

PERFUME FAVORED BY QUEENS

Royal Family of England Remain Faithful to "Ess Bouquet"—Czarina Is Fond of White Violet.

Queen Mary is not a lover of perfume. She uses eau de cologne occasionally, but avoids scents as much as possible. A west end chemist told the writer recently that neither is Queen Alexandra very fond of perfumes, although she remains faithful to the "Ess Bouquet," which has been in use by the royal family of England since 1822. This perfume is composed of amber mixed with the essences of roses, violets, jasmine, orange flowers and lavender.

On the other hand the Czarina is passionately fond of perfume. Her apartments in the royal palace are daily sprayed with essences of lilac, jasmine, and white violet. Her Majesty's favorite essence is violet, and for several weeks in the early spring hundreds of women and girls may be seen at Grasse gathering the blossoms from which the Czarina's perfume is made. The finished product is tested, bottle by bottle, at the St. Petersburg Academy of Chemistry before being sent to the imperial store.

The Queen Mother of Spain uses a perfume eau d'Espagne, manufactured in Madrid, and also obtains a perfume for her toilet from Paris. Its composition is a secret which the perfume eau d'Espagne, manufactured in France, he says, "of rosewater, coconut oil, and the rest is a mystery."

The young Queen of Holland is a great believer in the virtues of eau de cologne; while "Carmen Sylvia," Queen of Roumania, uses a special perfume made from the finest herbs, which she says "is the best tonic for the skin she has yet discovered."

Why Do They. Why women like the baldheaded man it is somewhat difficult to define. It may be because he appears to be thoughtful and kind.

Trustworthy and confiding. Whimsical. Past the follies and frivolities of youth.

Usually successful. A man of property.

Opinions why women like the baldheaded man obtained by the Daily Mirror are as follows:

He is not silly like young men. He accepts refusals of marriage so nicely that one is sorry one did not accept him.

The bald patch looks so clean and nice. One would like to kiss it.

A doctor welcomes baldness when it comes to him, as it is a sign of sedateness and dignified learning, which invariably increases his practise.

What World Lost? "It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high-browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartan.

Russia's Growing Population. This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

How It Happened. He was limping down the street with one arm in a sling and both eyes in mourning.

"What's the matter?" queried a friend. "Automobile accident?"

"No," replied the other, sadly. "I met a man who couldn't take a joke."

There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.—Dickens.

EAGER TO WORK. Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever.

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maize Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Atlanta, Griswold to his college, Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had winked at him. Mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meets Barbara Osborne. He remains to assist her in the absence of her father. Ardmore learns that his winking lady is the daughter of Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina. He follows her to Raleigh, and on the way is given a brown jug at Kildare. In Raleigh he discovers that the jug bears a message threatening Dangerfield unless Applegate, a criminal, is allowed to go free. He goes to the capitol to warn the governor, finds him absent and becomes allied with the daughter, Jerry Dangerfield, in discharging the duties of the governor's office.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I have heard papa say that life is short and the tenure of office uncertain. I can remove you at any time I please. Now do you understand that this is a serious business? There's likely to be a lot of trouble, and no time for asking questions, so when I say it's so, it's so."

"It's so," repeated Ardmore dolefully.

"Now, here's the sheriff at Kildare, on our side of the line, who writes to say that he is powerless to catch Applegate. He's afraid of the dark, that man! You see, the grand jury in Dilwell county—that's Kildare, you know—has indicted Applegate as a common outlaw, but the grand jurors were all friends of Applegate and the indictment was only to satisfy law-and-order sentiment and appease the Woman's Civic League of Raleigh. Now, papa doesn't mean I don't want to offend those Applegate people by meddling in this business. Papa wants Gov. Osborne to arrest Applegate in South Carolina; but I don't believe Gov. Osborne will dare do anything about it. Now, Mr. Ardmore, I am not going to have papa called a coward by anybody, particularly by South Carolina people, after what Gov. Osborne said of our state."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He said in a speech at Charleston last winter that no people who fry their meat can ever amount to anything, and he meant us! I can never forgive him for that; besides, his daughter is the stuck-uppest thing! And I'd like Barbara Osborne to tell me how she got into the Colonial Dames, and what call she has to be inspector general of the Granddaughters of the Mexican War; for I've heard my grandfather Dangerfield say many a time that old Col. Osborne and his South Carolina regiment never did go outside of Charleston until the war was over and the American army had come back home."

