

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith re-lating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother mar-ries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrativa Unhappily married, she contemplatet suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the Rapids. Kate rejects offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse. Their married life starts out happily. Kate succumbs to the pleadings of a composer to return to the stage and runs away with him. She rescues Widow O'Flynn from her burning house, is badly burned herself and returns home, where Jesse receives her with open arms. Jesse calls on neighbors and plans to captured by the robbers. But by a clever ruse makes prisoners of the robbers. They are turned over to a United States marshal, who has arrived with extradition papers. Jesse takes charge of the outlaw chief's son. Billi; O'Flynn, having promised the chief to keep him out of his father's profession. He takes Billy to Vancouver and the lakes thilly to Vancouver and the lakes shalphaled. A son is born to Kate and Jesse and is named David. Jesse receives a letter from his first wife, Polly, in which she tells him she deceived him is to thinking she had killed herself. For the honor of Kate and their son, father and mother sparate. Kate and David go to England to live. Four years later Billy O'Flynn arrives and tells Kate how Jesse has been ruined and ostracised through the vindictiveness of Polly.

#### PART III.

CHAPTER I .- Continued. How could I leave my baby? How

could I possibly break with Covent Garden-where my understudy, a fearsome female, ravened for the part? The cottage would never let before our river season. "Madame Scotson has been called abroad on urgent private business."

"Of course," the lad was saying, "when Polly got to be postmistress, she handled Jesse's letters, held the envelopes in the steam of a kettle until they'd open, and gummed them when she was through-if she sent them on. She found out who he dealt with and got them warned not to trust him. There's no letters now."

"She wouldn't dare!" "No? You remember he sent you that book you wrote together at the ranch?"

"You know that!"

"I read it at Spite House. She had a heap of fun in the bar-room with Jesse's letter. Her cat eyes flamed like mad."

"There was no letter."

ed her bome in Abilene. She was nothing'. Glad you didn't hear them yarns she put about the country. Jesse wasn't never what I'd call popular, but he ain't even spoken to now by any white man. His riders quit, his Chinamen cleared out. Then she bought Brown's ferry, had the cable took away, the scow sent adrift, and Surly Brown packed off. She'd heard that Jesse lived by his rifle, so she's cut him from his hunting grounds. There's nothing left to hunt east of the Fraser."

"He's starving?" "Shouldn't wonder."

"Billy"

"Yes'm." "How soon can I get a ship?"

"None before Saturday." "Go on. Tell me the worst."

"The signs may read coarse weath-

er or typhoon. I dunno which yet. She's been locatin' settlers along them old clearings in the black pine and. judging by samples I'd seen, she swept the jails."

"Why more than one?" I asked,

Who'd blackmall Polly afterward? She's no fool. She says straight out House. Each driver to present load, in public she'd shoot the man who killed him. But them thugs is planted and to forward consignee's receipt. in hungry land, they see his pastures the best in the district, and you know as well as I do he's a danger to all equipment, comforts suitable to bush to that far door on the right. How robbers. Why, even when sportsmen and tourists comes along his old gun in charge of young competent civil engets excited. He hates the sight of

him to loose out and break the law. inst. That's why she's got the constable protecting her at Spite House. Once Scotson." he can get him breaking the law she Let her off with death."

KEEPING THE BOYS STRAIGHT | yet, after the blessing, with his carv- | and severely lashed. For a second

Father Recognized Force of Appeal to Manliness, and It Has Worked Well.

Several gray-haired business men ing the day. We had to keep pretty were recently chatting over their

"This talk about mother and the boys is all very well," said one. "But father comes in strong, too. father devoted one minute a day to us boys that did more at that age to keep us straight than all the little lowed the pleasure of having as many mother's admonstrate. She was a names as they wished; indeed, 400 sweet unworldly little person and we years ago not even a middle name ored her and reverenced her teach- was allowed in England. It was illeings. However, she never could think gal. The old English law was definite of us as anything but her little boys, and admitted of no infraction of its the Hipp," was stretching lazily in the and as we grew taller and more ruling. The only exception made to sun, when a little girl and her mother worldly we acquired the usual boyish this fron-clad regulation was in the approached. sense of exalted importance and case of persons of royal rank. If they might have been led to secretly pat- really wished it they could boast a roulze her strict goodness as a little middle name, but woe to the person old-fashloned, except for father.

