

MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE.

Not a Penny to Pay for the Fullest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank which you will fill out and return to us. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit. Send to-day for a medical examination blank, fill out and return to us, and our eminent doctors will diagnose your case thoroughly, absolutely free.

Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

FASHION HINTS



To have a one piece semi-fitted linen dress is to know solid comfort. Make it of a dark shade, and guileless of frills. The Irish lace or batiste collar so popular now, are a good neck finish. The sketch shows one of these useful warm weather morning dresses.

Danger in Eye Poultices.
Do not poultice an eye in any circumstances whatever. Binding a wet application over the eye for several hours must damage that eye, the assertions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding. The failure to aggravate an existing trouble by binding a moist application over an inflamed eye, which application is supposed to remain for an entire night, can only be explained by the supposition that a guardian angel has watched over that misguided case and has displaced the poultice before it had got in its fine work. All oculists condemn the poultice absolutely, in every shape and in every form. Tea leaves, bread and milk, raw oysters, scraped beef, scrape draw turnip or raw potato and the medley of other similar remedies popularly recommended are one and all capable of producing irreparable damage to the integrity of the tissues of the visual organ.—Family Doctor.

Helping Him Out.
"That familiar quotation escapes me," said Rivers, nibbling his pencil. "Competition is!"
"The first law of nature," prompted Brooks.

ON FOOD.

The Right Foundation of Food.
Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follows.
The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says:
"Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain, my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living."
"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts."
"Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach."
"So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress."
"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition."
"To-day I am a new woman in mind as well as body and I owe it all to this natural food, Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Main Chance

BY **Meredith Nicholson**

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CHAPTER XX.

Wheaton sat in his room the next evening, clutching a copy of a Gazette extra in which a few sentences under long headlines gave the latest rumor about the mysterious disappearance of Grant Porter. Within a fortnight he had received several warnings from his brother marking his itinerary eastward, Snyder was evidently moving with a fixed purpose; and as Wheaton had received brief notes from him couched in phrases of amiable irony, postmarked Denver, and then, within a few days, Kansas City, he surmised that his brother was traveling on fast trains and therefore with money in his purse.

He had that morning received a postal card, signed "W. W.," which bore a few taunting sentences in a handwriting which Wheaton readily recognized. He did not for an instant question that William Wheaton, alias Snyder, had abducted Grant Porter, nor did he belittle the situation thus created as it affected him. He faced it coldly, as was his way. He ought not to have refused Snyder's appeals, he confessed to himself; the debt he owed his brother for bearing the whole burden of their common youthful crime had never been discharged. The bribes and subterfuges which Wheaton had employed to keep him away from Clarkson had never been prompted by brotherly gratitude or generosity, but always by his fear of having so odious a connection made public. He was face to face with the crucial moment where concealment involved complicity in a crime. His duty lay clear before him—his duty to his friends, the Porters—to the woman whom he knew he loved. Was he equal to it? If Snyder were caught he would be sure to take revenge on him; and Wheaton knew that no matter how guiltless he might show himself in the eyes of the world, his career would be at an end; he could not live in Clarkson; Evelyn Porter would never see him again.

The Gazette stated that a district telegraph messenger had left at Mr. Porter's door a note which named the terms on which Grant could be ransomed. The amount was large—more money than James Wheaton possessed; it was not a great deal for William Porter to pay. It had already occurred to Wheaton that he might pay the ransom himself and carry the boy home, thus establishing forever a claim upon the Porters. He quickly dismissed this; the risks of exposure were too great. He turned all these matters over in his mind. Clearly the best thing to do was to let the climax come. His brother was a criminal with a record, who would not find it easy to drag him into the mire. His own career and position in Clarkson were unassailable. Very likely the incident would close with Snyder's sentence to a long imprisonment. He would face the matter what happened; and the more he thought of it the likelier it seemed that Snyder had overplayed himself and would soon be where he could no longer be a menace.

