JUDGED BY THEIR CLOTHES

Smart Cigar Store Clerk Ready With Apology That by No Means Mended Situation.

Herman Fellner tells this story on himself, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. He was in Washington on business recently and met three or four friends on the street. After a moment's chat he beckoned them to come with him. "I'm off the stuff," said he, "but I want to buy you each a cigar.

They happened to be in front of a combination cigar and news stand at the moment. Led by Mr. Fellner, they all trooped in. The clerk hurried to the cigar case to wait upon them. Before Mr. Fellner could indicate his wishes the clerk had slapped a box on the glass case. "Here y' are," said he. "Best dime smoker in town."

Mr. Fellner is sort of fussy about his smokes. He looked at the cigar then shoved the box away. "Have you no other price?" he asked.

The clerk shoved the box in the case. "Sure thing," said he. "My mistake and your treat."

Having pulled off this time-worn witticism, he addressed Mr. Fellner confidentially. "Your clothes sort of fooled me," taid he. " You fellers are a pretty well-dressed lot, you know." Then he put another box on the coun-"Here," said he, "is the best ter. nickel smoker in the village.'

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched.

'We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 883, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 14 L. Boston.

Baltimore French.

A Baltimore boniface tells of a waiter in that city who lately announced that he had taken up the study of the French language. "Do you find it necessary here?"

asked the patron to whom the man confided this bit of information. "Not here, sir," explained the wait-

er; 'but I've been offered a steady

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR HIS BETTER HALF

From the Washington Star. involuntarily reach up and feel of some-There was a sly, furtive look in the thing that made a slight bulge in the right-hand inside breast pocket of his man's eye as he entered the vestibule of his home. Also there was someright-hand inside breast pocket of his coat. She noticed that when $z_{\rm inc}$ caught him at this he looked hang-doggier than ever, and quickly dropped the tell-tale hand. Whereupon a great, glowing light il-lumined her, and she would have laid as high as 20 to 1, in money, marbles or chalk, that she knew. thing hangdog and slinking in his

thing hangdog and slinking in his manner. His wife, of course, noticed these things at once. She observed when she kissed him that his lips were hot and parched. He did not meet her gaze. There was a distinct vell over his usually frank and open manner. His talk, as he hung up his hat and coat on the hall hatrack, was disjointed, not to the point, randomlike. He ap-peared to be talking merely for the sake of making talk, as one converses Suddenly he ran his fingers through his hair, yawned phonily and said "How about the eats? I'm starved." "Are you?" she replied, just ordinar-ily like that. "Well, I'll run down to the basement and hurry Hilda up with

sake of making talk, as one converses with the purpose of covering up some-thing. the dinner." This, too, his spouse, of course, no-ticed. She eyed him keenly out of the corner of her experienced eye. There was no aroma of drink on his breath. of the room and to the basement stairs, of the room and to the basement stairs, and he listened, with his head chocked to one side, while she pattered down the stairs. Then he gazed hurriedly all around the room, as if seeing some hid-ing place, not for himself, of course, but for that which made the slight bulge in the pocket of his coat. Then, listening again, and even going to the head of the basement stairs to assure himself that his sponse still was What ho aroma of aring on his breath. She had taken pains to ascertain that. What, then, could it be? She studied and studied and she continued to ob-serve him sidelongwise. A married woman becomes extremely, almost un-

cannily adopt in discerning it when her man has been in some sort of mischief. Not only that, but she becomes weirdly skilled in putting her finger, so to speak, upon the very nature of the mischief.

