

### UNDEFEATED CHAMPION OF THE NORTHWEST.

T. A. Ireland, Rifle Shot, of Colfax, Wash., Tells a Story.

Mr. Ireland is the holder of four world records and has yet to lose his first match—says he: "Kidney trouble so affected my vision as to interfere with my shooting. I became so nervous I could hardly hold a gun. There was severe pain in my back and head and my kidneys were terribly disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after I had doctored and taken nearly every remedy imaginable without relief. I will give further details of my case to anyone enclosing stamp."

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

### HIS HOPES.



Jinks—Do you expect to move this spring?  
Fickle—I expect to, yes; but hope my wife may decide to grant me a reprieve.

### BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee.

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising. The inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema.

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

### When Father Helped.

The fond father held the manuscript while his son practised the oration.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant," cried the youth, "to—to—to—well, what is it?"

The father was wrestling with the manuscript.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "here it is: 'to desecrate.' Go on."

"It's desecrate," cried the boy, indignantly. "Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant to desecrate the—the—the—why don't you prompt me?"

The father was staring hard at the manuscript.

"The—the poodle—paddle—poodle—um of our liver ties," he stammered.

"It's the palladium of our liberties," roared the boy. "Gimme that paper—I'll say it myself."

And he stalked away angrily.

### The Luggage Question.

DeLancey Nicoll, lawyer, is always a well-dressed man, and abominates a slovenly appearance. At the Union club he said of a westerner one day: "He has come on to New York for a week and I don't believe he has brought a stitch of luggage with him." Here Mr. Nicoll smiled.

"Unless, indeed," he added, "he's stowed something in the large bags he carries in the knees of his trousers."

### DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

### In New York.

Up-to-Date Gladys—is it really such an improper play?  
Up-to-Date Dorris—Oh, it isn't just for to see, but it's all right for us girls. —Pack.

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"There's Mr. Balcumb over there," Zelda remarked, casually. "He sings divinely, doesn't he? Don't you think he sings divinely?" and she looked at Morris suddenly, with a provoking air of gravity.

"I'm sure he was a De Reszke in some former incarnation," said Morris, savagely.

"That was just what I was thinking, only I hadn't the words to express it," said Zelda, with a mockery of joy at finding they were in accord.

"I'm glad, then, that we can agree about something, even when we're both undoubtedly wrong."

"I don't like to think that I can be wrong," said Zelda. "And it isn't in the least flattering for you to suggest such a thing. I shall have to speak to my Uncle Rodney about you."

"Any interest you may take in me will be appreciated."

Jack had crossed the room, giving what he called the cheering jolly to several young women on the way, and he turned quickly:

"At your service, Miss Dameron"—

"Mr. Leighton is crazy about your singing. He is just waiting for a chance to congratulate you. But he's very unhappy to-night. Words fail him." And she shook her head and looked into Balcumb's grinning face as though this were a great grief between them.

"What kind of a jolly is this? I say, Morris, you look like first and second grade-digger done into one. We're not playing Hamlet now. But I can tell you, Miss Dameron, that when Brother Leighton—he belongs to my frat, hence the brother—did Hamlet over at our dear old alma mater, the gloom that settled down on that township could have been cut up into badges of mourning enough to have supplied Spain through her little affair with these States. That's Walt Whitman—these States! Do you know, I was Ophelia to his Hamlet, and if I do say it myself, I was a sweet thing in Ophelias."

"I don't doubt you were, Mr. Balcumb," said Zelda.

"There was just one thing lacking in your impersonation," declared Leighton; "you ought to have been drowned in the first scene of the first act to have made it perfect."

"No, violence, gentlemen. I beg of you!" And Zelda hurried across the room to where Herr Schmidt was assembling the principals.

"Say, that girl has got the art of stringing down fine. She seems to have you going all right. You look like twenty-nine cents at a thirty-cent bargain counter. But you take it too hard. I wish she'd string me! They're never so much interested as when they throw you on your face and give you the merry tra la. I tell you I've had experience with the sex all right, and I know!"

"Yes, I remember your flirtations with the girls that waited on table at the college boarding-house. You had a very cheering way with them."

