# Free Cure for Consumption

**Famous Michigan Doctor Announces the Discovery of a Marvelous Mysterious Secret Compound That Almost Instantly Cures Consumption, Coughs and Lung Troubles.**

**It Has Been Tried and Tested by State Officials and Great Medical Men Who Pronounce It the Grandest Discovery of the Age.**

**A Large Trial Package Sent Free by Return Mail to All Who Send Their Name and Address.**

I have made the most marvelous discovery in the realms of medicine. I have produced a mysterious compound unknown to other chemists or to medical science, and it has proven the most wonderful cure for con-

**I Cure Consumption, Coughs, Throat and Lung Troubles—Dr. Yonkerman.**

sumption, coughs, throat and lung troubles ever discovered.

I have taken consumptives who were gasping upon their death-beds, given up by their own home physicians to die in a day or two, and I have cured them completely. Time and again I have restored health to consumptives who were in the very jaws of death. My marvelous and mysterious compound, of which I alone hold the secret, will cure any case of consumption, coughs, throat and lung troubles, no matter how far advanced. Where there is life there is hope, for my marvelous compound will cure consumption in every stage. I furnish proof in thousands of instances. The leading men in nearly every civilized community have carefully investigated my wonderful discovery and all have been compelled by the stories of those I have cured of the deadly consumption to acknowledge that my work is little short of miraculous, and that I positively do cure consumption, no matter how many remedies or doctors have failed.

My famous discovery for the cure of consumption is emphatically endorsed by the following noted men:

The Rev. Edward Collins of Detroit, Mich., one of the most noted pulpit orators in the west.

Hon. E. A. Moriarity, secretary of the Division of Health, Department of Public Safety, Columbus, Ohio.

Hon. A. T. Park, Duluth, Minn., County Superintendent of Schools and one of the foremost educators in the U. S.

Senator Henry J. Gjertsen of Minneapolis, Inspector General of the State of Minnesota, and member of Governor Van Sant's staff.

Hon. Harry L. Fisher of Greater New York, one of the best known business men in New York, and a famous political leader.

Hon. W. B. Hennessy, managing editor of the St. Paul (Minn.) Globe, and prominent member of the Minnesota legislature.

Hon. J. M. Brenton, mayor of Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, and one of the noted orators in the west.

Hon. W. H. Hinrichsen, former Secretary of State of Illinois, and ex-member of Congress.

Hon. L. P. McCormack, State Labor Commissioner of Indiana, and one of the most popular men in his state.

Hon. S. M. Fries, Lincoln, Neb., member of the Nebraska State Legislature.

Hon. Richard E. Burke, Chicago, Democratic leader in the Illinois House of Representatives and noted lawyer.

Hon. Ralph S. Gregory of Muncie, Ind., one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the United States.

Judge W. O. Cardwell, Kansas City, one of the best known jurists and public men of the State of Missouri.

Sheriff John Powers of Omaha, one of the best known criminal hunters in the west.

Hon. D. J. O'Brien, Omaha, who is popularly known as "the Delmonico of Omaha" and the west.

I do not ask any consumptive to take my word for this, I want every person sick and suffering from consumption to write me. Address me personally, Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 3186, Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich., and I will gladly send them, by return mail, a large trial package absolutely free, all charges prepaid, and I guarantee that no matter how sick or discouraged you are this trial treatment will convince you and do you more good than all changes of climate or other remedies.


### Norfolk Suits for Boys.

New York Times: Those whip bracelets, two slender lines of gold encircling the wrist, with the curl of the lash at one end and the stock of the whip at the other, have a use as well as being pretty things. The gold is pliable and the bracelet works like a key ring. One end can be raised, the chain of a purse or small bag can be slipped on to the bracelet, and the woman is relieved of one of her small belongings. She can also tuck her handkerchief in between the lines of the bracelet.

Railway earnings are $1,000,000 a week greater this year than last.

# A Plucky Escape

## By Morris Coleborn.

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"A telegram for you, miss!"

I took the yellow envelope from the porter of Inkermann Mansions somewhat reluctantly.

A telegram to a woman in the nursing profession generally means a fresh case, and I didn't want another case just then.

The fact is, I was quite tired out and was returning to my modest flat in Inkermann Mansions with the full intention of taking a few week's absolute rest.