He went down to dinner late, in the clothes that he had worn at the bank all day and thus brought upon himself the banter of Caldwell, the Transcontinental agent, who sang out as he entered the dining-room door:

"What's the matter, Wheaton? Sold or pawned your other clothes? Come on now and give us the real truth about the kidnaping," said Caldwell with cheerful interest. "You'll better watch the bank of the same gang may carry it off next."

"I guess the bank's safe enough," Wheaton answered. "And I don't know anything except what I read in the papers." He hoped the others would not think him indifferent; but they were busy discussing various rumors and theories as to the route taken by the kidnapers and the amount of ransom. He threw in his own comment and speculations from time to time.

"Raridan's out chasing them," said Caldwell. "I passed him and Saxton driving like mad out Merriam street at noon." The mention of Raridan and Saxton did not comfort Wheaton. He reflected that he had undoubtedly been to the Porter house since the alarm had been sounded, and he wondered whether his own remissness in this regard had been remarked at the Hill. His fingers were cold as he stirred his coffee; and when he had finished he hurriedly left the room.

He felt easier when he got out into the cool night air. His day at the bank had been one long horror; but the clang of the cars, the lights in the streets, gave him contact with life again. He must hasten to offer his services to the Porters, though he knew that every means of assistance had been employed, and that there was nothing to do but to make inquiries. He grew uneasy as his car neared the house, and he climbed the slope of the hill like one who bears a burden. He had traversed this walk many times in the past year, in the varying moods of a lover, who one day walks the heights and is the next plunged into the depths; and latterly, since his affair with Margrave, he had known moods of conscience, too, and these returned upon him with forebodings now. If Porter had not been ill, there would never have been that interview with Margrave at the bank; and Grant would not have been at home to be kidnaped. It seemed to him that the troubles of other people rather than his own errors were bearing down the balance against his happiness.

Evelyn came into the parlor with eyes red from weeping. "Oh, have you no news?" she cried to him. He had kept on his overcoat and held his hat in his hand. Her grief stung him; a great wave

of tenderness swept over him, but it was followed by a wave of terror. Evelyn wept as she tried to tell her story. "It is dreadful, horrible!" he forced himself to say. "But certainly no harm can come to the boy. No doubt in a few hours—"

"But he isn't strong and father is still weak—"

She threw herself in a chair and her tears broke forth afresh. Wheaton stood impotently watching her anguish. It is a new and strange sensation which a man experiences, when for the first time he sees tears in the eyes of the woman he loves. Evelyn sprang up suddenly.

"Have you seen Warry?" she asked—"has he come back yet?"

"Nothing had been heard from them when I came up to-night." He still stood, watching her weeping. "I hope you are as distant how sorry I am—how dreadful I feel about it." He walked over to her and she thought he meant to go. She had not heard what he said, but she thought he had been offering help.

"Oh, thank you! Everything is being done, I know. They will find him tonight, won't they? They surely must," she pleaded. Her father called her in his weakened voice to know who was there and she hurried away to him.

Wheaton's eyes followed her as she went weeping from the room, and he watched her, feeling that he might never see her again. He felt the poignancy of this hour's history—of his having brought upon this house a hideous wrong. The French clock on the mantel struck seven and then tinkled the three quarters lingeringly. There were roses in a vase on the mantel; he had sent them her the day before. He stood as one dazed for a minute after she had vanished. He could hear Porter back in the house somewhere, and Evelyn's voice reassuring him. The musical stroke of the bell, the scent of the roses, the familiar surroundings of the room, wrought upon him like a pain. He stared stupidly about, as if amid a ruin that he had brought upon the place; and then he went out of the house and down the slope into the street, like a man in a dream.

While Wheaton swayed between fear and hope, the community was athrill with excitement. Rewards for the boy's return were telegraphed in every direction. The only clue was the slight testimony of Mrs. Whipple. She had told and re-told her story to detectives and reporters. There was only too little to tell. Grant had walked with her to the car. She had seen only one of the men that had driven up to the curb—the one that had inquired about the entrance to Mr. Porter's grounds. She remembered that he had moved his head curiously to one side as he spoke, and there was something unusual about his eyes which she could not describe. Perhaps he had only one eye; she did not know.