"Gov. Osborne is a contemptible ruffian," declared Ardmore with deep feeling.

Miss Dangerfield nodded judicial approval, and settled back in her chair the better to contemplate her new secretary, and said:

"I've written—that is to say, papa wrote before he went away, a strong letter to Gov. Osborne, complaining that Applegate was hiding in South Carolina and running across the state line to rob and murder people in North Carolina. Papa told Gov. Osborne that he must break up the Applegate crowd or he would do something about it himself. It's a splendid letter; you would think that even a coward like Gov. Osborne would do something after getting such a letter."

"Didn't he answer the letter?"

"Answer it? He never got it! Papa didn't send it; that's the reason! Papa's the kindest man in the world, and he must have been afraid of hurting Gov. Osborne's feelings. He wrote the letter, expecting to send it, but when he went off to New Orleans he told Mr. Bassford to hold it till he got back. He had even signed it—you can read it if you like."

It was undoubtedly a vigorous epistle, and Ardmore felt the thrill of its rhetorical sentences as he read. The dignity and authority of one of the sovereign American states was represented here, and he handed the paper back to Miss Dangerfield as tenderly as though it had been the original draft of Magna Charta.

"It's a corker, all right."

"I don't much like the way it ends. It says, right here—and she bent forward and pointed to the place under criticism—"It says, 'Trusting to your sense of equity, and relying upon a continuance of the traditional friendship between your state and mine, I am, sir, awaiting your reply, very respectfully, your obedient servant.' Now, I wouldn't trust to his sense of anything, and that traditional friend-

ship business is just fluff nonsense, and I wouldn't be anybody's obedient servant. I decided when I wasn't more than 15 years old, with a lot of other girls in our school, that when we got married we'd never say obey, and we never have, though only three of our class are married yet, but we're all engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Of course; we're engaged. I'm engaged to Rutherford Gillingwater, the adjutant general of this state. You couldn't be my private secretary if I wasn't engaged; it wouldn't be proper."

"The earth was only a flying cinder on which he strove for a foothold. She had announced her engagement to be married with a cool finality that took his breath away; and not realizing the chaos into which she had flung him, she returned demurely to the matter of the letter."

"We can't change that letter, because it's signed close to the 'obedient servant' and there's no room. But I'm going to put it into the typewriter and set a postscript."

She sat down before the machine and ineptly rolled the sheet into place; then, with Ardmore helping her to find the keys, she wrote:

I demand an immediate reply.

"Demand and immediate are both business words. Are you sure there's only one m in immediate? All right, if you know. I reckon a postscript like that doesn't need to be signed. I'll just put 'W. D.' there with papa's stub pen, so it will look really fierce. Now, you're the secretary; you copy it in the copying press and I'll address the envelope."

She bade him give the letter plenty of time to copy, and talked cheerfully while he waited. She spoke of her friends, as southern people have a way of doing, as though every one must of course know them—a habit that is illuminative of that delightful southern neighborliness that knits the elect of a commonwealth into a single family, that neither time and tide nor sword and brand can destroy.

"Well, that's done," said Miss Jerry, when the letter, still damp from the copy-press, had been carefully sealed and stamped. "Gov. Osborne will get it in the morning. I think maybe we'd better telegraph him that it's coming."

The message, slowly thumped out on the typewriter, and several times altered and copied, finally read:

Raleigh, N. C.

The Honorable Charles Osborne, Governor of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.:

Have written by to-night's mail in Applegate matter. Your vacillating course not understood.

WILLIAM DANGERFIELD, Governor of North Carolina.

