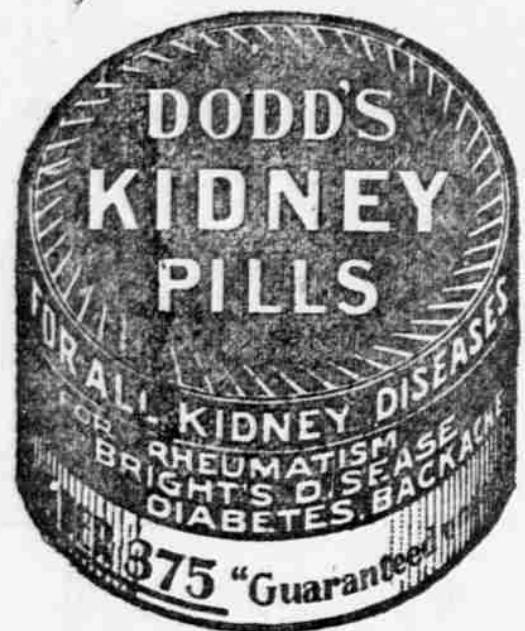


Not Travelling Inco.
 "Hi, there!" said the park policeman.
 "Keep off the grass!"
 The weary wayfarer who was lying in the shade of a huge oak tree turned his head languidly and looked at the sparrow cop.
 "If you're talkin' to me, awficer," he said, "me name ain't Keepoff de Grasse. I ain't no nobleman in rejoiced circumstances. I'm a independent American citizen, an' me name's Warham Long."
 Rolling a little farther away from the encroaching sunshine, he closed his eyes and went to sleep again.—Chicago Tribune.

The Indian government is endeavoring to popularize tours to the Himalayas. The number of tourists is increasing perceptibly every year.



Worms

"Cascarae are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Preck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarae. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. E. Condon, Lewistown, Pa., (Mifflin Co.)

Messant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 521

Mother Was Present.

It was the first time in three days that Mrs. Very Rich had seen her children, so numerous were her social engagements.

"Mama," asked little Ruth, as her mother took her up in her arms for a kiss, "on what day was I born?"

"On Thursday, dear," said the mother.

"Wasn't that fortunate?" replied the little girl, "because that's your day home."—Success Magazine.

Grant and Sumner.

Concerning the reliability of things in print, it is recalled that Charles Sumner criticised General Grant savagely, and some time after some one was talking to Grant about atheism in New England and remarked, "Even Sumner does not believe in the Bible." "Why should he?" quietly replied Grant. "He didn't write it."

Those Withering Glances.

"I generally read the paper on the way to and from the office," said the importantly busy young man.

"I used to myself," said the old-timer, "before I got hardened to the looks of the girl straphangers."—Kansas City Times.

Unseemly Conduct.

Mrs. Lapsing was in a high state of indignation.
 "I'm done with Mrs. Whilks," she said, her eyes snapping. "She got hold of a letter I wrote to my brother, in which I said something about the Snuggses, and she's going around giving a garbled version of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Retribution.

"A curse on the man that invented bald spots!" he exclaimed.
 "But the curse came home to roost, and roosted."

With the result that his head is as bald now as an eggplant.—Chicago Tribune.

Prussia is introducing special cars for dog travelers.

Keenest Delights of Appetite and Anticipation

are realized in the first taste of delicious

Post Toasties and Cream.

The golden-brown bits are substantial enough to take up the cream; crisp enough to make crushing them in the mouth an exquisite pleasure; and the flavour—that belongs ONLY to Post Toasties—

"The Taste Lingers"

This dainty, tempting food is made of pearly white corn, cooked, rolled and toasted into "Toasties."

Popular pkg., 10c; Large Family size, 15c

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Main Chance

BY Meredith Nicholson
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 THE BOBBIS-MERRELL COMPANY

CHAPTER XIV.

The man who admitted Wheaton to the Porter house let him elect between the drawing room and the library, and he chose the latter instinctively, as less formal and more appropriate for an interview based on his dual social and business relations with the Porters. Wheaton heard the swish of Evelyn's skirts in the hall with a quickening heartbeat. Her black gown intensified her fairness; he had never seen her in black before, and it gave a new accent to her beauty as she came toward him.

