

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: They have just put vestibules on the front end of the street cars in Boston. I asked a motorman how he enjoyed the protection. He removed his glasses carefully and wiped them. "I find," he courteously replied, "that they have a marked tendency to increase the maximum of caloric influence, and at the same time temper the wind to the worn lamb—a quotation that is frequently misquoted by the unlearned and the careless to the scriptures." And he moved on.

An Oversight.

Chicago News: "I'm surprised at Mrs. Newcomer's actions," said the village editor's wife. "She hasn't returned to visit yet." "Perhaps," rejoined the absent-minded knight of the shears, "you forgot to inclose a stamp." A company has been formed to exploit Victoria falls. In the Zambesi and will build a hydroelectric generating station, with the expectation of supplying power to the Waukele coal fields, Bulawayo, the Gwelo, Selatitve and Hartley gold fields, all of which are within 300 miles. The falls are over 100 feet high, and while the total amount of energy running to waste at Niagara is 7,000 horsepower, the corresponding figures for the Victoria falls in the wet season is 35,000,000. The railway has now been completed within seventy miles of the falls, and will reach them before the end of March.

A Physician's Advice.

Yorktown, Ark., March 7th.—Dodd's Kidney Pills must not be confounded with the ordinary patent medicine. They are a new discovery, a specific for all diseases of the kidneys and have been accepted by physicians only after careful tests in extreme cases. Dr. Leland Williamson, of this place, heartily endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills "as a remedy for the various forms of the diseases of the kidneys, pains in the back, soreness in the region of the kidneys, foul-smelling urine and cloudy or thickened conditions of the urine, discharges of pus or corruption, Gout, Rheumatism, Inflammation and Congestion of the kidneys and all kindred complaints." Continuing he says: "I could mention many cases in which I have prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills with success. For instance, Mr. Robert Weeks, farmer, malaria hematocia or swamp fever three times, kidneys weakened, continual pain and soreness in back, which made him very nervous, had a little fever and sometimes chills. Urine changeable, but generally very high-colored, an old chronic case who had taken much medicine with little effect. After taking Dodd's Kidney Pills about six weeks he was entirely cured and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. The last time I saw him he was the picture of a perfect manhood."

HOW MUCH FOOD TO EAT.

Small Amount, According to This Rule, That Will Preserve Health. The Century: How shall one determine, then, how much food to eat? Too much mystery has been thrown about this subject. Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried on without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfeared and untroubled, and the feeling of bien-etre which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment. Satety is bad. It implies a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach, and that means that too much food has been taken. The exact correspondence, in a healthy animal, between the appetite and the amount of food required is extraordinary. As a rule, the meal, unless eaten very slowly, should cease before the appetite is entirely satisfied. Because a little time is required for the outlying organs and tissues to feel the effects of the food that has been ingested. If too little has been taken it is easy enough to make it up at the next meal, and the appetite will be only the better and the food more grateful.

No one was very sorry for having voluntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It has been said that the great reason for the failure of the dieting system was this: That, whereas physicians had been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he could stand, they had been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food. Instead of eating, as most people unfortunately do, as much as they can, they should eat the smallest amount that will keep them in good health.

ON A RANCH.

Woman Found the Food That Fitted Her. A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate and her experience with the food problem is worth recounting. "The woman at the ranch was pre-eminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known—poor soul, and poor me!" "I simply had to have food good and plenty of it, for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit up over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the greatest amount of nourishment. "One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and became deeply interested, so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food. "It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly, so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months. "If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food I could digest and make use of. "It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the miniature book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

The Black Wolf's Breed

Copyright 1899 By Harris Dickson

"That is the reward for her romantic and pastoral tastes," and she laughed till the tears dripped down her cheeks. Her hair was still black, and neither paint nor sticking plaster marred the whiteness of her skin. I had no questions, but regarded more closely the young woman with whom I now drifted naturally into conversation. Her manners were strikingly free and unconstrained. There was, however, an air of reserve, a dignified, almost majestic evenness about her despite frankness, which forbade anything but the utmost deference.

"Does my lord understand—that?" and she pointed her finger to the servants who were chaffing and capturing the refractory sheep one by one. I shook my head, for, in all seriousness, it was a queer proceeding.