But this time this wife plainly was baffled. He continued to avert his gaze from hers. He looked positively shifty-eyed—something very unusual in him. He did not ask her what there was for took two at a clip, and going so slinkly that he scarcely creaked the stairs as he went. He did not stop at the second He did not ask her what there was for dinner; a question which she had learned confidently to expect from him as soon as he put foot in the vestibule of evenings. "Feeling all right, dear?" she asked him, experimentally.

him, experimentally. "Uh-huh," he replied, staring oddly at a little picture that he'd been per-fectly familiar with for at least four-

at a fitte picture that he a been per-fectly familiar with for at least four-teen years. "Things go all right at the office to-day?" she inquired. "Huh? Office? Things go all right?" he said, absently. "What things? Sure things went all right. Why wouldn't they?" "Oh, nothing," replied his wife. She stopped proding him. Wives know, with a knowledge based upon in-side experience, that the husband with anything on his mind sconer or later will blurt out something to give away the character of the burden, if let alone. The wives hate like fury to wait for the hour of the blurting out, be-cause curiosity deferred maketh the feminine heart sick; but, in a pinch, they will follow the dope, no matter how hard it hurts. As she fussed around, however, she

how hard it hurts. As she fussed around, however, she decided to try another little lead or so, upon the chance that she might ac-cidentally spring the cause of his dis-

quietude. "The bills were a little heavy this At first he scarce seemed to have heard her observation. After a pause, however, he glanced up at her question-

however, he glanced up at her question-ingly. "Bills? Oh, yes, the bills," he said. "Well, I'm not kicking about the bills, am I? Who said anything about bills? I don't shrick about bills, do I? I'll pay 'em as long as I've got the price. Can't do any better than that, can I?" Thus driven back, she turned the matter off with what lightness she could assume. All the same, the under-lying cause of his disquietude, his ab-sorption, his hangdogginess, had be-gun very decidedly to bear upon her, and for a considerable less sum than two Lincoln pennies she could and would have shaken him until his teeth rattled. But she maintained her aprattled. But she maintained her ap-pearance and manner of exterior caim. They shine at this maintaining the ap-

The Christmas Goose.

When comes the Yuletide season, The Christmas goose we sing! All laden down with juices brown, A toothsome offering.

board will not be allowed to pass with out a protest. Reports of organized risistance come from all parts of the First Dynamiter to Admit His country, and it may be that the opposition will soon be sufficiently solidified to defeat a project that promises infinite mischief for the community, and suffering and injustice for the individual. The proposal is based upon those specious claims that are notoriously

It is gratifying to note that the bill

for the creation of a federal health

hard to controvert. If a federal health board were to confine its activities to do as he pleased. the promulgation of salutary advice upon hygienic matters, to the abatement of quackery, and to the purity of drugs, it might be possible to say much in its favor, although it would still be difficult to say that such an organization is needed. But we know that it will attempt to do far more than this, seeing that its adherents have loudly proclaimed their intentions. Indeed, there is no secrecy about them. It is confidently expected that the board will consist of advocates of one school of medicine only and that the methods of that school will be not only recommended, but enforced upon the nation. Indeed a board that was in any way representative of the medical profession as a whole would be stultified by its own disagreements. Outside the domain of simple hygiene, for which we need no federal board at all, there is no

single point of medical practice upon which allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics and osteopaths could be in unison. Any board that could be devised by the wit of man must be composed of representatives of one school only. and this means that all other schools are branded as of an inferior caste, even though nothing worse happened to them. And something worse would happen to them. If we are to establish a school of medicine, if we are to assert that the government of the United States favors one variety of practice more than others, why not establish also a sect of religion and bestow special authorities upon Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians? An established school of religious conjecture seems somewhat less ob-

jectionable than an established sect of pseudo-scientific conjecture. Those who suppose that a federal

board of health would have no concern with individual rights are likely to find themselves undeceived. It is for the purpose of interfering with individual rights that the proposal has been made. We need no special knowledge of conditions to be aware that what may be called unorthodox methods of healing have made sad inroads into the orthodox. Homeopathy claims a vast number of adherents who are just as well educated and just as intelligent as those who adhere to the older school. Osteopathy, eclecticism, and half a dozen other methods of practice are certainly not losing ground. Beyond them is the vast and increasing army of those who may be classed under the general and vague

