

NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH

Obtained Through Proper Action of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Josiah Straw, 526 N. Broadway, Canton, So. Dak., says: "I suffered for some time with rheumatic pains in my limbs and was weak and languid. The irregularity of the kidney secretions also caused much annoyance. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I did not have these troubles. They seemed to put new life and strength into my system and helped me in every way. My husband had an experience almost the same, and it is with pleasure that we both recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

WHERE PAT DREW THE LINE.

Patient and Long Suffering, But No Man with a Face Like That Could Work with Him.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on for 11 o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "Smoke-o."

He had just filled his pipe, and was about to light it when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly removing the pipe from his mouth, he said: "Be-e-egorra, I've worked wid Germans and Hungarians, and I've worked wid Ottalians and nayers, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me, I gets up."

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

BRIGHT IDEA.



Miss Citykid—Oh, Willie, wouldn't it be lovely if we could catch one and take it home and tame it?

Cause for Relief.

An Alabama man tells of an unique funeral oration delivered in a town of that state not long ago by a darky preacher.

Now, it seems that the habits of the deceased brother had not been irrevocable, to the great scandal of the worthy pastor of the flock. So, in summing up the case at the funeral, the preacher delivered himself of the following:

"My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last sad respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man, and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we have one consolation, and that is—he's dead."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Swinburne and the Cabman.

In his youthful days Swinburne had a quarrel with a cabman over his fare. The cabman abused the poet mercilessly. Addressing him Swinburne said: "And may I invite you to descend from your perch and hear how a poet can swear?"

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. D. Mitchell* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Two Ways.

"Does Mrs. Gabby disseminate circumjacent information?" "No, she doesn't; she just gossips about the neighborhood."

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By **MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL**

(Copyright, 1906, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal. They attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got \$2,000 prize money. He was called home by Lady Hawkshaw as he was about to "blow in" his earnings with Vernon. At a Hawkshaw party Glyn discovered that Lady Arabella was a poet, but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for Glyn.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
The noise of the controversy was heard all over town, and it was discussed in Berkeley Square as elsewhere. Lady Hawkshaw was no longer a subscriber to Almack's. Not being able to rule it, she had retired, the assembly rooms not being large enough to hold herself and a certain other lady.

Giles had told me that on the evening of the ball he and other gentlemen interested in the victory for Mrs. Trenchard would escort her to the ball. So at eight o'clock I proceeded to the lady's house in Jernyn street, and saw her set forth in state in her chair. She was blazing with diamonds, and looked like a stage duchess. A long company of gentlemen with their swords attended her, and Giles and my Lord Winstanley led the procession. Mrs. Trenchard was the best imitation of a lady I ever saw, as she sat in her chair, smiling and fanning herself, with the linkboys gaping and grinning at her; and the gentlemen, especially such as had had a little more wine than usual, shouting: "Way for Mrs. Trenchard! Make way there!"

Yet it seemed to me as if she were only an imitation, after all, and that Lady Hawkshaw, with her turban and her outlandish French, had much more the genuine air of a great lady. Mrs. Trenchard would go to Almack's on any terms, but Lady Hawkshaw would not go, except she ruled the roost, and fought gallantly with the duchesses and countesses, only retiring from the field because she was one against many.

I followed the merry procession until we got to King street, St. James', where the coaches were four deep, and footmen, in regiments, blockaded the street. Giles and Lord Winstanley were to take Mrs. Trenchard in, and very grand the party looked as they entered. By that time, though, I was very miserable. I remembered that at the same time the next night I might not have my friend. I hung around among the footmen and idlers, watching the lights and listening to the crash of the music, quite unconscious of the flight of time, and was astonished when the ball was over and the people began pouring out. Then, afraid to be caught by Giles, I ran home as fast as my legs could carry me.

When I reached Berkeley Square it was altogether dark, and I realized that I was locked out.

I looked all over the front of the house, and my heart sank. There was a blind alley at one side, and I remembered that in it opened the window of Sir Peter's study, as he called it, although, as I have said, it was more like the cubby-hole of the Ajax than any other place I can call to mind. The window was at least 20 feet from the ground, but a waterspout ran up the wall beside it, and to a midshipman, used to going out on the topsail-yard, it was a trifle to get up to the window. I climbed up, softly tried the window, and to my joy found it open. In another minute I was standing inside the room. I had my flint and steel in my pocket, and I groped about until I found a candle, which I lighted.