The telegram, however, was destined to upset all my plans. It ran as follows:

"To Nurse Compton, Inkermann Mansions, Earl's Court: Can you undertake slight mental case at once? Wire decision direct to L. Duvernois, esqu., White House, Hadlow-on-the-Hill.

"Spencer Leigh."

The signature decided the matter. I had been on Sir Spencer Leigh's list of nurses for some months, but it was the first time the great nerve specialist had sent me a case.

I decided to accept it at once, and, making my way to the nearest postoffice, wired my reply as directed.

An hour later, just as I had finished packing my modest trunk, the porter appeared with a second telegram.

"Motor will meet train arriving Hadlow Junction at 5.15. L. Duvernois."

I turned to the railway guide, and ascertained that the train in question left Victoria at 4.30. Then I glanced at my watch. It was 4 o'clock. That gave me just time to drive to the station, and left no margin for calling on Sir Spencer Leigh. Of course it was better to hear the details of a case direct, but no doubt he had provided ample written directions pending a personal interview.

It was not an inviting evening even for a short journey. The murky fog of London developed into a clinging damp mist as we got out into the open country, and when at length I stepped on to the platform at Hadlow Junction I shivered as I thought of the cold drive in a motor car.

I had just given up my ticket, when a short, thick-set man, with a brown beard, stepped to my side.

"Nurse Compton, I presume?" he said, raising his motor cap, then as I bowed he added in a smooth, refined voice—"My name is Duvernois. I hope you don't mind rather a long drive. It is cold, but there are plenty of wraps, I think."

There were. In fact, when enveloped in the long fur coat which Mr. Duvernois insisted on wrapping carefully round me, and with a huge rug on my knees, I felt thoroughly inclined to enjoy my first drive in a motor.

My companion seemed astonished that it should be a new experience for me. "But I forgot," he added courteously, "the automobile is not yet as popular in England as it is with us in France."

"Then you are not English?" said I bluntly.

"No, but I have lived here a great deal, and have at least, I think, mastered your terribly difficult language."

"You speak English wonderfully well," said I, "and my patient"——

"Can only just make himself understood. But no doubt you speak French, Mademoiselle?" he added, quickly.

"I used to, and I understand"——

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, but I beg of you not to reveal to my mother that you understand French, or she will insist on talking, and the doctors have decided that the quieter she is kept the better."

"Please tell me all about your mother's case," said I, eagerly. "I had no time to go to Harley street before I left town, so until I see Sir Spencer Leigh"——

"That will be some time hence," said Mr. Duvernois, "because I understand he is starting for the Riviera tonight. He has, however, left full directions about my mother's treatment, and I can, of course, give you the outlines of her case myself.

"Briefly, then, her present mental disturbance is due to shock. Three months ago, when on her way to London, she met with a railway accident. When she recovered consciousness it was discovered that the brain had sustained partial injury. She had completely lost her memory on some points, while on others she was as clearly intelligent as ever. For instance, she recognized her maid, Francoise, but not me, her son. Curious, was it not, Mademoiselle?"

"Very curious, and very sad for you, I should think," said I, glancing at my companion's pale, melancholy face.

"Ah, yes, sad indeed, for my poor mother was devoted to her son. But figure to yourself, Mademoiselle, that not only does she not recognize me, but at times she imagines that I am her son's valet and the husband of her maid, Francoise. It is lamentable, is it not? But I am not discouraged. The doctors all assure me that her recovery is a mere question of time, patience, and quiet, secluded life.

"This is how I came to take a house in this out-of-the-way place. I hope Mademoiselle does not mind the solitude of the country?" he added courteously.

"Not in the least—in fact, just now I am very glad of it," said I.

"That is lucky, for we are three, nearly four, miles from Hadlow village, and ten from the railway station. Ah! there is the church," he added, as we turned into a straggling village street, where the lights from the cottage windows gleamed cheerily in the winter dusk.

We stopped for a moment at the postoffice, which was at the same time the village shop. Mr. Duvernois exchanged a cheery good evening with the buxom postmistress as she handed him a bundle of letters and proceeded to inquire after his mother's health.

"She's going on very nicely, thank you, Mrs. Reid," he said courteously, "and the doctors are hoping that your splendid moorland air will soon put her right."

"That's good news, sir," said the woman, who stood smiling in the doorway of the shop as the motor sped up the village street.

