

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.
Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says:

"For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT SHE ESCAPED.



Jack—There goes young Softy. He took his fiancée out rowing last Sunday, rocked the boat, and the poor girl was drowned.

Ruth—Lucky girl!
Jack—Why do you say that?
Ruth—Why, she might have lived and married the idiot.

PAINT DURABILITY.

The first thought in painting should, of course, be durability—and durability means simply pure paint properly applied. Pure paint is pure white lead and linseed oil (with or without tinting material).

Some years ago the paint-buyer was likely to get adulterated or counterfeit white lead if he was not familiar with brands. To-day he may buy with perfect safety if he only makes sure that the Dutch Boy Painter trademark is on the packages of white lead that he buys. This trademark was adopted by National Lead Company to distinguish the pure white lead made by them from the worthless adulterated and fake goods. It is a guarantee as valuable to the house-owner as the education of a paint expert could be.

A Candid Judge.

A Dover lawyer tells a story in which figures Hon. H. L. Dawes, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams Justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perishing in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd."—Lippincott's.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. L. Chas. H. Hitchcock*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Weds Her Rich Stepmother.
Social circles in Pasadena, Cal., learned with amazement the other day that Miss Katherine Traphagen has become the bride of her stepfather, Cyrus M. Davis of Los Angeles. Miss Traphagen lived with her sisters in Altadena and was one of the prominent members of the Young Women's Christian association, being director of its short story club.

Style of Price.

"Are you going to raise any fancy crop on your suburban place this summer?" asked Jones of Smith, as they met in the business district.
"Well, yes," hesitatingly admitted Smith. "I am going to try to raise the mortgage."

The Air.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song?
She—Yes.
He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song?
She—I think a millionaire.

Afterglow.

"Are you still in the blissful intoxication of love?"
"No, I've reached the headache now."—Exchange.

From the Life of the Protector.
Cromwell wished to be painted with the wart.
"Don't you mean the warthog?" they asked anxiously.

When you hear one man trying to belittle another, it is safe to bet that the other is his superior.

Lame back and Lumbago make a young man feel old. Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. Absolutely nothing like it for the relief of all pain.

Be Careful.

In going out after fame, make sure that you don't capture notoriety.

And occasionally a man throws off trouble by putting on a bold front.

HELPING TOMMY OUT

By Ralph Henry Barbour

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Tommy Winslow is an awful ass about things English. Fact is, I guess, he's one of those—thingamabobs—Anglomaniacs. Of course, if he ever came to a show-down, Tommy would be the first to grab a gun, hike down to Sandy Hook, and defy the Brits. He's very chummy for a chap only five feet seven and a half inches. When he is really angry his little blue eyes blaze terribly. Tommy traces his descent back to Alfred the Conqueror or Peter the Great, or some old English Johnnie like that, and so, as he says, he just can't help being scrappy. But you mustn't get the idea that Tommy is quarrelsome.

I guess he won't like my telling about the time we helped him out, but he's on the other side now, and it isn't likely he will ever see this, for about the only thing Tommy ever reads are the sporting papers and the English weeklies.

Tommy reads all the English journals that talk about the fashions, and what the king wore Friday afternoon at Sandringham and that sort of nonsense.

Tommy came into the smoking-room of the club—the Poppy club, you know—looking a bit gloomy.

"I'll bet the king has cut off his nose shaving," said Dickie Boswell, "and Tommy is getting up his courage to get rid of his."

"Poppycock," said the duke. "The trouble with Tommy is, he's seen some one on the avenue with larger trousers, haven't you, Tommy?"

Tommy lighted a Russian, shaking his head dolefully. Finally he said: "Don't laugh, you chaps. I'm in a hole, a beastly hole."

We all looked sympathetic. "When I was in Florida last winter," he went on, "I met up with a chap named Watkins—"

"Was his first name Bill?" asked the duke. That was a joke. The duke calls everybody and everything Bill; I don't know why. Tommy looked hurt, but went on.

"He was awfully decent to me—put me up at his club and showed me around quite a bit. He has an orange orchard—"

"Grove," corrected Dickie. "Grove, then. It's near some place with a funny name. I stayed two days with him. He has a jolly bungalow; very picturesque; roses, palms, dogs, oranges, good whisky, and all that you know. Well, there's a whole bunch of English Johnnies down there, and I met a lot of them. And—somehow they got the idea that I knew a good many English chaps up north here."

