VITALIZER



RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down. MUNYON'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him go. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full manly vigor, begin on this remedy at once. There are 75 VITALIZER tablets in one bottle; every cablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quack doctors or spurious remedies, or fill your system with harmful drugs. Begin on MUNYONS VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, \$1, post-paid. Munyon, 53rd and Jesserson, Phila, Pa

Not Particularly Awed.

Mrs. Lakeshore-I forget faces quite readily. Have you ever worked for me before?

New Cook-So do I, mum. I don't reely remember whether I ever did or not.-Chicago Tribune.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every
frug store and in practically every home.
by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

A newly married woman's dinner table always looks pretty, but it takes an older housekeeper, with her best china smashed by time, to get up a dinner that tastes good.

WE PAY 11-13C FOR COW HIDES. Furs are also very high. We sell traps cheap. Ship to and buy of the old reliable N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

FASHION HINTS



A very practical dress is the model shown here. It is built on such simple lines that the home dressmaker will find it well within her scope.

A new and attractive touch is the lowhung, softly knotted sash.

How to Read.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but · it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon aesthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper, putting a blunt interrogation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a rational proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him. While the reader's surrender to the author must be complete, his attitude should not be passive, but that of active responsiveness and partnership .-- H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic. suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming

a coffee drunkard. "But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast, although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for

coffee. "I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble

me so when I drank coffee." Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a

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

The Redemption of Pavid Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XVIII .- (Continued.) His interest and excitement culmihated in an incident for which the listener was totally unprepared. The speaker who had been exhorting his audience upon the testimony of prophet and apostle now appealed to his own personal experience.

"Look at me!" he said, laying his great hand on his broad chest. "I was once as hardened and desperate a man as any of you; but God saved me! See this book!" he added, holding up the old volume. "I will tell you a story away out in the frontier State of Ohio. Listen, and I will tell you how. I had left a lumber camp with a company of frontiersmen one Sunday morning, to go to a new clearing which we were making in the wilderness, when I suddenly discovered that I had forgotten I returned to get it. As I approached the cabin which I had left a few minutes before, I heard a human voice. I paused in surprise, crept quietly to the doo rand listened. Some one was talking in almost the very language in which I have spoken to you. I was frightened and fled! Escaping into the depths of the forest, I lay down at the root of a great tree, and for the first time in my life I made a silence in my soul and listened to the voice of God. I know not how long I lay there; but at last when I recovered my consciousness I returned to the cabin. It was silent and empty; but

on the floor I found this book." the hearers that at this unexpected inthe men made a wide path for the figure that burst through them and rushed toward the platform. The speaker paused and fixed his eye upon the man

who pressed eagerly toward him. "Tell me whether a red line is drawn down the edge of a certain chapter!" he cried.

"It is," replied the lumberman. "Then let me take it!" exclaimed David, reaching out his trembling hands.

"What for?" "Because it is mine! I am the man who proclaimed the holy faith, and, God forgive me, abandoned it even as

you received it!" The astonished lumberman handed him the Bible, and he covered it with kisses and tears. In the meantime, the crowd, excited by the spectacular elements of the drama, surged round the actors, and the preacher, reaching down, took David by the arm and raised him to the platform.

"Be quiet, my friends," he said, with a gesture of command, "and when this prodigal has regained his composure we will ask him to tell us his story." Of what was transpiring around him David seemed to be entirely unconscious and at last the fickle crowd became impatient.

"What's de matter wid you?" said a sarcastic voice.

"Speak out! Don't snuffle," exclaim

"Tip us your tale," cried a fourth. "Go on. Go on. We're waiting," called many more.

These impatient cries at last aroused David from his waking dream, he drew his hand over his eyes, and began his story. For a time the strange narrative produced a profound impression. Heads drooped as if in meditation upon the mystery and meaning of life; significant glances were exchanged; tears trembled in many eyes; these torpid natures received a shock which for a moment awakened them to

But it was only for a moment. They were incapable of the sustained effort of thought, of ambition, or of will. Impressions made upon their souls were like those made on the soft folds of a garment by the passing touch of a

To their besotted perceptions this scene was like a play in a Bowery theater, and now that the dramatic denouement had come, they lost their interest and sauntered away singly or in little groups. In a few moments there were only three figures left in the light of the flaming torch. They were those of the lumberman, David, and Mantel. who now drew near, took his friend by the hand and pressed it with a gentle

"Where did you come from?" asked David, in surprise, as he for the first time recognized his companion.

