KAISER'S THIRD SON LOVES AN AMERICAN

Prince Adalbert Is Quite Suc. cessful in His Love Affairs With Beautiful Women.

London. Special: There is some little mystery attached to the unex-pected and exceedingly unobstrusive visit to London of the kalser's third son, Prince Adalbert. Is it possible that another royal engagement is on the tapis? Prince Adalbert is 29 years of age

Prince Adalbert is 29 years of age, and a favorite quarry of match-making mammas. In his time he has been affianced by Dame Rumor to quite a number of charming princesses -notably Princess Patricia of Con-naught, the Princess Dagmar of Den-mark, the czar's eldest daught (the Grand Duchess Olga) and, only a few weeks ago, the Princess Olga of Cum-berland. The rumor relating to Prin-cess Patricia, who is three years the prince's junior, arose when her royal highness and the prince were guests highness and the prince were guests together of the king of Sweden a few seasons ago, but apparently nothing came of the agreeable companionship between them which attracted atten-tion at the time.

Prince Adalbert is very popular in the German navy, and is perhaps the best looking of the kaiser's sons, being a youthful duplicate of his father both in appearance and in appearance and manner. He has the reputation of being a squire of dames, and stores have gone the rounds concerning his love for a cer-tain wealthy and beautiful American woman and his alleged infatuation for Fraulein Charlotte Chesela, a belle of Marienbad.

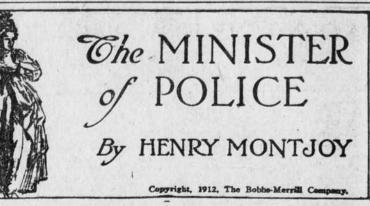
Women Work in Japan.

From the Century Magazine. Japan's inner life contains quite as many problems as that of any other country. One of the most serious is the relation of capital and labor, and

herein woman takes an important part. In no other country in the world does a larger percentage of women participate in the wage-earning. In the United States, for every 86 male wage earners there are 14 female. In Great Britain it is 75 to 25, in Germany 80 to 22, while in Japan there are nearly where as many women as more or the

twice as many women as men on the pay rolls of the country. It is the testimony of all large em-ployers that women are the industrial backbone of the country. The employ-ment of women and children is the secret of the competitive power of the Secret of the competitive power of the Japanese textile and other light handi-craft industries, and it is for this rea-son that the possible operation of a law enforcing sanitary provisions and even the common decencies of human-ity in factory life is viewed with alarm by the manufacturers in their necesisarily strenuous competition for for-

The new law limits hours of employment, forbids the use of children un-der certain ages and the employment of women at night and in dangerous occupations. It can be understood, therefore, whence comes the delay in even promulgating a law which takes effect 15 years after its promulgation. The money classes and the "interests" necessarily control a legislative body like the Japanese diet, many members of which are elected by a most amaz-ing and open system of corruption and yote buying—a system which puts to vote buying—a system which puts to shame in its effrontery the worst days of ward politics in any gangridden city in the United States.



and the second second

Synopsies. "THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Mountloy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of forment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pieces 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 guitter, some near the throne, were prop. Ing the great explosion of the revolution. Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French county, lingers on in Paris, endoy-ing 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 sis dabbing 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 peet, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the onut his philosophy into practice through his connection with a sceneed in the philosophy of Rous-seau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a scene society that is plotting the down-fall of the state. Before he has gone far-fough to incriminate himself he fails in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the down fall of the state. Before he has gone far-fough to incriminate himself and fails the form the scenet articles of the association there only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accem-plication, He then explains to De Lussac's cousin-with the contract in the possession and safe keep-minister of police. This can be accem-plice and in the possession and safe keep-minister of police. This can be accem-plice and in the possession and safe keep-minister of police. This can be accem-plice and in the possesi

aready imprisoned and be site them solves. D) Lussac goes home, buries the papers he has just received, writes Madame Lin-den that he is attempting one last mission for the society, and also writes an asso-clate telling him where the papers may be found in case of his death. Then he enters Richelleu's home and almost suc-ceeds in getting the document, but is sur-prised and leaves it in a drawer which he has unlocked. Before he can make an-other 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, vis-its Richelleu's home and succeeded where her lover has failed.

