

Cure for Crow's Feet. The following little sermon may be taken to heart by man as well as woman. In business or the home life it is equally applicable and breathes of the best spirit to be preserved in all vicissitudes of life: "Be sunny" has grown to be something of a catchword but it is a pretty good all-around motto for everyday life as well. The cook may have gone away in a temper on the very day of your dinner party—it's a way cooks have—or the dressmaker may have failed to send home your new frock in time for Mrs. So-and-So's reception, but frowns and tears and grumblings will not help matters in either case. It may be that the world contains other cooks, or even that the same one may be induced to return in time to save the day. And if not, why not pitch right in and do the best you can yourself with the best grace you can muster? If your dinner does not turn out quite as well as you would like, just make a joke of the whole affair and let your guests laugh with you. Bless you, they too, have troubles of their own and they will relish almost any sort of a repast that is served with laughter sauce. And as for the dress that did not come, why, since you must do without it in any event, just do without it cheerfully. You have other frocks, possibly, and if you furnish one of them up a bit and wear it with your lightest heart and your gladdest smile, people will simply wonder why they never knew before how pretty you are and how tastefully you dress. That is, the people who count for anything. And as for the others, who care about what they think, any way? There are recipes by the score for eradicating wrinkles and keeping crow's feet at bay; but a cheerful mind discounts all of them. It isn't easy to be cheerful when things go wrong, you say. No; but it doesn't help any to be grumpy, does it? Then, in the expressive slang of the day, "forget it." Cheerfulness is a habit, just as much as worrying—only it is a good deal pleasanter for yourself and everybody else. Get the habit, then; and the first thing you know the worries will have taken flight. They can not stand sunshine. In a cheerful atmosphere they find themselves so distinctly "out of it" that they prefer to make themselves scarce. Therefore, be cheerful. It may cost you something at first, but it will pay in the end. How to manage it? Look out instead of in. You are not the only human creature who has troubles. Every woman has them—and most men—so you can not lay claim to exclusiveness along this line. But the world is a pretty good world, on the whole, and you will enjoy it more than you do now when you begin to look out on it with unclouded eyes. Leave the house or the office or the schoolroom behind you once in a while and take a breathing spell out in the open. And when you do go out, do not always go shopping. Don't bother with bargain days unless you really want something that you can't buy any other time. And even at the bargain counter be sunny. It may seem difficult, but it isn't nearly as difficult as it seems if you only start trying it.

Singular Outcome. The fact has been noted that the misfortune which overtook San Francisco has kept Cupid and Hymen busy, the number of marriages since the earthquake and fire having been quite unparalleled in any similar previous period. The situation is explained by the anxiety of sturdy young fellows regarding their sweethearts and by their readiness to assume the duty of caring for the gentle victims of the disaster. As illustrating what is going on the first order sent out of San Francisco by telegraph was to a New York manufacturing company for 160 wedding rings, assorted sizes. A town which marries off in that fashion in the face of such a calamity is all right. It would take much more than earthquake and fire to destroy it or quench its spirit.

The American horse refuses to go, and his value has advanced. On January 1, 1897, there were 14,264,000 horses in this country. On the first day of 1906 there were 18,718,000. In nine years there has been an increase of 30 per cent. The gain in the number of mules has been great, but not so large. In 1897 there were 2,215,000. This year, notwithstanding the heavy purchases made by the British government during the Boer war, there are 2,400,000.

Congressman Sulzer, of New York, was among those who visited Annapolis to witness the reinforcement of John Paul Jones. "Do you understand French?" excitedly asked the captain of one of the French warships of Mr. Sulzer. "Oh, yes," he answered, "if it is spoken in English."

President Roosevelt's recent work, "The Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," will shortly be published in Germany in the language of that country.

Stewart Edward White was relating some incidents of his travels and while doing so spoke of "a Kentucky breakfast." One of his auditors inquired what kind of a meal it was. "A two-pound steak, a bottle of whiskey and a dog," replied White. "And what's the dog for?" "To eat the steak of course."

Another good thing about being a man: He isn't expected to read the description of the bride's wedding gown.

