

The Women Chums.

(Original.) The Scandinavian ship Sea Gull was sailing in Kara bay, a part of the Arctic ocean lying between Russia proper and Siberia. About five miles from the Russian coast at sunrise in the morning the lookout in the fore top, a woman (women on Scandinavian ships do the same work before the mast as men), saw on the port quarter a black speck on a river usually means nothing, but at sea always excites attention. The lookout seized a glass and brought it to bear on the object, which under the magnifying power of the glass was resolved into a boat with a person in it. The lookout sent word to the captain, who gave orders to put the vessel off a point or two with a view to discovering if the lone boatman needed assistance.

As the Sea Gull approached the boat the figure in it was discovered to be that of a woman. She was lifted over the ship's side in an exhausted condition, pale and emaciated, but when they asked her questions she could respond only in the Russian language, which was unintelligible to the Scandinavians. One of the crew was a young Russian woman, Katia Jaroff, who had shipped at a Siberian port a few days before. Knowing a little Scandinavian, she was brought forward as an interpreter. A close observer would have noticed a slight start on the part of both her and the woman from the boat when they first saw each other, but they sufficiently restrained themselves so that nothing unusual was noticed. Katia questioned the stranger and reported that she claimed to have been aboard a Russian vessel and, incurring the displeasure of the captain, had been marooned. She asked where the Sea Gull was bound and when told that she would first stop at a Norwegian port asked to be transported there. Since she had no money she was required to work her passage before the mast.

Naturally the two Russian women became companions. The woman who had been marooned, Sonia Sanderhoff, was large and soon regained her strength, which was considerable. Katia, on the contrary, was delicate, and she seemed to have been pulled down by some past hardship. Both women were intellectual looking, and their station was evidently far above that of the balance of the crew. Sonia from the time she was able to stand watch offered to do duty also for Katia. This she insisted upon and most of the time did double work relieving Katia.

The first mate, a Swede named Scanderson, became enamored of Katia and made her his mistress. Katia repelled him, but he persisted. Katia took the girl under her protection, which led to hard words between the mate and Sonia, and during the altercation Sonia told him that if he did not cease annoying her friend and countrywoman she would compel him to do so. This interested the crew, who ridiculed Scanderson. He paid no attention to Sonia's threat, but persisted in annoying Katia.

One day while he was so doing he was felled to the deck by a blow from Sonia. When the mate got up several of the sailors were laughing at him. He attempted to bring the open palm of his hand against Sonia's ear; but, leaving his own face unguarded, he received a knock under the jaw which raised him off his feet and landed him on the deck again.

A fight between a man and a woman brought the crew together to see. The mate arose and led drive at Sonia. He was now in earnest, and the fight was more even. Sonia was at a disadvantage from her skirts, but she had the luck to knock her enemy against the capstan, which stunned him, and he was carried below unconscious. That ended the mate's attentions to Katia, and from the time of the fight the two women were inseparable.

But Sonia had nothing to do with any of the women of the crew except Katia. She would not occupy a bunk with the women, sleeping when she did sleep at night on deck. She was a puzzle to the men, and her devotion to Katia excited a good deal of curiosity. The captain, hearing of her quarrels with the mate, reprimanded him and gave orders that the two Russian women should thereafter be treated with every consideration. He even relieved Katia of her part of the duties of a seaman.

Finally the Sea Gull rounded the northern extremity of Norway and, sailing into into the Atlantic ocean, put into Bergen. When the anchor had been dropped in Swedish waters the women went to the cabin of the captain and made a confession. They were both escaped prisoners from the Russian political prison at Kara. Katia had been convicted of teaching the Russian peasants. Sonia was a man, Michael Vlostoff, who had got himself sent to Kara for the express purpose of freeing Katia, which he had planned to do by bribery. Katia's escape had been made at the time arranged, but Vlostoff had been delayed. They had arranged to get away from Siberia by shipping on a foreign vessel, which Katia had accomplished. Vlostoff had been obliged to put into Kara Bay in a boat, and fortune decreed that he should be picked up by the vessel on which Katia had shipped. The captain furnished Vlostoff with a suit of men's clothes, and the pair were married before leaving the ship.

