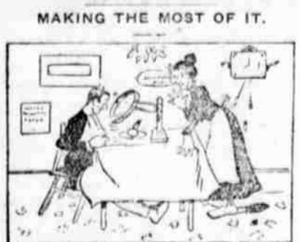


ECZEMA NOW CURABLE

All Itching Skin Diseases Which Are Not Hereditary Instantly Relieved by Oil of Wintergreen.

Can Eczema be cured? Some physicians say "Yes." Some say "No." The real question is, "What is meant by Eczema?" If you mean those scaly eruptions, those diseases which make their first appearance, not at birth, but years afterward, and perhaps not until middle age—then there can be long—be any question that these forms of Eczema are curable.



"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hash, this microscope is merely to enable me to see what I'm eating!"

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past."

Warmth and Illumination Needed. A philosophy without heart and a faith without intellect are abstractions from the true life and being of knowledge and faith. The man whom philosophy leaves cold, and the man whom real faith does not illumine, may be assured that the fault lies in themselves, not in knowledge and faith. The former is still an alien from philosophy, the latter an alien from faith.—Hegel.

Hon. Emil Kiang, Vienna, Aus., one of the world's greatest horsemen, has written to the manufacturers: "SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND has become the standard remedy for distempers and throat diseases in the best stables of Europe. This medicine relieves horses of great suffering and saves much money for the owner." 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

She Was a Real Orator.

Senator Beveridge during a recent visit to Portland talked about oratory. "The campaign," he said, "has given us oratory more remarkable for quantity than quality. True oratory is that which brings results, is that which converts an audience of supporters. Such oratory is rare.

"I have a friend whose wife, a 'suffragette,' is a great orator. Her speeches from the platform are wonderful, and her husband the other day gave me an illustration of the efficiency of her private speeches.

"An agent called on my wife this afternoon," he said, "and tried to sell her a new wrinkle eradicator."

Opposed to Toll Roads.

Maryland, following the recent lead of Pennsylvania, is moving to abolish toll roads. Gov. Crothers has expressed the hope that before his term is ended every tollgate in the state will be abolished and every road free. He believes that the work of the good roads commission will ultimately result in wiping out the gates. "The tollgate," says the governor, "is not of this age and has no proper place in this time. It is ridiculous to think of charging people money for coming to your city."

ROSY AND PLUMP

Good Health from Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The doctor recommended milk half water but it was not sufficiently nourishing.

"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and to-day is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen.

"These are plain facts and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate in the least the value of this great food."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.

SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter A Sequel to Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "That Frenchman," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American and a cunning rascal, is going to the Continent, Edward Gerard Anstruther and Ida Corciana, bride, Marina, daughter of the Pacific, from the marriage of the two men, the girl's reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the Earl of Loutham. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursued and as the steamer is about to leave the harbor of Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes acts part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is married by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to get the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the steamer, Barnes arranges to have Lady Clarrissa house a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken by a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latest suspicions. Barnes' plan for the safety of the party is learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men, one of them, supposed to be Correggio, they try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgotten. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Clarrissa and her daughter, Maud, domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Correggio is at Nice and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Clarrissa. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The night before Barnes, he receives a note from La Belle-Blackwood, the American adventuress.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Yes, the day after you left, the poor fellow called to ask if I knew the particulars of his dear brother's death. You, having lately come from Corsica, he thought, might tell him. Under the melancholy circumstances, I deemed it advisable to say to him that you would be at my villa in Villefranche soon and would, of course, give him the facts you might know in regard to poor Musso! He was killed by some hand or other in Corsica, I understand. But after the gallant Cipriano met me here on the des Anglais three days ago, he—he didn't seem able to talk about anyone else but me." The widow blushes slightly, looks eagerly at the clock and flutters. "The only other subject Count Cipriano mentioned was—weddings."

Barnes plunges his fork disgustfully into his salad and curses his half confidence to Lady Clarrissa. The retreat he had so carefully arranged for Enid and Marina while he and Edwin should hunt down the demons who threatened their young lives, was now by his hostess' babbling tongue become known to their pursuers.

He glances moodily at his sweet-heart, Miss Anstruther's eyes and her cheeks are both aflame. As if to defy the dangers that are gathering about her wedding day, she says in resolute tones: "You know, Lady Clarrissa, I marry Mr. Barnes to-morrow," and turns the conversation on her coming nuptials, discussing with her hostess the necessary preparations for the ceremony of the next evening.