Perhaps it was the change from the cheery cottage lights, perhaps that I was beginning to get tired, but it seemed to me as though the narrow, ribbon-like road, winding upward over the moor, would never come to an end. Then suddenly it curved round sharply to the right, and nestling in a cup-like hollow of the hill stood a substantial house.

It looked a very cheerful place from the outside, with its twinkling lights, and when I crossed the threshold and was ushered by a rosy-cheeked country girl into a cosy dining room, where the preparations for a dainty meal were set out, and a huge fire roared up the wide chimney, I began to think I had found very comfortable quarters indeed.

It was not until I had made an excellent meal and enjoyed a cup of coffee, such as one seldom tastes out of France, that I was joined by Mr. Duvernois, who proposed, if I were sufficiently rested, to introduce me to my patient.

I rose at once and followed my host across the square hall to a well furnished drawing room, at the door of which he paused and knocked.

"May I come in, ma mere?" he said in French, and as there was no response he opened the door and we passed into the room.

Coming out of the brilliantly lighted hall the room seemed to be in semi-darkness, being lighted only by a small reading lamp placed on a table beside a high-backed chair.

In this chair, her eyes resting on the book in her hand, and the lamplight on her piled-up masses of white hair, sat the handsomest elderly lady I have ever seen.

She took no notice of our presence till Mr. Duvernois placed his hand on her high backed chair and said smoothly:

"Ma mere, I have brought you a charming young lady as a companion." Then turning to me, "Mademoiselle," he said, "allow me to introduce you to my mother, Madame Duvernois."

The old lady's book fell to the floor with a crash, as she rose to her feet.

"How dare you address me by that common name? How dare you introduce me as your mother?" she said in low tones of contempt.

Then she pointed to the door. "I wish to be alone. Go! And enjoy the society of your wife and fellow plotter!"

Mr. Duvernois bowed, and with a patient smile on his melancholy face left the room.

Then the old lady turned to me, and as I met the glance of her handsome dark eyes a sudden memory that had not been stirred for years darted across my brain.

"Surely you are Madame de Latour?" I was beginning, when I felt a hand laid across my lips.

"Hush!" she said, "you seem to know me, child, but you must not explain at present." Then she added in harsh, loud tones, "As Mr. Duvernois has been kind enough to provide me with a nurse, I shall only be too glad to avail myself of your services. I am tired of Francoise—as she is well aware," she added, turning to the sallow-faced Frenchwoman who had glided noiselessly into the room without my noticing her approach.

"Unfortunately Nurse Compton does not understand French," said Francoise, flashing a warning glance at me. "So that if Madame wishes to converse, it must be in English."

"How very tiresome," said the lady with a yawn. "I cannot hold a rational conversation in that barbarous language.

"Bed, Francoise?" she broke off. "Very well; but since Nurse Compton is here she can relieve you at any rate for tonight."

"Pardon, Madame, but Monsieur's orders are"——

"About as futile as his pretensions to be anything more or less than one of the biggest scoundrels unhung!" said the old lady coolly.

Francoise smiled a contemptuous smile as she turned to me.

"She's pretty bad tonight, nurse; don't be astonished if she insists on telling you her real name is Latour, and that Monsieur Duvernois is not her son, but a valet, and my husband."

"I think I understand," said I.

It was a whole week before I found myself alone with Madame de Latour without being conscious of the espionage either of Monsieur Duvernois or Francoise.

The week had, however, not been wasted, for I had succeeded in convincing both Francoise and her husband of my complete gullibility as regarded my patient.

I openly bewailed the fact that the poor lady should have such an unpleasant delusion with regard to her son. I pitied Monsieur. I sympathized with Francoise at being forced to live in such an out-of-the-way little place in this quiet Angieterre.

Of course, no doubt, it was the best thing for madame's health—in fact, monsieur must be the most devoted of sons to carry out the doctor's directions so minutely, but there was just one thing in which I thought monsieur was mistaken. His mother did not have sufficient fresh air, I argued, and most doctors were agreed that in mental cases driving was most beneficial. True, Sir Spencer Leigh had not mentioned it, but if I were to write and ask whether a daily drive in the motor——"

"There is no necessity to do that, nurse," interrupted Mr. Duvernois hastily.

