## **WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND**

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.-"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and



could not stand on my feet. My sisterin-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm. appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I

have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."-Mrs. A. F. KREAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

#### Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Ment Good VEARS OLD Person Lye Salve

Easily Caught. "Old Doppelby tells me that he has

faith in his fellow man."

That's true. Old Doppelby's faith in his fellow man's willingness to bait accounts for his town house, his country house, his six automobiles and his private yacht.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chart Flitchers.
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria Certainly Not. "Just thing! The artist spent ten years painting this picture.'

'How much did he sell it for?' 'Fifty thousand dollars.' "That's \$5,000 a year. Not bad pay

when you work at home and have your own hours."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

His Hard Luck.

"I suppose you're waiting for your ship to come in?"

No. I've given up hopes.

"What's the idea?" "I understand my wife's relatives have mined the harbor."

By the invention of a deodorizing process whale oil again is being extensively used in soap manufacture.

One Way to Lengthen Life

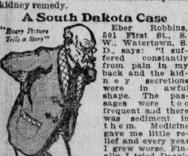
Late in life, when the organs begin to weaken, the hard-working kidneys often

Failing eyesight, stiff, achy joints, rheumatic pains, lame back and distressing urination are often due only to weak kidneys.

Prevention is the best cure and at mid-dle age any sign of kidney weakness should have prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills have made life more comfortable for thousands of old folks. It is the best recommended special

A South Dakota Case



back and the kidne y secretions
were in awful
shape. The passages were too
frequent and there
was sediment in
the m. Medicine
gave me little relief and every year
I grew worse. Finally I tried Doan's

DOAN'S WIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

# The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

BURTON E. STEVENSON
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CHAPTER I

A CONNOISSEUR'S VAGARY.

"Hello!" I said, as I took down the receiver of my desk 'phone, in answer to the call. Vantine wishes to speak to "Mr. you, sir," said the officeboy.
"All right," and I heard the snap

of the connection. "Is that you, Lester?" asked Philip Vantine's voice.

"Yes. So you're back again?"
"Got in yesterday. Can you come
up to the house and lunch with me to-

"I'll be glad to," I said, and meant it, for I liked Philip Vantine. "I'll look for you, then, about 1:30." And that is how it happened that, an hour later, I was walking over toward

Washington Square, just above which, on the Avenue, the old Vantine man-sion stood. It was almost the last survival of the old regime; for the tide of business had long since overflowed from the neighboring streets into the avenue and swept its fashionable folk far uptown. Tall office and loft buildings had replaced the brownstone houses; only here and there did some old family hold on, like a sullen and desperate rear-guard defying the advancing enemy.

Philip Vantine was one of these. He

had been born in the house where he still lived, and declared that he would die there. He had no one but himself to please in the matter, since he was unmarried and lived alone, and he mitigated the increasing roar and dust of the neighborhood by long absences abroad. It was from one of these that

abroad. It was from one of these that he had just returned.

I may as well complete this pencil sketch. Vantine was about 50 years of age, the possessor of a comfortable fortune, something of a connoisseur in art matters, a collector of old furniture, a little eccentric—though now that I have written the word, I find that I must qualify it, for his only eccentricity was that he persisted, in spite of many temptations, in remaining a bachelor. Marriageable women had long since ceased to consider him; mothers with maturing daughters dismissed him with a significant shake mothers with maturing daughters dismissed him with a significant shake of the head. It was from them that he got the reputation of being an eccentric. But his reasons for remaining single in no way concerned his lawyers—a position which our firm had held for many years, and the active work of which had come gradually into my hands. my hands.

my hands.

It was not very arduous work, consisting for the most part of the drawing of leases, the collecting of rents, the reinvestment of funds, and the adjustment of minor differences with tennants—all of which were left to cur discretion. But occasionally it was necessary to consult our client on some matter of variously importance, or to necessary to consult our client on some matter of unusual importance, or to get his signature to some paper, and, at such times, I always enjoyed the talk which followed the completion of the business; for Vantine was a good talker, with a knowledge of men and of the world gained by much travel and by a detached, humorous and penetrathabit of mind.