name of mental healers. Those who are addicted to any of these forms of unorthodoxy need have no doubt as to the purposes of the federal health board. Those purposes are to make it difficult for them to follow their particular fads and fancies, to lead them, and if necessary to drive them, from medical unorthodoxy to medical orthodoxy. Now the Argonaut holds no brief for any of the excesses and the superstitions connected with the care of the body in which this age is so rife. But it does feel concerned for the preser vation of human liberty and for the rights of the individual to doctor himself in any way he pleases so long as he does not indubitably threaten the health of the community. He may take large doses or small ones, or no doses at all; he may be massaged, anointed with oil, or prayed over, just as the whim of the moment may dictate, and probably it makes no particle of difference which he does. But he has the right to choose, just as he chooses the color of his necktie or the character of his underclothing. It is not a matter in which any wise gov ernment will seek to interfere. This is precisely the liberty that the health hoard intends to take from him. Orthodox medicine, conscious of its losses, is trying to buttress itself by federal statute, to exalt allopathy to the status of a privileged caste, and to create an established school of medicine just as some other countries have allowed themselves to create an established school of religion. It is for the common sense of the community to rebuke that effort and to re pel an unwarranted invasion upon ele mentary human rights .- San Francisco Argonaut.

A FEDERAL HEALTH BOARD, M'MANIGAL AFRAID TO STICK TO CROWD

Guilt Thought He Would 'Beat Others to It."

Los Angeles, Cal.-Ortie E. Mc-Manigal was as glib and chipper as though his one-time friends were not at all near death or long imprisonment and as though he himself were free to

For more than an hour McManigal chatted with callers. He said he had not expected the McNamaras would admit their guilt so soon. He also de-tlared that Job B. Harriman, formerly a defense attorney and leader of the tocialist ticket in the recent election, inew the McNamaras were guilty, "This confession was something I lidn't expect, at least not at this time," said McManigal. "I always knew that J. J. would come through sooner or later. I figured that when he found out how cut and dried the case against his brother Jim was he would plead his brother Jim was, he would plead guilty to save Jim's life, but I thought that would come after he had heard the evidence, or enough of it. Why, If J. J. had ever seen what Burns showed me in a little back room in Bouth Chicago, just after they pinched me, he'd have confessed right where he stood. Well, his confession makes the first sensetion but there's another and first sensation, but there's another and a bigger one coming. J. J. isn't the top of the ladder. There are other men

of the ladder. There are other men higher up." "You mean that some of the promi-nent labor leaders will be indicted?" "Well," continued McManigal, "be-fore this federal investigation is over they are going to get some others. Jim was my immediate boss, of course, but J. J. was the works. Jim and I traveled around together, and Jim used to stop at my house. He made the first test of his clockwork device on the front door bell of our house, and after that door bell of our house, and after that he used to sit in our parlor and make bombs evenings."

Says His Wife Know.

"Then your wife knew all the time what you and Jim were doing?" "Of course. She knew Jim as J. B. Brice and as Frank Sullivan, and she knew what we were doing long ago. That's all stuff about her saying she turned agoingt me as acon each become turned against me as soon as she knew I was guilty. Some one has won he over or else she was afraid of what over or else she was afraid of what people would think of her if she stuck by me. She used to get the money, too, \$200 a job, and put it in the bank. "Do you think that looks as if she knew what I was doing, and Jim sit-ting right there in our house making bombs? And right here I want to say that Job Harriman knew the McNa-mara brothers were guilty as well as

mara brothers were guilty, as well as Clarence Darrow did, and I suspect that Clarence Darrow's employer, Sam Gompers knew it too, though I can't prove that. But I know Harriman knew it. When the McNamara defense brought my when the Archamara detense brought my when and children and my Uncle George out here to try and win me over, they and a Mrs. McGuire, a friend of my wife, all stayed at Job Harriman's house.

He Was Badly Shaken.

