

Wanted a Bite.
Oh, yes; it was raining—had been all day. But they didn't mind that so much; you see, they were fishermen. All the same, they were trudging home, with weary steps and very weary-looking faces.
Their baskets were empty, and, to be candid, they were in a very bad temper.
As they entered the little village a large dog ran at one of the party. The dog had a ferocious look and was barking furiously. But the fisherman did not take much alarm at the animal. He just kicked it away carelessly.
"Aren't you afraid he'll go for you?" inquired another of the party, somewhat anxiously.
The one who had kicked at the dog looked at his companion in a sorrowful manner.
"I only wish he would!" he replied. "I'd chance almost anything to be able to go home and say I'd had a bite!"

Potteries Prospering.
The output of the pottery industries of the United States had a value of \$24,518,569 in 1911, according to the United States geological survey chart of clay products production, by states, compiled by Jefferson Middletown. The pottery collection for 1911 was greater than for 1910, when the output was valued at \$23,784,678, the increase being \$733,892. Of the total production, Ohio was first, with an output valued at \$14,775,255; New Jersey second, with \$8,401,941; West Virginia third, with \$2,880,202; New York fourth, with \$2,178,264; Pennsylvania fifth, with \$2,156,817; and Indiana sixth, with \$1,094,737. The output of no other state had a value in excess of a million dollars.

Appointed Day of Judgement.
A horse-dealer in an English town had lent a horse to a solicitor, who killed the animal through bad usage. The dealer insisted on payment, and the lawyer, refusing cash, said he would give a bill for the amount, but it must be at a long date. The lawyer drew a promissory note, making it payable on the day of judgement. An action was raised, and the lawyer asked the sheriff to look at the bill. Having done so, the sheriff replied: "This is the day of judgement, I decree you to pay tomorrow."

Swallow's Home.
The teacher in natural history had received more or less satisfactory replies to her questions. The Delinquent asserts, and finally she asked: "What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"
Long silence, then a hand waved.
"Well, hobbie, where is it?"
"The home of the swallow," declared hobbie, seriously, "is in the stomach!"

Almost Entirely.
"Dick" Quay, at the Congress hotel in Chicago, was talking about a notorious politician.
"And he's worth eleven millions," Mr. Quay ended.
"And is an entirely self-made man, too, I believe," said a correspondent.
"Entirely so," Mr. Quay answered, "except for nine thick coats of white-wash that have been applied to him by various investigating committees."

Talking Shop.
Hewitt—I see that when our writer friend was married nobody was allowed to kiss the bride.
Jewett—How was that?
Hewitt—At the wedding reception he put up a card reading "All rights reserved."

The Style of It.
"How do they serve meals from that lunch wagon?"
"I suppose they serve them a la cart."

Literal.
"My good woman, do you scrub with avidity?"
"No'm; with soap."

Unfitting.
"Wait till I hobbie my horse."
"Well, please don't do it on the skirt of the lawn."

Not every fortune hunter is a good shot.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

