

Choose the Best Lands.  
Southwestern Missouri lands are the most fertile in the country. The soil is productive and a good crop always assured. An abundance of the best of good, pure water. Special inducements are being offered just now for those desiring to secure lands in this part of the west. For particulars, regarding the rich mineral, fruit and agricultural lands of southwest Missouri write to J. M. Purdy, manager of Missouri Land and Live Stock Co., Neosho, Missouri. See advertisement in another column of this paper.

To strain Jelly.  
An ingenious woman says a good strainer for jelly may be made by using a wooden chair without rails on the inside. Turn it upside down on the table, take a perfectly clean cloth, tie the four corners on the legs of the chair, setting a crock or pan underneath to receive the jelly. The cloth should be dipped in boiling water before using. Jellies may be strained a third time if necessary.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hall's Catarrh Cure  
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Language.  
"No," she warmly rejoined, "I will not admit that the spheres of man and woman are essentially distinct. Certainly not. It is true that woman cannot at present nail down a carpet, but you don't imagine, therefore, that she could not, were she properly educated, attain to a sufficient command of language."—Detroit Tribune.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine.  
The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

When E. J. Glave died on the Congo last year, after having crossed Africa in the interest of The Century, it was announced that his notes, journals and photographs had been saved. From these a group of separate papers has been made up, and the first one will appear in the August Century. This tells of the adventures of Mr. Glave for nearly a year while he was with the British troops, who were chasing the Arab slave traders.

How to Grow 40c Wheat.  
Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wideawake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

McClure's Magazine for August is to be a mid-summer fiction number, with stories by Octave Thanet, Stephen Crane, Clinton Ross, E. W. Thomson and Annie Eliot. Stephen Crane's story will exhibit the hero of his successful novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," grown and old man, but still capable of a fine act of bravery; Clinton Ross will deal with Perry's historical fight and victory on Lake Erie; and Annie Eliot's will depict a sprightly love episode in a Yale and Harvard boat race.

A GREAT INDUSTRY.—The Stark Bro's Nurseries, this city and Rockport, Ill., is a veritable beehive. The propagating plants of the "Two Fives," enlarged "Old Fives" salesmen work from New York Westward. The office force is hurrying out 3,000 new style canvassing outfits, photos of fruit trees, orchards, packing, fruit painted from nature, etc. Several departments give all their time to securing salesmen. Stark Bro's have room for energetic solicitors. With such progress, and millions of fruit trees, full times unknown.—Louisiana, Missouri, Press.

Fifteen years ago the Atlantic Monthly gave Mrs. Stowe a breakfast on her seventieth birthday at which a notable company was gathered. At her death it pays a tribute to her in some ways quite as significant. The leading article in the number for August is Reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe by Mrs. James T. Fields, who was her intimate friend during the whole period of her life.

Personal.  
ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia, Pa.

His location.  
"I live in a town," said the bewhiskered man, who was tilted back in the hotel chair smoking a rank cigar, "where a father, two sons and an uncle, all members of the same family, ran for office at the last election." "Harden me," ventured a bystander. "What part of the are you from?"  
—New York Sunday World.



### Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.  
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

## THE WIDOW'S BONDS.

WHAT is the amount left?"  
"You must not be disappointed if the sum is much less than you have always had reason to believe."  
"I shall not be disappointed, no matter how the estate turns out. I wish to know the true state of affairs, that I may shape my future by the results."

"When all the debts are paid there will be a little over \$2,000."  
Perhaps Mrs. Perkins had been prepared for a shock. She was not expecting such a shock and covered her face with her hands for a few moments. She was strong, however, and when she raised her eyes it was to look the attorney full in the face and say: "I had hoped it would be more than that, but I shall do the best. The furniture will realize, or should realize, \$2,000 more."

"The furniture is covered by a chattel mortgage, I am sorry to inform you."

Again there was silence. Mrs. Perkins smoothed the wrinkles out of her black dress and pulled a little at the jet pin at her throat. "I shall leave the place by tomorrow noon. If there is anything to be gained out of the property that is left after the mortgages are paid, I shall be very glad. But you?" Mrs. Perkins turned to her attorney, who had been a warm friend of her deceased husband, "who is to pay your bill?"