He came forward to meet me. as I

He came forward to meet me, as I gave his man my hat and stick, and we shook hands heartly. I was glad to see him, and I think he was glad to see me. He was looking in excellent

swallow any sort of thinly disguised health, and brown from the voyage over.
"It's plain to see that the trip did you good," I said.
"Yes," he agreed; "I never felt more

fit. But come along; we can talk at table. There's a little difficulty I want

table. There's a little difficulty I want you to untangle for me."

I followed him upstairs to his study, where a table laid for two had been placed near a low window.

"I had lunch served up here," Vantine explained, as we sat down, "because this is the only really pleasant room left in the house. If I didn't own that plat of ground next door this can keep only the sky-scrapers far enough away to get a little sunshine now and then. I've had to put in an air filter, too; and double windows in the bedrooms to keep out the noise; but I dare say I can manage to hang on."

"I can understand how you'd hate to "Perhaps the owner won't sell it," I can understand how you'd hate to "Perhaps the owner won't sell it," I

"I can understand how you'd hate to move into a new house," I said. Vantine made a grimace. "I couldn't endure a new house. I'm used to this one—I can find my way about in it; I know where things are. I've grown up here, you know; and, as a man gets older, he values such asso-ciations more and more. Besides, a new

house would mean new fittings, new He paused and glanced about the

room. Every piece of furniture in it was the work of a master.
"I suppose you found some new things while you were away?" I said.
"You always do. Your luck's proverb-

'Yes-and it's that I wanted to talk to you about. I brought back six or eight pieces; I'll show them to you presently. They are all pretty good, and one is a thing of beauty. It's more that that—it's an absolutely unique and one is a thing of beauty. It's more that that—it's an absolutely unique work of art. Only, unfortunately, it \$100,000 for this cabinet?"

isn't mine."
"It isn't yours?"
"No; and I don't know whose it is. If I did I'd go buy it. That's what I want you to do for me. It's a Boule want you to do for me. It's a Boule cabinet—the most exquisite I ever

"Where did it come from?" I questioned, more and more surprised.
"It came from Parls, and it was addressed to me. The only explanation I can think of is that my shippers at Parls made a mistake, sent me a cabinet belonging to someone else and

inet belonging to someone else, and sent mine to the other person." "You had bought one, then?" "Yes; and it hasn't turned up. But beside this one, it's a mere daub. My man Parks got it through the customs yesterday. As there was a Boule cabinet on my manifest, the mistake wasn't discovered until the whole lot was brought up here and uncrated this

'Weren't they uncrated in the customs?"
"No; I've been bringing things in for a good many years, and the customs people know I'm not a thief."
"That's quite upliment," I point-ed out. "They en tearing things

wide open late
"They've had up of some sort, I suppose. Come in," he added, answering a tap at the door. The door opened and Vantine's man

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he aid, and handed Vantine a card.
Vantine looked at it a little blankly.
"I don't know him," he said. "What one he want?"

He wants to see you, sir; very bad,

'Well, I couldn't just make out, sir;

"Couldn't make out? What do you mean, Parks?"

"I think he's a Frenchman, sir; anyway, he don't know much English. He ain't much of a looker, sir—I've seen hundreds like him sitting out in front of the cafes along the boulevards, tak-ing all afternoon to drink a bock."

Vantine seemed struck by a sudden idea, and he looked at the card again. Then he tapped it meditatively on the table

"Shall I show him out, sir?" asked Parks, at last.
"No," said Vantine, after an instant's hesitation. "Tell him to wait," and he dropped the card on the table beside

his plate.

"I tell you, Lester," he went on as Parks withdrew, "when I went downstairs this morning and saw the cabinet, I could hardly believe my eyes. I thought I knew furniture, but I hadn't any idea such a cabinet existed. The most beautiful I had ever seen is at the Louvre. It stands in the Salle Louis Fourteenth, to the left as you enter. It belonged to Louis himself. Of course I can't be certain without a careful examination, but I believe that cabinet, beautiful as it is, is merely the counterpart of this one."

