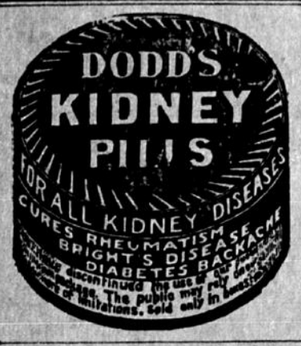
One that Did.

Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—Are you sure you didn't dream that, Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?

Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they come true sometimes.

Lawyer—O, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?

Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketcham, you paid me $5 the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it.—Chicago Tribune.



A Positive CURE — CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

HAY FEVER

A MID-WINTER VERDICT.

"Bright Sunshine All Winter" Is What a Western Canada Lady Says.

Maidstone, Sask., Canada,
Feb. 4, 1907.

C. J. Broughton, Esq., Canadian Government Agent, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir—Being so well pleased with Canada we wish my father and brother to come here. Will you please send them reading matter on Canada?

We have been here nearly a year and are delighted with this country. We have lived in Illinois, Iowa, and Michigan and we find Canada away ahead of any of them. We have had bright sunshine all winter so far, only two nice easy snow storms. If it was not all right you know I would not want my father and brother to come here, but we think it is grand.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. ED. TROUPE.

A "census" of the vehicles passing over London bridge was taken recently for seven days. The number of vehicles was 125,373.

Garfield Tea, Nature's remedy for a torpid, inactive or disordered liver; for constipation, sick headache, indigestion.

Historic Toy.

In Independence hall at Philadelphia there is preserved among notable revolutionary relics a quaint little doll dressed in the fashion of Louis XVI. Long before there was a United States this pretty Parisienne found her way over sea, carrying with her into William Penn's woodland a little of the folly and fashion of the old world, for she was not only a plaything, but the fashion plate of her time.

Can you picture to yourself the countless multitude of dolls that has followed in her way? In the last six months, for instance, Paris sent over to New York toys worth $218,810—and over half of that sum was represented by dolls. In recent years France has lost a little of her supremacy in the toy market. She can no longer compete with Germany in homely toys—the trifles that are sold for a song; but in playthings of a finer sort she still holds her own. Not without effort, however. The local authorities of Paris offer tempting rewards for the invention of new toys.—Vance Thompson, in Everybody's.

Rubbing It In.

Miss Redpep—You are better, are you not, Mr. Feathertop? You were not looking at all well the last time I saw you.

Mr. Feathertop—Why, when did you see me last?

Miss Redpep—At the Swellham reception. You were waltzing, I think, with Miss Flutterby.

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Mother Finds a Food for Grown-ups and Children as Well.

Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.

Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptics.

A Phila. lady, after being benefited herself, persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:

"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on, I had to be very careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.

"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.

"My husband was also in a bad condition—his stomach became so weak that he could eat hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.

"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and more healthy children cannot be found." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XX.

A whole year had elapsed since the arrival of Vandeloup in Melbourne, and during that time many things had happened. Unfortunately, in spite of his knowledge of human nature and the fact that he started with a good sum of money, Gaston had not made his fortune. This was due to the fact that he was indisposed to work when his banking account was at all decent; so he had lived like a prince on his capital, and trusted to his luck furnishing him with more when it was done.

Kitty had joined him in Melbourne as arranged, and Gaston had married her and had established her in a place in Richmond. It was not a regular boarding house, but the lady who owned it, Mrs. Pulchop by name, was in the habit of letting apartments on reasonable terms.

Meanwhile he went everywhere, was universally admired and petted, and no one who saw him in society with his bright smile and nonchalant manner would have imagined what crafty schemes there were in that handsome head.

Madame Midas was still up at Ballarat and occupying the same cottage, although she was now so wealthy she could have inhabited a palace, had she been so minded. But prosperity had not spoiled Mrs. Villiers. She still managed her own affairs, and did a great deal of good with her money—expending large sums for charitable purposes, because she really wished to do good, and not, like so many rich people, for the purpose of advertising herself.

