

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

JUST LIKE EM.



First College Student—Don't you think some people ask a good many fool questions in letters?
Second College Student—Yes, now, my father always wants to know if I'm a bank.

Critics.
"Only competent critics can give competent criticisms," said Admiral Mahan, at the Immortals' recent reception in New York. "The ignobler the critic the ignobler the criticism—even of the very finest things—that he will pronounce."
"A man in a bar was praising a famous American journalist, a justly famous journalist, a journalist who gets out a really fine paper."
"Yes," the bartender agreed, "his paper is a good one. It picked two winners last week."

CHILDREN AFFECTED

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:
"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach."
"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me."
"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk."
"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk."
"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach."
"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best soft drink we have ever used. We could not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.
"There's a Reason."

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

The Temptation of No. 26

BY MODESTE H. JORDAN.
(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)

"Forward, in answer to the summons a tall, straight girl, wearing a simple black dress, the regulation costume of the women clerks in Regan Bros., walked briskly toward the front of the store. It was Jan Regan, head of the house of Regan Bros., a shrewd business man, to whom the success of the 'cloak and suit house' of Regan Bros., was due, who had called to the girl.

"This," said John Regan to the tall girl in the black gown, "is Mr. Burton of the 'Daily Herald.' Mr. Burton wishes to secure a model to pose in smart gowns and wraps to illustrate a fashion story in his paper."

Very shortly Burton had arranged with the model to be prompt in appearing the Straig photograph gallery. He asked her for her name before leaving the store and learned that it was Lucy Paxton.

A carriage cloak, a dinner gown, low in the neck and sleeveless, an afternoon costume and several 'creations' in hats were borne to the photographer's next morning. Lucy Paxton was there also at the appointed time. So was Mr. Burton.

The young newspaper man caught his breath at the vision of loveliness that stepped before the camera from the dressing room. What he saw was a splendid figure, perfect as to contour, clad in a shimmering satin of rosy tint. The neck and arms revealed by the low-cut bodice were as white as milk and as smooth as ivory. A small head, poised beautifully, was crowned with dark brown hair that held the light here and there until it gleamed like gold.

Two "views" of this gown were made. Then the long carriage cloak was thrown on. The beauty of the wearer was increased by its deeper pink tint. Then came the afternoon gown and stunning hats.

What would the folks at home think? "Not that," Jack, strange she had not thought of Jack before. Now as she walked back to the store there was almost terror in her heart. Jack had cautioned her before she left home not to become a bold woman or indifferent to conventionalities. And poor Jack was actually weeping at the thought that it was necessary for her to endeavor to earn a livelihood until his college course was finished and he could begin the practice of law and provide the little nest of a home he dreamed of.

But pshaw! She told herself that she did not believe after all that she would care to settle down as the wife of a poor young country lawyer. Other women, not half so beautiful as herself, had so much more—didn't she see them come into the store every day with seemingly limitless bank accounts at their disposal because they were the wives of rich men.

That night when she left the store a silk jacket was wrapped into a small parcel and tucked under her arm. There was no difficulty in getting out of the shop with it, for John Regan allowed no inspection of the clerks. This he considered beneath an employer of men and women, and proper only to those who questioned his methods that sooner or later a thief would convict himself, and that, too, without special watching.

One of the hats, a black and white one, that the young model had worn in the afternoon gown, was bewitchingly becoming. There were other hats that would catch the eye of the average shopper more readily, and if No. 26 was a little out of her department when she stepped over to the millinery cases Jack burst into the black and white hat back into one corner—why no one noticed it.

Two days later the black and white hat was reposing in the tray of a small trunk in a small hall bedroom.

The week was slipping by very fast. She was so anxious to finish the costume she was fashioning before the next Sunday! Carl Burton had asked her to allow him to escort her to church, and she had not been to church since she had reached the city, because her best friend was so shabby. She had been saving from her earnings to buy new materials and had at last made her purchases.