He paused and looked at me, his eyes bright with the enthusiasm of the

eyes bright with the enthusiasm of the connoisseur.

"I'm not sure I understand your jargon," I said. "What do you mean by 'counterpart?"

"Boule furniture," he explained, "is usually of ebony inlaid with tortoise shell, and incrusted with arabesques in metals of various kinds. The incrustation had to be very exact, and to get it so, the artist clamped together two plates of equal size and thickness, one of metal, the other of tortoise shell, traced his design on the top one, and then cut them both out together. The result was two combinations, the origresult was two combinations, the original, with a tortoise shell ground and metal applications; and the counterpart, applique metal with tortoise shell arabesques. The original was really the one which the artist designed and whose effects he studied; the counterpart was merely a resultant accident with which he was not especially concerned. Understand?" cerned. Understand?'

cerned. Understand?"

"Yes, I think so," I said. "It's a good deal as though Michael Angelo, when he made one of his sketches, white on black, put a sheet of carbon under his paper and made a copy at the same time, black on white."

"Precisely. And it's the original which has the real artistic value. Of course, the counternart is often beauti-

course, the counterpart is often beautiful, too, but in a much lower degree."
"I can understand that," I said. "And now, Lester," Vantine went on, his eyes shining more and more, "if my supposition is correct—if the Grand Louis was content with the counterpart of this cabinet for the long

gallery at Versailles, who do you suppose owned the original?"

I saw what he was driving at.
"You mean one of his mistresses?"
"Yes, and I think I know which one—
it belonged to Madame de Montespan."

I stared at him in astonishmet. I stared at him in astonishment, as he sat back in his chair, smiling at me, "But," I objected, "you can't be

"Of course I'm not sure," he agreed quickly, "That is to say I couldn't prove it. But there is some—ah—contributory evidence, I think you lawyers call it. Boule and the Montespan were in their glory at the same time, and I can imagine that flamboyant creature comthe flamboyant artist to

build her just such a cabinet."
"Really, Vantine," I exclaimed. didn't know you were so romantic. You quite take my breath away." He flushed a little at the words, and

I saw how deeply in earnest he was. "The craze of the collector takes him a long way sometimes," he said. "But I believe I know what I'm talking about. room left in the house. If I didn't own that plot of ground next door, this tion of the cabinet as soon as I can place would be impossible. As it is, I can keep only the sky-scrapers far enough away to get a little sunshine where. What I want you to do is to where. What I want you to do is to cable my shippers, Armand et Fils, Rue

'Oh yes, he will. Anything can be

bought—for a price."
"You mean you're going to have this cabinet, whatever the cost?"
"I mean just that."
"But, surely, there's a limit?"

No. there isn't.'

"At least you'll tell me where to be-gin," I said. "I don't know anything of the value of such things." "Well," said Vantine, "suppose you begin at 10,000 francs. We mustn't seem

too eager. It's because I'm so eager, I want you to carry it through for me. I can't trust myself." "And the other end?"

"There isn't any other end. Of course, strictly speaking, there is, because my money isn't unlimited; but I don't befrancs

Vantine nodded.

"Maybe a little more. If the owner won't accept that, you must let me know before you break off negotiations. I'm a little mad about it, I fancy—all collectors are a little mad. But I want that a little mad a little mad. that cabinet, and I'm going to have it."
I did not reply. I only looked at him.
And he laughed as he caught my

"I can see you share that opinion, Lester," he said. "You fear for me. I don't blame you—but come and see it." He led the way out of the room and down the stairs; but when we reached the lower hall, he paused.

"Perhaps. I'd better see my visitor first," he said. "You'll find a new picture or two over there in the music room—I'll be with you in a minute."

I started on, and he turned through a doorway at the left.

