

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuralgia Case Cured to Stay
Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart it is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of a form that affected the vital organ it threatened serious consequences in an instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. L. Graves, of Pleasant Hill, La., who tells of his trouble and cure as follows:

"I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness. At the same time, in May, 1906, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good doctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die.

"I had smothering spells that it is awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to stop beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could cause every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotics, stimulants or opiates. These are the only pills that are made of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is through the blood that any medicine can reach the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$3.00, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

BREAD MADE OF TURNIPS.

Excellent Substitute Found at Time of Wheat Crop Failure.

What might in all seriousness be classed among the "great arts" is the varied use of vegetables, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The present generation eats them either raw or simply cooked, the most complex preparation being in the form of a pie or pudding. A century ago man multiplied their uses with a great deal of wisdom and ingenuity. From the Chinese radish was drawn a superior oil, excellent for table use as well as for light and medicinal purposes. The parsnip furnished a delectable wine, while from the fresh starch of potatoes was made a good wine, which by mixture with chalk formed an excellent material for stucco workmen.

The most noteworthy use of vegetables, however, seems to have been in the making of bread. At a time of failure in the wheat crop it was demonstrated that good bread could be made from turnips. They are first prepared as a vegetable, cleaned and cooked in the usual way. When mashed a greater part of the water is pressed out of them and the pulp then mixed with an equal quantity in weight of whole meal. The mixture is left to rise with yeast and then kneaded in the usual manner—kneaded, made into loaves and baked. The bread is found to be a little sweeter than the regulation kind, but fully as light and white. If cut immediately it will sink of the turnip, but to no disagreeable extent, while in twenty-four hours after baking all trace of the vegetable has disappeared.

If turnips can be used for bread, why not pumpkins, carrots, potatoes, or any other vegetable? The potato, pumpkin and the sweet potato pie have very little taste of the respective roots from which they are made, and this quality should be still less noticeable in the case of bread.

Shows Dews.

Fallows—Just as he was about to grope I took the down pillow and threw it at his feet for him to kneel on.

Patience—That was a bad break. "How so?"

"Why, I looked as if you were knocking him down."—Zoukers Statesman.

On Probations.

"I ain't got nuthin' particular 'gin the world now," said the old-time growler. "I've just about decided to let her alone for two or three weeks; an' she does better in that time than she's been a-doin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 if Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of New York writes:

"I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and I was laid up for months, it was only because I ate Grape-Nuts that I was able to get on my feet again. I was so weak and nervous that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would be so.

"I was in this great grief I had suffered for years with indigestion, flatulence, gas, and general cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicine gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee as all my meals.

"I am free from all the troubles I have mentioned. My digestion is strong, my bowels assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, pleasant sleep, and a buoyant feeling of vigor in my varied duties. I have a new woman, entirely healthy, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee."—Mrs. J. M. Postum, Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Her Ransom

By WILLARD MACKENZIE

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"What a man you are for rushing about!" said the viscount, reproachfully. "You don't seem as if you could stop more than five minutes in any one place. Africa, too! What's the use of spending your time among savages? We've got your friend, the famous Signorina Stella, in the house. She'll be delighted to see you, I dare say, and I'll set her on to dissuading you from this absurd African idea; eh, Audrey?"

"Sylvia will be very sorry," she said, almost inaudibly. The two left alone were silent for a moment or two, Audrey's heart beating too fast to allow of her speaking at first, and Lorrimore wondering how on earth he should break the news of Neville's proximity. At last he said:

"I'm afraid I have made my visit at an unconventionally late hour, Miss Hope, but I meant starting to-morrow. The fact is—Then, like most men engaged in 'breaking' news, he blurted it out. 'Audrey, I have heard of Neville Lyne.'

She started, but did not look over- come with joy. She was too much engaged thinking of another man—the Earl of Lorrimore—to be very much moved, even by the return of her old friend.

"Neville?"

"Yes! He—well, the fact is, that he is here—"

"Here! Where? Oh, and she looked round.

