HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.

August is the month of Internal Catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

Painting for Profit

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"

Poor paint is for temporary appearance only.

Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

All lead packed in 25lb kegs bears this mark.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(In whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.), Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

Depends on the Dogs.

Asa Goddard, of the American Automobile association, was recounting in Worcester some of his touring adventures.

"One summer morning," he said, "the approach of a great flock of sheep obliged me to pull off the narrow country road. I halted my car, and watched with interest the passage of the sheep, the intelligent dogs and the shepherd.

"I had a short talk with the shepherd about his odd and difficult trade.

"'Look here,' I said, 'what do you do, driving sheep like this on a narrow road, when you meet another flock coming in the opposite direction?'

"'Well,' said the shepherd, 'ye just drive straight on, both of ye, and the one that has the best dogs gets the most sheep.'"

Wouldn't Take His Place.

Hearing of the sudden taking off the stage of life of a leading Thespian while he was playing in Chicago, a New York Rialtoan out of a job telegraphed the manager as follows:

"Having heard of the sad and tragic demise of Mr. ——, I'll take his place for $150 a week."

As the message was sent collect it elicited the following reply: "Thanks. I wouldn't take his place for twice that amount."

A Nice Sentence.

"You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Well," said the judge, "If the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just 42 days."

The Size of Him.

"Yes," snarled the eminent Octopus who had just had returned to him what Shakespeare sarcastically called "trash." "This is my purse, and the contents, $1,143.09, are intact; but it is three days, seven hours and nineteen minutes since I lost it. Where is my interest, young man; where is my interest?"—Puck.

The Mystery of Carneycroft

By Joseph Brown Cooke. Copyright 1907 by Story-Press Corporation.

CHAPTER I.

A Mystery Is Started.

That old John Carney dropped dead of apoplexy in his saddle while violently cursing the stable-boy for a trivial delay in bringing his horse to the door was not regarded by the community as any special cause for regret, but that the boy, who was kicked in the head by the plunging and terrified beast, died a few hours later, was looked upon in the village as little short of murder.

Young John was in Honolulu, presumably keeping a watchful eye on the family's sugar interests, but probably devoting himself to sociological studies and charitable work among the natives. Florence, the only daughter, was the mistress of her father's house, her mother having died in the early nineties. She was the only member of the family at home when the accident occurred.

She telegraphed immediately to me, I being the youngest and practically the only active partner in the firm of lawyers that managed her father's affairs. I responded at once in person and was at Carney-Croft by noon the next day.

I was astonished, not only by the extent of the place, but at its beauty and almost baronial magnificence. There were acres upon acres of velvety lawns intersected by miles upon miles of well-bedded roads and bridle paths, while the timber had been weeded out by a master hand so craftily that one was given the impression of an old and long inhabited estate rather than of a park hewn out of a virgin forest within a single decade.

The house was even more of a surprise than the grounds, for although it was, in some respects, scarcely finished, it was already moss-grown and ivy-clad and suggested a Jacobean structure of very respectable antiquity.

Miss Carney was watching for me at the entrance, and came running down the steps of the broad terraces surrounding the mansion, to greet me the more cordially as I clambered out of the old-fashioned trap that had brought me from the station.

"You were good to come so soon," she said gratefully, extending her hand with winning grace. "I wanted to send a carriage to meet you, but all the stablemen have left since the little boy died. I have only the house-servants that we brought from town."

I made the best answer I could under the circumstances for, while her recent bereavement was more than enough to excite my deepest sympathy, the fact that her father had been our best client for many years gave to my presence at the house a mercenary taint not exactly consistent with noblesse oblige.

Luncheon was served as soon as I returned from my room, and I was seated opposite my hostess at a small round table. I had never seen Miss Carney before and it cannot be denied that the vision of my sweet-faced companion, partly concealed by the palms between us, was in no way unappreciated by my masculine eye. After luncheon we sat in the library and talked over briefly the events of the past few days.

I had learned from my garrulous driver in the forenoon the circumstances that accompanied Mr. Carney's tragic death, and my interview with his daughter had more to do with the arrangement of her future affairs than with any references to the past.

"I wish Jack were here," she said, suddenly; "it is so hard to be alone."

"I cabled him as soon as I received your telegram," I replied, "and he can get a ship to-morrow or the day after. But must you be alone? Have you no friends here in the village?"

