

NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH

Obtained Through Proper Action of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Josiah Straw, 526 N. Broadway, Canton, So. Dak., says: "I suffered for some time with rheumatic pains in my limbs and was weak and languid. The irregularity of the kidney secretions also caused much annoyance. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I did not have these troubles. They seemed to put new life and strength into my system and helped me in every way. My husband had an experience almost the same, and it is with pleasure that we both recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

If It Rises at All.

She—How could you tell papa that you were up every morning in time to see the sun rise, when you don't get up till 9?

—That's all right. The sun rises until noon, doesn't it?

Caught a Baby Whale.

The smallest specimen of a baby whale ever caught by a British trawler was landed at Grimsby by King James. It was brought up in the trawl net in the North sea, and was so small—eighteen inches long and three pounds three ounces in weight—that the fishermen could not realize that it was a whale until an expert certified the fact.

The local officer for the board of fisheries secured this specimen, which could not have been calved more than three or four days, and immediately despatched it to the laboratories of the fisheries department in London.

HUNTING WOLVES IN TEXAS.

Big Prairie Animals That Are Not Afraid to Attack Man or Horse.

"You can talk about the sport of hunting the fox all you want," said Maj. Charles Russell of Vinita, I. T. "Down in western Texas, where I used to live, we have a sport that beats fox hunting all hollow. I refer to hunting prairie wolves on horseback. In that country we chase the varmints on Texas ponies with hounds, and when we get the wolf within shooting distance we kill him with a pistol.

"Let me tell you it is exciting sport. Some of the wolves are larger than a mastiff and can tear up a pack of dogs in no time. I have even seen the creatures when brought to bay not hesitate to attack a mounted man. I have killed them when they were leaping for the horse's throat, and I have seen them almost pull a rider from his horse. Usually it takes more than one shot from a heavy pistol to slay the wolf.

"We have another sport in the Texas Panhandle almost as exciting," continued the major, "and that is the jackrabbit hunt on horseback with greyhounds. Contrary to general opinion, a jackrabbit cannot outrun a good greyhound, except straightaway for, say, 300 yards. Even a good cow pony can run over a jackrabbit within half a mile. Those horses can jump, too. I once owned a Pinto pony that could jump a five-strand barbed wire fence."

LIGHT BOOZE Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he said that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

CHILO

By ALDRIDGE EVELYN

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Chilo was not his real name. When a midshipman some one nicknamed him; now he was a lieutenant—moreover, one of nearly three years' seniority—yet still Chilo.

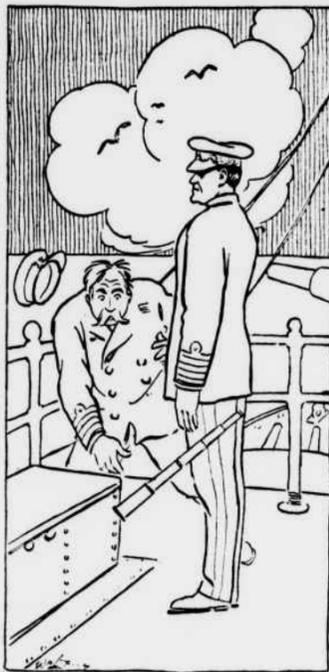
To our captain—a dear old thing in his dotage—Chilo was at once a delight and a nightmare. Should he call in his apologetic way for the officer of the watch, then Chilo would appear instantaneously, and, like the clown in pantomime, apparently from nowhere.

"Officer of the watch." "Sir," a guttural voice would answer instantly, and Chilo, stiff, alert and motionless, was at the old man's elbow, thereby frightening him out of his five senses.

Another pretty trick had Chilo. On watch in harbor he always carried a telescope. Now, much practice had enabled him to drop that telescope from under his arm and, while keeping his eyes straight to the front and body perfectly rigid, to catch the glass in his hand before it reached the deck. The captain had seen him do it many times, yet the polite old man never refrained from dashing forward to save the glass from what seemed instant destruction.

So much for introduction; now for the yarn.

We of the channel fleet had that afternoon weighed our muddy anchors and had steamed out of the muddiest harbor in the world—that if Vigo. Frantic efforts had our old Cup-of-Tea made to imperil not only our own safety but that of the whole fleet. How he escaped ramming three ships and being rammed by a fourth only the "little cherub that sits up aloft" knows. The standing "luck of the British navy, coupled with the strenuous efforts of our navigator—second



Calmly Ignored the Captain's Frantic Effort.

to none—must have saved us. Now, however, we were outside; third ship in the second division and, for us, in station.

Benignly the old captain beamed on the fleet and world in general. We had got out of harbor and, save for a few pages of sarcastic writing in our signal book—admiral's private opinion of ourselves—were none the worse for the experience.