Raridan and Saxton, acting independently of the authorities in the confusion and excitement, followed a slight clue that led them far countryward. They lost the trail completely at a village fifteen miles away, and after alarming the country drove back to town. Meanwhile another message had been sent to the father of the boy stating that the ransom money could be taken by a single messenger to a certain spot in the country, at midnight, and that within forty-eight hours thereafter the boy would be returned. He was safe from pursuit, the note stated, and an ominous hint was dropped that it would be wise to abandon the idea of procuring the captive's return unharmed without paying the sum asked. Mr. Porter told the detectives that he would pay the money; but the proposed meeting was set for the third night after the abduction; the captors were in no hurry, they wrote. The crime was clearly the work of daring men, and had been carefully planned with a view to quickening the anxiety of the family of the stolen boy. And so twenty-four hours passed.

"This is a queer game," said Raridan, on the second evening, as he and John discussed the subject again in John's room at the club. "I don't just make it out. If the money was all these fellows wanted, they could make a quick touch of it. Mr. Porter's crazy to pay any sum. But they seem to want to prolong the agony."

"That looks queer," said Saxton. "There may be something back of it; but Porter hasn't any enemies who would try this kind of thing. There are business men here who would like to do him up in a trade, but this is a little out of the usual channels." Saxton got up and walked the floor.

"Look here, Warry, did you ever know a one-eyed man? It has just occurred to me that I have seen such a man since I came to this part of the country; but the circumstances were peculiar. This thing is queerer than ever as I think of it."

"Well?"

"It was back at the Poindexter place when I first went there. A fellow named Snyder was in charge. He had made a rat's nest of the house, and resented the idea of doing any work. He seemed to think he was there to stay. Wheaton had given him the job before I came. I remember that I asked Wheaton if it made any difference to him what I did with the fellow. He didn't seem to care and I bounced him. That was two years ago and I haven't heard of him since."

"Who's at the Poindexter place now?"

"Nobody; I haven't been there myself for a year or more."

"Is it likely that fellow is at the bottom of this, and that he has made a break for the ranch house? That must be a good lonesome place out there."

"Well, it won't take long to find out. The thing to do is to go ourselves without saying a word to any one. Let's make a still hunt of it. The detectives are busy on what may be real clues and this is only a guess."

"I can't imagine that fellow Snyder doing anything so dashing as carrying off a millionaire's son. He didn't look to me as if he had the nerve."

"It's only a chance, but it's worth trying."

In the lower hall that met Wheaton, who was pacing up and down. He was afraid of John Saxton; Saxton, he felt, probably knew the part he had played in the street railway matter. It seemed to him that Saxton must have told others; probably Saxton had Evelyn's certificate put away for use when William Porter should be restored to health. This went through his mind as John and Warry stood talking to him.

charge of the Poindexter place when I came here?"

"What—oh yes!" His hand rose quickly to his carefully tied four-in-hand and he fingered it nervously.

"You may not remember it, but he had only one eye."

"Yes, that's so," said Wheaton, as if recalling the fact with difficulty.

"And Mrs. Whipple says there was something wrong about one of the eyes of the man who abducted her and Grant at Mr. Porter's gate. What became of that fellow after he left the ranch—have you any idea?" Raridan had walked away to talk to a group of men in the reading room, leaving Saxton and Wheaton alone.

"He went West the last I knew of him," Wheaton answered, steadily.

"It has struck me that he might be in this thing. It's only a guess, but Raridan and I thought we'd run out to the Poindexter ranch and see if it could possibly be the rendezvous of the kidnapers. It's probably a fool's errand, but it won't take long, and we'll do it unofficially without saying anything to the authorities." His mind was on the plan and he looked at his watch and called to Raridan to come.