"Pather saw the force of appealing unwise or obstinate to insist on havus as man to man, long before ing more than two appellations. there was much man in us, I guess. Every night at dinner, I can see him likely be tied to a whipping post girl's arm.

TREET MIR THE BORBS MERRILE COMPA gets him hanged. There's only one met at Ashcroft. thing puzzles me. I see it's his silence, the waiting, which makes Polly

Illustrations by

Ellsworth Young

A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

nerve?" "How do you know all this?" "She told mother everything."

"And your mother told you. Why?" Durham.

"Brooke? Polly kept like a pet lap-dog. The thing which turned state's evidence to hang my poor old dad. Brooke's caping the local hotels, then bidding come to Spite House as Polly's manager. Yes, now you know why mother's got no more use for Polly-told me I'd best come to you and give you warning. That thing is at Spite

House, and mother's gone." "I see it all now. But one last question. How did you get to England?"

"Do you remember, mum, that my poor dad just thought the world of Jesse?"

"I remember, a legacy for yousome ponies."

"Well, Jesse found out somehow that I was at Spite House. He sent me the value of them ponies, with only a receipt for me to sign. I reckon, mum, that ruined and well-nigh starv ing, he rode a hundred and sixty miles through the black pines, because he's honest. That's why I spent the money comin' to you. I wants to help."

#### CHAPTER II.

The Impatient Chapter. Kate's Narrative.

This chapter is so difficult to start. It deals with a time when life had become impossible unless one could jump from here to Wednesday next, and thence to Monday fortnight. Of course the book is only meant for Jesse, for David, for me, and for those to come who may revere us as their ancestors. Thank goodness, I am not a novelist!

I sent David with his nurse to stay with Father Jared, so mother called me a cold-blooded wretch. I abandoned my part at the opera to a weird ravening female who can't sing, so my manager called me an atheist. My maids had to pack and run to escape "She made a paper house of it, and storage with the furniture at the storage with the furniture at the Presently we crossed the little shaky "It can be done?" "Pecking and Tootham Emporiums:" drunk, too, that night. But that's with mourning nails, diamonds, and a lisp; by bits and scraps of stock were sold and the proceeds banked with the Hudson's Bay company.

The keenest pleasure which ever money gave me came when Billy and I helped in the drafting of a cable order from the Hudson's Bay Company in London to that bland magnifico who manages their branch palace at Vancouver. One always feels that if one happened to want a Paris hat, a bag of nuts, and a monkey, this Vancouver potentate would make a parcel of them without the slightest fear of their getting mixed. As to surprising the company, one might as well tickle the Alps. So here is the telegram:-

"Provide three sleighs, each with two horses; engage two reliable bush teamsters; six months' guaranteed bonus for secrecy and fidelity. "Referring to previous requirements

of Jesse Smith, load No. 1 sleigh to capacity with provisions, luxuries, ammunition, books, consigned to him via bush trail from 59 Mile House, Cariboo Road. Referring to Captain Tay-"why all that expense when one would jor's past requirements and present sickness, load No. 2 sleigh with stores sistant, stabled the team, Mr. Eure and rig and team, with personal services,

"Hire third sleigh with team one month, furnish furs on approval, travel and residence of a lady. Place gineer, bringing instruments and assistant to report to Madame Scotson, "Now, all these years she's goading arriving Ashcroft Pacific Limited 20

"Absolute secrecy required. Charge

So far the impulse had moved me has all them thugs-so many dollars a to be quick before I repented, and head as witnesses. It ain't murder the journey gave time for that Leavshe wants. She says that when she ing the sweet majesty and serene orwent to his ranch that time Jesse sent der of the English landscape, I made years, "this hulk is going to be laid her a message by old Mathson, 'I won't the usual passage by S. S. Charon up soon, in Rotten Row. Can't all of across the Styx to New York, where I us founder in action."

of that moment steadied us often dur-

straight to be able to return that

Midde Names Once Illegal.