He Was Badly Shaken. "My wife knew I was guilty long be-fore I confessed to Burns. She tried to win me over from turning state's evidence by telling me Job Harriman had the bag my gun and the clock and the wire and the other things were In. I thought they would double-cross me and I was badly shaken. I have been double-crossed before. You see when they got me and Jim we had bags with us and a lot of stuff in them bags was pretty strong evidence, so I figured that if this Job Harriman (McManigal pro-nounces it Jobb) had my bag, maybe the state did not have such a strong case on me as they tried to make out Weil, I found the bag and all was in the vauit at the district attorney's office and then I knew they had been lying . "My wife save me just 15 minutes to to me.

and then I knew they had been lying to me. "My wife gave me just 15 minutes to tell her I'd see Clarence Darrow or to make up my mind I'd never see her and the children again. And I thought the world and all of those children. Harriman didn't have the bag, but I know my wife had told him what she knew and she knew all I'd been doing. "McManigal, what is the real reason you confessed and turned up the crowd you have been running with so long?" "You mean, why did I confess to the Burns people? Well, there was the evi-dence they had against me. They had the real goods on me. But there was a better reason than that. I had figured for a long time that I knew too much about J. J. McNamara and the bridge workers, for I had got several hints about it. I was like a man walking with the point of a knife at his back. A chap in that fix ain't stopping much. He has got to keep moving ahead. So I kept moving along, and all the time

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assure himself that his spouse still was downstairs in converse with the maid of all work, he tripped with the greatest lightness and stealth to the stairs leading to the second floor, which he

ly and hurriedly around, like some one at bay after being pursued. His eye fell upon an old trunk standing in a dim corner of the storeroom. He tip-pytoed over to the old trunk, undid the clasps at the side, found that the

the clasps at the side, found that the trunk wasn't locked and raised the lid. As he did so he thought he heard a creaking on the stairs, and he looked up guiltily and kept the trunk lid poised in the air, held by one hand, as he listened. Obviously attributing the creaking sound to imagination, he thrust the trunk lid back as far as it would go. Then he burrowed into the trunk, which was filled with old papers, books and the like. He tossed the lit-ter of old stuff to one side, making a neat little hole in one of the rear cor-ners of the trunk.

He watched her as she traipsed out

ners of the trunk.

Then he reached into his right-hand breast poket with a hand that trem-bled visibly, while his breath came stertoriously, and he pulled up a small black leather jewel case and he jam-med the jewel case into the little hole that he had made in the back of the litter of papers and things in the litter of papers and things in the heard another bunch of creaks on the stairs, and again he paused and looked up wildly. Once again reassured as to the

Once again reassured as to the creaking, he covered over the jewel case with the papers, let the trunk lid case with the papers, let the trunk lid fall gently, put the clasps up again, and then, standing up and brushing the dust from his clothes, he tippytoed out of the storeroom and went down the stairs to his bedroom on the second floor, where, flushed but relieved-look-ing, he fixed his necktle and combed his hair and emitted a phony whistle to sort of ease his mind. Five minutes later his wife called up the stairs that dinner was ready, and when he went down to dinner his manner was easy again and all of his hangdogginess had disa-peared. disa-peared.

But he hadn't merely imagined that creaking on the stairs. Friend wife had made the creaking. And when he They shine at this maintaining the ap-pearance stuff. Continuing to observe him out of the left-hand corner of her eve, she no-ticed that quite occasionally, if not oftener, his right hand would sort of from her until Christmas.

> in the royal park in the early morn-ing, and—after a breakfast of coffee and cakes at noon—sit down at 3 o'clock to a dinner at which all the national dishes are served. One of these, lutfisk, is rather formidable; it consists of salt food slowly simmered for three days in lime water to which for three days in lime water, to which a good handful of wood ashes has been for three days in the water, to which a good handful of wood ashes has been added, and is eaten with pepper sauce. There must also be a ham on the table, for the pig was sacred to Freya, the Goddess of Bounty of the old northern mythology. Grod, or rice porridge, is eaten as in Denmark, and the cakes served with it are much the same as the Danish ones. It is needsame as the Danish ones. It is need-less to say that in palace and hovel alike—wherever there are children— there is sure to be a Christmas tree, round which the children dance merrily.

job In Paris at one of the hotels if I can learn Rrench."

"But Paris is full of French wait. ers," said the patron. "I'm afraid you're being deceived."

"No, sir," said the man, with much earnestness and absolute simplicity. "The proposition's a straight one. The proprietor of the hotel says that the waiters he has can't understand French as we Baltimoreans speak it. and that's what he wants me for, you see."-Lippincott's.