She had invested her money largely in land, and thus being above the reach of poverty for the rest of her life, she determined to take up her abode in Melbourne for a few months, prior to going to England on a visit. With this resolution, she gave up her cottage to Archie, who was to live in it, and still manage the mine, and made preparations to come down to Melbourne with Selina Sprotts.

"My faith," said M. Vandeloup, smiling to himself as he thought of the situation; "it's a capital comedy, certainly; but I must take care it doesn't end as a tragedy."

The next day Vandeloup sent a telegram to Kitty saying he would be home to dinner, and as he always required something extra in the way of cooking, Kitty went to interview Mrs. Pulchop on the subject.

Poor thing, it was so rarely now that he came home to dinner that a visit from him was regarded by her in the light of a treat. She dressed herself in a pretty white dress and tied a blue sash around her waist, so that she might look the same to him as when he first saw her. But her face was now worn and white, and as she looked at her pallor in the glass she wished she had some rouge to bring a touch of color to her cheeks. She tried to smile in her own merry way at the wan reflection she beheld, but the effort was a failure, and she burst into tears.

At 6 o'clock everything was ready for dinner, and having seen that all was in good order, Kitty walked outside to watch for Gaston.

Suddenly she heard the rattle of wheels, and rousing herself from her reverie, she saw a hansom cab at the gate and M. Vandeloup standing on the pavement paying the driver. She also heard him tell the cabman to call for him at 8 o'clock, and her heart sank within her as she thought that he would soon be gone again. The cab drove off, and she stood cold and silent on the veranda waiting for Gaston, who sauntered slowly up the walk. He was in evening dress, and the night being warm he did not wear an overcoat, so looked tall and slim in his dark clothes as he came up the path swinging his cane gayly to and fro.

"Why, Bebe, how charming you look to-night," said Vandeloup, holding her at arm's length; "quite like your old self."

And indeed she looked very pretty, for the excitement of seeing him had brightened her eyes and flushed her cheeks, and standing in the warm light of the lamp, with her golden hair floating around her head, she looked like a lovely picture.

"You are not going away very soon?" she whispered to Gaston, coming close to him, and putting her hand on his shoulder; "I see so little of you now."

"My dear child, I can't help it," he said, carelessly removing her hand and walking over to the dinner table; "I have an engagement in town to-night."

"Ah, you no longer care for me," said Kitty, with a stifled sob.

Vandeloup shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you stay to-night?" she said, looking imploringly at him.

"I have an engagement, as I told you before," he said, lasily; "besides, evenings at home are so dreary."

"I will be here," said Kitty, reproachfully.

"That will, of course, make a difference," answered Gaston, with a faint sneer; "but you know," shrugging his shoulders, "I do not cultivate the domestic virtues."

"How long is this going to last?" she asked, in a hard voice.

"Till I get rich!"

"That may be a long time?"

"It may."

"Perhaps never?"

"Perhaps!"

"You coward," burst forth Kitty, rising from her seat, and crossing over to him; "you made me leave my home, and now you neglect me, and have ceased to love me."

Kitty ran over to a desk near the window, and took thence a small bottle of white glass with two red bands round it. She let the lid of the desk fall with a bang, then crossed to Vandeloup, holding the bottle up before him.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked, in a harsh voice.

"The poison I made in Ballarat," he answered, coolly, blowing a wreath of smoke; "how did you get hold of it?"

"I found it in your private desk," she said, coldly.

"That was wrong, my dear," he answered, gently, "you should never betray confidences—I left the desk in your charge, and it should have been sacred to you."

"Listen to me," she said, in a harsh voice, with white face and flaming eyes; "to-night I leave this house forever."

"As it pleases you," he replied simply.

"Have you no love for me now?"

"No," he answered, coldly and brutally, "I am tired of you."

She fell on her knees and clutched his hand.

"Dear Gaston! dear Gaston!" she cried, covering it with kisses, "think how young I am, how my life is unhappy, and for you. I gave up everything for your sake—home, father and friends—you will not cast me off like this after all I have sacrificed for you? Oh, speak—speak!"

