

THE TIME TEST.

That Is What Proves True Merit.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick-est of relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 26th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOKED FOR OTHER TOW.

Little One Had But One Idea of Term "Fore-Handed."

Little Catherine has been boarding on a farm this summer, and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.

"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderful well; he's so fore-handed."

That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately added up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.

"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B—; don't you?"

"Why," replied the child, her little forehead wrinkled in perplexity. "I did want to see his two uvver hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"

CONTRARY, INDEED.



Kitty—Isn't she the most contrary thing?

Betty—Why so?

Kitty—She's been coaxing and coaxing me to go to her picnic, and I won't do it.

India-Gestion.

Here is a story the bishop of London told John Morley the other day, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They were holding an "exam." in an East-end school, and the teacher was explaining the chief products of the Indian empire. One child recited a list of comestibles. "Please, miss, India produces curries and pepper and citron and chillies and chutney and—"

Begging Off. Domley—Say, you'd better take something for that cold, old man. Now—

Wise—Don't offer me any more, please. I've taken too much already. Dumley—Too much what?

Wise—Advice.

SELF DELUSION Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon.

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SERIAL STORY

The Real Agatha



By Edith Huntington Mason. Pictures by Weil Walters, Frey Campbell, Aleshire Wilson.

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SYNOPSIS.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story, in England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff." Her hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. On visiting the Wyckhoff castle they are introduced to two other girls, both known as Agatha Wyckhoff. At dinner three other Agatha Wyckhoffs are introduced and the plot revealed. The deceased step-father, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wye, England, might wed her affinity. Thus Mrs. Armistead, chaperon, was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown and suitors were invited to tryout for the hand of the heiress.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"They're all Americans," replied the accommodating lady—"even my secretary. She was at my niece's boarding school, and by my arrangement chaperoned the party of girls on their trip over. When I met her she seemed such a bright, capable little thing I engaged her at once for my secretary, as my eyes are bad. As for the Agathas, one of them roomed with my niece at school, another she met while visiting her friends in holiday time, another she became acquainted with quite by accident on the train, and the others came in answer to an advertisement."

"Wonderful that so many girls could be found who were all so attractive," I said again.

"They are attractive, aren't they?" she assented; "and their frocks are pretty, too. I made them get colored things to wear this second year of mourning for my brother-in-law. I do so hate to see young girls wearing black, and every article they put on comes from New York city."

"I thought as much," I said. "I thought they seemed more like American than English girls. And how long has your niece been here?"

I asked the last question because I was afraid the conversation was going to stop and I felt that in another moment Mrs. Armistead might inadvertently drop a hint as to the identity of the real Agatha. It was very exciting.

"Nearly a year. This is the last six weeks of the second year of mourning, and the first of the two years she is to spend with her girl companions at the castle. You know my brother-in-law disapproved of girls 'coming out,' as they call it, and placing themselves on the marriage market. He'd rather have the young men come to see them in their own homes, so he put off my niece's presentation as long as he could, hoping she'd be married before that time. I think."

"And have you entertained many young men as yet?"

"My dear man! I should think we had, nearly two dozen at least. And they were too funny, unobtrusively trying to discover which was the girl with the money, although that is really against the spirit of the whole thing, as it is contrary to the object of the will."

At this point I grew rather thoughtful.

"Dear, dear!" she went on, "how cautiously they did go about their courtships! They were all after the money, I fear. This is a mercenary world! All the girls have received offers, but none of them has accepted."

"What hard-hearted misses they must be!" I exclaimed. "Are they all like that in America, I wonder?" And I couldn't help thinking of that girl I met last summer.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Armistead. "It's not like English girls. They're always ready and willing to marry off whenever their mammas have provided eligible parties for them. But I can understand it in this case. No one of the Agathas is more than 22 years old, and it's great fun for them, this care-free life at Castle Wyckhoff. They have everything they can possibly want that money can buy—not one of them has ever been in England before, and they are all devoted friends. What wonder that the charm and novelty of their somewhat unusual life have not yet worn off. Really it isn't strange to me that no one of them has been able to make up her mind to leave the enchanted castle—though, to be sure, I think that young Murray Brancepeth very nearly carried off one of our Agathas. She seems to fancy him, and between ourselves I think he'll win her yet."

