

rip Patients Grateful to Peruna, the Expectorant Tonio.

Do not make the error of regarding as an exaggerated cold. There big difference between the two. is an epidemic disease that poicons the vital organs. When a perhas grip, the air passages are he with millions of bacilli poisontired and exhausted.

Peruna is a Tonio Laxative.

It requires a good tonic laxative to sep the body of the patient as strong posible to counteract the effect of disons created by the grip bacil-An expectorant tonic with some mative qualities is the safest remedy. Such is Peruna. Beware escially of coal tar powders or tablets cause they lessen the vitality of the

There is no specific for the grip. Peruna has been used with good cess in former grip epidemics. leations point to the return of grip this winter.

Do not fall to read the experience of former grip patients with Peruna. Mrs. Gentry Gates, 8219 First Ave., Bast Lake, Ala., writes: "I had a bad case of grip. I tried Peruna and It cured me. I can safely say it is a ana medicine."

Mrs. Charles E. Wells, Sr., 230 uth St. Delaware, Ohio, writes: After a severe attack of la grippe I ock Peruna and found it a good

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

GAVE LESSON IN REVERENCE

nall Boy's Stern Rebuke to Bishop Whom He Suspected of Harboring Thoughts of Barter.

Bishop Thornton, when in Ballarat, was walking one fine Sunday morning with his favorite dog, a very intellient retriever. The dog was performbg all sorts of tricks; jumping over as master's stick, retrieving it from the water, and so on.

The bishop was aware of the wide ged interest of a small boy, who, with is nurse, was walking on the shore of he lake. The bishop recognized in Im the son of a neighbor with whom was on the best of terms, although as neighbor was a leading light of meonformity in the city.

To amuse the boy the bishop put dog through the whole category his tricks, and then said: "Now, m't that a nice dos; and wouldn't ou like to have one like him?" To which the small boy replied, sternly: Bir, I think you forgot what day this London Daily Citizen.

Current History.

What did your history class discuss VIII and his various di-

Yes: also some divorces in our re immediate set."

Curiosity.

Why didn't you protect yourif when Jack kissed you?

-Why, at first I was speechand then I thought I would see w many times the impudent fellow would dare to do it.

SELF DELUSION. Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgencies and habits even though we may be sonvinced of their actual harmfulness. A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold merning, or beer on a hot summer day when he wants the whiskey or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thoucands of people suffer headache and aervousness year after year but try to

persuade themselves the cause is not coffee because they like coffee. "While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes Wis. man, "until I was a regular

coffee flend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon. "My folks thought it was coffee that alled me, but I liked it and would not

admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me. "Finally, the folks stopped buying

coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what differce it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee -headaches are a thing of the past

and the whole family is in fine health." "Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pags.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well

instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage Instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

++++++++++++++++++++++++ PRODUCTION OF EGGS.

Has Fallen Off Since Last Year, Resulting in High Prices.

**************** The present agitation concerning the effect of cold storage on the price of eggs gives relevancy to the following facts, which may be of interest to your readers who believe in fair play. The figures showing a shortage in both the receipts of eggs and the quantity in cold storage are taken from The New York Produce Review of November 26,

Receipts of eggs in New York market March 1 to October 4,056,159 market March 1 to October

31, 1913..... 3,859,911 Decrease in receipts for 391,850

put March to October, 1912 Average monthly trade out-put March to October, 1913 411,250 The above shows a decrease of receipts in the market during the above period of 196,248 cases, and at the same an increase in the trade output for the same period of 155,200 cases; further-

more on November 1, 1913, there was a deficiency in storage holdings, as compared with November 1, 1912, of 377,--The present storage reserve, together with receipts on the same basis as last year, would show a prospective defi-ciency in supply on this market of about 185,000 cases up to January 21, 1914 based on the average output since March 1, 1913. This, then, is the statistical explanation of why the wholesale prices of cold storage eggs has ranged from 27% to 30 cents a dozen this month

as against 21 to 24 cents a dezen during These figures, together with the fact that the goods are not owned by the cold storage companies, but are controlled by a large number of competing dealers all over the country, should should satisfy an unbiased person that cold storage is not responsible for the

present range of prices.

The inexorable law of supply and demand is the governing factor in eggs, whether storage or fresh, as in all othwhether storage or fresh, as in all other products.