MARRIAGE TEXAN WINS EXIGIAN BEAUTY AFTER FACING DEATH IN TERRIBLE GUISES



If anything were lacking to prove that love is the strongest passion in the human breast, and that under its influence men and women will do and venture where no other power or motive could move them, the thrilling story that a valiant young Texan has to tell would relieve ordinary mortals of further doubt. Jack Hondora recently returned to his old home on the Colorado, in western Texas, accompanied by a pretty Spanish bride, whose heart he gained and whose hand he possessed down in old Mexico after a series of adventures and narrow escapes that would make the fortune of a skilled writer of romance. Old neighbors extended a warm welcome to Mr. Hondora and his handsome young wife. Jack grew to manhood in this region, where he was well connected, and always was regarded as a prince of cowboys, honest, generous and brave. Uncorroborated, few people would credit the strange story that these happy lovers have to tell, but Jack bears convincing scars, and there are other tongues to confirm every statement he has made. About two years ago young Hondora left his old home in Texas to seek his fortune in Mexico. After knocking about over the sister republic for some time, learning a little Spanish, admiring new scenes, and occasionally falling in love with a dark-eyed beauty of the sunlands, he finally found employment on a big cattle ranch belonging to old Don St. Louis Rivera, one of the richest men in all Mexico.

Love at First Sight. More than 100 people were employed on this one ranch. There was a palatial residence on a picturesque summit overlooking hundreds of acres of the old don's vast possessions. Here the great rancher's family invariably spent the summer months of the year. Cupid must have taken a hand in Jack's affairs from the moment he set his feet inside of the gates of the Rancho Grande de Rivera. On that same day arrived the senora and her daughter Madeline, from the City of Mexico. They had only recently returned from Spain, and they were glad to reach their old home, where they well knew that comfort and luxurious repose awaited them. The smiling blue eyes of the young adventurer of the land of the Lone Star and the dark eyes of the daughter of the south looked into each other's depths at the gate of the hacienda, and the fate of these two was forever sealed. It was a certain case of love at first sight. "From that moment," says the confident Texan, "I knew that Madeline was my destiny, and I determined to possess her or perish in making the struggle to accomplish my purpose." Bold and determined, combining the sagacity of good generalship and the enthusiasm of a lover with the witchfulness of a trained plainsman, the gallant young Texan soon made an opportunity to surmount the barriers between a cowboy Americano and the heiress of a proud Spanish don. On his knees he poured into her willing ears a stream of words so burning that she found his pleading irresistible. Again and again they met under the twinkling stars, when old Don Rivera slept and the madama was weary, to exchange whispered words of devotion and plighted solemn vows.

Feared Father's Anger. "I love you, Jack. Yes, the good God knows I love you, and I am ready at any moment to go with you to the end of the world," said the warm-hearted girl; "but, oh, my love, papa is terrible. Why, Jack, he would kill you if he knew you even dared to speak to me." "Never fear, little sweetheart," Jack would say, "one of these fine nights we will gallop away from the Rancho Grande, and beyond the Rio Grande we will be beyond the reach of the old don's anger and his bullets." "I am ready, Jack. But think—it is only poor little me you are getting—no extra ribbon, a doubloon or a centavo. And the danger, Jack—for I warn you papa is a man of blood—he has fought duels. He would set the peons to tearing you to pieces." "With your pretty cheek against mine, sweetheart, dangers are not to be counted," said Jack. "To-morrow night we will ride."

The lovers planned well, but an Italian woman betrayed them. It was a

fine night for a affair where hearts play an important part. A glorious full moon was rising above the summit of an eastern range of mountains. The warm sea breeze was laden with the perfume of the flowers of the plain, and the silence was only broken by the songs of the nightingale and the barely perceptible swish of the swaying strands of moss. Overpowered and Captured. Slowly and cautiously the venturesome lovers approached the edge of a grove of trees not far from the gates of the hacienda. He was mounted on a magnificent Comanche racer, and by his side walked another horse of fine form and great fame for speed and endurance. As the Texan slid from his saddle, caressing his pony, he whispered: "Give us a little start and there is not a horse in all Mexico able to catch us." His bosom swelled with emotion, and every nerve strung to the highest tension, the venturesome young Texan stood peering toward the great palace, confident that he would soon hold the sweetest girl in all the world in his arms. It was the one moment in a man's life when he feels thrills of joy that are never repeated. He heard the click of a latch, and the next instant saw a shadowy form moving slowly towards the grove. It was Madeline.