"Well, it's too merry a jest to keep on your feet. Besides, I'm weary of these eternal shackles of court which forbid me to speak to those whom I please." A certain defiance gave an undercurrent of sadness to her voice, a mounting rebellion to her tone. "And I will talk if I want to; there's no harm in that?" I gravely assured her not, and wondered what was coming.

"Well, you see," she dried her eyes on a handkerchief of costliest lace. "To me—this is the dutchess of such a romantic temperament, so enamored of rural scenes, idyllic meadows, pretty shepherdesses, and the like—all the court makes merry at her follies. She thought to astonish Paris tonight by a lavish display of sweet simplicity—old Monsieur see it? That big black park there, behind the glass partition, with a stream winding through it, and rocks and trees, and what not. She had a flock of sheep washed clean and white, penned up in waiting. At a signal from her during the ball, lights were to have been turned on, and Mademoiselle, the pretty opera singer, was to come gracefully down a curving pathway, dressed as a shepherdess, singing and leading her sheep. Oh! it was to be too pure for this earth. The dutchess fretted for the opportune time. But the sheep escaped from their keepers, and, oh, isn't it too ludicrous!"

Thus she chattered on with the naive freedom of any other young demoiselle. I agreed with her, and was inwardly glad the affair turned out an accident, for were this the custom of balls I'd go to no others. "We continued to chat gaily together; she was of a lively wit, and surprised me by her knowledge of dogs and horses, of the chase, of sword play and of dancing. Old tastes of a noblewoman, most of all for one of her exalted rank. Of this latter I had no doubt. I knew none of the people she mentioned, nothing of the drawing-room gossip, and she very naturally said: "My lord is a stranger?" "Only yesterday in Paris," I assented. "From what place comes my lord?" and the second time in a day I was driven to a direct lie. "From Normandy," I replied. "To live in Paris?" "No, unfortunately; my affairs will be finished in a few days at most. Then I return to the country." The lady was pensive for a space, hesitated in a pretty perplexity and then spoke doubtfully. "You can be of service to me if you will." I immediately signified my willingness to render her aid, in the courtliest speech I could muster. She looked at me long and seriously again, and again pursued the subject of her thought.

"It is a mere woman's whim, but I gratify my whims. Perchance it is not a proper wish for a lady of birth, yet I will carry it through." Moved as much by curiosity as by any other motive, I inquired of her what so weighty matter could be. "Come, let us go into this ante-room that we may converse undisturbed," she said, and led me into a quiet corner where there were seats. I would have thoughtlessly taken a place by her, but she remembered of Jerome's teachings, but she commanded coldly: "Monsieur will stand." "And I stood.

"You are a stranger in Paris, for those reasons I choose you. I would not care to have one of my own gentlemen know what I wish to do. All Paris would talk of it tomorrow. We in the palace speak much of the common people, and I have long dreamed it would be a brave adventure to go unknown among them, to their inns and gathering places. I have always desired to know more of our Paris, especially one place which I hear mentioned frequently of late. My position will not permit me to visit it openly—your understanding."

I protested that knowing naught of the streets I should be but a blind guide. "I know where I would go," she said, determinedly, brushing aside the difficulties I would suggest, "and I will go; you will go too." I was vastly troubled at this, for might it not lead to such another escapade as came so near costing me dear? Her eyes fixed full upon me, her voice blended a command which no man dared disobey, with an entreaty which none would willingly run counter to, and I gave reluctant assent. "Will you await me here?" she demanded rather than asked. "My apartments are in this building. I will wait in my study."

"When the lady came back she would never have been taken for a woman; her long cloak, such as men wore, reached to her boots, identical in all respects with my own. Her hat, plume and sword were correct and bravely worn. Her maid, a trifle nervous over the adventure, but who said nothing, bore a similar cloak for me, and held two masks in her hands. "Will my lord throw this about him?" and without any question I assumed the cloak. "Now, this," and she handed me a mask while she affixed one about her own face. "I demurred to the mask. "I will not take my lady upon an errand where we can not show our faces." She laughed merrily, and replied: "It is the way of Paris, my lord, and naught is thought of it. Many lords and ladies wish to keep their faces from the canaille."

"I drew a breath of resignation and but it on. "Am I not a comely man?" the lady asked, one touch of woman's vanity showing through it all. "Yes, by my faith, madame," but such sayings were foreign to my awkward tongue. She led me out of the palace by a private way, and when the street was reached we walked along as two men would. She directed our course, and as she gave no hint of her destination we came to an arched door on a side street and there she paused and looked carefully about to see that no one watched us and then we went.

