## COUNTING THE APPLE SEEDS.

Made rosy by the great log's light,
Beside the hearth one winter night
That flaming up the chimney dark,
Hit every cranny, every nook,
Upon the rug a little maid
Sat curled, in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes
She sits, while up the chimney flies
A thought with every fiery spark
Glinting and flashing through the dark,
'Till with a sigh profound and deep
She moves, as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand,
A weight of thought seems to demand;
She taps it with a finger light,
Then carefully she takes a bite
Another bite, now one, now two—
The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! what can it be,
My little maid, what aileth thee?
Ah, what is this? Some incantation?
Muttered with such reiteration?
Hark, as each seed her bright eyes see,
These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say!
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down,
What the secret she has won?
Who can say? But just behind
Sounds a voice so soft and kind:
"Look again! Thou must indeed
Find for me another seed!"

Rosier her bright cheeks glow
In the firelight's ruddy glow.
Sure enough! a culprit seed
Finds she in the core indeed—
"From thy lips I fain would hear
What the sixth one means, my dear!"

"Six he loves," she murmured low,
And the firelight's flickering glow
Two happy faces now disclose
With cheeks aglowing like the rose,
But here we'll let the curtain fall,
For the end is best of all.

—Sacramento Union.

# A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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### VI.

### A RELUCTANT SAMARITAN.

Robert Protheroe was not the man to let a good resolution warp in the cooling. He was self-made, in the sense that he owed his parents little beyond the fact of existence; and the world, after its wont with waifs, human or otherwise, had tempered him in a saltish bath of adversity and sharpened him upon the grindstone of experience. Having made shift to climb some inconsiderable distance up the slippery hill of knowledge by his own unaided exertions, he fell easily into the habit of thinking himself more capable than other men. The demonstration was simple and conclusive. He had proved his ability to wring a measure of success out of adverse circumstances where others, with all the advantages of preparatory training, had failed. He was too kind-hearted to be cynical, but he could not help making comparisons; and they were usually unfavorable to those who inspired them.

In the short conversation on the hotel veranda, Protheroe had taken Thorndyke's measure with a considerable degree of accuracy, and but for the enlistment of his sympathies he might have been inclined to look upon the New Yorker as a person who would probably serve, upon better acquaintance, to point the moral of another comparison. As it was, however, criticism was swallowed up in charity, and 15 minutes after leaving Thorndyke's room Protheroe was galloping out one of the prospective streets, which, turning abruptly around the shoulder of John's mountain, became a country road leading up the valley of the Little Chiwassee. His destination was a small farm—the home of the Duncans—lying six miles up the valley; and his object was to prevail upon his friends to open their doors to the sick man.

There was a small romance at the bottom of the Scotchman's settlement in Alabama. Duncan had been a schoolmaster in Lanarkshire, and Martha Kinross was first his pupil and later his sweetheart. Martha was the laird's daughter, and the laird, having a just regard for worldly gear, objected to the penniless pedagogue. For once in a way, Duncan put his hereditary caution under foot, gave up the school, married the girl, and together they ran away from the laird's wrath and from the old world. Once over seas, the winters of Quebec became a sufficient pretext for farther wanderings, and these, being aimless, ended as well in Alabama as elsewhere. They had bought the worn-out farm in the Little Chiwassee valley before Elsie was born, and the chief motive in its selection was one which neither Duncan nor his wife would have acknowledged. The narrow valley was a Scottish glen; the surrounding mountains were the hills of Lanark magnified somewhat by the kindly perspective of time and distance; and it was within the compass of a merely practical imagination to transform the small river into a Scottish burn.

Not to be outdone in a matter of sentiment, the valley had repaid the parents in kind by giving what a mild climate and inspiring scenery may give toward the endowment of the daughter. Elsie Duncan was comely and passing fair to look upon, as the native-born daughters of aliens are wont to be; moreover, she was simple and true-hearted, thinking that there were no mountains like her own mountains and few men as good as her father. She was the apple of Duncan's eye, and for her sake he had turned schoolmaster again, giving her what she had otherwise gone wanting in a bookless land. Without having been pointed thitherward, Duncan's efforts to lift his daughter above the educational level of the neighborhood brought about a result which was not the less gratifying because it was unforeseen. The book-learning raised a barrier between the girl and the mountain and valley youth which was more impassable from their side than from hers, and until Protheroe had stumbled upon the Duncan homestead on one of his prospecting journeys there had been no suitors at the farmhouse. Nor is it quite fair to say that the young engineer was the exception. He had always been welcome at the stone house in the valley, but he had not yet got beyond the unspeakable stage with Elsie.

