SWEEPSTAKE UPON SWEEPSTAKE

CANADA ADDING OTHERS TO ITE SERIES OF VICTORIES.

A Manitoba Steer Carries Off Similar Honors to Those Won by a Half-Brother in 1912.

When Giencarnock I., the Aberdeen-Angus steer, owned by Mr. McGregor of Brandon, Manitoba, carried off the sweepstakes at the Chicago Live Stock Show in 1912, it was considered to be a great victory for barley, oats and grass versus corn. So that there might be no doubt of the superiority of barley feeding, Manitoba climate, and judgment in selecting the animal, Mr. McGregor placed in competition in 1913, another Aberdeen-Angus, a half-brother to the animal that won last year, and secured a second victory in the second year. In other classes he had excellent winnings, but the big victory was the sweepstakes for the best steer. This victory proved that Manitoba-grown barley and oats, and prairie hay, had properties better than any contained in corn, which in the past has been looked upon as being superior to other grains in fattening and finishing qualities. Not only this, but Glencarnock's victory proves that the climate of the prairie provinces of western Canada, in com-

bination with rich feeds that are possessed by that country, tends to make cattle raising a success at little cost. Other winnings at the live stock

show which placed western Canada in the class of big victories were: Three firsts, seven seconds, and five other prizes in Clydesdales.

The winners, Bryce, Taber, Sutherland, Sinton, Mutch, McLean, Haggerty, Leckie and the University of Saskatchewan are like family names in Saskatchewan. Each one had "the goods" that won honor to himself and combined made a name and record for Saskatchewan.

Saskatchewan. Look at the recent victories won by western Canada within the past three vears. He faced her with a hurt laugh, she had begun with a touch of bitterness which her common sense subdued. "The parasite? Not the woman who dares demand!

Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, showed a peck of oats at the National Corn Exposition, held at Columbus, Ohio, and carried off the Colorado silver trophy, valued at \$1,500.

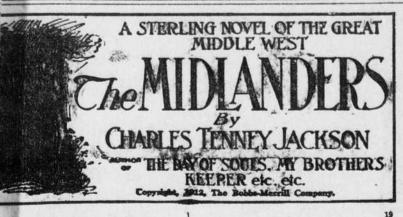
In February, 1913, the same men, father and son, had a similar victory at Columbia, N. C., and should they win in 1914 at Dallas, Texas, they will own the trophy.

In 1911, Seager Wheeler of Rosthern won \$1,000 in gold at the New York Land Show for the best 100 pounds of wheat.

In 1912 at the Dry Farming Con gress at Lethbridge, Alberta, Mr Holmes of Cardston won the \$2,500 Rumley engine for best wheat in the world.

In 1913, at the Dry Farming Cor gress, held at Tulsa, Okla., Mr. P. Gen. lack of Allen, Saskatchewan, carried off the honors and a threshing na off the honors and a threshing nu-chine for the best bushel of wheet shown in competition with the world. In 1913 at the International Dry

Farming Congress at Tulsa, Okla., Canada won the majority of the world's honors in individual classes, and seven out of the sixteen sweep-stakes, including the grand prize for



CHAPTER XIV-(Continued).

"Mr. Wiley!" She looked at him. "Wiley sighed. "Get a telegram I'm Hen McFetridge yesterday. They played to S. R. O. at Marshalltown And another one from Cedar Rapids stys: Biggest house here since '96.' Inet"-he looked at her with the first wrst of enthusiasm she had seen this morning—"Aurelie's a winner!" The woman of 30 was looking off to the hills. "Wiley, I wouldn't publish in the things you do about her in the bit the things you do about her in the It's not good taste-all those notices and things. And it ews. ess esn't do you any good in your new er." She had hesitated and looked back to scratching his garden bed. "The town says—" again she paused "The town says what?" "The town says what?"

"That you must be rather in love with Aurelle." was on his feet before her. Ha

'Janet! They say that?" "Well, you've run on in such enthus-hsm about her. Of course it's just

Your way." "My way? I can't help what the town mays. The town made an outcast of ne much as it did of Aurelie in the bid days. But by George, Janet-this!" "She is the sort you would love, Wiley. With all her courage, the rave fight, as you say she is making -she is one of the superlatively femorave -she is one of the superiatively rem-lnine sort-or at least what you men stupidly imagine is the really feminine. Appealing to your absurd chivalry, as you call it; but actually your vanity-clinging to you and so giving you an enlarged sense of your strength, your wisdom, your indispensableness to womankind! Come now"-she smilled good humoredly-"isn't that the type of woman you like best?"

