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Court Reform—Reduce Expenses. Carl Snyder, in Collier's. On one point I find that the ablest lawyers and the progressive judges who have set their faces toward the light are practically agreed. That is the personal guilt of the judges, and the efficacy of direct, detailed criticism of their individual acts.

Whatever excuse they may urge, however bound they may seem to find themselves by antiquated codes and rules of procedure, the fact remains that the judges are not simply legal automatons but the executive administrators of justice.

Forms are bound to come. They have largely been effected in England, and are being silently put into practice by the better class of judges in this country. These include in brief:

The Discouragement of Appeals—In spite of the fact that we have over 500 judges sitting on appellate courts in this country, a majority of these courts are behind their dockets anywhere from one to four years. But above all questions of laziness or dilatoriness is the fact that the number of appeals in England were but 19 new trials granted out of a total of 1,500,000 of civil actions brought, there would not be 24,000 appeal decisions in the United States.

The Abandonment of Technicalities of Procedure—The New York court of appeals has set an admirable example in recent years in declining to upset verdicts and decisions which manifestly have nothing to do with the merits of the case. And yet this same court has recently (People vs. Faber) held that failure to ask the defendant on being sentenced if he has any reason to offer why sentence should not be pronounced is a serious error and constitutes a mistrial!

In 1896 to 1902 reversals in the New York appellate court averaged above 30 per cent; in the last year it appears to be more than 1,000 reversals. Here, as everywhere, the larger part of these reversals turned upon pure technicalities which did not concern the merits of the controversy in any way.

Enforced Time Saving in Challenging Jurors—We have recently had a fresh example of this unendurable abuse in a trial just terminated so abruptly in Los Angeles. Here nearly eight weeks were consumed in securing the eight jurors, and yet the chief counsel for the defense has admitted, in his own defense, that he knew from March that his clients were guilty and that he knew before the trial began that the evidence for the prosecution constituted an impregnable wall—that the case was absolutely hopeless.

And the people of Los Angeles county foot the bill. Now confront these facts with the statement of Justice Brown, late of the supreme court, that in all his long years of service on the bench (before his promotion) the impaneling of a jury had never required or exceeded three hours in any case. What a judge can do all can do.

The Restraint of Abuses of Courtesy—Recently, in the supreme court of New York, in a list of 40 cases, not one was ready for trial. In a severe criticism of the lawyers, Justice Goff pointed out that at the time there were five parts of this same court in New York city practically idle, while hundreds of cases were on the dockets, for the same reason. Each of these five judges was costing the people of New York \$17,500 yearly in salary. The cases were largely accident cases, and failures to appear, on the one side or the other, were for one reason only, the profit of delay. It is almost unbelievable that judges who refuse to become parties to this abuse could not effect a drastic reform.

In plain words, the evidence seems clear that the scandal of the law's delays in America is due largely, if not wholly, to the blind adherence of the judges to outworn ideas and customs which are utterly incapable of coping with modern conditions.

TWO IN A TRAIN
BY HORACE WINDHAM

Miss Jane Haughton was in excellent spirits. Together with her niece, Maisie Bingham, she had been asked to go and spend a week at Oaksholt Hall in Derbyshire.

"Dear Sir Humphrey and Lady Neville—my cousin, you know—were so pressing," she carefully informed all her acquaintances, "in their invitation that I felt bound to accept it."

The intelligence, as she intended, roused such feelings of envy in the minds of her hearers that she could not help letting her triumph be seen. To Maisie, however, the matter appeared in a different light, and, much to her aunt's consternation, she frankly gave it as her opinion that they had only been asked to take the places of some other previously invited guests.

The next thing to do was to secure two unoccupied seats in a first class carriage, for Miss Haughton considered it incumbent upon her to travel in this manner. To her niece, however, it appeared a piece of unnecessary extravagance, and as such she expressed her opinion of it.

"It is dear to Lady Neville," was the dignified reply, "that we make the journey in a suitable fashion. Besides, my dear Maisie, for all we know, other guests may be going down to Oaksholt in the same train, and it would never do if we traveled in a carriage with their valets and maids."

"I don't suppose we'd come to much harm by it if we did," returned the girl quietly. "Still, if you'd rather not, we won't. Let me see," she added, looking through the window of a first class compartment, "there's room in here for us, I think."

As soon as Miss Haughton and her niece had seated themselves they took stock of their surroundings.

"I'm, we're evidently to have a traveling companion," observed the girl, pointing to a bag which was occupying a corner seat.

"Dear me, how annoying!" exclaimed Miss Haughton, sharply. "I do so dislike going in a carriage with strangers. They always try to get into conversation with one."