"My dear," said Vandeloup, gravely, looking down at the kneeling figure with the streaming eyes and clenched hands, "as long as you choose to stay here I will be your friend, but while you are with me our lives will be as they have been; good-by at present," touching her forehead coldly with his lips. "I will call to-morrow afternoon to see how you are, and I trust this will be the last of such scenes."

So still the night was. No moon as yet, but an innumerable blaze of stars set like diamonds in the dark blue sky. A smoky yellowish haze hung over the city, but down in the garden amid the flowers all was cool and fragrant. The house was quite dark, and a tall mulberry tree on one side of it was black against the clear sky. Suddenly the door opened, and a figure came out and closed the door softly after it. Down the path it came, and standing in the middle of the garden raised a white tear-stained face to the dark sky. A dog barked in the distance, and then a fresh cold breeze came sweeping through the trees and stirring the still perfumes of the flowers. The figure threw its hands out toward the house with a gesture of despair, then gliding down the path it went out of the gate and stole quietly down the lonely street.

CHAPTER XXI.

As he drove rapidly into town Gaston's thoughts were anything but pleasant. Not that he was thinking about Kitty, for he regarded the scene he had with her as merely an outburst of hysterical passion, and did not dream she would take any serious step. At the hotel he picked up the evening paper and glanced over it with a yawn, when a name caught his eye which he had frequently noticed before.

"I say," he said to a tall, fair young fellow who had just entered, "who is this Meddlechip the paper is full of?"

"Don't you know?" said the other, in surprise; "he's one of our richest men, and very generous with his money."

"Oh, I see! buys popularity," replied Vandeloup, coolly; "how is it I've never met him?"

"He's been to China or Chili—or—something commencing with a C," returned the young man, vaguely; "he only came back to Melbourne last week; you are sure to meet him sooner or later."

Vandeloup was so occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice two gentlemen who came in, taking seats a little distant from him. They were both in evening dress and had apparently left the opera in order to talk business, for they kept conversing eagerly, and their voices striking on Vandeloup's ear, he glanced round at them and then relapsed into his former inattentive position. Now, however, though apparently absorbed in his own thoughts, he was listening to every word they said, for he had caught the name of "The Magpie Reef," a quartz mine, which had lately been floated on the market, the shares of which had run up to a pound, and then, as bad reports were circulated about it, dropped suddenly to four shillings. Vandeloup recognized one as Barraclough, a well-known stock broker, but the other was a dark, wiry-looking man of medium height, whom he had never seen before.

"I tell you it's a good thing," said Barraclough, vehemently laying his hand on the table; "Tollerby is the manager, and knows everything about it."

A noise disturbed Vandeloup, as a crowd of gentlemen came thronging in. Barty was among them, and he thought he would speak to him on the subject. Barty was a clever little fellow, and seemed always able to get money. Perhaps he would be able to assist him. He stepped out of the balcony into the light and touched Barty on the shoulder as he stood amid his friends.

"Hullo; it's you!" cried Barty, turning round. "Where have you been, old chap? Come and have supper with us. We are going to have some at Leslie's."

"Yes, do come," urged Bellthorp, a companion, putting his arm in that of Vandeloup's; "we'll have no end of fun."

Vandeloup was just going to accept, as he thought on the way he could speak privately to Barty about this scheme he had, when he saw a stout gentleman at the end of the room taking a cup of coffee at the counter, and talking to another gentleman who was very tall and thin. The figure of the stout gentleman seemed familiar to Vandeloup and at this moment he turned slowly round and looked down the room. Gaston gave a start when he saw his face, and then smiled in a gratified manner to himself.

"Who is that gentleman with the coffee?" he asked Barty.

"Those stout and lean kine?" said Barty, girily. "Puts one in mind of Pharaoh's dream, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes!" retorted Gaston, impatiently; "but who are they?"

"The long one is Fell, the railway contractor," said Barty, glancing with some surprise at Vandeloup, "and the other is old Meddlechip, the millionaire."

"Meddlechip," echoed Vandeloup, as if to himself; "my faith!"

"Do you know him?"

"I fancy I do," said Vandeloup, with a strange smile. "You must excuse me to your supper to-night."