"And if he does he'll win the twenty millions with her, I suppose?"

I said this coolly, in a matter-of-fact tone, and waited for her dental or ac-

quiescence, successfully concealing my interest in the reply.

But she gave me neither; she began to say something, but checked herself suddenly and looked at me admiringly.

"You're a clever man," she said, instead, "but you can't get any information out of me. Lots of them have tried, but it's no use. Besides, it isn't fair."

CHAPTER III.

Disappointed and somewhat chagrined at Mrs. Armistead's answer, I rose to my feet and prepared to join the young ladies in the drawing room. I had been so interested in discussing Fletcher Boyd's will with Mrs. Armistead that I had completely forgotten Vincent. At first I thought he had already left the room, but in a moment I heard him laugh and discovered him actually sitting on the floor before the fire, playing a species of mumble-thegump with the secretary. Extremely unbecoming conduct for both of them, I thought, and Mrs. Armistead thought so, too, for she spoke sharply to the secretary, who left the room with reddened cheeks. Vincent, however, was unabashed, and, after holding the door open for her, he followed me to the drawing room, without heeding my remonstrances. He seldom does heed them, I may say.

It was on the third day of our stay when Vincent and I had begun to feel thoroughly at home at Castle Wyckhoff, and when Vincent had begun to feel more than thoroughly at home with Agatha First, that I made an important discovery. The morning was rainy, and after breakfast there was nothing to do but to read—that is, until Agatha Sixth came downstairs. I had found her to be an unusually well-educated girl and had given her all my attention during the three days I have mentioned. So I wandered into the library and began to explore the tall bookshelves to find something that interested me. And I found it, though it wasn't exactly for what I had been looking. On the lowest shelf I discovered three heavy, but new-looking albums. From idle curiosity to look at what I supposed



AGATHA FOURTH.

were pictures of the dead barons of Wyckhoff I dusted the first of the big books and began to turn the leaves. I found it full of photographic reproductions of oil paintings depicting the ladies of the family, and on the last page of the book I came upon a picture which thoroughly startled me. It was a copy of a full-length portrait of the last Baroness Wyckhoff, whose second husband had been Fletcher Boyd. The picture showed a slender little lady, with straight dark hair, an aquiline nose, and a dark complexion, the living image of Agatha Sixth!

Stunned by the importance of my find I closed the book, put back the albums where I had found them and stole from the room. I had a guilty feeling, almost as if I had done something wrong, yet it had been an accident for which no one could really blame me. Full of excitement, I went to find Vincent to acquaint him with my good news, and discovered him in the morning room playing chess with Agatha First, or rather, he was showing her how to play, for he was hanging over the back of her chair and moving her hand with his hand whenever it was her move.

I coughed as I entered, and frowned. I am always frowning at Vincent these days, it seems to me, but I really have to. He needs a little restraint.

"Good-morning, Miss Agatha," I said, pleasantly; "how does the game progress? Is Lord Wilfred an efficient teacher?"

"Very," replied the young lady, shortly, and both of them looked at me with such insolent hostility that I was obliged to leave the room, murmuring apologies for intruding.

I was rather vexed with Vincent about this; he doesn't show me quite the respect due an older man from a boy of his age. Not that I am old, or anywhere near middle age, but still I am Vincent's senior, and this incident determined me not to communicate my discovery to him. Why should I tell him and put a formidable rival into the field? Not that I'm afraid of Vincent exactly, for I have always found that when the girls tire of his fire they are very glad to fall back upon an experienced man like myself, who has seen the world and is acquainted with Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Nevertheless, it seemed a pity to invite Vincent to enter the lists against me, for I had fully

made up my mind to win Agatha Sixth. Not that I am mercenary—not at all. But it had been some time since I seriously considered marrying, and, after all, I thought, why not consider it now, and as long as I was selecting a wife, why not pick out one of these six girls? They were all beautiful and accomplished. "And why not," I asked myself, "while I am about it, make it that one of the Agathas, whose title was the honorable, with twenty millions?" Twenty millions, when you think of it, ought to keep a careful man comfortable for life, and Vincent was smart enough—let him look out for himself. And thus I decided not to tell him of my discovery.