"Of course we lawyers always look out for No. 1. I have not withheld an exorbitant fee, and if you so desire we will go over the accounts together."

"I assure you that you are very kind, and also that I have perfect confidence in you, so that we will not take up the time in looking over the accounts. If you will return tomorrow noon I shall turn over the keys to you, and you may have charge of the affairs, while I look out for something which I can do to make a living."

The attorney proffered his services if he could be of any assistance. The next day, however, she had gone before he reached the home of his old friend, which had been weighted down with mortgages until there was nothing left. The wife did not know how things were going, and had no intimation of it until the death of her husband, when his bills began to pour in. After the funeral she called Bascomb, who was about her husband's age and who had been a college chum of his. She did not know it, but the lawyer fought the claims from every quarter until he had saved the widow the little legacy, and this was without charging any fee.

No one knew where Mrs. Perkins had gone. A single servant was in charge of the house and let Mr. Bascomb in. The next day the auctioneer hung out his red flag and a day later all the comfortable furnishings and paintings and works of art were carted away.

One day in November, when the leaves were scurrying over the dusty road, a dark-eyed woman stepped from a north-bound train to the depot platform in a neat little Kansas town. Brighton had a square in the center and around it the stores were arranged. Mrs. Perkins walked up the main street until she came to the office of a lawyer who dabbled in real estate along with his legal practice. There were many houses and lots to sell, and the purchaser could take her choice at her own figure. That afternoon and evening were spent in looking about the town, and also a part of the next day. The next evening the deal was closed for a house toward the edge of the town, and that night a load of furniture was moved in. A week later a kindergarten was inaugurated in this place and Mrs. Perkins had the means of livelihood. A year passed and the winter was well on again when Mrs. Perkins received the first bit of mail that had come to the office for her. It was a letter in a yellow envelope. It had remained in the postoffice for several days, and probably would



WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY?  
have remained there longer had not the postmaster's little girl attended the kindergarten. Mrs. Perkins was nervous when she broke the seal, as who would not have been who had not received a letter for a year and was not expecting one. The communication was short, and read:  
"Dear Mrs. Perkins: You will pardon me for writing when you learn that for a year I have been looking for you. When I returned to your house you had gone—none knew whither. I did not put detectives on your tracks, for you left none. I stumbled upon your hiding place by purest accident, which I will explain at some future time. I wish to know if you will allow me to visit you during the Christmas week. I expect to be in the vicinity of Dalton, as I have business at the county seat. I have much to tell you that you will be glad to hear. Yours,  
"BASCOMB."  
That night Mrs. Perkins bought the first stamp and mailed the first letter at the postoffice. It was to the effect that she would be very much delighted with a visit from the lawyer, as long as he was coming so near her little re-

treat. Another letter came in a few days in reply to hers, setting a time at which Mr. Bascomb would be at her house.

"Why did you run away?" said the attorney, who was not so old, after all, when he sat there in the light of the shaded lamp in a cozy parlor in the Kansas town on this night before Christmas.

"Why should I have stayed?" was the answer. "There was nothing left for me. My money was gone, my social position was gone; I had no right to ask for further recognition from the social circle in which I had moved. There was nothing left for me to do but to bury myself somewhere and find something that I could do. I can teach a kindergarten and I am doing it, making a good living. The past I have practically forgotten and I like this life of activity far better than the former one of idleness. The only thing I brought with me is a bundle of worthless bonds that were bought for me with my own money and to which my late husband's creditors had no right."

"Bonds, did you say?" The attorney became more interested than before. "Perhaps they may be of some value. Would you mind showing them to me?" Mrs. Perkins brought out a writing-desk and from it took a bundle neatly tied with blue ribbon. The attorney examined the printing.

"If I am not very much mistaken it is this very same security that has gone up 100 per cent above par in the last six months. When I return to the city I shall find out for you and write."

A light snow had fallen during the day and the previous night, the first snow of the season. That evening Mr. Bascomb drove around to the widow's residence, and a few minutes later the two were whirling over the prairies with the great white flakes striking and sticking against the robe and the wraps. The widow's cheeks glowed under the veil. Again came the glimpse of boulevards crowded with gay turnouts and the jingle of many bells. For a moment she sat in silence.

"How do you like it?" asked Bascomb.

"It reminds me of—"

"Of the city?"

"Yes," laughing. "I can easily imagine myself on the boulevards. Would you believe me, I was thinking of that same thing when you spoke?"

"You can go back."

"I like this better. What is the city to me now?"

"It can be more than it ever was. You could have your horses and coachman."

"Are the bonds so valuable as that?"

"I was not thinking of the bonds."

"What then, pray?"

"Of my own horses and carriage and coachman."

Mrs. Perkins felt her cheek burn hotter, her breath came quicker and her heart beat faster. Again the picture of affluence contrasted with the scenes she had recently left in the little school-room. She made no objection when the lawyer drew her to him, except to say, in a voice that trembled:

"Why do you tempt me?"

"Because I want you to yield. I have loved you for—well, since your 'coming out.' You were then in the first bloom of youth and I hesitated too long. Perhaps you will listen to me now. Perhaps you will consent to be my wife?"

"I am poor. I can bring you nothing—unless it is the bonds."

"I want you, just as you are. I have money enough to go around."

"I will go with you."

So they were engaged and, as the lawyer was prompt to act, on New Year's day there was a quiet wedding in the village and two days later the furniture was sold and the lawyer and his bride left for the city. The bonds were worthless, yet the lawyer was glad. He did not marry for money.

### The Dancing Men.

The dancing man is a luxury at fashionable summer resorts which is becoming more and more rare every season, and the landlord who can advertise the required quantity of this desired article has a financial success assured in advance. Dancing is such a lot of useless exertion to the modern young man taxed to the utmost with all sorts and conditions of athletics. To be sure he can sit up until morning drinking whisky and soda, devour no end of champagne suppers and play ball, tennis and ride, row and run until it is a wonder that he lives at all, but dancing—well, that is too laborious for his physical being, and altogether too frivolous for his superior ideas of amusement.

### Profession Escort Duty.

The fact that many riding school professors are called upon every day to accompany young women who are without beaux and want an escort so badly that they are willing to pay \$1.50 an hour for one, suggests that herein lies a golden opportunity to turn an honest dollar to the young men who go into society to "entertain" for \$5 per evening and supper thrown in, or who do the agreeable to the young ladies at the summer hotels for their board, washing and cigarette money. There is a field for the "professional bicycle escort."—Exchange.

### Given Food Through His Nostrils.

Otis Hurley, the young man of Dayton, Ohio, who was committed to the asylum and subsequently discharged cured, and recommitted to jail to answer a charge of bicycle stealing, is again fasting and refuses to eat. Hurley pursued that course formerly and was saved from death by starvation by forcibly injecting food into his stomach through his nostrils. He is mentally weak and has an irresistible mania for stealing bicycles.

## THE FISH WERE FRESH.

But the Purchaser Was a Great Deal Fresher.

Up in the 11th ward a thrifty German makes a good living peddling live carp, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The fish are hauled about the streets in a small tank set upon wheels, the whole outfit being propelled by the energy generated from the German's muscles. If there is one thing more than another the peddler prides himself on, it is that his wares, being alive, are necessarily fresh.

Yesterday morning the carp merchant was stopped by a woman who, if the well-filled baskets which hung from her fat arms were any indication, was on her way home from market. The woman leaned over the cart and sized up the swimming fish carefully.

"Are they fresh?" she finally asked.

The look of disgust that spread over the German's countenance would have fitted well upon the features of a sound money democrat who is being told that a free coinage candidate is sure to be nominated at the Chicago convention.

But he choked down his indignation. "Yah; dey ish fresh!" he replied.

Then he reached down into the tank and pulled out a sample, which he held up for the woman to see. She gazed upon it for a moment, her nose high in the air. She wasn't satisfied, however, and the next moment shoved one of her own fat hands into the tank and grabbed a carp by the gills. She yanked it up in the air after the manner of one who doesn't propose to be fooled in so important a matter as buying a fish, and held it out at arm's length for inspection. At least, she started to hold it out. Unfortunately she had picked up the biggest fish in the cart. It was a carp that didn't care much about women, anyway, and particularly a woman who considered herself well enough acquainted to run her fingers through his breathing apparatus. He at once began to go through a contortion act of the most intricate and vigorous description, his mouth wide open and his tail marking out three-foot circles at the rate of forty a minute. The suddenness with which the fish started in on this program was too much for the woman.

In her hurry to let go of the carp she forgot about her baskets and their contents. As her arms flew up the baskets flew down. In the 11th ward the sidewalks are as hard as, if not harder than, in any of the other wards, and eggs have very little show in a contest with them. There were eggs in one of the baskets—two dozen of them. Unless the rain has washed them away, those eggs are down on the 11th ward sidewalk yet. They wouldn't have been of very much use to the woman after they struck the walk, except as scrambled eggs. In the other basket there were strawberries and a steak and a roll of butter. All of these were saved from the general wreck, however, with the exception of the steak. An enterprising 11th-ward dog feasted upon that. The woman didn't stay to buy any fish. Perhaps she had lost her appetite for carp. Anyway, she gathered up the remnants of her marketing and sailed majestically down the street. The fish peddler gazed after her a moment. Then he chuckled to himself: "Yah; dose carp ish fresh—but not so fresh as dot vompans, py chimminy!"

### A Long-Tailed Snake.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: The town of Denver, Ind., a few miles north of Peru, has contained a greatly agitated set of citizens during the last few days, owing to the report concerning a monster snake in the woods near town, which is made by Eri Gustin, a reputable citizen. Mr. Gustin says that he and his wife, and another lady, were coming home one evening in a buggy, and just about dusk passed through the woods a little to the east of town, when their horses became frightened. They looked past the animals into the shadows of the trees ahead and saw a monster snake. Mr. Gustin says: "It lay on a twelve-foot log, extending its body the entire length of the log, with its head elevated about two feet, shooting its forked tongue out at us. Its tail reached from the log six feet or more to the fence, and from that through the rails as far back as I could see into the field at the side of the woods."

### Balloon Game in Paris.

The newest sport in Paris is the balloon game, which is played in this fashion: A number of toy balloons are entered for the competition, and in each of them is placed an envelope, containing a postal card, which is addressed to the judge of the contest. The little balloons are then set free, and after more or less time come to earth again, in different parts of the country. Those who find them see the envelopes and notice thereon a request that the time when each balloon was found and also the place, be written on the postal card, which is then to be dropped in the postoffice. At the end of a week the various postal cards are compared and the prize is awarded to that balloon which travels the greatest distance in the shortest time. Not a costly sport this, and one which is likely to give a great impetus to a new industry, the manufacture of racing balloons.—Chicago Chronicle.

### What More Definite?

Society Editor—"Mr. Willis tells me that his family will spend the summer in the mountains and his wife says they will go to the seashore. Had I better defer mentioning the matter until I get more definite information?"

### Managing Editor—"I don't see what more definite information you want. She told you they were going to the seashore, didn't she?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Her Majesty Approves.

Queen Victoria has bestowed her gracious countenance on women's clubs, and they are increasing in numbers. The Green Park Club is one of the best of these organizations in London, and is at the same time one of the most aristocratic. To this club the queen has sent her portrait, with her autograph. The Ladies' International Club is one of the newest clubs in the English metropolis. Its home is in Bond street. Its avowed desire is to entertain friends from all parts of England and from foreign countries as well, particularly the United States. New York club women have, therefore, a warm personal interest in the new London International.

## A Veil of Mist.

Rising at morning or evening from some lowlands, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's stomach bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or journeys in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

If the hens are well cared for while molting they will lay before winter.

The dust bath is absolutely necessary for fowls.

## If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

A diet of fruit and milk, it is said, will reduce flesh at the rate of five pounds a week.

## In Future Warfare.

"Fire low!"  
The general was experienced in warfare, and his troops trusted him.  
"It will be a hard fight," but we will win if you do as I say. Fire low and puncture their tires."—New York Sunday World.

Hegeman's Campaign Tea with Citric Acid, Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

We all have our understudies, and we all hate them.

**Poor Pilgrarlic,**  
there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use  
**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**

"Judgment!!"  
**Battle Ax PLUG**  
The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

"The Quality of Experience"  
**Cycle Prices**  
Pay \$100—you have a Columbia—the result of 19 years' experience.  
Pay less—you have experiment, at your expense—the result of competing doubtfulness.  
More Columbias each successive year.  
Catalogue of Truth, free at Columbia agencies—by mail for two 2-cent stamps.  
**Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.**