A young couple who are very much taken with each other.

Willing to Help Him.

He had gone to the dry goods store with a bit of dress material which his wife had bidden him to match. "I am very sorry, sir," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very last remnant was sold this morning."

"But I must have it!" exclaimed the husband. "Otherwise, how can I face my wife?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said the salesman, "I would venture to suggest that you invite a friend home to dinner with you."

Making Sure.

Our Freddy is fully endowed with the inquiring mind of youth. Recently he said: "Mamma, who puts the bottle of milk on our front porch every night when we are all asleep?"

"Isn't that a rather foolish question?" his mother answered. "Whom do you suppose?"

"Well," said the small investigator, thoughtfully, "I suppose God does, but I'd like to know for sure!"-A. M. A.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Work of Zambesi Missions. A pamphlet recently issued by Andrew Murray gives a brief survey of missions south of the Zambesi. There are 31 different missionary organizations at work, ministering to over 10,-000,000 people. The student volunteer movement in South Africa has put 84 young missionaries in the field since

Asthmatics, Read This. If you are afflicted with Asthma write

me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Nebr.

Many a man's wife goes to church on Sunday without him because he can't persuade her to stay at home.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Y dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It isn't necessary for a married man to know his mind.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces in-lammation, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c a bottle-Debtors usually have better memo-

ries than creditors.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

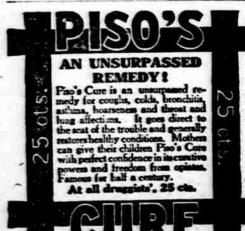
In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have. In the Pinkham Laboratory at

Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women

from surgical operations. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is whole-

some and harmless. The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it

to a healthy normal condition. Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.



W. W. JACOBS A Garden Plot

The able-bodied men of the village were at work, the children were at

school singing the multiplication table lullaby, while the wives and mothers at home nursed the baby with one hand and did the housework with the other. At the end of the village an old man past work sat at a rough deal table under the creaking signboard of the Cauliflower, gratefully drinking from a mug of ale supplied by a chance traveler who sat opposite him.

"It ain't what it was when I was a boy," quavered the old man, filling his Lipe with trembling fingers. "I mind when the grindstone was stuck just outside the winder o' the forge instead o' being one side as it now is; and as for the shop winder-it's twice the size it was when I was a young 'un."

He lit his pipe with the scientific accuracy of a smoker of 60 years' standing, and shook his head solemnly as he regarded his altered birthplace. Then his color heightened and his dim eye flashed.

"It's the people about 'ere 'as changed more than the place 'as," he said, with sudden fierceness; "there's a set o' men about here nowadays as are no good to anybody; reg'lar raskels.

"But the artfullest and worst man in this place—and that's saying a good deal, mind you-is Bob Pretty. Deep is no word for 'im. There's no way of being up to 'im. It's through 'im that we lost our flower show; and, if you'd like to 'ear the rights o' that. I don't suppose there's anybody in this place as knows as much about it as I dobarring Bob hisself that is, but 'e wouldn't tell it to you as plain as

"It was started just after we got our new parson, and Mrs. Pawlett, the parson's wife, 'is name being Pawlett, thought as she'd encourage men to love their 'omes and be better 'uswas the prize, and a metal tea-pot with writing on it.

"Of course some of 'em used to make fun of it, and Bob Pretty was the worst of 'em all. He was always a lazy, good-for-nothing man, and his garden was a disgrace. He'd chuck down any rubbish in it; old bones, old tins, bits of an old bucket, anything to make it untidy.

"It was the day after this one I'm speaking about, the 16the o' June, that the trouble all began, and it came about in a very eggstrordinary way. George English, a quiet man getting into years, who used when 'e was younger to foller the sea, and whose only misfortin was that 'e was a



"Not Bad News, I 'Ope, Says Bill." brother-in-law o' Bob Pretty's, his sister marrying Bob while 'e was at sea and knowing nothing about it, 'ad a letter come from a mate of his who 'ad gone to Australia to live. He'd place,' ses Bob. 'I ain't afraid o' your 'ad letters from Australia before, as new way o' cultivating flowers, Bill we all knew from Miss Wicks at the postoffice, but this one upset him altogether. He didn't seem like to know what to do about it.