"Not one," she returned. "You know we live very much by ourselves out here and—and—the village people have never taken kindly to father—or—or—to me, for that matter. In fact," she continued, smiling wanly through her tears, "they think us worldly and purse-proud and—and 'stuck up,' if I must say it. And yet daddie tried to do so much for them, and laid out work that wasn't at all necessary and all that—just to give them employment. Why! last winter, when some of the people were nearly starving, he had ice cut in the river and piled up on the banks for weeks at a time to keep the men busy, but as soon as the warm weather came they forgot it all and even said he was a fool who threw away his money. No," she added slowly, "I haven't a friend in the village to whom I could turn."

"But there must be someone," I insisted; "somebody who could come here and stay with you until your brother returns."

She rested her elbow on the chair arm for a moment and pressed her hand against her temple. Then, raising her head quickly with a satisfied air, she exclaimed:

"Why, yes! I could send for Annie Weston, and she would be delighted to come! It would do the poor girl good, too," she added thoughtfully; "she has been ill so long and is just beginning to improve. That's exactly what I'll do!"

"Who is Annie Weston?" I asked with interest, for the idea seemed to have brought new hope into her eyes, and I was glad that it had come from my suggestion.

"Oh!" she was a school friend of mine and is the sweetest girl that ever lived," returned Miss Carney. "Her father and mother are both dead and she is quite alone in the world, so she can come just as well as not, and I know she will love to be here as much as I will to have her. I should have asked her to visit me long ago, but she was taken ill soon after we left school and is only beginning to get back her strength."

The day after the funeral I returned to the city and, rather than subject Miss Carney to any inconvenience by accepting her offer of the only carriage at her disposal since the stable hands had deserted the place, I rode to the railway station in the trap that had brought me down.

"So you're old Carney's lawyer, be ye?" inquired my driver, with rustic familiarity, crossing his legs and leaning one arm carelessly over the back of the seat in front of me.

I admitted that I was, with monosyllabic brevity, and we proceeded in silence for a few rods.

"'Spose he left plenty o' money?" was the next query.

"Enough for the needs of his family," I replied.

"Pshaw!" he returned, in evident disgust, "that's all ye'd say if he was worth ten thousand dollars!"

Another short period of silence elapsed, and then he began abruptly: "Powerful strange to me haow a drinkin' man like him could accomilate so much money an' hold to it so tight."

"I never knew that Mr. Carney was a drinking man," I replied, with a sudden interest in my companion's gossip. "I mean," I continued, "I never knew that he drank to excess."

"Drink!" exclaimed the man. "Why! they wa'n't' nuthin' he wouldn't do! Drink, smoke, gamble an' cuss, besides throwin' away his money on

"I'm A-Gittin' to That," He Replied.

most wasteful things! When Sam Heskins' boy was workin' up to the place he seen him an' another feller frum the city, a friend o' his'n, a-playin' poker one day, an' one or t'other of 'em, I fergit which 'twas, lost seven dollars an' 80 cents! An' as to drinkin', while he done most of it in the hacuse, he wa'n't above takin' a glass at Hoskins' hotel every naow an' then, too!

"I rec'lec', one day, a-settin' on the stoop at Hoskins' waitin' fur a shaower to blow over, when I was a-gittin' in my hay, an' ole Carney drove up in his buggy. We was all a-talkin' abaout Freemasons, an' as he climbs aout I sez to him, sez I, 'Be you a Freemason?' sez I. 'No,' sez he, 'I hain't,' sez he, 'but I'm a free thinker,' sez he, 'an' I think I'll take a drink,' sez he. 'Ye won't be a free drinker,' sez Hoskins, under his breath and winkin' at me, as he follers him into the barroom to wait on him, an' sure enough, he tole us afterwards, he charged him reg'lar city prices, an' the ole man never knew the difference."

"By the way, what made the men leave the place so suddenly?" I asked, cautiously, thinking to divert the fellow's gabble into more profitable channels. "You know they have all gone, except the servants that were brought from the city."

"Wal," said the man with deliberation, slapping the horse's back with the reins and wriggling uncomfortably in his seat, "they left fur two reasons, I guess. In fac', the folks 'baout here ain't over anxious to work up to the place anyway, though they was allus willin' to be obligin' an' accommodate ole Carney when they wa'n't nuthin' else fur 'em to do; but naow, it's comin' on hayin' time, an' I s'pose they'd ruther work at hayin'."

