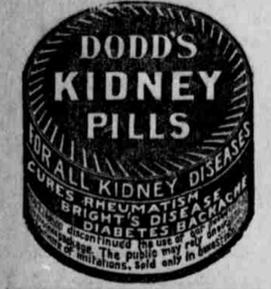


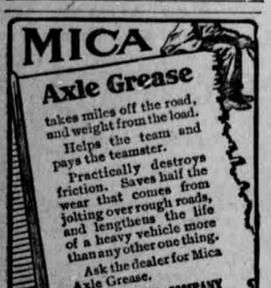
Two rich girls of Cincinnati are described as living the simple life. The older is 16, the other almost 15. They have traveled all over Europe and have been in Egypt and Mexico. They learned French in France, Italian in Italy, German in Germany. They drive automobiles, ride saddle horses, play tennis and other outdoor sports, have lessons on piano, mandolin and guitar, go to bed at 9 p. m. and breakfast at 8 a. m. What, after the amazing claim of their early years, may these girls not do if they now decide to try the strenuous life?—New York World.



**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SPASMS, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.



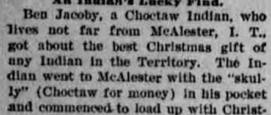
**New Wheat Lands**  
IN THE Canadian West  
5000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up a largely increased territory to the progressive farmers of Western Canada, and the Government of the Dominion continues to give 160 Acres Free to Every Settler.



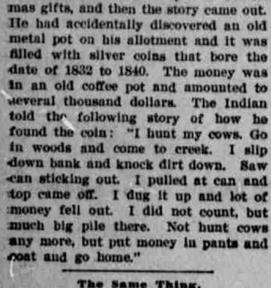
**MICA Axle Grease**  
takes miles off the road, and weight from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jolting over rough roads, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing. Ask the dealer for MICA Axle Grease.



**An Indian's Lucky Find.**  
Ben Jacoby, a Choctaw Indian, who lives not far from McAlester, I. T., got about the best Christmas gift of any Indian in the Territory. The Indian went to McAlester with the "skully" (Choctaw for money) in his pocket and commenced to load up with Christmas gifts, and then the story came out. He had accidentally discovered an old metal pot on his allotment and it was filled with silver coins that bore the date of 1832 to 1840. The money was in an old coffee pot and amounted to several thousand dollars. The Indian told the following story of how he found the coin: "I hunt my cow in woods and come to creek. I slip down bank and knock dirt down. Saw coin sticking out. I pulled at can and top came off. I dug it up and lot of money fell out. I did not count, but much big pile there. Not hunt cows any more, but put money in pants and coat and go home."



**The Same Thing.**  
Pa Twaddles—Well, what's the matter now?  
Tommy Twaddles—Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she's in the den.  
Ma Twaddles—Why, no, I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt while I'm talking to the doctor.  
Tommy—What's the difference?—Cleveland Leader.



**A FRIENDLY GROCER**  
Dropped a Valuable Hint About Coffee.  
"For about eight years," writes a Michigan woman, "I suffered from nervousness—part of the time down in bed with nervous prostration. 'Sometimes I would get numb and it would be almost impossible for me to speak for a spell. At others, I would have severe bilious attacks, and my heart would flutter painfully when I would walk fast or sweep. 'I have taken enough medicine to start a small drug store, without any benefit. One evening our grocer was asking Husband how I was and he urged that I quit coffee and use Postum, so he brought home a pkg. and I made it according to directions and we were both delighted with it. 'So we quit coffee altogether and used only Postum. I began to get better in a month's time and look like another person, the color came back to my cheeks, I began to sleep well, my appetite was good and I commenced to take on flesh and become interested in everything about the house. 'Finally I was able to do all by my own work without the least sign of my old trouble. I am so thankful for the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.' It has done me so much good, I haven't taken medicine of any kind for six months and don't need any."

# Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)  
Sivers was just going out to seek him when the door of his office was violently swung open, and a tall, raw-boned female entered in a bonnet placed across on her rough hair. This lady banged on Sivers' table a huge umbrella and demanded where Villiers was.  
"I don't know," snapped Sivers viciously, "how should I?"  
"Don't sneer at me, you wooden-legged monster," cried the virago, with another bang of the umbrella, which raised such a cloud of dust that it nearly made Sivers sneeze his head off. "He ain't been home all night, and you're been leading him into bad habits, you cork-headed libertine!"  
"Hasn't been home all night, eh?" said Sivers, sitting up quickly, while Billy retired to the fireplace and tried to conceal himself up the chimney. "May I ask you who are?"  
"You may," said the angry lady, folding her arms and holding the umbrella in such an awkward manner that she nearly knocked Sivers' remaining eye out. "I'm his landlady, Matilda Cheedle is my name, and I don't care who knows it."  
"It's not a pretty name," snarled Sivers. "Neither are you. What do you mean by banging into my office like an insane giraffe?"—this in allusion to Mrs. Cheedle's height.  
"Oh, go on! go on!" said that lady defiantly. "I've heard it all before: I'm used to it; but here I sit until you tell me where my lodger is," and snatching the action to the word, Mrs. Cheedle sat down in a chair with such a bang that Billy gave a shriek of alarm and said, "Pickles!"  
"I'll have a look round, and if I see him I'll send him home," said Sivers, rising to intimate the interview was at an end.  
"Very well, mind you do," said the widow, rising. "Send him at once and I'll speak to him, and perhaps, with a bashful glance, 'you wouldn't mind seeing me up the street a short way, as I'm alone and unprotected.'"  
"Stuff!" retorted Sivers, ungraciously, "there's plenty of light, and you are big enough to look after yourself!"  
At this Mrs. Cheedle snorted loudly like a war horse, and bounced out of the office in a rage, after informing Sivers in a loud voice that he was a selfish, cork-eyed little viper.  
When she had gone Sivers locked up his office and sallied forth to find the missing Villiers, but though he went all over town to that gentleman's favorite haunts, he could see nothing of him; and on making inquiries he heard that he had not been seen in Ballarat all day.  
This was so contrary to Villiers' general habits that Sivers became suspicious, and as he walked home thinking over the subject he came to the conclusion there was something up.  
"It," said Sivers, pausing on the pavement and addressing a street lamp, "he doesn't turn up to-morrow I'll have a look for him again. If that don't do I'll tell the police, and I shouldn't wonder," went on Sivers, musingly, "I shouldn't wonder if they called on Madame Midas."