"We can try the experiment, and if my poor, dear mother likes it, well and good. Unfortunately I shall not be able to drive her myself every day, but my chauffeur understands his business, so it will be all right. Only don't let mother chatter too much. I can't bear to think of the servants being aware of the extent of her infirmity, and if she insists on talking French——"

"You forget, I don't understand French, monsieur!" said I, laughing.

"Oh, I forgot, nurse; but I am quite sure you understand your business, and if, with your assistance, we can only get my poor mother well enough to enjoy life a little and transact some simple family business, which is at present at a standstill for want of her signature, I shall take care that our gratitude to you takes a very substantial form indeed."

"Thank you," said I, in a tone that left no doubt I had grasped the inner meaning of his words. Mr. Duvernois had decided to try the effect of a bribe, and was obviously satisfied with the result.

So was I, for I had gained my point, and was to drive with Madame de Latour alone; for, curiously enough, Francoise, who had intended to accompany us, had a violent fit of sickness just as the motor drove up to the door—and this in spite of the fact that I had given her a specific of my own some little titme before.

When we got into the high road I gave the chauffeur some directions in French.

"Sorry, mum, but I don't understand no foreign lingo," said the man with a good-tempered grin.

"I only asked where you were going to drive us," said I.

"Wherever you wish, mum, master didn't give no orders; he said Miss Francoise would know where it was best for madame to go. I've to meet master at the London train at 7.15. There's plenty of time between this and then for a good long drive, mum. It's rather pretty toward Lewes, across the downs and along the Newhaven road."

"Newhaven!" I exclaimed, and caught my breath with excitement before I added quietly:

"How long would it take to drive us to Newhaven, Armour?"

"Well, it might be done in about two hours and a half, mum, but then we'd have to get back, you see, and that might be too far for the mistress."

"It sounds rather fatiguing," said madame, with a little yawn; "suppose we go as far as this place—what is it you call it? Louis—Yes? And, cocher."

"Yes, mum."

"Drive, vite, vite. I want to feel what it is like to go quickly. You understand?"

"Yes, mum," said Armour, and applied himself to the brake, for we were already going at an alarming pace down hill.

Madame de Latour drew me down beside her, and thrust a tiny local railway guide into my hand.

"It's a month old," she said, in rapid French; "but let's hope the boat trains haven't altered.

"See you, my child, I have been studying that little book for a whole month, and if we can only get to Newhaven in time to catch the boat"——

"But Armour would perhaps suspect."

"Leave that to me," said the old lady, her handsome eyes flashing with determination.

"But tell me," I said eagerly, "how came this man Duvernois and his accomplice to shut you up in the white house and keep you a prisoner all these weeks? Of course their object must have been money, but how did they hope to obtain it?"

"Chiefly by means of a chapter of accidents, my dear nurse, all of which seemed to play into their hands.

"To begin with, my son Raoul and I made up our minds that we would go for a tour around the world. The idea was Raoul's, of course, and since he desired me to go with him, I was ready.

"We had no one to consult as to our movements, having no near relations except my little niece, your school friend, who is now married and with her husband at Pondicherry.

"We intended to begin our travels by coming to London, and it was when we were half way between Dover and London that the accident happened. It was horrible, quite horrible! my child, and it was weeks before I could get the shrieks and groans of the wounded people out of my mind. Raoul was killed," continued the old lady, in a quiet voice.

"I remember kissing his dead face, and then something seemed to snap in my brain, and when I came to my senses, weeks later, it was to find myself in this out-of-the-way place, well cared for, as I thought, by Francoise and her husband. It was some time before the full extent of their rascality dawned upon me.

"I made several efforts to escape or at least communicate with the outside world, but without success. My letters were never sent, my telegrams were intercepted, I was watched like a prisoner in the Bastile, I saw no one except the servants, who had previously been informed of my mental derangement."

"But surely Sir Spencer Leigh"—I interrupted.

"My dear child, I never saw him; he knew nothing about my case."

"But his telegram to me?"

"A myth, dear child, to induce you to come."

"But why?"

"Francoise was beginning to get ill, she couldn't stand the anxiety of watching me night and day, whereas a nurse, responsible to a great physician—with her reputation at stake—"

"The wretches! But what was their object in all this?"

"Just to get my signature to a transfer of shares valued at something like £10,000, which Grosjean intended, I fancy, to turn at once into cash, before disappearing with his wife."

"But how did they get the money for current expenses?"