It was the uncertainty of his standing with her that made Protheroe hesitate to introduce a possible rival; and it was his assumption of superiority over the common foibles and weaknesses of humankind in general, and of jealous lovers in particular, that united with his sympathies to make him change his mind.

The wagon road up the valley of the Little Chiwassee follows the stream to a point within a quarter of a mile of Duncan's house, where it climbs a low wooded spur of John's mountain. From the top of this spur the young engineer could look down upon the house and its surroundings, and he saw Duncan in the barnyard talking to a stranger—an old man with white hair and beard falling over the cape of a tattered army overcoat. At sight of Protheroe the man climbed the fence and ran up the mountain, while Duncan came around the house to the gate.

"Good morning, Mr. Duncan; I hope I didn't scare your neighbor away. He took to the woods as if he thought I might be a constable with a warrant."

"An' who kenned you were not, when ye cam' loupin' ower the hill yonder?" Duncan came out and loosened the saddle girth while Protheroe was hitching the horse.

"I did, for one, and you ought to, for another. But tell me, who is your neighbor, who looks old enough to be my grandfather, and who yet makes nothing of a ten-rail fence and a steep hillside?"

"Ye're ower curious, Robbie, an' I'll no gratify ye. Ony frien' o' mine's welcome to loup the fence or win out at the gate, as he pleases. But come ye into the house; ye'll be havin' an errand this mornin', I'm thinkin'."

Protheroe laughed at the shrewd guess. "I have, just that," he rejoined, "and it'll take a family council to settle it, too."

Duncan led the way to the sitting-room and called his wife and daughter

At sight of Protheroe the man climbed the fence.

from the kitchen. When they came, Protheroe told what he could of Thorndyke's story. "I know next to nothing about him," he concluded, "but he is evidently a good fellow, and if there is a fighting chance for him in this climate it seems as if he ought to have the benefit of it."

"Puir body!" said motherly Mrs. Duncan. "What shall you say, Jamie?"

"I'm thinkin' it'll be for ye to say, Martha."

Protheroe had been trying to read Elsie's face, and the expression of awakened sympathy thereon made him regret for a moment the warmth with which he had been pleading Thorndyke's cause.

"I'm no sayin' it wouldna be a Christian thing to do," continued Duncan, speaking to Protheroe, "but it'll pit mair work on Martha an' the bairn, an' I'm no just free to say when it comes to that."

"I think you needna be troubled about that," said the wife. "The pot winna overflow for one mair in the family."

While they were considering ways and means, Elsie held her peace, but Protheroe could see too plainly for his own comfort that she favored the plan. When he put his conclusion to the test by asking her what she thought of it, she answered, dutifully:

"It's for father and mother to say, but I think we ought not to refuse in such a case."

It was the casting vote, and when the matter was definitely settled Protheroe had no desire to prolong his visit.

"No, I think I'd better get back and tell him," he said, in reply to Mrs. Duncan's hospitable entreaties. "It'll brighten him up after the scare he's had this morning."

Duncan went with him to the gate. "Robbie, lad, ye'll no be sayin' onything ower yon"—with a jerk of his thumb toward Allacoochee—"aboot the fren' o' mine that louped the fence."

"Certainly not. And about Thorndyke; you know nothing of him excepting what I've told you, but I'll be responsible for the expense, if need be."

"Hoot, mon! I'm no that canny!" protested Duncan, but Protheroe smiled when his back was turned, thinking how the Scot's face had brightened at the satisfactory mention of security.

On the ride back to Allacoochee the young engineer had a bad half hour. Such comfort as could be got out of the consciousness of a good deed well done was quite overshadowed by a very natural fear that he had thoroughly and consistently done the thing which of all others would be most likely to jeopardize his chances with Elsie Duncan. He did not regret it, but he was angry with himself because he found it impossible to take an enlightened view of the matter.

"I'm an ass!" he soliloquized at one stage in the short journey; "an unmitigated donkey of the pack trains, at that! I don't deserve to have a ghost of a show after this," he had already gone the length of assuming that Elsie and Thorndyke would immediately fall in love with each other. "And to think that I was idiotic enough to plan the whole thing myself!"