CHAPTER XVI.  
Sivers was puzzled over Villiers' disappearance, so he determined to go in search of evidence against Madame Midas, though for what reason he wanted evidence against her no one but himself knew.  
The reason he had for turning detective was simply this: It soon became known that Madame Midas had been robbed. Wearing of the dull routine of the office work, Vandouloup was taking a walk in the meadows which surrounded the Patoctus, when he saw Dr. Gollepek shuffling along the dusty white road from the railway station.  
"Good-day, Monsieur le Medecin," said Vandouloup, smiling, as he came to the old man. "How goes the great work?"  
"Capitally," returned the doctor, with a complacent smile; "just finished Catherine de Medici—wonderful woman, sir—quite a mistress of the art of poisoning."  
"Humph!" returned Vandouloup, thoughtfully, "I do not agree with you there; it was a very well-called astrologer, Ruggieri, who prepared all her poisons. Catherine certainly had the power, but Ruggieri possessed the science—a very fair division of labor for getting rid of people, I must say—but what have you got there?" nodding towards a large book which Gollepek carried under his arm.  
"For you," answered the other, taking the book slowly from under his arm—a work on toxicology.  
"Thank you," said Vandouloup, taking the heavy volume and looking at the title. "French! I see! I'm sure it will be pleasing reading."  
When he was gone the mocking smile so habitual to Vandouloup's countenance faded away, and his face assumed a thoughtful expression. He opened the book and turned over the leaves rapidly, but without finding what he was in search of. With an uneasy laugh he shut the volume with a snap and put it under his arm again.  
"He's an enigma," he thought, referring to the doctor; "but he can't suspect anything. The case may be in this book, but I doubt if even this man with the barbarous name can connect Gaston Vandouloup of Ballarat with Octave Braulard of Paris."  
His face reassumed its usual gay look, and he walked into the house and found Madame Midas seated in her arm chair near the window looking pale and ill, while Archie was walking up and down in an excited manner, and talking volubly in broad Scotch. As to Dr. Gollepek, that eccentric individual was standing in front of the fire in an abstracted manner. Selina was in another room getting a drink for Madame, and as Vandouloup entered she came back with it.  
"Good-day, Madame," said the Frenchman, advancing to the table, and putting his hat and the book down on it. "How are you to-day?"  
"Better, much better, thank you," said Madame, with a faint smile; "the doctor assures me I shall be quite well in a week."  
"With perfect rest and quiet, of course," interposed Gollepek, sitting down.  
"Which Madame does not seem likely to get," observed Vandouloup, dryly, with a glance at McIntosh, who was still pacing up and down the room with an expression of wrath on his severe face.  
"Oh, ay," said that gentleman, stopping in front of Vandouloup, with a fine expression of scorn. "Do you know what's the matter with me?"  
"Not being in your confidence," replied Gaston, smoothly, "I can hardly say that I do."  
"It's just that Peter of yours," said Archie, with a snort; "a poor wicked un-baptized child of Satan."  
"Archie!" interposed Madame, with some severity.  
"Your pardon's begged, me," said Archie, sourly turning to her, "but as for that Peter body, the saints keep me hand from itching to give him one on the head, when I think of him."  
"What's he been doing?" asked Vandouloup, coolly. "I am quite prepared to hear anything about him in his present state."  
"It's just this," burst forth Archie, wrathfully. "I went into the town to the hotel, to tell the body he must come back to the mine, and I find him not in a fit state for a Christian to speak to."  
"Therefore," interposed Vandouloup, in his even voice, without lifting his eyes, "it was a pity you did speak to him."  
"I went to the room," went on Archie, excitedly, without paying any attention to Vandouloup's remark, "and he flew on me with a dirk. I had the sense to bang the door to and turn the key in the lock. Do you call that conduct for a civilized body?"  
"The fact is, M. Vandouloup," said Madame, quietly, "Archie is so annoyed at this conduct that he does not want to leave to come back to work."  
"I should just think so," cried McIntosh, "Fancy an imp of Beelzebub like him in the bowels of the earth. It makes my blood run cold when I think of the bloodthirsty pagan."  
To Vandouloup this information was not unpleasant. He was anxious to get rid of Pierre, who was such an incubus, and now saw that he could send him away without appearing to wish to get rid of him. But as he was a diplomatic young man he did not allow his satisfaction to appear on his face.  
"Aren't you rather hard on him?" he said; "he will be all right soon."  
"I tell you I'll have him back," said Archie, firmly; "he's one of those foreign bodies full of revolutions an' confusion of tongues, and I'd not feel safe in the mine if I knew he was down below with his dirk."  
"I really think he ought to go," said Madame, looking rather anxiously at Vandouloup, "unless, M. Vandouloup, you do not want to part with him."  
"Oh, I don't want him," said Vandouloup, hastily; "I told you, he was only one of the sailors on board the ship I was wrecked in, and he followed me up here because I was the only friend he had, but now he has got money—or, at least, his wages must come to a good amount."  
"Forty pounds," interposed Archie.  
"So, I think the best thing he can do is to go to Melbourne, and see if he can get back to France."  
"And you, M. Vandouloup?" asked Dr. Gollepek, who had been listening to the young Frenchman's remarks with great interest; "do you not wish to go to France?"  
Vandouloup rose coolly from his chair, and, picking up his book and hat, turned to the doctor.  
"My dear monsieur," he said, leaning up against the wall in a graceful manner, "I left France to see the world, so until I have seen it I don't think it would be worth while to return to my native land."  
(To be continued.)

