Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children sething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle. 16r

Improving the Shining Hours. Blobbs-Why do you liken Harduppa to the busy bee? He's not particularly industrious, is he?

Slobbs-Oh, no, it isn't that, but nearly every one he touches gets

#### Not the Way.

An "advanced" woman tells the New York Tribune that "women are headed straight for trousers." beg to inform the dear girl that the manner of approach must be reversed before the effort can be successful.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

### SCALP TROUBLE FOR YEARS

268 Harrison St., Elyria, Ohio.-"My case was a scalp trouble. I first noticed small bunches on my scalp which commenced to itch and I would scratch them and in time they got larger, forming a scale or scab with a little pus, and chunks of hair would come out when I would scratch them off. It caused me to lose most of my hair. It became thin and dry and lifeless. I was troubled for over ten years with it until it got so bad I was ashamed to go to a barber to get my hair cut.

"I tried everything I could get hold -, but received no - and ---cure until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment when the scale commenced to disappear. The way I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to wash my scalp twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and rub on the Cuticura Ointment. I received benefit in a couple of weeks and was cured in two months." (Signed) F. J. Busher, Jan. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Original Sort of Ham.

A lady gave a luncheon recently and explained that she always cooked ham by the recipe used by Thomas Jefferson, which had been handed down in her family for years.

This recipe required that the ham be cooked for about two hours by simmering, but, under no condition must it be allowed to boil."

A ham was on the stove, its destinies presided over by a young colored woman from up in the mountains. "Jane," called the mistress of the house, "don't let that ham boil."

'No'um," replied Jane, "I ain't er gwine to boil no ham. Its on the stove now just a simpering!"

# Interesting Beginning.

A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commence ment exercises. "Well," she sighed happily, "I am

an A. B. now. Of course you have a Yes," he replied, "but I am only

The fair grad pondered. The degree was puzzling. Why, what is that?" she asked. "Bachelor," he said.

"I want my money back for these here socks," said the man as he handed the clerk a package. "The sign you had up said the socks was guaranteed fer three months." "Well, what's the matter with the

socks?" asked the clerk. "I only wore them three weeks, and

I had to take them off and buy another pair because this pair had holes in the toes," replied the man.

# All a Means of Advancement.

Apply thyself earnestly to thy task, whether it be small or great, for the achievement of years is but the study of many days .- Simon de Bruges

#### CLOUDED BRAIN Clears Up on Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clear ness and accuracy, if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Mich, lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and re-

sults are very interesting: 'A steady diet of rich, greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did

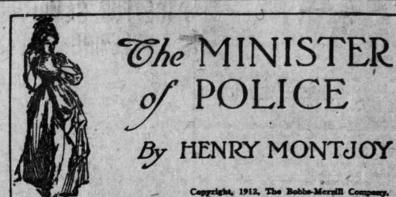
no apparent good in the way of relief. 'My brain was clouded and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to

"I followed directions carefully, the physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result-I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's

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



Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Mountjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of foment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pleces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regenance was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne, were prep. fing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French county, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with spies to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet, rare in that age of animal lust, chilling wit and embroidered brutality. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says severai of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He, then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

D) Lussac goes home, buries the papers he has just received, writes Madame Lindan an

already imprisoned and be safe themseives.

D.) Lussac goes home, buries the papers
he has just received, writes Madame Linden that he is attempting one last mission
for the society, and also writes an associate telling him where the papers may
be found in case of his death. Then he
enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds in getting the document, but is surprised and leaves it in a drawer which he
as unlocked. Before he can make another attempt he is arrested and taken to
the Bastile but not before he has told
Madame Linden how nearly he succeeded
in getting the document. She, realizing
how desperate her lover's position is, visits Richelieu's home and succeeded where
her lover has failed.