People have not always been al-

of ordinary rank who was sufficiently

clear look and answer:

"'O. K., Dad.'"

the eyes.

son's Bay Company was Mr. Sacrifice while his ears froze, spelled his name I dunno myself-has Jesse lost his "Because-say, mum, you remember to take charge of my affairs, and with he was competent.

He presented his assistant, led me stow the luggage, tucked me into some warm furs, congratulated me on esmy man and his own to jump in, took the reins and asked which way we were going. I served as pilot along a trail of poignant memories.

We slept that night at Hat Creek station where Tearful George proved a most kindly host. He told me of a loaded sleigh which had passed last week on the way to Jesse's ranch. The teamster was Iron Dale. So far I had wondered whether my name was changing letter by letter from Madame Scotson into Mrs. Grumble, but now the scent of the pines brought ease of mind, and in the great calm of the wilderness one is ashamed to fret.

Our next march brought us rather late for the midday dinner to Fifty-Nine Mile House, which marks the summit of the long climb from Ashcroft to the edge of the black pines.

We drove on, freezing, and right glad I was to be welcomed with all the ruddy warmth and kindly cheer of Eighty Mile House. There we had tea, and secured fresh horses for the last stage of our journey. I learned also that the driver intrusted by the Hudson's Bay Company with provisions for Hundred Mile House had gone off with the team, leaving his sleigh still loaded in Captain Taylor's

The malign bush seemed cowed by sheer immensity of glittering starlight as we drove on. Only once I ventured to speak, asking Mr. Eure to look out for Ninety-Mile House. Horses accustomed to bait there would try to stop. I did not want to stop.

He nodded assent, and, crouched down beside him, I waited until a brave red warmth shone out across the snow from all the lighted windows of Spite House. Mr. Eure lashed his horses, and in a moment more bridge over Hundred Mile Creek. then swung to the left into Captain Taylor's yard. While Tom, the as-



In an Arm Chair Beside the Stove, the Old Man Lay.

invalid comforts, consigned 100 Mile Billy got snow shovels from the barn. and hewed out a way to the deep drifted door at the near end of the building. Presently the Chinese servant let us in, and I made my way through the barroom and dining-hall changed was the grand old Hundred since days, only five years ago, of pompous assizes, banquets, dances, when these rooms overflowed with light, warmth, and comfort, now dark, in Arctic cold in haunted silence! I crept into the captain's room, where, in an arm-chair beside the stove, the old man lay. I knelt beside him, taking his dreadfully swollen hand.

"Dear wife," he muttered, whose wife must have been dead full forty

ing knife and fork poised over the offense he would endure some more roast, pause and look us straight in lasting punishment, perhaps the removal of his thumbs or his ears. And "Well, boys, how goes the world?" if he still persisted in his stubborn-

"And you better believe the thought ness he would be hanged. There is a case on record of a poor man-in all probability half demented -who insisted on signing four names every time he wrote his signature to any paper. Of course he passed through all the legal stages of punishment until he was finally hanged.

What Angered Mother.

A group of newspaper men were visiting the Washington park zoo the other day to see the new hippo. The hippo, who has been christened "Rip

"Look at the d-n lazy thing," cried the girl, excitedly raising her hand and pointing at the resting animal.