"I have followed you all the evening," Mantel replied.

"Then you have heard the story of

this book?" "I have, and I could not have believed it without hearing."

"Can you spare us a little of your time?" said David, turning to the lumberman. "I owe you all the time you wish

and all the service I can render," he replied. "You have more than paid your debt by what you have done for me to-

night, but who are you?" "I am only another voice crying in

the wilderness." "How do you support yourself?" asked Mantel, to whom such a man was a phenomenon.

"We do not any of us support ourselves so much as we are supported," he replied.

"And this life of toil and self-denial had its origin in those words I spoke in the empty lumber camp?" asked David, incredulously. "It is not a life of self-denial but

that was its beginning." "It is a mystery. I lost my faith and you found it, and now perhaps his own. He must live and act for you are going to give it back again!" David said.

The lumberman turned his searching eyes kindly on Mantel's face and said, "And how is it with thee, my friend; hast thou the peace of God?" The directness of the question startled the gambler. "I have no peace of any kind; my heart is full of storms and my life is a ruin," he answered,

"Did thee never notice," said the

to reclaim a ruin " "I shall never be reclaimed. I have gone too far. I have often tried to about it. I found it in a log cabin find the true way of life, and prayed for a single glimpse of light! Have you ever heard how Zeyd used to spend hours leaning against the wall of the Kaaba and praying, 'Lord, if I knew in what manner thou wouldst have me adore thee, I would obey thee; but I do not! Oh! give me my axe. Swearing at my misfortune | light!' I have prayed that prayer with all that agony, but, to me, the universe is dark as hell!"

> "There is light enough! It is eyes we need!" said the evangelist. "Light! Who has it? Many think they have, but it is mere fancy. They mistake the shining of rotten wood for

"And sometimes men have walked in the light without seeing it, as fish swim in the sea and birds flying in the air, might say, 'Where is the sea?'

Where is the air?" "But what comfort is it, if there is light, and I cannot see it? There might as well be no light at all!"

"The bird never knows it has wings "Great heaven!" exclaimed a voice. until it tries them! We see, not by So rapt had been the attention of looking for our eyes, but by looking out of them. We say of a little child terruption the women screamed and that it has to 'find its legs.' Some men have to find their eyes."

"It is an art; then, to see? Can you impart that capacity and teach that "No, it must be acquired by each

man for himself. We can only tell others 'we see.' We see by faith." "And what is faith?" "It is a power of the soul as much

higher than reason as reason is higher than sense." "Some men may possess such pow-

er, but I do not." "You at least have an imagination."

"Yes." "Well, faith is but the imagination spiritualized."

Mantel regarded the man who spoke in these terse and pregnant sentences with astonishment. "This," said he, "is not the same language in which you addressed the people in the Battery. This is the language of a philosopher! Do all lumbermen in the west speak thus?"

The evangelist Legan to reply, but was interrupted by David, who now burst out in a sudden exclamation of joy and gratitude. He had been too busy with reflections and memories to participate actively in the conversation, for this startling incident had disclosed to him the whole slow and hidden movement of the providence of his life towards this climax and opportunity. He was profoundly moved by a clear conviction that a divine hand must have planned and superintended this whole web of events, and had intentionally led him from contemplating the tragic issue of his sinful deeds and desires, to this vision of the good he had done in the better moments of his life.

With that instantaneous movement in which his disordered conceptions of life invariably re-formed themselves. the chaotic events of the past shifted themselves into a purposeful and comprehensible series, and revealed beyond peradventure the hand of God.

And as this conclusion burst upon him, he broke into the conversation of Mantel and the lumberman with the warmest exclamations of gratitude and

happiness. They talked a long time in the quiet night, asking and answering questions. The two friends besought the evangelist to accompany them to their rooms, but he said:

"I have given you my message and must pass on. My work is to bear testimony. I sow the seed and leave its cultivation and the harvest to oth-

CHAPTER XIX.