The lady seemed in highest spirits over her unaccountable prank, and laughed girlishly. "Now will gratify my curiosity, you know I admit my curiosity, sometime. These men are not alone in their thirst for excitement. It is threesome at court, ever the same thing day after day." We had now come into a fairly wide, well-lighted hall, and an obsequious attendant showed us up a stair, and opening a door, pointed out the place we were to occupy. I was to sit in a room, the woman by the arm, for I supposed her then but another decoy; there was no telling how far this Spanish intrigue had gone or what high personages Madame de Maine might be able to enlist in furtherance of her scheme. I stepped firmly, and had taken one step back towards the door again, when her cold ringing voice undeceived me.

"What means my lord? I thought him a gentleman. Shall I appeal for protection to these low men here?" There was such a truth in her low tones that I cast her free, and in some measure explained my thought. "Well, well, we'll not quarrel here," and looking about her with eager curiosity, she chose a table where fewest players sat, and thitherwards we went. From the others, against a pillar, and near by gamblers sat on the side of the wall. It left but scant space to sit between. There we took our places, and the lady tumbled out a purse well filled with gold pieces, handed some to me and bade me play. She laid her wagers, and won with the gleam of a child, her face alternate flushed and pale. I could see I wronged her by supposing her in league with the play. She played in too feverish earnest.

"During this while I had observed the same two men who had met me on the stairs the previous night. They were playing Old Tastes of a noblewoman, most of all for one of her exalted rank. Of this latter I had no doubt. I knew none of the people she mentioned, nothing of the drawing-room gossip, and she very naturally said: "My lord is a stranger?" "Only yesterday in Paris," I assented. "From what place comes my lord?" and the second time in a day I was driven to a direct lie. "From Normandy," I replied. "To live in Paris?" "No, unfortunately; my affairs will be finished in a few days at most. Then I return to the country." The lady was pensive for a space, hesitated in a pretty perplexity and then spoke doubtfully. "You can be of service to me if you will." I immediately signified my willingness to render her aid, in the courtliest speech I could muster. She looked at me long and seriously again, and again pursued the subject of her thought.

France would assume did not sternly bid his stay. "My lady tossed her purse to the servant as she passed; and she said to you men, and drink a health to—well—the Princess Unknown."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE HOUSE OF BERTRAND. It would now have been a most simple matter for me to go out unmolested beside the princess. And this is what I should have done had it not been for an accident. While Vauban was talking to the princess, I glanced round the room to see if there were, or any other person likely to know of this business. There was one figure strolling about in the rear which wore a familiar look, yet I could not say I had seen him before.

When Vauban gave the order to allow us to pass "and none else," this man very visibly took on an air of apprehension. He looked from one door to the other, and holding all good, was quite alarmed, then without perceiving himself observed, he manned himself with his former unconcerned manner. There was something in the poise of his head, his walk, which came as a look remembered, coming from some secret niche of memory.

Now as the princess and I walked in front of our guard, this man fell, as if naturally, into the rear of our company. He attempted nonchalantly to saunter out behind us. The guard at the door locked their bayonets across, barring his exit. "By whose orders," he demanded with some show of haughty indignation, "do you hold me a prisoner with this disorderly rabble?" "Marsal Vauban's," the sentry replied, unmoved.

The man shrank back perceptibly; as if a longer sight of him the familiarity of voice and figure recurred more strongly. I stood still to look. He turned his face. Broussard! I almost spoke the name. Yes, beyond all peradventure it was Broussard, disguised, but still Broussard. "What a world of vain speculation this opened on the instant, speculation to which no answer came. How much and what had I told him during our voyage? He had had created it and he repeated it. For I had no other thought than he was the spy who brought Vyard the packet designed for Spain.

"Come, my lord, are you dreaming?" Porter asked me impatiently. I had quite forgotten her. "No, madame, I crave your patience, and beg attention a moment." I then asked her hurriedly whether she knew the young officer in charge of our escort, and whether she would trust him to see her to a place of safety. She knew the lad as a gentleman of birth and reputed honor, so in the guard and the marshal's orders she herself said, despite her discomfort to speak coolly my whole face and voice quivered with excitement at prospect of winding up the entire affair by one more stroke of luck. Seeing this my lord pointed, instantly. "But why? Why do you fear? Surely these soldiers are sufficient to afford protection."