It was Saturday and Jack had rolled into the store unexpectedly, announcing with a beaming face that he had found it possible to get away and had thought he would run down and spend Sunday with Lucy.

The long afternoon stretched out into twilight, and the supper bell rang. Lucy ate little and hastily and returned to her room.

After an hour's more stitching there was a rap on her door and the white and frightened face of the landlady peeped in. Close behind her were two men in evening dress.

With a startled cry Lucy sprang to her feet. Spools and scissors littered the floor. One glance at the hat and jacket and the men in the doorway and Lucy sank on her knees with a moan, burying her face in her hands. John Regan stepped to her side and lifted her up.

"It is all right, all right," he said, kindly. "Nobody knows it but I, and the detective here and myself. The article will be replaced in the store, and you may come down Monday and resign your position."

The landlady had fled, but again she appeared, and behind her was a stalwart fellow. At his appearance Lucy gave a glad cry and sprang to his outstretched arms. "Oh, Jack," she cried, "explain to them. Tell them that I am not stealing, but that I brought the hat and jacket home to copy them. We were so busy I could not find time to keep them longer than I intended, and then I was afraid to go. See, see," the girl fairly screamed as she dragged from beneath her little bed a long box containing a partly trimmed hat and pieces of a jacket, almost exact duplicates of those John Regan and the detective were holding in their hands. "The applique on the jacket and the chiffon fold on the hat I could never have got right without them to look at."

THE DIAMOND SHIP

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

"Was General Fordibras on board with the man you speak of?"
"Not this trip. I heard tell he'd gone to Europe. He's too easy for this job. Three Fingers never could look a Sheriff in the face, I guess his daughter's got all the courage."

We had passed another door of steel as he spoke and descended a short flight of stairs to a second corridor, above which were cabins of a commoner order. The surgery of the ship had been located—well-fitted, thoroughly modern apartment, recently tenanted, it seemed, by a doctor who knew what the hospitals of Europe were doing. A quick search discovered the antiseptics, without which so little could be done for the wounded men above. There was nothing missing for the practice of a modern art.

It would be a work of supererogation to tell you of the long hours which followed immediately upon my assumption of the role of ship's doctor. I passed through them as one passes through a dreamland of restless thoughts. There was no less than 31 wounded men upon the steamer, and of these seven belonged to the British army. The British saloons. The latter chained my interests in spite of their condition, for there were Englishmen among them and faces that the stories of recent crimes had made familiar to me. One lad, a Scotchman, had been mentioned by a clasp knife had been mentioned in connection with the bank of England some five years ago. I recognized the Italian jewel thief Detuchchi. The German doctor, the young Belgian Monterey, supposed to be serving a sentence of penal servitude for life for his attack upon King Leopold. Happily, a few of these men had been wounded by rifle bullets. Those whom the guns had actually hit were in instant and their bodies were already in the sea. My patients were the victims of cuts, fearful gashes in some cases and difficult fractures in others. Two died while I tried to help them. It was a sad and a terrible thing that I may never be called to do this.

The honest men, happily—for so I called the sailors of the ship—had suffered considerably less. I found them profoundly grateful for such services as I could render them, nor did the American hesitate to tell me frankly the story of the mutiny.

"We were for making Rio, but Mr. Ross stood out," he said. "A relief's expected, and I guess there are some law-suits in the air. I was treated as if I were dirt and began to talk of raising hell. You know what raising hell is, doctor—no; well, it's putting living men overboard on a raft as big as a deal board and wishing 'em good luck while they go. Don't try it, while you can see me. Noon, Colin Ross fell sick of a fever, and is down below, raving now. We got the arms by tickling the mate's whiskers and promising him Ross's berth. That was the first and the last of it. We shut down like sheep, and now we're going to spend our money—those that live, though 'they're like to be few enough."

Here was truth beyond all question. I stood on the deck of a veritable plague ship. The wind of death rose unceasingly. Night had come down and a thick white mist enveloped the ocean all about us. The yacht was nowhere to be seen. Of all the hours of that great endeavor, this to me was the worst, alike in its menace and its suggestion.

