

# 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 sister-in-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. KRAMER, 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 brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver. Eliminate bile, soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches and indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

OVER 100 YEARS OLD

Easily Caught.

"Old Doppelty tells me that he has faith in his fellow man."

"That's true. Old Doppelty's faith in his fellow man's willingness to swallow any sort of thinly disguised bait accounts for his town house, his country house, his six automobiles and his private yacht."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Carter* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Certainly Not.

"Just think! 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 whole 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 get out of first.

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

Prevention is the best cure and at middle 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 kidney remedy.

A South Dakota Case

"Every feature tells a story."

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

Doan's Kidney Pills FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

BY 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.

"Mr. Vantine wishes to speak to 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-day?"

"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 mansion stood. It was almost the last survivor 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.

This 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 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, 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 of the head. It was from them that he got the reputation of being an eccentric. But the 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.

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 tenants—all of which were left to our discretion. But occasionally it was necessary to consult our clients 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 penetrating habit of mind.

He came forward to meet me, as I gave him my hat and stick, and we shook hands heartily. I was glad to see him, and I think he was glad to see me. He was looking in excellent health, and brown from the voyage over.

"It's plain to see that the trip did you good," I said.

"My, my! I never felt more fit," he agreed. "I never felt more fit. But come along; we can talk at 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 plot of ground next door, this place would be impossible. As it is, I 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 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 associations more and more. Besides, a new house would mean new fittings, new furniture—"

He paused and glanced about the room. Every piece of furniture in it was the work of his master.

"I suppose you found some new things while you were away?" I said.

"You always do. Your luck's proverbial."

"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 work of art. Only, unfortunately, it isn't mine."

"Isn't yours?"

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

"Where did it come from?" I questioned, more and more surprised.

"It came from Paris, and it was addressed to me. The only explanation I can think of is that my shippers at Paris made a mistake, sent me a cabinet belonging to someone else, and sent mine to the other person."

"You had bought one, then?"

"Yes; and it wasn't turned up. But besides this one, I bought 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 work of art. Only, unfortunately, it isn't mine."

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be no life in that livid face, in those glassy eyes.

"Don't touch him," I said, for Vantine had started forward. "It's too late."

I 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, "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 huddled body, and he stopped short, his eyes staring, his mouth open.

"Well, said his master sharply. "Why—why?" he 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.

"I was certainly alive when he came in," 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 as neatly as possible, leave the house until the police and coroner 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.

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 demand was to get these notes into circulation as quickly as possible, large denominations made it difficult to do this.

Those who draw money from the banks as a general thing want bills of small denominations. The office 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, tens, and twenties—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 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.

"Nothing has been disturbed," I said. "No one has touched the body."

Simmonds nodded and glanced inquiringly about the room, but Godfrey's eyes, I noticed, were on the face of the dead man. Godfrey dropped into the chair beside the body, looking 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 done in the first shock of discovering it.

It was lying on its right side, but on its stomach, with its right arm doubled under it, and its left hand 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, 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. There was no pleasant sight and after a moment I turned my eyes away with a shiver of repugnance.

The coroner glanced at Simmonds. "Not much question as to the cause," he said. "Poison, of course."

"Of course," nodded Simmonds.

"But that kind?" asked Godfrey.

"I'll ascertain that for you," I told that, and Godfrey bent for another 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. Lester?" Godfrey questioned.

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?" Godfrey asked.

"Only that the call was merely a pretext—that what the man was really looking for was 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."

Godfrey 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.

(Continued next week.)

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 against Turkey, which, it is said, will enter the world war 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 aggressive 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 drilled and disciplined, 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 cavalry regiments stationed in northern Italy, Turin, Mantua and Verona and her Bersaglieri elite infantry. The peace strength of Italy's army is 250,000 men, her total war strength 1,200,000. The navy, comparatively strong, counts among its ships eight modern dreadnaughts, seven first class cruisers, 25 destroyers, 73 torpedo boats and 29 submarines. The total personnel is 35,000 men, including officers. The Italian sailors are excellent seamen, especially those who are fishermen in the Adriatic sea.

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 fall, and in charity there is no man come in danger of it.

FREE FROM PERIL

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 fall, and in charity there is no man come in danger of it.

And Maybe a Pinch Hitter.

From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Kitchener, Joffre and French seem to be pitching pretty well, but what the allies need is a good shortstop.

## 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 the denomination of \$5 or \$10 will discover a difference between some of these bank notes and those which they 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 realize, unless they scrutinize closely the 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 in 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 is called to them.

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 securities." 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 demand was to get these notes into circulation as quickly as possible, large denominations made it difficult to do this.

Those who draw money from the banks as a general thing want bills of small denominations. The office 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, tens, and twenties—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 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 easier 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 "Reminiscences 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 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 Nikolaevitch, in which he described the last day of his brother's life, my father tells how he helped him to undress.

"I submitted, and became a different 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.

It is evident that in the language of the Tolstoy brothers the phrase "my friend" was an expression of tenderness 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 received any mark of tenderness from him whatever.

He was not fond of kissing children, and when he did so in saving good words 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 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, perhaps, conscious of 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 man—the man who was so plaintive and weak 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 upon as an "unnecessary outward means." And men will see more clearly that legacy of love and truth, which he believed in deeply and which, according to his own words, "cannot perish without a trace."

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion of one of my kinsmen, who, after my father's death, read the words he believed in deeply and which, according to his own words, "cannot perish without a trace."

"What a terrible misunderstanding!" he said. "Each of the other, with such poignant affection, each was suffering all the time on the other's behalf, 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 after serving the required order hung about making unnecessary arrangements about the bill.

"Feel like a cup of tea, sir?" said he, bending over the patron solicitously.

"Do I look like a cup of tea?" snarled Spencer.

And Maybe a Pinch Hitter.

From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Kitchener, Joffre and French seem to be pitching pretty well, but what the allies need is a good shortstop.

## 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 full importance, and when it is, the farmer 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 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 foodstuffs; his lungs battling with the polluted air of the city, and his senses craving the peaceful quiet of the country.

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 extensive development of agricultural resources has been largely responsible 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. The orchard, the agricultural advancement, such as diversified farming, in the immediate future.

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 is higher values than ever before is predicted by men in close touch with the situation.

The steady advance of valuations in the last 10 years has been made on a substantial foundation, the basis 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 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 \$100 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 Stouck City, not long ago. The orchard of G. B. Healy, within a short distance of this city, recently brought \$600 an acre, while 80 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.

The big advance in the price of land in the northwest is justified by the increased 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 value, which will be noticed as soon as finances are more easy.

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

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.—Bailey.

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 perseverance.—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 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 evenly so that the flow of blood is natural and the body equally balanced.

DR. S. M. WELLS, Specialist

In rheumatism, dizziness, neuralgia, dropsy, paralysis, catarrh of head and neck, ach, bowels and bladder; liver complaint; heart, piles, ulcers, rectal troubles, gallstones, gravel, kidney troubles, and all chronic diseases. Consultation and examination strictly confidential. Dr. Wells is located at 605 Iowa Bldg., Corner Fifth and Pierce sts., Sioux City, Ia.