"Yes," said Lorrimore. "I met him to-night, by the most singular chance, and I have only just left him."

"Left him? Where? Oh, why did you not bring him with you?" said Audrey.

"Well," replied Lorrimore, "I should if Sylvia had not been here."

"Sylvia! What has Sylvia to do with him or he with her?" demanded Audrey.

Lorrimore was a bad hand at telling a story, and he looked round helplessly.

"The long and the short of it is," he said, "that they know each other, that they are old friends."

And in as few words as possible he told her the story, or as much as he knew of it, Audrey's eyes growing larger and larger as she listened and gazed at him.

"And now the question is, how am I going to bring him to her without scaring her out of her senses? She thinks him dead, dead, don't you see?"

"I see," said Audrey, slowly and thoughtfully. "Yes, I see! And she indeed saw more than Lorrimore had put to her. She understood now why Sylvia was not married, why she received men's homage and admiration with such coldness and reserve. 'Oh, the poor girl!'" she muttered, "and to think it is Neville Lyne. Oh, am I glad! So glad! And in her joy at her prospects of her friend's happiness, she turned to him with tears glistening in her eyes, and looking so lovely that Lorrimore's head awoke."

"Yes, I'm glad he's turned up and—and I wish I'd found him," and he turned his head away.

Audrey's eyes fell.

"But now we've got to break the news to her," he said. "You see what a splendid hand I am at that kind of thing, and I'm afraid you will have to do it."

"Yes," said Audrey, softly. "I will do it. He must not come yow, in case she should come out suddenly and see him, without being prepared—ah, here she is!" she broke off, as Sylvia's voice was heard singing as she came.

"Here's Lord Lorrimore, Sylvia," said Audrey, trembling a little.

"Oh, I am so glad!" And her soft little palm clung around his. "And how unexpected— isn't it, Audrey?"

"Yes," said Audrey. "Lord Lorrimore has come on—on business, business of yours."

"Of mine?" said Sylvia, smiling. "Has anything gone wrong at the opera? What is it? Why do you look so grave? You can't bring me very bad news, Lord Lorrimore, for—for I have had all my bad news, you see; and all those I love, Audrey, and Mercy, and you—if I may say so—are here near me, and I safe. What is it?"

"It's—it's good news," stammered Lorrimore, but Audrey motioned him to keep silent.

"Yes, dear," she said, stealing her arm around her, "it is good news. Lord Lorrimore has come to-night with a strange, wonderful story, so strange and wonderful as to seem unreal and impossible. Do you think you could bear to hear it, Sylvia?" Her voice grew lower, tender. "Sometimes great joy is as hard to endure as great sorrow; sometimes to find that those we have lost, lost forever, as we thought, are still living—"

She stopped, terrified by the look that came into Sylvia's face; it was a look as of one who hopes, yet dares not believe.

"What—what is it?" she panted, looking from one to the other, her face glowing with white-hot excitement.

"Such wonderful things happen—truth is stranger than fiction," stammered Lorrimore, getting near to her in case she should faint or fall. "We've read stories of people who've—who've been supposed to be killed on—the field of battle—you know, and, and turned up again, safe and sound after all—"

Sylvia started, her eyes closed for a moment, and they thought she would fall; she swayed slightly, but she caught Audrey's arm.

"It is—Jack!" she breathed. "You—you have heard that—that he is not dead? Not dead! Oh, don't keep me in suspense!" she pleaded. And she wrung her hands and looked from one to the other with an expression in her eyes that made Lorrimore turn his head away. "Don't keep me—not a moment!—I can bear it! I dreamed that he was alive—ask Mercy—she will tell you that I did! Oh, Jack, Jack!"

"My dear," blurted out Lorrimore, "that—that jacket we brought was his, right enough, but another man wore it; and—and you see—"

"Jack!" breathed from her parted lips.

"Call him," whispered Audrey, down whose cheeks the tears were running.