"Didn't I tell you never to point at things," cried the mother angrily, at For the first offense he would very the same time striking down the little

sion. The assistant, not himself, was a surveyor. "I'm only a paper-maker. I'm looking for cheap timber, good snow for haulage, water-power to mill the lumber into paper-pulp, and a road to market. I've been traveling some months now in search of that combination, and if your lovely waterfall will give me five thousand horse-power, I shall have to build your cut-off road for myself, also the house. Then there'll be war against these black pines, your enemies. As to Spite House, it seems hardly the kind of

"I'll look around tomorrow."

And then came Mr. Erue's confes-

thing for you to deal with. Perhaps

CHAPTER 31.

Please thank God "Jr me and say

I'm grateful. Tell the neighbor angels

how little mothers having sons on

cent order in case I left it, and took

He seemed to be worried, and that,

Here was Iron jumping about the

and his own services paid up six

nary a smile, lest he should see and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Much Athleticism.

it is time for us to make a stand

against this athletic craze," writes a

medical correspondent. "The swing-

ing of ponderous clubs and dumbbells,

weights, walking 15 or 20 miles a day

chasing a golf ball, etc., are needless

for lymphatic and obese patients of

cated movements to straighten up a

etc., but we are careful to guard

very different thing from the severe

teachers in gymnastics and exercise

"If people would live long and

"they should take their exercise under

dons, ligaments, joints, nerves and

bloodvessels," he proceeds, "is giving

us all kinds of puzzling conditions.

cera etc., traceable to overexercise, if

we only knew where to look for it."

Don't Miss This.

goes away, the Mrs. misses the Miss

and the Miss misses the Mrs. If it is

two daughters and both are away the

Mrs. misses the Misses and Misses

at another, the Mrs. misses the Misses

If she has four daughters and two are

away from home, and separate, the

Mrs. misses the Miss and the Misses

and the Miss, the Miss and the Misses

miss the Mrs. and the Miss misses the

Miss and the Misses and the Mrs.-La-

dies' Home Journal.

If a woman has one daughter, who

"As guardians of the public health,

as I used to.

which plays at keeping store, where John.

you'll leave that to me."

"She won't let him off with death. | caught a stuffy train for the transit | I ran away. But there was much Twice she has put him to shame in of an untidy continent. And so, in to be done, fires, lights, supper, beds, public. She'll never rest until she the starry middle of a night, I was and the unloading of the sleigh full Jesse's Letter. of hospital comforts, which would set | Mother in Heaven: The civil engineer sent by the Hud- my patient a great deal more at ease. When I left my patient, very late wake up and screech at night. But T. Eure. He stood uncovered, and that night, supposing all lucky people to be in bed, I found Mr. Eure making earth are badly wissed and grudged to me, explaining that there were two himself some tea. Gladly I joined by hungering stals. Prayers sent syllables in "Eure" with accent on the him beside the kitchen stove, ever so to Heaven are saswered, but not tetfirst. He seemed to convey an offer pleased with its warmth and the tea. ters. I recken no one here could ever of protection, to claim my friendship, for I was weary, past all hope of any write a letter happy enough, so right sleep. Besides, the poor man was with joy that it could fly up there. the thing your husband called Bull perfect modesty to let me know that just dying with curiosity as to our journey and his engagement as my engineer. So, for that one and only "Fancy Brooke, the thing that to the sleigh, showed Billy where to time I told the story of Jesse's fate, human with pride and arrogance of and mine.

And then I tried to explain the scheme which needed his services as which we shall awake, the New Testa-

Let's see," he checked my rambling three moons ago, when my ammunistatement. "Try if I've got all that tion had run out, and my neighbor correct. This Cariboo wagon road animals had learned all the little runs from Ashcroft to Quesnelle, due secrets of my traps and snares, and I north, except at one point where the wondered what God was going to do government wouldn't pay for a bridge about it. Of course I couldn't quesacross the Hundred Mile gorge.

"So at the ninety-five mile post the road swings eastward five miles, pass- my little worries behind, I made a ing Spite House to the head of the good fire in the cabin, lay down in the gorge, where it crosses Hundred Mile bunk, arranged my body to be in de-Creek right here.