can help—and who dares demand! You men are all primitive in your ideas of women, Wiley." "Janet," he answered slowly, "you

don't understand. A child, misplaced, hurt, proud, struggling for the bit of nurt, proud, strugging for the bit of good she sees—that is what I saw in Aurelie. I don't deny her appeal. I've felt like taking her in my arms and saying: 'Why, your dear kid, you ought not to be in this business— knocking about cheap hotels and in such shows. You ought to have a home—a shelter—some one—'"

home-a shelter-some one-"That is just it." She smiled impersonally, and briefly. "Well, no matter, Wiley. Only I wondered why the bluebirds were calling to you this morning, and not congress. It is spring, Wiley." But Mr. Curran was put out and angry. He did not want her to divert the matter with her serenly measuring smile. "Janet!" he cried again. "I don't love her-no mo!" smile. "Janet!" he cri don't love her-no, no!'

"No-no! Merely attracted. As you are to bookposter girls and the mag-azine cover girls!" She laughed now. azine cover girls!" She laughed now. "Oh, well, the eternal masculine!" Then she turned to him stubbornly: "But you are coming through this fight—this campaign—this man's work for us all." "Yes," he answered quietly. "I will.

Ind you've hurt me, Janet. But per-

Farming Congress at Tulsa, Okis, Canada won the majority of the world's honors in individual classes, and seven out of the sixteen swood stakes, including the grand prize for the best bushel of hard wheat. The grand prize, a threshing ma-chine, was won by Paul Gerlack for best bushel of hard wheat, which weighed 71 pounds to the bushel, and was of the Marquis variety. In the district in which the which the which the which the which the wheat In the district in which the wheat

to buck into the work, the worst you

to buck into the work, the worst you ever saw, Wiley." "It's great. So many of our young men drift west or to the cities. But you-right here with the home folks." "Right here." He looked at his friend with the old affectionate inti-macy. "I hear, Wiley, you're going to run for congress." "Yes. They got me into it. We'll

They got me into it. We'll Yes. make Hall busy, too." Harlan smiled gravely. "Father wrote me of it."

"Your Wiley glanced up at him. father isn't for me, Harlan. And he's a pretty big man. But-eastern. We're rattling on pretty strong for 'em out here. Direct elections for senators, the initiative, the recall of judges—the con-trol of wealth by the state—the new democracy, boy. But you know all of it. The old dreams we used to argue in the the old News shop. Why we -the old News and I-we sert of raised you, Harlan. We made you as much as Harvard!"

Harlan smiled. Wiley's eyes were shining. They had a great brother love, a faith, a pride. "What's got into you, Wiley? You're

changed—you're awakened! Your cam-paign—the big fight ahead? Is that it? "I shouldn't wonder! Everything seems changed. Even the old town— God bless it, it's come to seem green and fair and livable! Yes, I awakened, Harlan. So's the old town! We're going to have a new building-the Mc-Fetridge twins are going to remodel the tin opera house.

'Yes'

"And they've got a new show out. And the leading woman is little Aurelie Lindstrom!' His friend's face had hardened. "Yes"

Harlan muttered. 'You knew?

"Yes. I read of it—I sort of followed her—in the reviews." Harlan was gath-ering up the lines. "Wiley,—I—wish I had saved her!" Wiley's hand closed over Harlan's on

whey's hand closed over Harian's on the dashboard. "Boy," he nurmured, "I didn't mean to bring this old mat-ter up." Then his face lit with a sud-den exaltation as if he had put a great hope to the test. "Tell me—yeu do 'Tell me-you do love that girl. Harlan!'

"I did love her once." retorted Har-lan squarely. "You might have guessed why I wanted her out of this. And you got her into it!" "And now?" Wiley muttered. But

"And now?" Wiley muttered. But Harlan drove on suddenly and without looking back. The older man watched him with a feeling that the fine zest of spring had dulled in him. He seemed trambling on some rugged loyalty to the best thing in life—the faith of friends. He signed as he went had to friends. He sighed as he went back to his shop. "Got her into it? Bless her, his shop. "Got her into it? Bless her, I did! But I couldn't explain to any one what it's meant to me!" But the bluebirds in the maples did

not call so jubilantly as they had the summer long.

CHAPTER XV

FIGHTING BLOOD.

The last week of June Mr. Curran eceived this telegram: "Busted at Broken Bow.—Hen.

He showed it to Aunt Abby, and Un-cle Mich, who came around every week with a letter from Aurelie for Mr. Curran to read.