Modern Methods.

Moliere had written many plays to ridicule doctors and medicine. Louis XIV. heard that the author had, however, a doctor at his service since he became famous and well-to-do, so the king one day called upon Moliere and said to him:

"I have heard, Moliere, that you have a physician. What is he doing to you?'

"Sire," answered the author of the "Malade Imaginaire," "we chat together, he writes prescriptions for me, I don't take them and I am cured!". Life.

What! Rub a Kiss Off?

At the tender age of three mascu line conceit had gripped that small boy with a relentless clutch. He had kissed a little girl of three, and she

was rubbing her lips vigorously. "You mustn't do that again," said the boy's mother. "She doesn't like it. Just see how hard she is trying to rub your kiss off."

"Oh, no, she ain't," said the boy. "She is trying to rub it in."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

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Dr. Pierce's. Pleasant Pellets regulate I invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. cir-coated, tiny granules, easy to take hot sribe.

The defeated candidate is surprised at the number of misguided men who failed to vote for him

A Christmas goose—some argue— Is every trusting child. Who Santa Claus adores because His socks with gifts are piled. A Christmas goose-they'll tell you-Well known to all is he! Poor patient dad, whose purse must add To every charity.

A Christmas goose—not really Is mother, anxiously At work with zest, so fearful lest Forgotten some may be.

The Christmas goose—why, he's The biggest goose, I fear, Who naught will spend upon a friend— Nor love nor sympathy will lend On the best day of the year. —May Kelly in Woman's Home Com-panion. panion

Home

CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING

"Christmas without plum pudding," says Emma Richards in Woman's Companion for December, "would seem like the play of 'Ham-let' with 'Hamlet left out,' and while you can buy a fairly good pudding in a tin can, the homemade article gives far more satisfaction and a larger quantity for the same expenditure. A young English friend gave the his quantity for the same expenditure. A young English friend gave me his mother's rule some years ago, and I have used it year after year with real pleasure, and as it lasts my family most of the winter, I think it an eco-

most of the winter, I think it an eco-nomical dish. It will require one pound of beef suet, one pound of currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of mixed peel (lemon, orange and citron), one pound of flour, two ounces of sweet almonds (chopped fine), one-half teaspoonful of mixed spice, one-half a nutmeg, one pound of sugar, one small teaspoonful of sait, the rind and juice of two lemons, three soda crackers rolled fine, six eggs and one-fourth of a teacupful of syrup. Thor-oughly mix when dry, then wet with ter that way."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN SWEDEN. From the Wide World Magazine.

From the Wide World Magazine. In Sweden, Christmas day begins with a picturesque ceremony. There is service at the churches at 6 in the morning, and it is the custom for all classes to attend, rich and poor alike. As the sun has not risen at that hour, each person carries a large lighted torch, and these torches are thrown down in a heap at the door of the church, where they form a huge bonfire. The houses, too, are all il-luminated with candles. The king and royal family spend their Christ-mas in precisely the same way as their subjects, the only difference be-ing that their rejoicings are on a larger scale. They go to the church

The Lord of Christmas Week. From Collier's

Men have long dreamed of the perfect

ruler, some happy prince who shall love his people well, whose leadership shall be wise, gentle and just. History is wist-ful with man's effort to find him—the hero, the strong man, the righteous ruler-and then to establish him in dominion over their broken lives and warring wills. Long ago they found Him. But all who find Him lose Him, though all have found Him fair. The eager dream came true, what time there issued out of Bethlehem the man of good will, the lover of the race. Each year, for a handful of days, so brief, so swift to go, Lord Christ assumes the leadership. Each year we give Him Christ-mas week, permitting His will to prevail, His brooding spirit to rest upon the na-

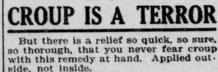
Toward that gentle interlude- the days of the truce of God-men longingly look through the tale of the weary months. And when the brief term is ended, yearningly our thoughts turn back to that time when we were good together. His spirit is breathed through the pensive season, like faint music in the night. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of the little days are banished. For our sad mood and lone-ly heart He brings a comfort. To His fourth of a teacupful of syrup. Thor-oughly mix when dry, then wet with egg and syrup, and water enough to make very stiff, then let stand over night. In the morning put in bowls, and cover with cloths, then put in a kettle of boiling water. Boil it for eight hours. When wanted for use boil again or steam until thoroughly heated through. Serve with either hard or soft sauce or cream. As I own a large instead of boiling it, and I like it bet-ter that way." Him out for other guests less radiant. If His dominion over the hearts of men were more than a lovely episode, if He might but abide, it would be well with us.