Thus at the end of the first three miles. By the time the Queen Anne gables of the Hotel Johannisberg came in sight around the shoulder of John's mountain, he had argued himself into a more philosophical frame of mind.

"After all, perhaps it's a godsend. Elsie has seen nothing of the world, and how else could I be sure that I was ever anything more to her than the first man she ever met? It's better to find it out now than later—much better in every way."

At which sensible reasoning the natural man within him arose once more and mocked him.

### VII.

### THE LOGIC OF PROPINQUITY.

When Philip was established in the Duncan household he wrote to his mother. It was a long letter, filled with jesting raillery at the conditions of his exile, but containing no hint of what he believed to be the beginning of the end in the matter of his malady. In closing he spoke of the Duncans:

"They are both characters, in a way, and they would interest you if you could know them. Duncan is a typical Scot, upon whom 29 years of exile have left no Americanizing mark. His speech is still of the broadest, and his cautious habit has written itself in capital letters all over his homely face. Mrs. Duncan is a person in whose cheerful smile the blue devils quail and beg for another herd of swine. Could appreciative eulogy go further? Seriously, though, they have made me very comfortable and snug in a painfully neat little box of a room under the eaves; their table is homelike and wholesome; and Mrs. Duncan's hospitality is warm-hearted and cordial without being obtrusive. For the rest, I have half a county of wild mountain range at my back upon which to spend the leisure that overflows the greater number of my waking hours, and you may tell Dr. Perevin that I mean to take his outdoor prescription in heroic doses.

"Show this letter to Helen, if you please, and tell her I'll write her before long. Oh, yes; and watch the expression on godfather Morrisson's face when you tell him that he can have a few choice suburban lots in Allacoochee at $200 a front foot—at least that was the price yesterday, though it is probably more now.

"I suppose I ought to write more, but I shan't; the spirit moves me to go and climb a mountain. Take good care of yourself, and write often, addressing me care of Mr. Robert Protheroe, Allacoochee.

"PHILIP."

In writing this letter Philip had not intended to omit the mention of Elsie's name and standing in the Duncan household, but since the thing was done he did not correct it.

"It's just as well," he told himself. "If I say anything at all, I'll have to tell how sweet and lovable she seems to be, and that might make the mother uneasy. I'll wait till I've discovered her faults."

That was the beginning of a weakness. When he wrote again, it occurred to him that his former silence might be misconstrued if he mentioned her now; nay, more, before he had been a week at the farmhouse he began to see that if he spoke of Elsie in his letters it must be in terms of praise. In his most self-reliant moods he had always been more or less dependent upon a sympathetic atmosphere; and under the circumstances which made him an inmate of the Duncan home, this dependence became a morbid craving. And of pity and sympathy Mrs. Duncan and Elsie gave him unstintingly, out of the overflowing kindness of good hearts.

For a few days after his removal from town, Philip spent much time on the mountain. Then there came a week of rainy weather, and by the time the skies cleared he found it singularly easy to stay in the house. During the indoor week he had stumbled upon an occupation which was both pleasant and dangerous. This was the fact, though he recognized only the pleasure and shut his eyes to the danger. Elsie's lessons had stopped at the end of her father's acquirements, and she was ambitious and eager to go on. Thorndyke found this out, and turned pedagogue with the idea that he would repay kindness with kindness. The lessons, begun during the week of rainy weather, were continued without interruption, until one day, when Philip was more languid than usual, Elsie's conscience awoke with a start.

"Mr. Thorndyke, you're doing wrong!" she said, looking up in self-reproachful dismay. "You haven't been on the mountain for two weeks!"

"It's much pleasanter here," Philip replied.

"But that isn't it. Didn't your doctor say you must stay out of doors?—and here I've been keeping you in the house when every hour of sunshine is precious."

"Don't blame yourself; I stay in because I like it better. It's a weariness to the flesh to go tramping about alone."

Elsie put her book away and took up her sewing. "I'm not going to encourage you to stay in, anyway," she said, with a pretty affectation of inflexibility; "and you ought to be ashamed to call my mountain tiresome. I used to almost envy your long walks."

"Why do you call it your mountain?"