Mr. Curran sighed. "Broken Bow is jerkwater station out in the short rass country. Western Nebraska. grass country. Western Nebraska. Pretty tough. I've been there—I was

busted.

busted, also." "I hope," said Aunt Abby, "that the child hasn't been compelled to have

drinks for some rube and trying to sell

him oil stock. him oil stock." Mr. Curran was worried. He asked Aunt Abby if he should not send Au-rélie some money to come home on. But he didn't have any. Then another letter came. Aurelie was playing "summer stock" in Denver. "Miss Nor-man and me, but I'm not leading lady any more. I'm going ingenue bits. Leading lady with Hen and Ben around was pretty bad. They were so foolish! And it was such a noisy play, for the farther west we got, the more shooting Mr. Hanbury insisted on putting in. Mr. Hanbury insisted on putting in. The big situation always gave me a

headache." "Land!" murmured Aunt Abby, "I thought she had that cut out?"

"But, Mr. Curran," ran on Aurelie's tter, "den't you and Uncle Mich worry etter, about me. I'm working hard and every body seems to like me. The juvenile I play against is good-looking—quite distinguished. But everybedy borrows my meney. I'm awful sorry for Hen and Ben—they were broke completely. Hen came to me and said: 'Little girl, we came to some year blow we aren't sorry for a cent we ever blew in on yeu. If yeu don't want to marry us, you den't have to.' So they went back to Tulare to hunt more cow tracks, and if they find oil again they're come to make me a blerger actress than going to make me a bigger actress than Mrs. Fiske. Yes, sir—you see! Why, I just cried when the twins went west— busted. They were grand good fellows after all

after all! "P. S. I'm going to send Uncle Mich "P. S. I'm going to send Uncie Mich some more money next pay day to pay on the cork leg. And, Uncle Mich, I saw a mountain. Just like you said when we came up river to occupy the land. Only such a teeny mountain way off—like a baby's toe sticking out of a blue coverlet! Lots of love. "Aurelle."

"Done never forget Uncle Mich!" cried that eld rebel thumping his pes-leg joyously on the wood box. "And I done promised I'd never peddle a pint o' whisky long as she sends me money!" "Mich, I understand John won't let the family have a cent of Aurelie's money.

Uncle Mich winked wisely. "Knute and I sneak 'em in-underclothes for the baby and socks and truck. John's too busy with his soul and plannin' to drive Tanner's men off the creek sur-vey to think about Aurelle's show vey to think about Aurene's show meney now. Devil's money, John says. But it buys things for the baby, Mr. Curran. Just like my old bootleg meney, somehew. But these here Holi-ness people that got hold of John, they don't think o' that."

"John's a feel, Uncle Mich. If the county decides to divert the creek down

the Pecket all you squatters will have to get out or be flooded." "Not John. He says the God o' Battles done told him to fight. Mr. Curran, there'll done be trouble some-time over that."

"I'm afraid so," Wiley sighed. The deal for the turning of Sinsinawa creek deal for the turning of Shishawa creek back from the uplands above the town to its ancient channel which led to the bottoms above Tanner's quarry, had gone quietly through. Everybody fa-vored it, except the outlying farmers who grumbled that it was another piece of favoritism or maybe worse. "Tanof favoritism, or maybe worse. "Tan-ner's boards," however, were an always present grievance. The only item of interest the News found in the proceedings was that Harlan Van Hart, Esq., son of Judge Van Hart, the latest addition to the Winnetka county bar, made his first public appearance as an attorney for the Tanner company to argue for the ordinance. Wiley "spread" himself in the most approved rural journalistic fashion on Harlan's effort, but he sighed—and sent the clipping to

And not even young attorney Van Hart, toiling away that summer in the little side room of the firm of Donley & Van Hart—names reversed, you notice -getting up his briefs and citations, knew that in his little side room in the bank Old Thad Tanner chuckled and roared. The News actually commend-ing something that he had done! But that fool editor didn't really think Van Hart's boy had anything to do with it? He took the paper to his soninlaw, Cal Rice, the pallid cashler. "We gotta get this boy, Cal. We gotta get him on the ticket next fall, if he can hold the News and these sorehead cusses who've started that progressive league over in Earlyille. Yes, sir, Cal—a mighty clever boy, and a good boy—like his father—steady and safe. The party needs more young men like that—and

JUDGE GOT THE INFORMATION

Remark of Prisoner Not Especially Complimentary, and There Were No Further Questions.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, whose name is not yet forgotten in Yorkshire, is the central figure in the following incident:

In a murder case, counsel for the prosecution discerned the prisoner say something earnestly to the policeman in the deck. He demanded to know what the prisoner had said. The policeman said he would prefer not to repeat it. But counsel was obdrute, and the judge supported his demand. "I would rather not, your lordship. It was-" stuttered the officer, getting

red. "Never mind what you would rather not do. Inform the court what the prisoner said."