## CHAPTER IV (Continued).

"Mordieu," cried De Richelieu, half laughing and more than ever fascinat-ed. "What a position for me had one of the servants come!" "And what a position for me, mon-

sieur!"
She was now flushed, laughing, excited; as though her success had electrified her mind, of a sudden a new plan full-born and alluring rose before her. She had triumphed on behalf of De Lussac; she had in her hand a terrible weapon. Another woman would have contented herself with that evening's work; not so Madame Linden. To strike all her enemies with one blow, to ruin De Sartines and to humble the D'Harlancourt, Madame de Stenlis and De Joyeuse at the same time, that was her scheme; and she determined that De Richelieu should help her in it.

"At least, madame, you were on the right side of the door," replied the marechal, "and ma fol, but one might fancy that loveliness had locked herself the with you and you had changed unexpected turn clothes. Would that I had put my eye to the keyhole!"

"How do you mean, monsieur?"

"Hecause, madame, before you closed the door on me your beauty burned my eyes; now it blinds them."

"Monsieur," said she, glancing at the clock, "It is late, and I have trespassed greatly on your time. You have paid me a hundred compliments, you have held my hand, encircled my waist, allowed yourseif nearly all the liberties which a man of pleasure takes with a woman of his sort. You have treated me, in short, as you have been accustomed to treat the ladies of the court. I am not a women of that sort. I do not love you, monsieur, I love. Monsieur de Lussac; but always before marriage I hold that a woman is free to give or to sell her favors, and that it is a matter entirely between herself, her conscience and her Maker.

"I wish to revenge myself upon my enemies, and if you will help me, I will say to you, "Monsieur de Richelieu.

"I wish fo revenge myself upon my enemies, and if you will help me, I will say to you, 'Monsleur de Richelieu, when my revenge is complete, come to me and I will pay you for your assistance with—"

"With what, madame?"

"And what is this assistance that you require, madame?"

"Oh, do not be alarmed; it is very simple. I wish you to invite me to dejeuner at your house in Paris tomorrow at noon."

"At thousand times, yes."

"But, wait. I wish you to invite some guests to meet me."

De Richelieu made a grimace.

"And the guests—?"

"Are, first of all, Monsieur le Comte de Sartines."

de Sartines."

De Richelieu laughed.
"Certainly, madame. Who else?" "Madame de Stenlis, Madame d'Har-lancourt, and Monsieur de Joyeuse." De Richelieu pursed his lips.

"What you ask is easy enough, ma-dame. What else?" "Nothing more."

Rue du Faubourg St. Honore tomorrow at 12:30."

"And after?" asked De Richelieu.
She laughed.

"I always pay my debts. And this
is for earnest." She held out her lips
and he kissed her.

Her extraordinary frankness, her
golden voice, her beauty and personal

Her extraordinary frankness, her golden voice, her beauty and personal magnetism had completely bound this old libertine in their pentagram; the thought that he was getting the better of De Lussac, a man so much his junior, did not lessen his satisfaction.

"And now, monsieur, I must go. Tomorrow at 12:30, expect me."

He followed her as she passed into the corridor and then across the great hall, where they parted. On the steps before which her carriage was drawn up, who should be waiting for her but Placide!

"What!" cried she. "You here!"

up, who should be waiting for her but Placide!

"What!" cried she. "You here!"

"Yes, madame. Rosine told me that you had come here, and I took a cabriolet and followed you, as I have some very important information for your ear."

"And your information?"

"Madame, what I have to say has to do with Monsieur de Lussac."

"Then get into the carriage with me and you can tell me as we drive."

She made him get in and take the front seat. Then the carriage started. All the way from Paris Placide had been racking his head for an excuse for having followed her.

"Well," said she, when they had cleared the avenue gates, "your information?"

"Just this madame," said the old fellow butter.

mation?"

"Just this madame," said the old fellow bluffly. "I am not blind."

"So you posted all the way from Paris to tell me about the state of your eyes! Well, then, monsieur Placide, you shall pay your own expenses for the journey, and you can, now that you have relieved yourself of your information, get out and sit beside the coachman."

Placide noted by

Placide noted her galety and anima-Placide noted her galety and animation: more than ever he feit certain that whatever business had brought her to De Richelieu's, it was of a most important nature and that she had been successful in it. He had come with the idea of trying to pick up news from the majordomo, but at the last moment he determined to adhere to the baroness.

the baroness.