"From here the road turns west my Bible to pass away the time. again on the north side of the gorge, I suppose I'd dropped off to sleep and after one mile on the level, drops when something rough began to hapcown the Hundred Mile Hill, which pen, jolting me back into the world of is three miles high, and a terror to fuss. A man in buckskin shirt and a navigation bad temper, stamping the snow off

"At the bottom the road turns north his moccasins, shaking me by the again for Quesnelle, at a cabin called arm. He was my old friend Iron Dale, the One Hundred and Four where old a man of the world-which smashed Pete Mathson lives, a hairy little per- him. son, like a Skye terrier with a faithful heart. of course, was natural to a man like

"And said Mathson has blazed a cut- Iron, lusty and eager, with an appeoff, crossing the foot of the gorge, then tite for money-whereas poor Polly climbing by an easy grade to the had done her best to cure him of his ninety-five-mile post. The said cut-dollars. off is five miles long. Made into a wagon road, it would give a better cabin, busy as a chipmunk, with just gradient for traffic, save four miles, the same hurried, funny way of blasemploy local labor at a season when pheming. He had to make fire, cook well. money is scant, and be an all-round soup, and haul things in from outblessing to mankind. At the foot of doors, while he told me news about a darkey, "only Ah hasn't got no famthe gorge we'd locate the new Hun- team, a sleigh, a load of stores for me, bly dred Mile House "Incidentally, Spite House would be months ahead if I'd let him work on

side-tracked, left in the hungry woods the ranch. He was like a little boy four miles from nowhere." "Tell me," I urged, "what you you've got to pretend to trade, with

think." the whole game turn unreal. So I sat "My dear madam, when I've made a survey you shall have dates and fig- up for soup, which made my loose ures for a temporary snow road, a skin fit me again as I filled. I'd an- his material happiness." swer to all he did, grave as a con-

'Why, certainly." "You approve?"

"You think I'm foolish?"

"It will be an excellent road." "But the result?" "Please don't blame the engineer."

"Yes. I see dollars in this, for

"Oh, tell me what you think, as a man.' "Well, let's pretend I'm Polly."

I laughed. and injurious to anyone. As physi-"Being Polly, and from my Polly cians, we prescribe moderate exercise point of view, frankly, I'm pleased. Here are hundreds of new customers, with Madame Scotson's money to spend at Spite House." deflected spine or round shoulders,

"My men will sign an agreement. The man who visits Spite House foragainst fatigue. Such exercise is a feits a bonus for good service, loses all outstanding pay, and leaves my and senseless efforts required by camp that day.' "Is that so? Of course the coaches

fiends. change horses at Spite House." "When I've bought out the stage healthy," says the correspondent,

company, they'll change horses at the New Hundred." the advice of a common-sense physi-"And only stop at Spite House for cian. The wrenching of muscles, ten-

the mails?" "I shall appeal to the postmaster-

general." "On the ground that you're running traumatic neuroses, dislocated visa rival house? Captain Taylor, you say, did that'

"My house shall charge nothing. It shall be free, and the visitors my guests." "Then, in my little Polly way, I'm

afraid I'll have to move Spite House

down to the new road." "On to my land?" "Your cruelty reduces me to tears. miss the Mrs. If she has three daugh-I am a martyr. I appeal to the chival- ters and two are at one place and one

rous public to boycott that new road." "When I've brought money into the and the Miss misses the Mrs. and the country? Oh, you don't know this Miss misses the Mrs. and the Misses. hungry neighborhood!" "Mercy! My client's done for. I'm at one place while the other two are

Madame Scotson's managing engineer. May I ask a plain question?" "Certainly.

"Is there water-power in this "There's a lovely waterfall."

firm ground.