Gaston sauntered slowly up to the coffee bar, and asked for a cup in his usual musical voice, but when the stout gentleman heard him speak he turned pale and looked up. The thin one had gone off to talk to some one else, so when Vandeloup got his coffee he turned slowly round and looked straight at Meddlechip seated in the chair.

"Good evening, M. Kestrike," he said, quietly.

Meddlechip, whose face was usually red and florid looking, turned ghastly pale, and sprang to his feet.

"Octave Braulard!" he gasped, placing his coffee cup on the counter.

"At your service," said Vandeloup, looking rapidly round to see that no one overheard the name, "but here I am Gaston Vandeloup."

Meddlechip passed his handkerchief over his face and moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"How did you get here?" he asked, in a strangled voice.

"It's a long story," said M. Vandeloup, putting his coffee cup down and wiping his lips with his handkerchief; "suppose we go and have suppet somewhere, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I don't want any supper," said Meddlechip, sullenly, his face having regained its normal color.

"Possibly not, but I do," replied Vandeloup, sweetly, taking his arm; "come, let us go."

Meddlechip did not resist, but walked passively out of the bar with Vandeloup, much to the astonishment of the thin gentleman, who called out to him but without getting any answer.

Meddlechip went to the cloak room and put on his coat and hat. Then he followed Vandeloup down the stairs and paused at the door while the Frenchman hailed a hansom. When it drove up, however, he stopped short at the edge of the pavement.

"I won't go," he said, determinedly.

Vandeloup looked at him with a peculiar gleam in his dark eyes, and bowed.

"Let me persuade you, Monsieur," he said, blandly, holding the door of the cab open.

Meddlecap glanced at him, and then, with a sigh of resignation, entered the cab, followed by Vandeloup.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, through the trap.

"To Leslie's Supper Rooms," replied the Frenchman, and the cab drove off.

Leslie's Supper Rooms in Bourke Street East were very well known, and were soon reached by the two men.

"Now, then, sir," said Meddlechip, sharply, "what did you bring me here for? You must leave Australia."

"If I refuse?" asked Vandeloup, lazily, smiling to himself.

"I will denounce you as a convict escaped from New Caledonia," hissed the other, putting his hands in his pockets, and bending forward.

"Indeed," said Gaston, with a charming smile, "I don't think you will go so far as that, my friend."

"I thought it was done with," said Meddlechip, twisting his fingers together, while the large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, "but here you come like a spectre from the past and revive all the old horrors."

"If you call Adele a horror," retorted Vandeloup, coolly, "I am certainly going to revive her, so you had best sit down and hear me to the end, for you certainly will not turn me from my purpose."

"We will begin the story," said M. Vandeloup, in a conversational tone, with an airy wave of his delicate white hand, "in the good old-fashioned style of our fairy tales. Once upon a time—let us say three years ago—there lived in Paris a young man called Octave Braulard, who was well born and comfortably off. He had a fancy to be a doctor, and was studying for the medical profession when he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Adele Blondet. Octave Braulard," went on M. Vandeloup, complacently looking at himself, "was handsome, and she fell in love with him. Then there came to Paris an English gentleman from Australia—name, Kestrike; position, independent; income, enormous. He saw Adele Blondet, and was introduce to her by Braulard; result, Kestrike betrayed his friend Braulard by stealing her love from him.

(To be continued.)

IN EDWARD VII.'S KITCHEN.

Dishes Borne by Relays Through Mirror-Lined Corridors.

A system unlike that to be found anywhere else prevails in the kitchen where the meals of King Edward are prepared, according to What to Eat.

The royal chef is a Frenchman, paid a liberal salary, and with free lodging near the royal palace. It is his business to superintend only the king's lunch and dinner. He has nothing whatever to do with the breakfast.

When the dinner is to be served the scene in the kitchen is one of perfect order and readiness. The cold dishes which were prepared during the morning stand on the table, surrounded if necessary by ice; the birds and other such dainties which are to be served, cooked to a second, are ready to hand.

Now the hors d'œuvres are sent forward to an ante-room, which in the case of Buckingham Palace is nearly 300 yards from the kitchen. The assistants are clad in spotless linen, they all work by the clock and each dish is begun and finished to within a minute of the appointed time.

