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California may have to take in its orchards over night.

The latest dancing cure is called "eurythmy." Sounds like a cure for catarrh.

Even though the orange crop be destroyed, there is still the unfailing banana.

New York man had a finger grafted on his nose. An extra cost now in keeping it manicured.

In spite of the annual New Year's resolutions man hasn't improved in 7,000 years, says Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace.

A New York hen laid seventy-two eggs in an icehouse. Everything seems to be coming the way of the cold-storage men.

The inventor who perfected a suicide box and tried it on himself didn't live long enough to realize that he had succeeded.

The great national game now consists in guessing whether the star pitcher of the home team will get $9,000 or $11,000.

A Philadelphia wife has found a husband who has been missing for twenty-five years. Some men are mighty unlucky.

"Life is just one coal bill after another," remarks an exchange; which is the same exactly as the proverb in the profane form.

The month of September once consisted of sixteen days. It must have been a cinch for the man who was paid by the month.

While reading the sporting page the philosopher requires all his philosophy to console him for not being a high priced baseball player.

There are women on the police force of some western cities. But none of them, so far, has been induced to go on the plain clothes squad.

A tuning fork is to be applied to a boy's afflicted throat so that he may eat It is well, for future effect, that tuning is not done with knives.

There was once a chauffeur who was compelled to ride horseback. The horse trotted. "Ah," said the chauffeur, "his shock absorber is working badly."

A Buffalo clergyman couldn't draw a congregation until he started a series of fifteen-minute sermons. Now he has all the other ministers buffaloed.

London women now feed their dogs at the tables. On the basis, probably, that if they are doubtful of any dish presented to them, they can try it on the dog.

A New York woman wants a divorce because her husband always took the larger portion of steak. What of it? No reason why she should beef about it.

From Washington comes the information that a prune war may be expected Which brings to mind the well established adage: 'Tis not always bullets that kill.

A Chicago packer has for his correspondent Soumen Osuuskauppojen Keskusosunskunta in Helsingfors, Finland, says an exchange. Probably meaning that he has time only for the writing of that one name.

A French process has been invented to lengthen the time eggs may be stored. What the public demands is some way to hasten the time in which fresh eggs may be secured.

Adrianople, the besieged, is reported to have cheese enough to last its people for several years, but who would undergo the horrors of war for the sake of living on cheese?

Query: Is the man in the smoking car who, having a box of matches in his pocket, reaches across two fat men and a newsboy to borrow a light, guilty of economy or parsimony?

A canning plant is being installed in one of the eastern universities. All of the universities do a deal of canning, but most of them are enabled to get along without a plant for the purpose.

An eminent scientist has increased his eminence by discovering that the best way to reduce weight is to refrain from eating Stringent professional ethics prevent him from patenting the idea.

Another exponent of the simple life rears his head. He writes in the Pasadena Star: "I would rather be a lawnmower sharpener in beautiful Pasadena than be a banker any place on earth."

By the use of cables to divert the Labrador current, an inventor proposes to abolish icebergs in the north Atlantic, and so to ameliorate the climate of Iceland that oranges would grow there. No slump in the price of oranges is yet reported as a result of this suggestion.

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Malory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Annie Gattle, a fellow-passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar. Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first aid. Coolness is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More borrowing. Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples. Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jargon. Marjorie suggests wrecking the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher. Also tries to induce conductor to hold the train so she can shop. Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the cord, stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel. Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattle. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher. Kitty Lewellyn, former sweetheart of Mallory's, appears and arouses Marjorie's jealousy. Preacher boards train. After marrying Lathrop and Miss Gattle the preacher escapes Mallory by leaping from moving train. Mallory's dejection moves Marjorie to reconciliation. The last day on the train brings Mallory the fear of missing his transport. Mallory gets a Nevada marriage license. Marjorie refuses to be married by a divorce drummer.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

Dr. Temple and Mrs. Temple looked at each other in dismay, then at the flask and the cigars, then at the Wellingtons, then they stammered: "Thank you so much," and sank back.

Wellington stared at his wife: "Lucretia, are you sincere?"