"I reckon that will make him take notice," and Miss Jerry viewed her work with approval. "And now, Mr. Ardmore, here's a telegram from Mr. Billings which I don't understand. See if you know what it means."

Ardmore chuckled delightedly as he read:

Can not understand your outrageous conduct in bond matter. If payment is not made June first your state's credit is ruined. Where is Foster? Answer to Atlanta. GEORGE P. BILLINGS.

"I don't see what's so funny about that! Mr. Bassford was walking the floor with that message when I came to the office. He said papa and the state were both going to be ruined. There's a quarter of a million dollars to be paid on bonds that are coming due June first, and there isn't any money to pay them with. That's what he said. And Mr. Foster is the state treasurer, and he's gone fishing."

"Fishing?"

"He left word he had gone fishing. Mr. Foster and papa don't get along together, and Mr. Bassford says he's run off just to let those bonds default and bring disgrace on papa and the state."

Ardmore's grin broadened. The Applegate case was insignificant compared with this new business with which he was confronted. Billings had always treated him with contempt, as a negligible factor in the Ardmore millions, and here at last was an opportunity to balance accounts.

"I will show you how to fix Billings. Just let me have one of those blanks."

And after much labor, and with occasional suggestions from Miss Jerry, the following message was presently ready for the wires:

Your infamous imputation upon my honor and that of the state shall meet with the treatment it deserves. I defy you to do your worst. If you come into North Carolina or bring legal proceedings for the collection of your bonds I will fill you so full of buckshot that 40 men will not be strong enough to carry you to your grave.

"Isn't that perfectly grand!" murmured Jerry admiringly. "But I thought your family and the Bronx Loan and Trust Company were the same thing."

"Don't you worry about Billings. He is used to having people get down on their knees to him, and the change will do him good. Where is this man Foster?"

"Just fishing; that's what Mr. Bassford said, but he didn't know where. Father was going to call a special session of the legislature to investigate him, and he was so angry that he ran off so that papa would have to look after those bonds himself. Then this Applegate case came up, and that worried papa a great deal. Here's his call for the special session. He told Mr. Bassford to hold that, too, until he came back from New Orleans."

Ardmore read Gov. Dangerfield's summons to the legislature with profound interest. It was signed, but the space for the date on which the lawmakers were to assemble had been left blank.

"It looks to me as though you had the whole state in your hands, Miss Dangerfield. But I don't believe we ought to call the special session just

yet. It would be sure to injure the state's credit, and it will be a lot more fun to catch Foster. I wonder if he took all the state money with him."

"Mr. Bassford said he didn't know and couldn't find out, for the clerks in the treasurer's office wouldn't tell him a single thing."

"One should never deal with subordinates," remarked Ardmore sagely. "Deal with the principals—I heard a banker say that once, and he was a man who knew everything. Besides, it will be more fun to attend to the bonds ourselves."

The roll of drums and the cry of a bugle broke in upon the peace of the later afternoon. Miss Jerry rose with an exclamation and ran out into the broad portico of the statehouse. Several battalions of a tide-water regiment, passing through town on their way to Camp Dangerfield, had taken advantage of a wait in Raleigh to disembark and show themselves at the capital. They were already halted and at parade rest at the side of the street, and a mounted officer in khaki, galloping madly into view, seemed to focus the eyes of the gathering crowd. He was a gallant figure of a man; his mount was an animal that realized Job's ideal of a battle-horse; the soldiers presented arms as the horseman rode the line. Miss Dangerfield waved her handkerchief, standing eagerly on tiptoe to make her salutation carry as far as possible.

"Who is that?" asked Ardmore, with sinking spirit.

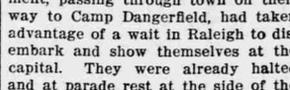
"Why, Rutherford Gillingwater, of course."

"Four right!" rang the command a moment later, and the militiamen tramped off to the station.

It was then that Ardmore, watching the crowd disperse at the edge of the park, saw his caller of the morning striding rapidly across the street. Ardmore started forward, then checked himself so suddenly that Miss Jerry Dangerfield turned to him inquiringly.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Nothing. I have been robbed, as I hoped to be. Over there on the side-



THE KILLING LUST IN HUMANS

Man Is Easily the Most Bloodthirsty of All the Animals of the World.