"I believe I'll go along," said Wheaton, suddenly. "We can be back by noon tomorrow," he added, conscientiously, remembering his duties at the bank.

"All right," said Warry. "We're taking bags along in case of emergencies." A boy came down carrying Saxton's suitcase. Wheaton and Raridan hurried out together to The Bachelors' to get their own things. It was a relief to Wheaton to have something to do; it was hardly possible that Snyder had fled to the ranch house; but in any event he was glad to get away from Clarkson for a few hours.

THE DRINKING HABIT.

We are Exceeding the Liquid Requirements of the Organism.

It would be idle to deny that the drinking habit has reached almost the proportions of a pastime among us. We no longer drink only when we are thirsty. We drink when surrounded by our fellows to promote good fellowship just as we drink when alone to escape from boredom; we drink when we are depressed. In short, we drink much and often.

Each has his favorite tippie. Tea, that mild distillation of the Orient, is the beverage of gossip and literature, suggesting placid rumination and a quiet setting. Soda, ginger beer and the thousand and one concoctions of the corner soda fountain tempt the abstemious, above all in hot weather. Wines and more ardent spirits administer a flip to the nerves of those who are addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants. Each after his fashion indulges in some kind of excess.

The secret of this indulgence in liquid refreshment of various sorts is to be found largely in the fact that each season sees a multiplication of the beverages that are agreeable to the taste. We drink not because we are thirsty, but because the flavor is pleasing to the palate, and in doing this some physicians contend we are exceeding the liquid requirements of the organism. In considering this matter editorially the Lancet remarks:

"The thirsty person who cannot satisfy his thirst unless the beverage contains what is in reality a drug has really acquired an unhealthy habit, or, to put it plainly, a disease. Yet what else is the alcohol of the various alcoholic beverages, the caffeine of tea and coffee, the glucoside or quinine of bitters, or even the ginger of ginger beer or of ginger ale, the aromatic oil of the liqueur, the carbonic acid gas in soda water, the citric acid of the lemon and so on but a drug? All these clearly convey something into the organism over and above water itself; they cannot quench thirst in the sense that water does."

The medical journal goes on to ascribe the great growth of this habit of drinking liquids other than water to the fear that water may contain disease entities. It ends with a warning that persistence in the habit frequently manifests its ill effects in a disturbance of function which may result in harm to the entire organism.

Rothschild's Rules.

The greater financiers or business men frequently give to the public wise maxims for success. But it is not always definitely known whether these maxims were formulated when the particular Captain of Industry was a barefooted boy selling newspapers or since arrival at the pinnacle of fame.

It is, therefore, the more interesting to read the rules formulated before final success by Rothschild—the Rothschild, the man who founded the house and was Europe's greatest financier. He placarded the walls of his banks and counting rooms with maxims. Here are a few of them:

- Be prompt in everything.
- Take time to consider, and then decide quickly.
- Dare to go forward.
- Be brave in the struggle of life.
- Make no useless acquaintances.
- Pay your debts promptly.
- Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.
- Employ your time well.
- Be polite to everybody.
- Never be discouraged.
- Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

Getting Rich.

"How did you get the money to buy paints to finish your big picture?" asked the sympathetic intimate of the struggling artist. "Pawned my coat." "Oh! And how much did you get for your picture?" "Nearly enough to get my coat out."—London Globe.