Frank A. Horne, President American Association of Re-

frigeration. New York, November 28, 1913.

UNIFYING FREIGHT RULES.

Committee of Railroad Men Has Revised 75 Per Cent of the Classifications.

vised 75 Per Cent of the
Classifications.

From the New York Times.

After three years of continuous work, a special committee comprised of men formerly associated with railroads, and having expert knowledge of freight classification, has succeeded in revising about 75 per cent of the freight classifications and rules. Traffic officers of practically all the country's carriers have been cooperating in a plan to establish uniform classifications, packing requirements and minimum carload weights.

The condition in the different sections of the country throughout which the existing classifications apply are varying, and these classifications have been adjusted to conform to the commercial and transportation necessities of such sections. The present effort is for the purpose of bringing about a standardization of rules, methods of packing, and descriptions of articles. When it is recalled that the respective classifications provide descriptions umbering from 7,000 to 9,000 in each territory to cover the various forms of packages, it will be appreciated that the work of unifying all such descriptions into terms which shall be alike fer all sections, and at the same time not disturb the commercial requirements or customs and suitably provide for every possible form of package that may be offered for shipment, is a task presenting many difficulties and perplexities.

The shipping public has taken a great interest in the subject, and under the methods of the uniform committee, as well as those of the respective territorial committees, the fullest opportunity is afforded to be advised of the contemplated changes arising from the work of uniformity, as well as with respect to the incorporation of same in the separate classifications governing the different sections.

Ridicule and Progress.

Ridicule and Progress.

From the London Times.

It is a familiar saying that no man can achieve anything worth doing unless he runs the risk of looking ridiculous. The men who have done the great work of the world have cheerfully taken that risk, and ridicule, which is the severest form of publicity, has falled to kill the noblest enterprises. An eminent difference between the Englishman and the American lies in the attitude of the two toward publicity. The American lives in public, he has not even a fence round his house.

* * And there is no question but that in many ways the American suffers for his want of reserve.

On the other hand, in many fields of activity he gains enormously. There is a gay adventurousness about him. He is very little hampered by conventions, traditions, social codes and other devices for securing caution and circumspection in movement. If he wants a thing he does not mind who knows it nor who sees him making efforts to get it, and no kind of sensitiveness will be allowed to come between his desire and its object. If he wants profits out of business, he is indifferent to any clamor that may be raised about his methods. If he wants to for-

wants profits out of business, he is indifferent to any clamor that may be raised about his methods. If he wants to forward an idea, to help a cause, he becomes a cheerful and shameless "crank." With the American, to be seized with an idea is to put it to trial and to compare it with other ideas, weigh the pros and cons and calculate its effect on this body of interests or that.

The results of this adventurous quickness are often unfortunate. Scatterbrained efforts in philanthropy, art, eugenics, social reform and what not sporadically sprouting, fill the ground that might be occupied by order and concerted work. But at least the American seldom loses anything that he wants for fear of lowering his dignity by trying to get it. His sprightly power of initiative carries him straight to his point, and he is too busy getting his way to care what he looks like to other people.

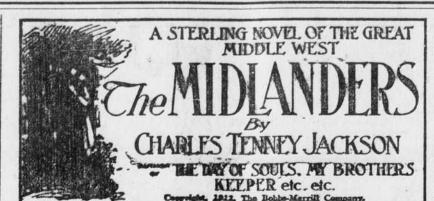
Miles of Salmon Tins.

From the Wide World Magazine.
That over 6,140,000 cases of canned salmon were packed on the Pacific coast of North America during the season of 1912 will seem to many people a surprising statement; but it is true and furthermore if all the time true, and, furthermore, if all the tins used that season—249,762,576 1-pound cans—were laid end to end they would extend in a straight line for over 25,500 miles of encircling the globe at the equator. To fill these cans some 67,500,—900 salmon were needed, while some 30,000 salmon were needed. 900 salmon were needed, while some 20. 000,000 more were required for the preparation of smoked, pickled, mild-cured and frezen salmon. Several other millions were sold in a fresh condition, and the whole product was valued at somethin- like \$25,000,000.

In 1906, it is estimated, the money invested in Norwegian whaling companies amounted to \$1,032,000. By 1910 this had increased to \$2,000. this had increased to \$3,000,000, doubling that year to \$6,000,000. Further increases in 1911 brought the total investment on January up to 32,500,000 crowns (\$8,710,000).