"While he was wondering Bill Chambers passed. He always did pass George's 'ouse about that time in the evening, it being on 'is way 'ome, and he saw George standing at 'is gate with a letter in 'is 'and looking very

puzzled. "'Not bad news, I 'ope?' ses Bill, noticing 'is manner, and thinking it

"It was more like a story-book than Walker, speaking very slowly." a letter. George's mate, John Biggs by name, wrote to say that an uncle know you 'ad any geraniums, Henery. up at the Cauliflower to christen the of his who had just died, on 'is death- I thought you was digging for gravel teapot, where 'e'd be pleased to welbed told him that 30 years ago he 'ad | this year.'

Wouldn't Go Back on Him.

editorial staff of Munsey's. While little while when the sheriff came in

Davis was connected with a paper in a looking for a horse thief. His de-

rough-and-ready western town, a shab- scription fitted the stranger to a

been in this very village, staying at this 'ere very Cauliflower, whose beer we're drinking now. In the night, when everybody was asleep, he got up and went quiet like and buried a bag of 517 sovereigns and one half-sovcreign in one of the cottage gardens till 'e could come for it again.

"'And wot I'm to do about it, Bill," he ses, 'I don't know. All the directions he gives is, that 'e thinks it was the tenth cottage on the right-'and side of the road, coming down from the Cauliflower. He thinks it's the tenth, but 'e's not quite sure. Do you think I'd better make it known and offer a reward of ten shillings, say, to any one who finds it?"

"'No,' ses Bill, shaking 'is 'ead. "Bill swore he wouldn't tell a soul, and 'e went off 'ome and 'ad his supper, and then 'e walked up the road to the Cauliflower and back, and then up and back again, thinking over what George 'ad been telling 'im, and noticing, what 'e 'd never taken the trouble to notice before, that 'is very house was the tenth one from the Cauliflower.

"Mrs. Chambers woke up at two



Admiring My Geraniums, Henry?

cands by giving a prize every year for get up further, and then found 'e best cottage garden. Three pounds wasn't there. She was rather surprised at first, but she didn't think much of it, and thought, what happened to be true, that 'e was busy in the garden, it being a light night. She turned over and went to sleep again, and at five when she woke up she could distinctly 'ear Bill working 'is 'ardest. Then she went to the winder.

"Bill stood up straight and wiped is face with his shirt sleeve and started digging again, and then his wife just put something on and rushed downstairs as fast as she could go. "'Have you gone mad?" she ses,

half crying. "Bill just stopped to throw a lump of mould at her, and then went on digging till Henery Walker, who also thought 'e 'ad gone mad, and didn't want to stop 'im too soon, put 'is 'ead over the 'edge and asked 'im the

same thing. "'Ask no questions and you'll 'ear no lies,' ses Bill. "By tea time Bill was dead beat, and

that stiff he could 'ardly raise 'is bread

and butter to his mouth. "Afore people 'ad done talking about Bill, I'm blest if Peter Smith didn't go and cultivate 'is garden in exactly the same way. The parson and 'is wife was away on their 'oliday, and

nobody could say a word. "When Joe Gubbins started digging up 'is garden people began to think they were all bewitched, and I went round to see Henery Walker to tell 'im wot a fine chance 'e'd got, and to remind 'im that I'd put another ninepence on 'im the night before. All 'e said was: 'More fool you,' and went on digging a 'ole in his garden big

enough to put a 'ouse in. "In a fortnight's time there wasn't a garden worth looking at in the place, and it was quite clear there'd be no flower show that year, and of all the silly, bad-tempered men in the place them as 'ad dug up their pretty gardens was the wust.

"It was just a few days before the day fixed for the flower show, and was walking up the road when I see Joe and Henery Walker and one or two more leaning over Bob Pretty's fence and talking to 'im.

"Going in for the flower show Bob?' ses Henery, with a wink at us. "'O' course I am,' ses Bob, 'olding 'is 'ead up; 'my marigolds ought to

pull me through,' he ses. "'It's the best-kep' garden in the Chambers. Old-fashioned ways suit me best; I learnt 'ow to grow flowers from my father.'