I had often been in the room before, but its grotesque appearance struck me afresh, and I could not forbear laughing, although I was in no laughing mood. There was a regular ship's transom running around the wall. The whole room was full of the useless odds and ends that accumulate on board a ship, all arranged with the greatest neatness and economy of space, and there was not one single object in the room which could possibly be of the slightest use on shore. I looked around to see how I could make myself comfortable for the night, and, opening a locker in the wall, I found a collection of old boat-cloaks of Sir Peter's, in every stage of

dilapidation, but all laid away with the greatest care. Taking one for my pillow and two more for my coverlet, I lay down on the transom and, blowing out the candle, was soon in a sound sleep.

I was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the chiming of a neighboring church bell, and at the same moment I saw the door to the room noiselessly open, and Lady Arabella Stormont enter, carrying a candle which she shaded with her hand. I involuntarily covered my head up, thinking she had probably come in search of something, and would be alarmed if a man suddenly jumped from the pile of boat-cloaks. But she went to a glass door which led out upon a balcony, with stairs into the garden, and unlocked the door. I had completely forgotten about these stairs, not being familiar with the room, when I climbed up and got in through the window.

Presently I heard a step upon the stairs, and before the person who was coming had time to knock Lady Arabella opened the door. The rosy dawn of a clear June morning made it light outside, but inside the room it was quite dark, except for the candle carried by Lady Arabella.

A man entered, and as soon as he was in the room, she noiselessly locked the door, and, unseen by him, put the key in her pocket.

As he turned and the candlelight fell upon his face I saw it was Philip Overton. Amusement was pictured in his face, and his voice, too, when he spoke.

"I was sent for in haste, by Sir Peter, just now," he said, with some confusion.

At which Lady Arabella laughed, as if it were a very good joke that he should find her instead of Sir Peter. Meanwhile, my own chaos of mind prevented me from understanding fully what they were saying; but I gathered that Lady Arabella had devised some trick, in which she had freely used Sir Peter Hawkshaw's name, to get Overton there in that manner and in that room. Sir Peter was such a very odd fish that no one was surprised at what he did. It was no use striving not to listen—they were not five feet



Opening a Locker I Found a Collection of Old Boat Cloaks of Sir Peter's.

from me—and I lay there in terror, realizing that I was in a very dangerous position. I soon discovered that Overton's reputation for lately-acquired Methodistical piety had not done away with a very hot temper. He was enraged, as only a man can be who is entrapped, and demanded at once of Lady Arabella to be let out of the glass door, when he found it locked. She refused to tell him where the key was, and he threatened to break the glass and escape that way.

"Do it then, if you wish," she cried, "and rouse the house and the neighborhood, and ruin me if you will. But before you do it, read this, and then know what Arabella Stormont can do for the man she loves!"

She thrust a letter into his hand, and slipping out of the door to the corridor, as swiftly and silently as a swallow in its flight, she locked it after her; Overton was a prisoner in Sir Peter's room. He tore the letter open, read the few lines it contained, and then threw it down with an oath. The next minute he caught sight of me; in my surprise I had forgotten all my precautions, and had half risen.

"You hound!" he said. "Are you in this infernal plot?" And he kicked the boat-cloaks off me.

"I am not," said I, coolly, recalled to myself by the term he had used to ward me: "and neither am I a hound. You will kindly remember to account to me for that expression, Capt. Overton."

"Read that," he cried, throwing Lady Arabella's letter toward me. I think he meant not to do a dishonorable thing in giving me the letter to read, but it was an act of involuntary rage. It read this: I know that you were to fight Mr. Vernon at eight o'clock this morning, therefore I beguiled you here; for your life is dearer to me than anything in heaven and earth; and I will not let you out until that very hour, when it will be too late for you to get to Twickenham. You will not dare to raise a commotion in the house at this hour, which would ruin us both. But by the jeopardy in which I placed myself this night, you will know how true is the love of ARABELLA STORMONT. I confess that the reading of this letter made me a partisan of Overton; for surely no more unhandsome trick was ever played upon a gentleman. There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait for eight o'clock. Sir Peter's family were late risers, and there was little danger of detection at that hour. So we sat and gazed at each other, mute before the mystery of the good and evil in a woman's

love. I confess the experience was new to me.

"You will bear me witness, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "that I am detained here against my will; but I think it a piece of good fortune that you are detained with me."

"I will bear witness to nothing, sir," I replied, "until you have given me satisfaction for calling me a hound just now."

