to its discovery. My purpose was to send by wireless telegraphy such a message to the Diamond Ship as would lead us to the discovery both of her present situation and her ultimate destination. To do so, I needed a password to the confidence of her commander. That password I believed that I possessed. It had been given to me years ago when a dead sailor had been washed ashore upon Palling Beach and one of the most famous diamonds in Europe had been found upon his body. Judgment of my excitement when I sat down to put this idea to the proof! There before me was the instrument, still ticking a message I could not decipher. I sat down before my own keyboard and deliberately rapped out the words, "Captain Three Fingers." Again and again I sent the words speeding across lonely seas. "Captain Three Fingers"—that and nothing more. As a spirit winging a human thought, it went to the unknown, over the silent waters, a member of the air, a voice of doom, an awful, mysterious power of words pregnant of discovery or wholly impotent in the mocking ether.

An hour passed and found me still alone. There had been no response to my message, no further agitation of the receiver whose message baffled me. Faithful to my wish, neither Larry nor McShanus had interrupted me. I could hear, as a distant sound, the murmur of gentle seas beating upon our bows. The purr of our engines was as that of a living, sentient entity, awake to the intervals of action. My fingers had grown weary of repeating those idle words. I sat back in my chair in a bitterness of spirit foreign to me, and reflected upon the fatuity of impulse and the mockery of all human deduction. If there were no answer from the deck of the Diamond Ship, I lacked it. My hasty conclusions had met their just fate. The men aboard the distant vessel had taken alarm and signalled to me no more. What would it cost them to continue this vain employment? Answered the obstinacy prompted me. Doggedly, persistently, reason would repeat that I was right. The words were the only words. I could imagine no others. In mockery of myself, I changed my key and, to myself right, a hundred times I tapped out the word "Fordribas" upon the ready instrument. Once, twice, thrice—thus it went speeding into the aerial wastes, losing itself under the blue heavens, a delusion upon a delusion, the mocking jest of a man who has no resource but jest. And how are wonder and the sport of chance to be expressed when I say that the word was answered, immediately, clearly, beyond all question, in a message from the Diamond Ship and from those who commanded her?

I sat as one transfixed, my hands trembling with excitement, my ears intent as though open to the story of a miracle. Plain as the talk of a friend at my side came that memorable answer, "How is old Five A's doing?" Leaping to the lad Harry's story, I answered them in the Roman tongue, the first perhaps, that any student of crime should begin to learn. And now it became no longer a question of the word. Their anxiety mastered them. They were telling me their secrets across the waste, those secrets I would have paid half my fortune to learn. "He is at 9 degrees 15 seconds by 23 degrees 15 minutes 15 seconds. Where are you?" I flashed back a false reply, two degrees northward of our true situation. Quick as the instrument would transmit the words I added this intelligence: "Every port watched. Fabos in Paris; white ensign off St. Michael's; station safe; wait, coming."

Their reply was the impatient question: "Are you Ross or Sycamore?" I took it to mean that the two answers for which they waited, and that the captains thereof were named respectively Ross and Sycamore. At a hazard I chose the first name, and waited for them to go on. Never in all this world did the flashing voice of electricity mean so much to mortal man.

"We are short of coal and water," the tidings went; "hurry, for God's sake, or we are driven into Rio!" To this, my hands not with the fever of discovery, I rejoined: "No known—keep the seas—we reach you tomorrow."

And then for a long while there was silence. I imagined that unknown crew debating my words as though they had been a message of their salvation. A relief ship was coming to them. They were saved from the perils of the shore and that more terrible peril of thirst. When the machine next ticked out its unconscious confession, it was to bid me hasten, for God's sake!

I am Valentine Imroth. What has kept you ashore?"

"The police and Fabos."

"Then Fordribas is a traitor."

"You have his daughter with you."

"Is that known in Europe?"

"It is suspected."

"By the mouth of Fabos. He has received my message. Has Sycamore sailed?"

"Is two days behind me."

"What coal has he aboard?"