The chef walks around and superintends, but his assistants are so well drilled in their respective duties that he seldom needs to give an order, though here and there he offers a suggestion for the further perfection of some little dainty. During this time he is himself thinking out the final details of the masterpiece of the table, which he takes particularly under his own care.

Just outside the door of the dining hall there is an apartment where the final touches are given to the delicate and costly preparations. At Buckingham Palace it contains a hot table, upon which the dishes rest in readiness for their distribution to the table attendants.

The man who wields authority here is clad in immaculate evening dress and wears white gloves, and in a voice which is rarely raised above a whisper he gives the minutest directions as to what is to be done with each particular item on the menu from the moment when it leaves the ante-room and passes finally from his care. Relays of men and women bearers convey all these dishes from the kitchen to the ante-room.

The passages from the kitchen are long, with awkward corners in them here and there, and in order to prevent collisions in the hurry of the work an ingenious arrangement of mirrors has been effected at these corners, so that the bearers may see whether the road is clear for them.

Attendants are strictly forbidden to enter any other apartment than that with which they are immediately concerned, and even the dish bearers are prohibited from passing down other corridors than those which are set apart for their special use.

Always Ahead.

"Don't you object to your husband's poker playing?"

"Goodness, no—I like it. You see, he always plays with Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones and I are friends. If Mr. Jones wins, she takes the money away from him and divides with me. If my husband wins I divide with her."—Cleveland Leader.

Just the Right Time.

Stubb—I wonder why the President selected June to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State.

Penn—Because June is a great month for making two one.

Some men are like knives; in getting sharp they manage to lose more or less of their best metal.

Ohio, the inhabitants of which consider themselves one of the most enlightened communities in the world, have just been edified by the announcement that the salary of just one of its county auditors for the past year will be $113,265, more than twice that of the President of the United States. This auditor is R. C. Wright, of Cuyahoga County. He went into office in October, 1902, since which time he has drawn in compensation $245,788.43. This is nearly a quarter of a million dollars for five years of light office work, which need not engage him seriously for more than two hours a day. This has been made possible under Ohio's fee system. "The system is all wrong," says Wright, "but as long as the money is mine by the law I will take it."

R. C. WRIGHT.

-:—:-

Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, territorial delegate from Hawaii, is very much more of an American citizen than his name would seem to indicate. The prince has proved himself to be no "Jonah" in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He has conducted himself in a manner befitting the royal blood that animates his system. He is a cousin to the last king of Hawaii and also to ex-Queen Liliuokalani. His wife is a princess in her own right, being the daughter of the chief of Maui.

PRINCE JONAH.

-:—:-

Senor Ramon Pina y Mallet, who has been named as Spanish minister to the United States, is a well-known diplomat who has served his country at Peking and other foreign posts. Senor Pina is 45 years old and before being sent abroad made his mark as secretary in the foreign office at Madrid. Senor Don Bernardo de Cologan, who recently was appointed to the Washington mission, but who never presented his credentials, will be transferred to the Mexican capital as Spanish representative in the republic.

SENOR MALLET.

-:—:-

Frank M. Nye, Congressman-elect from Minnesota, is a brother of the late Bill Nye, one of the most original and ingenious humorists America has ever produced. Mr. Nye is a native of Maine, born at Shirley, March 7, 1852. His parents removed to Wisconsin when he was very young, and he was educated in the public schools of the State. Mr. Nye removed to Minneapolis in 1886. He has been engaged in the practice of law for twenty-eight years and has achieved much reputation in his profession.

FRANK M. NYE.

-:—:-

Queen Charlotte of Wurtemberg is a recent convert to Christian Science. Before her marriage to the King of Wurttemberg she was a princess of Schaumburg -Lippe. She is an excellent English scholar and has been a diligent student of "Science and Health" in the original. The King is reputed to be inclined favorably toward the faith of his consort. Both the Wurttembergs were Lutherans, which is the state religion.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

-:—:-

The cut is from the most recent photograph of Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist. M. Paderewski is an enthusiastic farmer and stock raiser and conducts a modern farm in Switzerland. He has recently been devoting a good deal of attention to the breeding of pigs and has imported several thoroughbred animals from England. His farm is one of the most completely equipped in that country.