ADELAIDE HILL.

Signs and Symptoms. "Do you believe the countenance is indicative of character?" "In some respects. For instance, when you see a hatched faced woman, ten to one you'll find her temper on edge."—Baltimore American.

DEFICIT NOW MILION A DAY

Treasury Department Begins Fiscal Year With Showing THAT IS VERY OMINOUS

Revenues Dropping Behind—Excess of Expenditures Over Receipts Nearly Twenty-five Million for July.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The treasury department has begun the fiscal year with a showing that is ominous of a big deficit when June 30, 1909, rolls around.

For the month of July the excess of expenditures over receipts amounted to \$24,808,544, or nearly \$25,000,000. This means, practically, a deficit of \$1,000,000 a day through the first month of the fiscal year, and points to the fact that the revenues are dropping behind the receipts at a much swifter pace than a year ago.

In fact, at the end of the first month of the last fiscal year there was a surplus of nearly \$11,000,000. It was not until the depression of last fall caused a decline in customs and in internal revenue receipts that the deficit began to swell.

This July not only are the receipts low but the expenditures are high. The receipts for July amounted to \$32,169,455, as compared with \$55,908,465 for July, 1907, and the expenditures were \$77,038,000, as compared with \$69,808,000 in July, 1907. Civil and miscellaneous expenditures and war department expenditures have largely increased.

Customs receipts for the July just closed were over \$8,000,000 below those of July, 1907, and internal revenue receipts were about \$1,000,000 lower. The heavy miscellaneous receipts helped in part to cover the falling off in customs and internal revenue.

It is, of course, to be expected that the treasury department will not continue on the down grade in the fashion it has in July for the rest of the fiscal year, and that receipts will gradually begin to mend. Otherwise, the whole available cash balance would be wiped out long before the end of the fiscal period. But at best the expenditures this year are going to be heavy and the drain on the treasury enormous, and the gap between Uncle Sam's trousers and his vest is certain to be so large before the year closes as to give the treasury officials a lot of worryment.

Moreover, it will be a factor that will have to be reckoned with when it comes to the revision of the tariff at the special session of Congress next spring.

Sonnets While You Wait. To wait! To kick one's heels and twirl one's thumbs! Hoping, expecting, yet by doubts beset. Here, as an instance, I now stew and fret. Waiting, as ever, for what never comes, Sifting my circulation quite benumbed, And so in desperation I get And yell the question, "Aren't you ready yet?"

"In just a moment, dear." And then she hums A cheerful tune, the while she moves about. She has exasperating cheerfulness. She's never ready when we're going out. But that small fact will cause her no distress. It's useless, I know well, for me to shout. "We'll miss the train!" But then she has to dress!

I know that all things come to those who wait, Provided that the proper effort's made. That chances, too, against one aren't arrayed. That their arrival is decreed by fate, But even then they often come too late. When one has grown accustomed to the shade The sun's full warmth and splendor displayed. Through clouds one does not care to dissipate. And patience is a virtue, I admit, If not, as some contend it is, sublime.

Full Treatment for \$1.00. With Hill's Pile Pomade there is a cake of antiseptic soap and a package of pile laxatives, which makes an excellent treatment for all kinds of piles. Guaranteed by your druggist, D. F. Davis.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. F. Gouard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Pustules, Blemishes, and all the skin troubles that beset the face. It is the best of all skin preparations. It is the best of all skin preparations. It is the best of all skin preparations.

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

JINGLES AND JESTS Her Majesty August. Comes the month of asters, gay, Ripening grain adown the way August, with her sunbeams rare, Waits upon the threshold there; Strawing flowers with lavish hand, Bearing fruits throughout the land. August, tripping o'er the sod, Bursts the stately golden rod Into bloom; with magic wand, Paints the lily in the pond. Still I have no lover for her, Into hate my passions stir. Queen-like, she but a deceiver, August, month of dread hay fever.

Some there are who wait to meet her, Some there are who want to greet her, Month when birds and bees are humming. Some may glory in her coming, Some, however, live in dread. August, month of stuffy heads, Month of reddened eyes and noses, Month when sleep no eyelid closes, Month when, propped up in a chair, Some must pant and gasp for air, August, month of gentle breezes, All your beauty's a deceiver, You're the month of dread hay fever.