TAKING VOLTAGE OF CURRENT! sult is more accurate; and sphere point jumps. Electricians Experimenting to Deter-

spark gaps are replacing the needle-Even with spheres to jump from mine How Far the Spark Can Jump.

the athletic electricity is not entirely satisfied unless each sphere is as big in dameter as the jump the current By measuring how far an electric expected to make. With such spheres current can jump through the air the spark of a current of 500,000 voltfrom one piece of metal to another age will break down when the spheres electricians can determine the voltare a little more than 15 inches apart. age of a current; and it is by setting a current to making broad jumps and How Dolls Were Named. then scoring the feat with a tape measure that the very high voltages

Dorothy was once one of the most popular names in England, Indeed,

used nowadays are ordinarily measit is a popular name there today. But ured. But the judges of these athonce before, several hundreds of letic feats have recently determined years ago, it enjoyed great popularity. that the electricity jumps much more Many of its diminutives and abbreviasurely from some sparks than from others, just as a man is not likely to tions, among them Dolly and Doll, were quite as popular as the unabjump so well from a mud spot as from breviated form. The most beloved toy of the small girl originally went Spark gaps, as these jump measures by the name of puppet. But in the are called because of the great electime when Dorothy and Dolly west tric spark that jumps across the gap, the most usual names in England the have been made of needlepoints, says the Saturday Evening Post. Now it puppet, a child's most usual toy, was has been found that if metal spheres called a dolly. Such is the derivaare used, and the electricity made to tion of the name of the countless jump from one to the other, the re- colls of today.

# Good Bowels Are An Aid to Growth

Growing Children Need a Mild Laxative to Foster Regular Bowel Movement.

As a child grows older it requires more and more personal attention from the mother, and as the functions of the bowels are of the utmost importance to health, great attention should be paid to them.

Diet is of great importance, and the mother should watch the effect of certain foods. A food will constinate one and not another, and so we have a healthy food like eggs causing biliousness to thousands, and a wholesome fruit like bananas constinating many. It is also to be considered that the child is growing, and great changes are taking place in the young man or young woman. The system has not yet | must be watched. Little Marie has settled itself to its later routine.

occasionally, according to the individ- young children. ual circumstances, is Dr. Caldwell's The use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pep-In the days when I thought 'his Jesse person was important, I used to read the Old Testament, which is full man. But since I learned that this whole world is only a dream from ment has been my pasturage. Maybe ing. It not only acts on the stomach | money will be refunded. and bowels but its tonic properties tion about His business, but seeing where the growth and development it will do. that likely He intended me to leave

JOHN JUST COULDN'T MARRY

Had a Peculiar Reason, But After All

It Is Always a Good Thing to

Look Ahead.

Governor-elect Staart of Virginia,

who was at the Raleigh, has traveled

in every nook and corner of the Old

Dominion, and he knows thousands of

their first names, says the Washing-

ton Post. The governor was down in

one of the southern counties not long

ago. He has a lot of friends in that

section, and one of his particular hob-

bies is the promotion of the social

welfare of the negroes. A prosperous-

looking darkey ventured to shake

hands with the governor-elect, where-

"John, I hope you are well and that

"Why, aren't you married?" inquired

"No, Ah isn't married," replied

"Well, you ought to get married,"

advised the governor. "Every man

ought to be married. It is best for

"It's this away," said John, "Ah'd

Ah ain't got money 'nuff to git a di-

gassy stomachs in five

minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when

your stomach is bad-or an uncertain

one-or a harmful one-your stomach

is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

speed in giving relief; its harmless-

ness; its certain unfailing action in

regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs.

Its millions of cures in indigestion.

trouble has made it famous the world

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in

your home-keep it handy-get a large

fifty-cent case from any dealer and

then if anyone should eat something

which doesn't agree with them; if

what they eat lays like lead, ferments

and sours and forms gas; causes head-

ache, dizziness and nausea; eructa-

tions of acid and undigested food-

remember as soon as Pape's Diapensin

comes in contact with the stomach all

such distress vanishes. Its prompt-

ness, certainty and ease in overcoming

Mrs. Wabash-I see eggs laid by a

New Zealand lizard require 14 months

the worst stomach disorders is a reve-

lation to those who try it .- Adv.