"We had taken out letters of credit for several hundred pounds so as not to be hampered on our travels. Raoul's signature was easy to copy."

"But if he were dead," I interrupted gently.

"Yes, Raoul was killed, but they buried Antoine Grosjean, his valet, in the little Surrey churchyard, Francoise even had the audacity to show me a photograph of the grave," said the old lady, in a quiet, even voice.

There was silence for a few moments, as we slid rapidly down the slope of the downs and went whirling along a smooth, straight road.

"That is Lewes, over younder, mum," said Armour, as we came in sight of a sleepy looking country town.

"Tell him to stop at the nearest inn and order some tea for us and some refreshment for himself," said Madame de Latour with a slight yawn.

"But do you think we have time?" I whispered anxiously.

"Oh, yes, plenty of time," said the old lady carelessly, as Armour pulled up at the door of an old-fashioned country inn.

"This will be all right for your beer, coachman, but I don't think it looks clean enough for tea. Just drive us to that nice little baker's shop further down the street, then you can leave us for half an hour while we enjoy our tea in peace," she said quietly.

Armour grinned delighted acquiescence, and having brought the motor to a standstill in front of the baker's shop, hurried back to the White Hart. No sooner had he disappeared within its hospitable precincts than Madame de Latour quietly took her seat by the driving wheel.

* * * * * * *

Madame de Latour gripped my arm as we stood watching the white cliffs of England grow fainter and fainter in the distance.

"So that little comedy is ended," she said, drawing a deep breath.

"Comedy?" I echoed incredulously.

"Yes, my child, what else? To be kept a prisoner for three months by a maid and a valet savors more of comedy than tragedy, I take it. Of course it depends a little on the point of view."

"I should think so, indeed," I interrupted vehemently. "I only hope those two wretches will have no chance of seeing anything but the tragic side of this business."

Thanks to the intelligence and energy of the French police, my wishes in this respect were fulfilled even sooner than I expected.

The precious pair received the heaviest possible sentence for their crime which it was in the power of the judge to pronounce.

In spite of the fatigue of the trial Madame de Latour's splendid pluck never deserted her, nor, I may say, did her sense of humor.

"My child," she said a month later, as we drove to the station en route for the Riviera, "what do you suppose is the moral of all this unpleasant business?"

"Why, that honesty is the best policy, I suppose!" said I, smiling.

"Yes, of course, but there is an up-to date one as well, and it is that in these days every woman should know how to drive a motor."

"It certainly proved a useful accomplishment in your case, madame," I smilingly admitted.

### A Black Tragedy.

Detroit Free Press: The woman with four children who had come through from Denver was nearing Detroit. The porter had finished brushing them, each one of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the mother turned and said:

"You have been very attentive to us during this trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, 'um."

"What is your name?" she asked as she took out a pencil and notebook.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book, and then tore it out and handed it to him, with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

A passenger caught him in the vestibute two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

"Mr. Pullman: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts. Mrs. S. B."

It was read aloud to the porter and then the passenger looked at him. He turned a sort of gray and gasped for breath, and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"Befo' de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a fifteen-dollar check on some bank in Colorado. Hu! Shoo! Wall, of all de deleterious obnoxiousness I ever did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnacle!"

### The Crime of Incivility.

Samuel Johnson: A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

# DOG WHO HAD HIS DAY

Mr. Hoss and Beedle Dog were great cronies. One never saw them separated. They both belonged to an old farmer named Screw, who was very appropriately named, so they both thought, as he got all he could out of every one, and spared none.

He was especially hard on Mr. Hoss, whom he forced to work all day in the hot sun, and beat and kicked him sadly when he lagged.

"It's a shame," whined Beedle Dog, as he crept into Mr. Hoss' stall for the night.

"He makes you work too hard. He's a cruel old tike."

"Well, you see," said the Horse, "he doesn't understand. He never has to pull a heavy cart, and he doesn'a know how we suffer."

Rather Warm.

"Better teach him, then," said Beedle, curtly. "I always believe in giving folks all the information they need."

"How are you going to do it?" queried the Horse munching a mouthful.

"I'll tell you. Tomorrow, when he lets you out, you make track down the road when he isn't looking. Hide in the grove a mile down the road and leave the rest to me."

"Agreed," said the Horse, though he wondered what his Dutch friend would do.

When Mr. Screw came to look for Mr. Hoss next day, he was gone.