"Sweetheart mine, not all the treasures of the world, steel, or any power less than God shall ever separate us." "Soft, mio caballero. Dios mio! que contento estoy." "And the joy of all the world is crowded into my bosom," whispered Jack. He was just in the act of lifting her into the saddle, when it looked as if a dozen big hands rose from the earth and his arms were seized.

Marvellous Escape from Death. Don St. Louis appeared, foaming with rage. Tearing his daughter from the side of the struggling youth, he passed her to an attendant, saying: "Lock her up." Then turning to one who appeared to be in command, he said: "It is the Americano ingrate, cursed gringo. I do not care to soil my hands. Juan, tie a rock to his neck and throw him into the river." Jack knew that the peons were only too glad to obey orders, and strongly suspecting that he had a rival in the bunch, he realized that all hope for mercy was lost. They dragged him to the bank of a stream not far away, and while some were busy hunting a big rock others were preparing strings. It required the united strength of the bunch to overpower the fighting Texan, and when they were ready to push him over the bank Jack dexterously threw out one hand and dragged the leader of the gang into the water with him. The peon had a knife, and when he struck to cut Jack's throat he missed his aim and severed the cord that held the big rock.

The athletic Texan was now master of the situation. He wrenched the knife from the hand of his enemy, and the next moment the water was red with the blood about a floundering peon, and Jack Hondora was swimming toward the opposite shore.

Back to the Ranch. One would imagine that this narrow escape would have cooled the passion of the most ardent lover. Not so with the incorrigible Texan. Ten days had hardly elapsed before he appeared at the Rancho Grande disguised as an Indian, seeking employment. He was given a job herding sheep.

When the indomitable Texan found an opportunity to shed his disguise and open his arms, Madeline ran and threw herself upon his bosom with joy and confidence. This time fortune again played the lovers false. They encountered a locked and barred pasture gate, with a fence of nine barbed wires on either side. Madeline had been so closely watched that her absence had been noted almost instantly. The alarm was no sooner raised than the whole force of the Rancho Grande was set to scouring the country in every direction. The unfortunate lovers were encountered while riding hard to reach a distant gate. A desperate battle ensued, and Jack caught a couple of hot balls that stunned him for the moment, though neither made more than slight wounds. Again numbers triumphed, and the

lovers were torn apart for the second time. "Never fear, sweetheart! Better luck next time!" shouted Jack. "There will be no next time," roared one of the peons. "Bring the Colorado diablo caballo."

Tied to Back of Wild Horse. The wounded Texan was dragged over the ground and firmly lashed to the back of the red devil of a horse. And then while the inhuman devils howled and roared with laughter, the mad red horse plunged over the plains with Madeline's faithful lover lashed to his back. Poor girl! She closed her eyes, and her cries of terror were drowned by the yells of her cruel tormentors.

On sped the wild red horse over hill and dale. Impelled by fright and terrified by the struggling burden on his back, the foaming animal soon passed beyond the reach of his pursuers. He had been stolen from the Quymal Indians by Don Rivera's peons, and when he found himself free he at once set out to rejoin his old herd. The bold lover declares that he was never surer of winning his bride than when the foam from the red chops of the wolves were hurled into his face. It was at that moment that he registered an oath to possess Madeline in spite of Don Rivera and his army of peons.

Don Rivera had made bitter enemies of the Quymals. He had taken their fields away from them and forced the poor Indians to move their village to a mountain valley. They gave the wounded man shelter, aid and comfort, and when they heard his story they loved him. Soon they all loved the handsome young Texan.

Lovers Finally United. They said: "We hate old Don Rivera. He has stolen our lands, our horses and cattle. He has coined the tears of our women and children. We will help you to drive a pain into his heart. Only tell us how." Jack told them how, and they did help him. He had hardly recovered from his wounds when an Indian maiden bounded into his apartment one evening with streams of words of joy flowing from her red lips.

"She is here—we have brought her to you," she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Who? What do you mean?" said Jack. "Madeline, of course." It was true. In a few moments the astounded lover was rejoiced to find that his devoted friends had succeeded in stealing his sweetheart and bringing her to their village.