"Jimmie, I promise you I'll never smoke another cigar."

"My love!" he cried, and seized her hand. "You know I always said you were a queen among women, Lucretia."

She beamed back at him: "And you always were the prince of good fellows, Jimmie." Then she almost blushed as she murmured, almost shyly: "May I pour your coffee for you again this morning?"

"For life," he whispered, and they moved up the aisle, arm in arm, bumping from seat to seat and not knowing it.

When Mrs. Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie pour Mr. Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers. She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make fools of her and her Sammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order him to take the first train west and meet her half-way on her journey home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Duel for a Bracelet.

All this while Marjorie and Mallory had sat watching, as kingfishers shadow a pool, the door wherethrough the girl with the bracelet must pass on her way to breakfast.

"She's taking forever with her toilet," sniffed Marjorie. "Probably trying to make a special impression on you."

"She's wasting her time," said Mallory. "But what if she brings her mother along? No, I guess her mother is too fat to get there and back."

"If her mother comes," Marjorie decided, "I'll hold her while you take the bracelet away from the—the—from that creature. Quick, here she comes now! Be brave!"

Mallory wore an aspect of arrant cowardice: "Er—ah—I—I—"

"You just grab her!" Marjorie explained. Then they relapsed into attitudes of impatient attention. Kathleen floated in and, seeing Mallory, she greeted him with radiant warmth: "Good morning!" and then, catching sight of Marjorie, gave her a "Good morning!" coated with ice. She flounced past and Mallory sat inert, till Marjorie gave him a ferocious pinch, whereupon he leaped to his feet:

"Oh, Miss—er—Miss Kathleen." Kathleen whirled round with a most hospitable smile. "May I have a word with you?"

"Of course you can, you dear boy." Marjorie winced at this and writhed at what followed: "Shan't we take breakfast together?"

Mallory stuttered: "I—I—no, thank you—I've had breakfast."

Kathleen froze up again as she snapped: "With that—train-acquaintance, I suppose."

"Oh, no," Mallory amended, "I mean I haven't had breakfast."

But Kathleen scowled with a jealousy of her own: "You seem to be getting along famously for mere train-acquaintances."

"Oh, that's all we are, and hardly that," Mallory hastened to say with too much truth. "Sit down here a moment, won't you?"

"No, no, I haven't time," she said, and sat down. "Mamma will be waiting for me. You haven't been in to see her yet?"

"No. You see—"

"She cried all night."

"For me?"

"No, for papa. He's such a good traveler—and he had such a good start. She really kept the whole car awake."

"Too bad," Mallory condoled, perfunctorily, then with sudden eagerness, and a trial at indifference: "I see you have that bracelet still."

"Of course, you dear fellow. I wouldn't be parted from it for worlds."

Marjorie gnashed her teeth, but Kathleen could not hear that. She gushed on: "And now we have met again! It looks like Fate, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," Mallory assented, bitterly; then again, with zest: "Let me see that old bracelet, will you?"

He tried to lay hold of it, but Kathleen giggled coyly: "It's just an excuse to hold my hand." She swung her arm over the back of the seat coquettishly, and Marjorie made a desperate lunge at it, but missed, since Kathleen, finding that Mallory did not pursue the fugitive hand, brought it back at once and yielded it up:

"There—be careful, someone might look."

Mallory took her by the wrist in a gingerly manner, and said, "So that's the bracelet? Take it off, won't you?"

"Never!—it's wished on," Kathleen protested, sentimentally. "Don't you remember that evening in the moonlight?"

Mallory caught Marjorie's accusing eye and lost his head. He made a ferocious effort to snatch the bracelet off. When this onset failed, he had recourse to entreaty: "Just slip it off." Kathleen shook her head tantalizingly. Mallory urged more strenuously: "Please let me see it."

Kathleen shook her head with sophistication: "You'd never give it back. You'd pass it along to that—train-acquaintance."

"How can you think such a thing?" Mallory demurred, and once more made his appeal: "Please, please, slip it off."