"He asked me, your lordship, who that hoary heathen with the sheepskin was, as he had often seen him at the race course."

"That will do," said his lordship. Proceed with the case."-London Tid-Bits.

ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY

Roxbury, Ohio .- "When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began just with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Wherever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused disfigurement while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was so restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. If he got a little too warm at night it seemed to hurt badly.

"We tried a treatment and he didn't get any better. He had the eczema about three weeks when we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed him at night with the Cuticura Soap and spread the Cuticura Ointment on and the eczema left." (Signed) Mrs. John White, Mar. 19, 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.

Some of us don't really forget our promises. We just brush them up and use them over again.

Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops work wonders in overcoming serious coug and throat irritations-5c at Druggists. cough

The fellow who has a free foot has no business to be kicker.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more roods than others. Adv. Over 800,000 women voted in Aus-

tralia in 1913.

Uric Acid Is Slow Poison

Excess uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys, causes more disea than any other poison. Among its effects are backache, head-

ache, dizziness, irritability, nervousnes drowsiness, "blues," rheumatic attack are dropsy, gravel or heart disease.

If you would avoid uric acid trouble keep your kidneys healthy. To stime late and strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills-the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Missouri Case

Mrs.J.P.Pemberto TIS S. Lafayette B Marshall, Mo., say 'My whole body w The kidney secre-tions were in aw-ful shape. I gave up hope and was ready to dis. Doan's Kidney Pills came to my Pills came to my aid just in time and I improved rapidly until well. Today in better than ever be

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

GO TO WESTERN CANADA NOV

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1913 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent

of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. M. MacLachian, Drawer 578, Watertown, S. D., W.V. Beanett, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebrasha and R. A. Garrett, Blancasta Bireet, St. Paul, Minnessia Canadian Government Agt.





SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 8-1914.



Arne Vance.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated, as well as the province of Saskatchewan, and western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.

Other prizes at the same place were:

Best peck of barley, Nicholas Tetmiger, Claresholm, Alberta. Best peck of oats, E. J. Lanigan, El-

fross, Saskatchewan.

Best John of flax, John of ws, Best sheaf of barley, A. H. Crossman, Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Best sheaf of flax, R. C. West, Kindersley, Saskatchewan.

Best sheaf of oats, Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alberta.

In district exhibits, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, won the board of Trade Award, with Maple Creek second.

Other exhibitors and winners were: Red Fife spring wheat, E. A. Fredrick, Maple Creek

Other variety of hard spring wheat, S. Englehart, Abernethy, Sask.

Black oats, Alex Wooley, Horton, Alta.

Western rye grass, W. S. Creighton, Stalwart, Sask.

Sheaf of Red Fife wheat, R. H. Carter. Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask. Sheaf of Marquis wheat, C. N. Car-

ney, Dysart, Sask.

Oats, any other variety, Wm. S. Simpson, Pambrun, Sask.

Two-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appeile, Sask.

Six-rowed bariey, R. H. Carter, Fort

Qu'Appelle, Sask. Western rye grass, Arthur Perry,

Cardston, Alta. Alsike clover, Seager Wheeler, Ros-

thern, Sask .- Advertisement.

Famous Authors Receive.

More than twenty famous authors held a peception at the Caxton hall, London, on Tuesday afternoon, February 3. They gave ten-minute readings from their own works and autographed their books for sale by auction. The list of celebrities on the platform included Cicely Hamilton, Beatrice Harraden, Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, C. R. Sims and Eden Phillpotts,

Shepherd girls in Switzerland wear men's clothes

Bluebirds and spring ushered in full June. With his shop and his outer ac-tivities he was busied, but not too busy to read the scrawly letters from Aurelie which Uncle Mich brought. Things had happened. The McFetridge combination had barnstormed the combination had barnstormed the northwest and then booked into a Chi-cago stock house. Then it lost the money garnered on one-night stands. The city did not seem to recognize last year's winner of the beauty contest. The Chronicle, having worked its sub-The chronicle, having worked its sub-scription lists as far as might be on the exploitation, was rather indifferent to Miss Lindstrom. Other reviews were perfunctory. Morris Feldman said it was Mr. Hanbury's "rotten" play. But every one cheerfully admitted that, even young Mr. Hanbury, of the Du-buque Register buque Register.