Joyous to the verge of insanity over being united, and fearing capture, the lovers were eager to fly towards Texas but the Quymal chief protested. He wanted to "drive many pains home to the old don's hard heart," he said. He insisted that the lovers should be married by the padre in the Quyma temple, and that the affair should be celebrated by a great feast. "The superstitious old don will not dare to come here," he said.

Offered to Buy Daughter. It was true. Don Rivera had many superstitions. He was afraid of the shadow of a Quymal. Foaming with rage when he heard that Madeline was with the Texan in the Indian village, he said to his wife: "It is all witchcraft. That man Jack is a ghost. After the peon threw him in the river with a rock about his neck, and he was drowned, I saw him again. Why I saw him walking amongst the sheep, wearing rot-saw him plainly. It is useless to try to get our daughter back. The devil has got her. We might tempt him with gold." They did tempt him with gold. The old don sent his favorite padre to the Quymal village with a burro loaded with gold. "Tell the devil of a gringo," he said, "that I know my daughter's weight, and that I will give him her weight in coined gold if he will return her to me."

"Tell Don Rivera that Texans do not sell their sweethearts or wives," said Jack Hondora. "His gold is coined tears, and the sweat and blood of the poor and the brave. If he were to pile it to the skies it would count nothing against my love for Madeline."

UPTON SINCLAIR STRIKES BACK

Author of "The Jungle" Faces Prince of Packers With Awful Array of Facts Calculated to Destroy the Infamous Industry.

In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post Mr. J. Ogden Armour makes the assertion that the government inspection of the beef trust in slaughter-houses is an impregnable all protecting the public from impure meat, and that not an atom of diseased meat finds its way into the products of the Armour's. Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle" (a terrific statement of packing house conditions), studied the meat industry for two years, including much time spent in the Chicago stockyards as a workman; he is the best equipped outside authority on stockyard conditions. In Everybody's Magazine for May Mr. Sinclair makes a startling and convincing answer to Mr. Armour's assertion. Commencing with the statement that J. Ogden Armour is the absolute and not the nominal head of the great packing house industry which bears his name Mr. Sinclair says: "I know that in the statements quoted, Mr. Armour willfully and deliberately states what he absolutely and positively knows to be falsehoods." That he might be properly equipped to describe conditions in "Packingtown" Mr. Sinclair worked for a period as a laborer in the plant of Armour & Co., and he tells of sights of filth and horror such as he hopes never to see again, but the strongest coincidence of the truth of the claim that meat unfit for human food is put on the market comes from a man for years superintendent at Armour & Co.'s Chicago plant, Thomas F. Dolan, of Boston. Mr. Sinclair in his article says: "At the time of the embalmed-beef scandal at the conclusion of the Spanish war, when the whole country was convulsed with fury over the revelations made by soldiers and officers (including Gen. Miles and President Roosevelt) concerning the quality of meat which Armour & Co. had furnished to the troops, and concerning the enormity of the 'condemned-meat industry' became suddenly clear to one man who had formerly supervised it. Mr. Thomas F. Dolan, then residing in Boston, had, up to a short time previous, been a superintendent at Armour & Co.'s, and one of Mr. Philip D. Armour's most capable and trusted men. When he read of the death-rate in the army, he made an affidavit concerning the things which were done in the establishment of Armour & Co., and this affidavit he took to the New York Journal, which published it on March 4, 1899. Here are some extracts from it: "There were many ways of getting around the inspectors—so many, in fact, that not more than two or three cattle out of 1,000 were condemned. I know exactly what I am writing of in this connection, as my particular instructions from Mr. W. E. Pierce, superintendent of the beef houses for Armour & Co., were very explicit and definite. "Whenever a beef got past the yard inspectors with a case of lumpy jaw, and came into the slaughterhouse on the 'killing-bed,' I was authorized by Mr. Pierce to take his head off, thus removing the evidences of lumpy jaw, and after castrating the smitten portion into the tank where refuse goes, to send the rest of the carcass on its way to market. "I have seen as much as 40 pounds of flesh afflicted with gangrene cut from the carcass of a beef, in order that the rest of the animal might be utilized in trade. "One of the most important regulations of the bureau of animal industry is that no cows in calf are to be placed on the market. Out of a slaughter of 2,000 cows, or a day's killing, perhaps one-half are with calves. My instructions from Mr. Pierce were to dispose of the calves by hiding them until night, or until the inspectors left off duty. The little carcasses were then brought from all over the packing-house and skinned by boys, who received two cents for removing each pelt. The pelts were sold for 50 cents each to the kid-glove manufacturers. This occurs every night at Mr. Armour's concern at Chicago, or after each killing of cows. "I now propose to state here exactly what I myself have witnessed in Philip D. Armour's packing-house with cattle that have been condemned by the government inspectors. "A workman, one Nicholas Newson during my time, informs the inspector that the tanks are prepared for the reception of the condemned cattle and that his presence is required to see the beef cast into the steam-tank. Mr. Inspector proceeds at once to the place indicated, and the condemned cattle, having been brought up to the tank