We spent the evening of that day each according to his fancy—Vincent playing tag and blind-man's buff with four of the girls, while the fifth played on the piano, and I in the next room reading Edmund Burke's speeches aloud, while my adored Agatha Sixth did fancy-work. She really did everything very well. Finally Vincent and I took our leave, and when we were in our own rooms and Vincent had wrapped himself in my favorite bathrobe and appropriated my armchair, I was almost tempted to tell him all about it. Just as I was about to begin he spoke.

"Arch, my boy," he said—a disrespectful method of address, by-the-way, but I let him proceed—"Arch, my boy, do you know I like that girl, Agatha First? She's a true sport, and that plump little one with the blue eyes is a peacemaker."

"Agatha Third, you mean?" I asked. "I was not aware that you had got any further than our introduction with her."

"Oh, yes," said Vincent, as though it were the easiest thing in the world; "I told tortunes with her all afternoon and played tag with her most of the evening yesterday."

"Really, Vincent," I said sarcastically, "that fortune-telling game of yours is a little odd. Can't you find something new?"

"What's the use, so long as it works?" he replied, watching the smoke from that nasty pipe of his curl upward to the ceiling. "But I tell you what," he pursued, reflectively, "that girl with the fair hair who played the piano, Agatha Fourth, she's a stunner."

"Upon my word, Vincent," I expostulated, "where do you find time for so many of them at once? Doesn't Agatha First feel neglected?"

"I suppose so," replied the young insolent, "but I can't help that. I'm going to give them all a whirl—but Arch!—he was getting sleepy and his pipe had gone out—I really do like red hair best."

"I don't know what you are talking about," I said, impatiently—"but, Vincent, I want to tell you something, I've made a discovery."

"What is it?" he said, without the slightest interest, and I changed my mind again.

"Nothing," I said. "I've forgotten what it was."

Vincent rose, and, stretching himself mightily, went toward his own room. At the door he turned and smiled one of the smiles he does not often give to men, and I felt that this one was not meant for me.

"I've made a discovery, too, Arch," he said.

I stared at him in amazement, wondering what was coming.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I've discovered that Miss Marsh's eyes are gray, as gray as stars," he said, only half aloud, and disappeared into his room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINAL.

Vicarious Punishment a Common Thing in the East.

The numbers of aged men among the prisoners in the jails of India is said to be very large, and the explanation is this:

It is a common practice, when a theft is brought home to a man by the police, for him to get an old father or uncle to take the blame on himself, or he puts up a younger brother to do so. Before the court they make full and circumstantial confession. They are convicted, and the real thieves get off. It is done to benefit the family. A sturdy young man is able to do more for the family support by honest labor or by thieving than an old man or a boy.

This is a custom which prevails more or less in all Oriental countries. The judges and the people seem to argue in this way: "Somebody has committed a crime, therefore somebody must be punished. Now the law is to respecter of persons, and one person is the same as another; therefore, it can make no difference to the law who is punished. So, if the law punishes some person for the crime, it makes no difference if he did not commit the crime, the law has been vindicated."

Men Carry the Pins.

When the tall woman entered the car it was seen that her skirt was badly torn. The glances of others caused the woman to notice the rent in her garment and she felt for a pin to hide the damage. Finding none she appealed to her next-door neighbor.

"Have you a few spare pins about you, madam?" she asked.

The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a few moments every passenger was looking along concealed edges and turning back lapels. At last four pins were produced. All of them were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women," said one of the men, "but somehow most of us carry them, and they don't."

Friendship of David and Jonathan

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 23, 1908

Specially Arranged for This Paper

SCRIPTURE TEXT.—1 Samuel 20:30-42. GOLDEN TEXT.—"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born in adversity."—Prov. 17:17. TIME.—1902 B. C., and continuing till the death of Jonathan, 1055. PLACE.—The court of Saul.

Comment and Suggestive Thought. Jonathan.—Jonathan the son of Saul, the crown prince, is one of the finest, the most attractive, and engaging characters in all history.

Mighty in Love. His love did not flow from weakness but from strength. He was Great-heart himself.

He loved David as his own soul. "David, in the 'Song of the Bow,' his touching lament over his friend slain on Mount Gilboa, exclaims, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me, thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women' (2 Sam. 1:26).