"What on earth makes you so anxious?" Kathleen demanded, with sudden suspicion. Mallory was stumped, till an inspiration came to him: "I'd like to—to get you a nicer one. That one isn't good enough for you."

Here was an argument that Kathleen could appreciate. "Oh, how sweet of you, Harry," she gurgled, and had the bracelet down to her knuckles, when a sudden instinct checked her: "When you bring the other, you can have this."

She pushed the circlet back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally frustrated in his plans. He caught Kathleen's arm and, while his words pleaded, his hands tugged: "Please—please let me take it—for the measure—you know!"

Kathleen read the determination in his fierce eyes, and she struggled furiously: "Why, Richard—Chauncey!—er—Billy! I'm amazed at you! Let go or I'll scream!"

She rose and, twisting her arm from his grasp, confronted him with bewildered anger. Mallory cast toward Marjorie a look of surrender and despair. Marjorie laid her hand on her throat and in pantomime suggested that Mallory should throttle Kathleen, as he had promised.

But Mallory was incapable of further violence; and when Kathleen, with all her coquetry, bent down and murmured: "You are a very naughty boy, but come to breakfast and we'll talk it over," he was so addled that he answered: "Thanks, but I never eat breakfast."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Down Brakes!

Just as Kathleen flung her head in baffled vexation, and Mallory started to slink back to Marjorie, with another defeat, there came an abrupt shock as if that gigantic child to whom our railroad trains are toys, had reached down and laid violent hold on the Trans-American in full career.

Its smooth, swift flight became suddenly such a spasm of jars, shivers and thuds that Mallory cried:

"We're off the track."

He was sent flopping down the aisle like a bolster hurled through the car. He brought up with a sickening slam across the seat into which Marjorie had been jounced back with a breath-taking slam. And then Kathleen came flying backwards and landed in a heap on both of them.

Several of the other passengers were just returning from breakfast and they were shot and scattered all over the car as if a great chair of human beads had burst.

Women screamed, men yelled, and then while they were still struggling against the seats and one another, the train came to a halt.

"Thank God, we stopped in time!" Mallory gasped, as he tried to disengage himself and Marjorie from Kathleen.

The passengers began to regain their courage with their equilibrium. Little Jimmie Wellington had flown the whole length of the car, clinging to his wife as if she were Francesca da Rimini, and he Paolo, flitting through Inferno. The flight ended at the stateroom door with such a thump that Mrs. Fosdick was sure a detective had come for her at last, and with a battering ram.

But when Jimmie got back breath enough to talk, he remembered the train-stopping excitement of the day before and called out:

"Has Mrs. Mallory lost that pup again?"

Everybody laughed uproariously at this. People will laugh at anything or nothing when they have been frightened almost to death and suddenly relieved of anxiety.

Everybody was cracking a joke at Marjorie's expense. Everybody felt a good-natured grudge against her for being such a mystery. The car was ringing with hilarity, when the porter came stumbling in and paused at the door, with eyes all white, hands waving frantically, and lips flapping like flannel, in a vain effort to speak.

The passengers stopped laughing at Marjorie, to laugh at the porter. Ashton sang out:

"What's the matter with you, porter? Are you trying to crow?"

Everybody roared at this, till the porter finally managed to articulate: "T-t-t-train rob-rob-robbers!"

Silence shut down as if the whole crowd had been smitten with paralysis. From somewhere outside and ahead came a pop-popping as of firecrackers. Everybody thought, "Revolvers!" The reports were mingled with barbaric yells that turned the marrow in every bone to snow.

These regions are full of historic terror. All along the Nevada route the conductor, the brakemen and old travelers had pointed out scene after scene where the Indians had slaked the thirst of the arid land with white man's blood. Ashton, who had traveled this way many times, had made himself fascinatingly horrifying the evening before and ruined several breakfasts that morning in the dining-car, by regaling the passengers with stories of pioneer ordeals, men and women massacred in burning wagons, or dragged away to fiendish cruelty and obscene torture, staked out supine on burning wastes with eyelids cut off, bound down within reach of rattlesnakes, subjected to every misery that human devilry could devise.