The man had turned his back on me completely and was urging the horse forward at a rapid gait.

"Very generous of them to accommodate him when they had nothing else to do, and then leave his daughter as they have, just because haying time is here," I commented. "But you said there were two reasons. What is the other?"

We rode on in silence for quite a distance until, at length, the fellow responded in a gruff voice and without turning his head.

"Wal! it may be true an' it may be not! All I know is what I heard up to Hoskins'. I don't take no great notice o' ghosts an' sich. But them men knows what they seen the night after the Widder Bruce's boy died, an' I know that ye couldn't git one of 'em on the place again with a team o' steers! No, sir! knowin' as they do, the character o' man that ole Carney was, an' the way he as good as murdered that poor lad with his cussin' an' quarrelin' an' fallin' off his hoss, 'stead o' goin' to the stable an' saddlin' up himself, like any man would that wa'n't too lazy to take off his coat when he set, it ain't no wonder they believed what the Widder Bruce tole 'em more'n a year ago!"

He paused here and flicked a fly from the horse's neck with a dexterous cast of his whip.

"What did the Widom Bruce tell them?" I asked anxiously, fearing that his communicative mood would leave him.

"Wal, she come over here from England with her boy 'baout the time ole Carney was a-buildin' his haouse, an' she ses, as soon as she seen it, that it was goin' to be jest like them places over in England where them dooks an' sech fellers live, that sooner or later someone 'ud die a vi'lent death there, an' then the place 'ud be ha'nted sam'e's the dooks' places mostly is.

"O' course, we didn't pay no special attention to her.

"When her boy went up to the place to work, 'baout a year ago, she took on terrible, an' allus said no good 'ud come of it, an' that somethin' would surely happen. But they wa'n't no other way out of it, fur they didn't have a bite to eat nor a rag to wear, an' if the boy hadn't decided to accommodate Carney's folks I guess they'd ha' starved.

"Ye see," he continued, in explanation, "old Carney wouldn't never give a cent to anybody that was able to earn it, an' when the parson come to him an' ast him to help the widder, all he sez was, 'Send that big hulk of a boy up here an' I'll give him a job an' good pay so's he kin support his mother like a man,' he sez, 'but I won't give her a damn penny so long as he's able to work an' earn it,' he sez."

"But you haven't explained yet why the men left," I persisted, for we were nearing our destination and my time was growing short.

"I'm a-gittin' to that," he replied. "Ye see, Carney was such a mean, stingy cuss that, what with his drinkin' an' gamblin' an' other vices, the widder allus claimed he'd never rest easy in his grave. When the boy was killed she carried on like a crazy woman, an' swore the place would allus be ha'nted 'less the estate did the honest thing by her an' give her enough to pay her fur the loss of her son. That night, more fur fun than anything else, a lot of the fellers that was a-settin' daown to Hoskins' went up by the haouse 'raound midnight, but they didn't see nuthin'. The nex' night—that's after you come—they all went up again, an' I tell you they all come back a-flyin'."

"What did they see?" I asked, with renewed interest, as a sudden idea entered my head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Has Fallen on Evil Days.

Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher Bishop, or Countess Bishop Nicholas, mother of Washington Irving Bishop, who 15 years ago was regarded as a mental phenomenon and puzzled scientists by his "mind reading," has been taken to a poorhouse in Montpelier, Vt. Mrs. Bishop was formerly well known throughout the country and during the civil war was honored as "the Florence Nightingale of America" because of her solicitude for and attendance on the wounded soldiers. She is the daughter of the late Sir James Davidson of Liverpool, England, who was a consin of Gladstone.

SETTING THE BRIDE AT EASE.

"Widder's" Sympathy Went Out to Fellow Passenger.

A couple recently married had just entered the train that was to bear them to the mountains on their honeymoon, when they became aware of the close scrutiny of them by a female passenger, who had evidently "spotted" a bride and groom. The young wife, on opening her handbag, let fall some rice on the floor, and the woman smiled. The other passengers regarded the couple with interest. Seeing that the bride was every moment becoming more flushed and uncomfortable by reason of their scrutiny, the woman in the goodness of her heart, leaned across the carriage.

"Never mind, my dear!" she said. "I'm a widder now, but by this time next week I'll be in the same fix myself!"

NO RELIEF FROM ECZEMA

For Over Two Years—Patent Medicines, Quack Cures and Doctors Fail—Cuticura Succeeds.