HAD SNAKE ABOUT HIS NECK.  
Sleeper in a Tent Narrowly Escaped Suffocation by Reptile.  
F. E. Feve, an employe of the Northern Electric, had a most thrilling experience with a snake recently, and one that he will not forget in a hurry, says the Oroville correspondent of the Sacramento Union. Feve occupies a tent made of gunnysacks, in the western portion of the town. One night he retired as usual, only to be awakened by a feeling that he was being strangled. He attempted to cry out, but so tightly was his throat bound that he could make no sound and was forced to lie there, gasping for every breath.  
As he became fully awake he realized that something must be done or he would be strangled. He grabbed frantically at his throat and his hand slipped over the scales of a huge snake, which had coiled itself around his neck. He frantically pulled the coils loose, the reptile resisting him and biting him in the cheek. His companion had awakened in the meanwhile and came to Feve's rescue. The two pulled the snake away, and threw it to the floor, where it glided away while the men realized that the bite would not be serious as they saw that the reptile was a gopher snake.  
Knew He Was a Speaker.  
There is related an anecdote of former Speaker Reed of the House of Representatives, which is almost good enough to be true. He had visited a barber shop in Washington for a shave. After the negro barber had scraped his chin, he began to cast about for further work, or for a chance to sell hair tonics.  
"Hair purty thin, sub," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate.  
"Been that way long, sub?"  
"It was born that way," replied Reed.  
"Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute effluence, but it did not endure."  
The barber gasped and said no more. Later some one told him he had shaved the Speaker.  
"Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuf!"

Woman's Opportunity.  
Meeting a negro, a certain Southern gentleman asked him how he was getting on.  
The negro assumed a troubled look and replied:  
"Oh, so far's physicality goes, I'm all right; but I sure do have ma troubles with ma wife."  
"Well, Sam, I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the matter?"  
"She's thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All de time she keeps pestering ma foh pluch of change. If it ain't a dollah it's a half or a quarter she wants."  
"What on earth does she do with the money?"  
"I dunno. Ain't nevah give her none yet."

Funny Performance.  
Reed—Your wife's red in the face.  
Greene—Yes, she's been laughing all the afternoon.  
"Laughing all the afternoon?"  
"Yes, she's been out watching me play golf."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Was a Communist.  
"So you live in the Hub, eh?" queried the Chicago hotel clerk.  
"Well, not exactly," replied the man who had registered from Boston. "I live in one of the hubbubs."  
When a sick person is more than 70, people say: "His age is against him."

# Sermons of the Week

Sorrow.—All our work in life is sanctified by the sorrows and troubles that overtake us.—Bishop J. H. Van Buren, Episcopalian, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Affection.—A selfish, unloving woman is an anomaly in the social order. The ideal wife and mother will be affectionate.—Rev. C. W. King, Methodist, Scranton, Pa.

Americans.—We do not want a nation within a nation; we do not want German-Americans, but Americans.—Rev. C. M. Meldon, Methodist, Providence, R. I.

Twain Evis.—The two greatest disgraces of America are the prevalence of lawlessness and the misgovernment of our cities.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver.

The Day's Need.—The day's need is that a man should think for himself, decide for himself, and greater than all, be himself.—Rev. H. F. Rail, Methodist, Baltimore.

Man's Destiny.—Life is a great and noble calling, not a mean shuffle, not a groveling pretense, but an elevated and lofty destiny.—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

God's Love.—God is love and His love is deathless and changeless. It grieves; it forgives; it mourns; it kisses; it raises and it saves and does these things unto the uttermost.—Rev. David Greig, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

Tainted Money.—"Tainted money" is an expression very easily misunderstood. Money in itself can have no moral character. The taint, if there be any, is in the man who handles the money.—Rev. T. H. Rice, Presbyterian, Atlanta.