"Dear sir, pray forget that hasty expression. In my rage and amazement just now I would have called the commander-in-chief of the forces a hound. Pray accept every apology that a gentleman can make. I was quite beside myself, as you must have seen."

I saw that he was very anxious to conciliate me; for upon my testimony alone would rest the question of whether he voluntarily or involuntarily failed to appear at the meeting arranged for eight o'clock.

I also perceived the strength of my position, and a dazzling idea presented itself to my mind.

"I will agree," said I, "to testify to everything in your favor, if you will but promise me not to—not to—" I hesitated, ashamed to express my womanish fears for Giles Vernon's life; but he seemed to read my thoughts.

"Do you mean not to do Mr. Vernon any harm in the meeting which will, of course, take place the instant it can be arranged? That I promise you; for I never had any personal animosity toward Mr. Vernon. His blow, like my words just now, was the outburst of passion, and not a deliberate insult."

I was overjoyed at this; and as I sat, grinning in my delight, I must have been in strong contrast to Overton, in the very blackness of rage.

The minutes dragged slowly on, and we heard the clock strike six and seven. The dim light of a foggy morning stole in at the windows. Not a soul was stirring in the house; but on the stroke of eight a light step fluttered near the outer door. It was softly unlocked, and Lady Arabella entered, carefully locking the door on the inside, after her, this time. In the ghostly half-light Overton rose and saluted her with much ceremony.

"Lady Arabella Stormont," he said, "you have delayed the meeting between Mr. Vernon and myself just 24 hours. To do it you have put my honor in jeopardy, and that I shall not soon forget. I beg you to open the glass door and allow me to bid you farewell."

She stopped, as if paralyzed for a moment, when I, knowing the key to be in her pocket, deftly fished it out, and opened the door, and Overton walked out. She could not stop me—I was too quick for her—but she ran after me, and fetched me a box on the ear, which did more than sting my cheek and my pride. It killed, in one single instant of time, the boyish love I had had for her ever since the first hour I had seen her. I own I was afraid to retaliate as a gentleman should, by kissing her violently; but dashing on, I sped down the steps outside, after Overton, not caring to remain alone with the Lady Arabella. I saw her no more that day, nor until the afternoon of the next day. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER ENGLISH MILK WAGONS. Gorgeous Floats with Brass Churns and Ben Hur Drivers.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see that glorious chariot called a milk float go by—that gay bit of a two-wheeled thing, white and yellow, white and blue, or red, white and blue, with the shining brass churn erect at the side, the reins coming over the shining brass rail in front, the little square seat inserted at the rear, and the charioteer standing at the back like Ben Hur and driving as much like that hero as—in a modern town where even motor cars are unknown—is practicable.

Then the English milkman who comes on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders, and swinging at each side a brass-bound tin pail, in which is a queer little measuring dipper. Who could wish to have milk delivered in glass bottles, with a paper-sealed top, when he can have it measured at his door into his own jug in this quaintly curious fashion? What do microbes amount to when compared with the joy of the medieval!

Unreasonable Hubby.

In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when she broke in upon the conversation and exclaimed: "By the by, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, indignant at the indifference of his wife, exclaimed, angrily: "What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm not likely to need any o' them." "Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warden with a wag of her head, "our John's huffed because he's gaunt to be hanged the morn," and marched out of the cell.

Ruined the Cream.

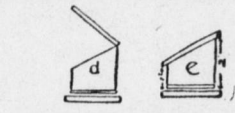
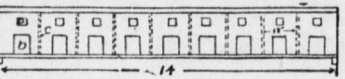
"You dislike the automobiles that dash past here?" interrogated the windmill agent. "Wal, I should say so," drawled the old farmer as he shook his fist at a rapidly vanishing machine. "Those siren horns are blood curdling I suppose." "Worse than that, stranger; they are milk curdling. Curdle all the milk in the dairy, begosh."



NEST FOR HENS AND CHICKS.

Plan for Keeping the Chickens Separated While Laying and Sitting.

I have a set of nests for sitting hens that is cheap and keeps each hen where she belongs, says a writer in Farm and Home. Take two 12-inch boards 14 feet long for bottom and nail them to 2x4 crosspieces, to raise it off



Front and Side View of Nests.

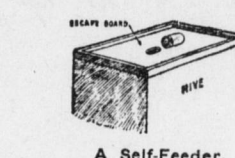
the ground. Then two 12-inch boards 14 feet long for front and one for the back. Make partitions, C, every 18 inches. Put on a top like a lid, as shown at D, with three hinges on front side, so it can be raised from the back. Cover the top with tin or roofing paper. Cut a hole, B, in front of each division seven inches square for hen to enter, and put the doors on hinges.