Ashton had brought his fellow passengers to a state of ecstatic excitability, and, like many a recounter of burglar stories at night, had tuned his own nerves to high tension.

The violent stopping of the train, the heart-shaking yells and shots outside, found the passengers already apt to respond without delay to the appeals of fright. After the first hush of dread, came the reaction to panic.

Each passenger showed his own panic in his own way. Ashton whirled round and round, like a horse with the blind staggers, then bolted down the aisle, knocking aside men and women. He climbed on a seat, pulled down an upper berth, and, scrambling into it, tried to shut it on himself. Mrs. Whitcomb was so frightened that she assailed Ashton with fury and seizing his feet, dragged him back into the aisle, and beat him with her fists, demanding that he protect her and save her for Sammy's sake.

Mrs. Fosdick, rushing out of her stateroom and not finding her luscious-eyed husband, laid hold of Jimmie Wellington and ordered him to go to the rescue of her spouse. Mrs. Wellington tore her hands loose, crying: "Let him go, madam. He has a wife of his own to defend."

Jimmie was trying to pour out dying messages, and only sputtering, forgetting that he had put his watch in his mouth to hide it, though its chain was still attached to his waistcoat.

Anne Gattle, who had read much about Chinese atrocities to missionaries, gave herself up to death, yet rejoiced greatly that she had provided a timely man to lean on and should not have to enter Paradise a spinster, providing she could manage to convert Ira in the next few seconds, before it was everlastingly too late. She was begging her first heathen to join her in a gospel hymn. But Ira was roaring curses like a pirate captain in a hurricane, and swearing that the villains should not rob him of his bride.

Mrs. Temple wrung her twitching hands and tried to drag her husband to his knees, crying:

"Oh, Walter, Walter, won't you please say a prayer?—a good strong prayer?"

But the preacher was so confused that he answered: "What's the use of prayer in an emergency like this?"

"Walter!" she shrieked.

"I'm on my va-vacation, you know," he stammered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oldest Almanac.

The oldest almanac in existence is the "Almanach National," which has been issued by the French government since 1686. Its name has been changed a good many times during its career of 225 years. Originally the "Almanach Royal," it became "National" in 1793, "Imperial" in 1805, and reverted to its original name nine years later. Since then the title has been altered four times. Like most publications of this sort, the "Almanach National" has grown bulky with advancing years. The first issue contained 48 pages, as compared with 1,580 pages in the current issue.

JAM ME JIB SAIL, 'TWAS SOME DIVE

Deep Diver Bell Man Fishes Up Sunken Chronometer.

LAD OVERBOARD CAUSE

Landlubber, Without Hesitation, Jumps Into Seething Main—Seething With Frost—to Save Drowning Man—Lets Out a Yell for Help.

Chicago.—Yoho, my hearties! Gather around me now, for I am about to unfold ye as strange a tale of the sea as ever happened on the Chicago river.

'Twas on a dark and stormy night that Fred J. Hohing, a simple commission merchant man, was sitting in his window on the second floor of 172 South Water street with pen in hand a-watching the big chunks of ice a-floating by and a-wondering how he was going to pay his coal bills, when of a sudden there was a splashing and a yelling, and who should Hohing see a-floundering around in that there icy water but this here landlubber that I was speaking of, the same being John Dunn, a advertising solicitor who had fallen into that there stream accidental or contrariwise.

Without no hesitation whatsoever this here Hohing rises up from his chair, lays down his pen and jumps kerplunk out of that window into the seething main below, the same being a-seething with frost and not with heat, or you can wash my scuppers.

No sooner has this Hohing got himself into the water than he discovers to his pain that there are two drowning men in that there raging main, the one being this here landlubber and the other himself. So he lets out a yell, and along comes George Quinn, who wallers into the river likewise, that making three. Then up comes Cornelius Griffin, who has sense enough to keep his skin dry, and betwixt the three of them they manage to tow this here Dunn and themselves into port.

No sooner has this here Hohing got himself into drydock than, blast my toplights, he busts into a screech that made all the sirens on the river think they were deaf and dumb.

"My watch," sez he. "Cuss it," he sez, "I've lost my watch."