"Wonder where in the name o' sense he went to now?" he growled.

"I know," spoke up Beedle.

"He's sick down the road yonder; awful sick; worked too hard; guess he'll die."

"How do you know, you brute?" growled Mr. Screw, launching a kick at him which he dodged.

"Saw him," said Beedle.

"Better get your wagon and go down and get him, or you'll have a funeral."

"How'm I to git it down thar?"

"Pull it, I guess; walking's good."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yep; I'll show you."

So off they set, Beedle heading at a rapid pace, poor Mr. Screw pulling hard between the shafts.

"My! it's hot," said Screw.

"Rather warm," said Beedle.

"Heavy as lead," said Screw.

"Rather weighty," laughed Beedle.

Soon they came to Mr. Hoss. Mr. Screw was played out.

"Feel better?" said Beedle.

"Yes; I'll pull home," the Horse replied.

As they went down the road Beedle said: "Guess he knows now."

—A. Parsons.

### The Simplicity of Operating a Solar Motor.

Ray Stannard Baker, in September Success: The operation of a solar motor is so simple that it requires very little human labor. When power is desired the reflector must me swung into focus, that is, pointed exactly toward the sun, which is done by turning a crank. This is not beyond the power of a good sized boy. There is an indicator which readily shows when a true focus is obtained. After this has been done, the reflector follows the sun closely all day. In about an hour the engine can be started by the turn of the throttle valve. As the engine is automatic and self-oiling, it runs without further attention. The supply of water to the boiler is also automatic, and is maintained at a constant height without any danger of too much or too little water. Steam pressure is controlled by means of a safety valve, so that it may never reach a dangerous point. The steam passes from the engine to the condenser and thence to the boiler, and the process is repeated indefinitely.

Having now a solar motor, let us see what it is good for, and what is expected of it. Of course, when the sun does not shine, the motor does not work, so that its usefulness would be much curtailed in a very cloudy country like England, for instance, but here in Southern California and in all the desert region of the United States and Mexico, to say nothing of the Sahara in Africa, where the sun shines almost continuously, the solar motor has its greatest sphere of usefulness—and, indeed, its greatest need; these lands of long sunshine—the deserts—are also the lands of parched fruitfulness, with little rain, so that the invention of a motor which will utilize sunshine for pumping water has a peculiar value here.

### Meanest Man He new.

It was Joseph Folk, the young district attorney of St. Louis county, who brought the St. Louis boodlers to justice. Talking one day about boodling and the meanness of it, Mr. Folk said to a reporter:

"There is something small and little about robbing taxpayers, robbing widows and orphans and all manner of poor folk. He is a mean man who commits this crime—as mean a man as one I saw once on a Mississippi steamer.

"And he was strangely mean, that chap. He was traveling with his daughter, a little girl of 5 or 6. He was holding her over the rail, so that she could see a monster catfish, when, somehow, he let go of her, and she fell into the deep stream with a splash.

"A deckhand was after her in an instant. Head foremost he shot in, and she was back in her father's arms again before three minutes had passed.

"The father was profoundly grateful to the deckhand. He pulled out a dollar bill.

"'Got any change?' he said.

"The man had none, so the father went bustling nervously here and there over the boat, waving his dollar bill and saying:

"'Got any change? Got any change? Who's got change for a dollar? Here's a man has just saved my daughter's life, and I want to give him a quarter. Got any change there?'—New York Tribune.

### He Was No Mark.

Chicago Tribune: "Yes, sir," says the genial hardware man, "I am letting you have that gun at a fair price."

"It seems a little high, to me," argues the customer. "I had an idea that a gun like this ought to be cheaper."

"Oh," smiles the genial hardware man, "I would not dare to overcharge you for the gun. If I did, the gun might kick."

Even while the hardware man was in the midst of his laughter, the customer exploded:

"Huh! If you overcharged me, I think I'd be the one to kick."

### Work as Self-Expression.

Hamilton Wright Mabie: The higher the kind and quality of a man's work the more completely does it express his personality. There are forms of work so rudimentary that the touch of individuality is almost entirely absent, and there are forms of work so distinctive and spiritual that they are instantly and finally associated with one man. The degree in which a man individualizes his work and gives it the quality of his own mind and spirit is, therefore, the measure of his success in giving his nature free and full expression.