For I said that the yacht might lose me in the fog and leave me, the prisoner of these desperate men and their hostage against the justice which awaited them.

CHAPTER XIX.
I was in a situation of grave peril; but it would have been imprudent beyond measure to have admitted it.
"Old Valentine knew a good tap when he tasted it, and there's plenty of the right sort on board," the American said to me moodily. "I've only got to give a name to it and the cork will be flying like rockets. Ask for what you're wanting, doctor, and I'll skin the lubber who doesn't run to fetch it. God knows what my mates would have done if you hadn't come among them."

It was honestly said, and as honestly meant. And yet, willingly as I would have accepted his cordial offer, fear of the consequences held me back. Who would dare think of drink among such a crew as this, or to remind it that drink was to be had?

Okay, my servant, had vanished unaccountably, nor had I heard a single word concerning him since we came on board together. The yacht had disappeared from my ken. In these trying circumstances I welcomed a request from one of the seamen that I would visit Colin Ross, the captain of the vessel, and until lately the representative of Valentine Imroth, aboard her. "You shut your eyes to the grievous injury wounded by a bullet which had entered the left lung and penetrated in such an ugly fashion, that his life must be but a question of hours."

There was still much mist when I came to Jack at 11 o'clock after caring for Ross, but it had lifted to the northward, and the atmosphere was everywhere clearing. I had some expectation of spying out the yacht should the breeze strengthen, and yet I could not think of my own position. Why had my friends made no effort to reach me? What kept them? Why did they leave me here at the mercy of these cutthroats, my life as a gossamer which any puff of anger might destroy, my liberty in these ruffians' keeping? Sober reason would have replied that they could have done nothing else; but this was not the time for reason, and, indeed, I came to call it the darkest hour of them all. Vainly I raged against my own acts and the judgment which had carried me on board the ship. It had been madness to come. Mr. Ross says that you are heading for the Brazils. That is no affair of mine. The man I want is no longer on the ship. I have no concern with the others nor they with me. Let us put things back at what we came—and talk about the shore."

This should not have been said. It occurred to me almost as I uttered the words, that the man had not hitherto thought about the yacht at all, but no sooner had he spoken than he stepped to the gangway and immediately realized the situation.

"Guess your people have gone hawking, doctor," he said far from pleasantly. "Well, I don't suppose it matters much anyway. My mates want you pretty badly, and while they wait you, I guess you'll have to stop. Just step down and take another look at Harry Johnson, will you? He's raving like a fool woman in the Doldrums. You can't see in by and by—I'll see what Williams can do for you—though it's forward you must swing your hammock, and no two opinions about that."

To this I answered, in a tone as decisive as his own, that my comings and my goings would be ordered by none but myself, and that his friend must await his turn. A long acquaintance with rogues has convinced me that any weakness of civility is lost upon them, and that firmness to the point of brutality is the only weapon. I would have liked to see the man dead had he been an impudent answerer, and his surprise when he heard me speak was something to see.

"No offense, doctor," he said quickly. "I'll tell Harry you'll be along presently. Don't think as we're not obliged to you for what you've done. The boys are ready enough to tell you so. You take your own time, and do what's best pleasing to you. There's work enough." He spat his filthy tobacco juice into the sea, and, turning upon his heel, went forward to join his companions by the fo'c'stack.

Let me escape these decks, I reflected, and how much farther was I upon the road to finality? I could tell a plain tale to the government, certainly, and could open the doors of this temple of justice to the world—but who would crush so vast a conspiracy? What unity of national action, what initiative would war upon the greater truths of it, hunting the tigers from their dens or ridding the cities of their allies? All that I had done, all my planning, all my thinking had led to nothing but a free man and sent me a prisoner on the deck of his ship.

