C. O. TANNEHILL, Notary Public

I write up and acknowledge your Deeds, Chattel Mortgages, or any form of legal paper, with accuracy and promptness. · · OKLAHOMA BEAVER.

WILLIAM T. QUINN Deputy District Clerk I will take filings, final proofs and contest not'ess for Beaver county

- - OKLAHOMA BEAVER.

ALBERT WELLBORN

Lawyer. Office with Bank of Beaver City. Will practice in all the courts-County. Territorial and Federal. BEAVER - OKLAHOMA

VETERINARIAN. F. P. Madison

BEAVER, OKLA L. S. MUNSELL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon a'so OPTICIAN AND OCULIST If in need of spectacles have your eyes tested scientifically and patronize home.

BEAVER, . . OKLAHOMA

Lawyer, Practices in all courts and before U. S.

R. H. LOOFBOURROW

BEAVER, - OKLAHOMA.

Lawyers.

Practice in all Territorial Courts and before the U. S. Land Office.

DEAN & LAUNE,

WOODWARD, OKLA. H. R. HOOVER, CHAS. SWINDALL., Canadian, Tex. Woodward, Okla

HOOVER & SWINDALL. Lawyers.

General practice in the District and Federal Courts of Texas and Oklahoma and before the land office and Depart-ment of the Interior.

Chas. R. Alexander.

Jos. A. Haves ALEXANDER & HAYES Lawyers.

in all courts and United

States Land Office in Woodward, Ok.

BRIGGS & WYBRANT Land Attorneys,

Lawyers. 1st door east of Land Office WOODWARD, - OKLAHOMA.

Donded Abstracter,

FRED C. TRACY. BEAVER, . . OKLAHOMA

J. W. THARP, M. D. Scientific Physician.

BEAVER, OKLA. DR. ROY W. MARTIN,

Physician and Surgeon. BEAVER, OKLA.

Calls answered promptly day or night. R. WRIGHT.

(County Attorney.) Attorney-At-Law Liberal, Kansas, or Beaver, Oklahoma

DR. A. J. SANDS,

Does a General Practice in Medicine and Surgery

Residence, 15 5 26-three miles of "G" ranch. Zelma, P. O.

C. W. HEROD, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Land Practice a Specialty.
Woodward, Oklahoma.

CLYDE H. WYAND,

Attorney-At-Law. Land Office Business a Specialty.

WOODWARD, - OKLAHOMA H. D. MEESE.

Probate Judge.

I attend to all kinds of Land work.

GEO. H. HEALY.

Land Scrip for Sale. Counsel in Land and Mortgage Cases. RIVERSIDE, OKLA.

ALEXANDER & HDALY, Woodward, Oklahoma

The Ward of King Canute A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIS A. LHLIENCRANTZ, arthor of The Thrull of Lief the Lawley.

CHAPTER XIX .- Continued. "I want not that recompense, lory, shall you think of the debt -

or think that in helping you, I repaid on for your hospitality, your-"

'It was the King who sent for you, that he might know whether I had mation. spoken the truth concerning my disguise-" she said when at last her voice returned. "Now, by coming. you have helped me against his an- lip. "Hush! At last he is going to ger,-let that settle all debt between speak us. I thank you much and-and I bid you farewell." Again Elfgiva's schooling came to her mind and she swaydid not know that her cheeks were as white as her kerchief, that her death." eves were dark wells of unshed tears. She knew only that at last he was bowing, he was turning, in a moment more he would be gone-

But just short of that point he stopped, and all motion around her appeared to stop, as a noise down the corridor olotted out every sound in the garden,—the noise of a great body of people rousing the echoes with jubilant shouting.

"The King! The King!" could be heard again and again, and after it a burst of deafening cheers that frowned the rest.

Listening, everyone stood motionless as the babel came nearer with a swiftness which spoke much for the speed of the shouters. Only Randalin's little red shoe began to tap the earth impatiently. What did it matter what they said?

"Hall to Canute of Denmark!" "Hall to the King of the Danes and-Again cheers drowned the rest.

The pages, who had sped at the first alarm like a covey of gray birds, came panting back, tumbling over one another in their efforts to impart the news. Elfgiva caught the nearest and shook him until his teeth chattered; reached them for the first time unbroken: "Honor to the King! Hail that had bitten him. to the King of the Danes and the Angles!"

cry, sharp as though a heart-string screaming, even before Canute's hand had snapped in its utterance, the tie had reached his hilt. that for generations had bound those | Before the blade could be drawn

"Edmund?"