Balcumb's eyes were running restlessly over the groups of young people. He was appraising and fixing them in his mind as he talked. His joy in being among them—these representative young people of the city, whose names he knew well from long and diligent perusal of the personal and society columns of the daily papers—amused Leighton; but the fellow's self-satisfaction irritated him, too.

The chorus had been drilled apart, and this was the first time Morris had heard the principals sing. He had joined the chorus under protest, but Mrs. Carr had insisted, and when he learned that Zelda was to be the star it had not been difficult to comply. She began now one of her songs.

"When the last notes died away, Balcumb stepped out at the director's nod and began the answering song. Balcumb usually amused Morris; but the fellow struck upon him discordantly. Zelda was laughing at Balcumb's antics as he began to sing with fervor and a real sense of the dramatic requirements. As he neared the end, where Zelda and he sang together the duet that ended the first half of the opera, Zelda put up her hands, and he took them, gazing into her eyes with a fine lover-like air. Their voices soared into the climax without a break, while the director threw himself into strange contortions as he struck the last bars leading to the high note which they gained and held perfectly. The dress rehearsal was fixed for the next night.

"It simply can't fail!" declared Mrs. Carr to Leighton. "Miss Dameron could carry it alone if every one else should break down."

"That is altogether true," said Morris. He was glaring at Balcumb, whose joy in being a member of the cast was hard to bear.

### CHAPTER IX.

"Deceivers Ever" was presented, with no more delays and slips than usually befall amateur performances, before an audience that tested the capacity of the Athenaeum. It was a great occasion for Mrs. Carr, as she had undoubtedly taken the Dramatic Club when its life was ebbing fast and made a living thing of it. She sat in the wings holding the prompt-book and prepared for any fate.

"Let us speak to Zee and then escape," said Merriam to his sister, as the chairs were being pushed back for the dance that was to follow the play. A few older people were there and they formed a little colony by themselves. Zelda came out presently from the dressing-room, with her arms full of flowers that had been passed across the footlights, and she bore Olive Merriam with her.

"Don't be afraid; not in the least afraid," Zelda said to her cousin as she hastened across the hall to her aunt and uncle.

"Please don't," urged Olive. "It isn't kind to me."

"No danger at all; they're all perfectly amiable when you know how to manage them."

"Aunt Julia, this is a real compliment! Thanks very much. This is Olive Merriam. And, Uncle Rodney, here she starts to whom I expect you to say something particularly nice. Mr. Merriam, Miss Merriam—and Zelda smiled at the old gentleman bowed low over the hand of his brother's daughter.

"Olive Merriam," said Zelda, "is my cousin and my very dearest friend."

Olive was not afraid. She smiled at Rodney Merriam; and there was something very winning in Olive Merriam's smile. Zelda looked demurely at her aunt, who seemed alarmed lest something unpleasant might happen; but Rodney Merriam laughed, half at finding himself caught, and half at the sight of Olive Merriam's blue eyes, her glowing cheeks with their furtive demples and the fair hair that Zelda was now compelling her to wear in the prevailing mode.

"I am delighted; I am proud of you," he declared, quite honestly.

"I think—I may say that I reciprocate," replied Olive. "I haven't seen you for a long time—Uncle Rodney—except at a distance."

"Altogether my fault and my loss! I trust that the distance may be considerably lessened hereafter."

A number of people were watching this by-play with keen interest. Something had surely happened among the Merriams. It had been many years since so many members of the family had been seen together at any social gathering.

"There's a draft somewhere," said Mrs. Forrest, suddenly. "We must be going, Rodney. And now, Zelda, don't stay out all night. Mrs. Carr is going to take you home. You'll be sure to be sick if you're not careful. And—Zelda was looking at her aunt intently—"Miss Merriam, I do hope you will come to see me. I never go anywhere, you know. And please remember me to your mother."

"And pray remember me, also," said Rodney Merriam, feeling Zelda's eyes upon him.

"Oh, Zee," said her uncle, in a low tone; "it was all fine; but how did Pollock come to be in the show?—I don't know. You'll know him."

"Of course I shall know him."

"But I prefer,"

"Please don't prefer! I'm having a little fun to-night, and I can't be serious at all. Some other time—good-night!"

"What do you think of that girl?" asked Mrs. Forrest, when she was alone with her brother in their carriage.

"I think she's very pretty, if you refer to Olive Merriam, and has nice manners," said his reply.