"I'm afraid we haven't time to change now, aunts; besides, the man will not see fit to get out of the carriage. For all we know, too, he might be going to Oaksholt as well as us."



Lord Annesley has traveled abroad a great deal, and it is therefore quite conceivable that he should have picked up—well, a foreign manner of speaking. At any rate, I trust that, while we are at Oaksholt, you will remember what is due to his rank."

"Oh, that will be all right," answered the girl calmly. "I don't suppose I shall see very much of him. He'll have to make haste," she continued, "and won't get back in time. The train will be off in a moment."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Miss Haughton, glancing out of the window, "I do believe the guard is going to put another man in this carriage. It's one of those valets or footmen of whom Lord Annesley spoke, I am sure."

"Here you are, sir!" exclaimed a porter, hastily opening the door of their carriage as they glided out of the station and ushering in a stranger. "Plenty of room in here."

As the newcomer settled himself in the seat occupied by their late traveling companion, Miss Haughton glanced at him disapprovingly.

"This is a first class carriage," she observed severely.

"So I perceive," was the calm response. Miss Haughton glared angrily in the speaker's direction. It seemed, however, to have no effect, for the stranger, after deliberately placing the bag with Lord Annesley's name on it in the rack over his head, sat down in the corner it had been occupying.

"That seat belongs to a gentleman," she observed, determined to put the intruder in his proper place.

"Oh, that's all right," he remarked, actually smiling—a delightful smile, thought Maisie, watching him from the opposite corner. "My—predecessor has got into another carriage. He was nearly left behind altogether," he added.

Maisie glanced at the speaker with interest. His nicely modulated voice was a pleasant change after the strident tones of their late fellow traveler. He was infinitely preferable, for he, at any rate, looked like a gentleman. She noted also with satisfaction that his mustache was just the sort she liked.

"I must apologize for my intrusion," he observed, quietly. "At Market Bevis I got out of the carriage in which I traveled from Euston, and went to the bookstall to get a paper. As the train

started again before I expected it to, I hadn't time to get in anywhere else. However, I'm only going as far as Oaksholt, that is the next station at which we stop."

"Pray don't apologize," Miss Haughton observed coldly. "We also are getting out at Oaksholt."

At this intimation the stranger looked at the speaker as if about to make a remark. Miss Haughton's glance, however, did not seem to encourage him, for instead of saying anything, he unfolded a newspaper and began to read it.

"Why do you snub the poor man so?" whispered Maisie.

"Because it is necessary," answered the other shortly. "Footmen and valets require to be kept in their places."

The remainder of the journey was passed in silence, for the stranger, finding his attempts to open a conversation so determinedly repulsed by Miss Haughton, gave himself up to his own reflections.

"We're very nearly at our destination," remarked Miss Haughton a few minutes later, glancing through the window. "I wonder who there will be to meet us at the station?" she added.

"Well, soon see," returned the girl, as the train came to a standstill.

"Why," she exclaimed excitedly to her aunt, "here's Lord Annesley coming back again!"

At her words the stranger looked up as if about to make a remark. Before he could do so, however, the door was opened and the man who had left the carriage at the last station appeared on the step. His entrance was greeted by Miss Haughton with a smile of welcome.

"I was afraid you had got left behind at Market Bevis," she observed. "There wasn't time to get back to this carriage before the train started," was the answer.

At the sound of his voice, the last corner, who had been gathering his belongings, turned around and faced the speaker.

"Ah, there you are at last, Simpson!" he remarked, quietly. "I missed you at Euston, and in my hurry, had to travel in a second class carriage as far as our first stopping place. Just take my bag and put it into the brougham for Oaksholt Hall."

"Yes, my lord," returned the other, touching his hat deferentially. "I'll attend to it at once."

"I understand that you are also bound for Oaksholt Hall?" remarked the stranger, with a bow to Miss Haughton. "Under the circumstances, perhaps, you will permit me to offer you seats in my brougham. My name, I should explain, is Annesley."

Bipartisan Friendships.
From the New York Mail, Rep. One of the more obvious tokens of the better nature with which Americans take their political differences nowadays is the number of warm personal friendships among public men which cross party lines. A quarter of a century ago the daily adjournment of Senators Edmunds and Thurman to that part of the capitol where "cold tea" was dispensed was noted as evidence of a bipartisan friendship which was the exception to the rule. Now every republican in political life has scores of good democratic friends, and democrats have many warm attachments among "the enemy." Where the ante-bellum congressmen were prone to pistol-toting, the congresses of the present day expire with members singing college songs and regarding political affiliation fraternizing with each other like schoolboys.