Lorrimore sprang to the steps and shouted "Neville!"

A stalwart figure came running across the lawn, and in another moment Sylvia was lying in his arms, weeping, laughing, murmuring his name brokenly, her small, trembling hands patting his broad shoulders that she might convince herself that he was flesh and blood; her Jack, and not a ghost.

Lorrimore led Audrey away.

"I wish to heaven I were half as happy as those two!" he murmured.

CHAPTER XXV.

At last Sylvia drew herself out of Neville's arms and he led her to a sofa and sat down beside her. He gave an account of his adventures since their parting, excepting those connected with the finding of the will, and Sylvia listened with eager interest.

"Poor Jack!" she murmured, smoothing his hands. "But who cares? You are here—here, actually sitting beside me. Oh, do you think I shall wake up presently and find it all a dream?"

As she asked the question the door opened, and the viscount came in.

"Here you are, Lorr—Hullo! Hullo! What! Why! No! Yes! It is Neville Lyne! Why, my dear boy, this is a surprise. Where on earth did you spring from? I shouldn't have known you but for your eyes! Where's Audrey? She'll be glad enough to see you, I'll warrant. Well, I never! My dear fellow, we all thought you were—ahem—dead! Neville Lyne back?"

And he kept clapping Neville's broad back and laughing. "I wish her ladyship were here! You were a favorite of hers, boy. Why, you have grown into a giant, and—Hullo!" he broke off, suddenly, remembering that he had come upon the two sitting close together on the sofa. "Do you know the Signorina Stella, Neville? Do you know him, signorina? I suppose you do, though."

"I—I thought I did, yes," she said in a low voice. "But—but you call him—what was it you called him, Neville Lyne?"

"I did. It's his name, my dear," said the viscount, staring. "What else should I call him?"

Sylvia looked from one to the other, her breath coming quickly. Jack, her Jack, Neville Lyne! How could it be?

Lorrimore and Audrey entering the room found them thus, and Audrey went up quickly to the viscount, and put her arm round his shoulder.

"Neville is an old friend of Sylvia's, dear," she said, giving him a little hug. "Don't you see?"

"No, hang me if I do!" he blurted out. "She doesn't know his name—"

"A fellow doesn't always call himself by the right name out in the gold fields," said Neville.

"Eh? And you met there? Well, bless my soul! You must tell us all about it, Neville."

Sylvia seemed dazed, and gazed at Neville, who, though he was talking to the viscount and Lord Lorrimore, kept glancing at her as if he could not keep his eyes from her face.

"It's the strangest story," he said. "And I don't quite know whether I am awake or asleep and dreaming. To think that Lord Lorrimore here should have been hunting for me all these years, and that he should once have been within a few miles—"

"A few yards!" said Lorrimore. "And not know it!"

A footman opened the door.

"Sir Jordan Lyne," he announced. "Sir Jordan Lyne!" The announcement and the entrance of that estimable gentleman were like the explosion of a bombshell to at least three out of four of the party. Audrey started and turned pale, Lorrimore frowned darkly, and Neville sprang to his feet.

Jordan's presence was owing to one of those chances which make or mar men's fortunes. He had started that morning for London, resolved upon persuading, forcing, Audrey to marry him at once. He was thinking of her intently as he gazed vaguely out of the carriage window, and, lo and behold as his train pulled up at Sudbury Junction, half way to town, he saw her face at the carriage window of a train standing at the down platform. At first he thought that it was an optical delusion, then he caught sight of Lord Marlow, and instantly jumped at the right conclusion; Audrey was going to the Grange to avoid him! He sprang out of the train and yelled for a porter, but as he did so his own and another train started, and he was left standing upon the platform while Audrey was carried away from him.

To the amazement of the officials, who, of course, knew the right honorable gentleman, Sir Jordan stamped his feet. When was the next train back to Lyne? There was no other until the usual afternoon one, he was informed.