Dealing Justice.—The Bible commands you to deal justly and fairly and in truth. Deceive not and be not deceived, give just balance and just weights and measures shall ye have.—Rev. William Caston, Presbyterian, Cleveland.

Money.—People think that money is the real thing. But five minutes after we are dead we shall all be alive in the eternal life, and then of what use will money or the pleasures of the body be?—Bishop Satterlee, Episcopalian, Washington, D. C.

A Heavenly Force.—The kingdom of heaven is essentially a force. It is like heaven which, when hidden in the men, works from particle to particle till its quickening power pervades the whole.—Rev. A. V. Raymond, Congregationalist, Schenectady, N. Y.

Traitors.—Any man who for the sake of money will bring disgrace upon the cause of Christ is guilty of selling Christ to His enemies. He becomes a traitor to His Lord and His spiritual downfall is sure.—Rev. A. R. Holder by, Methodist, Atlanta.

The Life Divine.—There flames upon every man occasionally a spiritual consciousness of the life divine. This may occur again and again without producing any definite results, but it is sure to occur in every life.—Rev. G. C. Morgan, Presbyterian, New York City.

TREASURE TROVE WAS GONE.  
A Missouri Man Lost Out in Search for Territory Gold.

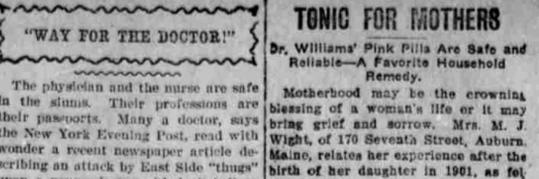
R. D. Hannaton, of Missouri, after securing a key that would unlock treasure buried in Indian Territory at the time of the civil war, finally located the hiding place of the gold, but just too late to reap the reward, for another searcher had beaten him to it, says the Kansas City Star. In the Civil War a man named Brown came to Indian Territory from Missouri. He had plenty of money. He settled in the vicinity of where the new town of Taft now stands.  
Rumors came that Price was about to raid the country with his army, and Brown buried the gold he had with him in a stone jar nearly as large as a churn. Over the mouth of this he had fitted a cover with a secure lock. He looked and buried the jar and disappeared. Later he returned to Missouri but came to the territory only once to get the gold. That time he lost the rough map that he had made when he buried the gold, and the country had changed so that he could not locate the place.  
Afterward the key to the jar of gold came into the possession of Hannaton and he came to the territory to renew the search. He knew about the vicinity. He searched and dug for several days. When his mission became known other persons who had often heard rumors of buried treasure there, commenced to dig also, and some one found the jar and its treasure. In one of the places where some one had been digging Hannaton found the jar which had been broken open. The hole where it had been was freshly dug. The person who made the find either left immediately or is keeping his luck a secret.

Good for Evil.  
There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hoary; whose faces are furrowed, but not wrinkled; whose hearts are sorely wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to old age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's usage. These are they who have returned good for evil. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.—Selected.

Happy Green Undisturbed.  
"I dare you," says Mr. Sage, giving \$1,000,000 to the Troy Tech.  
"I dare you," says Mr. Carnegie, giving \$10,000,000 to the simple speller.  
"I dare you," says Mr. Rockefeller, giving \$32,000,000 to the general education board.  
"Go ahead and dare," says Hetty Green.—Buffalo Express.

Accommodating.  
Hicks—Say, old fellow, just lend me \$10, will you, for two weeks?  
Wicks—Sure, old man. Just go over to old Titefast and borrow it in my name.—Somerville Journal.

Justice Is Just what the unjust are anxious to avoid.