He paused dejectedly, and the duke looked astonished. "How do you suppose they ever got such an idea?" he murmured. We grinned.

"Anyhow," Tommy continued, "I asked Watkins to come and see me. And—and I got a telegram from him this morning. He'll be here to-morrow."

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Dickie. "Isn't he all right?"

"Yes, but don't you see, he'll expect to meet a lot of English chaps, and of course I don't know any out-landers—except Brubbs, and he's away some old place. What'll I do?"

"Tell him your English friends have all gone back to dear old Lunnion," the duke suggested.

"Get some of the waiters from Bosworth's to lunch with you, and invite Watkins," said Dickie.

"Oh, let up," Tommy growled. "I think you chaps might help a fellow out."

"Of course we will," I said. "Only—what—how—"

"Well, I've thought of a scheme that might work," Tommy answered. He looked a bit sheepish. "It's this: Suppose you three come to lunch to-morrow and meet Watkins."

"Easy, Bill," agreed the duke. "And—supposing you—er—supposing you let on you're English?"

"We will," answered the duke. "Bill Watkins won't be able to tell us from the ryal family. I'll be the duke of York."

"And I'll be Prince Henry of Battemburg!" I cried.

"Your ignorance pains me, Annie," said the duke. "You'll be Sir Thomas Lipton, that's who you'll be. And Dickie—"

"Cut it out," pleaded Tommy. "Don't make a bally joke of it. It—it's serious!"

When I got to the club the next day at half-past one I found the duke and Dickie there before me. They were having cocktails. Tommy and Watkins hadn't showed up. I sat down in a chair and looked at the duke and at Dickie and just laughed until I couldn't sit up. I wish you could have seen them! The duke was the best. He had on a suit of big yellow plaid, with a red waistcoat. The clothes were so much too large for him that the coat hung in folds from his shoulders—and the duke isn't little, either—and he had to turn the trousers up nearly four inches at the bottom.

Dickie had a rough pepper-and-salt

coat on that didn't begin to fit him—he explained that it belonged to his father, who is a much larger man—and a pair of light-colored trousers. His waistcoat was of khaki, and he wore an immense brass watch-chain across it. He had a monocle, too, but couldn't make it stay up.

As for me, I had on a flannel shirt with blue and pink stripes and celluloid collar and cuffs. I went shooting two years ago with an English chap up in Quebec, and he wore flannel shirts all the time and used the same collar and cuffs for ten days; when they got dirty he washed them in the river. I had borrowed a bottle-green velvet jacket from a chap in our house, and wore a pair of blue serge trousers and low tan shoes.

After a while Tommy and Watkins came in. Watkins was a tall chap of about thirty, a nice, sensible appearing fellow, with a quiet voice and awfully good manners; handsome, too. Tommy looked dazed for a moment when he saw us, and I noticed that he swallowed hard once or twice and got very red in the face. But finally he came around and introduced us.

"My friend, Mr. Hastings—Mr. Watkins," muttered Tommy. The duke pulled himself slowly out of the armchair and put his hand away in the air and looked blank, just as though he couldn't see anyone, you know.

"Aw, happy, I ansauh you," he murmured. He wagged Watkins' hand twice and dropped it as though it had been an icicle. Then he sat down again and stared intently at his glass. Tommy got red again and looked dazed. Watkins never turned a feather.

"Mr. Boswell—Mr. Watkins," said Tommy.

Dickie got up and followed the duke's lead.

"Chawmed, I'm shuah," he said. "And—er—Mr. Annismead—Mr. Watkins."

I arose and shook hands just as the others had done.

"Doosed glad, old cock," I muttered. Then I, too, sat down and looked at the table. There was a silence. I stole a furtive glance at Tommy. He was apoplectic. I peered at Watkins. His face was as serious as a judge's, but I thought there was a twinkle in his eye. Tommy tried to make conversation.

"Mr. Watkins raises oranges in Florida," he said, looking menacingly at the duke.

"Beastly things, oranges," answered the latter, without taking his gaze from the table.

"Beastly," I echoed.

"Don't be a fool," said Tommy, aiming a kick at the duke's shins and nearly knocking the table over.

Our arrival in the cafe was in the nature of a triumph. We slouched along, hands in pockets, with expressionless faces—we three—while Tommy led the way, looking unutterably miserable, followed by Watkins, calmly unaware—to all appearance—of anything out of the ordinary. We heard whisperings, chuckles, even a laugh or two, as we passed through the crowded room to where a table had been reserved for our party. The duke, glaring stonily through his monocle, growled greetings here and there to acquaintances, and Dickie and I nodded distantly now and then.