With the dessert, Miss Maud enters to give life and vivacity to the feast. She has been put by her governess in evening infant dress, prattles merrily of the approaching nuptials, suggests that her youthful ears have heard some of the dinner table conversation through the curtains that separate the dining-room from the parlor. Once or twice, when her mother's head is turned, obeying a nod surreptitiously given her by Mr. Barnes, she bolts a glass of champagne, that is generally forbidden her.

Inspired by the stimulating beverage, Miss Maud suddenly ejaculates: "Isn't it a pity you're going to be married on the sneak, Barnes? When I get spliced, as you say, Cousin Edwin, I'm going to church with six bridesmaids and a train ten feet long."

Soon after the party rises, and Enid, drawing her betrothed into the privacy of the parlor, whispers: "My own, remember one of the Danellas is here. Be careful for my sake." She puts her fair arms entreatingly about his neck.

"I have my pistols," answers Burton, sententiously, and administers a soothing kiss.

Stepping to Edwin, he whispers: "Keep a sharper lookout than ever."

"Yes, it's yardarm to yardarm now," answers the sailor.

Lady Clarrissa's carriage is announced.

"Help me with my wraps, Cousin Burton," cries the widow, eagerly, and seems anxious to be gone.

As Barnes is cloaking Prunella, Enid entreats, nervously: "You will come back soon?"

"Oh yes, by to-morrow morning," laughs Anstruther, trying to make light of her fears. "Jack's last cruise ashore, you know."

"No ward-room jokes about my coming husband!" commands his sister, indignantly.

"Yes, but I—I can't bring Burton home very early," says Lady Clarrissa, in embarrassed tone. "You see I—I promised to go to the Casino with—with Count Cipriano Danella," adding eagerly: "Couldn't I invite him to the wedding?"

"Yes, bring him, please—I want to see the gentleman," returns Barnes, quietly, his eyes growing steely.

Anstruther looks astounded and Enid seems amazed, but the most startling effect is produced upon Marina. Her delicate face grows of a deathly pallor, her slight fingers work nervously, but her dark eyes begin to flame.

"Gee," remarks Maud, the champagne making her reckless, "you needn't look as if you were going to execution, Marina. Cip isn't your beau."

"Maud, don't talk that way and go to bed!" commands her mother, severely. Though the widow as she steps into her victoria reflects with delighted horror: "These foreign brides are awful. Here's a two weeks' one jealous of that fascinating Count Danella, who's now devoted to me."

Barnes immediately follows his hostess and the carriage drives away rapidly. Lady Clarrissa calling to the driver to hurry.

Miss Anstruther gazes after it till it disappears in the shrubbery leading to the entrance of the grounds. Then with a sigh she languidly remarks that she is tired and will go to bed. Leaving Edwin and Marina in some honeymoon conference in the parlor she steps up to her chamber and gives her maid a few directions about her coming wedding, when there comes a sharp, sudden rapping on the door.

"What is it?" cries Miss Anstruther, and grasps a pistol Barnes has given her, as they sailed into the Villefranche harbor, with the suggestion: "It may be useful some day."

In answer, Maud's excited voice through the panel makes Miss An-

Barnes aights, and as he glances at the neighboring Hotel des Anglais, he recalls this had been the scene of his first call upon Enid when Lady Clarrissa had invited him to accompany her and her charge to Monte Carlo. He can scarce believe it is only a month ago since he had looked in her face. His step grows light with happiness.

Suddenly somebody in the passing throng mentions the name of the fascinating American adventuress. A Parisian countess is saying to a lady friend: "That La Blackwood crushes us with her toilettes. Did you ever see such a robe as the wretch sported to-day?"

"By Jove, that reminds me. I wonder what Sally has to say to me?" thinks Burton, and pulls out an almost forgotten note from his pocket.

A big arc light, which was the great illuminating medium of that epoch, permits him to read:

"Mon, Cher Barnes: 'Don't hold your horses, but come to me at the St. Petersburg like a shot. I want to warn you of a very imminent danger. I have just discovered your location here by accident. Don't think I hate you, though I ought to. Yours sincerely, 'SALLY SPOTTS.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAS READY FOR HIM.

Clerk's Suggestion to Customer Who Was "a Little Short."

John Brink prided himself on having the largest general store in the county. "If man wishes it, and it is made, I have it," was the slogan over his advertisements in the newspapers.

"William," said Mr. Brink one morning, as he was giving instructions to a green clerk: "no one must ever leave this store without making a purchase. If a person doesn't know what he wants, suggest something. And, remember, we have everything from carpet tacks to mausoleums."