Pearls of a Motorist. From a notice board outside the Sandhurst National Schools: "Danger, Motorists beware of the school children."—Punch.

Southern Welcome. An "Uncle Remus home" is planned in Georgia. There will be no attempt to keep Br'er Wolf from the door.—Chicago Post.

Mid-Western Mariner. Said the mermaid to the mermaid, far beneath the ocean's foam, "I will meet you, little sweetheart, when the seaweeds come home."—Chicago News.

A Summer Boarder. "Do you keep boarders?" "None," answered Farmer Cottassel. "We don't keep 'em. But there's always new ones droppin' along. An' to tell you the truth, a summer boarder ain't very good company after the first three or four days."—Washington Star.

FOR THE AUTO TRIP.

Handy Utensils for Preparing Roadside Lunches. CLOTHES FOR WEEK'S RUN

Every Member of the Party Should Have One of the New Collapsible Drinking Cups—Small Alcohol Lamps Indispensable.

The introduction of the automobile into practically universal use has made it necessary to invent a collection of utensils that may be used on long trips, when luncheon must be prepared by the roadside. The principal feature of these handy implements is their compactness, for it is necessary that they should fit into the smallest



THE COOKING OUTFIT.

space possible. The travelers, or auto tourists, of course need garments necessary for perhaps a week's trip, and they must include for the women not only the blouses and necessary change of underwear and neckwear, but also a semi-dressy gown that will do for the evening at the hotel where the party stays for the night. For such a trip only one hat is necessary, and one short skirt is practically indispensable, and, although one need not take a great array of drugs, those simple remedies that any one might need, at any time it is well to have along. Perhaps one of the bottles should contain brandy, in case of accidents or cold, and the other three may be used as the owner sees fit.

A new drinking cup, which is of a decent size and at the same time

easy to place in a tiny case, is collapsible and with a handle. This cup is so useful that it would be well for every member of the party to number one among his or her belongings.

For such letters, magazines and books as the travelers require may be purchased a sort of envelope case that will easily contain any and all of those paper comforts that help to while away a weary hour while the punctured tire is being mended or the gasoline is being bought in some neighboring township.

Of course, not the least important of the traveling aids is the little stove, where one can make coffee, boil eggs or prepare such articles as may be needed. The little alcohol lamp gives the maximum of heat with a minimum of fuel, and it includes as many appliances as possible for the cooking of a variety of foodstuffs. It is doubtful if it would be possible to broil a bird or to cook any game that may be found by the hunters of the party, but neighboring trees and a few matches will provide a fire that will cook anything from an ox to a rabbit.

Who'd a-Thunk It? The rose is red, The violet blue, Oak's a tree, And so is you. —Minneapolis Journal.

AN AMERICAN HERO. Captain Thomas Scott Used His Own Body to Stop a Leak in a Crowded Ferry-boat. "One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy," says F. Hopkinson Smith, in the August Everybody's, "A Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack clogged her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water-line in a great V-shaped gash. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would have heading below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats and ice of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug, Reliance of the Oil-Shore Wrecking company, on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel-house of the ferry-boat,

Eat What You Want

And let Kodol digest it. There can then be no fermentation, no pain, no distress—no indigestion.

These are the things you have to get rid of but you can't do it by starving yourself. Weakening the body is not strengthening the stomach. You do weaken the body when you deny yourself some article of food you find does not agree with you.

And here is where Kodol is so effective. It digests what you eat and does it completely. It enables you to eat just what you like and just what your appetite demands.

Kodol doesn't simply digest certain kinds of food—it digests every kind of food. It acts as Nature acts and it assists Nature in assimilating the food—it helps Nature get out of the food what there is in it—strength, blood, bone, muscle and life.

Kodol is for you. Kodol is for anyone and everyone who needs it, and we want you to try it now and be convinced that you can eat just what you like if you will only let Kodol digest for a time that which you do eat.

Our Guarantee. Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle, and if after using the entire bottle you can honestly say you have received no benefits from it, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money to you without question or delay, and we will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to one in a family. The dollar bottle contains 35 times as much as the fifty-cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Magazine Review. How to Groom a Horse.