Assuming the population of the United States to be 100,000,000, one man out of every 40 owes his means livelihood and usefulness in some de-

Australia has nearly 300,000 acres of untouched forests.



CHAPTER VIII-(Continued).

"I told her to go on, seize all the best "I told her to go on, seize all the best in it. She is a grand little girl, someway. You know I've lived south—I know her temperament—I know all she's had to fight, too, out at Lindstrom's. Know and sympathize with—I don't suppose another person in all the town could know or care!"
"I don't imagine." Janet knew Wiley Curran. Somehow, if there was a homeless old soldier, or a destitute family in the county they always.

family in the county, they always came to Wiley's attention—he was even knowing and caring, helplessly in his penniless struggle with News. But you, Wiley-what can you do

'I don't know. Only befriend her. All the town's laughing over her win-ning a beauty prize. No one ever nning a beauty prize. No one evernoticed her, except se was considered
pretty and eccentric. The big fatheads!" he cried breathlessly. "Does
any one suppose they'd see that marvelous purity in her face—her grace,
and all that odd quality of her mind
and soul—"

and soul—"
"Wiley?" Miss Vance sat back, her lips tightened.
"Oh, I know! Scold me—say I can't afford it! That it's aroused a lot of heartburnings and jealousies and silly not in town, and I shouldn't be in it! But she came to me—said she I was almost her only friend in Rome. And with all this notoriety—Aurelie, bewildered, dumbstruck—needs protection— And

-friend!" consider "Don't laugh. I tell you she woke

me up!"
"What possibly could she have to do

"What possibly could she have to do with your awakening?"

"We had a long talk. A splendid talk, Janet. I saw the hopelessness of her life if she stayed here. There's nothing for her here. And now, who can tell? Why, I'll bet she gets proposals of marriage by the dozen—artists will want to paint her, managers will want her to go on the stage—everything is possible with her! And she left it to me. Janet—and I told her

she left it to me, Janet—and I told her go—seize all the good in life, anyhow, anyway—live, live!"

"And you?" Janet pursued pitllessly.

"Ah, well! That little girl—suffering so. And only I know how she is suffering! I told you it fired me. She suffering! I told you it fired me. She grew so wide-eyed and big with it, and determined to be somebody! And I though of myself—the years I'd wasted, Janet, and I said to myself: 'God bless you, child! If you can, I can!' I don't know how it was but I falt my old fire. know how it was, but I felt my old fire again—my old ambition! That's why I promised you, Janet, to make this

"Yes," Janet answered slowly. "I'll help you, Wiley." He could not see her face. She was watching her brother bring the rig across the street. But the splendor seemed to have died for her; in its stead was the old shrewd patience of the successful woman, touched now with pathos of some haunting defeat. "Yes, I'll help you, Wiley," she added and arose to go.
Wiley watched them drive away. At

the end of the street the gray of the autumn country began; the lonely land of hill and bottom, but over it land of hill and bottom, but over it the home fires were burning. So they thought something of him out there? "Wiley Curran smiled distantly. "Bunk!" sniffed Vawter, the artist, and went away. "I don't believe any loop millionaires want to marry Aurelie brown-armed quiet men; they had watched him fight, heard his incessant outery against every wrong, every privilege of class whether in the obscure countryside, or out in the great world? He could not tell. It had seemed as if he spoke alone, champloning valiant but hollow theories against. "Bunk!" sniffed Vawter, the artist, and went away. "I don't believe any loop millionaires want to marry Aurelie Lindstrom. Shucks, they's heaps of girls right in high school prettier'n she is. It's my picture that done it and what do I git? Fitchered, by swanny!" And when the artist came on store clerks and traveling men discussing her about the square, and the strangers asked of the beauty winner, he growled: "Bunk! Don't ask me!" ing valiant but hollow theories against their complacent incredulity. He had envied, at times, the prosperous town tradesmen, professional men, the best people—they had not spent their hearts in crying out for new things—and the county had enriched them. But now out of his long and hidden

despair of himself a great vision came: the farm home lights were beacon fires sighted for an eternal struggle, awaiting the coming leaders. And his heart cried out that he would be one to answer: he understood at last what Arne meant. He heard the traps of the young men up the hill.