This was the outcome of my philosophy as I stood by the gangway and watched the shifting mists, here open to the air, the little silver pathway was to an harbor of delights; there beating down again in dark clouds of vapor, and shutting all the hither scene from my view. The men had left me alone for the time being, but their absence placed me in a greater peril. I could hear a loud argument going on by the fo'c'stack and voices raised in persuasion or in anger. The monster ship herself drifted helplessly, as a great stricken beast lurching in agony and seeking only a place to end its woes. Every faculty that I possess told me that I was in great danger. These rogues would come forward presently and put some proposition to me. So I argued, nor did the night give me the lie. Shuffling and hesitating, they came, some 20 or 30 men, before another hour had passed, all together in a deputation, and as ready, I would swear, to cut me down here I stood, as to drink the rum which an obliging purser had served out to them.

The American, I perceived, was to be the chief spokesman and would—but their chief spokesman and would—but the man called Bill Evans. Advancing by the promenade deck in a body, they seemed to find some little difficulty when it came to expressing themselves in plain English; and had the situation been less dangerous, it would have been amusing enough.

WESTERN CANADA COUNTING ITS GOLD

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1910 WAS A GOOD PAYING ONE.

Crop conditions throughout the west of Canada were not ideal, but notwithstanding there were excellent crops. Reports come from different parts to the agents of the Canadian government, whose literature tells a good part of the story, that the crops in most places were splendid.

At Castor, Alta., F. Galloway's oat crop threshed 35 bushels to the acre, machine measure, and 44 bushels by weight. Alex Robertson of Dellisa, Alta., had 20 bushels to the acre on 875 acres. W. & H. Clark, 17 bushels to the acre on 77 acres. Sheldon Ramsey, 20 bushels on 160 acres. J. Lane threshed 3,500 bushels off 200 acres; J. Hamilton, 5,200 bushels off 264 acres. Mrs. Headley had an average of 25 bushels per acre on 160 acres. Chambers Bros. got 13,276 bushels off 650 acres.

Fertile Valley district, G. Rollo, had an average of 25 bushels to the acre on a total crop of 10,000 bushels. E. Brown of Pincher Creek had a yield of 33 bushels on his winter wheat; W. Walker, Miss Walker and John Goberts all had an average yield of 25 bushels; Mr. Fitzpatrick, 23, and Mr. Freebairn, 20. Charles Nelson of Bon Accord, Alberta, had threshed his crop of 5,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats and barley, from 216 acres of old ground.