In an article entitled, "Common Sense in the Care of Horses," in August Suburban Life, Mr. Newham-Davis says: "Begin by cleaning the dirt out of his coat with the dandy-brush and then go over him again with the body-brush, cleaning the bristles after every few strokes with the curry-comb, which is designed for that purpose only, though it may be used gently for removing caked mud and sweat that will not yield readily to the brush. The face should be brushed with the body-brush and then sponged with the soft sponge, not neglecting the nostrils and lips; it is well to examine and sponge out the mouth, too, as some food, notably the barley, may given in the West, lodges in the angles and under the tongue, where it decomposes and quickly becomes offensive."

Developing Thought-processes. There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought-processes."

Not long since a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had sunk on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sultry, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness? He was radiant, cheerful, happy, hopeful.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues" and melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful influence and his own determination to make good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had very truly made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfriendly to his highest good.—"Success."

IRVING IN "MACBETH." Ellen Terry in The August McClure's. "We all know when we do our best," said Henry once. "We are the only people who know." Yet he thought he did better in "Macbeth" than in "Hamlet."

Was he right, after all? His view of Macbeth, though attacked and derided and put to shame in many quarters, is as clear to me as the sunlight itself. To me it seems as if to quarrel with the conception as to deny the nose on one's face. But the carrying out of the conception was unequal. Henry's imagination was sometimes his worst enemy. When I think of his "Macbeth," I remember him most distinctly in the last act, after the battle, when he looked like a great famished wolf, weak with the weakness of a giant exhausted, spent as one whose exertions have been ten times as great as those of common men of rougher fibre and coarser strength.

The rehearsals for "Macbeth" were very exhausting, but they were splendid to watch. In this play Henry brought his manipulation of crowds to perfection. For his "purpose," Henry seems to have been able to do anything, even to drawing and composing music. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music at first did not quite please him. He walked up and down the stage humming and showing the composer what he was going to do at certain situations. Sullivan, with wonderful quickness and open-mindedness, caught his meaning at once. "Much better—I'll rough it out at once!"

When the orchestra played the new version, based on that humming of Henry's, it was exactly what he wanted.

Laundry Lines.

Drive a hook or staple in close end of ironing board and hang in closet or inside of door.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is well to begin at the center. If one irons the hem first the middle will have a tendency to bulge or "fall."

If you unexpectedly find your wigs clothesline hopelessly rusted, lay strips of newspaper on it and pin clothes over them. Then the first bright day give your line two good coats of gray paint.

Flannel will not harden or shrink if when new it is put into clean cold water and left for a week, changing the water frequently. Wash well in warm water, using a little soap to remove the oil. Flannel thus washed never hardens.

English Etchings.

London eats 180,000 tons of fish a year.

England loses 60,000 persons every year by emigration.

The newest visiting card fad is to have a little plan showing the residence and the adjacent streets printed on the back.

The latest wonder is the installation at the London Hippodrome of a series of tiny machines that silently generate sea air in the auditorium.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has been making strenuous protests of late against the manner in which Exeter cathedral is being restored, more especially with reference to the sculpture, which, it is declared, has been obliterated without reason.

Song For a Hot Day. Holy smoke, but ain't it hot? (Listen to the sizzling jingle.) Fairy melting on the spot. ('Tis so cold my ear tips tingle.) Perpiration from each pore. (Down the chute the coal both rattles.) Collar's witted down once more. (Let's go have a real snow battle.) Not a bit of shade about. (See the snowflake, how it's falling.) Hotter day without a doubt. (Watch the children there snowballing.)

If You Read This. It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, nature or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultant, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied by severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Ohio; Prof. M. D. of Bennett Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D. of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Sudder, M. D. of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D. of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, and scores of other equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

"The Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine that can be taken through the bowels for the cure of any such chronic or long standing case of catarrhal affections. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely non-toxic and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach and bowels, bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Neatly Returned. "Father," asked Scribner's little son, "why do poets wear trowel-down coats?" "It's a habit they acquire, my son, from their experience with editors."—Judge.