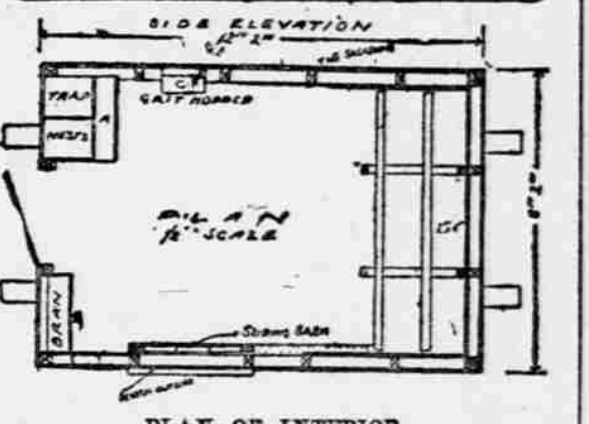
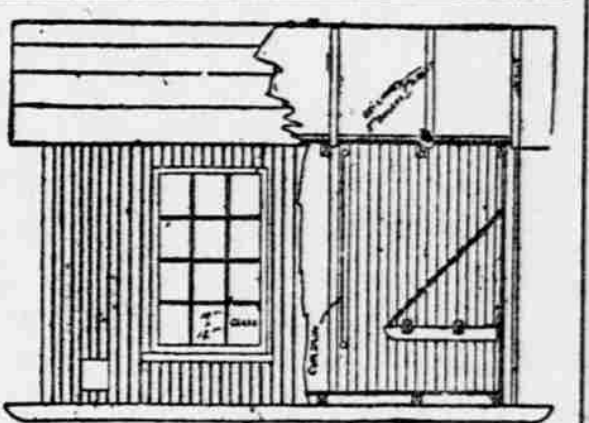
MERRY AND GARDEN

Farm Poultry House.
For a farmer's poultry house I know of nothing that will give better satisfaction than a moveable colony house, such as is used at Macdonald College, Que., a photo and plan of



FRONT VIEW.

which accompanies. This house is 8x12 feet, floor built on two skids and accommodates 25 hens and 3 males in the winter and half as many more during the summer. A team of horses can draw it to any part of the farm that may be desired. This gives fresh ground to the hens, and feed that might otherwise go to waste, can be made use of. For farm use the studding need not be so high, and the house can be built of available material. A loose board ceiling over which is placed straw provides for the absorption of moisture and even in the



PLAN OF INTERIOR.

coldest days, hens are quite comfortable. A farmer can add to his equipment one house at a time, and gradually work up to the desired number.—F. C. Elford.

Cockleburrs.

A good many farmers are still struggling with the cocklebur nuisance. It is possible to rid the ranch of this pest in one year and realize a profit on the operation. Any time before the weeds have attained much height take a plow and harrow to the field and before the day is done sow one and one-half bushels of good kafir corn to each acre plowed. Harrow well and the next day repeat the operation until the cocklebur territory has been thoroughly covered. When the kafir seed is in the dough mow or bind with a harvester and you will have one of the very best crops or roughage to be had. Remove this crop from the field as soon as convenient. Two years or so of this kind of tillage will clean out the burrs and the operation is certainly worth while.—Denver Field and Farm.

Fertilizers.

Fertilizers may be divided into two general classes—direct and indirect, or nutritive and stimulant. A direct or nutritive fertilizer is one which furnishes nourishment to the growing crop. Nourishment means simply nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. These are the three ingredients which must be renewed through the medium of manures and fertilizers. A stimulant or indirect fertilizer is one which does not furnish an actual plant food to the soil, but by its stimulating action renders available some plant food which previously existed in the soil in an insoluble or unavailable condition.

The Real Value of Sheep.

The census report cannot give the real value of sheep. Outside of the value of sheep as producers of meat and wool, there is a benefit conferred by them to land. Pastures occupied by sheep become richer every year, and bushes, weeds and briars, which so readily grow where they are not desired, are kept down by sheep and their places occupied by grass. The poorest kind of land, if given up to sheep, even if it is necessary to allow feed to them, will be made productive in a few years.

Horses and Corn Growing.

In growing corn one of the factors that is seldom rated at its true worth is first-class motive power. Anyone who has plowed, harrowed, planted and cultivated with an ill-matched, short-weighted, high-strung team knows how difficult it is to do good work. No farm hand thus handicapped can render a service that is satisfactory to a good farmer. Farm teams should be evenly matched as to age, size and temperament. Weight is es-

sential. Teams should be big enough to keep a reserve power constantly on tap; they should draw any implement with ease and at a steady, lively pace. If they are of standard draft type and are shifted occasionally from one class of service to another they will go through the season without breakdowns. This depends, however, to a large extent on how they are fed and managed. Much depends also on the ease and comfort which they enjoy in the collar, sore necks and galled shoulders, due to poorly-fitted collars, prove serious obstacles to good, continuous work. Corn-belt farms should be equipped with heavy draft teams; the highest type of diversified agriculture in that territory depends on this reliable, efficient motive power. Big horses bear a close relationship to a big corn crop.—Chicago Live Stock World.