An instant later, I heard a sharp exclamation: then his voice calling me.

clamation; then his voice calling me.
"Lester! Come here!" he cried. I ran back along the hall, into the room which he had entered. He was standing fust inside the door.
"Look here," he said, with a queer catch in his voice, and pointed with a

rembling hand to a dark object on the I moved aside to see it better. Then my heart gave a sickening throb; for the object on the floor was the body of

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TRAGEDY. It needed but a glance to tell me that the man was dead. There could

be no life in that livid face, in those glassy eyes.
"Don't touch him," I said, for Van-

drew him back and we stood for a moment shaken as one always is by sudden and unexpected contact with

death.

"Who is he?" I asked at last.

"I don't know," answered Vantine hoarsely. "I never saw him before."

Then he strode to the bell and rang it violently. "Parks," he went on sternly, as that worthy appeared at the door, "what has been going on in here?"

"Going on, sir?" repeated Parks, with a look of amazement, not only at the words, but at the tone in which they were uttered. "I'm sure I don't know what—"

Then his glance fell upon the hud-

know what—"

Then his glance fell upon the huddled body, and he stopped short, his eyes staring, his mouth open.

"Well," said his master sharply.

"Who is he? What is he doing here?"

"Why—why," stammered Parks, thickly, "that's the man who was waiting to see you, sir."

"You mean he has been killed in this house?" demanded Vantine.

"He was certainly alive when he came in, sir," said Parks, recovering something of his self possession. "Maybe he was just looking for a quiet place where he could kill himself. He seemed kind of excited."

"Of course," agreed Vantine, with a sigh of relief, "that's the explanation. Only I wish he had chosen some place else. I suppose we shall have to call the police, Lester?"

"Yes," I said, "and the coroner. Suppose you leave it to me. We'll lock up this room and nobody must leave the house until the police arrive."

"Very well," assented Vantine, visibly relieved, "I'll see to that," and he hastened away, while I went to the phone, called up police headquarters, and told briefly what had happened.

Twenty minutes later, there was a ring at the bell, and Parks opened the door and admitted four men.

"Why, hello, Simmonds," I said, rec-

door and admitted four men.
"Why, hello, Simmonds," I said, recognizing in the first one the detective sergeant who had assisted in clearing up the Marathon mystery. And back of him was Coroner Goldberg, whom I had met in two previous cases; while the third countenance, looking at me with a quizzical smile, was that of Jim Godfrey, the Record's star re-porter. The fourth man was a po-liceman in uniform, who, at a word from Simmonds, took his station at

the door.

"Yes," said Godfrey, as we shook hands, "I happened to be talking to Simmonds when the call came in and I thought I might as well come along. What is it?"

"Just a suicide, I think," and I unlocked the door into the room where the dead man lay.

the dead man lay.
Simmons, Goldberger and Godfrey stepped inside. I followed and closed

"Nothing has been disturbed," I said. No one has touched the body.' Simmonds nodded and glanced in-Simmonds nodded and glanced inquiringly about the room, but Godfrey's eyes, I noticed, were on the face of the dead man. Goldberger dropped to his knees beside the body, looked into the eyes and touched his fingers to the left wrist. Then he stood erect again and looked down at the body, and as I followed his gaze, I noted its attitude more accurately than I had

attitude more accurately than I had done in the first shock of discovering it. It was lying on its right side, half on its stomach, with its right arm doubled under it, and its left hand clutching at the floor above its head. clutching at the floor above its head. The knees were drawn up as though in a convulsion, and the face was horribly contorted, with a sort of purple tinge under the skin, as though the blood had been suddenly congealed. The eyes were wide open and their glassy stare added not a little to the apparent terror and suffering of the face. It was not a pleasant sight and after a moment I turned my eyes away with a shiver of repugnance.

The coroner glarged at Simmonds

The coroner glanced at Simmonds, "Not much question as to the cause,"

he said. "Polson, of course."
"Of course," nodded Simmonds.
"But what kind?" asked Godfrey. "It will take a postmortem to tell that," and Goldberger bent for an-other close look at the distorted face. "I'm free to admit the symptoms aren't the usual ones."