"I was very badly afflicted with eczema for more than two years. The parts affected were my limbs below the knees. I tried all the physicians in the town and some in the surrounding towns, and I also tried all the patent remedies that I heard of, besides all the cures advised by old women and quacks, and found no relief whatever until I commenced using the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. In the Cuticura Remedies I found immediate relief, and was soon sound and well. C. V. Beltz, Tippecanoe, Ind., Nov. 15, '05."

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY.

Jack London's Story Carries Sting of Truth and Pathos.

"Jack London's famous definition of charity—'sharing a bone with a dog when you're as hungry as the dog'—recalls a story about charity," said a magazine editor, "that I heard Mr. London tell at a farewell dinner in New York before he sailed away on the Spark.

"Mr. London said two old men were smoking and drinking together after dinner.

"The host rang the bell and an old woman appeared.

"'Confound you, stupid!' said the host. 'Didn't I tell you I wanted the Scotch? Take this back, and bring what I asked for, you old fool!'

"'Come, come,' said the guest, after the old woman had hurried away in a great fright. 'Come, come, my friend, don't you think you are rather too sharp with your old servant?'

"'Oh,' said the other, 'she's not a servant. She's only a poor relation I'm keeping out of charity.'

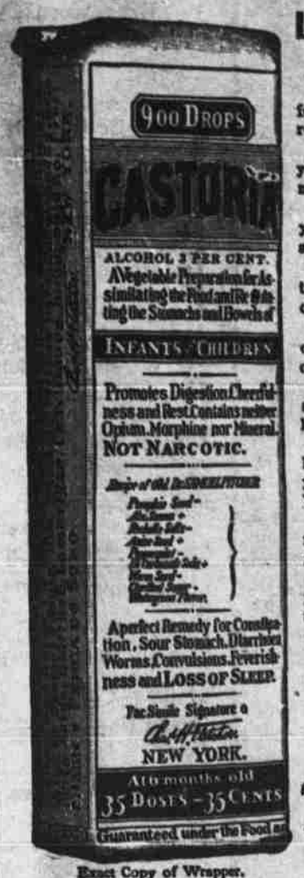
"The guest looked relieved.

"'That alters the case, of course,' he said."—Washington Times.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Eisengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildsen, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Buy a Good Farm Now

Dr. C. F. Simmons is Offering the People of This Section the Greatest Opportunity They Ever Had to Own a Beautiful Truck or Fruit Farm.

Why No, Buy Now at Practically No Cost to You. The Chance May Never Come Your Way Again.

Mr. W. N. Hutto, the well known gentleman of Jacksboro, Texas, writes:

Jacksboro, Texas, Feb. 26, 1907.

Dr. C. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

My Dear Sir:—I have just returned from Atascosa County, where I went for the purpose of investigating your 95,000-acre ranch proposition.

I spent the 21st 22nd and 23rd of this February on the ranch, and during those three days I drove not less than 125 miles and visited every pasture on the ranch, and examined the property as thoroughly as it was possible to do within that time.

I saw every artesian well on the ranch except the one in the Hall pasture. I was near it and could have seen it by turning back, but I had already seen enough to satisfy me, and did not take the time to go back.

I took your booklet, "New Home Sweet Home" with me and I compared the pictures in it with what I saw, and I found them absolutely correct.

I drank water at all the wells I saw, and the water was good for drinking and all other purposes in all of them except the gas well. I did not like it very well, but I have tasted a great deal worse water. I am sure it is good for all stock and irrigation purposes. I saw the cattle drink it, and they seem to be thriving on it. I put a match to the gas well and it began to burn at once.

I am of the opinion that oil is to be found on this land. Just off of it there is an oil well from which I procured a bottle of oil which I carried home with me.

I talked with Mr. Brown, the gentleman now employed in putting down an artesian well on your land for you, and he told me that he had been drilling wells in that vicinity for the last six years, and that good water can be obtained at any place on the ranch from forty to two hundred feet, and that flowing wells can be obtained anywhere on the ranch at depths ranging from three hundred feet up.

The land is all as good as represented by you, and lots of it much better. The Votaw pasture is the best all purpose land I ever saw.

I shall recommend all of my friends who want comfortable homes in the best climate in the world to purchase from you.

I am more than pleased with what I saw, and as you have said, it is the "Opportunity of a Lifetime," especially for the man with small means.