"'You ain't 'ad the cheek to give your name in, Bob?' ses Sam Jones, staring. "'Admiring my geraniums, Henery?'

ses Bob, at last. "'Where'd you get 'em?' ses Henery, 'ardly able to speak.

"'My florist's,' ses Bob, in a offhand manner. "'About two days arter I threw

mine over my back fence,' ses Henery "Ho, see Bob, surprised. I didn't that 'e was going to give a tea-party

though his own were fairly good. The when he left. If you hurry you will large bones without crushing them.

SUBSCRIBER SACRED TO HIM catch him," Davis was surprised. "Why did you say he went up staff contributed, and, to the surprise street when you saw him go the Might Be Horse Thief, But Foreman of every one, the stranger pulled out other way?" he asked the foreman. \$8 and paid for a year's subscription

story told by "Bob" Davis, on the departed. He had been gone but a you?" Marvelous Digestive Powers. bily dressed stranger walked in one nicety. "He was in here." said the are extraordinary. One of these aniday and asked for some old clothes, al- foreman, "and went up the street mals has been known to swallow six

"Why did you say he went up the "H-I!" retorted the foreman, with to the paper. Then, having donned freezing dignity, "you wouldn't have The Fourth Estate repeats a good the contributed clothing, he hastily me go back on a subscriber, would

The digestive powers of the hyena

"Henery didn't answer 'im. Not because 'e didn't want to, mind you, but

WHEN THE TABLES TURNED.

Wanted to Be Friends.

Willie Walker was a little 12-year-

tentious surroundings. Therefore,

ever Willie went he was sure to hear

But in the town where Willie lived

were two brothers—Syd and Tom

Jackson-who felt the kindest sym-

Speak with Your Mother."

had been invited by Syd and Tom,

One day Willie was lying on the

grass under a tree, watching the

other boys' eyes, when he heard a

Willie quickly rose and replied that

"Well, I can wait till he comes home

through the gate. "And while I'm

waiting I'd like to speak with your

Willie called to his mother, who

came upon the porch. And as soon

as her eyes fell on the stranger she

cried out in a happy voice: "Why, if

And then Uncle Jim took Willie in

his arms and really kissed his frowzy

red head, declaring that he was a fine

boy and worthy of his relationship.

But that day, after dinner, Willie

heard his parents in earnest conversa-

tion with his Uncle Jim and heard his

uncle say: "Of course it can be done

as slick as a ribbon and no harm

done. And I've got the money to pay

for it, too." And it turned out that

it was Willie's crossed eye of which

they were speaking, and on the follow-

ing day they took him to the doctor's

office, and, after being there a little

while, Willie came away with two

straight eyes. But, of course, he could

not use his eye that had been operated

on for some days, and had to have it

town, for now he had two eyes exact-

other boy's eyes, too. As for his red

hair—bah, he didn't care a fig about

Then you should have seen the way

all those ugly, tormenting boys did

try to get into Willie's good graces,

for they coveted a ride on the pony.

Besides, the report had been circu-

a very rich man (which was true)

and that he meant to give his nephew

And to do Willie justice-for he was

it isn't my dear brother Jim!"

his red hair and crooked eye.

er, carpenter?"

object of ridicule.

because he couldn't. "'Come along, Henery.' ses Bill Chambers, bursting, 'come and get something to take the taste out of

your mouth.' "'I'm sorry I can't offer you a flower for your button-'ole,' ses Bob, perlite ly, 'but it's getting so near the flower show now I can't afford it. If you chaps only knew wot pleasure was to be 'ad sitting among your innercent flowers, you wouldn't want to go to Willie Found His Tormentors Then the public house so often.'

"Bill Chambers did a bit o' thinking as they walked up the road, and by old chap with red hair and a "crossed" and by 'e turns to Joe Gubbins and eye. And Willie Walker's father was 'e ses:

"'Seen anything o' George English lately, Joe?" "'Yes,' ses Joe.