Also cut a hole, A, in top of each place four-inch square for ventilation, and hinge so it will drop down. Nail screen over top hole on inside, so when left open at night nothing can get in. Set it under a shed in early spring or out of doors as the season advances and set the hens in it. When they hatch remove the old nest, tack a lath across the opening, B, to confine the hen, and you have an ideal coop for the young chicks.

BEES STIMULATED BY FEED.

Nothing of More Vital Importance in Securing Satisfactory Surplus Than Healthy Colony.

There is probably nothing of more vital importance in securing a satisfactory surplus than having populous, healthy colonies at the opening of the flow, says a writer in Farm and Home. A strong colony will easily store twice the surplus of a medium one, and a weak colony during harvest is merely an ornament to the apiary. If the flow is late and some honey has been coming in regularly most colonies should, perhaps, of themselves build up and be ready for honey gathering. Should, however, the flow come early and outside conditions be unfavorable for



A Self-Feeder.

rapid breeding, a good share of the apiary, if left to their own devices, may be utterly worthless as far as storing surplus is concerned.

There are two times during which feeding to stimulate breeding may be desirable. One of these is before fruit bloom, and the other is in the interval between it and clover. Previous to fruit bloom there is not so much to be gained, but highly beneficial results can often be obtained by experienced beekeepers. Beginners wishing to try the earlier feeding should limit the test to a small part of the apiary.

THE BEES ARE SHORT LIVED.

The Life of This Industrious Little Worker is Placed at One Month.

The life of a working bee is but a month, so at the end of winter the old bees rapidly die from old age. Various means are used to secure a force of young bees, such as spreading and equalizing brood, etc. Judicious stimulative feeding is safer and more reliable than all the rest, says a writer in Farm and Home. With a young, vigorous queen, a colony reduced to a mere handful can usually by this method be built up in an amazingly short time. Stirring up the bees during early spring is always a heavy drain upon their energies and to avoid doing so the feeding should be done at night. If the weather be chilly the feed should be given warm. Do not attempt to feed during the day. Once stimulative feeding is begun three must be no stops till the weather becomes warm and settled and honey is coming in regularly. Erratic feeding is decidedly unprofitable.

The Cause of Limberneck.

Limberneck with chickens is caused by the birds eating decaying flesh or filth containing maggots. The maggots lodge in the throats of the birds, causing paralysis of the muscles of the neck and consequent inability to swallow food. When affected, the chicken remains inactive in one place for days at a time, without control of its neck or head. Since there is no longer power to take food or drink, it gradually dies of starvation and perhaps slow poisoning. Very few that become afflicted ever recover. Not much can be done with a chicken suffering with limberneck. Soft bread soaked with turpentine or kerosene is said to be effective in removing the cause, if the case is taken in time.

For the Spelling Class. "I prophesy an agreeable ecstasy in perceiving the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed postilion while gauging the symmetry of a potato peeled by a sibil." Dictate this sentence and find how many of your friends will be able to spell it aright!

The Secret Out.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

Nearly all of the world's supply of asbestos comes from Canada.

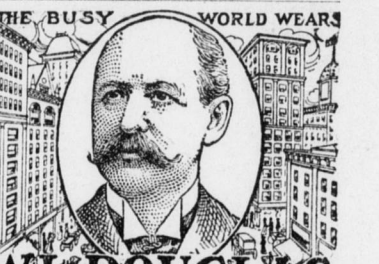


LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriment and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

The use of Libby's Insures Pure, Rich, Wholesome, Healthful Milk that is Superior in Flavor and Economical in Cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the Purest, Freshest, High-grade Milk Obtained from Selected Carefully Fed Cows. It is pasteurized and then Evaporated, (the water taken out) filled into Bright, New Tins, Sterilized and Sealed Air Tight until You Need It.



W.L. DOUGLAS \$300 SHOES \$350

The Reason I Make and Sell More Men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes Than Any Other Manufacturer is because I give the wearer the benefit of the most complete organization of trained experts and skilled shoemakers in the country. The selection of the leathers for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making, in every department, is looked after by the best shoemakers in the shoe industry. If I could show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make. My Method of Finishing the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any other. Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere. CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and style stamped on bottom. Best color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalogue Mailed Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 167 SPARK STREET, BRUCCTON, MASS.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Dr. J. C. Ayer* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