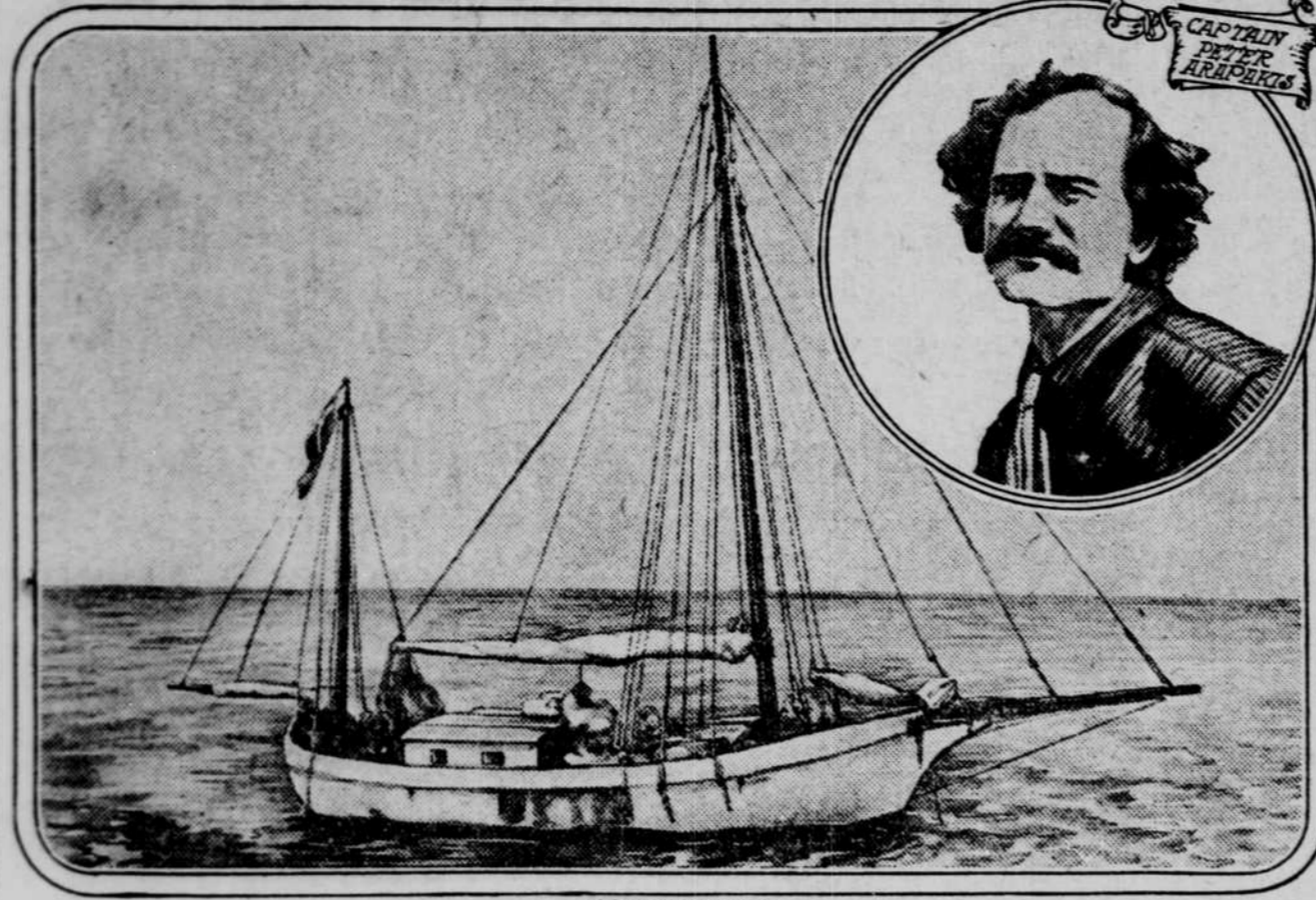
Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 90-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

PANDORA JOINS the FLYING DUTCHMAN'S FLEET



THE PANDORA

In the dusty records of the great maritime world's movements the brief entry of the missing yawl Pandora will read like this:

"Pandora; yawl Perth, Australia. Captains Blythe and Arapakis. From New York for London. July 20, 1911. Not reported."—Maritime Miscel.

The words give no intimation of the mystery, or perhaps tragedy, which lies behind them. Only to some bronzed skipper who knows the North Atlantic in all her moods will their meaning be clear.

Those two words are all the world has time to give to the fight of two brave men against the unconquered strength of the sea, against starvation and thirst, against the winds and the storms and ice and unbearable heat. In some cases "not reported" tells merely the story of a schooner lost through carelessness, but in the case of the little Pandora and her brave skippers a volume might be written of their adventures.

There is the story of the call of the sea, the song to which their ears had been trained for generations and to which they listened once too often. Three years have passed since they heard it the last time, and more than a year ago the Pandora left New York harbor for London after her thrilling voyage from Australia. She has never been seen since she dropped past the pilot's boat. No vessel passing in or out of New York or any other North Atlantic port has ever sighted the sturdy little yawl. Now she has become a part of that mysterious fleet of which the Flying Dutchman is the flagship and which has the Sargasso sea as its place of gathering.