"'Seems to me we all 'ave,' ses Sam

Jones. "None of 'em liked to say wot was in their minds, 'aving all seen George | at school and about the streets. Wher-English and swore pretty strong not to tell his secret, and none of 'em liking to own up that they'd been digging up their gardens to get money o'clock next morning and told Bill to as 'e'd told 'em about. But presently Lamp!" And, again, some tormentor Bill Chambers ses:

> "'Without telling no secrets or breaking no promises, Joe, supposing the bias to you. Sandy Kid?" a certain 'ous was mentioned in a certain letter from forrin parts, wot ouse was it?"

"'Supposing it was so,' ses Joe, hurt by the epithets hurled at him careful, too; 'the second 'ouse counting from the Cauliflower.' "The ninth 'ouse, you mean,' ses

Henery Walker, sharply. "'Second 'ouse in Mill Lane, you mean,' ses Sam Jones, wot lived there. "Then they all see 'ow they'd been done, and that they wasn't, in a man- the other boys to play with him. To

"While they was talking who should made the butt of their ridicule and come along but George English his- coarse, painful personalities that he

felt he had no genuine friends save "'Evening,' he ses, but none of 'em | Syd and Tom Jackson. And often he answered 'im; they all looked at Hen- refused to go on a picnic—where he ery to see wot 'e was going to say. "'Wot's up?' ses George, in sur-

"Gardens,' ses Henery. "'So I've 'eard,' ses George.

"He shook 'is 'ead and looked at hem sorrowful and severe at the same time.

"'Mark my words,' ses George Eng lish, speaking very slow and solemn, 'there'll be no blessing on it. Whoever's made 'is fortune by getting up and digging 'is garden over won't get no real benefit from it. He may wear a black coat and new trousers on Sunday, but 'e won't be 'appy. I'll go and get my little taste o' beer somewhere else,' 'e ses. 'I can't breathe here.'

"He walked off before any one could say a word; Bill Chambers dropped 'is pipe and smashed it, Henry Walker sat staring after 'im with 'is mouth wide open, and Sam Jones, who was always one to take advantage, drank is own beer under the firm belief that it was Joe's.

"'I shall take care that Mrs. Pawlett 'ears o' this,' ses Henery, at last. "'And be asked wot you dug your garden up for,' ses Joe, 'and 'ave to explain that you broke your promise to George. Why, she'd talk at us for that both his eyes were straight like years and years.'

"'And parson 'ud preach a sermon man's voice call from the gate: about it,' ses Sam; 'where's your sense. Henery?"

"'We should be the larfing stock for miles round,' ses Bill Chambers. it was and that his father was Wil-'If anybody wants to know, I dug my liam Walker, but was at his shop in garden up to enrich the soil for next town busy with some work. year, and also to give some other chap a chance of the prize.'

"Mrs. Pawlett and the parson came 'ome next day, an' 'er voice got that squeaky with surprise it was painful mother." to listen to her. All the chaps stuck to the tale that they'd dug their garden up to give the others a chance, and Henery Walker, 'e went further and said it was owing to a sermon on unselfishness wot the curate 'ad preached three weeks afore. He 'ad a nice little red-covered 'ymn-book the next day with 'From a Friend'

wrote in it. "All the gardens but one was worse than Bob's The only better garden was Ralph Thomson's, who lived next door to 'im, but two nights afore the flower show 'is pig got walking in its sleep. Ralph said it was a mystery to 'im 'ow the pig could ha' got out; it must ha' put its foot through a hole too small for it, and turned the button of its door, and then climbed over a four-foot fence. He told Bob 'e wished the pig could speak, but Bob said that that was sinful and unchristian of 'im.

"There was quite a crowd on flower show day fellowing the judges. First closely bandaged. But when the of all, to Bill Chambers' astonishbandage was at last removed by the doctor Willie was the happiest boy in ment and surprise, they went to 'is place and stood on the 'eaps in 'is garden judging 'em, while Bill peeped ly alike and as fine and straight as any at 'em through the kitchen winder 'arf crazy. They went to every garden in the place, until one of the that. And, to cap the climax, good, young ladies got tired of it, and asked jolly Uncle Jim bought the finest pony Mrs. Pawlett whether they was there for Willie you ever saw and a saddle to judge cottage gardens or earthand bridle to go with it, or on it, I should say.