Godfrey shrugged his shoulders.
"I should say not," he agreed and turned away to an inspection of the room.

"What can you tell us about it, Mr. ester?" Goldberger questioned. Lester? I told all I knew—how Parks had announced a man's arrival, how Vantine and I had come downstairs together, how Vantine had called me, and finally how Parks had identified the body as that of the strange caller. "Have you any theory about it?"

Goldberger asked.
"Only that the call was merely a pretext-that what the man was really looking for a place where he could kill himself unobserved."

"How long a time elapsed after Parks announced the man before you and Mr. Vantine came downstairs?"
"Half an hour, perhaps."
Goldberger nodded.
"Let's have Parks in," he said.
I opened the door and called to Parks, who was sitting on the bottom step of the stair.

step of the stair.

(Continued next week.)

If Italy Goes To War.

If Italy Goes To War.

The mobilization of the Italian army is for the purpose of being prepared in case of any conflict, and is mainly directed against Turkey, which, it is said, will enter the world war on Germany's side, Italy expects some hostile outbreak in the Balkans, where there already is tense feeling between Turkey and Greece.

Should Turkey fight on Germany's side, Italy probably will be compelled to fight against its two former allies. In such a case the concentration of Austria's fighting force must be changed.

The two Austrian army corps, which are stationed in Tyrol and Salzburg—two of the best—are with the German south army. Therefore the Austrian-Italian frontier at present is guarded only by reserve troops, the main force being in Russian-Poland. Austria might be compelled to withdraw from there. Giving up her agressive tactics against Russia and keeping the defense on her Galician border, she will send part of her troops toward Italy.

The Italian army is well organized and

ing the defense on her Gandan border, she will send part of her troops toward Italy.

The Italian army is well organized and drilled and discipline and equipment are good. Italy has more mountain troops which, it is said, are superior to those of Austria. Elite troops of the Italian army are the calvary regiments stationed in northern Italy, Turin, Mantua and Verona and her Bersaglieris elite infantry. The peace strength of Italy's army is 20,000 men, her total war strength 1,200,000. The navy, comparatively strong, counts among its ships eight modern dreadnaughts, seven first class cruisers, 35 destroyers, 73 torpedo boats and 20 submarines. The total personnel is 35,095 men, including officers, The Italian sailors are excellent seamen, especially those who are fishermen in the Adriatic sea.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* FREE FROM PERIL.

Bacon. Bacon.

The desire of power in excess caused the angel to fall, the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall, but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## **EMERGENCY MONEY IS NOW BEING CIRCULATED**

Additional Currency Closely Resembles Regular Bank Notes-Is a Difference.

Probably not one in 100 of those who are fortunate enough to have in their pocket books national bank bills of pocket books national bank buts the denomination of \$5 or \$10 will discover a difference between some of these bank notes and those which they bank notes are those which they bear well recently accustomed have been, until recently, accustomed to carry. The additional or so-called emergency currency is now in circulation in large amounts, but the general appearance of the notes is so similar to that of the regular national bank notes that very few persons will real-

ilar to that of the regular national bank notes that very few persons will realize, unless they scrutinize closely the notes, that they are adding in the wide circulation of this additional currency. There are three distinguished characteristics by which the additional currency may be identified. One of these is the engraved portrait at the right-hand side of the note, another is a difference of the backing of the note, but the most important of all is the addition of three words which will be sure to escape observation unless attention to escape observation unless attention is called to them.

Secured By Deposits.

In the regular bank note currency it is stated that the notes are secured by deposits of United States banks. In the additional currency these words are engraved upon the face of the note, and in addition to them the words, "and other security." These three words really represent the difference between the additional currency and the regular bank note currency.