The story of Capt. Samuel Blythe and Capt. Peter Arapakis is one of two men who saw more than the spray in a breaking wave. To them the sea but meant life and liberty, freedom of action and thought, and for years they made it play its part. Then the waves rose and demanded their due, and the Pandora, with her skippers, was the toll.

The Pandora was 36 feet long and of generous beam for her length. Her keel was stocky and dwarfed and her mainmast the size of a derrick boom. Her sails—she had three sets—were of the best grade of heavy naval canvas, and as for interior fittings, she had none other than demanded by absolute necessity. The Pandora was not for pleasure save in an inverted sense. She was to sail around the world, but her owners also intended to make certain nautical observations which they hoped would be of value to the world.

So, one fine day three years ago she sailed out of Perth harbor, provisioned for a four months' cruise and with two men on board who had answered to the call of the sea. The Pandora was bound for Cape Horn but she was to call at several South American ports for fresh supplies. The voyage across the Pacific was uneventful, fair winds and a calm sea was prevailing all the way. Along the Chilean coast they put into two harbors for food and water and as each day passed their admiration for the little Pandora grew, for she was proving worthy with every new emergency.

So far the sea had permitted the dignity of two men in a thirty-six foot boat and had left them unmolested, but just after they set out

round the Horn it rose in majestic indignation and began to refute their theories.

If it were not for the unmistakable signs which such an experience would have left on the yawl the tale of Captain Arapakis could hardly have been believed. But the dents which the compass box had made on the cabin roof and the scar on Captain Arapakis' head were enough proof without the photographs of the Pandora after the storm.

The Pandora ran into bad weather two days after she started around the Horn and before she had passed the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. There was a wind of about sixty miles velocity and it had, during the course of an afternoon blown up waves from sixty to seventy feet in height. Toward evening the wind suddenly veered completely around, with the result that the top of each wave was blown back and foiled over, much after the manner in which a cook would treat a piece of dough out of which he intended to make a Parker House roll. The little Pandora was trying to live out the storm under a try-sail and sea anchor and was succeeding in her usual manner, much to the gratification of her designers and builders, when the sail was carried away by a gust and the keel anchor went by the board. It was the third they had lost during the afternoon.

As soon as the restraint of the sea anchor was lifted the Pandora swung into the trough of one great wave. Up and up she climbed on the wall of water until it grew thin and weak at the top and was folded back by the wind. The waves broke just above the yawl and crashed back, carrying the little vessel with it.

Then the Pandora turned completely over and for a space of twenty seconds her skippers, rested on the roof. By the law of precedent she should have sunk like a cannon ball, but the Pandora was not built along those lines. She righted herself and lived, but her mainmast had been snapped short and all of her rigging, with the exception of the jury mast, was acting as a fall as it followed along in the trough. It was half an hour of hard work before the foul rigging was cut

away. All night the Pandora tossed in the storm, but she came through on top and was worked into port under her jury sail. So great had been the force of the storm that long strips of the copper sheathing which covered her hull had been torn away. Perhaps this fact accounts for her later loss.

With a new mast and another set of sails the Pandora made her way to New York and she reached Quarantine more than two years after she left Perth. She looked like some sort of a dejected mongrel when I went on board her as she lay at the Atlantic Yacht Club anchorage, but her captives were proud and spent several hours telling of their little yawl's performances under the most trying conditions.

Captain Arapakis was of Greek descent, but how far back it was he could not tell. He was not an unimaginative sailor, for his talks about his life and his boat were full of philosophies that came only to a man who has spent solitary months at sea. The little cabin of the Pandora contained a number of books, such as one would hardly expect to see in such a place. There were Darwin, Spencer, two volumes of Balzac, the sea tales of Kipling and Kingsley.

Captain Blythe was more the usual type of stolid British merchant skipper who always talked with one eye cocked to the weather and his other resting with a pleased expression on some pet line of the Pandora. While the Pandora was in New York one of the Greek societies gave to each of the men a medal.

Two weeks in New York was enough for them. They had hoped to take the Pandora out of water and repair the torn copper hull sheathing but the weather was so fine and the winds so even that they decided to get under way for London. On July 20, 1911, they hoisted sail and started. That is as far as the story goes. Three months later Captain Blythe's brother, J. Forbes Blythe, of Coventry, England, wrote a letter to the custom house in New York asking for information about the Pandora and saying the little vessel had never reported in any English or Continental port. No information could be given to him.

Years Devoted to Sleep

Remarkably Large Part of Man's Lifetime Spent in More or Less Happy Slumber.

"The days of our lives are three-score years and ten," sings the Psalmist, and the man or woman who attains that age spends years of his life in doing what are regarded as common, daily actions.

The average person of 70 has spent no fewer than 23 years of his life in bed, assuming that his nightly sleep had been eight hours throughout life. Most people spend about fifteen minutes a day over the care of their teeth. The septuagenarians have thus spent almost a year in this way.

How long have they spent at table? Allow half an hour for each meal, and the answer is six years. They eat on an average one loaf of bread a day in all their life three miles of loaves have been consumed, supposing that the tatter are put end to end. Including tea, coffee and milk, 300 barrels of liquid have been accounted for.

The office man of 70 has put in five years in walking to the station and to

his office. A woman of 70, even simple in her dress, has taken seven years in clothing herself.

A man and a woman who have reached the allotted span of life will have used 600 pairs of boots between them, 400 dresses and 500 hats.—London Answers.

Genius and Marriage.
The married life of a genius is usually unhappy—so is that of his wife.

The speaker was Miss Helen Gould, who—apropos of her reported stinging rebuke to the Colorado person who wished to banish old maids—was discussing marriage in general.

"To be the wife of a genius is bad," she said, "but to be the husband of one is worse. At a musicale I heard a lady say:

"Who is that man with the sort-bosomed shirt and Windsor tie?"
"He is the husband of the wonderful contralto, Vivacevo," her companion answered.

"Yes," said the other, "but who was he before his marriage?"

where you meet a coat or shirt that is properly put together, you will fit it.

Documentary Evidence.
The geography class was in session. One small pupil astonished the class by stating that in a certain section of South America there were talking monkeys. When the teacher questioned the statement, the youngster opened his geography and triumphant read: "This region is inhabited by a species of monkey; properly speaking, apes."—The Delineator.

Cures Hams by Electricity

A Cincinnati packer some time ago discovered a method of curing hams by electricity. He found that by introducing an alternating current through the pickling brine the hams could be cured in from thirty to thirty-five days, as against ninety to a hundred by the ordinary method. A large plant in Cleveland is now curing meat by this process. The plant generates direct current for use in various ca-

pacities, and a portion of it is converted into alternating current by means of a rotary converter, to provide the energy used in the curing vats.

Horses Used to Mix Clay.
Horses are used to mix the clay by treading it in many Argentine brick-yards instead of employing more expensive machinery.

EVIDENTLY OUT OF PLACE

Indignant Frenchman Had Some Fault to Find With Postmaster, and Said So.

A Frenchman with a name spelled a la Paris and pronounced something like Ca-choo had never learned to read or write, but he managed to disguise the fact pretty well until he moved to a new community where the name was not common. Going to the postoffice one morning he inquired: "Got any mail for Joe Ca-choo?"
"What's the name?" inquired the clerk.

"Ca-choo, Joe Ca-choo."
"How do you spell it?"
"Can't you spell Joe Ca-choo?"
"No," said the clerk, "I never heard it before."

Then the disgust of the Frenchman, which had been constantly rising, boiled over and he snorted: "Well, if you can't spell, why don't you sell your old postoffice to someone that can?"

BABY IN MISERY WITH RASH

Monroe, Wis.—"When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got nearly all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, hair fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust, the water would come out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lie awake holding his hands so that he could not scratch and disfigure himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good.

"Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them half used my baby was cured. His head is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is admired by everybody and has no disfigurements." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Thoroughly Up-to-Date.

"Halloo!" Jellison cried, as he encountered his acquaintance, Barwood, in the street. "Thought you were getting married today." "Postponed?"

