

Libby's

Corned Beef

Everybody likes good corned beef.

Everybody likes Libby's because it is good and is ready for serving as soon as taken out of the tin.

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Libby, McNeill & Libby

FREE RUBBER GOODS and toilet article catalog—free for women. Write postal now. Merford Co., Dept. 4, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE 280 acre improved, tilled Iowa farm, one mile from town, \$110. Address owner, H. B. LITCHY, Waterloo, Iowa.

Feminine Reasoning.
Stella—Her gown is just like yours.
Bella—I don't care if her's is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

Snakes in Prohibition Maine.
Snakes emptied two saloons in Portland of the crowds of customers a few evenings ago. A non-resident ordered a box of snakes sent to him from the south for the purpose of cleaning out a vast number of rats from his place. The snakes were given a chance to deconstrate their rat-killing ability and the large snake destroyed 15 in a few minutes. The snakes were then taken to two different saloons and in a few minutes cleared them of the crowd.—Kennebec Journal.

To Make Fruit Jar Rubbers Last.
To have fruit jar rubbers last, keep them well covered in a jar full of flour until used, and as soon as removed from empty jars. One can then afford a good quality of rubbers, as kept thus they will safely last several seasons. When there is doubt of old rubbers, they may often be made to eke out one more season by using two of the rubbers to each jar and screwing down tight. Always stand newly filled jars upside down until cool, to test the tops and rubbers.—Designer.



NATURALLY.
Hix—Did you notify the police of the robbery?
Dix—Yes, and I am expecting at any moment to hear that they have arrested the wrong man.

WRONG SORT
Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Weldon, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach troubles accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried about every kind.

"I had become completely discouraged, and given up all hope, and thought I was doomed to starve to death, until one day my husband, trying to find something I could retain, brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once. My flesh (which had been flabby), grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a God-send to my family; it surely saved my life; and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read 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.

THAT AFFAIR AT ELIZABETH

By Burton E. Stevenson,
Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holiday Case," Etc.
New York—Henry Holt & Co.—1907.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

He paused for a moment to be sure of his self-control, and I had the chance to look at him more closely. His face was not only comely, it was strong, magnetic. The black hair and eyes bespoke a vigorous temperament, full beard, closely cropped, served rather to accentuate the fine lines of mouth and chin. There was no superfluous flesh about the face—no puffiness; it was thin with the healthy thinness which tells of a busy life, any browned by exposure to wind and sun. It was, altogether, a manly face, not the merely handsome one which I had rather expected. My eyes were drawn especially to his hand as he passed it hastily across his forehead—a hand firm, white, with slightly tapering fingers—an artist's hand which one would scarcely connect with an engineer of construction.

"There's really very little I can tell you," he said, at last. "When I saw Marcia this morning—"

"You were given a place on the road at once?"

"Yes—not a very important place, but one with a chance for promotion, which was all I asked. I was stationed at Pittsburgh for three years and then called east to work on the division here. A year ago, I was made assistant at the headquarters office."

"Rather a remarkable career," I commented, smiling.

"Not at all," he protested quickly. "I liked the work, and I was well equipped."

"I saw that I should have to revise my opinion of him—certainly he was not conceited."

"When did you meet Miss Lawrence?" I asked.

"Last December—the 10th, to be quite accurate—just six months ago today."

Again his voice trailed away into a sort of hoarse whisper, though he tried desperately to control it.

"Won't you tell me about it?"

"Is it necessary?" he questioned miserably. "I—I don't want to talk."

"I know you don't, and I don't want to make you. But if I'm to help, I must know the whole story."

"Pardon me, Mr. Lester," he said, pulling himself together by a mighty effort. "Of course you must. Only give me time. I'm—I'm—"

"All the time in the world," I assured him, and settled back in my chair to listen.

"We had a bad grade crossing just east of Elizabeth," he began, after a moment, in a steady tone. "It was an ugly place, with a driveway coming down a stiff hill and meeting our tracks at an angle which prevented a clear view of them. We kept a flagman there, of course, but nevertheless accidents happened right along. A skittish horse, once started down the hill and fired, perhaps by the whistle and rattle of the approaching train, would be pretty hard to stop."

"I nodded. I had seen just such murderous crossings.

"So the company determined to build a viaduct there, and last December I was sent out to look over the ground. I reached there about 9 o'clock in the morning, and by noon had all my data and was ready to come back to the city."

"Can you flag this train for me, John?" I asked the flagman, as I heard him whistle down the line.

"No, sir," he answered, "can't do it, sir. That's the limit, but there'll be a local along 10 minutes after it."

"All right," I said, and went up the bank a bit to sit down and wait for it.