"Because it's been my playmate ever since I can remember. When I was a little girl I used to sit on that big rock behind the garden and read dear old Sir Walter till I imagined I could hear the galloping of the dragoons in the lower valley, and the skirling of the pipes up by the Pocket. And I've never quite lost the hope that some day I shall meet a bonnie chieftain with his tail of clansmen picking his way down over the stones in the gulch."

"And you the daughter of a Lowlander. I'm shocked! Why, the very first thing Vich Ian Vohr would do would be to harry your father's farm! But if you know the mountain so well, what's to prevent your showing me how to become interested in it? Why can't you take a tramp with me this afternoon?"

"I—I don't think I ought to take the time; mother'll be wanting me to help about the house."

She bent lower over the sewing, and Philip saw a faint tinge of color creep up to hide itself under the waves of bright hair on her forehead.

"Then I won't go alone," he protested, obstinately, and as Mrs. Duncan came in he appealed to her. "Mrs. Duncan, can't you spare Elsie to go up on the mountain with me this afternoon?"

"What for no?" was the ready answer. "Ye'll baith be the better for a bit walk in the open. I'm thinking the buik is keeping ye ower close to the chimney neuk, Mr. Thorndyke."

The appeal settled the question for Elsie, but her evident embarrassment puzzled Thorndyke. For a swift instant a possible explanation thrust itself upon him, but he put the thought away with a twinge of shame that he had given it room. Doubtless Elsie had her own reasons for her apparent confusion, but they concerned him only so far as to make it advisable that he should do nothing to place himself in a false light before her. The afternoon ramble would give him a chance to tell her more about himself, and if the vagrant suggestion which he had made such haste to disown had any remote kinship to fact, the bare mention of Helen's name would set the matter right, and there would be no room for future misunderstandings. It was clearly the just and honorable thing to do, and now that he thought of it, he reproached himself for not having done it sooner. With a different upbringing, Philip might have seen the unmalleable self-conceit in all this, and having recognized it he would have been honestly and frankly ashamed of it. Since he was not aware of its existence, his resolve to make a confidante of Elsie took the comforting form of an act of delicate and chivalric thoughtfulness, and he looked forward with magnanimous impatience to the time when he could give it speech.

After dinner, however, when they were climbing the steep path leading to the summit of John's mountain, the good resolution began to part with its urgency. Elsie's embarrassment had disappeared, and in such irrelevant talk as the scramble up the rocky trail permitted, there was no opening for anything like confidences. With the delay Philip began to doubt the necessity. If he were not under sentence of death it would be different, but in the light of that tremendous fact, why should he go about to observe the unwritten laws of conventionality? It could surely be no disloyalty to Helen if he allowed himself to take what of sympathy and pity this other young girl chose to give him out of the abundance of life and health. On the contrary, would not Helen be glad, when all was said, to know that he had not died without the unction of compassion? And Elsie?—that was a phase of the question which might well be treated as a wise man treats a sleeping dog; it was the very hardihood of vanity to suppose that her heart was touched by any emotion deeper than that of pity. Knowing that his days were counted, there could be no offering save at the shrine of womanly tenderness and sympathy. In any event, there was no occasion for haste; he would wait awhile and see what came of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HONOR WITHOUT STAIN.

**The Sterling Integrity of One of the Nation's Founders.**

Old Philadelphians cherish many anecdotes of the noted men in the Quaker city in colonial days. One of these has a significance that is worthy of consideration.

There was a famous grammar school in Philadelphia to which the boys of well-to-do parents were sent to be trained in the "humanities." The examinations were severe, and the lads who failed felt themselves somewhat disgraced in the eyes of the whole town. Many of the pupils secretly used translations, or were helped by scholarly friends in their studies.

There is a tradition that one boy, Charles Thomson, refused to avail himself of any help or dishonest trick. He was slow to learn, and timid. His classmates insisted that he appeared at an unjust disadvantage for these reasons at examinations, and urged him to use "ponies" and cribs.

"No," he said. "It is a pity if I do not learn Greek; but it is worse if I learn to lie."

He failed, and was sent down to a lower class for the next term.

Charles Thompson was never, perhaps, first in his class at school; but among the good and noble men who helped to form the republic he stood in the foremost rank as a man whose honor was stainless. He was long secretary of congress, and on disputed points his simple statements outweighed the oaths of noisy disputants. Even the Indians recognized the quality of the man, and received him into the nation, giving him a name which signified "He who cannot lie."