Brave. Jonathan was a brave and noble soldier, and had accomplished some very daring feats of arms. Alone with his armor bearer, he had captured a mountain fortress of the Philistines (1 Sam. 14:1-15). He was brave in defending David before his angry father (1 Sam. 20:10, 32). He showed another even nobler courage in 1 Sam. 14:43. "I certainly taste in my hand; here I am; lo, I must die"—not a lament, but a heroic act of self-sacrifice for the sake of the people."

His good judgment is shown in 1 Sam. 14:27-30.

His faith in God and his religious nature were strong as David's (1 Sam. 14:6, 12; 19: 5; 20:13, 42).

His unselfishness was more prominent than in any other Old Testament character. He was "the Golden Rule exemplified."

His great-hearted unselfishness led him to recognize, submit to, and promote the evident leadings of divine providence (1 Sam. 23:16-18; 20:13 between two men of whom the younger or was a most formidable rival to the older."—Blakie.

A Model Son. Jonathan's noble character is also shown by his devotion to his unfortunate father. "To him, if to anyone, the frenzy of the king was amenable." "Saul hearkeneth unto the voice of Jonathan" (1 Sam. 19:6).

Other Characteristics. Jonathan was older than David, had been brought up in very different circumstances, and was more mature and self-restrained. He was a soldier, not a poet. He had not quite the genius, self-reliance, masterfulness, and vital force of David, nor his voracity, and power of leadership; but his was a great soul, a mighty heart, with a most wonderful capacity for loving.

David.—David, the son of Jesse, the shepherd, also was very attractive in his person; he was accomplished in music and song; he was faithful; he was full of grace like "a he-goat upon the mountains;" he was courageous even in heroisms; he "behaved himself wisely in all his ways;" he had great common sense and tact; he was large hearted and generous; and, above all, he had "a sublime faith, a perfect, childlike trust in the glorious arm of the Lord." He had that in him by which he became "a champion of those who were in distress (1 Sam. 23:1-5), a 'wall by night and day' to peaceful shepherds (1 Sam. 25:15, 16)."—Professor Sanders.

An Ideal Friendship.—Between David and Jonathan there arose a beautiful, almost ideal friendship. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." Their souls were interwoven together into a complete texture of friendship. "And Jonathan loved him as his own soul" (1 Sam. 18:1). This love in its highest perfection, mother love and bridal love is the finest type and illustration of the love of God to his children, as often expressed in the scriptures.

Expression of that Friendship.—First, Jonathan, the crown prince, gave his court robes and armor to David (1 Sam. 18:4). "Possibly the gift was suggested by the need of the country lad for some dress appropriate to his entrance into court."

Second, He defended David from the frenzy of his father Saul (1 Samuel 19).

Third, By the incident and the covenant in 1 Samuel 20.

He yielded up his hopes of the kingdom to David, only stipulating that David should not kill him when he became king, as was the custom of the times, and the further history shows the need of the stipulation.

He formed a shrewd plan of making known to David the feelings of Saul toward David.

V. 21. Saul tried to persuade Jonathan to let him kill David, "for as long as the son of Jesse liveth . . . thou shalt not be established."

V. 23. When Jonathan refused, "Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him."

Blessedness of Friendship. "I would rather have a good friend," said Socrates, "than all other objects of ambition put together."

"The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served."

"It is never given to a man to be wise in the true and noble sense until he is carried out of himself in the purifying passion of love or the generosity of friendship. The self-centered cannot keep friends."

One great advantage of friendship is its tendency to make a person like the one he loves.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peruna are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these cases they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peruna is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

The Old-Time Boy.

The boy of to-day who complains of anything should be made to read the rules and regulations laid down for boys in old colonial days. He had to stand up at the table. He must go to bed at candlelight. He must not sit down in the presence of a visitor. He must not shout. He must not run without cause. He must not throw stones at animals or birds. He must not idle on the street, and if he had been found trying to stand on his head he would have gone to jail for a week.

No Liquids.

"These political meetings are fakes," grumbled the tall tramp in the green shirt.

"Why so, pard?" asked his chum. "Cause last night I went to a meetin' billed as an 'overflow meetin' and there wan't nothin' overflowin'—not even root beer."

With a smooth Iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Contentment is said to be better than riches, but it is only a matter of hearsay with most people.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

Libby's Food Products

Peerless Dried Beef

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Revives Falls or Restless Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c and 50c at Druggists.