The mob of soldiers and servants

that burst through the doorway an-

swered his question with exultant

is dead! Long live Canute the King!

Unbidden, memory raised before

Randalin a picture of the English

camp-fire in the glade, with the Eng-

lish King standing in its light and

the hooded figure bending from the

shadow behind him, its white taloned

hand resting on his sleeve. If he was

dead, he was dead, and there was no

more to be said. Was the Etheling

were turned to stone? Would be

Ah, at last he was moving! As if

the news had only just reached home

to him, she saw him draw himself

together sharply and stride toward the

door; and she watched feverishly to

the threshold. Now he was out of

She let her suspended breath go

from her in a long sigh. "It is good

that everyone is too excited to notice

what I do," she said to berself. And

Staggering to a little bench under one

of the old oaks, she sank down upon

CHAPTER XX.

A Blood-stained Crown.

which Eifgiva had given to her Dan-

ish attendant because it signified "the

lively one." "Tata! I have looked

light feet, a swish of silken skirts,

and Dearwyn had thrown herself up-

on the bench under the oak tree, her

little dimpled face radiant. Only think

that Elfgiva will be a queen and we

shall all go to London!" As the only

"What is the matter with you that

Disengaging herself

you are so silent as to your tongue,

when you must needs be shouting in

gently, she climbed upon the bench

"Tats!" That was the pet name

tree trunk and waited.

everywhere for you!"

a rapturous embrace.

it and leaned her head against the mind.

always going to stand as though he

King of the Danes and the Angles!"

"Edmund is dead! Edmund

"You!" he said. "What do you believe?"

of his blood to the house of Cerdic. | Rothgar had stepped in front of his

see if anyone would think to stop are watching?" And his words seem-

him. One group he passed-and an- ed to open a door against which the

even as she said it she realized that that you were obliged to do it to

her limbs were shaking under her save yourself. Even after I heard how

that she was sick unto faintness, you had made a bargain to inherit

believe?"

adequate means of expression, she for being unambitions for glory, you

threw her arms around her friend in have had this in your mind!" Laugh-

other-and another-now he was on others were crowding.

The pat of

thad a leather bag around his neck which I think likely coatning Edwant-nothing you have to give mund's crown and-Ah. Tata, look! look! Thorkel is holding it up!

Yes, it was Edmund's crown, Again, a picture of the English camp-fire rose Her voice broke as the memory of before her, and she shivered as she that time passed over her like bitter recognized the graceful pearled points waters, and sire was obliged to stand she had last seen upon the ironside's silent before him, steadying her lip stately head. Now Thorkel was seteith her teeth, until the waters had ting them above the Danish circlet on Canute's shining locks, while the shouts merged into a roar of accia-

> "But why does he look so strange?" Randalic said suddenly, And Dearwyn laid a finger on her

Cannte was bending toward the messenger, holding him with his "Tell more news, messenglance. ed before him in a courtesy. She ger," he was saying sternly. "Tell about the cause of my royal brother's

> The messenger seemed to lose what little breath his ride on the shoulders of the crowd had left him. "My errand extends no further," he panted. "It is likely that the Earl will send you more news-I am but the first-" His breath gave out in an inarticulate gasp, and he began to back away,

But the King moved after him. "Stop-" he commanded,-"or it may be that I will cause you to remain quiet for the rest of time. You must know what separated his life from his body. Tell it."

Stammering with terror, the man fell upon his knees. "Dispenser of treasures, how should I know? The babblings of the ignorant durst not be repeated. Many say that the Ironside was worn sick with fighting." "You lie!" Canute roared down up-

on him. "You know they say that honor?" Edric murdered him." At that, the poor fool seemed to cast to the winds his last shred of

sense. "They do say that the Earl poisoned him,' he blubbered, "But none say that you bade him to do it. No one dares to say that." "How could they say that?" Randa-

lin cried in amazement, while the and in the lull, the swelling shout King drew back as though the grovelling figure at his feet were a dog "I bid him do it?" he repeated. All

at once his face was so terrible that From the Lord of Ivarsdale came a the man began to crawl backward,

royal foster-brother with a savage

sweep of his handless arm. "Do not

waste your point on the churl, King."

he said in his bull's voice. 'If you

want to play this game further, deal

with me,-for I also believe that you

As though paralyzed by his amaze-

Little Dearwyn hid her face on the

Danish girl's breast. "Oh, Randalin,

would be do such a deed?" she gasped.

and gentle with us. Would he do such

horrid wickedness?"