If he had learned to lie in order to pass a simple school examination, for what a poor mess of pottage would he have sold his kingly birthright.—Youth's Companion.

### One Favor Asked.

Poor Author—And is this all I am to have from the sale of my books?

Wealthy Publisher—That is the regular percentage, sir. What more do you want?

"Um—well, I'd like the loan of your turn-out and coachman for an hour or so."

"Humph! Where do you want to be taken?

"To the poorhouse.—N. Y. Weekly.

### A Meaning Remark.

Miss Turkey—Mar, do you see those men standing over there?

Mrs. Turkey—Yes, dear.

Miss T.—Well, I just heard one of them complimenting you; he said what a nice, juicy looking turkey you was.

Mrs. T.—My dear, he wasn't complimenting me. He meant it for a roast. —Up-to-Date.

### Shifting the Blame.

Rhymer—A poet, sir, is born, not made.

Publisher—Now, don't try to shift the blame on your parents.—Answers

# Advertising Talks

## WHY ADVERTISE?

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The things that live are the things that are well advertised. The thoughts that abide are those that are strongly maintained, ably defended, well expressed.

The world accepts a man or an institution at the estimate it places on itself. To let the rogues and fools expound and explain to you the multitude, and you yourself make no sign, and allow the falsehood to pass as current coin.

And soon it becomes legal tender. According to the common law of England a path across your property once used by the people is theirs for all time.

In America millions of dollars are now being expended by certain successful firms and corporations to correct a wrong impression that has been allowed to get a foothold in the public mind concerning them.

Just remember this: It is not the thing itself that lives; it is what is said about it. Your competitors, the disgruntled ones, are busy. The time to correct a lie is when it is uttered. So the moral is: You must advertise, no matter how successful you are.

The Zeitgeist is always at work, always rolling up as a big snowball grows. The best asset you have is the good will of the public, and to secure this and hold it, advertising is necessary. And the more successful you are the more necessary it is that you should place yourself in a true, just and proper light before the world, ere the lies crystallize, and you find yourself buried under a mountain of falsehood. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou canst not escape calumny." And the more successful you are, the finer target are you for rumor. The only man who is really safe is the man who does nothing, thinks nothing, says nothing, has nothing. He is the only one who need not advertise.

To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals, that skirt the borders of every successful venture, pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising.

You must advertise, wisely and discreetly, so as to create a public opinion that is favorable to you.

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new.

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

The only names in Greek history that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts.

All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus.

All that Shakespeare knew of classic Greece and Rome and the heroes of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's Lives. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they get from Shakespeare.

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mamuma to cover expenses.

Horatius still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs, and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

### Business Basis for Advertising.

Is advertising done on a "personal favor" basis? Do advertisers give contracts to the solicitors whom they happen to like?

Is there not a business basis for advertising? And if so, what is that basis? Certainly it can be no other than paid subscriptions.

Is rate cutting the proper basis? Do you believe in cutting rates? Do you do it in your own business? If a journal cuts rates for you, what guarantee have you that it does not cut rates still more for the next man? When an advertiser knows that he is being treated just like his advertising brethren treated in the same journal, he has confidence and fels contented.

Paid subscription list is the only basis for the advertising value of a publication. "Circulation" is variously defined; but paid subscription list can mean only one thing.—Medical World.

### Fifteen Millions for Advertising.

At the recent annual meeting of the stockholders of A. F. Pears, manufacturer of Pears' soap, it was announced that the company since it was founded had spent $15,000,000 for advertising. This expenditure, according to the chairman, has made the name of Pears a household word and increased the business a hundred-fold. The business was started with a capital of $35,000.

## WHY NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING PAYS

By C. O. Smith.

The newspaper is an effective medium because the people want the newspapers. If one wants something and is willing to pay to get it, he is going to take a greater interest in it, having obtained it, and it will have a greater influence upon him than if he merely runs into it or it is forced upon him.

There has never been a time when the people were keener to know what is the news of the world. They want to know what their country and province and city are doing, and more than all else, they are curious about what is happening to their neighbor. Man is a creature of locality, and he is anxious to be informed upon all the happenings in the district that comes within his vision. If that is true of man, it is true to a much greater extent of woman.