All this between lines of Aurelie's exuberant letters. She was undaunt-ed. She was expanding vivaciously, throwing herself into work, living every minute. Her first glimpse of a city fascinated her. She bewildered Uncle Michigen mith her educatives Michigan with her adventures.

"That limb of a girl," commented Aunt Abby, "she ought to be home. It isn't doing her a mite of good, Wiley." "Home?" murmured Mr. Curran. "Where is Aurello's home?"

"Home?" murmured Mr. Curran. "Where is Aurelie's home?" "She ought to be gathered up and taken care of!" "Yes." Mr. Curran sighed. "I think

so too, now.'

The next they heard was of a The next they heard was of a wrangle between the McFetridges and Morris Feldman. Then Mr. Feldman was "out," and the "house was dark" and she was boarding with Miss Nor-man who was a "perfect dear." Then the compared with a lot of the company reorganized with a lot of expensive scenery and a new play which the "angels" had procured. Then they had a summer booking and Au-relie was to be "leading lady!" Out in the west again somewhere! So Au-Out relie put it. Mr. Curran was struck dumb. Au-

Mr. Curran was structured in the could not kick his job press that day. "That girl," he mused, "must just be running that show and the twins and everything!

"Done goin' to occupy the land!" chuckled Uncle Michigan. One afternoon when the sugar trees

One afternoon when the sugar trees over the town were summer-heavy, and from the uplands came the faint click-click of the first mowers, and the young corn was high across the black bottoms, Mr. Curran, looking up from his press, saw the Van Hart surrey at his door. It held two suit cases and a belldog the like of which in jowl and legs Rome, Ia., had never before seen. And 2 broad-shouldered young man was keecending. Mr. Curran threw proofs to the wind and seized his hands.

"Harlan! Back to the old town!" "Fine! Going to stay, Wiley. Not exactly at the head of my class, but I got through comfortably." Harian drew himself up and looked across at the dingy windows of his father's old ...w offices above the bank. "I'm going

part.

"What?

"I hope," said Aunt Abby, "that the child hasn't been compelled to have anything else cut out, even if it is husted" old jelly-belly Jewett off the ticket this year and run Harlan for district attor-Mr. Curran explained that this was

merely the theatrical company. Then they put the telegram away behind the clock where all of Aurelie's letters and press notices were kept. The next week came Aurelie's explanation. The Beauty Winner company was stranded. All that expensive scenery and the reorganized troupe had gone for nothing. Business was very poor, Hen McFet-ridge explained, and the actors were clamoring for their salaries. All except Aurelie who received hers every week and sent most of it home. Aurelie in-timated that the twins were getting hard up. She heard frequent discus-sions of oil and Verde copper stock and other matters extraneous to art. And the following weak Mr Curren in Ford the following week Mr. Curran, in Earlville to see some of his political con-freres, was surprised to see Morris Feldman in front of his 10 and 20-cent fluential. Main street vaudeville and moving picture house.

Morris rolled his calf eyes com-

is frazzled before it starts.

"Back to Tulare. Oil "

"Well, what'll the company do now?"

"Back to Tulare. Oil." "And Miss Lindstrom?" Mr. Feldman turned a limpid eye on Mr. Curran. "Miss Lindstrom, she'll make good if she ever shakes that crazy bunch. I sald: 'Little girl, you get the clothes and go to New York. You got the stuff in you and you look the part."

"Actually?" Mr. Curran stared. "Believe me. What broke up

asked Mr. Curran. "Walk." commented Mr. Feldman. "And the twins?"

Old Thad joked about this to Judge Old Thad joked about this to Judge Van Hart the next day; and the judge frowned. He deprecated politics. But when he went in the bank Cal Rice said something about it. Then the judge mildly and worriedly told his wife. Her eye brightened. Harlan should have a career in the state—certainly. But it was absurd to talk of it his first year was absurd to take of it ins first year out of school. But the next day Old Thad stopped her surrey to speak of it when she was shopping about the square. He had a joking and yet defer-ential patronizing for the Van Harts that always made the good lady detest -as much as one may the richest in the county-and the most inhim

(Continued next week.)

The Sleep of Presidents.