He spent four of the longest hours in his life at the station, and then flung himself into the down train, and was carried to Lyne. He only ascertained that Miss Hope and her party had indeed arrived at the Grange; that he had himself driven there.

For a moment as the footman opened the drawing-room door and announced him, and he saw Neville and Lord Lorrimore, he stopped short, and the color left his face. He had expected to see only Audrey and the signorina. Then with a tremendous

effort he pulled himself together and came forward with a sweet smile of surprise and joy.

"Is it possible? Neville! My—my dear Neville!" he murmured, holding out his hand. "This is indeed a surprise! When did you return? To find you here, too!"

Neville stood stalwart and grim, and allowed his brother to get hold of his hand; but drew it away again instantly.

"How do you do, Lord Lorrimore?" Lorrimore nodded, and Jordan went on, taking Audrey's hand, with a smile as if he were sure that they must all be delighted to see him. "I started this morning, but at Sudbury I remembered suddenly that I had forgotten an important document, without which my presence in London was, so to speak, useless. I assure you that I was terribly annoyed at having to turn back—"

his voice dropped, and he bent over Audrey—"for I had looked forward to seeing you in London, dearest. But—to the rest—"

he wondered these accidents turn out. If I had not forgotten that paper I should have been in London, and missed seeing you all to-night, my dear Neville especially."

"My dear Neville!" he said, sinking into his chair again, and was gazing grimly at the carpet. He was tormented by the desire to exclaim, "Audrey, don't let that man touch your hand, don't let him come near you; he's a scoundrel!" But he restrained himself.

(To be continued.)

SAVING A COMRADE.

Stories of affection and apparent reason among wild animals have divided the "nature-writers" into two schools. One believes that animals act merely from the instinct; the other holds that the dumb brute feels and reasons. In "The Life of a Scotch Naturalist" Mr. Smiles quotes from the journal of Thomas Edward the story of how a little flock of terns rescued a wounded companion which the naturalist had shot.

I fired, and he came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought together the party he had left in, order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm.

After surveying the wounded brother round and round, as he was lying unwittingly toward the shore, he took the flying fish they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and went the air with great screams.

These continued to utter, regardless of their own individual safety, until I began to make preparations for receiving the approaching bird. I could already see that it was a beautiful adult specimen, and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, since I was not very far from the water's edge.

While matters were in this position I beheld, to my utter astonishment, two of the unwary terns, one at each wing, lift him out of the water and bear him out seaward. They were followed by two other birds.

After having carried him about six or seven yards they let him gently down again, and the two who had hitherto been inactive took him up.

In this way they continued to carry him alternately until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched from my grasp.

I was observed, however, by the terns, and instead of four, I had in a short time a whole swarm about me. On my near approach to the rock I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as they had done before, and bear him out to sea in triumph, far beyond my reach.

Girls, Don't Marry Greeks.

Young Women of America who desire to marry Greeks should exercise the utmost care, according to advice given by George Horton, the American consul at Athens, who in a communication to the State Department, says it is very easy for a Greek to marry in this country, and then to return home and marry there again. Marriages performed by any other than a Greek priest are not regarded as binding, and frequent cases have been known of Greek consuls deserting their American wives, returning to their home in Greece and marrying a native. He says, however, that it is only a low class Greek who would do this. Mr. Horton says:

"For a Greek who waxes of his family if he has not been married according to the Oriental Church, emancipation is easy, safe and simple. He has nothing to do but come back to his native land and marry again. For the deserted family there is no remedy; but the prevention is easy. Every American woman contemplating marriage with a Greek should insist that the ceremony be performed by a reputable Greek priest."

Impressed Him.

"Blank has just been showing me his new auto. Fine machine, isn't it?"

"Yes. What do you think its strongest feature?"

"The odor"—Detroit Free Press.

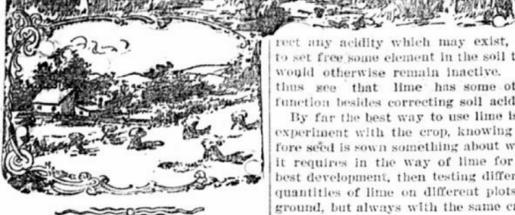
Proved His Point.