I sat back from the instrument and answered not a word. He said that while I had already convinced myself that this mysterious, unknown Diamond Ship was in reality a vessel hauled to, as it were, permanently in mid-Atlantic, the corollary of attendant steamers needed no demonstration. Regularly from Europe or America, I imagined, tenders of considerable size set out to water, provision, and to load the great receiving hulk wherein Imroth hid his booty and harbored his outcasts. There would be a great going to and fro of rescues, of course, and a very efficient system of changing duties. But the great ship would never make the shore unless driven thereto by ultimate necessity; and the very fact of those equatorial latitudes being chosen for her cruising ground, latitudes of profound calm and void of winds, contributed to the probability of my surmise. So much was plain; but the moment the arch-rogue asked me what coal the tender carried, then, instantly, I realized my peril and quitted the instrument abruptly. Of the tender I knew nothing. A false word might undo all that accident had done for me no nobly. I had wisdom enough to draw back from it.

and tomorrow Europe shall have it, too," I said.

Larry was on the quarterdeck when I went aft, and Timothy McShanus stood at his side. I was astonished to hear that it was already 6 o'clock and the sun setting. Together, then, my best of friends remarked on the pallor of my face and asked me what, in Heaven's name had kept me so long in the cabin.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the Diamond Ship is some hundred-odd miles from us. He, and Joan Fordribas, and Imroth are aboard her. Captain Larry, will you give the necessary orders?"

CHAPTER XIV.

I ordered supper at 11 o'clock and invited both Larry and Benson, our engineer, to my table. Hardly were the glasses filled when I began to put my laconic questions, and wrote upon the slip of note at my side, the answers to them.

"For how many days have you coal, Mr. Benson?"

"That depends how far and how fast you steam, sir."

"Suppose, then, we are lying drifting here in these calms. There is no great consumption of coal then?"

"No, sir; but if you wish steam kept up against a run, that empties your bunkers."

"It will depend upon what the other people can do, Benson. They may be in the same position as we are. If our friends at home believe our story, I don't suppose there will be much coal going for Val Imroth or any of his company. Of course, he may have other resources. He would not rely upon relief ships from Europe altogether. The American governments are not likely to concern themselves overmuch in the matter. Their newspapers will make as much of the matter as the police will make little. Credulity we must expect. If we are believed anywhere, it will be by the men who lost hundreds of thousands of pounds every year in South Africa. That is the keynote to this mystery. Imroth may have hidden agents stealing diamonds for him at Kimberley. He hides the men and the booty on this great moored ship until the danger has passed. A hint to those pleasant people, the magnates of Park Lane, to supply money enough for any purpose. I doubt their sense, however. They will leave the protection of their so-called interests to other people, as they have always done. We really need not consider them in the matter."

"This yourself and the young lady you have to think of—no others," interrupted Timothy; "what the devil is Park Lane to you or to me or to any decent man? Do we care whether their diamonds are safe or not? Let us get the devil's curse, my boy. If you hunt Imroth down, 'tis for your vanity's sake, and not for the good of humanity at all. Faith, I'd be a fool to tell you 'tis not so! You want the glory of this, and you want the top of the glory. Let us plain with each other, and we'll get on the faster."

"Timothy," I said, "you are a philosopher. We won't quarrel about it. The glory of it is nothing to you, and if it were in your power, money returned to Europe by the first steamer willing to carry you there. Let us agree to that."

"Be hanged to it! I agree to nothing of the sort."

"Ah, then, here is Madame Vanity sheltered also in another human bosom! Say no more, if I am serious, it is to tell you that vanity has been less to me in all this time than the safety of Joan Fordribas and her freedom. Of that account myself the guardian. She is in your power, my boy. Let us reflect among what a company of villains, thieves, and assassins! Captain Timothy, I have not the courage to tell myself what may befall her. Perhaps it would be better if she did not live to speak of it. You know what it may be. You must try to help me where my judgment fails."

"To the last man on the ship," said Captain Larry very solemnly.

"We should verify the ship after eight bells, and diverting the subject abruptly, 'and then our task begins. I am hoping to outwit them, and to force a surrender by sheer bluff. Very possibly it will fail. We may even lose the yacht in the venture. I can promise nothing save that while I live I will hunt Imroth, afloat or ashore. Let us drink to that, gentlemen, a bumper. It may be the last occasion we shall find for some days to come."

I filled our glasses and drank the toast. When the second officer informed me exactly at eight bells that the telegraph was working again and very clearly, I heard him almost with indifference. For the moment it might be dangerous to send any message across the waste of waters. There could be no further talk exchanged between Imroth and myself until I had definitely declared myself.

"They would shift their position, captain. We must hold them to it and track them down. You say that we should sight them at two bells in the middle watch. I'll step down and hear what they have to say, but unless it is vital, I shall not answer them."