Too busy with their own thoughts to talk on the way home, on entering their rooms Mantel threw himself into a chair, while David nervously began to gather his clothes together and self to art."-St. Louis Starcrowd them hastily into a satchel.

"What's up?" asked Mantel. "I'm off in the morning. I am going

to find Pepeeta." "Do you really expect to succeed?" "Expect to! I am determined!. I am going to find Pepeeta, take her back to that quiet valley where I lived, and get myself readjusted to life. I need time for reflection, and so do

you. What do you say? Will you join me? I cannot bear to leave you? You have been a friend, and I love you!" "Thanks, Corson, thanks. You have come nearer to stirring this dead heart of mine than any one since-well, no

matter. I reciprocate your feeling. I shall have a hard time of it after you have gone." "Then join me."

"It is impossible." "But why? This life will destroy ou sooner or later." "Oh-that's been done already."

"Think of your mother." "Mantel, you are carrying this too far. A man is something more than the mere chemical product of his ancestor's blood and brains! Every one has a new and original endowment of

himself." "I cannot bear to leave you, Man- he blubbers when he is sixteen.

tel. Join me. Such feelings as these which stir us so deeply to-night do not come too often. It must be dangerous to resist them. I suppose there are slight protests and aspirations in the soul all the time, but these tonight are like the flood of the tide."

"Yes," said Mantel; "the Nile flows through Egypt every day, but flows over it only once a year."

"And this is the time to sow the seed, isn't it?"

"So they say. But you must remember that you feel this more deeply that I do, Davy. I am moved. I have a desire to do better, but it isn't large enough. It is like a six-inch stream trying to turn a seven-foot

"Don't make light of it, Mantel!" "I don't mean to, but you must not overestimate the impressions made on me. I am not so good as you think." "I wish you had the courage to be

as good as you are." "But there is no use trying to be what I am not. If I should start off follow you. My old self would get the victory. In the long run, a man will lumberman, gently, "how nature loves | be himself. 'Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome-seldom extinguished."

> "What a mood you are in, Mantel! It makes me shiver to hear you talk so. Here I am, full of hope and purpose; my heart on fire; believing in life; confident of the outcome; and you, a better man by nature than I am, sitting here, cold as a block of ice, and the victim of despair! I ought to be able to do something! Sweet as life is to me to-night, I feel that I could lay it down to save you."

> "Dear fellow!" said Mantel, grasping his hands and choking with emotion; "you don't know how that moves me! It can't seem half so strange to you as it does to me; but I must be true to myself. If I told you I would take this step I should not be honest. No! Not to-night! Sometimes, perhaps. I haven't much faith in life, but I swear I don't believe, bad man as I am, that anybody can ever go clear to the bottom, without being rescued by a love like that! I'll never forget it, Davy; never! It will save me sometime; but you must not talk any more, you are tired out. Go to bed, friend, brother, the only one I ever really had and loved. You will need your sleep. Leave me alone, and I will sit the night out

and chew the bitter cud." It was not until Daybreak that David ceased his supplications and lay down to snatch a moment's rest. When he awoke, he sprang up suddenly and saw Mantel still sitting before the open window where he left him, pondering the great problem. They parted, one to break through the meshes

and escape, and the other-! In Australia, when drought drives the rabbits southward, the ranchmen, terrified at their approach, have only to erect a woven wire fence on the north side of their farms to be perfectly safe, for the poor things lie down against it and die in drovestoo stupid to go round, climb over, or dig under! It is a comfort to see one of them now and then who has determined to find the green fields on the southward side-no matter what

it costs! Weak and bad as he had been, David at least took the first path which he saw leading up to the light.

(To be continued.) In Chicago's Packerles.

Kate Barnard describes in the Survey her experience in a Chicago packing house and draws a humanitarian lesson from what she saw.