In New Liskeard recently an owl perched itself on the peak of a business block as the crimson streaks of the dawn appeared, and wrapped in its muff of feathers, settled itself in comfort to enjoy the drowsy hours of daylight. It was the picture of comfort and pretty as a picture, cozy, warm in the winter's cold, inoffensive and harmless.

But the owl was in a fool's paradise. It had lain down with the tiger. It was in the midst of the wolves. The bushy little ball of feathers had fallen unawares into the haunts of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the world's animals.

The sleeping bird was no sooner described than the human wolves set up a yelp. Men hurried off for their killing machines, and in a few minutes a battery of riflemen were at work pumping death into the spark of life in the bundle of feathers. After awhile one of them hit it, and then the heroes were satisfied. They went home with their guns, and the boys exhibited the carcass.

Poor dead little bit of useless carion! The boys' eyes sparkled with excitement.

There is a deal of the savage left in the human.—Cobalt Citizen.

Expressing Political Convictions. Some old time politicians were not content with wearing ribbons as an outward and visible sign of their convictions. "In those days," writes a follower of Pitt who bore the soothing name of James Bland Burges, "men had the courage of their convictions, and would have made motley their garb to distinguish themselves from their opponents. To belong to the Constitutional club was a very simple affair—no balloting or fees beyond cost of costume.

"A gentleman desirous of becoming a member wrote his name in the club book and hurried to the tailor to be measured for a dark blue frock with a broad orange velvet cape and large yellow buttons, round each of which was inscribed 'Constitutional Club.' The waistcoat was of blue kerseymer with yellow buttons, bordered all round with orange colored silk, and the breeches of white kerseymer with yellow buttons. In point of taste we certainly beat the blue and buff of our opponents."—London Chronicle.

TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women Is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors of this country. Referring to these talented ladies The Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palmy days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Voila, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

Does Your Cat Cough?

Poor pussy! As if the immemorial charges against her of keeping us awake o' nights and of eating canary birds whenever she gets the chance were not enough, the doctors have just discovered that for years she has been responsible for the spread of diphtheria. Dr. G. J. Awburn of Manchester, England, having traced an epidemic of this disease in a suburb of that city to a pet cat belonging to one of his patients, has found, after much clever investigation, that all cats are peculiarly susceptible to diphtheritic affections of the throat. He has therefore recently been warning all families who own cats to watch them carefully, and, if they develop coughs, to forbid their being hugged and petted. Dr. Awburn further recommends that if the cough persists and the cat begins to grow thin to have the animal destroyed at once. The only really safe way, he says, is to let the first wheeze be pussy's death warrant.

Literary Accuracy.

"You write of your hero as stealing home in the darkness," said the editor.

"Yes," replied the author.

"Well, you ought to know better than that. He couldn't steal home in the dark. If it was dark enough to be worth noticing the game would have been called."

Some wise philosopher once remarked that we live in thoughts, not years. This is especially true of women after they pass thirty.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

We cannot teach truth to another, we can only help him to find it.—Galilea.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 44 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province show other excellent results—such as 41-100 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 531-3 bu. per acre, 25,000 and 40 bushels of corn per acre. As high as 120 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

The Silver Cup

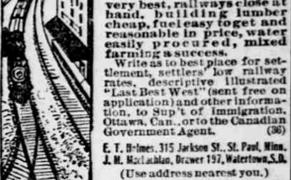
at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption of 160 acres (not 80 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

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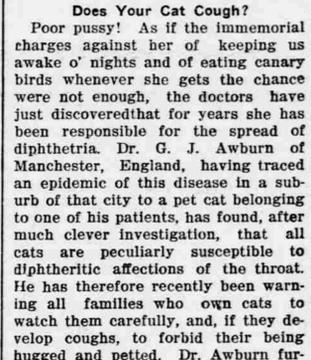
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