CHAPTER IX. THE BEAUTY PRIZE.

The following Sunday Rome had its wonder—a specially written wonder done in three colors on the front page of the Sunday supplement. There was a demand for the Chronicle at the Junction depot after the 1:10 train and at

the postoffice news stand, which sold out every paper and the agents tele-graphed to Burlington for more. There was none in Earlville; the two towns forgot their bickerings and gazed—many a Sunday dinner was delayed while they gabbled about Aurelie Lindstrom's picture with its three-polor border of cupids and hearts and darts and young men in evening darts and young men in evening clothes tangled in spider's webs and all the sort of thing that publishers use to embellish whatever they print

about girls. As Mr. Curran of the News often re-marked, he he fingered the magazines postoffice news stand and opened his Sunday paper, the American people were perfectly crazy about girls if their art and literature went for anything. But Rome, Ia., wasn't Young men that sunny November Sunday drove their sweethearts out the quarry road, feet on the dashboards, chewing their gum, gazing at Miss Lindstrom's picture, peering furtively at the Lindstrom house, and then drove at the Lindstrom house, and then drove back no wiser than before. Not a glimpse of the three-color beauty winner did they get. And on all the buggy rides and walking home from the young people's services it was agreed that she was preposterously overrated. And in all the comments—sarcastic, belittling, cruel—ran the note of inquiry; what would the bootlegger's girl do no?

legger's girl do no? Aurelie sat in a sort of bewilderment when Knute brought the first Sunday Chronicle home. When John came back from church he saw it on the back from church he saw it on the floor and tore the offending picture from the page. Then he ordered her harshly to go to her room, and the girl oboyed. In the chill of the tiny chamber she sat staring at the little silver crucifix hanging over her mirror. Old Michigan crept in after a while when the buzz of silly neighwhile, when the buzz of sillly neighbor women grew too much for him in the kitchen. He sat on the edge of Aurelie's little white bed and drew her he made his usual round of the county down until her hair was tangled in his shaggy beard.

"Done come up-river," he whispered,
"to occupy the land! Reckson so!
Don't mind John, my little girl. He's
hard with his religion, but he's meanin'

an unexpected harvest.

He met Thad Tanner and his soninlaw, Cal Rice, of the First National
bank, in the corridor, Cal Rice's wife

well. Law done drove him to his bit-terness and exile, and give him hate 'stead of love. But my girl he can't change a hair of your head, or the pink of your pretty cheek!"

And then she cried as Aurelie cried; and crept to the old whizky pedler, and all the afternoon they huddled together to keep warm, while Mrs. Lind-strom's stilly chatter to the neighbor women went on, and the boys sat apart in awe as if some tragedy had fallen on them. The gossip of the town went on. The next day young Butts of the Mercury-Journal drove from Earlville to interview her and met a gaunt, feverish-eyed man who erdered him away, his shotgun lying handly across the rail fence. The correspondent saw two ragged, tow-headed children and a lean-hipped cow or two beyond the forlorn shanty and that was all. Beyond was the corn patch, and the other unpainted cottages of the quarrymen, and then the gray bluff with its never-ceasing roar and dust along the country and the country that the country the country that the c Thad Tanner's quarry.

Some curious town people tried to call. Lindstrom gave them the same grim welcome. And all the week the town seethed with curiosity. Prim misses read the newspapers more as-siduously than ever before; and the Chronicle felicitated itself and "spread" with more details of Aurelie's life—incidentaly setting loose a horde of canvassers all over the state to work up subscriptions, giving away a half-tone of the beauty winner with each.

"What does it mean?" fulminated the What does it mean? fullminated the Chronicle, "for this little country girl to be anounced as the most beautiful woman in the country? In the first place it means admiration, love. That is first in every woman's heart of hearts. Hundreds of thousands of mental to the country of the country have gazed on her picture and felt their hearts moved. Thousands have writen declaring they adored her Sin. cere honest men, some of them labor-ers, some millionaires, have offered their hands to the modest young beauty. They send references of their social and financial standing, church and lodge connections and prospects. Lawyers offer her positions as stenographer; manufacturers seek to have her demonstrate their goods; she is asked to sing, to lecture, to go on the stage. Ministers write her advise; actresses ask the secret of her beauty; mothers warn her against the seductions of her fame. Strangers come to the little Iowa farm to gaze on the abode of beauty; the telephone bell is

Vawter was peevlsh because none mentioned that he took the photograph. "Here's you and me, Wiley, stirred up all this bunk—and just think of 'em sayin' there's a telephone down in Old Mich's shack in the bottoms—and we ain't gettin', a cussed thing out of the say of the say

asked of the beauty winner, he growled: "Bunk! Don't ask me!"