Now, it was the captain's custom to celebrate such feats as the foregoing escape by asking the navigator to join him in a quiet discourse of mutual appreciation in the chart-house. For that purpose two sacred and identical pipes, one marked "C," the other "N," also a tin of superlatively sacred tobacco, were kept in a chart-house drawer. Such a red-letter day as this could, of course, be no exception to the rule. For nearly an hour the two puffed and praised one another before at length going below at about three o'clock.

At six o'clock Chilo and I took over the bridge and settled down to the monotony of the second dog-watch. It is law unalterable that the lieutenant of the second dog asks his midshipman to dine with him at eight. Consequently Chilo and I passed half an hour pleasantly enough discussing the wardroom menu and making substantial additions thereunto.

Then two bells struck. "Place bow and steaming lights," shouted Chilo. I rushed to see it done, returning in about a minute to find my senior seriously bored.

"Stutle," said he, "being under 18 and not allowed to smoke, have you perchance a cigarette?"

"Search me!" I said, turning out all my pockets in vain.

"A miracle!" cried Chilo. "Yet what in the deuce shall I do for a smoke?"

"The skipper's pipe is in the chart-house," I souaked. Midshipmen of tender years are known as squeakers.

"Good boy!" cried Chilo. "Look out for the ship and the skipper—chiefly the skipper;" and he dived down the ladder.

Now, the chances of the captain coming on the bridge at such an hour—gin and bitters time—were of the remotest. Nevertheless, keeping half an eye on the 14,000-ton battleship ahead of us, I kept one and a half glued on the fore-and-aft bridge.

Suddenly, to my amazement, I saw the old man coming. My dive down the port ladder equaled Chilo's, while the way he shoved the pipe in its drawer and nipped up the starboard has never been beaten.

By that time the enemy was on us I saluted gravely and fervently prayed he might go on up to the bridge. Not a bit of it! He put his gray head into the chart-house and then started back.

"Some one has been smoking in this chart-house!"

I said nothing, and kept on saying it.

"The chart-house is full of smoke, sir." This time he addressed me directly.

I again said nothing.

"Who is the officer of the watch, sir?"

My lips moved, but words failed to come.

"Officer of the watch!" he shouted.

That was fatal. The suddenness of Chilo's appearance almost flabbergasted me, while the way he clicked his heels, saluted, dropped his telescope and then calmly ignored the captain's frantic effort to save what was already safe were a combined masterpiece.

Had the gods been with us the old boy's nerves would have been so shattered that he would have forgotten what he had intended to say and gone below to steady them. But now he waited a few seconds to recover breath and then opened the ball with a vengeance.

"Some one has been smoking in that chart-house, sir;" and he eyed Chilo as sternly as he was able.

Chilo's astonishment knew no bounds. "Really, sir!"

"That chart-house is full of smoke, sir." The captain was working himself up.

Chilo looked in and sniffed loudly—its atmosphere you could barely have cut with a razor; so, removing his cap, he went through the motions of thinking profoundly.

Then the captain entered the chart-house and, opening a drawer, placed the sacred pipe marked "C" in his mouth. I thought he would have apoplexy. Between the clouds of smoke which curled from his mouth he at length sputtered: "My—my—my pipe's alight, sir."

The face of Holmes—Sherlock Holmes—at the bottom of a world-paralyzing mystery was nothing to Chilo's. "Ah!" (It was an "ah" or vast relief.) "Ah! Now I see, sir," said he.

"You see, sir? What do you see?" demanded the captain.

"It confirms, sir, what I have often told the navigator." The quiet conviction in Chilo's voice would have converted a Turk. "That that tobacco you and he use is simply chock-full of saltpetre, sir; once you light it it will simply never go out."

The captain first gaped, then gasped and at last groaned. "But—I—that is to say, we might have burned the ship down."

"You might indeed, sir," acquiesced the solemn Chilo.

"Extraordinary—most extraordinary! Ask the—er—navigator to kindly speak to me." Poor old captain! He felt he needed support.

I rushed to obey.

Cursing softly, the navigator got up from dinner and followed me on deck. "Navigator," almost shouted the quaking old skipper, "my pipe I left in that drawer has kept alight for—nearly four hours, and Mr.—Chilo—tells me it's because the tobacco we use is simply full of saltpetre. Why, we might have burned the ship down."

The navigator said nothing. What could he say? But he slowly raised his fist behind the captain's back and, shaking it in Chilo's grinning face, his lips formed the unspoken words: "Chilo—you—brute!" But how he paid Chilo back is another yarn.

Bay State's Big Card Index.

Mrs. Edith Morley has just obtained her third contract for card indexing from the state of Massachusetts. It concerns the birth, marriage and death departments of the state statistics and she will have from eight to ten women assistants. She is said to be the first woman to receive such a contract. She has been systematizing office routine. Her method has been to go into office and after examining its works and needs to evolve the simplest possible working system. She is only 25 years of age.

POPULAR AS EVER

All Who Would Enjoy

MRS. LONGWORTH DECLINES TO BECOME BACK NUMBER.

Her Favorite Color, Alice Blue, is Seen Everywhere on the Streets of Washington—Often at White House.

