

VITALIZER

There is Hope



RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down. MUNKYON'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 tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quick doctors or spurious remedies, or fill your system with harmful drugs. Begin on MUNKYON'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, \$1.00, post-paid. Munkyon, 50rd and Jefferson, Tulsa, Okla.

Not Particularly Aweed.

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

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

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale 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. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

FASHION HINTS



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

A new and attractive touch is the low-hung, 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 26 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 David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

His interest and excitement culminated 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 about it. I found it in a log cabin 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 my axe. Sweating at my misfortune 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 door and 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."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed a voice. So rapt had been the attention of the hearers that at this unexpected interruption the women screamed and the 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 forgave 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 snuffe!" exclaimed another.

"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 a new life.

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 hand.

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 sympathy.

"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?"

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 lumberman. "I have no peace of any kind; my heart is full of storms and my life is a ruin," he answered, sadly.

"Did thee never notice," said the lumberman, gently, "how nature loves to reclaim a ruin?"

"I shall never be reclaimed. I have gone too far. I have often tried to 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 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 fire!"

"And sometimes men have walked in the light without seeing it, as fish swim in the sea and birds fly 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 until it tries them! We see, not by looking for our eyes, but by looking out of them. We say of a little child 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 art?"

"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 power, 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 began 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.

As he thus concluded 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 others."

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 crowd them hastily into a satchel.

"What's up?" asked Mantel.

"I'm off in the morning. I am going to find Peepeta."

"Do you really expect to succeed?"

"Expect to? I am determined. I am going to find Peepeta, 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 in my 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 you 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 his own. He must live and act for himself."

"I cannot bear to leave you, Man-

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 written the following query: "What size boots do you wear?" The feet were at once 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. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I 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 Theater 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 fellow-countryman. 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 order, "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 any nap."—Baltimore American.

Ruthless Interrogators.

"I hate people who pry into personal affairs!"

"With whom do you expect trouble; customs inspectors or census takers?"—Washington Star.

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

Save This Recipe for Colds.

"Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add one-half 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 shoe-string 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 most 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."—Washington Star.

STEADILY GREW WORSE.

A Typical Tale of Sufferings from Sick Kidneys.

Mrs. L. C. Fridley, 1034 N. Main St., Delphos, Ohio, says: "Five or six years ago I began to suffer with kidney trouble and grew steadily worse until my health was all broken down. For weeks I was in bed and could not turn over without being helped. My back was 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 American institutions to a green countryman.

"A savings bank," he said, "is a place where you can deposit money to-day and draw it out to-morrow by giving a week's notice."—Success Magazine.

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

The Farmers of Central Canada Reap 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 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 marketed 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 cost \$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 average throughout the district.

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