The while that he seemed so kind

"No!" Randalin cried passoniately.

But even as she cried it, Thorkel

the Tall dared to lean forward and

give the royal shoulder a rallying slap.

better," he said; "but is it worth while

to continue at it when no Englishmen

"King Canute, I willingly admit my-

self the blockhead you called me."

Ulf Jarl hastened to declare in his

good-nabired roar. "When I saw you

take your point away from Edmund's

breast, that day, my heart got afraid

after each other. I never suspected

what kind of a plan was in your

Standing in silent listening, Canute's

gaze traveled from face to face until

it came to the spot where Elfgiva flut-

tered among her women, holding her

exquisite head as if it already wore

a crown. An odd gleam flickered over

his eyes, and he made a step toward

her. "You!" he sald. "What do you

Pealing her silvery laughter, she

turned toward him, her eyes peeping

at him like bright birds from under

the eaves of her hood. "Lord, I be-

lieve that I am afraid of you! she

coquetted. "When I bethink me that

ing, she stooped and kissed his hand

with the first semblance of respect

His face was curiously still as he

stilly curious, as though he were ex-

which she had ever shown him.

Amleth himself never played a game

ment, Canute's arm dropped by his

bade the Gainer murder Edmund."

"You also believe it?"

new light. "You believe then that & had him murdered?" he maked. "And no find planters in believing fer Now, it is not murder!" she pro

toried. "When a king kills-in war-"Part this is not war," no said slow by. Lifting one of the jeweled braids from her choulder, he played with it as he stedled bug. "This is get war, for I had recoached myself to him. I and plicated faith with Edmund. Ethelredsoon and vowed to avence his feath like w brother."

Her white forehead drew itself into a puzzled frown. But you were not so foolish as to swear it on the holy ring were you?" When he did not answer, she raised ber shoulders "What should I know about such matters? Have you not told me, many times and off, that it behooves a woman to shun meddling with great affnirs?

He gave a short laugh, "And when were you ever before content to follow that advice?" Letting the braid slip from his fingers, he stood looking her up and down, his Hps curling with

Randalin spoke abruptly to her companion. "Dearwyn, I can tell you omething. Elfgiva will never get the queenship over England."

"What moves you to say that?" the

little English g.rl asked ber, startled.

But Randalin's attention had gone back to the King, who had turned where the son of Lodbrok waited regarding him over sternly-folded arms. "Brother," he was saying gravely, your opinion is powerful with me, so I will openly tell you that you are wrong in your belief. Never have I so much as hoted to yonder peace-

mund Ironside. From Thorkel the Tall came one of his rare laughs, a sound like the grating of a rusty hinge,-Rothgar unfolded his acas to fling them out in angry reject on.

nithing a word of harm against Ed-

"This is useful to learn!" he sneered. "Do you think I could not guess that you had no need to put your desire into words after you had shown Edric by your actions that your mind and his are one, after you had admitted by your bond with him that you hold the same curious belief about

This time it was Randalin who clutched the Euglish girl. "Oh!" she gasped.

For Capute's eyes were less like eyes than hole through which light was pouring, while his fingers opened and shut as though he had forgotten his sword and would leap upon the scoffer with bare hands.

Thorkel left off laughing to grasp the Jotun's arm and try to drag him backwards. "Do you want to drive it from his mind that he has loved you? Go hide yourself in Fenrir's mouth!' (To be continued.)

SWEET PEAS KILL FLIES.

Druggist Makes a Discovery of Value to the World.

A local druggist has found a new agent for the destruction of flies that for activity and effectiveness discounts anything heretofore offered for that purpose. And not only is it harmless, but it is a thing of beauty as well. After selling annually thousands of sheets of fly paper of the sticky and poisoned varieties and a ton more or less of lusect powder, the new antiote for the pest bids fair to supersede all previous methods with him and those of his friends who are in on

For several days the druggist, who s a lover of flowers, has had upon his front cases bunches of sweet peas of a vericty grown originally in Callfornia and but recently cultivated in this sec ion of the country, morning after opening up the store he has fourd collected around the base of the versel containing the peas quite an accumulation of dead flies.