**TONIC FOR MOTHERS**  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Safe and Reliable—A Favorite Household Remedy.  
Motherhood may be the crowning blessing of a woman's life or it may bring grief and sorrow. Mrs. M. J. Wight, of 170 Seventh Street, Auburn, Maine, relates her experience after the birth of her daughter in 1901, as follows: "I was all run down at the time the baby came and did not improve in health rapidly after. I was pale, thin and bloodless. My stomach distressed me being full of gas all the time and my heart fluttered so that I could scarcely breathe. 'Finally I remembered that a friend had recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me so I commenced using them. I gained in strength rapidly while the baby thrived also. When I expected my next child I started taking the pills again as a tonic and strengthener and had no such difficulty as before. I got up better and my strength came back much sooner. 'A year ago last winter I had an attack of rheumatism in the hands which went from one hand to the other. The joints swelled up and were so stiff I could not move them. The pain extended up through my arms and shoulders. I felt sick enough to go to bed but did not do so. This attack lasted for several months. I tried several remedies, but finally came to using the pills which had done me so much good before and found that they benefited me almost at once. I have not been troubled since.'"  
All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of five cents each per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Send for book of cures.

Self-Defense.  
"I'm surprised at you," said Jigley, "for to borrow a dollar from that fellow Harduppe. You're surely not in such awful need of money."  
"No," replied Shrader, "but I fell sure Harduppe was anticipated him that's all."—Catholic Standard and Times.

While She Waited.  
Grocer's Clerk—Step on this scale, Miss Buckum, and I'll give you a weigh. Plump Customer—I'll do it, Mr. Grigson, if you'll promise not to give me away.

CURED OF GRAVEL.  
Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.  
J. D. Daughtry, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2 1/2 pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine. I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I used to suffer the most acute agony during a gravel attack and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble—lumbago, headache, pain in the back, urinary disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed but that is not one-quarter of the worst number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."  
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FIGURES OF A CROP IN WESTERN CANADA.  
How a Swan River Settler Has Succeeded.  
Benito, Manitoba, November 28, 1906.  
J. Obad Smith, Esq., Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg:  
Sir—At Swan River Valley in May, 1904, a settler took up a homestead on Section 30, in Township 34, Range 29, West of the 1st Meridian, at that time there was a railway, telegraph, school or church. There is now a railway within two miles of his farm, and all these other advantages close at hand.  
His story is: "After making my homestead entry fee of ten dollars, I had \$45 total (forty-five dollars) capital. Through doing homestead duties in slack times of the year, I managed to get a start. I am a married man 28 years of age.  
"I built my first house or shack, and broke up eight acres, putting five acres in crop the first year.  
"This year, 1906, I had 80 acres in crop—45 acres in wheat, 20 acres of which yielded 85 bushels or 42 1/2 bushels per acre; 15 acres of oats, which yielded 355 bushels, and one stack of oats in sheep for feed.  
"Receipts for the year:  
Sold 1,735 bushels of wheat \$1,037.10  
In granary, 110 bushels..... 71.50  
In granary, 355 bushels oats, 88.75  
One stack of oats in sheep..... 50.00  
Garden roots and vegetables..... 25.00  
\$1,272.35  
"Expenses of year:  
Blue stone for seed..... \$ 1.00  
Paid for binder twine..... 50.00  
Paid for hired help..... 120.00  
Paid for threshing..... 107.00  
\$ 258.00  
Receipts ..... \$1,272.35  
Expenditure ..... 258.00  
Balance ..... \$1,014.35  
Assets.  
180 acres of land valued at.....\$2,500.00  
Frame house 20x20 valued at..... 600.00  
Farm implements..... 425.00  
1 team horses and harness..... 400.00  
5 head young cattle..... 75.00  
5 hogs ..... 15.00  
Receipts of this year's crop..... 1,014.35  
\$5,000.75  
Liabilities.  
Loan on farm..... \$ 500.00  
Balance to my good..... \$4,500.75  
Particulars as to how to secure low railway rates to the free homestead lands of Western Canada may be secured from any Canadian Government agent.  
London society women are forming "prayer circles" in connection with the Torrey-Alexander revival.

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