### Uncle Josh's Query.

Detroit Free Press: "I occasionally get hold of a queer passenger," said a conductor on one of the suburban lines the other day, "but I had always managed to hold my own until a week ago. Then a regular Uncle Josh took my car for the first trolley ride in his life. He sat up in a corner and watched things for a few minutes and then beckoned to me and said:

"'Conductor, you look like a smart young feller.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then tell me what makes this car go.'

"'Electricity, sir.'

"That didn't satisfy him for more than three minutes. I saw a doubtful, puzzled look spread over his face, and presently he beckoned to me again and said:

"'Conductor, I should say you was about as smart as they make 'em.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And I guess you know it all.'

"'About all, sir.'

"'I asked you what made the car go, and you said electricity.'

"'That's correct.'

"'All right. If electricity makes the car go, what in tarnation makes electricity go?'

"He had me there," smiled the conductor, "and I went out of business in half a minute, and the grin on the old man's face was something to be remembered for many days."

### Easy to Get.

Pierpont, O., Oct. 5.—Remarkable indeed is the experience of Mr. A. S. Turner, a man now over seventy-one years of age, and whose home is here.

For many years this old gentleman had suffered with a very unpleasant form of Kidney Trouble, a kind that very often bothers aged people. He would have to get up four or five times every night, and this very tiresome disease was fast wearing him out.

At last after having almost made up his mind that he would never be able to get relief, he stumbled over a medicine which relieved him almost immediately, and has cured him permanently. It is so very easy to get and so simple that Mr. Turner thinks everyone should know of it. Every dealer in the country has it, and all you have to do is to ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Turner says:

"I can heartily and honestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for they cured me. Several others in the family have used them, too, and always with the best results. I think they have no equal."

### Intelligence of Birds.

Our Dumb Animals: The following is from the letters of Lady Mary Boyle, who was a witness of the fact and therefore can be relied upon:

One day, while walking with my mother (in London) over the bridge, we were attracted to a small, poor cottage by the exquisite singing of a thrush. The old couple who lived in it were very poor and their richest possession was the thrush which sang outside in a wicker cage. After listening for a few moments my mother asked if they would be willing to sell the thrush to her. The bargain was made, the double of the sum they named was paid by my mother, who sent a servant the next morning to claim her purchase. The cage was placed in a large and cheerful window in our dining room, but not a sound or a note came from the melancholy bird, which drooped and hung its head as if mourning. We fed, we coaxed, we whistled, but it remained silent, motionless and moping. My mother felt as much indignation as was consistent with her gentle nature. She was not suspicious, but it looked as if another bird had been palmed off upon us. She waited several days, when her patience was exhausted and she sent for the late owner. The door opened and my mother advanced to meet him, but neither of them was allowed to speak, for no sooner did the old man make his appearance in the room than the bird leaped down from its perch, opened its wings and broke into so triumphant a song of joy that it seemed as if the whole room vibrated with the melody. "Why, my pretty lady," said the man, approaching the cage, "you know me, don't you?" and the thrush kept flapping its wings and moving from side to side, one might almost say dancing from joy. There was no doubt about it; it was the same bird that had charmed us in the lane at Wolsey, but, like the Hebrew captive, it could not sing its song in a strange land. "Take it back," my mother said. "I would not part such friends for all the world," and off together went the loving pair.


## IT'S A MISTAKE

**To Attribute Coffee Ills to Poor Grades of Coffee.**

Many people lay all the blame for the diseases caused by coffee upon the poorer grades of coffee, but this is an error, as the following proves: "I have used every kind of the best grade of tea and coffee that can be got from a first-class grocer, but never found one that would not upset my nervous system, and it was not until I began to drink Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee and tea that I had relief from the terrific attacks of nervous sick headache from which I had suffered for 30 years.

"I had tried all kinds of medicines but none helped me.

"Soon after I stopped drinking coffee and began to drink Postum the headaches grew less, and it was not long until I was entirely cured and I have never had a return of this distressing trouble, for nowadays I never drink coffee but stick to Postum.

"As soon as my wife saw what Postum had done for me she gave up coffee, which she had drank all her life. This was six weeks ago and she is a changed woman, for her nervousness has all disappeared, her face has become smooth and her cheeks have a good rosy color. She sleeps well, too, something she could never do while she drank coffee. We consider Postum a household necessity in my house and have induced many friends to try this wonderful food drink in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."