"It was a great shock to us down town to hear of your father's illness. He seemed as well as usual yesterday."
 "Did you think so? I thought he looked worn when he came home last evening. He has been working very hard lately." Wheaton had never seen her so grave, and he tried to say so. There was something appealing in her unusual calm; the low tones of her voice were not wasted on him.

"Father asked me to send for you this morning, but he had grown so ill in a few hours that I took the responsibility of not doing it. But something in particular was on his mind, some papers that Mr. Porter should have. They are in his box at the bank, and I was to give you the key to it. It is something about the Traction Company. You can attend to this easily?"

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Fenton spoke to me about the matter this afternoon. It is very important and he wished me to report to him as soon as I found the papers. No doubt they are in your father's box," he said. "He is always very methodical." He smiled at her reassuringly and rose. She did not ask him to stay longer, but went to fetch the key. It was a small, thin bit of steel.

"I'll return the key to-morrow, after I've found the papers Mr. Fenton wants."
 "Very well. I hope you will have no difficulty. Father evidently wished all the papers he has concerning the company to be given to Mr. Fenton. Now, this probably is of no importance whatever, but several years ago father gave me some stock in the street railway company. It came about through a little fun-making between us. We were talking of railway passes—you know he never accepts any."

Wheaton blinked—"And I told him I'd like to have a pass on something, even if it was only a street car line."

She was smiling in her eagerness that he should understand perfectly.

"And he said he guessed he could fix that by giving me some stock in the company. I remember that he made light of it when I thanked him, and said it wasn't so important as it looked. He probably forgot it long ago. I had forgotten it myself—I never got the pass, either! but I brought the stock down thinking that Mr. Fenton might have use for it." She went over to the mantel and picked up a paper, while he watched her; and when she put it into his hand he turned it over. It was a certificate for one hundred shares, issued in due form to Evelyn Porter, but was not assigned.

"It may be important," said Wheaton, regarding the paper thoughtfully. "Mr. Fenton will know. It couldn't be said without your name on the back," he said, indicating the place on the certificate.

"Oh, should I sign it?" she asked, in the curious fluttering way in which many women approach the minor details of business. Wheaton hesitated; he did not imagine that this block of stock could be of importance, and yet the tentative business association with Miss Porter was so pleasant that he yielded to a temptation to prolong it.

"Yes, you might sign it," he said. Evelyn went to her father's table and wrote her name as Wheaton indicated. "A witness is required and I will supply that." And Wheaton sat down at the table and signed his name beside hers, while she stood opposite him, the tips of her fingers resting on the table.

"Evelyn Porter" and "James Wheaton." He blotted the names with Porter's blotter, Evelyn still standing by him, slightly mystified as women often are by the fact that their signatures have a value. He felt that there was something intimate in the fact of their signing themselves together there. He was thrilled by her beauty.

On his way down the slope to the car, Wheaton felt in his pocket several times to be sure of the key. There was something the last bit uncanny in his possession of it. Yesterday William Porter would no more have entrusted the key of his private box to him than he would have burned down his house. He read into his errand a trust on Porter's part that included Porter's daughter, too; but he got little satisfaction from this. He was only the most convenient messenger available. His spirits rose and fell as he debated. He went to the side door of the bank and knocked for the watchman to admit him.

"Going to work to-night, Mr. Wheaton?" asked the watchman.

"There are some papers in Mr. Porter's box that I must give to Mr. Fenton to-night. They are in the old vault." This vault was often opened at night by the bookkeepers and there was no reason why the cashier should not enter it when he pleased. The watchman turned up the lights so that Wheaton could manipulate the combination, and then swung open the door. Wheaton thanked him and went in. Two keys were necessary to open all of the boxes; one was common to all and was kept by the bank. Wheaton easily found it, and then he took from his pocket Porter's key which supplemented the other. His pulses beat fast as he

felt the lock yield to the thin strip of steel, and in a moment the box lay open before his eyes. He had flashed on the electric light bulb in the vault and recognized instantly Porter's inscription "Traction" on a brown bundle. He then opened his own box and took out his Traction certificate and carried it with Porter's packet into the directors' room.