"The limited whistled again, just around the curve, and then I heard the flagman give a yell and start up the hill, waving his flag like mad. I jumped up and saw that a buggy containing two women had just started down and that the horse was beyond control. It didn't take me above a minute to run over, get the horse by the bridle, and stop him. I held the track record for everything up to the half mile while I was at Sheffield," he added, with a little apologetic smile.

"I nodded again; only, I thought, I should like to hear the flagman tell the story. The horse had knocked me about a bit, he went on, "and kicked me on the legs once or twice, so when I let go the bridle I was a little wobbly—made a fool of myself, I suppose. Anyway, I was bundled into the buggy and taken back to Elizabeth, where the women lived."

"Yes," I encouraged him, for he seemed to have come to a full stop; "and then?"

"Let me tell the rest, Burr," said a low voice from the door, and I turned to see a woman standing there—a woman with a black, with a face of unusual sweetness, but shadowed by a great sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.
A STRANGE MESSAGE.

I guessed in a breath who she was, and my heart went out to her in instant pity. Yet a second glance told me that it was not the shadow of this recent sorrow which lay across her face. Time alone could grave those lines of calm endurance, could give to the eyes that look of quiet resignation, the mouth that curve of patient suffering, and only a deep spiritual faith could preserve and heighten the sweetness and gentleness of a countenance so marked.

"This is Mr. Lester, Mrs. Lawrence," said our junior, quickly, and placed a chair for her. "I've asked Mr. Lester to help us," he added.

She closed the door behind her and came forward as we rose, acknowledging the introduction with the faintest of bows.

"Thank you," she said. "Lucy told me you had returned, Mr. Royce," she went on, a little tremulously, "and I was anxious to know if you had any news."

"Not yet, Mr. Curtiss was just telling Mr. Lester—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "I saw how he was suffering and I wished to spare him, if I could."

"My dear Mrs. Lawrence," broke in Curtiss, "you must think only of sparing yourself."

"Still," I suggested, "it's possible that Mrs. Lawrence can help us a great deal, if she will."

She was holding herself admirably in hand, and I thought her in much less danger of breaking down than Curtiss himself. Perhaps the old sorrow had taught her how to bear the new one.

"I shall be glad to help you all I can," she said, and smiled a faint encouragement.

"It seemed brutal to question her at such a time, but I saw it must be done, and I nervously myself to arms."

"Mrs. Lawrence," I began, "has any possible explanation of your daughter's flight occurred to you?"

"No," she answered quickly, and with an emphasis that rather startled me. "It seems to me utterly unexplainable. Even yet, I can scarcely believe it!"

"She left no message for you?"

"Not a word; she simply disappeared."

"And you had no warning?"

"Warning?" she repeated, facing around upon me. "No!"

"Nor suspected that there was anything amiss?"

"Not for an instant."

"Since there was something amiss, why did your daughter not confide in you?"

"I have asked myself the same question. I am utterly unable to answer it."

"She was in the habit of coming to you with her troubles?"

"Always. There was the most perfect confidence between us."

"And yet she concealed this?"

"She did not conceal it!" she protested. "She could not have concealed it from my eyes, even had she wished to. There was absolutely nothing wrong the last time I saw her."

"And that was?"

sible at present to proceed any further along that line of inquiry.

"And what other line lay open? It seemed to me that I had come to an impasse—a closed way—which barred further progress."

I sat silent a moment, pondering the problem. Perhaps Mrs. Lawrence held the key to it, and I turned to look at her. She was seemingly sunk in reverie, and her lips moved from time to time, as though she were repeating to herself some fragmentary words. She seemed more self-possessed in the presence of this catastrophe than one would have expected. Perhaps she knew where her daughter was; perhaps Miss Lawrence had not really fled. There was nothing to show that she had left the house. It seemed impossible that a woman clad as she had been could have fled, in broad day, without attracting someone's notice. But whether she had fled or not, I reflected, the mystery remained the same. Certainly, she had not appeared at the altar to keep her promise to Burr Curtiss.

"Mrs. Lawrence," I asked, "what reason have you to believe that your daughter left the house?"

She started from her reverie, and sat staring at me as though scarce understanding.

"Why," she said at last, "what else could she have done. She has disappeared—"

"You're sure she isn't concealed somewhere about the place?"

"Concealed?" she paled a little under my eyes. "Oh, no; that's impossible. We've searched everywhere!"

"And you think she went of her own free will?"

"She could scarcely have been abducted," she retorted. "Marcia is a strong girl, and a single scream would have alarmed the house."

"That's true," I agreed. "Your room is near hers?"

"Just across the hall."

"The wish flashed into my brain to look through the house; perhaps I should have suggested it, hadn't I?"

"There's no pit or hole, or trap or anything of that sort into which she could have fallen?"

"Oh, no; nothing of the sort."

"Nor closet nor chest into which she could have hidden?"

"I went on remembering the fate of the bride in the old song."

