

in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me, th' boss!" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance agent asked her the question. "Indade Oi'm not! Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming toward the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me."

Warily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy;

Is This Fair

Certain Proof Will be Made That Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Stomach Trouble

THIS EXPERIMENT FREE

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are made to give to the system, through the digestive tract and the stomach, the necessary chemical not only to digest food, but to enrich the fluids of the body so that it may no longer suffer from dyspepsia or other stomach trouble.

We will send you a quantity of these tablets free, so that their power to cure may be proven to you.

Thousands upon thousands of people are using these tablets for the aid and cure of every known stomach disease. Know what you put into your stomach, and use discretion in doing so.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of Hydrastis, Golden Seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous lining of the stomach, and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; Lactose (extracted from milk); Nux, to strengthen the nerves, controlling the action of the stomach and to cure nervous dyspepsia; pure Ascetic Pepsin of the highest digestive power and approved by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

One of the ablest professors of the University of Michigan recently stated that this pepsin was the only aseptically pure he had found that was absolutely pure—free from all animal impurities; Bismuth, to absorb gases and prevent fermentation. They are deliciously flavored with concentrated Jamaica Ginger—in itself a well known tonic.

Liquid medicines lose their strength the longer they are kept, through evaporation, fermentation and chemical changes, hence Stuart's Tablets are recognized as the only true and logical manner of preserving the ingredients given above in their fullest strength.

If you really doubt the power of these tablets, take this advertisement to a druggist and ask his opinion of the formula.

It is due your stomach to give it the ingredients necessary to stop its trouble. It costs nothing to try. You know what you are taking, and the fame of these tablets prove their value. All druggists sell them. Price 50 cents. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

"that's the real boss of this house." —Herald and Presbyterian.

THE BOY I USED TO BE

I'm going home to see the folks,
Just one week from today.
I know just how the place will look
And know just what they'll say.
I'll sleep in my old wooden bed,
And I'll wake up, at light,
To find me the boy I used to be
Has come back overnight.

I'll lie till mother calls, "Will, boy,"
And "Billy!" father'll yell,
"Say! Breakfast's ready—hustle
now!"

"What ails ye—can't ye smell?"
That will be Sunday morning, so
We'll go to church, we three,
Dad marching on a bit ahead
And ma behind, with me.

There'll be a straight-out sermon
preached
No paltering with the Book—
And dad will drink it in, and wear
His stern old "Sunday" look,
But mother, if I catch her eye,
She'll half smile back at me,
And slide along a gumdrop to
The boy I used to be.

I reckon if it comes to pass—
That Judgment they foretell—
I'll plead three things * * * I was
her boy,
And that she loved me well;
And that I kept my lifetime clean,
(So far as lay in me)
That, yearly, I might chum with him,
The boy I used to be.

—Inez G. Thompson.

GOOD MORNING

Good morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song,
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin,
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile,
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;
Good morning, Sister Cheer,
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?
—J. W. Foley.

IS, OR WAS?

"Hear me now," exclaimed the nervous, flurried gentleman bent on holiday making, "what did the brakeman say was the next station?"

"Excuse me," said his fellow passenger, "you mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, sir. What is was, wasn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the second speaker.

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous one, getting flustered. "Was may be is, but is is certainly not was. Is was was, but if was was

is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was."

He paused, then desperately went on again:

"If was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was, then—"

"Listen," said the other, vaguely wondering how this interesting discussion was going to end. "Is is, was was, and was was was, and is is was."

"O, for goodness' sake, stop it!" cried the nervous man, almost in tears. "I've gone by my station already."

"Which was it? Was it the one that was—"

He broke off and fled.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BEVERIDGE ON ELOCUTION

"The simplest propositions," said Senator Beveridge, in a recent address, "must be set out with the utmost care in the wording, or misunderstanding, dissent, even anger may result.

"Thus, as a train was moving forth from a Cincinnati station, a man stuck his head far out of the window.

"Keep your head in there," a station attendant shouted, in warning, 'or it will be knocked off.'

"Knocked off!" shouted the pas-

senger. 'Knocked off, eh? Well, it wan't be knocked off by anybody the size of you, you bandy-legged shrimp!'"

When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at first; but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—Fuller.

The common people believe without proof.—Tacitus.

Johnson Says: Send Your Name to Me—BOOK READY

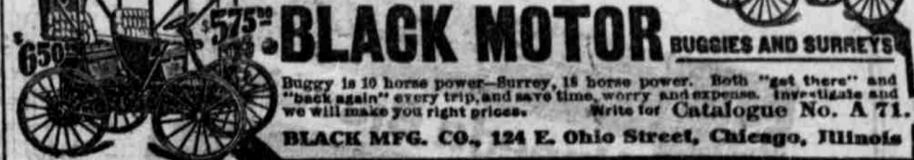
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