PADEREWSKI.

Alcohol Best Motor Fuel.

The report of the Maxwell fuel contest between New York and Boston, to show the comparative merits of alcohol, gasoline and kerosene in the propulsion of automobiles, was made public recently. It shows that the engines operated with alcohol developed more power on hills than those using the other fuels. The reason was that while the initial pressure with alcohol is less than with gasoline, the mean effective pressure is greater. Another advantage of alcohol was found to be the absence of metallic pounding, caused by premature sparking. All three of the liquids can be used in the same carbureter, but at its present price alcohol is about two and one-half times as expensive as gasoline, and over three times as expensive as kerosene.

The test trip was made in January, between New York and Boston, with three cars having identical motors.

British Amalgamated Engineers now have a membership of 104,632.

Dockers in Germany increased their membership in 1905 from 5,900 to 6,500.

Boston (Mass.) sheet metal workers' helpers recently organized a union.

Montreal (Can.) telephone girls have organized in affiliation with the Electric Workers' Union.

Foundry laborers are making a national move to enforce the nine-hour day where it does not exist.

Between Jan. 1, 1901, and Jan. 1, 1906, there were 298 strikes and nineteen lock outs in California.

It is the intention of the International Photo-Engravers' Union to establish a fund for the aid of consumptive members.

Minneapolis and St. Paul retail clerks' associations are joining hands in an effort to obtain the early closing of retail stores.

Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont are the only remaining Northern States which permit factory work at the age of 12 years.

Unions of St. Augustine, Fla., are being sued for $15,000 damages because they urged dealers not to sell to an unfair contractor.

The average annual wage of the entire membership of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employes is $700.

In Colorado during 1906 there were 128 trade disputes, affecting 26,094 work people and causing a loss in the aggregate of 489,775 working days.

At a recent meeting of the Fishermen's Protective Union of the Pacific coast and Alaska a committee was chosen to confer with the various Alaska salmon-packing companies on schedule of wages and percentage for the season of 1907.

Building contractors and the Citizens' Alliance of Tacoma, Wash., have joined hands to fight the unions. Announcement has been made that unionism will not be recognized in hiring men for the construction of some of the large structures to go up during the year.

By way of carrying out the idea of unity among the seafaring craft, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific many years ago adopted a system of exchange with the Seamen's Union of Australasia under which members of either organization may join the other without payment of initiation fee.

The Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union is taking a referendum vote on the question of holding a convention this year. The boot and shoe workers seem to be a little "up in the air" as to what they could do, even if they held a convention. The recent election tangle is still before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, with little prospect of a decision being given for some time.

Representing a combined membership of 50,000, nine unions in the metal trades have formed a Metal Trades Council, of Pittsburg, Pa., and vicinity, to replace the old Machinery Trades Alliance, which took in trades only intimately connected with machinery. The new organization will aim to combat the efforts of the Manufacturers' Association in the industries represented to force the open shop principle.

A striking feature has developed in connection with the French boot and shoemakers' strike at Fougeres, where some 7,000 operatives are out. The factories were opened recently for such as desired to resume work, but only about 10 per cent of those out presented themselves for employment. Great distress has prevailed in the district by the prolonged cessation of work. To alleviate this distress French trade unionists in other districts are carrying out the "paternal" principles they profess, and are taking the strikers' children into their homes.

The ministers of the new Shah of Persia, having been slow to comply with the requirements of the new constitution as to attendance at the assembly's sittings, the assembly has delivered an ultimatum to the Shah, demanding full recognition of the constitution. An appeal to the nation is proposed.

The first balloting in the German Reichstag elections was not conclusive in 160 out of 397 constituencies, and second ballots will be necessary. It is said that the socialists are encountering a combination of all other parties. Out of those elected on the first ballot, 41 are conservatives, 89 centrists, 20 liberals, 29 socialists and the rest scattering. In the reballotings 92 socialist seats contested, 29 conservatives, 31 centrists and 50 liberals.