Speaker Cannon has pretty nearly as many admirers on the minority side as on the majority side of the house. It will be remembered that the sturdiest defense of Congressman Wadsworth, while he was being hammered for his attitude on beef inspection, came from John Sharp Williams, the house democratic leader, who asserted that Mr. Wadsworth had "cast more votes against his own interests than any member of this body" was probably intended to help the Genesee congressman surmount any factional opposition that might appear in his own district. Champ Clark and Senator Doolittle made a joint speaking tour several years ago, which only in form was a controversial debate. Each one came out of it saying that the other fellow ought to be elected president. Although Frank Hurd was the most radical pro-trader Ohio ever had, he was about the only democrat that voted for McKinley, the champion of protection, the year the latter was deprived of his seat in a house contest. The days when "The Stevens" beat both of our contestants for a seat in congress described as "infernal scoundrels," inquired, as a preliminary to voting on the case, "Which is our infernal scoundrel are over, not soon returned."

These evidences of enlarged amenities between political opponents are the natural result of a more enlightened tradition, cleaner and squarer campaigns, the banning of small, tricky political devices, the feeling of respect that arises between opponents who have experienced the force of fair blows soundly dealt, and the sense of companionship that develops between men who are associated in public life. It is daily occupying adjoining seats under the roof of the capitol. After all, most of the legislation of the nation is non-partisan, and the republican and democratic gentlemen are more often found in harmony than in conflict. If it were otherwise there would be no continuity in the national progress.

Latest Things in Collars and Belts.
From the September Delineator. Among the accessories that nowadays are so important, ribbon seems to predominate. Sashes and boleros; girdles and armbands; belts and shoulder bows, and streamers floating from each and all of them, are seen. The effect is charming and thoroughly feminine. Collarettes and boas with their myriad loops of curled satin ribbon look like a mass of flower petals and are most becoming when of the right tint.

The fancy belts are made of soft leather or of silk. Those of plain kid are sometimes shaped at the back, or ornamented with tiny gilt buttons, the buckle or clasp being also of gilt. Belts of silk webbing studded with steel beads are closed with jeweled buckles and slides, and are equally smart in black, white and colored. Japanese leather is greatly favored, and Pompadour and Dresden silks produce charming results. Patent and dull leather and kid are equally popular for belts of the plainest sort to be worn with the linen blouse and short skirt, or with the tailored frock.

Stocks and belts in a variety of shapes are made of linen, duck, plume, etc., and are decorated with hand embroidery in blind or openwork effect. In some cases, the belt and stock watch, but this is not their chief feature. The buttonhole, scooped edge is a favorite finish for these pretty trifles, and the belts are closed with pearl or heavy gilt buckles, or pinned with a large old fashioned brooch.

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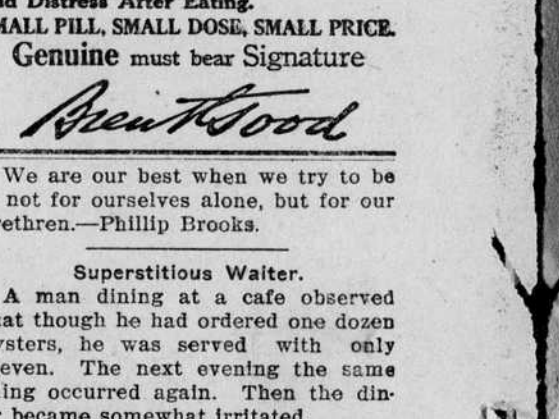
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We are our best when we try to be it not for ourselves alone, but for our brethren.—Phillip Brooks.

Superstitious Waiter.
A man dining at a cafe observed that though he had ordered one dozen oysters, he was served with only eleven. The next evening the same thing occurred again. Then the diner became somewhat irritated.

"Why," he demanded of the waiter, "do you serve me only eleven oysters when I order a dozen?"

The waiter bowed apologetically. "I didn't think you'd wanting to be sitting thirteen at table, sir."

BIG DIFFERENCE.

First Passenger (in street car)—I wish you'd get off at the next corner.
Second Passenger—Off the car?
First Passenger—No; off my foot.

GRAND TO LIVE
And the Last Laugh Is Always the Best
"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman, "now I laugh to know there is."

"Since childhood I drank coffee freely as did the other members of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl; and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down till last winter, at the age of 38, I seemed to be on the verge of consumption."

"My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting."

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged."

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change."

"I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled."

"The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong."

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about I answer 'Postum, and nothing else in the world.'" 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.

THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.