"Everybody 'eld their breaths that evening in the schoolroom when Mrs. Pawlett got up on the platform and took a slip of paper from one of the judges. Then Mrs. Pawlett put 'er glasses on her nose and just read out, short and sweet, that the prize of three sovereigns and a metal teapot for the best-kept cottage garden 'ad been won by Mr. Robert Pretty.

(which was true, also). "You would 'ardly think that Bob 'ud have the cheek to stand up there not a bad boy at heart—he did not reand make a speech, but 'e did. He sent the way the boys had treated said that if 'e told 'em all 'e'd done to him in the past; but he never quite make sure o' the prize they'd be surtrusted any of them save Syd and prised. He said that 'e'd been like Tom. But he treated even his former Ralph Thomson's pig, up early and "He finished 'is remarks by saying

lie Walker.-Washington Star. I come all friends."

> He never had a day's holiday and never saw the sea. Haywood was for- she added, fervently. merly in business as a butcher, and he was in the habit of wearing an cook or write?" apron at church on Sundays beneath

All His Life Without a Holiday.

George Hayward, aged 91, who has

Previous Arrangements. "How was it that they had such an all-around family stew?" "I think it was all cooked up before

hand."—Baltimore American.

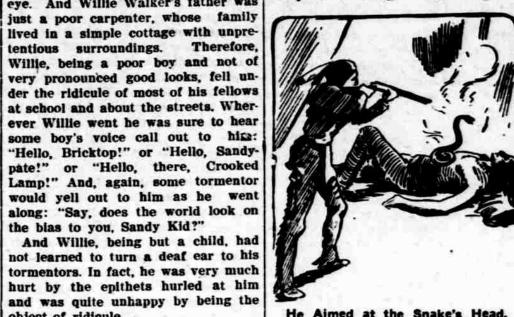
his frock coat.-London Daily Mail.

AN INDIAN HERO.

Prize Story by Fifteen-Year-Old De troit Boy.

"Hi! hi! hi!" yelied the red-skinned hunters as they came speeding over the sparkling cataract in their ten canoes. Far away in the south were the squaws and old men awaiting the return of these braves with meat to last them in times of famine. The Indians landed a little below the cata ract, as night was almost upon them.

A blazing fire was made, and a chunk of venison sizzled over it. Aft er they had eaten they sat around the campfire smoking. They were as



He Aimed at the Snake's Head.

silent as the night around them, the hooting of an owl being the only sound that broke the silence. When pathy for the carpenter's little crossthe fire began to get low and their eyed son and who braved the jeers of pipes needed refilling, one by one the red men filed into their tepees to get ner o' speaking, referring to the same | be sure, Willie was not entirely ostraa few hours' rest. cised by his fellows, but was so often All slept well but one. That was

Taw-ko, a boy on his first hunting trip. The day before he had fright ened away a herd of deer through his clumsiness. Makwa, the chief and Taw-ko's father, beat him for it, and even At-kik, his closest friend, looked at him only with scorn. A half hour had passed when, by the dim light of the fire, Taw-ko saw a large rattlesnake glide into his father's tepee. In a second he grabbed a gun, and was running to save Makwa's life. He saw the rattler crawling toward the man's face. Its head was already poised to strike. Taw-ko aimed his gun at the snake's head. He knew well that if he missed fire his father's life would not be worth much. Crack! Taw-ko stood there, his nerves pitched to the highest tension, waiting until the smoke cleared away. He then saw a wonderful sight. His father was standing up, looking in amazement at the snake's headless body wriggling at his feet.

Taw-ko was a hero after that. His "And While I'm Waiting I'd Like to father praised him much and bought him a gun, a much better one than he had. The proud boy kept the snake's skin and it brought him much luck. knowing that some of the boys would

He seemed, in years later, to bear surely spoil his day by poking fun at a charmed life, which his tribe declared was caused by his keeping of this skin.-Charles Smart, in Detroit clouds floating overhead and wishing Free Press.

A GOOD TRICK.

Balance Act Which Will Surprise "Is this the home of William Walk-Your Friends.