It had been given him by a German noble who was a relative of the family.

Then up comes Fritz Belthauser, who is a belldiver, and listens patient till he's found out what it's all about.

So the next day this here Belthauser puts on his diving suit and lets himself careful off that dock and

Jumps Kerplunk Out of Window.

down he goes. Thirty feet deep that water was ninety degrees colder than a pawnbroker's heart.

Five minutes we waited and then another five. Still no Belthauser. We was just a-going to adjourn and draw up the resolution for the funeral that we were to give him by the absent treatment, when sudden there's a riffle on the water and up he comes.

He climbs ashore painful and he opens his hand. Shiver my topgallants if he ain't got that there watch.

Hohing goes down into his pocket and heaved up a roll of greenbacks as big round as a masthead, and, cuss me for a deck swabber, if he doesn't peel off five hundreds off'n that there roll and hand 'em to Belthauser

Pipe all hands to the bulwark, surgeon, the sun's over the foretop.

In Jail Over Dead Bird.

Portland, Ore.—Otto Grutchman was given a sentence of ninety days on the rock pile for trying to shoot a bird off the hat of Miss Nellie Kelley. "I didn't like that bird on Nellie's hat," he remarked to the judge.

Served Dog Biscuit.

Paterson, N. J.—Miss Harriet Condon served dog biscuit as a practical joke on friends at a bridal party. She was sued for $35 by Helen Brenton, who broke a tooth and lost two gold fillings.

BACKACHE I
DISCOURAGIN

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

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remedy.
Learn
one who
found
from the same suffering.
Get Doan's Kidney Pills—
me that Mr. Lee had.

A Texas Case

J. H. Lee, 412 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Tex., "For four years I endured misery from
Morphine was my only relief. I had terrib
in my back and it was hard for me to pass th
ney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me
ly, and I have been well ever since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a B

DOAN'S KIDN PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N

MEAN OF HIM.

Newwed—Say, old man, don't know what you miss by not being ried.

Bachelor—I guess not. Do you your money every night and ing.

When the Peanuts Ran Out.

For two hours an old back co man, who had never before se elephant, had been standing be row of them in enrapt silence ing out peanuts one at a time. the last was gone and no more coming, Jumbo, the largest ele reached over and removed the tainer's hat from his head to th of a lion's cage nearby.

For the first time in two hour old man expressed his emotio words: "You old two-tailed In rubber nuisance you!" he excl indignantly. "If I knew which your head was on, I'd slap your

Made Him Suspicious.

"Did you ask your girl's father her hand in marriage?" "I "And he refused you. I can t the way you look." "No, he d He gave his consent." "Then the peculiar look you are wear "He was so darned willing."—Ho Post.

Enough to Scare Anybody.

"I had an awful scare last nig "What happened?"

"My husband had been rea about the war in the Balkans an mentioned the names of a lot of Turkish towns in his sleep."

COFFEE THRESHED HER 15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writ patient, hopeful little Ills. wo "while a coffee drinker, I suffered Spinal Irritation and Nervous tro I was treated by good physicians did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee m be aggravating by condition. (Te just as injurious, because it con *caffeine*, the same drug found in fee.) I was down-hearted and couraged, but prayed daily th might find something to help me.

"Several years ago, while friend's house I drank a cup of um and though I had never t anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Po instead of coffee and soon beg improve in health, so that now walk half a dozen blocks or more ease, and do many other things never thought I would be able to again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep and find life is worth living. A of my acquaintance said she did like Postum, it was so weak and less.

"I explained to her the differ when it is made right—boiled ac ing to directions. She was gl know this because coffee did not with her. Now her folks say expect to use Postum the rest of lives." Name given upon re Read the little book, "The Ro Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a son."

"Postum now comes in concentr powder form, called Instant Po It is prepared by stirring a level spoonful in a cup of hot water, sugar to taste, and enough cre bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is conve there's no waste; and the flavour ways uniform. Sold by grocers— 50-cup tin 30 cts., 90 to 100-cu 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for g name and 2-cent stamp for po Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle C Mich.—Adv