room on trucks, are forthwith cast into the hissing steam-boilers and disappear. "But the condemned steer does not stay in the tank any longer than the time required for his remains to drop through the boiler down to the floor below, where he is caught on a truck and hauled back again to the cutting-room. The bottom of the tank was open, and the steer passed through the aperture. "I have witnessed the fard many times. I have seen the beef dropped into the vat in which a steam-pipe was exhausting with a great noise so that the thud of the beef striking the truck below could not be heard, and in a short time I have witnessed Nicholas bringing it back to be prepared for the market. "I have even marked beef with my knife so as to distinguish it, and watched it return to the point where it started. "Of all the evils of the stockyards, the canning department is perhaps the worst. It is there that the cattle from all parts of the United States are prepared for canning. No matter how scrawny or debilitated canners are, they must go the route of their brothers and arrive ultimately at the great boiling vats, where they are steamed until they are reasonably tender. Bundles of gristle and bone melt into pulpy masses and are stirred up for the canning department. "I have seen cattle come into Armour's stockyards so weak and exhausted that they expired in the corals, where they lay for an hour or two, dead, until they were afterward hauled in, skinned, and put on the market for beef or into the canning department for cans. "In other words, the Armour establishment was selling carrion. "There are hundreds of other men in the employ of Mr. Armour who could verify every line I have written. They have known of these things ever since packing has been an industry. But I do not ask them to come to the front in this matter. I stand on my oath, word for word, sentence for sentence, and statement for statement. "I write this story of my own free will and volition, and no one is responsible for it but myself. It is the product of ten years of experience. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

"THOMAS F. DOLAN. "Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of March, 1899. "ORVILLE F. PURDY, "Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y. "Certificate filed in New York county. "The significance of this statement, as Mr. Sinclair notes, is heightened by the fact that, published as it was in a newspaper of prominence, whose proprietor is a man of immense wealth and could be reached by the courts, Mr. Armour made no move to institute suit for libel, practically admitting that the statement was true.

Mr. Sinclair makes the assertion, and gives abundant proof, that the worry incidental to the "embalmed beef" scandal during the war with Spain caused the death of Philip D. Armour, and that millions of dollars were spent by the packing interests in the effort to keep concealed the truth about the matter. The awful mortality from disease among the soldiers during that few weeks' campaign was distinctly attributable to the meat rations supplied to the army. There seems small reason to doubt that meat as little fit for human food is still being placed on the market. How much disease and death has been the outcome may be imagined. Summing up the entire facts of the situation, Mr. Sinclair concludes: "Writing in a magazine of large circulation and influence, and having the floor all to himself, Mr. Armour spoke serenely and boastfully of the quality of his meat products, and challenged the world to impeach his integrity, but when he was brought into court charged with crime by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, he spoke in a different tone, and to a different purport; he said 'guilty.' He pleaded this to a criminal indictment for selling 'preserved' minced ham in Greenburg, and paid the fine of \$50 and costs. He pleaded guilty again in Shenandoah, Pa., on June 16, 1905, to the criminal charge of selling adulterated 'blockweinst,' and again he paid the fine of \$50 and costs. Why should Mr. Armour be let off with fines which are of less consequence to him than the price of a postage stamp to you or me, instead of going to jail like other convicted criminals who do not happen to be millionaires?"

A Stone Barometer. In northern Finland, so a native paper informs us, is a large stone which serves the inhabitants as an infallible barometer. At the approach of rain, this stone turns black or blackish gray, while in fine weather it is of a light color and covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and containing rock salt, nitre, or ammonia, which according to a greater or less degree of dampness in the atmosphere, attracts it or otherwise.—Sunday Magazine.