Alice blue dies as hard as the Teddy bear. In fact, to paraphrase the famous telegram of Mark Twain, "the announcement of the death of each has been very much exaggerated."

Alice blue is redivivus conspicuously on the person of its primary perpetrator, who proposes to relinquish not a jot or tittle of her perquisites. The other Roosevelts may be back numbers but no post-mortem identity answers for fair Alice. She's here with the goods, and means to stay.

During the valedictory days at the White House just preceding the inauguration, when Mrs. Roosevelt and her children, much beloved as they are, were dispensing farewells and souvenirs, and Mrs. Alice was bustling in and out among the moving lures and penates that somebody innocently characterized "lard and potatoes"—an attache of the White House much moved—it was moving day—came up and lachrymously extended a hand of final fellowship to the president's older daughter.

Mrs. Longworth regarded the well wisher with an energetic shove. "Go along with you, man!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, "you aren't getting rid of me as easy as that. I'm not saying good-by. I expect to be here as much as I ever was before. You can't lose me, my Charlie!"

And, indeed, as persona grata at the executive mansion under the new regime, there is none to excel the Lady Alice. President and Mrs. Taft often affectionately dub her their oldest daughter. Mr. Taft feels himself happily responsible for the Longworth-Roosevelt alliance, that is panning out so well.

So Alice is refurbishing up her national identity and wearing her own blue again. It is her trademark, her personal cachet.

The latest Longworthian lid shows the Alice blue in a half dozen or so cerulean plumes, long and willowy, which smother the outlines of a big black director's hat in Neapolitan braid, going from side to side and issuing from a big fat bow of Alice blue velvet. It has the dash of an effect by Romney or Gainsborough. The Lady Alice has been looking very smart in this, spinning these afternoons in her nifty little "electric" up to the congressional offices to fetch her liege lord home after the business of the day.

Her aunt, Mrs. Cowles, too, doesn't propose to be classed among the Rooseveltian has-beens. She is anything but extinct, is this amiable ex-president's sister, who gives one so glad a welcome at her aesthetic home in N street.

All Washington Plays Golf.

At Washington, President Taft has no monopoly on golf, for even the Japanese ambassador is included among the close students of the ancient game, and from present indications it looks as if Chevy Chase will have to be renamed the "course of all nations."

An idea of the unusual hold golf has upon well-known men can be gleaned by glancing back at the seniors' tournament at Apawamis last fall, when something like 50 men drove off the first tee. The scores some of the veterans made that day would have done credit to any tournament "regular."

Mrs. Taft Goes About Alone.

Mrs. Taft differs from Mrs. Roosevelt in taking her walks abroad unaccompanied by her lady-in-waiting. The ex-Miss Hagner, now settled down professionally to a desk in the war department—she says she enjoys her new job—attended every footstep of her presidential patroness. Mrs. Roosevelt never budged un-Hagnered. The royal social secretary was ever the most conspicuous figure on the official landscape at the White House. She ran the show. Now Mrs. Taft brooks no dictatorship. If she has a social secretary she doesn't complain of her in public. Mrs. Taft is self-reliant. She does her own thinking and her own walking. One meets the president's wife any morning trudging briskly down F street in a plain little gray tailor suit and black toque and common-sense heels, unshadowed and unchaperoned, darting in and out of shops, democratically, usually unrecognized. She is becoming proficient in driving her own electric run about, which is one of a trinity of new machines in the White House stables nowadays.

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

No Chance for an Argument.

"Do you know, sir," said the party in the clerical garb, "that this world will be a miserable place until all intoxicating beverages are done away with?"

"I sure do," replied the man with the crimson beak, "and I'm holding my end of the good work up by doing away with a liberal portion of it every day."

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Going, Going, Go.

Fool—I woke up last night with a start. I dreamed that my watch was gone.

Drool—Well, was it?

Fool—No; but it was going.

A Dreadful Dilemma.

Guest—Won't you ask young Squalls to recite?"

Hostess—But I don't like recitations.

Guest—Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite he'll sing.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drug Law. Murine Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

Alas!

"So she loved and lost?"

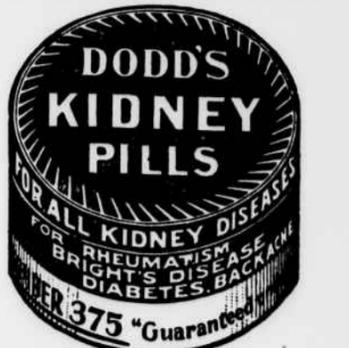
"Yes, he spent all her money."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Insist on the genuine Canada Sap Syrup.

When the conceited man see his shadow he thinks it is night for the world.



Do it Now

Tomorrow A. M. too late. Take a CASCARET at bed time; get up in the morning feeling fine and dandy. No need for sickness from over-eating and drinking. They surely work while you sleep and help nature help you. Millions take them and keep well.

CASCARETS (in a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.