Daughter—Mortimer has just got a political job, papa. You said he wasn't capable of earning a living.

Father—Well, that proves it, doesn't it?—Judge.

Two-thirds of the world's sugar is made from beets.

AGRICULTURAL



Flowers for the Gardening Beginner.

To make his flower garden a continual delight, the amateur should study the characteristics of the flowers he grows and see that each serves a purpose. If he loves fragrance, nocturnal flowers, with excellent, and a fragrant novelty which presents a striking contrast to the most common flowers. These, above all, are excellent for borders, planted in front of taller growing shrubs.

For a bed where a mass of yellow is desired, golden California poppy is useful. It must be sown where it is to bloom, as it does not transplant well. Its flowers are not adapted for cutting.

For side and back fences clumps of single and double hollyhocks in mass are good. A flower which grows nearly as high as the hollyhock is raddeklia golden glow, which produces a wealth of golden flowers good for cutting. It is a good plan to devote the space in front of one fence to dahlias and cosmos, for these are sure to please the fastidious flower lover. The dahlia and decorative forms of the dahlia are becoming more and more popular every year. The tubers may be stored in the cellar in winter like potatoes. If there happens to be a sunny exposure in the garden, plant a few pompon chrysanthemums, which are hardy. They will give an effective display of tiny flowers in the autumn. The Drummond phlox are exceedingly pretty, slow growing annuals, exceedingly showy in mass. In warm and exposed situations they last but few weeks in bloom.

Coops for Small Chickens.

A farmer's wife writes: The coop I use, shown in sketch, is much better if made of pine. It is made in three separate pieces, the roof and bottom being removable. The roof projects over the coop on all sides, but much shorter in front and back. This is to keep rain from beating in. The roof boards are nailed to two narrow pieces, which are just the length of the inside of the coop, and are placed far enough from the front and the back to fit inside the coop. The cracks are battened.

The floor, d, is made to slip in at the back like a drawer. This coop is very easily sunned and cleaned on account of the removable floor and roof. The 8-inch board at the top in front has holes bored in for ventilation. A wooden button on top board and a 1-inch strip at the bottom holds on the frame of the screen which is used in stormy days when the chicks are too young to run out, and on warm nights. At other times a slatted wooden front, b, is used.

I make this coop in two sizes—a single coop 20 inches square, 24 inches high in front and 16 inches in the back, and a double coop is 30 inches long and 24 inches wide. A removable lath partition, c, divides it.

Fertilizing an Orchard.

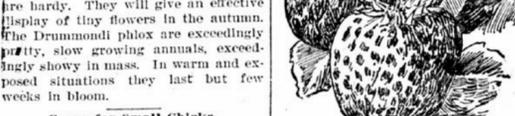
Nothing is better for fertilizing an orchard than raw bone meal and potash, says an expert orchardist. The bone will have nitrogen enough for the orchard in soil, and the phosphoric acid will become soluble by degrees as the trees need it. The principal need of your sandy soil in apples is potash, for not only is such a soil usually deficient in potash, but the apples take a large amount of the bone meal and fifty pounds of muriate of potash. Then mow the orchard and use the cut grass as a mulch for the trees. In short, keep the orchard for apples alone, and devote all that grows on the land to the trees.

An Egg Producer.

Green cut bone is not used as extensively as they should be, because grain can be obtained with less difficulty and at a minimum cost, but as egg producing material the bone is far superior to grain and does not cost more than grain in some sections. The cutting of the bone into available sizes is now rendered an easy matter, as the bone cutter is within reach of all. Bones fresh from the butcher contain more or less meat, and the more of such meat the better, as it will cost no more per pound than the bone, while the combination of both meat and bone is an excellent food from which to produce eggs.

Too Free Use of Lime.