Mowry, the undertaker, who always came into the News office to peddle gossip and read the proofs of county board meetings to see if there was not some indigent dead he could bury, was rasping his shiny serged legs before Mr. Curran's stove and summing up (Continued next week.) rasping his shiny serged legs before Mr. Curran's stove and summing up the town's comment.

"Everybody's sore. Folks air goin' to stop them She-cawgo papers. Wimmen's club cays it's demoralizin' and to the teachers say it busts up school hat work. Cal Rice, over to the bank, he the says of all the disgustin' things is for the Chronicle to git roped in by a French girl this way. And Dickinson, I guess he's sore because his girl didn't git no prize and everybody is hollerin'; and here I ain't buried anybody for two months!" He looked across at the

git no prize and everybody is hollerin; and here I ain't buried anybody for two months!" He looked across at the Widow Steger's hollyhock walk; "Hey, how's the widder?"

"I understand that Dickinson is going to send her to Burlington for treatment," answered Wiley.

"Just so. And she'il die in a hospital! And I been a-buyin' my groceries at Dickinson's for seven years—ever since the widder was took! Dog-gone, Wiley—this is a sorehead town!"

Old Mowry went out to denounce the grocer and the county board to every farmer along the hitching rails. He had been county coroner until the story got out that once he fished a nigger out of Broad slough, held an inquest and buried him, and put in his claim for fees. Four days after he discovered another nigger under the ice, held an inquest and buried him—with fees. Three days after, another mysterious nigger was found and buried—with fees. Then the weather unfortunately grow warm, and some one started an investigation. The nigger and the corner's political career spolled simultaneously that week. Old Mowry had been shuffling around the court house trying to collect his fees from every succeeding county board, but always the ghost of that celored citizen haunt.

I mate. But whence did these send from whose poverty grew his wealth?

The answer is the familiar indictment of the mail order business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured by attractive pictures to the mail order business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured by attractive pictures to charge from Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as thas developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as thas developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured business as thas developed in Chicago. From men and wom succeeding county board, but always ed him. And every monthly board meeting Father Doyle drove over from Earlyville to see if Mowry's claim had been allowed. Mowry was the sole Catholic in Rome, but the only time he would contribute a cent was when he had buried a Protestant in good standing. And one of the undertaker's grievances, always aired in the News office, was that county dead should not figure in the good priest's calculations—he couldn't callect his feas anythou he couldn't collect his fees, anyhow, out of this gol-durned board Mr. Cur-ran listened patiently. The priest was his good friend. So was Mowry, So seemed all the lame ducks of the munity—and no one else. He wondered now, in his new found ambitions, why all the representative men seemed afraid of him; and why all the nondescrip humanity of the town attached itself to him. Mowry was the first to spread the news about the court house that week that Curran was going to sional primaries. Mr. Curran, when he made his usual round of the county building for the batch of items, reaped an unexpected harvest.

owned most of the Earlville Mercury-Journal stock; and recently the Mer-cury-Journal had been giving away jardineres and eight-day clocks with jardineres and eight-day clocks with subscriptions in an endeavor to put the News out of business. Old Thad and Cal were talking about it now and some of the county board were with them. Thad had boasted five years ago that he would put "that damned fourpage rag on the dump" behind Curran's shop, but still the "rag" persisted. Somehow the county remembered the day the elder Curran was stretched senseless across the diner deek by a senseless across the dingy desk by a copperhead mob.

Old Thad was small and screw-headed with a continually baring upper lip as he talked, and his husky voice came out of a toothless cavern of a mouth that seemed never quite able to close its grinning. Yet he had a certain clear its grinning. Yet he had a certain clear and stirging way of stating facts, a rugged "horse sense," and profane humor that accounted for much of his dominance in the county affairs—that and his money and fighting qualities.