"I watched a hog sticker in a packing house stick 300 hogs an hour, ten hours a day. All day long the glittering dagger rose and fell, and each time a hog died and the rich red blood flowed and splashed over the man's arms and hands. He looked up at me and smiled-this human brother of mine-and even as he smiled the glittering dagger unerringly hit the jugular vein. Two years later he went mad-but his hand never ceased its automatic action, even when the light of his brain went out, and he felled five men before they could wrench from him the terrible dagger-a dagger no more cold or unfeeling than those who crushed his life. What an indictment against those who would fasten on their brothers the long work day. Sunshine and human fellowship daily would have saved this man. But we returned him to his maker, a maniac-we coined his brain into gold. It was such arguments as these which secured our laws to prevent disease."

No Escape Via Temperament.

"Mabel is getting past the marriageable age, isn't she?" "Yes, and it's too bad she hasn't

any talents." "Why?"

"She won't be able to tell her friends that temperament prompts her to give up matrimony and devote her-

Modern Romance.

"Doll heart, tell me something," murmured the swain.

"What is it?" inquired the lady.

"Do you really love me?" "Do I really love you? Ain't I giving up alimony for you?"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Then He Went.

"I think I must be going," remarked the young man for the tenth time. "You do not appear to be going," declared the young lady, after inspecting him carefully. "You seem to be perfectly stationary."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Better Half.

"I'm introducing a brand new invention-a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an of-

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married."-Bohemian.

If a boy is brought up to suit his father, he is too old to cry after he is six, but if he is Mother's Darling

GOOD SHORT STORIES

A Chicago judge recently rebuked a person who was sitting in the courtroom with his feet placed upon the table by sending him, through a bailiff, a piece of paper on which he had writden the following query: "What size boots do you wear?" The feet were at ence withdrawn.

The story is told of the Rev. James Patterson of Philadelphia that he once said, in a circle of his brethren, that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "1 have often prayed," said he, "that I with you, I should never be able to | might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor-I could trust my church for that!"

It was Senator Evarts who paid this compliment to the police of New York at an annual dinner of the force: "As compared with the press you exhibit a striking contrast. You know a great many things about our citizens that you don't tell, and the press tells a great many things about our citizens that it doesn't know."

The house bill of the Imperial The ater of La Roche-sur-Yon announced for the evening performance "La Tour de Nesle," a five-act performance, and "La Sœur de Jocrisse," a one-act farce. The drama had been disposed of, but the low comedian was missing and could not be found. What was to be done? A luminous idea finally entered the manager's mind. The orchestra played an overture, then another, then a third, then a polka, and finally a quadrille. At last, when the audience had grown quite obstreperous, the stage manager appeared. He addressed the three conventional bows to the spectators and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: You are anxious, I know, to listen to 'La Sœur de Jocrisse'; the piece has just been acted, but through an unaccountable oversight on the part of the stage hands they forgot to raise the curtain.

When King Gustavus III. was in Paris he was visited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fellowcountryman. The King, who took small interest in the progress of science, felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic or der, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count." "His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister, as he read the order; "but who in the world is Scheele?" A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information 'Scheele is a good sort of fellow,' said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery. a capital shot, and a first-rate hand at billiards." The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher. The error was not discovered until the King returned home. His majesty was indignant. "You must all be fools," he exclaimed, 'not to know who Scheele is!"

Gothic Furniture. How can one truly estimate the stern faith and uncompromising qualities of our Protestant forefathers unless something of their background is known, unless something of the discomfort of their exasperating furniture is understood? Otherwise it is impossible to appreciate properly the formative quality of their surroundings. In "My Reminiscences" Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema tells a story that points the moral and adorns the tale

of the preceding statement. Baron Lys, the great historical painter of Belgium, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on my work, was at times a severe critic. I remember his asking me to insert in his picture of Luther and the other Reformers a Gothic table.

When I had done so, he came and looked at it, saying:

"That is not my idea of a Gothic table. It ought to be so constructed that everyone knocks his knees to pieces on it."

I saw his point, and hence the table now in the picture.

A Larger View.

After the tramp had got over the wall, just in time to escape the bulldog, the London Globe says, the woman of the house called after him: "What are you doing here?"

"Madam," replied the dignified vagrant, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that in the interests of humanity you will feed that canine."

A Good Match.