The half veiled scorn of her manner cut me to the quick, but I determined not to be drawn aside from my purpose. My face still aflush at her suggestion of cowardice, I replied earnestly: "Mademoiselle la Princesse—" "Ah, you know me?" I nodded. "And yet are willing to relinquish the honor of my escort?" "It is duty, Mademoiselle la Princesse," Porter replied, pointing to her lips, "address me simply as Madame."

"Madame, you wrong me; I would not desert you while in danger; now I may give you into safer hands with honor. A most urgent matter demands my presence here," pointing, instantly. "It may cost my life. Had I better not acquaint M. de Verrue with your character? He will then be more circumspect?" She thought a space. "You may tell him that in a woman—tell him of the stupid folly which led me here tonight and brought a brave gentleman into danger—but not my name."

She would have thanked me further, but I was all impatient to be inside, seeing which she graciously bade me go. I brought her then of the packet yet in my bosom, and knowing all those within were to be searched I took my own restitution by means of my confidence in the Princess. It may be said here that the lady whom I escorted on that memorable night was known throughout the kingdom for her eccentric tastes, and not for her meddling with intrigues of either state or love. Her passion lay with her dogs and horses, the hunt, and not in the trifles of a court.

"Madame, will you not render me a service in return? It may be said that I bespeak her grace. (Continued Next Week.)

An Exclusive Elevator.

There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the capitol for the supreme court of the United States. This elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as a guest of one of these eleven privilege holders. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States supreme court, the clerk and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the capitol to the main floor, on which is located the supreme court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three portly figures of justices of the supreme court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators, and is finished in magnificent style. The interesting thing about this exclusive elevator is the fact that the justices, wedded as they are to pas customs, have not yet got out of their habit formed before the new elevator was put in place of going from the ground floor to the main floor by means of the senate elevator.

The Dreams of the Blind.

Philadelphia Record: "Some odd researches have recently been made," said a physician, "concerning the nature of the dreams that the blind have. These researches have proved, roughly speaking, that they who were born blind dream nothing wherein sight figures, while those who went blind at the age of 6 or over dream quite as normal persons do. An exception to this rule was a man blind at 3, who, a year or two ago, got back his sight. This man had used to dream that he could see, and recently he has made some colored drawings of things as they appeared to him in his dreams. The sky, the color of grass, hangs, in these drawings, as low as the ceiling of a room. Streams are as red as blood. The moon, so big it fills half the heavens, is brown. Men and women look like frogs. Altogether, the world that our blind friend saw in his dreams was a very nightmare of a world. He knew the names of colors in his blindness, but his idea of what each color actually was, was strangely wrong."

HID IN A CLOSET.

His Desperate Attempt to Evade a Bill Collector. The bill collector is human, and at times finds and appreciates humor in even his usually disagreeable pursuit. The debtors usually seek to avoid a meeting with their bill, sometimes leaving their offices when a call impends or retiring to inner rooms, leaving word that they are out. But they cannot entirely forsake their places of business and so it is that they are occasionally found "in." But an instance was lately recounted by a collector wherein the debtor was found both in and out at the same time. He said that while going up the steps of an office building last summer he glanced in a mirror at the head of the stairway which was on such a plane as to show the open door of the office he was about to visit in his official capacity. Through the door could be seen a portion of the desk at which sat the head of the firm, whom the collector desired to see, and back of him a door. At the instant the collector came within line of the reflection the gentleman within noticed the visitor coming and recognized him. Jumping up quickly he made several gestures to his secretary, opened the door behind him and stepped into the dusty closet it concealed, closing the door behind him.

When our friend entered he was pleasantly informed in answer to his inquiries that Mr. Blank was out and would probably not return before 12:30. It was then about 11:30 and a sultry morning in July. "Well, sir," thought the visitor, "if I don't squeeze him—m-h-m." After looking at his watch he remarked as he took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow that he had plenty of time and nothing to do, so he guessed he'd wait for Mr. Blank. Drawing up a chair he sat down and leaned back against the closet door while he looked over his nose book.