From the Pathfinder. President Wilson said when he first came to Washington that he proposed

Morris rolled his calf eyes com-placently. "Those two big blobs from Tulare, Cali., Mr. Curran, what they don't know about the show business is much, believe me. They done some fierce things. Why, up in Bozeman, Mont., Mr. Curran, those two big ginks from Tulare, Cali., they leased the hotel and turned everybody out just because Miss Lindstrom didn't like the room she had! Can you beat it? No-body in that hotel except our bunch of old hams. Say, and Hen and Ben hired a chef in Denver what stuck 'em for \$300 a month to go along and cook for the troupe because Miss Lindstrom didn't like a breakfast she got one morning. And that old bunch of hams we had playin'—some of them troupers hadn't had a square meal since '81. Why, Hen and Ben blew in more mon-er on cabs some days than we could play to in a week. And they plunged came to Washington that he proposed to get nine hours sleep every night or know the reason why. He has suc-ceeded pretty well in doing this; some-times he sleeps as long as 10 hours, and while he was laid up with a cold recently he took 11 or 12. The president is one of those men who can throw off fatigue or slight allments by sleep, a faculty that has saved many a hard worked public man from breakdown. Judging by what is said by those surrounding him at the White House, he is undoubtedly the White House, he is undoubtedly the hardest and best sleeper who ever slept in the bed of the chief executive. Neither of his immediate predecessors, Taft or Roosevelt, was a long sleeper. They both were in the habit of going to bed late at night or rather early ey on cabs some days than we could play to in a week. And they plunged on oil and played poker, and nobody got any salaries; and then they let me out. They let Hanbury manage the back of the house after that; and be-lieve me anything Hanbury manage to bed late at night, or rather early in the morning, and of getting up not later than 7:30 or 8 o'clock. They were both very sound sleepers also, neither requiring more than seven or eight hours a night to keep him in good trim. lieve me, anything Hanbury manages trim.

trim. Mr. Taft, however, had a habit not characteristic of Colonel Roosevelt, of taking a cat-nap at any hour of the day that he felt like it, no matter what his surroundings. Often he would go to sleep in his office chair after the day's work was done, and those who traveled with him on the long trips he used to take, say that it was a mat-ter of almost daily occurrence for him to go to sleep while sitting bolt up-right in a chair in his private car.

The Best Pun and the Worst.

From the Boston Transcript. It is conceded in Washington that Dr. Frank W. Clark is the most "Believe me. What broke up the show was the twins got stuck on her." atrocious punster in America. The other night at the club a company was "Dippy. Hen and Ben laid awake nights thinking how to put it over each talking about puns. Somebody asked H. what was the best pun he had ever heard. H. replied: "That one about the duck—goes into the water, you reother. Flowers, cabs, candies—every girl in the bunch was in on it, too. Aurelie Lindstrom ran that whole show member, for divers reasons, and comes out from sundry motives

"And what do you think absolutely the worst?" "The next one that Clarke is going

The prescription which Dr. R. V. Pierce uses most successfully-in diseases of women-which has stood the test of nearly half a century-is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tabler form as a tonic and regulator!

Mrs. Kate D. Richardson, of Beasley, Easer Co., Va., says, "I esteem it a pleasure to testify to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For some years I suffered greatly with weakness peculiar to my sex. I was treated by several physicians but gradually grew worse. One of my friends told me of the good results of your "Favorite Prescription." I went to the drug store and got a bottle, and after taking it, with the "Pleasant Pellets," I commenced to get better. I never knew what happiness was, for I was always sick and complaining and made others as well as myself unhappy. So you see what a debt I owe you!"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels



lumbago too,-Sloan's cured my rheumatism; I've used it and I know." Do you use Sloan's?

Here's Proof.

"I had my back hurt in the Boer War and two years ago I was hit by a street car. I tried all kinds of dope without success. I saw your Liniment in a drug store and got a bottle to try. The first application caused instant relief, and now except for a little stiffness, I am almost well."-Flotcher Norman, Whitler, Calif.

Instant Relief from Sciatica

"I was kept in bed with sciatics since the first of February, but I had almost in-stantrelief when I tried your Liniment." --W. H. Howkins, Frankfors, Ky.

ad Ankle

"As a user of your Liniment for the last 15 years. I can say it is one of the best on e market. Fifteen years ago I sprained my ankle and had to use crutches, and e doctors said I would always be lame. A friend advised me to try your Liniment id after using it night and morning for three months I could walk without a cane d run as good as any of the other firemen in my department. I have never been thout a bottle since that time."—Afr. William H. Brisco, Central Islip, N. Y.