"There seems to be no way of checking Zelda's enthusiasms. I hope that girl won't take advantage of Zee's kindness," said Mrs. Forrest, as her brother left her at her door.

"I shouldn't worry about her if I were you."

"I certainly shan't; but you were always down on her father."

"I was always a good deal of a fool, too," said Rodney Merriam; and he refused to be taken home in his sister's carriage, but walked homeward from her door through High street, beating the walk reflectively with his stick.

At the Athenaeum Zelda was enjoying herself unreservedly. Her cousin Olive had been presented to a representative Marion audience in a way that had commanded attention, and Zelda was thoroughly happy over it. She did not care in the least what people might say about the healing of old wounds among the Merriams. It gave her the only unalloyed joy of her home-coming to see Olive established socially on a footing that was, she told herself, as firm as her own.

Balcumb, who was much swollen with pride by his success in the opera, was talking in his usual breathless fashion to a young friend from the country whom he had asked to witness his triumph. Beyond Pollock's head Zelda could see Balcumb's profile, though she could not hear him.

"She's a regular piece, that girl. I was scared to death for fear she'd throw me in that duet—we'd never sung it together—but I carried it through all right. She's that stunning!"

"I'm afraid—I've done little things for her—theater and so on, but I'll have to cut it all out. She's amusing, but I can't afford to have her misunderstand my attentions. When a fellow finds that he's got a girl down fine she ceases to be interesting. It's the pursuit that's amusing; but when they begin to expect something—Cunning? well, I should say!"

Pollock heard him distinctly, and he shut his eyes two or three times in a quick way that he had when angry, though he kept on talking to Zelda about the evening's performance.

"I'm afraid you're jealous of Mr. Balcumb. He got more applause than anybody."

"He deserved all he got for making such a monkey of himself."

"He's a man of courage; he probably thought he could afford to do it."

"All of that?" said Pollock.

"A rising young man," continued Zelda.

"A person, I should say, of most egregious and monumental gall"—and Zelda laughed at his earnestness. She had not heard Balcumb's remark about her cousin, but she knew he had said something that irritated Pollock. That young officer left her quickly when his officer came up for the dance that had now begun.

Pollock found Balcumb in a moment. The promoter was standing at the side of the hall, his eyes nervously searching for the girl with whom he had engaged the dance.

"Mr. Balcumb," said Pollock, at his elbow, "may I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," said Balcumb, in his usual amiable fashion. "Only I'm engaged for this dance and have lost my partner."

"That's my own fix," declared Pollock, "but my errand is brief. Let us step out here."

He led the way to a door opening upon the main stairway of the building and they paused there, Pollock with his back to the door, facing Balcumb. He carried one glove in his hand and was very trim and erect in his evening clothes.

"Mr. Balcumb, I was so unfortunate as to overhear your conversation of a moment ago—with some one I didn't know, but that doesn't matter—in which you referred to a young lady—a young lady who came here to-night under your escort, in terms that a gentleman would not use."

"As a confessed eavesdropper I don't believe it is necessary for you to say anything further," said Balcumb, with heat, and he took a step toward the door of the assembly-room.

Pollock touched him on the shoulder with the tips of his fingers, very lightly. Balcumb was half a head taller and much bulkier, but the tips of Pollock's fingers seemed to carry a certain insistence, and Balcumb drew back.

"I shall hold you responsible for this, you—"

"I certainly hope you will. As I was saying, you referred to a young lady, who was here under your protection, in terms which no one but a contemptible cur would use of a woman—"

Balcumb's arm went up and he struck at Pollock with his fist. The officer stood as he had been, but the glove in his right hand slapped smartly upon Balcumb's face, and Balcumb took an involuntary step backward down the stairway.

"In the part of the country that I came from, Mr. Balcumb," Pollock continued in an easy conversational tone, "we do very pleasant things to bright and captivating people of your stripe"—he took another step forward, and Balcumb, a little white in the face, retreated again—"but in this instance"—Pollock lifted his left hand to his shadowy moustache and gave it a twist; he took another step and Balcumb yielded before him—"I shall let you off with unwarranted leniency."

Balcumb, forced another step downward, had grown red with fury, and again struck at Pollock, but with the result that Balcumb stumbled and retreated two steps instead of one, reaching a landing. With this more secure footing he gained courage.