The Many Virtues of Salt. Salt puts out a fire in the chimney. Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent scorching on the bottom. Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups. Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites. Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stains. Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will remove the spot. Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it. Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Pianos. The first piano-forte was invented by a German named Backers, about 1767. There is still in existence the name-board of a piano inscribed: Americus Backers, Inventor, Jemyn Street, London, 1776.—Sunday Magazine. Ceylon's Pearl Fisheries. During the season of 1905, which lasted 48 days, there were 300 boats employed in the pearl fishing industry of Ceylon, from which the government derived \$767,000. Girl Defeats Father. In Colusa county, California, recently Miss Florence Berker ran against her father, P. F. Berker, the incumbent, for the office of school trustee, and beat him after a hot campaign. She did it because she had heard her father intended to oust a female teacher who was a friend of hers. Two Points of View. Optimist—Every cloud has a silver lining. Pessimist—Every silver lining has a cloud.—N. Y. Sun.

PADEREWSKI'S BELBOY.

Musical Youth Made a Hit with the Great Pianist by Playing His "Minuet."

Rosamond Johnson, of Cole & Johnson, composers of that once popular song, "Under the Bamboo Tree," once held a position as bellboy in Young's hotel in Boston. This place, says Success Magazine, he once nearly lost, through taking the liberty of playing Paderewski's "Minuet" for the great pianist. Paderewski, who was staying at that hotel, had rung for a bellboy, and young Johnson answered the call. Being so fond of music, he made bold to ask the great composer and pianist to play the "Minuet" for him. Paderewski could not understand English then, and the boy thought from his gesticulations that he wished him to play it. So he sat down at the piano and commenced playing. Paderewski's manager happened to enter the room just then, and, enraged at the bellboy's presumption, threw him out of the room and went directly to the management and had him discharged. As soon as he learned what had been done, Paderewski, who had been pleased with the lad's playing, sent for the manager of the hotel and had Johnson reinstated in his position.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill. "It is a faux pas," remarks an urban philosopher, "to ask a lady what a faux pas is who never heard of a faux pas."

The Best Results in Starching can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

There are two kinds of men, those who make a woman happy before marriage and those who make her happy after. And she generally picks the first kind.—N. Y. Press.

"I see the San Franciscans made a brave fight to save their mint." "Yes, sah; yes, sah," responded the gentleman from the south; "the julep season approaches, sah."—Cleveland Leader.

Try One Package. If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Particulars Wanted. "Ah, dearest," sighed young Broke-sigh. "I can not live without you." "Why not?" queried the girl with the obese bank balance. "Did you lose your job?"—Columbus Dispatch.

Every boy has three ambitions before he finally settles down. His first is to be the snare drummer in the village band. The second is to be an Indian killer and scout. The third is to be a locomotive engineer. Then he forgets about them and is ambitious only to make a living.

He Fitted Them. A little boy was on his first country excursion, relates the Brooklyn Citizen. Some birds were flying high overhead, and his hostess, a young woman, said: "Look up, Tommy. See the pretty birds flying through the air." Tommy looked up quickly, and then he said in a compassionate tone: "Poor little fellers! They ain't got no cages, have they?"—Detroit Free Press.

Skiddoo! The young man was trying to think of something else to say when the young woman suddenly spoke up. "By the way, Mr. Lingerlong," she said. "I tried to call you up by telephone this morning, but I didn't get any response." "You tried to call me up by telephone?" "Yes; I wanted to ask you a question." "Why, I haven't any telephone number." "O, yes you have. Double six four seven."

The young man made a rapid mental calculation. "Twenty-three!" he gasped, reaching for his hat.—Chicago Tribune.

KNIFED.

Coffee Knifed an Old Soldier. An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows: "I stuck to coffee for years, although it knifed me again and again. "About eight years ago (as a result of coffee drinking which congested my liver), I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever. "I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again taken violently ill. "The Doctor said he had carefully studied my case, and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the Doctor's decision, for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my trouble.

I thought it over for a few minutes, and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it, and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work, and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee. "I have known people who did not care for Postum at first, but after having learned to make it properly according to directions they have come to like it as well as coffee. I never miss a chance to praise it." Name gives by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages.