From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel



no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough." Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PERHAPS A NATURAL MISTAKE. Physician Had Reason to Think He Had Lost His Patient

Henry Grimm, who was formerly one of the prominent members of the German-American society, tells a story about a German friend of his who

For many days the German wat close to death, but after a time he showed improvement in condition. The doctor told the German's wife that ner husband might have anything to eat that he liked.

was taken ill.

The German expressed a desire for Limburger cheese, and the wife, being a generous woman and pleased at the improvement, and in order that her husband might have a nibble at any time he had a taste for it, put some cheese in every room in the house. It is easy to imagine the aroma. The next morning the doctor called

at the house, and as soon as he opened the door he asked: "When did he die?"-Hartford Post.

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

Youngster "Made Good" Before Temptation Was Put in His Way.

A train from the north pulled into the station at Charlottesville, Va. An elderly man thrust his head out of a window of a day coach and summoned a little colored boy. The following collogry ensued:

"Little boy, have you a mother?" "Yassuh." "Are you faithful to your studies?"

"Yassuh." "Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Yassuh." "Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Can I trust you to do an errand

for me?" "Yassuh. "Well, here's five cents to get me

a couple of apples."-Success Maga-Losing a Tenant.

A landlord in the Highlands of Scotland had a "crofter" tenant, who paid him ten shillings a year as rent for the little farm. At the end of the second year the tenant came to the landlord and said that he was not able to pay more than five shillings a year, as crops had been poor. The landlord agreed to this.

At the end of the third year the tenant appeared before the landlord again and complained that things were going so poorly with him that he was not able to pay any rent. The landlord agreed to let him remain rent free. At the end of the fourth year the tenant once more appeared before the landlord, and said:

"Colonel, if you don't build me barn I'll have to move."

John D.'s Eagle Stone. John D. Rockefeller pretends that he is not and never was superstitious; still he carries in his pocket an eagle stone. It is a perforated stone of great antiquity, found in an eagle's nest, and is supposed to be a charm against disease, shipwreck and other disasters. It is of a brownish tint and about the size of a pigeon egg. When shaken it rattles as if another stone were inclosed within it. A ribbon passed through the perforation is said to possess more virtues than even John D. himself. When the old gentleman wants to confer a particular favor upon some one he gives a few inches of this ribbon.-New York Press.

The Thunder Cloud.

Rt. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., bishop of Connecticut, told an interesting story not long ago of a colored clergyman, who was far from being a brilliant preacher, and had the habit, when exhorting his brethren, of shouting in a very loud tone of voice. The bishop thought he reprove him, so suggested kindly that perhaps his sermons would have as good an effect if delivered more softly. But the colored minister replied: "Well, you see, it's this way, bishop, I has to make up in thunder what I lacks in lightning."-Harper's Weekly.

No Trouble to Show Goods. Old Gentleman (to beggar)-What do you do for a living?

Beggar-I make post holes, sir. Old Gentleman (absent-mindedly)-

Yes? Well, I never give charity; bring me along any you have on hand and I'll buy them from you.

Who Likes Lemon Pie?

You should try at once "OUR-PIE" reparation for delicious Lemon pies. A lady says: "I will never again try to make Lemon pie in the old way while I can get 'OUR-PIE' Preparation." Try it and you will say the same. At grocers, 10 cents. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

Didn't Want to Pay More. "You are fined ten dollars for contempt of court."

"I'm glad, judge, that this is not a higher court."-Harper's Wtekly.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Eoot-Ease is a certain cure for bot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FRBE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.-Dan-· fel Webster.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Power, be 'it ever so great, has not | be killed."



SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young Eng-ish lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina daughter of the Paolis, from the murlerous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajactio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursue of the steamer Constantine. sues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride dis appears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnaped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also miss-ing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to hunt for Enid. Just be-fore Barnes' boat lands on Corsica's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note written by Enid informing him that the kidnaping is for the purpose of entrapping Barnes no the vendetta may kill him. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid. They come in sight of her and her captors in the Corsisight of her and her captors in the Corsi-can mountain wilds just as the night ap-proaches. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover formasso, the foster father of Marina, who was supposed to have been killed by De Belloc's soldiers, and for whose death Barnes had been vendettaed. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not till her brother Many wrongs are rightkill her brother. Many wrongs are right-ed. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Rochini and Romano, the two detest-ed bandits, who had been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes darts out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Members of the Bellacoscia enter ver. Members of the Bellacoscia enter and Barnes is honored for his great serv-ice to the community in killing the hated ice to the community in killing the hated Rochini and Romano. The release of Enid is promised. Barnes is conveyed in triumph to Bocognano. Marina acquaints the Bellacoscia with Salicett's plot against her husband and the people are instructed to vote against him at the coming election. Barnes is taken to the mansion of the Paolis to meet Enid. Marina receives a telegram. She starts for Bastia to meet her husband. Entering the room to greet his wife Barnes is ing the room to greet his wife Barnes is bewildered to find the adventuress La Belle Blackwood, but not Enid. She been substituted for the American's bride by a shrewd plot. Lieut. Anstruther ar-rives to find Marina and learns that she been lured away by the telegram which had been sent by another without his knowledge. The two start in search of Marina. Barnes and Edwin take different to trapped roads in their search. Edwin is trapped n a tower where he is made prisoner. In endeavoring to escape he opens a trap door where he finds Emory, the detec-tive, who had been imprisoned there pre-viously.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

"Oh, hang it, what have they done to you, smarty?" growls the detective angrily. Then he cries: "Glory hallelujah! Bully for you!" for Edwin has run down the ladder and is busy trying to unloosen the irons from the American's legs.

"They've got keys somewhere," snarls Emory. "Hang it, think of their, cheek, manacling a detective."

Edwin is up the ladder again. He strikes another match and on the ground story finds, after some little delay, a bunch of keys hanging on the wall.

After some trouble with the locks. which are rusty. Elijah's legs are released and he ascends with Edwin, his jaws almost snapping with rage as he tells his wrongs.

"I was playing the fisherman at St. Tropez," he says. "I had got onto them, all right. I knew the head devil. the elder man, Cipriano, when, like a fool, I went on board of that big. cursed fishing felucca to them, pretending to want to get a job, thinking I would find out what the devil they were driving at. That was the end of me. I hadn't more than got in the forecastle than I was covered with two long knives, and that scar-faced fellow said to me: 'The first time, you were warned to keep out of this affair. This is the second time-' They were savage enough to kill me, but they simply corded me up and threw me in the hold, and oh, what a time I had as those of amity-is Count Cipriano Da- road. The "lady," he guesses, means their infernal vessel dashed about the nella, his eyes sparkling vivaciously, gave up chasing you they stopped sica. here and put me away carefully in that hole down there."

Suddenly he cries: "What are you doing?" for Edwin has his hands in an iron ring and is trying to pull up another trap door in the flooring.

"I want tools by which we can break enough masonry from one of these embrasures to get out!" says the sailor.

But pulling up the trap door, both he and the American gaze astounded into the other vault.

Two red flaming eyes encounter theirs. "If you come to kill me, I'll die like a Corsican, my teeth in your throat!" cries a low, hoarse voice. Then as Anstruther lights another

match, a shriek rises to them: "The husband of Marina, Madre di Dio!" "Tomasso!" exclaims Edwin, edding: "In God's name, where is my and pauses at the little inn near the wife?"

"Diavolo, of course, you have come

forced us to drive toward the east. men are still clustering. Coming over the mountains, their lan- The heat has been tremendous; his "What the deuce is that bizarre, chese,' but Corsicans. I would have been precipitous. Barnes' face is told Marina, but when I got out to again covered with lines of fatigue. water the horses at the little fountain up near Pietra, two of them struck me make you a new man," chats the landinsensible and I awoke and found my- lord pleasantly; and never had the self here. But, Signore. I beg you to note one thing. Your true wife and my honored mistress believes she was rescued from the 'Lucchese' by Cipri- springs of the mountain, flies down ano Danella, and she is grateful to the American's throat, new power, him. Get me to the light that I may aid you." The old Corsican has faintly staggered up; a moment later he is pulled from the vault by the strong

hands of Anstruther and the detective.

Barnes about!"

"Yes." But Tomasso's words make them feel they have little time to lose. Besides, Emory is always whispering with white lips: "This tower is mined!" Together they go up the stairs, carefully examining every orifice in the building, but find them all loopholes too small to permit the exit

of a man." "There is nothing but to get out of the upper chamber," says Edwin. "I'm a sailor. With half a chance, a single vine, with even the assistance of our clothes torn into lengths. I can scram-

ble down. Some way I'll do it." They have reached the upper room Anstruther has thrown off his coat and vest, kicked off his shoes and taken off his stockings. Toes will cling to the rough stonework better than boots. He picks up the letter and the concluding sentences seem to make him crazy. He springs to the window and a muttered oath parts his white lips, for he encounters a grillage of heavy iron so securely fastened on the outside that it is impossible for him to make exit.

But even as Edwin struggles with the grating, he utters a low cry, half of longing, half of despair.

Upon the portico of the modern por tion of the farmhouse, pleasant with vines and flowers, almost reclining in white, the young wife looks like a other. dream of love to her despairing husband. Her face is flushed, if not hap- not to be disturbed," giggles a third

bunch of the wild Sowers. As he rides along examining it he ejaculates: "This is very extraordinary. This branch, which I supposed Marina dropped out of the carriage yesterday, was certainly cut this very morning."

Sussicion fashes through him as he questions: "Can these flowers have been strewn in the road by Cipriano's agents to lead someone on?" and what had been no warning to the easy-going sailor becomes a danger signal to the man of the world.

Yet, twist it how he will, Barnes can see no reason why Danella should want anyone near him save Marina. If the Corsican's passion for that young lady is what he thinks it is, he will prefer a free hand to deal with her alone. "And yet it is evident somebody wanted somebody to follow this cyclamen trail, and whether somebody wants it or not, I am here anyway," thinks the American grimly. "And thanks to the divine Orezza water, I am rather fit for fighting." Then carefully examining his revolver, the pistol shot remarks: "And that's fit also. thank God."

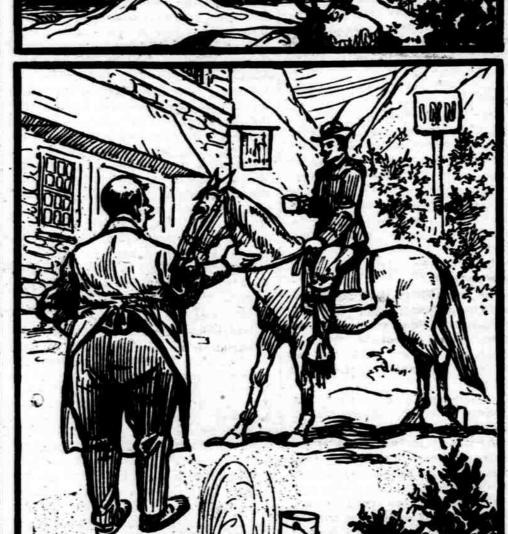
With this, resolutely but more circumspectly, Mr. Barnes continues his way over the path marked by the cyclamen branches.

By the time he has come out on the hills looking down toward the Tuscan sea, it is very dark. There is no moon yet, but the light from the lone watch tower attracts him. The cyclamen flowers he occasionally picks up make him know this is the road Anstruther must have traveled.

Suddenly, but quietly, he turns his horse from the path, and in the seclusion of a thicket of wild grapes, listens. Some dozen men are coming from the east; he hears one of them growl: "Why, there's no 'Lucchese' nearer than Pietra to fight, though the count ordered every man about the farm to go out and protect the vines from them."

"Well, there's some good reason for Maestro Cipriano's orders. Perchance the Italian laborers in the Green Oresa hammock is Marina. Robed in za quarry have risen up," adds an-

"Perhaps with the lady he wishes



This Glorious Orezza Water Will Make You a New Man.

pily, at least excitedly. To her, speaking-the distance is too great for Edwin to understand the words, but apparently from the gestures they are than Barnes starts quickly down the Mediterranean after you. When they his costume the romantic one of Cor- of the last he has slight hope. A sub-

CHAPTER XVII.

Whiffs in the Air.

Some time after midday, Mr. Barnes in pursuit of Anstruther, reaches Ponte-alla-Lecchia, where the people are now crowding about the polling house. He doesn't stop here and continues rapidly on, notwithstanding the sun is very hot, the dust is very heavy. As he climbs the high hills toward Morosaglia, he commences to find cyclamen flowers, quite faded now and having but little perfume.

"By Jove," he remarks, "I gave Edwin the right path. I should have turned back and followed him last night, not to-day."

This makes him hurry all the more and his horse is quite exhausted when he descends the hill past the convent famous water of Orezza.

The American has heard of their here to find her. At the fork of the curious powers, and asks for some, as Bastia road, I thought the 'Lucchese' he gazes languidly on the communal captured my mistress and myself and of the little village, around which the

"This glorious Orezza water will wondrous youth-giving chalvbeate a better patient to work upon, for as the him faintly in the soft night air. effervescent fluid, cold from the new vigor seem to enter each nerve each limb.

It is now quite late in the afternoon. Burton soon passes the chestnut lands of La Castagniccia, still finding a few "This is old Tomasso Monaldi," says faded cyclamen blooms to guide him Edwin shortly, "who was supposed to oh his way. But now a little shock thrills him. He checks his horse abhalf the might of genissees. Sont . "Holy smoke, the fellow who was ruptly, springs of and picks up a

"The count has musicians in a boat of the shore."

The men have no sooner passed either Marina or his own bride, though dued light from the town guides him in the darkness

But when he is within less than a draws up right in the path, crouching on his haunches, and Barnes peering over his steed's head, gazes into the deep chasm that descends sheer to the very sea. Springing from his tremone not over 35 feet in length, has been swung to the other side.

The scent of a fresh cyclamen bloom enters his nostrils. He looks at the removed bridge and remarks acutely: "It's evident Cipriano has got on the other side the person he wished to follow these flowers."

So Barnes gazes across the chasm he cannot pass. The night being very still, he hears over the soft murmur of the waves beneath him the sweet romantic music of Corsica rising from a boat. 'Tis the playing of stringed instruments accompanying a sweet native love song, each stanza ending in that curious prolonged note peculiar to these island ditties.

crafty devil's game?" wonders the American. Then he hears voices from the low Corsican house. Beyond the crevices he sees Marina in white robe amid the lights and flowers of the veranda. Her sweet tones are scarce audible. Then Danella's voice reaches He begins to understand and mut-

ters: "Good God!" After a little cry of love yet despair rends the heavens from the tower. It is Anstruther's. 'Tis mingled with a woman's shriek for mercy. "My husband!" in Marina's voice.

Next Barnes hears Cipriano's snave. triumphant laugh, and he mutters: "My God, for a pistol it's a fearfully long shot, but it's the only way!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOSPITALITY REWARDED

God Gives a Sea to Shanaquaito West

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

resht, 1988, by the Author, W. S. Edoon.) Scripture Authority - 2 Kings,

SERMONETTE.

True piety finds its expression in genuine hospitality. Doors opened to admit the faithful servants of the Lord let in the blessing of God as

To give to supply the need of one who is engaged in God's work is to give to the Lord and such giving never goes without its reward.

God can find shelter and food for his servants in most unexpected places.

The entertainment of this plain, unassuming prophet, pocr and despised, except to the few in Israel who were faithful to God, was not going to bring social prestige to this Shunammite. woman, in fact her hospitality perhaps was going to cost her the regard of many of the "swell set" of Shunem. But enough of the light of righteousness and truth had shined into her heart to make her understand that there was more honor in entertaining one of the humble servants of God than in filling her house with a choice company of her rich neighbors.

To-day we need to learn the loy and blessing of true hospitality. "When thou makest a dinner or supper," said Jesus, "call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame. the blind; and thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The good heart is sensitive to goodness in others. This Shunammite woman "perceived that Elisha was a holy man."

The good heart also delights in fellowship with goodness. It was a real joy and privilege for this Shunammite woman to receive the spiritual blessing which Elisha the prophet was able to bring to her and her husband.

If this Shunammite woman had been absorbed in the latest fashion plates, or been gadding about to afternoon card parties and social teas, or the matinee, she never would have had eyes to see this man of God as he

passed to and fro by her home. This Shunammite woman never dreamed that her kindly service was to bring to her the treasure for which her heart longed most. And yet is it not a literal fulfillment of the declaration of Scripture that if we "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto us?" ã0000000000000000000<u>0</u>

THE STORY.

THERE was a certain woman of Shunem in the land of Israel who. as Scripture says, was great-great as concerned the possession of this world's goods; great as to abilities, for she was a wise woman and ordered the affairs of her husband's home after the most careful manner of the eastern housewife; great as to her womanly virtues, and the kindly deeds which she was constantly performing for her neighbors and friends: great as to her plety; but, above all, great in the burden of sorrow which rested upon her heart-a sorrow which she hid from her husband and the world. a sorrow which when it strikes deep

into a woman's heart is greater than

any sorrow which a woman may know

-the sorrow of a childless home. When as a bride she had come to take her place in the splendid home which her husband had provided for hundred yards of the building, his her it had been with the joyful thought horse, with a sudden snort of terror, that children would come to bless and make bright the home. To her, as with all women in that eastern land. the childless home was a reproach and the crowning honor of wifehood was motherhood. But all through the bling horse, the American finds that long years of her wedded life this joy the bridge, which is a light, swinging and blessing had been denied her, and it seemed as though her heart must break with the burden of its grief.