And he knew men. He knew Wiley Curran. Wiley had an exasperating idea that Old Thad, by some intuition, had gauged year by year month by tion, had gauged year by year, month by month, week by week, the decay of the News—that he could forecast very nearly how much longer the malcontent sheet would keep up its barking.

sheet would keep up its barking.

"Morning, Mr. Curran."; Thad turned from the board members as the editor mounted the court house steps. "How is our very weakly these days?"

That was a never failing banter of the county boss. The farmer members were apt to smile deprecatingly; and the editor kept his temper. He woundered how the big boiled countrymen could tolerate the boss's grin—he always was so sure of himself—and them. Oid Thad felt good this morning—he had got his contracts for the creek diversion and road culvert about which the News had been peppering the board. Only Burt Hemmelger, a pale eyed, yellow bearded farmer, had protested and mumbled something about the News' charges that the Tanner quarries were the chief beneficiaries of the work. Boydston and Curry, the road committee, and Tanner men, had put through the contracts without comment—it was the usual program. So now the quarry boss thought he could badger the defeated News complacently.

"The honorable board has just voted" feated News complacently.

"The honorable board has just voted for the creek work, Mr. Editor! You might make a note of it. But I suppose the News will be too filled this week with politics. We hear you're coming out against Jim Hall?"

The county men were looking at Curran. Judge Van Hart and the district attorney, Jewett, a pot-bellied non-entity, were coming from the court room. Hanner spoke purposely loud: e wanted to smoke out this joke of the editor's aspirations.

"I am going in the primary," said Curran quietly. The group stopped curiously. Cal Rice, ever taking his cue from the boss, laughed. Jewett rubbed his bald head. The News was his aversion. Wiley had hounded him as a prosecutor who never began action against any one except bootleggers, drunk section hands and any sort gers, drunk section hands and any sort the little Iowa farm to gaze on the abode of beauty; the telephone bell is constantly ringing as people call up to congratulate her. She is showered with gifts, honors, invitations, emoluments—so great a thing is it to be declared by the Chronicle to be the most beautiful woman in the land."

As Vawter, the artist, the pimply-faced youth who took that luckless and of homeless men. Jewett was noted as a famous barbeeue cook, and at Old Home Week festivals, Old Settlers' picnics and the like, white-aproned, genial, good humored, he presided. During campaigns he gave builhead breakfasts in the woods, where county politicians, prominent lodge members, influential farmers—any one who was an analysort of homeless men. Jewett was noted as a famous barbeeue cook, and at Old Home Week festivals, Old Settlers' picnics and the like, white-aproned, genial, good humored, he presided. As Vawter, the artist, the pimply-faced youth who took that luckless picture in his shabby studio up above the Hub Clothing store, remarked to Mr. Curran: "Oh, Gawd!"

politicians, prominent longe members, influential farmers—any one who was any one—congregated, and through a night of rough conviviality—a vast glut of eating, drinking, songs and speeches—Jewett won his election. mentioned that he took the photograph.
"Here's you and me, Wiley, stirred up all this bunk—and just think of 'em sayin' there's a telephone down in Old Mich's shack in the bottoms—and we ain't gettin' a cussed thing out of it!
We ain't even gotta line in the papers!
Why don't you roast 'em?"

Church folk and wives complained of these orgies, but Jewett offered his cookery and his jokes with equal facility to the church festivals and quieted the talk. Curran never attended these bullhead feasts—they disgusted the esthete's taste in him, and besides, with the unsureness of the nervous man, he did not care to face

(Continued next week.)

The Rural Customers Paid. From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.
A merchant prince died in Chicago and left \$15,000,000 to his heirs, every cent of which was made in the mail order busi-

ness.

We would not dispute the dead man's honesty or criticise him for making this fortune in a manner that is certainly legitcome, and from whose poverty grew his wealth?

purchases are made from Chicago mall order houses. The merchant is forced to sell what his customers will purchase; those who have helped to ruin him criticise the paucity of his stock.

The Chicago mall order business cripples the local merchant. It limits the stock of the stores. It builds up great fortunes and a single city, at the expense of those who would proclaim progress the country over.

Better Day for Farmers.

