

Misplaced.  
First Cinder—Why so angry?  
Second Cinder—I've been wasting time in a glass eye.

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

Improving the Shining Hours.  
Bobbie—Why do you liken Hard-uppa 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 stung.

Not the Way.  
An "advanced" woman tells the New York Tribune that "women are headed straight for trousers." We 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 of, and but received no 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'm," replied Jane, "I ain't er gwine to boil no ham. Its on the stove now just a simmering!"

Interesting Beginning.  
A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commencement exercises.

"Well," she sighed happily, "I am an A. B. now. Of course you have a degree?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I am only a B."

The fair grad pondered. The degree was puzzling.

"Why, what is that?" she asked.

"Bachelor," he said.

Stung.  
"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 for 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.

# The MINISTER of POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

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Rue du Faubourg St. Honore tomorrow at 12:30."  
"And after?" asked De Richelieu.

She sighed.  
"Is he always in my debt. And this is for earnest?" She held out her lips and he kissed her.

Her extraordinary frankness, her golden voice, her beauty and personal magnetism had completely bound this old libertine in the pentagram of 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!"  
"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."

"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 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 should have your own expenses for the journey, and you can not that you have relieved yourself of your information, get out and sit beside the coachman."

Placide noted her gaiety and animation, but he felt certain that whatever business he 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.

"Madame," he went on, quite unmoved, "I am not blind and it has been easy for me to see that you are not interested 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 Versailles to inform me of this?" The light 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 you have 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 my service."

"What now?" thought Placide, at this unexpected turn.  
"I discharge you as a servant and reengage you as a friend, a salaried friend. Well, what do you say to that, grumbler?"

Placide said nothing for a moment. One might have fancied that she had touched the old scamp's heart.

"Mordieu, madame," grumbled he, at last, "you are making a lot out of nothing. I am just your servant."  
"And my friend."

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 volves the wind, 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 bell.

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 back.

"What do you want?" said he, holding 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 countenance, 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."

"You know me then?"  
"Oh, monsieur, all Europe knows you, and though I have never seen you before, 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.

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 clasped about him with one hand, as he tried to end off the approaches 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 honored on an early morning visit to my friend Monsieur de Rennes. Besides, madame, I do not know you."

"Therefore, you clap your door in my face? Ah, monsieur, how easy it is to be a philosopher; to order an emperor to go to the sun, 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 Bastille, caught in the toils of Monsieur de Sartines, who will devour him as surely as a spider devours a fly, if I do not come to his assistance."

Now Rousseau had a real fondness for his disciple, De Lussac, but Rousseau, 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 fistcuffs.

"Madame," said he, stopping and facing her, "what you tell me disturbs me deeply. In prison? And who has this unfortunate young man done?"

"This unfortunate young man, monsieur, 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 get up to succeeding only in nearly upsetting Monsieur de Sartines' coach."

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

Rousseau fumbled with his book, 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 has been discontent 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 plunged and hidden himself in the fountain of philosophy, but madame was too quick for him.

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 consequence is manslaughter, although death or grievous bodily harm was not intended, and if the parent has not the means for the child's nurture it is his duty to apply to the public authorities for relief.

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Telling a Secret.  
It is doubtful whether the person who asserted that secrets were made to tell, foresaw, even in his most cynical mood, anything like the following conversation in Das Echo:

"Lottie tells me that you told her 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.

French View of Women.  
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 fiances 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.

### The Army of Constipation

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