Her husband, conscious of the vearning of her heart-for bravely as she tried she could not hide it altogether from his fond, loving eyessought tenderly to be not only husband but son to her, and tried to fill her life with activities and pleasures which would take her mind from her grief. And she being too true a woman to be swallowed up of her sorrow. a cold shiver through every one who found relief in the performance of saw it. He simply caught hold of the kindly deeds which endeared her to point of its tail, gave it a sudden jerk neighbors and friends and made had toward him and caught it by the back name great in Shunem.

errand of mercy took her to the other long. and her three children dwelt in poverty. In passing through the market place she observed a solitary figure sitting in a secluded spot. His cloak or mantle was drawn closely around him, but from without the folds of the garment which enveloped his head there looked a strong face, whose penetrating eye seemed to take in every detail and movement of the busy place. Knots of people gathered here and there talked in low tones and the furtive glances which were cast in the direction of the silent figure indicated plainly that it was the stranger who was the subject of conversatior. But no one, moved by friendly impulse, seemed inclined to the heart, though the mind be busied speak a kindly word of greeting to the with outward things.

stranger or bid him welcome. 'All-this the woman noted and then, as she passed clong on her way, she saw a man emerge from one of the booths of the market place bearing in his hands some of the barley cakes he had purchased there. These he placed in the hands of the slient figure who rose to receive them:

"Evidently the servant of the stranger," the woman thought to herself as she watched the two pass on their way, eating their frugal repast as they went.

"Have they no friends?" she asked herself, "that they thus come to Shunem and depart without anyone asking, 'whence comest thou? of whither goest thou?" It was a goodly face which the stranger had," she continued to herself as she went on her

way. "Who can he be?" To this last question which arose in her mind came a partial answer that day as she visited the widow, for she found that the latter, while out picking up sticks with which to make a fire over which to cook the little cakes of oil and meal for herself and her children had met this stranger and his servant, and he had spoken such words of encouragement and blessing to her that she had been greatly helped, and finding that she was of a branch of the tribe of Levi, he had promised to see that her son was entered in one of the schools of the prophets, where he could prepare for

the priestly service. From that time on the Shunammite woman watched for tidings of this stranger, and over the pathway which he had passed she found many a poor and humble one to tell of the deeds of kindness which he had shown them as he had passed by.

So it came to pass one day that as she beheld the man and his servant passing by her own home she went forth to meet him and constrained him to tarry and refresh himself after his long and wearisome journey. This he did and, as many an one has found since then, she came to know that the entertaining of one of God's servants brought blessing upon her household.

She had a great yearning for goodness and her greatest delight was to sit under the teaching of the prophet Elisha and receive from his hands that spiritual teaching which she needed. This feeling her husband came to share with her, and there was no more welcome guest in any home in all the land of Israel, not even the king himself, than was the prophet Elisha in the home of this Shunammite woman and her husband.

But goodness and kindly service never go unrewarded by God, and it came to pass as the prophet came and went the longing grew upon him to pour some special blessing into the life of this home whose hospitality he had enjoyed.

"What shall it be?" he asked his servant Gehazi, with whom one day he talked the matter over. "Would they that I should speak to the king that he shew them kindness, or to the captain of the hosts of Israel?" "Nay, not that, my master," ex-

claimed Gehazi, "for they dwell in security and plenty in their own land in Shunem. But verily she hath no "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward," exclaimed the prophet, quot-

ing the words of the Psalmist. "It shall indeed be so in this case." A full year has passed since Elisha's last visit to Shunem, for service in other parts of the kingdom have kept him busy, but one day he turns his steps thither, accompanied by his ser-

vant, Gehazi. "Let us go up, for this Shunammite woman rejoiceth in a son," he exclaimed. "She hath shewn great kindness unto others, and God hath rewarded her in accordance with his word. Let us carry God's blessing up to the child."

And Elisha found it even in accordance with the word he had spoken, and the mother greeted him with

words of rejoicing, saying: "The Lord hath made me to rejoice, for he hath taken away my reproach and hath given me a son.' "May the Lord ever keep thee faithful to the sacred mission of motherhood," responded the prophet, fervidly.