For the first day or so he regarded the mass of defunct dipterous insects as an accidental gathering in the neighbor ood of the flowers, but curiosity prompted him later to watch the conduct of the few flies left in the store. It was observed when the peas were freshly picked that immediately after their being placed in the vases those flies in the vicinity swarmed upon the petals and proceeded to faster themselves there. Shortly afterward they fell from their positions,

It is presumed that the odor of the peas attracted them first and that afterward they absorbed some poisonous exudation that the flowers possess and died in consequence. So far as known the peas possess no toxic effect upon the human being. Springfield Journal

Fought With Walker,

In the Soldiers' home at Quincy, Ill., an old man who as a boy had a thrilling career. He is Charles H. Kirk, who at the age of 14 years went to Nicaraugua with the Walker expelition. With several other boys of Sacramento, Cal., Kirk soined the expedition in 1856. They landed at San Juan, drew gues, and then started on a long march inland to meet Walker They almost perished for lack of water. They soon came upon a ranch where Walker had engaged in a fight two days previously. Dead bodies strewed the ground. The boys killed mules for rations for ten days. The Sacramento boy christened their com pany the "Red Star guards," and pinned red stars on their hats. For a long time they lived on green bapapas and stept in adobe houses. This company attacked St. George, lost several of its members, and then re treated. At another place Walker lost twenty-one men and he killed and wounded seventy. He later went to San Juan and surrendered.

Dr. Hillis Has Fruit Ranch. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, has been lecturing and preaching on the Pacific coast He has purchased a valuable ranch near Hood River station, on the Co lumbia river, in Ovegon, and it is un derstood that he means to go into the all the time I have been chiding you business of fruit rasing.

Reports Seeing Rare Fox.

A Waterville, Me., man while on drive through the woods near Petties pond in Winslow, Me., saw a coal black fox. The animal did not appear regarded the beautiful Elfgiva .- and to be disturbed by the presence of human beings, but gazed about for as she chattered. "The messenger amining some familiar object in a rome time in apparent unconcern.



THE VALUE OF SAYING "NO."

"No" is characterized as "a money syllable the earliest learned by a child, boarts of all the people of this land but the most difficult to practice by as "likie" touches them. During the

Dr. Johnson displays a world of wis heart strings of the north and their fom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women than it is to men.

It seems cold and heartless to a is more vibrant with life to-day than man to refuse to lend a friend a little it was when it cheered the lean and money to tide over some anxious time. hungry legions that were battling for and yet it is a great question as to the "lest cause." It has not only surwhether he is justified in doing so vived the war, but since then it has if he himself is forced to make some of his own creditors wait while his money is fulfilling a friend's need.

In domestic life a woman has also much call for the little monosyllable the "Marseillaise" in it. But it is She may dislike to disappoint her children in some matters, but the red blood of strife. It is gay, knows in her heart of hearts that the granted favor would be bad for their health or future happiness.

Yet how few mothers do say "No" under such circumstances! And they | those ballads of a nation that the very excuse themselves by saying it is bad for children to be thwarted! So it is, than laws.-Indianapolls News. but if the said children were brought up to know that their mother had always a good reason for her decision and was not to be cajoled out of that decision, the mother would save a great deal of annoyance both to herself and to others thrown in contact with her offspring.-Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WEST LENDING MONEY.

It has not been very many years since the great and growing West was largely dependent on the money centers of the far East for the greater part of the money needed in all lines of business. Funds required for about everything from crop moving to county courthouses had to be secured from Wall street or some of its adjacent branches and the charges for this money in the aggregate made quite a drain on our traffic profits. This dependence on the East had a tendency to belittle the importance of the West in the eyes of the Manhattan money kings and the possibility of a release from this commercial bondage to them received but scant consideration. It is now being forced upon them with unmistakable clearness. Not only has the West developed a financial power that renders her almost wholly independent of the East, but western capital is actually invading the domain of Wall street and picking up financial bargains which, by virtue of years of monopoly, that great money power had come to regard as exclusively its own.-Portland Oregonian.

NO PLACE FOR SHIRKER.

Then it bluntly follows that there is no religion at all in shirk and no salvation for the shirker. There must | minds of men, women and children be a new vision of honest labor, as less well supplied hunger for the food the hopefulest sign of manhood. To of the printed page, until ungratified cut down our work to a minimum is desire dies, and they sink to the level the new sin of the twentieth century. To hinder a man or a woman from earning daily bread violates not so much civil law, as the Golden Rule. We have got a huge lie imbedded in our modern view of labor. It is something to be avoided, something to be legislated out as far as possible. The new religion will demand more work rather than less, but a fair division of its obligations-and afterward justice in distribution. The sooner we turn our faces away from the dogmas of mediaeval pietism and the crotchets of formalism the better for us .-Church Register.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG.