He sat playing with the package, which was sealed in green wax with the plain oval insignium of the bank. The packet was larger than he had expected it to be; he had no idea of the amount of stock it contained; and he knew nothing of the bonds. He felt tempted to open it; but clearly that was not within his instructions. He must deliver it intact to Fenton, and he would do it instantly. He hesitated, though, and drew out the certificate which Evelyn had given him and turned the crisp paper over in his hand. Each of them owned one hundred shares of Traction stock; he was not thinking of this, but of Evelyn, whose signature held his eye. It was an angular hand, and she ran her two names together with a long sweep of the pen.

His thoughts were given a new direction by the noise of a colloquy between the watchman and some one at the door. He heard his own name mentioned, and thrusting the certificate into his pocket, he went out to learn what was the matter.

"Mr. Wheaton," called the watchman, who held the door partly closed on some one, "Mr. Margrave wishes to see you." As Wheaton walked toward the watchman, Margrave strode in heavily on the tile floor of the bank.

CHAPTER XV.

"Hello, Wheaton," said Margrave, cheerfully. "I've had a hard time finding you. Let's go into the directors' room; I want to see you."



WROTE HER NAME AS WHEATON INDICATED.

The main bank room was only dimly lighted, but a cluster of electric lights burned brilliantly above the directors' mahogany table, around which were chairs of the Bank of England pattern.

"Have a seat, Mr. Margrave," said Wheaton formally. He had left the door open, but Margrave closed it carefully. Porter's bundle of papers in its manila wrapper lay on the table, and Wheaton sat down close to it.

"What you got there, greenbacks?" asked Margrave. "If you were just leaving for Canada, don't miss the train on my account."

"That isn't funny," said Wheaton, severely. "Oh, I wouldn't be so sensitive," said Margrave, throwing open his overcoat and placing his hat on the table in front of him. "I guess you ain't any better than some of the rest of 'em."

"I suppose you didn't come to say that," said Wheaton. He ran his fingers over the wax seal on the packet. He wished that it were back in Porter's box.

"We were having a little talk this afternoon, Jim," began Margrave in a friendly and familiar tone, "about Traction matters. As I remember it, in our last talk, it was understood that if I needed your little bunch of Traction shares you'd let me have 'em when the time came. Now our friend Porter's sick," continued Margrave, watching Wheaton sharply with his small, keen eyes.

"I don't know that it's so serious. I was at the house this evening." "Comforting the daughter, no doubt," with a sneer. "Now, Jim, I'm going to say something to you. The chances are that Porter's going to die. I guess he won't be able to vote his stock to-morrow. I suppose you've got it or know where it is." He eyed the bundle on which Wheaton's hand at that moment rested nervously. I want that stock, Jim, and I want you to give it to me to-night."

"Margrave," said Wheaton, "you must be crazy, or a fool."

"Things are going pretty well with you, Jim," Margrave continued. "You have a good position here; when the old man's out of the way, you can marry the girl and be president of the bank. It's dead easy for a smart fellow like you. It would be too bad for you to spoil such prospects right now, when the game is all in your own hands, by failing to help a friend in trouble. I gave you your first job when you came here."

"I appreciate all that, Mr. Margrave," Wheaton broke in. "You said the word that got me into the Clarkson National, and I have never forgotten it."

"Well, I don't want you to forget it. But see here: as long as I recommended you and stood by you when you were a ratty little train butcher, I think you owe something to me. One night last

fall a drunken scamp came into my yard and made a row. I was about to turn him over to the police when he began whimpering and said he knew you. He wasn't doing any particular harm and I gave him a quarter and told him to get out; but he wanted to talk. He said—"Margrave dropped his voice and fastened his eyes on Wheaton—"he was a long-lost brother of yours. He was pretty drunk, but he seemed clear on your family history, Jim. He said he'd done time once back in Illinois, and got you out of a scrape. He told me his name was William Wheaton, but that he had lost it in the shuffle somewhere and was known as Snyder. I started him toward Porter's where I knew you were doing the society act. I heard afterward that he found you."