The Beardless Man. There is a so-called "smooth-shaven" millionaire in New York who never used a razor on his face. Twentyfive years ago he was a monomaniac on the subject of saving time, and among other short cuts to fortune made up his mind to cut out shaving, a matter of 15 cents a day and about 20 minutes of precious time, if the barber made good. After a trial of various cosmetics and delipatories he decided that electrolysis was a far better, though a more tedious, process. In five months the root of every hair in both beard and mustache was utterly destroyed by an electric current from a constant battery. The man suffered considerably, but ever since the operation his face has been as smooth as a bald head. No power on

earth could restore his beard now. How He Did the Trick. A driver on the Avontuur railway, South Africa, while staying at the Gamtoos, caught a large cobra de capello alive. The cool way in which he did the trick (says a local paper) sent of the head. He then placed it in a Now it chanced one day as she went | biscuit tin. The snake was three about her gentle ministeries that an inches in diameter and about four feet

> Evil Speaking. If you must speak ill of your neighbor, do it where only a mean man will hear it-that is, when nobody is around but yourself.

Short-Sighted Policy. Locking the heart against the drafts of sympathy is the swiftest way of impoverishing the whole life.

Do Good.

When in Rome do as Rome does not want you to do. Do as Rome ought to do, or as right requires. Pray Without Ceasing.

Prayer continues in the desire of ment quickly."

THE LIVING ROOM

It Should at All Times Be a "Livable"

What to do with the living room is a problem that confronts every housekeeper. The living room should be in fact as well as in name a living room-a livable room. It is the room in which the most of our time at home is spent, the hours we have for leisure, the time we have for play, the place where we entertain our friends and it is absolutely essential that the walls and furnishings of the living room should be harmonious in color, suitable in texture, and durable

in material. The rich, soft, solid colored walls are the ideal walls for the living rooms: They make a better back ground for pictures, throw the furniture out in better relief, are less discordant with rugs and carpeting, and indicate a higher degree of taste and culture than do the colored monstrosities which we paste on when we

apply wall paper. Who ever saw roses climbing up a plastered wall growing out of a hardwood floor? Yet, that is what we suggest to the imagination when we paste paper covered with roses on our walls. They are neither artistic nor true. Roses are all very beautiful, but they were never made to climb up interior walls and they do not grow from hardwood flooring. The set figures of wall paper are also tiresome and equally disagreeable and repellant.

The alabastined wall is the only correct form of a tinted or solid colored wall. Fortunately it is the only clean way, and more fortunately it is the only permanent way; the only way that does not involve the end-

less labor in the future. In lighting the walls some thought must be given the color. Light colors reflect 85% of the light thrown upon them. Dark colors reflect but .15%. Lighting bills can be saved by choosing a color which will reflect the largest degree of light. In north rooms use warm colors or colors which reflect light. In south and west rooms sometimes the light can be modified by the use of darker colors. Dark greens absorb the light; light yellows reflect it; browns modify it, and so on, through the scale of colors. The color scheme of a room not only is dependent upon the color of the carpetings but it is also dependent upon the light of the room.

· TOOK TIME.

A Scotsman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set before him that he might help himself. After some time, the master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to reakfast."

"In truth, master," said Sandy; "a cheese o' this size is na sae soon eaten as you may think."

Maintaining His Dignity. Even the elevator boy had to draw the line somewhere, to prevent his being made too common. A writer in the New York Evening Post tells of a recent experience with one of the fraternity.

"If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," she said to the apartment house elevator boy.

There was no answer. "Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman, with some heat.

"I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says 'What?' " Shorten the Agony. "Say!" growled the man in the

chair, "hurry up and get through shaving me." "Why," replied the barber, "you said you had plenty of time."

"I know, but that was before you began to use that razor."-Philadelphia Press.

COFFEE EYES.

It Acts Slowly But Frequently Produces Blindness.

The curious effect of slow daily notsoning and the gradual building in of disease as a result, is shown in numbers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee. A case in point will illustrate:

A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eves in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says: "This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble. I concluded to quit it and see.

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of Husband whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions, boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about 3 months and my eyes are well, never paining me or showing any weakness. know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the cure was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made

in diet and I took no medicine. "My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum.

"Mr. ----, a friend, discarded colfee and took on Postum to see if he could be rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headsches. The change produced a most · remarkable improve

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.