Mrs. Dearborn-The idea!

ought to boycott those eggs, too!

to hatch.

the members of your family are all

upon Governor Stuart remarked:

Governor-elect Stuart.

for us niggers.'

stable, playing the game of life just lak powful well to git married, but

torpid temperament, and a few indi- "Pape's Diapensin" settles sour.

medical correspondent. "The swinging of ponderous clubs and dumbbells, rowing heavy machines, pulling up



MARIE DEY

thrived especially well on Dr. Cald-A very valuable remedy at this well's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Dey considstage, and one which every growing ers it the right laxative for young and boy and girl should be given often or old and has found none better for

Syrup Pepsin. This is a laxative and sin will teach you to avoid cathartics, tonic combined, so mild that it is salts and pills, as they are too harsh given to little babies, and yet equally for the majority and their effect is effective in the most robust constitu- only temporary. Syrup Pepsin brings tion. At the first sign of a tendency permanent results, and it can be conto constipation give a small dose of veniently obtained of any nearby drug-Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring, and gist at fifty cents and one dollar a botprompt action will follow in the morn-tle. Results are always guaranteed or

Families wishing to try a free sambuild up and strengthen the system ple bottle can obtain it postpaid by adgenerally, which is an opinion shared dressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washby Mr. John Dey of Bloomfield, N. J. ington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal He has a large family and at ages card with your name and address on

Not One Alike. Our neighbor's wife reports this

conversation with the young man who comes to take the grocery orders: "Step in and get warm-you look half frozen." "Thank you, ma'am. It's queer

weather we're getting." "Yes, it's so changeable." "That's the word, ma'am. We don't voters well enough to call them by get a single day alike, do we?"--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ECZEMA IN WATER BLISTERS

748 Congress St., Chicago, Hl.-"My eczema broke out like little water blisters. Each one was full of water and would itch until I would scratch it open, then the water would run out and it would get sore. I first got the eczema on the back of the hand and I scratched it so hard I made it all sore. Then I got it on my legs just above "Everybody's well," returned the the ankle and above the knee.

"I used what they call stopped the itch but it got worse. Then I used ---. In all I had the trouble for about two years. One day I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I tried them and then bought some more. Cuticura Soap one's moral and spiritual welfare and and Ointment left my sores nice and smooth. I used them for six weeks. and am now cured: the eczema left no marks." (Signed) F. W. Horrisch, Oct. 19, 1912.

vorce. It costs some of da 'niggers' Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold down heah as much as \$30 to git unthroughout the world. Sample of each hitched. Why, some of dese lawyers free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postmakes a good living gittin' divorces card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

London Slums.

The approaching demolition of the notorious Tabard street area reminds one of the clearing away of another famous slum-the Rookery of St. Giles -which was pulled down in the forties for the construction of New Oxford street. It largely consisted of lodging houses where men and women were accommodated at two pence per night, and was the resort of thieves and coiners. Many of the houses were connected together by the roof, yard and cellar in such a way that the apprehension of a criminal was an almost impossible task. In some of the passages traps were set which landed a Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its determined pursuer into a cellar or cesspool.-London Chronicle.

Lying at the Door.

"Ethel, you should encourage the dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach things which lie at your door," said the mother.

"I suppose so, mother, but that doesn't mean that you should encourage Katie to say to your friends that you are out when you are in.

In Pieces. "What was the first thing you did after the auto blew up?" "I kinda collected myself."

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## The Secret of Health is Elimination of Waste

We

Every business man knows how difficult it is to keep the pigeon holes and drawers of his desk free from the accumulation of useless papers. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep her home free from the accumulation of all manner of useless things. So it is with the body. It is difficult to keep it free from the accumulation of waste matter. Unless the waste is promptly eliminated the machinery of the body soon becomes clogged. This is the beginning of most human ills.

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