There is certainly such a thing as using lime too freely both in the matter of quantity and of frequency. As a rule soil needs lime, but it does not follow that all acidity of the soil is due to lack of lime, for, as is well known, there are certain minerals in the soil in some locations which will, apparently, make it sour, and all the lime in the world will not overcome the effect. Then, too, certain plants contain more or less lime, many of them sufficient for their own use—clover is one of these, but oftentimes more lime is required in the soil not only to cor-



DETAILS OF A CHICKEN COOP.

now. Those who raise late varieties of strawberries for market should keep track of this sort.—Indianapolis News.

Don't Forget the Lettuce.

Lettuce plants that have been wintered over in the cold frame should be planted at the earliest possible date in spring, and a sowing of the seed should be made at about the same time. Many kinds of vegetables will yield good returns on land but moderately enriched, but lettuce can only be grown to perfection in very rich and heavily manured ground. Plant in rows two or fifteen inches apart; plants should be set eight inches apart in the row, and the seed sown in drill and when large enough thinned out to about eight or ten inches. Give clean and thorough cultivation. Varieties of lettuce are exceedingly numerous, and the selection of a few good kinds is not without difficulty.

The New Flax Industry.

An industry new at least to Minnesota has been introduced during quite recent years. It relates to the manufacture of flax straw into binding twine. Professor Shaw affirms in Orange Judd Farmer that one of the finest features of the new industry is that it will tend very much to lessen waste on many farms of the west. Nowhere probably in all the United States has the sin of waste prevailed to such an extent as in the western and northwestern states. Flax straw was almost a complete waste. The greater the number of acres devoted to the growth of flax the greater was the waste.

Cure for Sheep Foot-Rot.

For sheep foot-rot an English veterinarian gives the following as an excellent remedy: The sheep are walked once a month through a 5-per cent solution of copper sulphate, the hoofs being previously cleaned where necessary. Regular monthly treatment of this kind has been found a good preventive of foot-rot as well as a cure in mild cases. Where the disease has reached the advanced stage, the solution should be twice as strong, and the sheep should be walked through it about once a week.

Give Hogs Little Salt.

In reference to proper proportions of salt and sulphur in mixtures for sheep and hogs, Professor Richards writes: "The mixture of salt and sulphur that we feed our sheep is made up of one part of sulphur and five parts of salt. It is not necessary that it be made up of any definite proportion, as there is no danger of feeding too much of either substance. We try to mix it in the proportions mentioned. A good mixture for hogs is one-fifth of sulphur, two-fifths of charcoal and two-fifths of salt."

Hampshires and the Bacon Type.

At the last international I was much amused at the discussion in various quarters as to whether the Hampshire swine are of the bacon or lard type. The individual who calls Hampshire swine bacon animals has not yet learned the A B C of what the term bacon means. A B C of what the term means, remarks Professor T. W. Shaw in American Agriculturist.

Cleaning the Coops.

Scalding with hot, strong soapsuds will cleanse the filthiest coop, and if when thoroughly dry it is whitewashed with a wash containing a good amount of carbolic acid the lice and mites will be dead or gone for the time being, and you will then have the work under control and by constant care can keep free of the pests.

Indications of Longevity.

In the medical world it is a generally accepted fact that every person bears physical indications of his prospects of long life. A long-lived person may be distinguished from a short-lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die, says the New York Herald.

The primary condition of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers.

The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the height of the ear being low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermixture of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils, if large, open and free indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs.

These are general points of distinction, but, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions.

Scriptures in 300 Languages.

When a translation of the Bible, which Rev. F. H. Price, a missionary in Guam, is working on shall have been completed, the scriptures, or portions thereof, may be read in 300 different languages. The language of the natives of Guam is called Chamorro.

Sandbaggers on Wheels.

Two highwaymen, mounted on bicycles, have been sandbagging citizens with much success lately in San Francisco suburbs. They ride noiselessly, do their work swiftly and escape easily.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.