"You little cur, you little—" he blustered, drawing his face down so that he could glare into Pollock's eyes.

"Yes," said Pollock, calmly; "I have been called little before; so that your statement lacks novelty. As I was saying—and he leaned against the stair-rail with the tips of the fingers of his gloved hand, and as he tucked his trousers pocket, and holding the other glove in his right hand—"I haven't time now to go into the matter further, but I am always at your service. It will give me great pleasure to make your excuses to Miss Merriam, or to any other friends you may be leaving behind you—owing to an illness that made it necessary for you to leave—suddenly. Now you will oblige me by continuing on down to the coat room—unattended. There are probably some gentlemen below there that I should very much dislike to explain matters to."

Balcumb leaped lightly forward as though to make a rush for the door of the assembly-room.

"Try that again," said Pollock, seizing him by the collar, and throwing him back, "and I'll drop you over the banister."

Some men had entered the lower hall from the smoking-room, and Balcumb greeted them cheerfully as he turned and went below as though to join them. Pollock stood above waiting for Balcumb to reappear, and as he waited he resumed his glove and buttoned it with care. The waltz was nearly over, but he stood there leaning against the stair-rail and beating time to the music with his foot, until he saw Balcumb come out of the coat room clad for the street. When Balcumb looked up, Pollock waved his hand to him graciously, and turned and went back into the hall.

"Miss Merriam," he said, bowing before Olive, "I very much regret to present Mr. Balcumb's compliments and to say that he has been unexpectedly called away—pressing business—and he asked me to do myself the honor to see that you don't get lost. This is our dance."

### (To be continued.)

### CAUGHT BY ITS TONGUE.

Story of a Remarkable Capture of a Wild Beast in Nebraska.

In the winter of 1896-97, says a contributor to the Wide World, I was depot agent at Duncan, Neb., a small town on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad, ninety-nine miles west of Omaha. The weather was bitterly cold. One morning shortly after day-break, while a man I knew, called Herman Ernst, and his assistant were hauling hay a short distance from my station, the former's attention was attracted to a gray wolf standing between the rails on the main line, and as he did not leave the spot on the approach of Herman's wagon, he (Herman) grabbed his fork and ran up to the wolf, which had its head close to the rails, as if in a trap.

After killing the wolf Herman tore the animal from the rail and was astonished to note that its tongue was left attached to the metals. Subsequently I investigated this curious incident and evolved the following explanation:

The morning passenger train had passed that point only a few minutes before Herman saw the wolf and had run over a jack rabbit, leaving the blood on the rail. The wolf had either been chasing the rabbit or had happened by soon afterward, and in trying to lick the blood from the rail his tongue, owing to the intense cold of the metal, froze to it, while the saliva from his mouth became a cake of solid ice over an inch thick, attaching him to the rail as securely as though in a vise.

### LA FOLLETTE SEES ROOSEVELT

SENATOR LEAVES COLONEL IN JUBILANT MOOD.

Declares Former President is Greatest American Living and is in Fighting Trim.

Oyster Bay.—Robert M. La Follette, United States senator from Wisconsin, spent two hours talking politics with Theodore Roosevelt. He left Oyster Bay wearing a broad smile.

Senator LaFollette arrived with G. E. Roe, a New York lawyer, who was formerly his law partner. Colonel Roosevelt's chauffeur was waiting for them, and whisked them away to Sagamore Hill. The senator had pulled his hat down over his eyes and tried to escape unseen. But he was caught fairly at it by a group of newspaper men. They tackled him on suspicion, although nobody recognized him, for his hat hid his famous pompadour.

"Not a word," he said. "I'm going to Sagamore Hill, but I don't want a word said about it."

When he returned, just in time to catch a train for New York, he was smiling his most expansive, persuasive smile. "It's all right, boys, he cried jocularly. "The colonel says I may talk with you."

"Did we talk politics?" he replied to the first question. "We did."

"We talked of the legislation of the present session of congress, from the attitude of those members of the Republican party whom the newspapers are pleased to call insurgents."

"Can you go into details?"

"No; I prefer that they come from Sagamore Hill. I am very much pleased with the result of my visit with Colonel Roosevelt, very much pleased, indeed."