Wm. Logan of Bon Accord is reported to have threshed 400 bushels of wheat from 9 acres of new breaking. His oats it is said yielding over 100 bushels to the acre. Robert Martin of Belbeck, Sask., from 100 acres got 3,740 bushels of wheat. Geo. A. Campbell of Caron, Sask., from 130 acres summer fallow got 40 bushels per acre, and from 50 acres stubble got 24 bushels per acre. One of the farmers of Colonsay threshed out 30 bushels of wheat per acre from 150 acres summer fallow, and another 33 bushels per acre. James Glen of Drinkwater, Sask., had 36½ bushels per acre; 40 acres summer fallow, 31 bushels per acre; 40 acres stubble, 27 bushels per acre; total, 6,636 bushels off 200 acres. Abe Winters of Fleming has 39 bushels of wheat per acre. At Govan, Benjamin Armstrong had 33 bushels to the acre. John Glumlin, 34 bushels. Charles Latta, 35 bushels. J. K. Taylor, 35 bushels. W. Small, 2,060 bushels on 90 acres. J. F. Moore, 6,500 bushels on 215 acres. J. MacLean, 1,500 bushels on 63 acres. W. Hopwood, 1,750 bushels on 60 acres. W. Gray, 950 bushels on 30 acres. W. Curtin, 850 bushels on 30 acres. John Meyers, Jr., of Grand Coulee, reports 34½ bushels to the acre. P. P. Epp of Langham, Sask., has 35 1-3 bushels per acre. J. J. Thiessen, 31 bushels per acre. Chris Dear, 25 bushels per acre from 90 acres. Wm. Thiessen, 18½ bushels from 100 acres. P. E. Schultz, 18 bushels per acre from 100 acres. Robt. H. Wiggins of Manor, Sask., had 39 bushels wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Fred Cobb, 30 bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Jack Robinson, 33 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Kinzel of Milestone, Sask., had 33 bushels of wheat per acre. R. J. Moore, 40 bushels of wheat per acre. Martin Roddy, 38 bushels of wheat per acre. J. D. Sifton of Moose Jaw had 37 bushels wheat per acre; oats, 50 bushels per acre; flax, 11 bushels to the acre. John L. Smith of New Warren had 35 bushels of wheat per acre. At Regina H. W. Laird had 35 bushels to the acre; W. H. Duncan, wheat, 23 bushels to the acre, flax, 16 bushels; G. M. Bell, wheat, 35 bushels to the acre, oats, 70 bushels; O. E. Rothwell, 25 bushels to the acre; J. McKinnis, wheat, 35 bushels summer fallow; 20 bushels stubble; oats, 80 bushels; J. S. Mooney, 31 bushels of wheat; 80 bushels oats on stubble. At Tessties, Wm. Nesbitt had 44 bushels wheat to the acre. Sep. Laatrice, 34 bushels. Thos. Miller, 31 bushels. These were all on summer fallow. Major Bros' stubble went 14. At Tuxford, James C. B. Dunning had 37 bushels. James Bain, 41 bushels summer fallow. At Yellow Grass, Wm. Robson, off one half section, had 45 bushels wheat to the acre, and 40 bushels off another averaged 37 bushels to the acre. Geo. Steer, off a twenty-acre field, threshed half, M. A. Wilkinson, off 160 acres, 52 bushels wheat to the acre. His whole crop averaged over 40. Jas. A. R. Cameron's half section averaged over 36 bushels to the acre. D. McNeven, who has two farms, averaged about 40 bushels. W. A. Cooper got 47 bushels to the acre off 71 acres; his whole crop went about 40. John Murray, 35 per acre off 160 acres. Hockley Bros., 35 per acre off a half section. W. Ransom, 35 per acre of the Cathcart farm. N. Dunne, 39 to the acre. S. C. Hart, 38 per acre. T. Murray, Jr., 36 to the acre. A. E. McEwan, 38 to the acre. Mayor Taylor, 32 to the acre.

Intervention in love is equivalent to a declaration of war.

Nothing Too Good

for you. That's why we want you to take CASCARETS for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of CASCARETS that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by CASCARETS alone.

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

der to the bridge deck and clutching there at the rope which opened the steamer's siren. Good God! What an instant of suspense! Were the fires being damped down, or was there steam in the boiler? One tremendous pull upon the rope had no answer for me at all. Again, and again I jerked the cord back as though very desperation would sound the alarm which should summon my friends and save me from the rabble. And the men below watched me aguish, their curiosity overpowering their mouths. They gaped, so that when the siren's blast went echoing over the still sea at last, you could have heard a footfall on our decks or caught the meaning of a whispered message.

The men were dumfounded. I say, and without idea. This I have ever observed to be a habit among seamen when the news of any great disaster comes upon them or they are taken unawares in an instant of emergency. No clown could look more childish than, or any Master Bodface laugh as foolishly. There they were in a group below me, some with their hands thrust deep into their pockets, some smoking idly, some looking into the faces of their neighbors as though a sign would answer the riddle of the night. And while they stood, the siren roared a blast of defiance again, as the voice of a Minotaur of the deep, warning and terrifying and not to be resisted. Had I doubted the vigilance of my good comrades upon the yacht, I could have doubted it no longer. White Wings answered my signal almost instantly in a higher note of defiance, in a shrill assent to that wild roll call, the oratorical mechanical of honest friendship. And as she answered, her siren seemed to put a reproach upon me, saying, "The yacht is here—all is well—why have you doubted us?"