How old are you? The adage says that women are as old as they look and men as old as they feel. That's wrong. A man and woman are as old as they take themselves to be.

Growing old is largely a habit of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he begins shortly after middle age to imagine himself growing old he will be old.

To keep one's self from decrepitude is somewhat a matter of will power. The fates are kind to the man who hangs on to life with both hands. He who lets go will go. Death is slow only to tackle the tenacious.

Ponce de Leon searched in the wrong place for the fountain of youth. It is in one's self. One must keep one's self young inside. So that while "the outer man perisheth the inner man is renewed day by day."

When the human mind ceases to exert itself, when there is no longer an active interest in the affairs of this life, when the human stops reading and thinking and doing, the man, like a blasted tree, begins to die at the top. You are as old as you think you are. Keep the harness on. Your job is not done.-Milwaukee Journal.

VIRTUE IN THE WORK CURE.

The men and women, who do not regard their work as drudgery and who realize, with Carlyle, that the individual who does not work is in some sense either a beggar or a thief, never lay any little ills they may have to their work, until they are sure that their habits of living and eating are in accordance with the simple rules of health. Physically, mentally, morally, work is a saving grace. Shirking is a sin against the sinner and willingness to do one's share is half the burden lifted. The "work cure" should fill a long felt want.-Duluth News Tribune.

CLASS-MAKING.

Despite frequent assertion, there are as many opportunities for the industrious as ever. The trouble is with the new and bogus standard by which numan endeavor and its results are weighed. The tendency of this is to make two classes, the very rich and the very poor, the elements between leaping or falling into one or the other according to the pressure of circumstances.- Washington Times.

THE POWER OF "DIXIE."

No other song has over touched the

ready much of a memory. But "Dixie"

conquered the conquerors and echoes

is the hearts of those that loved the

blue as in the hearts of those that

leved the gray. It has the magic of

without its clarion call that excites.

sweet, serene, indefatigable. It may

not be great music, but it has the

quality of all that counts in this

world-survival-and it is one of

wise man reckoned as more powerful

WHY NOT ENDOW MEN?

We venture to assert that if our

men of great wealth and philanthropic

motives who have lately been giving

so generously and largely of their ac-

cumulations to the endowment of col-

leges, hospitals, libraries and other

worthy objects and institutions should

turn some part of this volume of be-

neficence into the endowment of men.

they might be contributing even more

largely in some instances to the prog-

ress of the world and the happiness

and well-being of their fellows. We

mean by this the selection of men of

character, experience and proved abil-

ity and their assignment to some line

of needed educational, charitable or

reform work, with a fair and just sal-

ary allowance guaranteed for a rea-

sonable number of years, if not for

UNPROFITABLE HOARDING.

Money hoarded means interest lost.

The old stocking is as undesirable for

the keeping of money as the unsound

It is equally true of goods and chat-

tels. The gown of winter before last,

stored in a capacious attic, gathers

moths, but loses its rightful interect

-the comfort and ease which it might

worn overcoat, kept by its owner "in

case of need," fails of its proper ser-

vice in the actual "case of need" of

the half-clothed laboring man out of

So of the cast-off clothes of the

mind - discarded magazines and

cents or in gratitude, relief and com-

A warning note is struck by a lady,

who has both medical and literary

of those laws which make for beauty,

We English are growing plainer, she

avers, simply because we allow even

our children to be affected by the

stress and strain of modern life. The

smartness, the ability to look after

rarely seen nowadays in its unadorned

style. Lovely women are artificial

products, and really lovely children

are as scarce as auks' eggs. The rea-

son is that our expressions have

grown anxious, eager, cold, our limbs

lons and hair are starved for lack of

and clear, innocent-looking eyes that

BLONDES MUST GIVE WAY.

drawbacks,-London World.

-Brooklyn Eagle.