Dipping Stock for Lice.

There are various kinds of stock dips, and most of them are good. Their use is becoming more common because their value is better known than formerly. Almost every stockman has animals that are not thrifty, and he don't know the reason why. It very often happens that such animals are troubled with parasites of some kind, perhaps several kinds. They are too small to be seen with the naked eye, and the farmer tries different kinds of medicines, when an outside application of some disinfectant is the only remedy needed. When stockmen once learn the value of dipping they need no further encouragement. They keep on dipping twice a year, because they know it pays both in dollars and in satisfaction.

We have found crude oil one of the best and most effective louse killers and disinfectants. It makes an excellent dip for swine. It will remove all of the old scales and scurf and improve the general appearance of the herd.

When mixed with crude carbolic acid at the rate of one gallon of crude carbolic acid to fifty gallons of crude oil it makes a cheap and effective disinfectant for use in the hog houses, hen houses and water holes in the hog lot where hogs are accustomed to wallow.

It will, when used alone, prove a very cheap oil to use on farm machinery when it is stored away for winter.

It can be used with safety as a fly repellent on all farm animals by the use of sprayers, and will prove as well adapted to that purpose as many of the more expensive dips and mixtures. For cuts and bruises on farm animals it is excellent and can be used with safety. Use on cows' teats when sore.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Testing Milk.

In some sections many of the best dairymen are adapting the Holland plan of combing and hiring men to visit each herd one day in the month and test the milk of each cow, thus giving the owners an idea of which cows are the ones that are paying for their keep. This plan is a very sensible one and should be encouraged. The cost is comparatively small, as the tester boards with the family while he is doing his work and is carried to the next place the day he has completed his work. This insures regularity in the work. In Michigan this plan has greatly increased the average production per cow. Wisconsin, too, has taken up this matter. It is good business and it may become popular, but some of our dairymen are hard to turn from the beaten paths of their fathers.—Farmers and Drovers' Journal.

Pump for the Garden.

A good pump should be part of the equipment of every garden. For the small garden a good bucket, compressed air or knapsack pump will be most satisfactory, while for larger gardens a barrel pump, with an attachment for spraying several rows when occasion demands, or an automatic pump geared to the wheels of the truck, will be found more economical of time and labor. The small compressed air sprayer is handy, as it leaves both hands free for use, and is, therefore, useful if it is desired to spray two or three small trees, possibly with the use of a stepladder to reach their tops.

Why Pitty the Farmer?

Mr. Mann of Geuda Springs, says a Kansas newspaper, loaded a large, fat hog into his automobile and took it to market in Arkansas City, where he got a good price for the porker. It took him a mighty short time to get the hog to town and get the cash for it. A few minutes' scrubbing fixed the auto so that it did not smell like a barnyard, and the hog probably enjoyed the ride. What's the use holding meetings trying to improve conditions of farm life?

Sowing Orchard Grass.

If orchard grass is not sown thickly it will not be a success. Three bushels to the acre should be used. Orchard grass is more vigorous than timothy, with a stronger root system; but if a permanent meadow is expected it must be top-dressed freely.

The Sorrel Horse.

There is no color of horse so insensible to heat as the sorrel. There is seldom any coat so silky or responds so quickly to good care as the sorrel, and many horsemen claim there is seldom any horse with such sound feet and limbs or possessing the endurance of the sorrel.

American Wheat.

The United States annually exports more wheat flour than all the other countries of the world combined—15,000,000 out of 26,000,000 barrels.