"And so you sent that scamp over there to make a row. I didn't think you would play me a trick like that."

"Now, Jim," Margrave continued magnanimously, "I don't care about your family connections. You're all right. You're good enough for me, you understand, and you're good enough for the Porters. My father was a butcher and I began life sweeping out the shop, and I guess everybody knows it; and if they don't like it, they know what they can do."

(To be continued.)

POE'S AMBIDEXTROUS HOAX.

Found Writing Poem with One Hand and a Story with the Other.

Many traditions and stories of Edgar Allan Poe are still current at the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he was a student, says James Bernard Lyon in the Home Magazine.

Poe was very proud of his penman-



ship. One day, so the story goes, a friend entered the room to find Poe writing busily with both hands.

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Writing with both hands," said Poe.

"Both hands!" exclaimed the friend. "But how on earth can you make any progress in that way?"

"Easy enough. It is a theory of mine that it is a waste of time not to be able to use both hands at the same time. Both hands and brain may be trained, with care and attention, so that each hand may do its full share of work—each hand being employed on a separate task. It is not really an affair of the hands at all, in the last analysis, but an affair of the intellect. I am training my hands and brain now so that I can do twice as much work as the ordinary person in a given period of time. At the present moment I am writing a poem with my right hand; one that I confidently believe will startle the world. And with my left hand I am blocking out a wonderful story; a story which should capture thousands of readers."

"It will only be a short time before I will be able to take my examinations in this manner and dispose of two subjects simultaneously. It will save time and will give hands and brain their full duty."

Fatherly Advice.

"Dad," said the country youth who had just graduated from the district school, "I have long cherished a desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to—"

"My boy," interrupted the old granger, "all the world's a stage. You hitch the mules to the big red plow and transfer the outfit to the ten-acre lot behind the barn, where you can enact the star role in that beautiful drama entitled, 'Down on the Farm.'"

A Good Foundation.

Mrs. Youngwed—This is the first bread I ever made, darling.

Youngwed—Well, dear, you ought to build up an excellent reputation as a housekeeper on it.

Mrs. Youngwed—Why? Youngwed—Because you have had with an almost indestructible

We learn not at school, but in life.—German.



The culmination of a series of entertainments in honor of the visiting Japanese Vice Admiral Uriu, who was graduated from the United States Naval Academy with the class of '81, occurred when the class of '81 gave him a dinner in the Metropolitan Club of Washington, which was attended by President Taft. The President praised the record of the distinguished guest, and spoke of the splendid receptions the Japanese government had given to him (Taft) on several occasions, ending with a "banzai." Addresses were also made by Ambassador Takahira, Secretary Meyer and Speaker Cannon. All voiced the good feeling existing between the two countries.

The council of fine arts created by President Roosevelt, which was to have charge of the beautification of Washington and to pass on the design of government buildings, etc., has been abolished by President Taft in an executive order. This action was required by the last sundry civil bill, which failed to appropriate money for expenses or salaries of any of the commissions created by President Roosevelt without the consent of Congress.

The latest name under consideration as possible successor to Mr. Rockhill as American Minister to China is that of Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell University. President Taft is well acquainted with the work of Prof. Jenks in the Philippines and China in connection with the study of economic and financial conditions in the Far East as a commissioner and agent of the United States government.

The law officer of the Post Office Department discredited the report from San Juan, Porto Rico, that an editor had been arrested there for cartooning President Taft. There is no law in Porto Rico that makes it an offense to cartoon the President of the United States. It is thought that the cartoon may have been scurrilous and sent uncovered, and to send any scurrilous matter through the mails in the United States is a crime.

The determination in Congress to materially reduce appropriations at the next session will likely result in a very considerable curtail in the sums allotted for army officers' quarters. Many in Congress believe that comfortable houses for officers could be erected at army posts for much less than has hitherto been spent for quarters that are regarded by some as being unnecessarily pretentious.

More than 38,500 of the residents of the District of Columbia are employed by the United States and district governments, according to a statement made by district officials in response to inquiries received by the commissioners. It is estimated that more than \$40,000,000 a year is paid these employees for their services, the larger amount of which is expended in the district.