William's first customer was a leisurely appearing chap, who gazed about curiously, but had no definite object in view. "Just looking around," he explained. "Wouldn't you like to look at our new line of postal cards?" suggested the eager clerk. "No, not this time," answered the stranger: "I'm just a little short this morning."

"Ah," urged the new clerk, who was not familiar with the wonderful expansiveness of the language; "then, perhaps, you'd like to look at our line of new and handsome stretchers?"—Harper's Weekly.

On the Death of Balzac.

There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown. No, it is not the unknown; no, it is not night, it is light. It is not the end, it is the beginning! It is not extinction, it is eternity. Is it not true, such tombs as this demonstrate immortality? In the presence we call man—Victor Hugo.

of the illustrious dead we feel more distinctly the divine destiny of that intelligence which traverses the earth to suffer and to purify itself—which

Ratio of Sudden Deaths.

The chances of sudden death are greater among men than women in the ratio of one to eight.

"Liar, how do you know I a Blackwood's handwriting," cries the tortured one.

"Blackie's autograph facsimile was published in an advertisement of Lily's Soap, in the London Gossip last month. I recommend your soap for its unblemished purity," she wrote. How I laughed at that ad. But you want to take this seriously, you do, Enid, and not giggle hysterically, as you are now."

"Very well, I will," says the young lady, whose face has become that of a marble statue, lighted by two burning, tortured eyes. "Now to bed, you meddler, and not a word of this to anyone on earth, or you know what I know and will tell your mother."

And Maud retires subdued, but she leaves convulsed features, clenched hands and a dizzy brain behind her. Miss Anstruther sighs: "Oh, if he dares to see her!" then murmurs, "No, no, impossible! He's gone to get the minister for to-morrow—to wed me."

Yet several burning tears run down the fair cheeks of the coming bride as she tosses herself into bed and cannot go to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Night in Nice.

The drive to Nice is not only a short but pleasant one. Mr. Barnes, seated by Lady Clarrissa, though chatting alertly, keeps both his eyes and his ears open.

Once or twice the American listens intently, he thinks he hears pursuing hoofs. But these blend into the noises of general traffic as they reach and pass through the old town. Crossing the river by the Pont Neuf and turning down the Quai St. Jean, they drive along the Avenue Massena nearly to the sea.

Though visitors have for the last month been leaving the great watering place by the Mediterranean, there are still enough sojourners to comfortably fill the public gardens. The band is playing, the night is only pleasantly warm, and Lady Clarrissa seems in high spirits as Barnes says to her: "You can drop me anywhere now. Only, where shall I meet you?"

"At the Hotel de la Mediterranee. There Count Danella is doubtless waiting for me," replies the hostess. "Call for me at 11 and I'll drive you back."

Barnes alights and, as he glances at the neighboring Hotel des Anglais, he recalls this had been the scene of his first call upon Enid when Lady Clarrissa had invited him to accompany her and her charge to Monte Carlo. He can scarce believe it is only a month ago since he had looked in her face. His step grows light with happiness.

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What He Wanted.

Little Wallace, dining with his grandparents, repeatedly called for rice. His grandmother said: "Patience, Wallace, do have patience." To which the little fellow quickly replied: "I don't want some patience, gwamma, I want some wice."

Home Cure for Eczema.

Take pure pine tar and rub sore places. Apply at night, letting it remain on until morning. This is a sure cure and the only thing that will help the hands. Good.

"Navigates" His Farm.

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Crauberg (Isles). One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the veracious accounts of sober citizens took the bluncheon from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed. — Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Egotism.

We draw the foam from the great river of humanity with our quills and imagine to ourselves that we have caught floating islands at least.—Goethe.

CONSTANT BATHS HIS MANIA.

Wealthy Plainfield Youth Spends Most of His Time Washing.

A man's curious mania for constant washing is puzzling physicians at Plainfield, N. J. The patient, who is suffering from the delusion that anything he touches soils his hands, is the son of wealthy parents.

He spends most of his time over the wash basin, cleansing his face and hands.

He is being treated by Dr. Harry V. Hubbard, who, in speaking of the case, said that he had every reason to believe that he would be able to effect a cure.

"This is the third case of the kind that has come to my attention," Dr. Hubbard said, "but it is by far the most aggravated. My patient labors under the hallucination that every object he touches soils that part of the body with which it comes in contact, and he at once rushes to the wash basin or bath tub, as the case may be."