Being a warm, sultry day, and the closet small and dusty, it was not long before the visitor sat behind the door; but the collector considered the effect such severe and possible humiliation might have on his case. He decided that it would be best for him to leave. Stating that he would return shortly, he left the office. Before reaching the head of the stairs he heard the sound of the prisoner bursting from his confinement. In the mirror the collector now saw his victim, sink weakly into a chair.

The collector congratulated himself that he had not carried the punishment further, for the man might have allowed himself to faint rather than reveal himself, entailing more or less serious consequences. As it was, the deceptive debtor was given a severe lesson and will doubtless be willing to stand for an interview with the collector in any available meeting. A sad part in the story is, that notwithstanding the forbearance of captor toward captive, the bill of the former against the latter remains yet unpaid. It is not possible to say if there will be an end to the story, as there are weekly instalments each involving a fruitless visit of the collector, which may go on until the matter is settled by the executors of the debtor's estate.

An Elusive Town.

Judge: Pedestrian (just landed from a train at an Irish station)—Pat, is it far to Ballyhoogan? Porter (confidently)—'Tis not far it is if ye roide in a cyar, but if ye walk, shure, 't' neerer ye get to it 't' furdur away ye'll find it, sor.

Washington Star: "How is your boy getting along?" "First-rate." "Studying hard?" "No. He writes me that he doesn't have to. He is eating a lot of the patent foods that build up the brain and make successful men."

Washington Star: "You must learn to love your fellowmen," said Miss Cayenne. "That it would be a fine disposition. But I can't help feeling that in some cases it would be very bad taste."

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The Wonderful Cream Separator. Does its work in thirty minutes and saves less than 1 per cent butter fat. The price is ridiculously low, according to size, \$2.75 to \$10.00 each, and when you have one you would not part there-with for fifty times its cost. JUST SEND THIS NOTICE with 5c stamps for postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get their big catalogue, fully describing this remarkable Cream Separator, and hundreds of other tools and farm seeds used by the farmer. (C. N. U.)

Meat and Physique. The improved physique of the Japanese, to which you recently called attention (writes a correspondent) is undoubtedly due to the more generous diet which they have enjoyed of recent years. In the past they were vegetarians, more from necessity than choice, and their staple food of rice and pickles, though it made them tough and wiry, stunted their growth. This is proved by comparing the average Japanese with Japanese westerners. They would not put the same stock, but they seem to be a different race, for their average height must be close on six feet, and their weight something prodigious. They are a curious example of the good effects of a diet which can trace their wrestling ancestry back for centuries, and they have always been meat eaters.

Rheumatism's Killer After Pain. Left in quick order after taking 10 doses of Dr. Skirvin's Rheumatic Cure, in tablet form. 25 doses for 25c, postpaid. WISCONSIN DRUG CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (C. N. U.)

Found an Easy Way. Washington Star: "How is your boy getting along?" "First-rate." "Studying hard?" "No. He writes me that he doesn't have to. He is eating a lot of the patent foods that build up the brain and make successful men."

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ABOVE ALL OTHERS TOWERS FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING THE RICHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

Don't Get Wet. ABOVE ALL OTHERS TOWERS FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING THE RICHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, indigestion, sour stomach and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The pleasant package is essential for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment is a positive cure for Piles.

50,000 AMERICANS Were Welcomed to Western Canada during last Year.

They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands, and are prospering and satisfied. Sir Wilfrid Laurier recently said: "No better land has been discovered in the world and it is toward it that every immigrant comes and seeks a home for himself and his family."—Canada. There is ROOM FOR MILLIONS.

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It afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water sore Eyes, use

Had Been Collecting There. Atlanta Constitution: Boy—Git in the loft! Yonder comes a man with a shotgun.

Editor—Blank cartridges. There ain't money enough in town to buy buckshot.

Hand Power Hay Press \$28.00. Greatest, simplest, best invention of the age. A boy can make regular sized 14x18x48 in. bales like fun, and boys can bale three tons per day easily. SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 5c stamps for mailing, and get their big catalogue, fully describing this great Hay Press, so also hundreds of tools and thousands of varieties of Farm and Vegetable Seeds. (C. N. U.)

Lord Brooke, the earl of Warwick's eldest son, is in Belgrade acting as a special correspondent for a London newspaper.

There are 230 glaciers in the Alps that are said to be over five miles in length.