"I notice," said the Library Table, that we have a new Sleepy Hollow Chair." "Yes," said the Carpet, proudly; "he

goes well with my nap."-Baltimore American.

Ruthless Interrogators. "I bate people why pry into personal

affairs!" "With whom do yo expect trouble; customs inspectors or census takers?"

He's a mean man who will snore in church and keep others awake.

Washington Star.

Save This Recipe for Colds.

"Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add onehalf ounce | Concentrated pine compound. The bottle is to be well shaken each time and used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours." Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house. This is wonderfully

effective. The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles each enclosed in an airtight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated."

Following the Fashion.

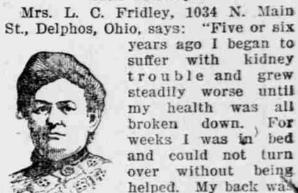
Many women, and men as well, are disturbed if they feel that the clothes they wear are in the slightest particular obsolete. They cannot buy a pocket handkerchief without the anxious inquiry whether it is what everybody else is wearing, or purchase a shoestring without critical scrutiny and comparison. Not merely in clothes is the fashion followed, but in social diversions. One game gives place to another, one popular ballad with a whistleable refrain ousts its forerunner completely; no sooner is a tune learned than it is gone like the snows of yesterday. Books suffer the same incessant vicissitudes of the favor of "Fortune in men's eyes." In mest things it does not matter if there is a continual cycle of changes. It is only when it comes to our beliefs and our opinions that it is not well to try to keep pace with the vagaries and eccentricities of fashion.

Hard to Locate.

"How about this new student's ideas of orthography?" said one professor. "He has me puzzled," replied the other. "I can't decide whether he is simply illiterate or a spelling reformer in advance of his time."-Washing-

STEADILY GREW WORSE.

A Typical Tale of Sufferings from Sick Kidneys.



stiff and painful, I was tired and languid, and when I was able to get around I could not do my work. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much that I kept on using them until rid of every symptom of kidney trouble. During the past three years I have enjoyed excellent health."

Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster. Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Savings Banks. An Irishman was explaining Amerlcan institutions to a green country.

man. "A savings bank," he said, "is & place where you can deposit money today and draw it out to-morrow by give/ ing a week's notice."-Success Mag-

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE. The Farmers of Central Canada Reng-

Wheat and Riches. Up in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the provinces that compose Central Canada have such a quantity of land suitable for the growth of small grains, which grow so abundantly, and yield so handsomely that no fear need be feared of a wheat famine on this Continent, The story reproduced below is only one of the hundreds of proofs that could be produced to show the results that may be obtained from cultivation of the lands in these provinces. Almost any section of the country will do as

well. With the country recently opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest of the great transcontinental lines to enter the field of the development of the Canadian West, there is afforded added ample opportunity to do as was done

in the case cited below:

To buy a section of land, break it up and crop it, make \$17,550 out of the yield and \$10,880 out of the increase of value all within the short period of two years, was the record established by James Bailey, a well-known farmer within a few miles of Regina. Mr. Bailey bought the 640 acres of land near Grand Coulee two years ago. He immediately prepared the whole section for crop and this year had 600 acres of wheat and 40 acres of oats. The wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, and the oats yielded 4,750 bushels, The whole of the grain has been man keted and Mr. Bailey is now worth \$17,550 from the grain alone. He bought the land at \$18 an acre, and the other day refused an offer of \$35 an acre, just a \$17 advance from the time of his purchase. The land coat \$11,320 in the first instance. Here are the figures of the case: Land first cost, 640 acres, at \$18, \$11,320. Wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, at 84 cents a bushel, \$16,695. Oats yielded 4,750 bushels, at 28 cents a bushel, \$855. Offered for land, 640 acres at \$35 an acre, \$22,400. Increase value of land \$10,880. Total earnings of crop, \$17, 550, together with increase in value of land, a total of \$28,540.

It is interesting to note the figures of the yield per acre. The wheat yielded 33.12 bushels to the acre, and oats 118.7 bushels to the acre. The figures are a fair indication of the av-

erage throughout the district. Agent of the Canadian Government in the different cities will be pleased to give you information as to rates,