"Not long ago his family sent for me and explained their son's mania. They told me that he had been in the bathroom 15 hours that day without leaving the room, and they had reason to believe that if he had taken one bath within that time he had bathed 30 times. Of course, this would weaken the strongest constitution on earth."

"To give you an idea how deeply rooted this mania is, it usually takes this young man from two to five hours to dress each morning. He arises and at once plunges into his bath. This complete, he sets about making his morning toilet. After picking up one piece of underwear and putting it on he at once washes his hands. The other garment is slipped on and again he washes his hands. To get on his shoes and stockings he has to wash his hands four times, and so on until the toilet is complete. He never touches an object that he does not cleanse his hands immediately thereafter."

"At times we find him deeply distressed after his bath. More often than not he complains that the towels he used were not clean, and he will set another bath and plunge in and out until he is completely exhausted."

Youthful Chivalry.

The five-year-old son of the Rev. Stephen S. Wise was driving up Fifth avenue, New York, recently with his mother. As they approached the entrance to Central park she called his attention to Saint Gauden's famous work, the equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman led by Victory. "But, mamma," he queried, "why does not the gentleman get off his horse and let the lady ride?"

Don't Parade Your Troubles.

Shakespeare: He bears misery best who hides it most.

Lithographic Stone Quarry.

Stones which are used by the lithographers all over the world in making colored pictures are found in a little district not more than four or five miles long by two or three broad near Nuremberg, in Germany. Quarrying has gone on there for more than a century.

Present Duty.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Woman Who Works.

The woman who works is inevitably a woman who is broad in her views. Her opinions are not riveted to any one spot. Her viewpoint is movable. Her experience in the business mart gives her sympathy for other woman workers. She has learned to accept every friend, new and old, at an honest valuation. She learns to enjoy the society of people who have made something out of life.—Exchange.

The Will and Its Application.

An individual's will is like a big piece of strong machinery; the intellect must direct its workings. The biggest muttonhead on earth can have a strong will; the real strength is in knowing how to use it. All of life's experience goes to teach us that very few arguments, quarrels or distressing situations are worth a fight. Instead of following an impulse to gain revenge, it is always more satisfactory and decent to back up and forget.

Soak Lamp Wicks in Vinegar.

Soaking lamp wicks in vinegar 24 hours before placing in lamp insures a clear flame.

ALASKAN BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA.

Strange Visitors Brought to San Bernardino by Big Storm.

At an early hour this morning several flocks of strange birds numbering thousands came into the city on the wings of a big rain and wind storm, and this morning the bodies of many of the fowl were found lying inert in the downtown streets and in the parks, says a San Bernardino correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. The air was filled last night with cries of strange fowl which, attracted by the electric light, roosted upon the buildings or left exhausted in the streets. Investigation to-day showed that many of the birds were of Alaskan variety, and the only accounting for their presence in this latitude is that they were engaged in a long flight to the southern zones from their northern summer haunts and had been deterred from their route by heavy winds and rains. The most noticeable birds were the northern phalarope and the night herons. The former birds are rarely seen outside of Alaska or in the far south.

Work as Opportunity Offers.

He that waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.—Johnson.

IT'S TIME NOW

To give her that engagement ring if you are to be married in June. We specially mount a large selection of pure white diamonds at a medium price for engagement rings. Of course, we also show extremes in size and price, but our guarantee goes with every one.

ESTABLISHED 1862
Park's
JEWELRY STORE
170 MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Twelve years' experience in the creamery business in Utah puts us in a position to pay the best price for Cream and supply the trade with highest grade Cheese and Butter, on which we took first prize at the State Fair, Salt Lake City, and the Big Four County Fair, Ogden. Write us today.

Blackman & Griffin Co., Ogden, Utah

PATENTS

Advice as to patent-ability and Procedure FREE upon request. Send sketch and description of your invention. Harry J. Robinson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Patents, 304-5 Judge Building, Salt Lake City

CALIFORNIA

Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers

within 24 hours of your very door. It's the place for rest and recreation, health and pleasure. Fishing, Golfing, Automobiling, Yachting and other outdoor sports may be indulged in every day in the winter.

FIFTY DOLLARS ROUND TRIP

is the fare and tickets are good six months for return. Ask the SALT LAKE ROUTE man to tell you how you can go to Southern California and return via San Francisco at a slight additional cost and stop over most anywhere.

Information and tickets, 169 So. Main St., Salt Lake