CHAPTER VIII-(Continued.)

But from the royal palace to the bastile, and from the temple to Sainte Genevieve, across the river, then the houses were crowded, indeed: househouses were crowded, indeed: house-roofs, shrill spires, weathercocks, domes and towers; 10,000 weather-cocks, 100 spires, palace roofs and gilded domes; the blue Seine straddled by the quaintest bridges. What a sight was that old Parls on a feast day, with the bells of Saint Merri answering the bells of Saint Eustache, the carillon of Notre Dame answering the carillon of Saint shame in its effrontery the worst days of ward politics in any gangridden city in the United States. Do Moving Pictures Hurt Your Eyes? Herbert Kaufman, in Woman's World. The corn crops may fail, Wall street may go into bankruptey, the high cost of living continue its star-climbing context, the tariff plays ducks and drakes with in-dustry, but so long as the moving pic-tures continue to "show" to flyc or 10 mil-lions of men, women and children, there-fore we cannot enter into a scientific dis-course as to the whys and wherefores of the subject, but common sense tells us that nothing and the shreles and the shreles and the subject, but common sense tells us

Sartines' agents?

So thinking, he passed under on of the arches of the Porte St. Bernard, entered the Port au Vin and walked right into the arms of Monsieur Beauregard. Beauregard, who had come to this quarter of the city on some police business, had been walk-ing along, thinking of a pretty girl he had bassed on the Pont de la Tournelle. had passed on the Pont de la Tournelle. when he found himself all at once face to face with De Lussac. The astonishment of one was mirrored in the face of the other.

"Ventre Dieu!" cried the gallant Beauregard. "Why, this is Monsieur le Comte de Lussac!" "And, unless my eyes deceive me, this is Monsieur Beauregard."

"So they have set you free?" "Why, yes," replied De Lussac, "or should not be standing before you here."

If you had put the situation before If you had put the situation before De Lussac in his calm moments, he would have said, speaking of his own position, "How horrible! In such a position I would be stricken dumb." "Yet, after the first shock of the meeting, he felt perfectly at his ease and, far from being dumb, he was able to converse fluently and rationally. Besuresered made a clicking noise Beauregard made a clicking noise

every agent in Paris would be on the alert; horsemen were no doubt now galloping to the Hotel de Sartines with the news. He would have returned and sought a hiding place in the wood yards, but that course was now blocked by Beauregard. The place would be swarmed with people, and there was nothing to be done but go on and make a dash for the house "Well, that's astonishing, and I give you my congratulations; for between you and me, by dear compte, I thought you were badiy placed. It is so easy to get into la bastile but so deuced difficult to get out. But of course, with him; though to reach that house he De Richelieu at your elbow things were would have to pass through many easier. And how long have you been free?" streets.

De Lussac paused for half a sec-ond before making his reply, and Beauregard noticed the pause. "About an hour." "Ah, an hour. You have doubtless

left your carriage close by?" "No, monsleur, I am on foot. De Lussac, as he spoke, turned and began to continue his way across the broad space leading to the Pont de la Tour-nelle. Beauregard turned and walked with him. The charming lieutenant of Monsieur de Sartines had suddenly for the Comte de Lussac ceased to be a man and had become an obsession, a nightmare, a thing not to be borne. He stopped dead.

"Monsieur Beauregard," said he, "I must wish you good day." "Monsieur le comte," replied Beaure-gard, "I am walking your way. Let us cross the Pont de la Tournelle to-mathem I here more things to cont

us cross the Pont de la Tournelle to-gether. I have many things to say to you." "As, for instance-" "As, for instance, monsieur, it sur-prises me to find you here alone and on foot, wearing a hat which obviously does not belong to you." "Aha!" said De Lussac, without mov-ing an inch. "You criticize my dress?" "No, monsieur, only your hat." "Well," replied the comte, "let me say that if my hat displeases you, I, in turn, take exception to you altogether.

turn, take exception to you altogether. It does not please me to walk through Paris with a thief-catcher dressed as

noble." Beauregard flushed red as a lobster Beauregard flushed red as a lobster. "That was ill said, monsieur le comte. That was ill said. My family is not behind the family of the De Lussacs, and my position as chief under the lieutenant-general of police is not be-neath contempt. Ah, monsieur, it is easy to be seen in your person how the association with the pettifoggers of sadition the namplateers and the

as De Lussac, on his knees, rendered PUT A KINK IN HIS PLANS what assistance he could. The comte instead of endeavoring to stanch the bleeding, which was inconsiderable, wisely contented himself with pillow-ing the wounded man's head on his coat.