"Altogether," said Barwood, firmly. "Not even engaged now, then?" pursued Jellison.

"No. The lady I was to have married was too modern—too up-to-date for me."

"Up-to-date!" The excuse astonished Jellison. "How on earth—?"
"Write her last Monday, saying I was coming to see her on Wednesday. You see, although we'd been engaged for some time, I never formally proposed, and she seemed to want it. So I went on Wednesday—just to satisfy her whim, as I thought. Got there and found she had sold the rights of photographing me at the moment of proposing to a cinematograph company."

"That settled it!"—Tit Bits.

Point for Sherlock Holmes.

Somebody wondered how long a certain woman who had just left the room had been married.

"About 15 years," said the jeweler. "How do you know?" asked the jeweler's wife. "You never saw her until tonight."

"I can tell by the size of her wedding ring," he replied. "The width of wedding rings changes about every five years. The kind she wears was in style 15 years ago."

Why He Borrowed.

"And then Nero had Rome set afire in every quarter."
"Alas, how terrible!" murmured little Moritz, with an expression of such deep anguish that his teacher asked why it affected him so much.

"Why," said Moritz, "just think of the poor insurance companies!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Seizing the Opportunity.

She—Old Mr. Steiner told me he would marry me at once if he were twenty-five years younger.

He—Why, that would just be my age?

She—Ach, this is so sudden.—Exchange.

A Paradoxical Ballot.

"I should think the women voting in the new suffrage states would strike one obstacle."
"What is that?"
"How can the matrons of a party cast their maiden vote?"

A Dead One.

"The doctor says that I will live about a year."
"That will be a great change for you."
"What will?"
"Living."

Melancholy Fact.

Man is weak. That is why he invests in a cantaloup when he knows the chances are ten to one against him.—Toledo Blade.

Conclusive.

"What am I to do about this man's attack on me? I can't answer him."
"Then why don't you call him a liar?"

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.



"I Got This Fine Pipe With Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture"

All kinds of men smoke Duke's Mixture in all kinds of pipes—and every other way—and they all tell the same story. They like the genuine, natural tobacco taste of

Liggett & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Choice bright leaf aged to mellow mildness, carefully stemmed and then granulated—every grain pure, high-grade tobacco—that's what you get in the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture sack. You get one and a half ounces of this pure, mild, delightful tobacco, unsurpassed in quality, for 5c.

Now About the Free Pipe

In every sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a coupon. You can exchange these coupons for a pipe or for many other valuable and useful articles. These presents cost not one penny. There is something for every member of the family—skates, catcher's gloves, tennis rackets, cameras, toilet articles, suit cases, canes, umbrellas, and dozens of other things. Just send us your name and address on a postal and as a special offer during September and October only we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents FREE of any charge. Open up a sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture today.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be awarded with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, and Coupons from FOUR ROSES (the tin double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Address—Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. St. Louis, Mo.



SMILING MARTYRDOM.



Although the kewan brings to you a lump exceedingly small, You don't complain, for if you do He may not come at all.

Like Mushrooms.

As they emerged from the subway station they were confronted by a giant skyscraper rising into the blue. "What building is that?" she asked, not being an habitue of the downtown district. "I don't know," he replied. She looked at him in surprise, this quarter of New York being his daily locale. "No," he insisted wearily. "I don't know. It wasn't there yesterday."—New York Press.

Groping.

"What is Miss Hammerahl trying to play on the piano?"
"In the Shadow."
"I thought she seemed to be having some difficulty in finding the right keys."

One occasionally meets a man who gives a direct answer in reply to a simple question. But most of them want to make a speech.

It Depends.

"Do you think a wife should go through her husband's pockets?"
"Yes—if there's anything in 'em."

One advertiser offers to send a dollar package free.

It is the concentrated wisdom of the ages that no package worth a dollar is free.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Headache Nervousness and Backache due to disorders of Kidneys and Bladder

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Buy wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the man's shoes. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair. Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter and demand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 countries and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



PUTNAM FADELESS DYES