The senator paused for a moment. Suddenly the smile left his face for the first time and he said impressively: "I want to tell you that Colonel Roosevelt is the great living American, and," he added slowly and significantly, "he is in fighting trim."

CHARLTON CASE IS HALTED

Arraignment Postponed to Await Exchanges Between Washington and Italian Government.

New York.—Porter Charlton's case now waits upon the result of exchanges between the state department at Washington and the Italian government.

His counsel, in asking that his formal arraignment be postponed, Tuesday promised that no effort would be made under habeas corpus, insanity or other proceedings to take the prisoner out of the hands of the New Jersey authorities, pending the adjourned arraignment, which after some argument, was finally set for July 8.

Meanwhile it is expected that the international aspects of the case will have adjusted themselves and decision be reached as to whether Charlton shall be delivered to the Italian authorities on extradition proceedings.

DEMANDS MILLION DAMAGES

Ira Von Claussen Files Suit Against Roosevelt and Others Charging Slander and Conspiracy.

New York.—Ira Von Claussen, once the wife of Dr. William Francis Honan, whose coming to America to sue Theodore Roosevelt and other notables was announced from Paris a few weeks ago, appeared in the county house Tuesday with a complaint which she insisted on filing in the county clerk's office.

Her complaint charges Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Bacon, ambassador to France; Charles Graves, minister to Sweden, and Mrs. Alice Wright G. Graves, his wife, with slander and conspiracy. She declares that through the machinations of these distinguished persons she was deprived of a royal marriage with Prince Eugene of Sweden as the bridegroom.

Wherefore she demands \$1,000,000 damages.

1,500 IN SHIP FIRE PERIL

Four Dead, Number Seriously Injured and 400 Slightly Hurt—Result of Burning of Excursion Steamer.

La Crosse, Wis.—Four persons are dead, a number seriously injured and about 400 slightly burned in attempting to escape from the burning hull of the excursion steamer J. S., with 1,500 passengers aboard, which caught fire Saturday night in the Mississippi river 15 miles south of here.

The story of the rescue as told is that the steamer, when it finally reached Bad Ax island, where the passengers were able to escape ashore, was burning so fiercely that only 200 of the 1,500 aboard were able to go ashore on the gangplank. The other 1,200 or 1,300 passengers were forced to leap over the rail into water four or five feet deep and wade ashore, suffering terribly until they were able to reach the main land.

Arizona Election September 12.

Phoenix, Ariz.—Governor Sloan issued a proclamation Wednesday fixing September 12 as the date for the election of delegates to the convention which will frame a constitution for the new state of Arizona.

Rolls to Fly in America.

New York.—Charles S. Rolls, the English aviator, who flew twice across the channel a few weeks ago, has entered both the international balloon contest and the international aviation contest.

# TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicine has done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again as ever. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. WILLIE EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

# PROOF in the Morning!

We tell you about how good you'll feel after taking a CASCARET—that millions of people—buy, use and recommend them—But that's talk—you buy a box now—take as directed to-night and get the proof in the morning—After you know CASCARETS you'll never be without them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Lightning Rods on the White House.

The White House is going to have lightning rods. They will be put on some time this summer. The distinguished occupants of the mansion past and present have never been protected against Jupiter's bolts. The rods will be put on every part of the building, except the low offices where the president transacts his official business. Col. Spencer S. Colby, United States superintendent of public grounds and buildings, persuaded Mr. Taft that the White House ought to be equipped with the rods and executive approval was given. The cost will be between \$500 and \$600.—Philadelphia North American.

German Alcohol Stills.

An authority on alcohol stills says that there are 20,000 farm stills in operation on as many farms in Germany. The German government permits the farmer to produce a certain amount of grain or potato alcohol, the amount depending upon the size and location of the farm and the annual demand for the product, upon the payment of a reduced revenue tax. Alcohol distilled in excess of the quantity allowed is subject to the higher rate of taxation. Denatured alcohol, however, is not subject to any tax.

Degrees of Misery.

Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?"

"Nothing," said the other, "except, perhaps, six children and a trombone."

Lowering the gas makes the world brighter—to lovers.

# A Pleasing Combination Post Toasties

with Cream and Sugar.

Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a fascination that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers,  
Pkgs. 10c and 15c

POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.  
Battle Creek, Mich.