If you are fond of tricks, here's a good one. All you need is a long steel penny hatpin, a hairpin, a finger ring and a coin of equal weight as the

for dinner," said the man, coming in ring. Bend the hairpin as shown in the picture. Place the coin in the slot made by the bent wire and hang the



How Trick Is Done.

ring on the hook end. With a little practice you will be able to balance the articles on the end of the hatpin. After you can balance them very well you can surprise your friends by making the combination go round like a carrousel. This is accomplished by gently blowing upon the ring.

For Memorial to John Bunyan. Negotiations for the erection of a memorial to John Bunyan in Westminster Abbey, supported by peers, lated about town that Uncle Jim was bishops, statesmen and literary persons, have issued in a proposal by the dean and chapter that the tribute shall all sorts of schooling and travel take the form of a window to be placed in the north aisle of the Abbey. The archbishop of Canterbury promises to preside over the commit-

New York's Costly Fire Department. tormentors with kindness and made fire departments of London and of lieve it, and still drank coffee until I them feel quite ashamed of them- Nen York city. The London depart- could not leave my room. selves. And to this day they regret | ment costs ten cents a year for each | "Then my doctor, who drinks Poshaving made fun of the kindest and inhabitant, while the department of tum himself, persuaded me to stop cofmost generous boy in the world, Wil- New York costs \$1.75 for each New fee and try Postum. After much hesi-Yorker.

Her Assistant. The authoress of whom Fliegende just died at Needham Market, lived Blatter tells had said that she was nearly all his life in the same house. very happy in her married life. "I find my husband such a help!"

"Indeed!" said her friend. "Does he

Older Than She Looked. Bobbie-That Mrs. Castleton said something nice about you. Mrs. Von Blumer (purring)-What was it, Bobbie?

"She said you didn't show your age."-Life.

HREE WEEKS.

bout a Remarkable Change

Mrs. A. J. Davis of Murray, Ky., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, kid-

ney disease was slowly poisoning me. Dizzy spells almost: made me fall, sharp pains like knife. thrusts would catch me in the back, and finally an attack of

grip left me with a constant agonising backache. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me quickly and in three weeks' time there was not a symptom of kidney trouble remaining."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK MAN WANTED CHANGE.

More Than Willing to Make Transfer

with Physician.

A Syracuse business man who, beides being extremely active and ambitious, has much sense of humor, was taken sick with a slight attack of pneumonia. His physician, aware that It would be a task to keep his highstrung patient in bed, sought to impress on him the seriousness of the ailment and the necessity of absolute rest; all of which the sick man listened to in a bored manner. Nevertheless he consented to obey the doc-

But this enforced inactivity rankled in him; and each succeeding day found the patient importuning the medical man attendant to allow him to get out to business. Then, disgusted, he would lie back to cast imprecations at the inexorable physi-

One morning the physician, after having been up all night on an important case, appeared at his patient's house at the usual hour. He had hard, ly stuck his haggard face inside the foor, however, before the man in the bed gave him a quick glance and sat

"Eh? ejaculated the patient. Then shoving out his hand to grasp the doctor's satchel, he added: "Doc, I guess you'd better get into bed here and let me go out with the medicine

A PROGRESSIVE.



"Madame, dot girl of yours make rreat progress mit her moosic. Before she was always two or dree notes beaint me, and now she is always two or dree notes ahead."

The Bride's Look. A girl about to be married worries to much she begins to look like an old married woman. In addition to worrying about her clothes and coaxng her foiks to give her a new outfit, she sits up too late with her young man, and the result is an anxious, careworn look a week before the wedding that cannot be told from the look on the face of a woman who has been married a year or two. Look at the next girl you meet who is soon to be married, and you will remark that she has "aged rapidly."-Atchison Globe.

A Discomfiting Witness. The following colloquy took place between Councilor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back:" "You say, sir, the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir. 'Cause why, she has confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course. How else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"-Argonaut.

"The Law." Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health. In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this

post card recently: "Dear Sir: This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."-Harper's Weekly.

NOT A MIRACLE. Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous. Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of

unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording. "I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught,

me sometimes two or three times a "My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that There is a difference between the caused the trouble. I would not be-

> tation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for

more than four months. "I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human

interest.