Wishing you success in disposing of this land, and furnishing homes within the reach of the ordinary man, I remain.

Very truly yours,
W. N. HUTTO.

Write today for book of views and full description of the ranch. $210—payable $10 a month until paid, without interest, will buy a 10 to 640 acre farm and two town lots in the paradise of America.

DR. CHAS. F. SIMMONS,
215 Alamo Plaza, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

What Did She Mean?

Mrs. Armitage had a negro servant who continually prated of a certain Mrs. Reed for whom she formerly worked. Weary of hearing Mrs. Reed quoted so often, the mistress asked one day:

"Well, Samantha, what kind of work did you do at Mrs. Reed's, anyway?"

"Well, honey, I cooked foh huh, I did, an' I cleaned foh huh, an' swep' foh huh, an' I washed huh pussonel appea'ance."—Lippincott's.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

A Wife's Letter.

"My darling George, I have received your nice letter, and I hope you will send me a check by return. You wouldn't believe it, dearie, but for the life of me I can't think of anything else to write about!"

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Women in Odd Occupations.

In Lewiston, Me., there is a young woman cobbler, and in New York state a blacksmith shop is run by three women.

The Modern Child.

Five-year-old Nellie had been naughty all day. Finally her mamma, a very portly woman, sat down and drew the little culprit across her ample lap to administer the long delayed punishment. Nellie's face was fairly buried in the folds of her mother's dress. Before the maternal hand could descend Nellie turned her face to say: "Well, if I'm going to be spanked I must have air."—Harper's.

What Caused the Lynching.

Out at Stafford the other day a group of farmers met a train, and when a tall, sunburned man stepped off the car they all grabbed him and shook his hand warmly. The man looked them over calmly and then said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you. I know you think I am a harvest hand, but you are mistaken. I am a lightning rod agent."—Kansas City Star.

Woman Grave-Digger.

A woman of 35 has been appointed grave-digger, bell-ringer and organist in the Danish town of Grenaa. She is the first woman grave-digger in Denmark.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.—Greville.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

Most of our sweetest comforts grow up between crosses.—Young.

Sunday A.M.

My dear Fanny

Of course you know I am doing my own work. Yes and getting on fine too. the first week I had a dickens of a time with my stocked ironing. and by the way I must tell you. I had such a time with iron sticking declared would never attempt it again. Was telling my next door neighbor & she asked if I was using Defiance Stock. I said No. so she gave me Enough for the following week. It is just lovely with this stock I can do my ironing in one half the time It is actually fun to use it the way the iron slips over the clothes Never sticks Am finished before I know it, sometimes wish I had a few more pieces

You must try it Defiance stock comes in 16 oz packages Same price as the other 12 oz packages. And really its no effort to iron with it Defiance - Lovingly your Sister

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD
SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

$25,000 Reward To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My $4 Gilt Edge and $5 Gold Band Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. Douglas stamps his name and price on the bottom to protect you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere.

Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

USE THE BEST **FAULTLESS STARCH** FOR LAUNDRY WORK
FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

COFFEE AILS
Quit when you use
POSTUM
"THERE'S A REASON."
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Rather An Old Calf

Some years ago the writer attended a revival meeting held in Eagle Hall, Concord, under the direction of Elder John Hook, of blessed memory. He had as an assistant Elder Martin Van Buren Lutz, a converted gambler and drunkard.

Elder Lutz was of an extremely nervous disposition and much in earnest in his appeals to sinners to quit sinning, as he had been a chief of sinners and knew how it was himself. At times he would get so excited that he would jump up and down, like a mad boy, on the platform.

He was preaching a sermon in one of these revival meetings on "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." When he came to the account of the killing of the fatted calf, he endeavored to heighten the interest of his hearers by the following touch:

"Not A calf, my brethren, but THE calf, the old, familiar calf that had been for years and years in the family." The prodigal son must have had some tough veal set before him.—Boston Herald.

A Real Prima Donna.

"You appear to be unusually happy to-day," said Citman.

"I am," replied Subbubs. "I've just succeeded in getting our leading lady to sign for another season."

"I didn't know you were in the theatrical business."

"I'm not. I refer to our cook."

RICK'S CAPUDINE CURES COLDS AND GRIPPE headaches and neuralgia also. It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and Feverishness. It cures all effects. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (Liquid.)

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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