"Madame," he went on, quite unmoved, "I am not blind and it has been moved, "I am not blind and it has been moved.

"Madame," he went on, quite unmoved, "I am not blind and it has been easy for me to see that you are not disinterested in anything concerning the welfare of Monsieur de Lussac."

"Ah, Monsieur de Lussac!"

"Yes, madame. He has been imprisoned. I heard the news this evening from the footman of Monsieur de Duras."

"And you came after me to Versailes to inform me of this!" The little lamp that lighted the interior of the carriage showed him that her eyes were moist. His fidelity had evidently moved her to the heart; he had not reckoned on this.

"Oh, madame, that was nothing. Just a summer evening's drive,"

"My good Placide," she replied, "fidelity is a great deal in this world, where all men are unfaithful. But you have been a grumbling servant, you have set Rosine by the ears, and I doubt even if you have been satisfied with your mistress. In short, my good Placide, you are an intolerable servant, and as a recompense for your fidelity this evening I now discharge you from and as a recompense for your fidelity this evening I now discharge you from my service."
"What now?" thought Placide, at this

"I discharge you as a servant and re-engage you as a friend, a salaried triend. Well, what do you say to that, grumbler?"
Placide said nothing for a m

One might have fancied that she had touched the old scamp's heart. "Mordleu! madame," grumbled he, at last, "you are making a lot out of nothing. I am just your servant." "And my friend."

"And my friend."

All the way to Paris behind madame's triumphant gaiety was the fear of pursuit. If Richelieu opened that fatal drawer before she had put sufficient distance between them to make pursuit impossible, he would pursue her. It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief that she passed the toll gate and the gates of Paris, and heard the familiar grinding of the wheels on the pavement of the city.

It was long after midnight and the

It was long after midnight and the deserted streets lay under the moon. The hungry city slept, guarded by the bastile standing like a mailed giant in the moonlight.

At the house in the Rue Coq Heron the carriage stopped. Placide descend-ed and helped his mistress to alight. As he did so his hand, brushing her dress, felt something in her pocket; the folded parchment of the document could be distinctly felt through the

could be distinctly feit through the brocade. His hound's instinct told him that here lay the secret of the journey to De Richelleu.

He followed her into the house, where she bade him good night and went to her room.

went to her room.

Having locked the door, she took the precious document from her pocket and read it carefully, from the first word to the last. Yes, this was the infamous contract, in very truth, a weapon against De Sartines more formidable than a dagger. She went to the little bureau in the corner of the room and, taking a sheet of paper and a pen, sat down and began to make a fair copy of the document, word for word. When this was accomplished, she locked the two papers away and went to bed.

"Nothing more."

"But, madame, I do not see your point. I invite you to dejeuner with these people; you all come. How does that help you to triumph over them? They will all be banded against you. You do not know these women of the court and what they are capable of."

"I do, indeed, monsieur; but they don't know me. Please do as I ask and leave me only my wit, and I will bring them all literally to their knees."

De Richelieu rubbed his hands, then laughed. "Mordieu," thought he, "this ought to be as good as the Comedic Francaise." Then to the baroness, "Madame, I will do as you say. But the invitations must be dispatched early tomorrow morning."

"Write them, monsieur," said she, "when I am gone, and your servant can deliver them tomorrow early. Make the invitation urgent, so that it may override any pre-engagement these people may have."

"Leave that to me, madame. I shall make it little short of a command."

"Ah," said she, "you are a man of spirit and sense, and I promise you, monsieur, one thing; you shall have great amusement at your house in the

spires and towers to the sun; the Paris of Louis XI, half university, half city; the Paris of Villon and Rabelais, through which in the winter wolves prowled; dominated by Notre Dame and the gibbets of Montfaucon.

At one of these old houses Madame Linden paused, verified the number, and then, going up the two steps that led to the doorway, rang the queasy

Scarcely had she released the handle when the door opened and a man appeared. He was gray bearded, shabby and rusty, attired in a snuff colored coat the worse for wear, and a broad brimmed hat; he carried a book under his arm and it was quite evident that he had not opened the door in reply to the summons, for, when he saw the veiled figure of the woman, he started

"What do you want?" said he, hold-ing the door in such a way that he could clap it to at a moment's notice.