"No; besides, we've looked in every corner. She's not in the house—I'm quite sure of that."

"And yet you say she loved Mr. Curtiss?"

"Loved him devotedly."

"Then what possible reason could she have for deserting him? Why should she—"

"I heard Mrs. Lawrence's low exclamation of surprise, as she held the letter up to the light and read the superscription. Then she turned swiftly toward us, her face pale with emotion."

"It's a note!" she cried. "A note from Marcia! It will explain!" and she handed the envelope to Curtiss.

"A note?" he stammered. "Addressed to me?"

"In Marcia's writing. Read it. It will explain," she repeated.

He took it with trembling hand, went to the window, and tore it open. I saw his lips quivering as he read it; I saw the white intensity with which Mrs. Lawrence watched his face. It was a note, too, of another presence in the room, and I glanced around to see that the maid stood leaning forward in the open doorway, her eyes sparkling with eagerness, her mouth working, her hands clasping and unclasping convulsively, as though she were waiting for a word, her face expressive of a hope, in her attitude—something almost of exulting, of triumph—

Curtiss crushed the letter in his hand with a quick movement of despair, and turned to us distraught, flushed, astounded.

"It tells nothing," he faltered; "nothing. It—it—I can't believe it! Read it, Mr. Lester," and he held the sheet of paper to ward me.

"The devil is proud of the man who is mean to his wife."

A DIFFERENT ENTRANCE.



First Burglar—I see that Mr. Bill-yuns entered his yacht in the July races and got a \$100 silver cup.

Second Burglar—I've got him beat a block. I entered a yacht las' week an' got a whole silver service.

Settled Them.

"I've a sight o' sons—thirteen altogether," remarked a prosperous old farmer, "and all of 'em's done me credit save the three eldest, who sowed wild oats at a pretty rapid rate, and then came home and saddled my shoulders with the harvest."

"Well, I own I was glad to see 'em back, and I feasted 'em, and petted 'em, and set 'em on their legs again, only to see 'em skeddaddle off afresh when things had slowed down, with all the cash they could lay hands on."

"That thereabouts sickened me, so I called the rest of 'em together and said:

"There's ten of you left, and if any of you 'ud like to follow t'other three I won't try to stop you. But, understand this, though there may be a few more prodigal sons, there'll be no more fatted calves. I've killed the last of 'em!"

"And," continued the old man, triumphantly, "I've had trouble w' none of 'em since!"

Would Try Another.

There was going to be a picnic that morning, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The little boy prayed before he retired at night that it might be a fine day. And when he looked out of the window at the peep of dawn, it was raining.

No Wedding Day Bargains.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Just So.

"Why do they call a bell boy in a hotel 'Buttons'?"

"Because he's always off when you need him most, I guess."

Mrs. Winalow's Soothing Syrup for Children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

If we really wish to be, we can be wanted in the world.—Roche.

The devil is proud of the man who is mean to his wife.

Outguessing the Mighty Cobb.

From Outing.

A striking example of a pitcher out-guessing the batter is afforded in one of the Chicago-Detroit games for the world championship. The Tigers came to bat in the fourth inning with the score 2 to 0 against them. Both teams were playing "close"—from the opening inning it had been conservative baseball with no daring chances. O'Leary, the chunky Detroit shortstop, led off with a single and big Crawford followed with another. O'Leary was stopped at second.

It looked like a Detroit rally, and the crowd was stamping its feet and uttering joyous howls. Cobb danced up to the plate with his confident swagger. Everybody knew he would bunt and everybody knew Detroit would win. Crawford rolled the ball along the third base line, it is almost impossible to put him out, his speed is so great. Brown, the Chicago pitcher, knew this. The stereotyped play would have been to pitch Cobb a ball that he would have difficulty in bunting. Brown, with remarkable nerve, planned to outguess Cobb. He delivered a ball that Cobb could bunt with the greatest accuracy. He actually invited Cobb to make the play that seemed so advantageous to Detroit.

A Catastrophe.

A cat was being chased along the roof of a New York building. It lost its balance and fell on a boy who was standing on a balcony on the second floor. The startled boy fell in his turn, landing on a baby carriage, fortunately empty, which another boy was wheeling in the street. The first boy dislocated his wrist; the cat was killed.

Should Walk Upright.
A man should be kept straight.—Marcus Aurelius.

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own house work, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."

—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

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, Bloating, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitoes, house flies, etc. Cleans, disinfects, and kills germs. Can't spill or tip over, will not burn. Guaranteed to kill anything. Get all dealers or send for literature. Price 25c. Prepared for Stocking. 150 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

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INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed -
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Rhubarb Sulfate -
Gala Seed -
Piperine -
Bismuthate Soda -
Warm Seed -
Cinnamon -
Mintgreen Flavor

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

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