I found the instrument tapping sharply, as the second officer had said. The words spelled out "Collin Ross," the name of the officer upon one of the relief ships as I had already informed me. Repeated again and again it gave me in the end an idea I was quick to act upon. They must think the relief steamer broken down, I said. Such should be the first card I had to play.

"Fordribas," I signalled—and again—"Fordribas," and then upon it the simple words—"Propeller shaft broken—all hands at work—repaired tomorrow—cable eight bells."

I say that I repeated the message, as one almost invariably is called upon to do when the instrument is wireless and no receivers have been tuned to a scheme. A little to my astonishment they were repeated as they had already ceased to speak to the Diamond Ship yesterday, so she had ceased to speak to me tonight. A renewal of the call earned no better reward. I fell to the conclusion the news had been of sufficient relief to send the immediate recipient report to send the vessel's captain, and that he would return me an answer anon. So half an hour passed and found me still waiting. It must have been nearly 1 o'clock by this time. I recalled that it was at 17 minutes past one precisely that our forward lookout discerned the lights of the Diamond Ship upon a far horizon and that Captain Larry burst in upon me with this splendid news. Now, surely, had I no further need of messages. You may judge how I followed him to the deck to feed my eyes upon the spectacle.

"Have you just seen her, Larry?"

"This is very instant, doctor."

I went upon the bridge with him for a better view. Many miles away, as

I judged, upon our port bow, a light flashed out brilliantly above a sleeping ocean.

Plainly directed by a skillful hand, I said that a trained officer worked the lantern as the work of an expert and a man-of-war; but as though to deny that the unknown ship was a man-of-war, the monster searchlight began anon to answer as though to a dancing, drunken measure of some hand that wearied of duty and made a jest of it.

"We are carrying no lights ourselves, Larry?" I exclaimed, and added, apologetically, "That goes without saying."

"Do you think we dare run up to her, Larry?"

"There would be little risk when they got tired of their firework, doctor."

"We'll do it, Larry. Don't forget Joan Fordribas is aboard there, and rang down his orders to the engine room. I perceived that McShanus had come up from the saloon; he did not speak to me, as he told me afterwards, under the ridiculous apprehension which comes of men in danger that any speech above a whisper is a peril. The dash of our engines remained the only sound. I turned to Timothy and astonished him by my greeting.

"A steady hand now—is it that, Timothy?"

"It certainly is not the cold hand of the poets. Would it help with the machine guns if I need be, Timothy."

"What, could it not? Are we not speaking over loud, doctor, my boy?"

"Oh, come, you think they can hear us five miles away, Timothy? Shout, if you like, old boy. I hope to God there will be silence enough by and by. We are going to have a look at them, Timothy. 'Tis to learn the color of their coats, as you would say."

"Ye are not going within shot of their guns?"

"Timothy," I said, speaking now in that low tone he had desired, "I am going to learn how it fares with Joan Fordribas."

"Ah, had cess to it, when a woman holds the lantern, there goes Jack the Giant-killer. 'Twill help her to be sunk, Ean."

"I do not think they will sink us, Timothy."

"God be good to me, I'm no better than a crowing hen at night. What was it I said?"

"That you were quite of my opinion, Timothy."

We laughed together, and then fell to silence.

So we crept on, mile by mile. Every eye aboard the White Wings watched that resting searchlight as though it had been endowed with telepathic powers, and would of itself warn the rogue's crew. I don't think we believed for an instant in the good fortune which followed us. It seemed incredible that they should not keep a better lookout, and yet the fact so stands. The resting beam of light in the sky was our goal. We drew upon it moment by moment as to some gate of destiny which should tell a story fruitful beyond any we had heard. And still the Diamond Ship did not awake. The searchlight stood still almost as if it were a statue. The searchlight of the Diamond Ship's searchlight focused upon us for a terrible instant, and then swept the whole circle of the seas with its blinding beams. Twice, thrice, it went there—beats standing still almost as it approached us, leaping again as it passed onward. Then, as surprisingly, it remained fixed upon the farther side of the Diamond Ship; and in the same instant, far away to the northwest, a crimson light appeared, a shower of dark-red balls burst hoveryly above the desert waters.

"What do you make of that, Larry?"

"Not a signal from any common ship, sir. We don't use that kind of rocket."

"'Tis the fourth of July, indeed, or the Crystal Palace that's flying!" cried Timothy.