A deep silence fell upon the Diamond Ship when this signal came reverberating over the waters. None of the amazed seamen spoke a word or made a movement for many minutes. I had already put my pistol into my pocket and taken a cigaret from my case. If I wished the men to believe that the hour of crisis had passed, I was under no delusion at all myself. For remember that I had gone up to the bridge and stood there, during this supreme instant of danger, and that, if I would regain the deck of the yacht, I must descend the ladder down through these serried ranks of men; and must pass as one who was going from them to the house of an avenger, to his comrades who would judge the story and help him to decide upon the punishment. The rogues' very salvation depended upon my captivity; I was their hostage, and by me would relieve come, if relieve were to be hoped for at all. This I perceived long before it had dawned upon the witless rabble; but it occurred even to them at last, and crowding about the ladder's foot they told me bluntly that they were aware of it.

"Guess it's your turn," said the American, venturing a step upward but no more. His manner had become sheepish, I observed, and he spoke with less truculence.

"As you say, sir," I rejoined with what composure I could, "I am now going aboard my yacht, and there I will decide what is to be done with you. That will depend upon your behavior. I advise you to remember as much."

I lit my cigaret and waited for him to go on. White Wings was evidently quite near to us now—I could hear the throb of her turbines; her siren hooted repeatedly. The night was mine but for an accident. And yet, heaven knows, it appeared to me that what shall be about when he's doing it? Now, see here, as between man and man—you give us your solemn affidavit not to do anything against the ship's crew and you're free to come and go as you choose. That's my first condition—the second is as you sign the paper Will Rayner has drawn up and abide by its terms. Do as much as that and your friends shan't be more willing to help you. But if you don't do it—why, then look out for yourself, for by the Lord above me, you ain't got 10 minutes to live."

He came another step up the ladder, cheered, as it seemed, by his own eloquence. As for the men, they opened their lips for the first time since my yacht had answered me, and their hoarse roar of defiance, uttered in that unpleasant timbre to which the sea attunes the human voice, backed the threat and made it their own. Had it been left to the usual circumstances less dangerous, I might have given them my word to let them go free, and signed the paper their leader spoke about; but just in the same measure that they threatened me, so did my anger against them rise—and stepping quickly to the topmost rung of the ladder I answered them in a sentence that even their dull intellects could understand.

(Continued Next Week.)

A Cautious Hero.
From the New York Telegraph.
The girl fell overboard.
"Help!" she cried.
The middle-aged bachelor threw his coat.
"Promise I won't have to marry you," he cried.
"Promise," replied the girl. "Save me."
The bachelor turned to a man nearby.
"You heard her, did you?" he asked.
"Yes."
"Your name, please?"
"Your address?"
"Sixty-six Umpleth street."
The bachelor took a notebook from his coat pocket and wrote them down. Then he put the notebook in his hip pocket and leaped into the whirling water.
The girl was saved.

What Jeremiah Said.
From the Portland Oregonian.
Jerry Rusk, the speaker of the Oregon house, is no doubt of the kin of Uncle Jerry Rusk, who as governor of Wisconsin "seen his duty and done it" in the time of the Polish strike in Milwaukee. "I would Jerry once bought some pork of Rev. Ekanah Whitworth which needed disinfecting. At a camp meeting Elder Whitworth was quoting the prophets to inspire repentance in the unrepentant and the backsliders. "What does Elijah say?" And he quoted from Elijah. Daniel fared likewise. Then came the climax. "What does Jeremiah say?" before the elder could answer with his quotation Uncle Jerry was on his feet. "He says, by gracious, you've got to take the pork back."

Bully.
From Ideas.
An Irishman and his English friend were out rabbit shooting. They had been very unsuccessful and were returning downhearted when they saw a hare dart out of the hedge.
Mike, in amazement, failed to shoot, and the hare escaped.
"Why didn't you shoot it?" asked the Englishman.
"Shure," said Mike, "I didn't see it till it was out of sight."