A woman's world is smaller than man's. She does not have the opportunities to go about the city meeting other people and of being told of what is doing, so that the newspaper, with its news of the city and of her fellow woman, and more than all else, with the news of the stores is intensely interesting to her.

It is this curiosity, this living interest in what is going on all about us, that produces circulation in the first place, and circulation is the real basis of the newspaper's value to an advertiser.

The newspaper reaches the people in the right place, at the right time, and when they are in a proper receptive mood. The right place is the home; the right time is the evening. That is what makes the evening paper a greater result bringer than a morning paper. The evening paper is the logical producer of good returns.

The morning paper is read by the man of the house before he goes down to business, or on his way down in the street car, and is then often thrown aside. His wife, left at home, has her household duties to attend to, and has no time to more than slightly skim through the paper. But in the evening both man and wife are free from these cares, and take pleasure in sitting down and going carefully through their home paper. It is at this time that the mind is most susceptible to the suggestions that are made in the advertising columns of the paper.

Advertising is not a unique or mysterious thing which only a favored few can control or benefit by. It is a common sense adjunct of present day business, made powerful by the greater spread of newspapers, and by putting into it the same thought and careful attention that other departments of business require and get as a matter of course.

## THREE GREAT AD ESSENTIALS

**Truth, Reverence and Beauty Are Necessary to Succeed, Says Kansas City Divine.**

"Truth, reverence and beauty, are the three essentials of advertising," said the Rev. Naphtali Lussocock, pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist church, in a talk before the Kansas City Ad Club.

"Advertising that is not truthful is like a structure built upon a weak foundation, sooner or later it must crumble. An untruth always comes home to a man. There are many ways of telling the truth, and the best one in advertising is to say it in the most attractive manner. There is a great difference, however, between speaking the truth and changing the environment of a fact until it changes its color. Coloring the truth is not speaking truths.

"I believe the world of advertising is growing more reverent every year. Reverence is a quality which must be observed. How disgusting it is to see the American flag used to advertise beer. What hollow mockery it is to exploit the charms of a female person for advertising."

**The world owes you a living, and the best way to get it is to advertise.**

### Of Course.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver:

"Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.

### Find Advertising Pays.

The Congregational church of Mason City, Ia., has been using the newspapers of the city for the past two months, with gratifying results.

A close record of the money received in offerings has been kept, and at the close of last month, after all expenses had been paid, there was a balance on the credit side of the ledger. Those in charge of the advertising, plan to make it still more effective and profitable.


## "All Run Down"

Describes the condition of thousands of men and women who need only to purify and enrich their blood. They feel tired all the time. Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not strength to do nor power to endure.

If you are one of these all-run-down people or are at all debilitated take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

It purifies and enriches the blood, and builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

**DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S**

# ASTHMA

**Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.**


### A Strong Preference.

"She is literary, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed; she'd rather read than do housework any day."

### Not Particular.

She—I heard Freddy Fickle has decided to marry and settle down to a particular girl.

He—Huh! She can't be.

### Local Color.

"I understand that sixteen different women have brought suit for breach of promise against Riter. What's his defense?"

"Oh, he claims that he was simply getting material for his annual output of summer love stories."—Puck.

### His Wurst.

The German proprietor of a Brooklyn delicatessen store has got far enough along to pun in English. A writer in the New York Sun reports the fact.

Hanging in the window of the little shop is this advertisement:

"The Best You Can Do Is Buy Our Wurst."—Youth's Companion.

### A Poetic Prosecutor.

John Burns, city prosecutor of St. Paul, was trying to show Judge Finehout why some young men ought to be fined for tearing pickets off the fence of Mrs. Joe Goesik. Mr. Burns said:

"I know Mike Chicket tore off that picket, and the lady took offence."

"No lady is charged with taking a fence," replied Judge Finehout, "and, besides, this is no place for poetry."

### "SHE WHO HESITATES IS LOST."

Myrtilla—He proposed, but I didn't say yes. I want to keep him on the rack for awhile.

Miranda—Be careful, or you may find yourself on the shelf.


### FEED YOUNG GIRLS
**Must Have Right Food While Growing.**

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain that which is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic condition and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago that I finally quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness.

'I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk at my meals, but at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum.

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it made right—according to directions on the package—I found it grateful in flavour and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum!

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than for a long while before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


Faded Ink