From the Shepherdsville Pioneer-News
Several silos were erected near Shepherdsville the past summer and fall, and so far as we can learn are giving entire satisfaction. The silo is the small farmer's friend. He can take 15 acres of corn, convert it into ensilage and feed more stock than he could with 30 acres handled in the old way, and his stock will do much better. Everything eats ensilage, horses, hogs, cattle, sheep—no exceptions—and it is the best feed the farmer can procure. With a vastly larger yield of corn per acre under the new manner of cultivating that important cereal, and silos and other good improvements on the farm, we believe a brighter and better day is dawning for the farmer. With better roads to the markets, good schools and churches, free delivery of mails at his door, means of sending 50 pounds of produce by mail and hundreds of other conveniences and blessings, the way is not so rocky as it was years ago. From the Shepherdsville Pioneer-News

Granulated glass is being tried as a preservation of the surface of wood in England with much success.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE CANADIAN WEST

The Cities of Western Canada Reflect the Growth of the Country.

As one passes through Western

Canada, taking the City of Winnipeg as a starting point, and then keeping tab on the various cities and towns that line the network of railways that cover the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and covering the eyes as the gaze is bent on these it is felt that there must be "something of a country" behind it all. Then gaze any direction you like and the same view is presented. Field after field of waving grain, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. Farm hands and laborers are at work converting the virgin prairie with more fields. Pasture land in every direction on which cattle are feeding. thriving and fattening on the grasses that are rich in both milk and beef properties, but it is unfortunate that more cattle are not seen. That, however, is correcting itself. Here we have in a large measure, the evidence of the wealth that helps to build up the cities, and it should not be forgotten that the cities themselves have as citizens, young men who have come from other parts, and brought with them the experience that has taught them to avoid the mistakes of eastern and southern cities. They also are imbued with the western spirit of enterprise, energy and push, and so Western Canada has its cities. At a banquet recently given in Chicago, a number of prominent citizens of Winnipeg were guests. Among the speakers was Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg. In speaking of the remarkable growth of that city, which in thirty years has risen from a population of 2,000 to one of 200,000, he spoke of it as being the gateway of commerce and continued: Now, how great that tide of commerce is you will have some conception of when I tell you that the wheat alone grown in the three prairie provinces this year is sufficient to keep a steady stream of one thousand bushels per minute continuously night and day going to the head of the lakes for three and one-half months, and in ad-

four months. "The value of the grain crop alone grown in the three prairie provinces would be sufficient to build any of our great transcontinental railroads and all their equipment, everything connected with them, from ocean to ocean.

dition to that the oats and barley

would supply this stream for another

"Now, if we are able to do this with only ten per cent. of our arable land under cultivation what will our possibilities be when 288,000,000 of acres of the best land that the sun shines on is brought under the plow? Do you not see the portent of a great, vigorous, populous nation living under those sunny skies north of the 49th parallel? And if with our present development we are able to do as we are doing now, to purchase a million dollars' worth of goods from you every day of the year, what will our trade be worth when we have fully develop-

ed the country? "Now, who shall assist us to devel-Shall it be the alien races of southern Europe or shall it be men of our own blood and language? In the last three fiscal years no less than 358,000 American farmers have come into Western Canada, bringing with them goods and cash to the value of \$350,000,000. And I want to say here that no man who sets foot on our shores is more entirely and heartily welcome than the agriculturist from the south.

"So long as these conditions remain consider that this is the best guaranty that the sword will never again be drawn in anger between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The grain crops of Western Canada in 1913 have well upheld the reputation that country has for abundant yields of all small grains .-- Advertisement.

Orderly Service.

A Methodist parson, called to preach at an out-of-the-way town in California was informed, before entering the pulpit, that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to pull him from the pulpit if his remarks did not suit them.

The minister made no reply, but having reached the sacred desk, he took from his pocket two revolvers, and placing one on each side of the Bible, gave a sharp glance around the room and said: "Let us pray." A more orderly service was never

held .- National Monthly.

Stop that cough, the source of Pneumonia, etc. Prompt use of Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops gives relief-5c at Druggists

Polite Bertha.

Little Bertha was invited out to dinner with her father and mother. Before she went it was firmly impressed upon her that she must not speak unless spoken to. All went smoothly for a while, but when some time elapsed, and no notice was taken of

her she began to get uneasy. Finally the hostess, seeing some thing was wrong, asked her what she

would like next. "I should like to have you begin to ask me questions," was the polite reply.-Lippincott's.

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Extremes meet, but they don't always speak as they pass by.