With his napkin tucked under his chin the duke threw aside some of his gloom and looked almost cheerful as he reached across in front of Watkins and seized the "Puppy-bread," as we called the oatmeal biscuit. With his mouth well filled he began to ask insane questions about Florida and oranges, exhibiting a weird ignorance of both the location of the state and of how oranges were grown. Watkins was gravely explaining that they did not grow on palm trees when the waiter brought the oysters. Tommy had thrown a word in here and there, nervously, all the time mutely begging us to let up.

"Tommy ere tells me there's a lot of our people down there," said the duke, swallowing his oysters loudly.

"Er—English, you mean?" asked Watkins innocently.

"Hi said Hingleh, didn't Hi?" demanded the duke crossly.

"We have some, Mr. Hastings, but I fancy they're not the real thing. I thought they were once, though," said Watkins.

"That reminds me," Tommy broke in; "how are they all?"

"And why aren't they the real thing, may Hi ask?" demanded the duke.

"Oh—well—really, I think I'd rather not say," answered Watkins, pretending to be mightily embarrassed.

"Hi demand an answer, sir. I demand hi!" bellowed the duke, thumping his hand on the table until the whole room was watching us.

"Well—if you insist," said Watkins, "it's their manners that give them away. I can see now that no one with manners like theirs could be English."

"How! And what's the matter with their manners, sir?"

"Nothing," answered Watkins quietly.

The duke stared, then dropped his eyes to his plate. But I saw his shoulders heaving. Dickie and I glanced at each other and said: "How! Bah Jove!" to keep from laughing aloud. Tommy looked terribly distressed. He started the conversation on new lines by asking Dickie how his uncle was.

"The duke of Muddledab?" asked Dickie indifferently. "Ow, 'e's able to sit up and take nourishment."

"The duke is your uncle?" asked Watkins, evidently quite pleased to have met the nephew of royalty.

"Ow, yes," said Dickie, "but Hi don't like to speak of it, sir."

"How's that?" asked Watkins affably.

"'E's a bit of a bounder, the duke," said Dickie.

"'E is!" affirmed the duke. "Hi never speak to 'im, Mr. Watkins. 'E's a regular bad 'un, the duke."

"Indeed?" said Watkins.
Tommy growled.
"Ow, yes," repeated Dickie.
I thought Watkins looked queer. I know Tommy did.

Then the waiter brought in the kidneys, and the duke refused to taste them; said he could see by their looks that they hadn't been cooked right; threatened to resign from the club, and write to the Times about it. The kidneys were taken out again. We had chops instead. I hate chops, and wished the duke wasn't playing his role so thoroughly. The rest of the luncheon went badly. Tommy was off his feed, and Watkins was the only one at the table who appeared to have any appetite. When the end came I was very glad of it. We adjourned to the library and had cigars and vermouth. The duke went to sleep in the arm-chair.

At last Watkins, who for a full minute had been staring with puzzled eyes at Dickie's boots and socks, arose and said he must be going on. He shook hands all around and said he was very happy to have met us and hoped that, when we found ourselves in London again, we'd do him the honor of staying awhile with him; we'd always find him there in the season, he said. He nodded courteously and went out, followed by Tommy.

The duke stared at Dickie, and Dickie at the duke; I looked at both of them in bewilderment. Then the duke growled.

We overtook Tommy at nine o'clock that evening. He had plainly been striving to drown care and sorrow, but had only succeeded in making himself preternaturally solemn. We found him in his room, sitting on the bed, cross-legged, in purple and green pajamas, smoking a pipe and drinking Scotch-and-soda.

"You've gone and done it, haven't you?" he greeted us dolefully. "You've gone and spoiled my life and desolated my hearthstone, haven't you? You've—you've—" He choked.

"Tommy," demanded the duke sternly, "did you let us in for that with malice aforethought?"

"'Eh?" asked Tommy, blinking.

"Did you know all the time that Bill Watkins was a real Englishman?"

Tommy laid his pipe down on the silk counterpane and eyed us gravely. Dickie moved the pipe to the mantel and extinguished the fire. The odor of burnt feathers was distinctly unpleasant. Tommy wagged a portentous finger at us.