When the additional currency was first issued, a few weeks ago, it was found to consist chiefly of bills of large denominations—\$100 or \$50. But if the desire was to get these notes into circulation as quickly as possible, large Secured By Deposits.

culation as quickly as possible, large denominations made it difficult to do

Denominations Too Large. Those who draw money from the banks as a general thing want bills of small denomination. The officers of the banks wrote to the treasury department at Washington and were informed in reply that the department was prepared to issue a larger amount of bills of small denomination—fives of bills of small denomination—fives and tens—than was issued at first. The bills of large denomination were sent to Washington and recently the bank received bills of the denomination of \$5 and \$10. These were willingly received by customers of banks, few of whom knew that the nayments of their whom knew that the nayments of their whom knew that the payments of their checks were being made with additional currency bills. Bills of the denomination of \$50 or \$100 are useless for payrolls, which is the chief means by which the bank notes get into circulation.

The expedient thing to do just now, in the view of bankers, is to get as large an amount of the additional currency bills as possible into immediate circulation. This will make it all the more easy for the banks to maintain their hold upon legal tender notes, gold certificates and gold.

\*\*\*\*\*\* TOLSTOY'S LACK OF TENDERNESS

From Count Ilya Tolstoy's "Reminis-cences of Tolstoy" in the Century. There was one distinguishing and, at first sight, peculiar trait in my father's character, due perhaps to the fact that he grew up without a mother, and that was that all exhibitions of ten-

that was that all exhibitions of tenderness were entirely foreign to him.

I say "tenderness" in contradistinction to heartiness. Heartiness he had
and in a very high degree.

His description of the death of my
Uncle Nikolai is characteristic in this
connection. In a letter to his older
brother, Sergel Nikolaievitch, in which he described the last day of his brother's life, my father tells how he helped

him to undress. "He submitted, and became a dif-rent man. " He had a word of praise for everybody and said to me "Thanks, my friend." You understand the significance of the words as between us two." ferent man.

It is evident that in the language of the Tolstoy brothers the phrase "my friend," was an expression of tender-ness beyond which imagination could not go. The words astonished my father even on the lips of his dying brother.

During all his lifetime I never re-

ceived any mark of tenderness from him whatever.

He was not fond of kissing children

and when he did so in saying good morning or good night, he did it merely as a duty.

It is, therefore, easy to understand that he did not provoke any display of tenderness toward himself, and that nearness and dearness with him were rever accompanied by outward mani-

never accompanied by outward manifestations.
It would never have come into my head, for instance, to walk up to my father and kiss him or to stroke his hand. I was partly prevented also from that by the fact that I always looked up to him with awe, and his spiritual power, his greatness, prevented me from seeing in him the mere was the man who was so plaintive man—the man who was so plaintive and weary at times, the feeble old man who so much needed warmth and rest.

The years will pass. The accumulated incrustations which hide the truth will pass away. Much will be wiped out and forgotten. Among other things my father's will will be forgotten—that will which he himself looked the control of th upon as an "unnecessary outward means." And men will see more clear-ly that legacy of love and truth in which he believed in deeply, and which. according to his own words, "cannot perish without a trace."

In coaclusion, I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion of one of my kinsmen, who, after my father's death, read the diaries kept both by my father and my mother during the autumn before Lyoff Nikolaievich left Yasnaya Poly-

"What a terrible misunderstanding!" he said. "Each loved the other with such poignant affection, each was suffering all the time on the other's behalf, and then this terrible ending! and then this terrible ending! I see the hand of fate in this."

Deceiving Appearance.
From the National Monthly.
It always annoyed Tom Spencer to have a waiter attentive to the point of almost forcing him to tip. On one occasion Mr. Spencer entered a cafe and hurriedly ordered his lunch. In a few moments the waiter returned, and afmoments the water returned, and ar-ter serving the required order hung about making unnecessary arrange-ment about the table.

"Feel like a cup of tea, sir?" said he.

And Maybe a Pinch Hitter. From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. Kitchener, Joffre and French seem to

be pitching pretty well, but wallies need is a good shortstop.

nding over the patron solicitously.
"Do I look like a cup of tea?" snarled

### FARM LANDS JUMP THROUGHOUT STATE

Modern Methods Have Increased Values Until Quoted Prices Seem Fabulous.