Beauregard, who had closed his eyes,

opened them again. "Mordieu!" muttered he. "You have

finished me this time. Go, make your escape, but tell the watchman to send for help." He fainted, and De Lussac hastly putting on his coat, wiped his sword with some grass which he tore

up from a patch close by, and returned it to its scabbard. As he did so, a pa-per protruding from Beauregard's belt

He took it and examined it. It was

an order for the arrest of Louis Blanc, the man to whom he had intrusted the papers of the Society of the Midi.

Now, it was evident what Beaure-

his pocket and casting a last look at the stricken one, hurried from the place, giving orders to the watchman to fetch assistance. He hurriedly re-turned to the Rue Petit Versallles, warned Blanc to change his residence immediately, returned to the Port St. Bernard, and was crossing the Pont de la Tournelle when a heavy and sullen report shook the sky.

report shock the sky. It was the voice of la bastile an-nouncing the trick that had been played

CHAPTER IX.

LUCK AND DE LUSSAC.

The report of the cannon stopped De

Lussac as though a wall had suddenly arisen before him. At that sound every agent in Paris would be on the

on and make a dash for the house that Monsieur Blanc had indicated to him; though to reach that house he

He crossed the Isle des Cygnes by

the Crossed the Isle des Cygnes by the Rue des Deux Ponts, found the Place Moneils on the opposite bank and just where the Rue des Armes en-tered the place saw a carriage stand-ing attacht, is worth a formation of the stand-

ing, eldently in waiting for some one.

box, yawning and flicking at the flies with his whip, was younger-looking than the man of the preceding day and altogether different. De Lussac, almost amazed at his own audacity

and resource, walked straight toward the carriage, taking, as he went, the order of arrest from Monsieur Blanc

The coachmen eyed him as he came,

De Lussac let the man see him read-

"Monsieur Beauregard is detained.

The man he is in search of has flown. Meanwhile he is waiting. You are to drive me to the Rue de la Harpe, set

me down there and return immediate-ly for your master."

"Yes, monsieur," said the coachman, taking De Lussac for one of those spies of police who at that day were found in all ranks of society and the pay of the ministry.

"And do not spare your horses."

De Lussac got in, closed the door, and the vehicle started. The Rue de la

"No, monsieur."

from his pocket.

of attention.

coach.

drew his attention.

upon her.

Awful Contingency Youth Had Not Foreseen in His Laying Out of the Future.

Eleven-year-old Tommy has quite decided opinions as to the duties of fathers to their little boys. The other day he was describing to his mother the sort of father he intends to be when he grows up.

"I'm going to be the best father to my boys. I'm going to play marbles with them and baseball and everything they want me to and I'll give them dimes 'most every day and tell them they can buy all the ice cream they want, and I'll get them each a and's business had been in this quar-ter of the town. Their meeting had been caused by that law which we might call the Regulation of Interests, and De Lussac, placing the paper in his pocket and casting a last look at the stricken one hurried from the pony, and well, my boys'll have lots of fun."

Tommy's mother with a twinkle in her eye said: "But, Tommy, what if you shouldn't have any little boys, what if your children are all girls!" Such a possibility never entered Tommy's head. The suggestion was appalling. A look of blank dismay passed over the child's face.

"Gee! that would be the dickens! he ejaculated.

ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED

Kingsville, Mo .- "My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the-time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it, it was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft

white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day. "I tried many remedies for most of hand he bore a pot of real Irish sham-It was the very same carriage in It was the very same carriage in which he had been driven to the bastile yesterday by Beauregard, but fortu-nately it was not driven by the same coachman. This man who sat on the the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the How perfect they are and how fresh. sores were entirely healed. I have Sure, I do believe that there's a litnot been troubled since and my ankle the dew on 'em ret." seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs.

Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912. then, seeing that he was coming to-ward the carriage, he sat up from his lounging attitude and assumed an air Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each it'll be paid tomorrow." free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv. be Lussac let the man see him read-ing the official paper, which bore the stamp of the Hotel de Sartines, a league off, and even before speaking to the driver he opened the door of the

American Business Hustle.

Here is an instance of the thoroughness with which England's commercial rivals do business. A leading municipality in the far east is ordering a large quantity of electrical material, and the head of the department concerned was authorized to visit Germany, Great Britain and the United States to inspect plants. He crossed to America first and found that the American agent from the city from which he came had notified every manufacturer of his visit and his mission with the result that when he

landed he received a sheaf of letters of invitation from manufacturers, and

Its State. "Don't you think the ideal of an In-

dian opera is original?" "I should call it aboriginal."

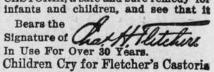
The Way of It. "Miss May made a hit with Jack the first glance she gave him." "I see-a sort of glancing blow."

Eloquence Appreciated.

"Does that man ever say anything worth listening to?" asked the cynical statesman

"I should say so," replied Senator Sorghum. "You ought to go out with him and hear the way he can order a dinner."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for



Compensation.

"I hear that young author sends you some very clever stuff."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but we always give him as good as he sends."

Her Brother's Voice.

Little Faith was possessed of a most friendly disposition, but had not yet reached the age where she could understand the silence that may wrap itself around a wordless intimacy. In fact, she demanded speech, frequent and loving.

One night her brother was studying most assidulously his arithmetic lesson, and after calling to him several times without receiving an answer, she appealed to her father.

"George is busy," said father.

"I know," replied Faith, "but he might at least have said, "Shut up.'

Would Make It Right.

He was an ardent lover, an Irish lover and a practical penniless lover. It was St. Patrick's eve and in his rock.

"They were raised on the oul sod." he said, as he presented the pot to Biddy, "raised on the ould sod of Ireland.'

"Sure, now, Murphy," cried his lady in delight, "how really sweet of ye.

Murphy flushed slightly. "Begorra, I know there is," reluctantly con-fessed Murphy, "but praise heaven

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up—as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache,

FEEL ALL USED UP?

dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thou-

sands of just such cases. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A South Dakota Case



course as to the whys and wherefores of the subject, but common sense tells us that nobody can regularly strain the sight following the screen drama, without an appreciable weakening of vision. Emerging from a theater after witness-tor a motion playme proferemence of Emerging from a theater after witness-ing a motion picture performance of sev-eral hours' duration, we found ourselves suffering from actual pain and felt the effects of the strain for hours after. It is therefore quite pertinent to warn parents against the disastrous effects of motion photography upon the eyesight of the young, especially of children who have already evidenced visual weakness.



This frock is made of willow green crepe. The skirt is made with a short plait on each side of the front, and is slightly fulled from the girdle and seamed in the center of the back. The seam is curved away on each side at the lower part. The corsage and sleeves are in one. The corsage is open in front, and the opening is partly filled in with dotted tulle. The col-lar is edged with plaited frills of willow green chiffon.

starved dog and the half-starved child; rags and tatters and human ruin were evident on every side; one saw the remnants of a people devoured by long generations of kings, nobles by long generations of kings, nobles and priests. Here one saw feast days with nothing to eat, glided virgins blessing the accursed, jeweled saints mocking the destitute, the king mak-ing thieves and De Sartines hanging them. Every law but the law of God, and the carriage of the Duc d'Aiguillon splashing the mud of the streets in the faces of the people.

But De Lussac had no eyes for the

sights around him. He had left the heavy cloak in the carriage, retaining only the hat, and he now became aware that the hat, so wide of brim and so ill matching his dress, was at-tracting the attention of the passers-by. by

The Rue Petit Versailles, for which he was aiming, lay across the river; to reach it he would have to cross the Isle des Cygnes, so, making his way from the narrow and dismal street wherein he was, he struck into the Rue des Fauconniers, passed the Hotel de Sens and by way of the Place Moneils found the Pont Marie. He crossed the Isle des Cygnes, a veritable little town made up of nine huge blocks of houses, and by the Pont de Le Tournelle found and by the Pont de la Tournelle for the left bank and the Port au Vin. found