"Monsieur," replied the baroness, who, despite the desperate seriousness of her mission, could scarcely restrain her mirth at the appearance of the book worm and his evident alarm, "I want an interview with you on a matter of the utmost importance to one of your friends" of your friends." "You know me then?"

"Oh, monsieur, all Europe knows you and though I have never seen you be-fore, yet I recognize you at once."

The book worm, allured by the voice of the charmer, came forward and, closing the door behind him, stood on the step.

on the step.

He had a mirthless face, a face wherein lurked suspicion and distrust; an extraordinary face, so much of greatness and of littleness did it contain; the face of a practical man and a dreamer—he had even forgotten to wash it that morning, just as he had forgotten to brush, his coat, which he held tightly clasmed about him with held tightly clasped about him with one thin hand, as if to fend off the ap-proaches of the world.

Thus in the early morning brightness stood Monsieur Rousseau of
Geneva, a most difficult subject to deal
with, as Madame Linden perceived,
despite her veil. Soft words were of
no use as a first approach to this
evasive and self-centered nature.

"Well, monsieur," she went on, "I can compliment you on many things, but there is one thing on which I cannot felicitate you, and that is your sense of hospitality."

"Madame," said Rousseau, taken aback, "I am bound on an early morn-ing visit to my friend Monsieur de Rennes. Besides, madame, I do not know you."

know you."

"Therefore, you clap your door in my face? Ah, monsieur, how easy it is to be a philosopher; to order an emperor out of your sunlight, to clap your door in the face of a woman! Come, I will explain myself, then, in the open air, if you will allow me to walk beside you down the street, And now, directly to my point, your friend Monsieur le Comte de Lussac is in prison."

"In prison?" "In the fortress of the Bastile, caught in the toils of Monsieur de Sartines. who will devour him as surely as a spider devours a fly, if I do not ome to his assistance."

Now Rosseau had a real fondness for his disciple, De Lussac, but Rosseau, though he preached unrest, was no conspirator; he knew nothing of the Society of the Midi; he was a philosopher, a musician, a thinker; his social contract did not include fisticuffs.

"Madame," said he, stopping and facing her, "what you tell me disturbs me deeply. In prison! And what has this unfortunate young man done?" "This unfortunate young man, mon sieur, has simply been carrying out in practice what you preach in theory. You have made him discontented with the world as it is, and he has been trying to upset it, succeeding only in nearly upsetting Monsieur de Sar-tines' coach."

"Upsetting Monsieur de Sartines" "I speak figuratively, monsieur. He has been conspiring against the social order, and the social order has placed him in prison."

standing before Madame Linden like a school boy. In the few moments of their conversation her intelligence had overridden his genius. She was taking him to task.

'Madame," said he at last, "I have nothing to do with conspiracies. I have never preached sedition. You say that my teaching has made the young man discontented with things as they are. Granted: that is what my teaching aims at. Since when was contentment a virtue? Take it even in art. What artist who is content with his work ever arrives at greatness?"

In another moment he would have

In another moment he would have plunged and hidden himself in the fountain of philosophy, but madame was too quick for him.

was too quick for him.

"Monsieur, you wander from the point. This is not a question of art, but politics, and Monsieur de Lussac has arrived, owing to the discontentment you taught him, not at greatness, but in prison. It is your duty to help me, without in the least involving yourself, to extricate him." "Madame," said Rousseau decisively,
"if this is as you say, I will myself
go and see the king."

(Continued next week.)

Stone Walls

Along the country roadside, stone on stone,
Past waving grain field, and near broken stile.
The walls stretch onward, an uneven pile with rankling vines and lichen over-

grown; So stand they sentinel. Unchanged, alone, They're left to watch the season's passing slow: The summer's sunlight or the winter's snow, The springtime birdling, or the autumn's moan, Who placed the stones now gray with

Who placed the stones now gray with many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache.
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears
Are lost like shadows in the morning break.