"Larry," said I, "that's on of their patents. I fancy a man of the name of Colin Ross is aboard her. If so, Imroth is to receive some shocks."

"I wish to heaven they came by way of a seaman's arm, sir. Yes, it's as you say. You is a steamer, and here goes the pointed-toe rocket."

He pointed to the sky above the Diamond Ship, ablaze with a spray of vivid green radiance, the answering signal to the distant ship. The nature of our own escape now became quite clear to us. The lookouts over yonder had opened the lights of the relief steamer, and had used the searchlight to signal her. The great arcs, the circling beams, were but those preliminary movements with which every operator tries the lantern he is about to use. No eye had followed their aureole, I made sure. We had escaped observation, simply because every man aboard yonder vessel had been looking at the incoming steamer, bearing from Europe news which might be of such moment.

"Larry," I said, jumping at the idea of it, "it's now or never. Let her go while they are at the parley. I'll stake my life on it there is no lookout to which the lookouts have a look at them when they least expect us."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you'll risk it?"

"There is no risk, Larry—if you don't delay."

"Do believe you are right, sir. Here's for it anyway, and luck go with us!"

(Continued Next Week.)

RAM'S HORN BROWN'S WRINKLES.

There is strong circumstantial evidence that most of his troubles are due to the fact that he is a sheep.

There are still plenty of green pastures for the Lord's sheep.

Many a bad case of backsliding had its beginning in a horse trade.

The bread that is honestly earned is the sweetest.

We admire the rocket, but how soon we forget it.

The young man should make up his mind early as to whether he wants to be a house plant or a tree.

The sword is the great grandmother of the pruning hook.

The man who is envious of evildoers will soon be carrying a banner in their parade.

Don't go with a crowd just because it is a crowd.

A happy heart is always young.

When some folks open the bible the last thing they want to find is the truth.

You can depend upon it that the devil hates any man who loves his enemies.

There is always poison in the wound that is inflicted by a friend.

It would be easier to see good in others if we didn't have so many faults of our own.

There is the only thing that never fails.

Christ and the Winds.

From Bethlehem to Calvary.
By night and day, by land and sea,
His closest followers were we.

We soothed Him on His mother's breast;
We shared with John the place of rest;
With Magdalene His feet we pressed.

We saw His twilight agony,
To us He breathed His last sigh;
With us He sought again the sky.

And now of all to whom His tone,
His face and form, we know,
We wanderers, remain alone.

—John Bannister Tabb



THE WRONG MAN.

"Look here, old fellow, where is that \$100 you borrowed from me last month?"

"What \$100?"

"Why, didn't you come to me and say you must have \$100? Didn't you say you were so worried you weren't yourself that night?"

"Oh! well, if I wasn't myself, why in the deuce should I be expected to pay it?"

MISSISSIPPI A BEAR EDEN.

But the Information on the Subject Comes From New York. From the New York Sun.

"Talk about bear hunting," said a man whose manner might indicate that in his opinion no bear hunting that was really such had been talked about yet, "if you want bear hunting to talk about go down and hunt Mississippi bears once. Then you'll get it."

"Mississippi bears are not only numerous, but they are big, fat, wary, tough and full of fight. It is the acorns, hickory nuts and the pecans of the Mississippi forests that make these forests a paradise for bears and fit them for superiority in the chase and in all the qualities. The bear loves the sweet rich, nutritious meats of these nuts and mast. He waxes fat on them, and they make his flesh sweet and juicy, tender and deliciously flavored. Also, they brace him up and put vim in him."

"The bears of the Mississippi forests and canebrakes grow to an immense size, five hundred pounds being a common weight for one in the late fall. They do not hibernate, and are always ready if not eager for a fight."

The Speed of Game Birds.

From Outing Magazine.

The velocities here given are taken in feet per second rather than miles per hour, which is less readily comprehended or applied by the gunner.