So far he had not been recognized, only stared at: and, after all, that did only stater, unpleasant though it was. With renewed courage he took his way past the Fort de la Tournelle under the Porte St. Bernard and past the wine market; a long street of squalid houses brought him into the Rue Petit Ver-sailles known in the time of Louis Sailles, known in the time of Louis XIII as the Rue Vautrin. Here, at an old house that seemed nodding for-ward with the weight of years, De Lussac stopped, pulled the bell and was admitted.

was admitted. In five minutes he came out again, walking with a lighter step. He had got rid of his papers. The documents of the Society of the Midi were in safe keeping at last. Verily the fates were working with him, for not only had he got rid of the papers, but Mon-sieur Blanc had given him a piece of advice as to where he should go and advice as to where he should go and with whom he should hide

Unfortunately, Monsieur Blanc could Unfortunately, Monsieur Blanc could not give him a hat as well, and it would be necessary to cross Paris in the hat he was wearing, thus drawing the attention of every eye. As he reached the Porte St. Bernard, the great clock of the Hotel de Breton-villier, which was situated at the eastern angle of the Isle des Cygnes, began to strike the hour. Five heavy strokes sounded and died away. De Lussac paused. Would it be better for him to seek some hiding place till darkness made it possible for him to cross Paris without being observed?

darkhess made it possible for him to cross Paris without being observed? There were wood yards here, great empty spaces deserted by day, the camping ground of thieves by night; the place seemed prepared for him to hide in. Should he hide? Impossible? The four hours of inaction before The four hours of inaction before factor hours of inaction before arkness were not to be thought of; besides, the "ursuit was not yet upon him; .ven should he be recognized by friends, what did it matter, so long as was recognized by none of De

Forte St. Bernard and then along the Porte St. Bernard which lined the bank of the river. To the left lay the river, where boats were moored to the bank, to the right the vast wood yards and open spaces, desolate and almost deserted.

De Lussac led the way, by the wall skirting these yards till he reached the entrance to them. At each side of the entrance way stood a watch house, and entrance to them. At each side of the entrance way stood a watch house, and here a man was always on guard to prevent pilfering from the woodpiles. When he saw the two noblemen ap-proaching the watchman left his little box and came and stood in the open, looking at them and evidently won-dering what their business might be. De Lussac took the louis from his pocket and gave it to the man. "This gentleman and I have some private business to transact," said the comte. "We do not wish to be dis-turbed, you understand?" "Oh, mon Dieu!" cried the delighted watchman, "'tis not for me to disturb you, my lord. Beyond those woodpiles there is a big open space, room enough and sheltered from the port." He glanced at the swords the gentleman carried, and laughed. "Come," said De Lussac, and followed by Beauregard he found the place in-dicated, an ideal spot for the business in hand. There were no preliminaries; the an-

in hand.

There were no preliminaries; the an-tagonists simply stripped off their coats, drew their swords, and set to. Beauregard was accounted one of the best swordsmen in France, but no sooner had the swords crossed than he knew himself matched. DeLussac at-tacked with the ferocity of a wolf, the cunning of a master at arms and a wrist of steel; the swords clung togeth-er, kissed, parted, quarreled; 20 times the sword of Beauregard shot like a ribbon of light toward the breast of De Lussac only to be deflocted by the

De Lussac, only to be deflected by the parrying blade which in its turn at-tacked only to be foiled and spend its

The quarreling of the steel could be heard by the watchman at the gate, who could tell by the sound the fury of the encounter.

who could tell by the sound the fury of the encounter. Beauregard, cool up to now, had giv-en no points to his adversary, but now the animal fury of the man broke out: he made a slight fault, saved himself, slipped, recovered, made a terrible lunge which De Lussac parried. Then, while Beauregard was recovering him-self, the comte swift as lightning got while Beauregard was recovering him-while Beauregard was recovering him-self, the comte, swift as lightning, got home and drove his rapier through the body of his antagonist, who fell as though struck by a thunderbolt. The sword had passed through the right side of his chest between the fifth and sixth ribs, disengaging itself as he fell.