The distinct difference in figuring profit, from the standpoint of the farmer and the standpoint of the business man, is seldom considered in its fullest importance, and when it is, the farme is found to be at an advantage. The business man fixes his profit outside of all operating expense, but the farmer always has included in his operating expense, his cost of living, and in the present day of the much advertised "high cost of living," he surely has in his favor a noteworthy item. And while he is "living" off his farm products, in many cases he is doing so in a much more luxurious way than his business brother-namely, fresh eggs, fried chicken, pure milk, fresh fruit, and so on down the list of food stuffs that have become much of a luxury in city life.

Thus, what the farmer makes above

his actual cost of existence, is profit and can be inverted back in improveand can be inverted back in improvements, farm implements and other essentials to successful farming; while the business man needs must cut into his profit for his expense of maintenance, and many times there is little actual profit left, and his stomach is wrestling with indigestible foedstuffs; his lungs battling with the polluted air of the city, and his senses craving the peaceful quiet of the country.

Try to Buy One. Try to Buy One.

The matter of choice between the distinct environs of the two lives rests in the persons affected, but as a matter of business, agriculture holds a more prominent position than it ever did before. Try to buy a farm, if you are not convinced.

The intense development of agricultural resources has been largely responsible for the great advance in farm

sponsible for the great advance in farm land values in the last 10 or 15 years, and real estate dealers declare that the European war is certain to make these values soar still higher, and also further agricultural advancement, such as diversified farming, in the immediate future.

The next advance in farm land values rests largely with the financial

The next advance in farm land values rests largely with the financial condition of the country. Although the prices of the products are advancing rapidly, at the present time finances are not in such shape as to facilitate real estate exchanges. But as soon as money again becomes "easy" a brisk movement in farm lands at higher values than ever before is predicted by men in close touch with the situation. The steady advance of valuations in The steady advance of valuations in the last 10 years has been made on a substantial foundation, that being the fact that the earning capacity of the properties has been greatly increased, particularly by diversified farming. The development of alfalfa is but one instance of this. In this section there are now four crops a year of alfalfa, bringing in about six tons to the acre a year, the product selling at prices rangeyear, the product selling at prices ranging between \$10 and \$15 a ton.

Taken Big Jump.

The average acre of farm land in this territory today is worth \$150, as compared to a valuation of about \$10 not longer than 10 or 15 years ago. And the development in unnumbered instances has been fabulous, particularly in orchard lands, which today bring as high as \$1,000 an acre, which price was paid for the Stone orchard, near Sioux City, not long ago. The orchard of G. B. Healy, within a short distance of this city, recently brought \$600 an acre, while \$0 acres immediately north of this property sold three years ago at \$50 an acre, and the owner thereof recently refused an offer of \$200 an acre for the same land, Dairying and marketing also have done much toward increasing land values. Taken Big Jump.

marketing also have done much toward increasing land values.

The big advance in the price of land in the northwest is justified by the incrased production and revenue derived therefrom, according to land dealers, and they declare that the prices will continue to go up; that they would without the European war, and that the war is certain to cause an immediate increase of valuations, which will be noticed as soon as finances are more easy.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Eliot.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.— Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—Cowper.

God's strength is always stronger than strong enough.—Christina Rossetti. Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward toward the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii, 13-14.

This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any
man.
—Shakespeare.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverence.—Johnson.

Sitting Cross-Legged. The next time you ride in a street car notice the number of people who sit cross-legged. It has been estimated that four-fifths of them do. Probably you do. A prominent London physician has investigated the habit and his advice is, "don't sit cross-legged." He states that the prime objection to the habit is that the return flow of blood is stopped at the knee, the rethe habit is that the return flow of blood is stopped at the knee, the result being that the veins in the leg swell up. As all of the weight is thrown to one side of the body the under leg is likely to go to sleep. The body should be equally balanced. Much crossing of the legs is also dangerous in that it is likely to cause lopsidedness. The limbs should be allowed to rest easily, so that the flow of blood is natural and the body equally balis natural and the body equally bal-

#### DR. S. M. WELLS, Specialist



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