—Julie Mathilde Lippmann.

-Julie Mathilde Lippmann.

Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary of

the canal commission, in Scribner's, says: "What the engineers of the United States government are constructing at Panama is not a canal through the isthmus but a bridge of water across and above it. The so-called canal is a huge water-bridge, the first in the world's history. It is about \$4 miles in length, 87 feet high, with a channel of water through its center varying in depth from 45 to 87 feet and width at the bottom from 45 to 87 feet and width at the bottom from 300 to 1,000 feet. The bridge is divided into two sections, Gatun Lake and Culebra Cut, the latter being an arm of the former. Access to the bridge by vessels will be by means of water-elevators, six in duplicate at either end, each 1,000 feet long, 110 feet feet wide, and with a combined lift of \$7 feet."

Negligence Called Manslaughter. The case of Stehr vs. State before the Supreme Court of Nebraska, involved the sentence of a father for from one to ten years in the penitentiary for criminal negligence, because during a blizzard in Nebraska, when the weather was bitter cold, he permitted the fire to go out, snow drifted through a crack in the door and a broken windowpane, and the bedding of all the members of the family was frozen stiff. The feet of one of the children were frozen, and although such fact was apparent to the father no physician was called in for 16 days, when amputation was found to be necessary and the child died of blood poisoning. The defendant was convicted of manslaughter for criminal negligence in failing to provide medical care after he discovered the frozen condition of the child's feet. In affirming the conviction the court held that for a parent having special charge of an infant child culpably to neglect it so that death ensues as a conseqence is manslaughter, although death or grievous bodily harm was not intended, and if the parent has not the means for the chlid's nurture it is his

duty to apply to the public authorities

for relief.

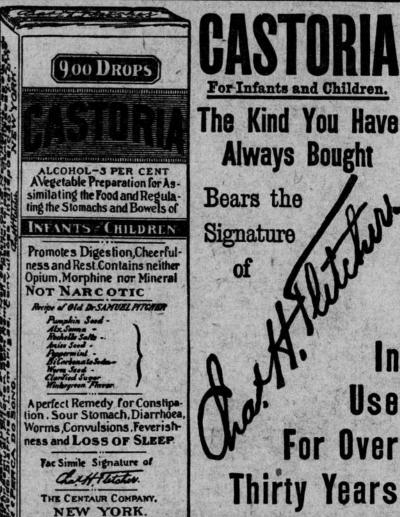
# PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES



troubles to sick Boery Picture Tells a Story" kidneys — have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills.
The painful, trying times of The painful, trying times of woman's life are much easier to bear if the kidneys are well.

A California Case
Mrs. H. Walsh, 1649 Tenth Ave., San Francisco,
al., says: "I had such sharp, shooting pains
arough my kidneys, it seemed that a knife were
eing thrust into me. My back was so isme ould hardly stoop. Deca's Kidney Pilis cured me
fter doctors failed. I have had no trouble since."

DOAN'S HIDNEY
DOAN'S FILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Telling a Secret. It is doubtful whether the person The Army of who asserted that secrets were made to tell, foresaw, even in his most cynical mood, anything like the following Is Growing Smaller Every Day. conversation in Das Echo: "Lottie tells me that you told her

At6 months old

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

the secret that I told you not to tell anyone."

"Oh, isn't she mean! I told her not to tell you that I told it to her." "Yes, I told her that I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so please don't tell

her that I told you!"

For Aching, Perspiring Feet use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder either sprinkled into the shoes or used in solution. Never fails to relieve. 25c. at all druggists or sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C .-- Adv.

The life of a woman can be divided into three epochs; in the first she dreams of love, in the second she experiences it, in the third she regrets it.-Antoine Jean Casse de Saint Prosper.

Some Girls Do.

"I wonder why all the girls in our set titter whenever they see me." "I think your flancee passes your love letters around, my boy."

The mere fact that a man doesn't laugh at his own jokes is no indication that he doesn't think them funny.

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THERAPION