neath contempt. Ah, monsieur, it is easy to be seen in your person how the association with the petiloggers of sedition, the pamphleteers and the canalle rusts the nobility in a man's nature, destroys the gold and brings in the brass to light." "Monsieur," said De Lussac, "you have twice insulted me, all our po-litical differences vanish, this is a mat-ter between you and me. Follow me, monsieur, or by the living God I will either pass my sword through your heart or chastise you with the scab-bard like a dog." He turned on his heel, and Beaure-gard, choking in his gorget of gold lace, blind with rage and trembling with passion, followed him under the Porte St. Bernard and then along the Porte St. Bernard which lined the bank had warned him. His sword had cut

every way and always it had stricken his enemies. Luck had helped him, no doubt, but he had also helped lucx. Such luck does not last without a break, however, and the mettle of De Lussac had still to be put to a test that would have broken 999 men out of

(Continued next week.)

When Drivers Are Careful.

One thing that convicts careless automobile drivers beyond all else, says the New York Times, is that none of them ever runs down a traffic patrol-man. Hundreds and hundreds of bluecoats are on crossing duty in New York coats are on crossing duty in New York every day of the year, and if they were not protected by their uniform their calling would be extra hazardous. They stand in what for civilians would be the most dangerous positions conceiv-able—right in the middle of the tide of

traffic, with automobiles and motor-cycles and other vehicles passing them by dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands, and on holidays, tens of thousands. There is nothing to prevent any traffic policeman from being crushed at any moment of his day's work. No matter how stout he may be his bulk could not stop an automobile. Yet the sig-nificant fact remains that he is not run down.

Opponents of Revision Downward.

Opponents of Revision Downward. From the Kansas City Star. The country has shown emphatically that it favors tariff revision downward. It regards the pending tariff bill, with whatever faults it may have, as embody-ing a sincere attempt to provide such re-vision. Business has adjusted itself to the impending changes and there is every reason to believe that as soon as the un-certainties are out of the way it will go forward with renewed vigor. It is going to be difficult for any con-gressman who votes against the bill on its final passage to explain his vote to his constituents. It is going to be impossible for any

constituents. It is going to be impossible for any senator or representative who votes against the bill to appeal to the progress-ive people of the United States for the presidential nomination.

Made An Effort.

"I saw her once when she couldn't talk.

talk." "How was that?" "The dentist had a napkin in her mouth; also a wad of putty, a mirror, a roll of cotton and ar electric drill."

of offers of hospitality. As a result, he saw everything he wanted under exceptionally favorable conditions. and every courtesy was shown to him. The German representative is doing precisely the same, but nothing whatever has been done by or on behalf of the British manufacturer. If the representative wants to see anything in this country he has to dig it out for himself, for nobody seems to care for the business and nobody knows of it. London World.

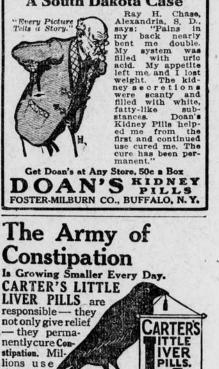
Nest on a Sheep's Back.

An extraordinary story of a starling's nest on a sheep's back comes from Bideford, England, and is told by the Pall Mall Gazette. During sheep shearing operations on Gourn-CARTER'S LITTLE wood farm one of the shearers cut into LIVER PILLS are a fleshy substance, and examination showed that he had cut in half a young not only give relief starling, which was in a nest that had been built in the sheep's wool, and which contained two other fledglings still alive. The nest was composed of moss and twigs. For some weeks previous to the shearing the sheep, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, with the others, had the run of three SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. fields near the farm.

Puzzie.

"Dad, tell me one thing." "What is it, my son?"

"If the fathers were to hold congresses to agree on what they wanted like the mothers, would they be 'pop' concerts?"



them for Biliousness, Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. UFFER from nerve, but he who first manipulated a dish of chop-house hash was a hero.



weighs only about 534 pounds, yet it has great strength, because its metal parts throughout are made of nickel steel. It is a two-part Take down, without loose parts, is simple to operate and the action works with an ease and smoothness unknown in guns of other makes. See one at your dealer's or

Send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for circular. THE LIGHT WEIGHT, NICKEL STEEL REPEATER.

He lay with his eyes staring wildly tion of the birth rate in France.