It is with the mind that we amuse

ourselves; but with the heart we are

never weary .- A. Dumas, pere.

bring to some poor woman.

work through illness.

of the unreading mass.

fort .- Youth's Companion.

life.

bank. This is a financial turism.

life.-Leslie's Weekly.

brave "buys in blue."

morit and unrivated strength. war "John Brown's Body" swept the WATER A PLANT COPIOUSLY. passed and the song is passing, is al-

Calumot

Sprinkling Every Day Not the Best Way to Get Results. Improper watering is often the

A wonderful powder of rare

cause of failure with plants. The usual plan is to aprinkle a small quantity of water daily in each put containing a plant. If those who water plants in this manner, as most beconners do, could see the florist water his plants they might fear the plants were being drowned, but they would learn a lesson in plant culture that would be of much benefit.

The florist waters his plants (with few exceptions) either daily, every other day or twice a week, according to the weather, and when the watering is done the soil about the plant is completely saturated. The pot being well provided at the bottom with drainage material-usually broken pieces of pots-the surplus water passes off, yet the soil is so wet that the roots can absorb from it all the moisture required for the best development of top growth.

One watering of this kind a week will do vastly more good to the plants. than the daily sprinkling so generally

How the Frenchman Read His Book, "A curious way to read a book was. what I saw the other day coming up from New Orleans," said J. T. Simpson of Chicago. "It was in a Pullman sleeping car, and we had a pretty good crowd of northbound tourists. Among them was a queer looking Frenchman: at least I judged he was such. On his seat I noticed a dozen. paper back novels. Shortly after breakfast he began reading one of these at the open window by his seat. As soon as he finished a page he tore it off neatly and threw it out the window. The books were all in French, and before we got to Atlanta. he had read three and scattered the French printed pages for hundreds of

mlles."-Atlanta Constitution. Cure to Stay Cured.

Wapello, Iowa, Oct. 10 (Special)-One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa County is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place. Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months and when she was able to sit up she was all drawn up on one side and could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speak-

books. The increasing piles of these ing of her cure Mrs. Hart-says: waste interest on the top shelves of "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured methe well-filled library, while the active after I was in bed for eight months and I know the cure was complete for that was three years ago and I have not been down since. In four weeks from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Whatever has service in it should Nobody can know how thankful I am be passed on promptly from hand to to be cured or how much I feel I owe hand until that power of service is to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

exhausted. The rubbish heap is more This case again points out how creditable than an unused accumulamuch the general health depends on tion of useful things. Hoarding is the Kidneys. Cure the Kidneys with bad economy in every department of Dodd's Kldney Pills and nine-tenths of Losing interest on savings is the suffering the human family is heir foolish improvidence, whether the into, will disappear. terest is reckoned in dollars and

Cowboys in Laced Boots.

The few cowboys left in the West ire taking to laced boots. There was BEAUTY ON THE DOWN GRADE. a time, in the heyday of the cow country, where a special grade of fine, high-heeled, thin-soled boot was manufactured solely for the cowboy skfil, against the reckless disregard trade, since cowboys were always very vain about their footwear. But with decadence of their trade the cattlemen have lost their small vanities, and a full half of them ride in the more comfortable laced boots. Sothemselves and the athleticism of the is the old top boot, once worn by most city men, vanquished in its last women and children of the present stronghold.-New York Sun. time spell physical ruin. Beauty is

More Flexible and Lasting won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance Starch you obtain better re-sults than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same

Ruse of Courtship.

and members are strained out of shape by overexercise, our complex-A wise girl always pretends to be a little more daffy than the young nerve force. The exquisite complexman she is planning to face the parions, luxuriant locks, delicate features son with.

dom seen as to be quite remarkable when they are, and we are threatened with a still further decrease of these elements of good looks unless we bring back our girls to the prunes and prisms style of upbringing, which perhaps after all is the best for them. The "larger life" certainly has its The extinguishment of the blonde is decreed or predicted by one Mason, a professor attached to the Smithsonian institution of Washington. He says that blondes have lower vitality than brunettes and that light complexions, yellow hair and blue eyes, instead of being admired, should be deplored as evidences that the possessors are not up to the physical standards required for the successful preservation of the race. He thinks that blondes, being possessed of less vital force than brunettes, will gradually cease to reproduce their own type and hence, in about 600 years, he says, we will all be dark skinned, with black hair and snapping, saucy eyes. Heavens, what a somber lot we will all be and how monotonous. Still with 600 years of the blonde ahead we may contemplate the prospect with philosophy, if not with cheerfulness.

one associates with beauty are so sel-Warning to Housewives. average consumer of baking pow-ces not know that a traction moura a process of baking. Whenever a