Information received by the Presbyterian board of missions indicates that the famine in China is more serious than at first thought. Owing to heavy rains 40,000 square miles were flooded in the northern districts of Kiangsu and Anhui provinces. The district supports a population of 15,000,000 people, and no crops have been gathered this fall. Thousands are living on one meal a day, and others are selling their children for food, or killing them rather than see them starve.

The Russian cabinet and Czar have approved of an income tax measure affecting incomes of $500 or over. This will be submitted to the coming parliament.

The tariff commissioners of the United States and Germany in session at Berlin have reached a basis upon which a commercial treaty can be arranged so as to avoid a tariff war. This, however, is only tentative, as the plan must be submitted to Congress and the Reichstag. In consequence of this understanding, Germany has again extended to us her minimum tariff, although our right to it expired a year ago.

The bill promised in the speech from the throne at the opening of parliament in Stockholm Jan. 15, providing for the introduction of universal suffrage and a proportional electoral system for elections to the second chamber, was introduced in parliament.

The German government, which heretofore has been regarded as the closest friend of Turkey, is now at odds with the Sultan because of his refusal to punish Fehmi Pasha, chief of the secret police and a favorite, who caused the seizure of a ship's cargo, destined for Hamburg. Although the cargo was released, the Germans were not satisfied.

GENERAL BREAKDOWN

A Condition Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Great Blood Tonic, Have Been Curing for Years.

There is no more perplexing trouble for a physician to treat than debility cases, especially in women, in which there is no acute disease but in which the patient every day sinks lower and lower despite changes of medicine and similar experiments.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health under these conditions is no speculation but the fact has been proved in hundreds of cases similar to that of Mrs. Sarah Ramsey, of 1008 St. John St., Litchfield, Ill. She says

"I never felt well after my first child was born. I had a gnawing pain in my stomach and could not hold any food down. My head ached a great deal and sometimes the pain went all through my body. I had dizzy spells so that I could not stand and seemed to be half blinded with pain. These spells would often last for over an hour. My blood seemed to be in a very poor condition and my hands and feet were like ice. I seemed to be growing weaker and weaker and could not get around to do my work in the house. I was extremely nervous and the least excitement would bring on a dizzy spell.

"For a number of years I was under a doctor's care but seemed to get no better. I had heard about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began to take them. I soon felt better and gained in weight and strength. My nerves are strong now and I am a well woman in every way."

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 $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet of valuable information, entitled "Plain Talks to Women," sent free on request.

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Farms That Grow No. 1 Hard Wheat

(63 Pounds to the Bushel)

Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

New Wheat Growing Territory

has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

The Foxy Wooer.

"Why were you in such a hurry to pick up my glove when I dropped it?"

"I thought there might be something in it for me, some time."—Cleveland Leader.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Mary, I have sold the farm for $50,000, and we will now move to the city and enjoy the balance of our life in comfort.

Five Years Later.

It is all over, Mary, I must pay John Brown's bond, which will take every dollar I own and you and I will have to go to the poor house.

MORAL.

Do not sign a friend's bond, and when you require a bond, buy it. Write for particulars or see our agent at the County Seat.

WE ISSUE SURETY BONDS.

The Title Guaranty & Surety Company, Home Office, Scranton, Pa., Capital and Surplus over $1,000,000.

Presence of Mind.

"If you have anything to say before we string you up," said the leader of the band of regulators, "we'll allow you time enough to say it."

"Gentlemen," responded the condemned horse thief, with emotion, "I thank you. I have nothing of a personal nature to offer, but I feel that I cannot allow this solemn occasion to pass without making a few remarks on the child labor bill. In the first place——"

But he went no further. His audience had disappeared.

Of the Conventional Type.

"Anything peculiar about these people that have just moved into the house next door to you, Mrs. Crossway?"

"No; there's nothing unusual about them. They've borrowed a step ladder and a tack hammer, and turned their children loose in our back yard."

Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE

Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for $200,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business, furthermore, that no alcohol, or other injurious, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever, and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said Journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription," from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs.

These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief and their base slanders were refuted.