What He Was Afraid Of. An Irishman who was to undergo trial for theft was being comforted by his priest. "Keep up your heart, Dennis, my boy. Take my word for it, you'll get jus-tice."

"Troth, yer reverence," replied De in an undertone, "and that's just what I am afraid of."

Need No Help.

From the St. Paul Press. A gun is invented that will pring down airships. Up to date the aviators have been able to come down without the aid



Sedgwick's Croup Liniment.

All Druggists.

Natural Deduction. "Papa, are lawyers always bad-tempered?"

"No. daughter; why do you ask that?"

"Because I read so much in the paers about their cross-examinations."

Kindred Spirits.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "I ain" nad a square meal in two days." "Well," said the resolute woman, as she turned the dog loose, "neither

has Towser, so I know you'll excuse him."

The co-operative system of handling the apple crop of Nova Scotia has proved a decided success. The benefit of co-operative packing consists in a uniform pack, which secures a reputa-tion for apples thus put up

A chap in that fix ain't stopping much. He has got to keep moving ahead. So I kept moving along, and all the time I was getting surer and surer that when they wanted to get rid of me they would find a way." "So you thought you would beat them to it?" "Sure."

"Sure." "You never saw any indications sug-gesting a slab in the morgue for you, did you, Mac?" McManigal is very fond of being called Mac. That is his favorite name about the district attorney's office. The "Trick" at Detroit.

The "Trick" at Detroit. "Well, I ain't so sure that I ain't," he answered slowly. You know they pinched me just before I was going to turn that trick at Detroit. There was four explosion in that job, four real enes and one fake one, just to throw a scare into one of the big men in the erectors' association. All the real ones were going to be shop jobs. There was it be one in the shops of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works company, one in the Russell Wheel Foundry, one in the American Bridge company and one in the Whitehead and Kale shops. "J. B said to me before we set out, after this work is over we will go up to Conover in the woods and stay there a while hunting. Til leave you up there and come back and pay the mdney to your wife.' I said, guess I ain't so strong for going into these woods up there at Conover. I mightn't come out again. No, when you go back Til go back, too.'

back, too.' "'It would be a damn good place to get rid of a man,' says Jim, kind of absent mindedly. 'You know there are other fellows they are still looking for and haven't found yet, fellers that knew too much. I figure that they will fish two or three of them out of the creeks or the bottom of some well some day, but they won't be telling much then."

Railway Churches. From the Travel Magazine. Among other luxitries on the Trans-Siberian railway line are chapels which are attached to the principal expresses. Priests travel with these moving churches. The chapels are quite elab-orate, paneled with beantiful woods, lavishly decorated, and overlaid with gold leaf. They are intended, not so much for the use of the faithful pas-mengers aboard as for the people living near stations which the train passes. At an appointed flour on Sundays, the train halts at the wayside platform and the peasants living in the mishborheed flock to the service. flock to the service.

Lady-How much for children's piccures? Photographer-Three dollars. dozen.

Lady-Why-er-I've only got eight.

He Knew Her Well.

"Now, old man, make yourself comfortable and let's talk over the good old times. We haven't seen each other since we were boys together. I told you I was married, didn't I? By the way, did you ever live in Painesville?"

"Yes, I lived there three years." "Ever meet Miss Katish?"

"Ha! ha! Why, I was engaged to her!' But that's nothing-all the fellows in my crowd were engaged to her at one time or another. I see you've lived in Painesville. Why did you ask about her, in particular? Come, confess?"

"Why, I-er-I married her."

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