Of the total exports of Japan the United States takes about 32 per cent, or \$61,000,000, while Japan buys in the United States only \$39,000,000 worth of merchandise, or about 13 per cent of her total imports. Ten years ago Japan's exports to this country were \$10,000,000 larger than in 1898, while her imports from this country have doubled during that decade.

Notwithstanding what appears to be a temporary setback for China's desire for an international conference to consider a tariff increase along ad valorem lines, due to Great Britain's reluctance to join such a conference, the attitude of the American government will be in the direction of fostering as far as possible the effort to stimulate interest in the proposition.

The national treasury deficit for the month of May was reported at \$5,453,955, and the deficit for the eleven months of the fiscal year amounted to \$97,858,102. The available cash balance was \$118,979,764, and the working balance \$40,329,000. It was expected that the treasury would call on the depositary banks for \$20,000,000.

Half of the certified votes of the electoral college canvassed by Congress were not in due form, according to one of the tellers. The discovery of the errors will result in a movement to have Congress prescribe a form for the report of the votes from the various States.

The "securing of uniform legislation on different problems in all of our forty-six different States is one of the most important moves which can be undertaken at this time," President Taft told six men prominent in different walks of life a few days ago.

Designs are being made for guns and carriages, typical of those used in sea-coast fortifications, for use for instruction and drill in the armories of militia organized as coast artillery.

HIGHEST IN 27 YEARS.

Live Hogs Eight Dollars Per Hundred—Product Also at Top.

The highest June price for live hogs since 1882 was established the other day at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. Best porkers sold at \$8 per hundred pounds. With the exception of 1902, this is the highest price recorded for any month since the Cudahy pork corner in 1893, when live hogs sold at \$8.75 a hundred weight. The prevailing high prices are due to unusually light receipts of live hogs this spring at all Western packing centers, the extremely high price of grain last year prompting many farmers to dispose of stock rather than pay for feed stuff. Receipts of hogs at the nine leading markets of the West were 29,000 head less than for the corresponding day last week, and 32,600 less than the receipts a year ago. As a result of the scarcity of hogs, the price of provisions is now the highest in many years.

Needle in Pancake Kills.

A needle, which he is said to have swallowed two months ago while eating pancakes in a restaurant, caused the death of Charles Heining, 28 years old, who died at the Norwegian Lutheran hospital, Chicago. According to the hospital attendants, Heining was taken to the institution by relatives, who said that about seven weeks previous Heining felt the needle scratch his throat. He attempted to cough it out, but was unable to do so, and swallow it. He was given medical attention at home, but his condition gradually became worse and finally he was removed to the hospital.

Children Not "Criminals."

When a new law goes into effect the coming September 1 in New York State the criminal child will cease to have a legal existence. Under this no person under the age of 16 can be branded as a criminal. No matter what the nature of the offense, the youthful offender will be known as a juvenile delinquent who will be judged by the juvenile courts.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

St. Paul teachers have decided upon twenty-five years of service as the qualification for a pension.

In the district declamatory contest held in Viroqua, Wis., Irving Tuteur of La Crosse won first place.

Capt. Edmund Butts, formerly of Stillwater, will be commandant of the Minnesota University cadets after September 14.

The Fergus Falls high school expects to have an agricultural department with the beginning of the coming school year.

Two women students and an employee of the woman's building at the Minnesota University, have been dismissed for stealing.

Dr. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, delivered the principal address at the commencement exercises of the University of Missouri.

Hamline University graduated a class of sixty-two and laid the corner stone of a new gymnasium, which will be the handsomest building on the campus.

The dean of Westminster's refusal to permit the ashes of George Meredith, the English author, to be interred in the abbey appears to be final and he declines to give any reason for his attitude. No effort has been spared to induce the dean and chapter to reconsider the matter, but in vain.

Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, the new president of Harvard University, was honored by Columbia University at Columbia's annual commencement, the degree of doctor of laws being bestowed upon him.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, retired from office without ceremony of any kind, and was succeeded by Prof. Abbott L. Lowell. The alumni of Harvard have already raised \$130,000 toward a fund for Dr. Eliot.