TABLE OF FLIGHTS.

| Bird. | Feet per second. | Average. |
|---|------------------|----------|
| Quail | 65 to 85 | 75 |
| Prairie chicken | 85 to 100 | 90 |
| Ruffed grouse | 60 to 90 | 75 |
| Dove | 70 to 100 | 85 |
| Jack snipe | 50 to 75 | 65 |
| Curlew | 45 to 65 | 55 |
| Plover | 50 to 80 | 65 |
| Crow | 25 to 55 | 45 |
| Mallard | 35 to 90 | 75 |
| Black duck | 55 to 90 | 75 |
| Sparrow | 55 to 75 | 65 |
| Pintail | 60 to 100 | 80 |
| Wood duck | 70 to 90 | 80 |
| Pigeon | 80 to 100 | 90 |
| Gadwall | 80 to 100 | 90 |
| Red head | 110 to 130 | 120 |
| Bluewinged teal | 120 to 140 | 130 |
| Greenwing | 100 to 130 | 115 |
| Canvasback | 130 to 160 | 145 |
| Canada geese | 100 to 120 | 110 |
| Grant, different varieties, average speed | 100 to 120 | 100 |

Some species of hawks have a speed of 200 feet a second.

There may be much greater variation in the flight of some of these birds than could be given in any table. An old mallard might plug lazily along, looking for a place to alight and not travel above 30 feet a second; on the other hand, he has a tremendous sprint when frightened. It might be said that given a good scare any of these ducks can reach maximum speed at will, and this sprinting flight is usually what the gunner has to make allowance for.

Give a bluewinged teal a 40-mile breeze behind him, have the little rascal drooping down with it, and he comes on so fast as to be simply unhit-able—some writers have claimed a speed for him of 160 miles an hour or 120 feet a second. The canvasback, redhead and bluebill have a way of diving before a gale, too, that will be found fast enough in all conscience. Much of the fascination of wing shooting comes from the fact that shots will always be afforded quite beyond skill of mortal man.

Good Clothes and Good Morals.

From C. E. B. Russell's "Young Gaoil Bins."

It is doubtful whether any one to whom soap and water and more or less tidy clothes are a matter of course can rightly estimate the extent to which the question of clothes and cleanliness bears upon the character of youths. Dirty, ragged garments, greasy caps and neck scarfs worn day after day without the possibility of a change are, I believe, responsible for much. Certain it is that the lad who is content with but one set of raiment invariably belongs to a very low stratum of society, and the absence of a desire for a Sunday suit and the unabashed wearing of the week-day suit on the Sunday is very frequently indeed the mark of a largely impervious to outside influences.

Where the Treasures Are.

From Life.

Burglar—Better tell me where the valuables are.

Householder—Well, old man, here's the combination of the refrigerator.

More Homelike.

From Puck.

Hospital Physician—Which ward do you wish to be taken to? A pay ward or a—

Maloney—Iny of thim, Doc, tho't's safely dimocratic.

On the Firing Line.

For glory? For good? For fortune or fame? Why, ho for the front where the battle is on!

Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame.

Go forward as ever the valiant have gone.

Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine.

Go forward, right on to the firing line.

Whether newsboy, or plowboy, or cowboy.

Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first.

Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your post.

Be stout and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst.

As David, as Alfred—let dogs skulk and whine.

There is room but for men on the firing line.

Aye, the place to fight and the place to fall—

As fall we must all in God's good time—It is where the manliest man is the wall. Where boys are as men in their pride and prime.

Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine.

Far out on the roaring red firing line.

—Joquim Miller.



A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

THE USUAL RESULT.



So Stockbug has been on the street, has he? What is he speculating on?"

"Just at present, I believe, he is speculating on how much longer he will be on the street."

ECZEMA GONE, BOILS CURED

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician, who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under his treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, and as I had read the advertisements of Cuticura Remedies and testimonials of a great many people who had used them with wonderful success, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 21, 1910.

To Arrange Flowers.

Here are five golden rules which should be observed by those who often arrange flowers. Use plenty of foliage. Put your flowers in very lightly. Use artistic glasses. Do not put more than two or, at the most, three different kinds of flowers in one decoration. Arrange your colors to form a bold contrast or, better still, a soft harmony. The aim of the decorator should be to show off the flowers—not the vases that contain them; therefore the simpler ones are far preferable to even the most elaborate. Glasses for a dinner table should be either white, a delicate shade of green, or rose color, according to the flowers arranged in them.

The Walkers.

James M. Beck, the famous corporation lawyer of New York, is a native of Philadelphia, and to Philadelphia he often returns to see his old friends.

Mr. Beck, at a recent banquet in Philadelphia, defended corporations with an epigram.

"The trust buster and the Socialist may do what they please," he said, "but mankind will still be divided into two great classes—those who walk to get an appetite for their dinner, and those who walk to get a dinner for their appetite."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Praise is encouraging; it brings out the best that is in a man and inspires him to do his duty cheerfully and faithfully.—Henry Lea