"Did I know, you ask? Did I know? Did I know? Duke, most noble duke, I knew nothing; I was as a born up-babed. I was as a reed crying in the wilderness or a voice shaken in the wind. I knew not! I knew—I knew—"

He looked around for his pipe. "Look here, I thought he was like you or me or Annie there, a simple, unspelled American. I knew nothing; I suspected nothing. I said to myself—" He stopped and eyed us affectionately. "Have drink?"

"We don't doubt it, Tommy," answered the duke. "But what we want to know is, did you or didn't you know he was English?"

"No, dukie, not until this morning. Then I knew! Then I learned all—all—"

He lives in orange in winter and raises Florida, and in spring he sails for England. He—he is undoubtedly English. I hope he will forgive you for what you said 'bout his cousin; I cannot! Tommy bowed his head and sniffed.

"Whose cousin?" demanded Dickie.

"Who mentioned his old cousin? Tommy, you're drunk!"

"You're awful liar, Dickie," answered Tommy, without, however, any resentment. "You insulted his cousin—to his face—to my face—at my board—as my guests—as—"

"Shut up!" growled the duke. "What cousin are you talking about?"

"Watkins' cousin; cousin of my friend Watkins."

"What's his name?"

"No, the cousin's name?"

"His name's Muddledab, duke of Muddle—dubble—duke, I said it once; I refuse to say it 'gain."

Dickie sat down on the edge of the bed and growled; then he laughed. We joined him. "I said he was my uncle," giggled Dickie.

"And that he was a bounder!" yelled the duke.

"And—and you said—said you never spoke to him!"

"I never did," laughed the duke. Presently, when we had calmed down and Dickie had mixed three more Scotch, the duke said:

"Tommy, I consider that you have done a despicable thing."

"Me?" murmured Tommy. "Me?"

"Yes, you. You have allowed our friend Bill Watkins to depart from our hospitable shore in the belief that there are three of his countrymen in New York who are disgraces—to his native land."

Tommy chuckled behind his glass.

"Don't be 'larned," he answered finally. "Don't you be 't all 'larned. Watkins never thought you were English, never for one miment. But he said he was muchmused, very muchmused."

"Oh, he did, eh?" said Dickie. "And you allowed him to go off with the impression that we were a set of three bally idiots, eh?"

Tommy nodded blandly.

"Well, all I've got to say to you," announced the duke disgustedly, "is this: Bill Watkins is a sport and ought to be an American; and as for you, Thomas, never ask me to help you out again!"

"Thanksh," replied Tommy beamingly. "Have drink?"

AT THE MOMENT.



Percy—Aw, are you interested in the "Coming Young Man?"
Kitty (with a yawn)—No; I am more interested in the going young man.

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The Ever Changing Waist Line.

Consider the mental agility it takes to keep up with one's waist line. One goes to bed at night in the sweet assurance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the headlines in the morning papers the waist line is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waist line occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted as unquestionably as that the earth revolves on its axis, but in these days of higher criticism it is likely to be anywhere. It bloweth where it listeth.—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in American Magazine.

Marriage and Meanness.

Some years ago there lived in Atchison a young woman noted for her good works and gentleness. She was always helping the poor and was patient and kind and universally admired. She married a fairly good man and abused him within three months. She had been good and patient for years, but a husband was too much for her; she had never been cross to any one until she was cross to her husband. There is something about marriage that stirs up hidden depths of meanness on both sides.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Decidedly Rattled.

Of an Irishman, named Doherty, a speaker of rare eloquence, the following amusing story is told: After one of his speeches he asked Canning what he thought of it. "The only fault I could find in it," Canning answered, "was that you called the speaker, 'Sir' too often." "My dear friend," said Doherty, "if you knew the state I was in while speaking, you would not wonder if I had called him 'Ma'am!'"

Graves of the Wicked.

Where is the man who has not wandered now and then through the graveyards of the world and wondered where the wicked folks are buried? If one believes all the tombstones say one inevitably inclines to think there never were many, if any, very, very wicked folks on earth.

Shake Into Your Shoes

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Working the Brain.

Church—They say fish is a great stimulant for the brain.
Gotham—Well, I know just catching them makes the imagination more active.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothe the gums, reduce inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Equipped for Fast Travel.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Posidippus.



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Noah, Ky.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my housework, and attend to the store and post-office, and feel much younger than I really am."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough."—MRS. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

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If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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