LOAFING ON A SUMMER DAY, bulls' abode was in the fat of

day was lapsing swiftly, half way
from dawn to noon,
the breeze it sang, "O, lasy boy,
what makes you tired so soon?"

The people did
even held the gi
ethook while she

the lazy boy was silent, and he

haw and raffed the thrush's song; of the window, and with the help of For the whole glad day he had to loaf, half a dozen other feminine voices he and himself together,
While all the mouths of nature blew the

flutes of fairy weather. done, its drudgery ended well, been robbed!"

And now the sunny holiday had caught Mr. Trumbu

that slantwise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the

dream, and chew a straw, cathird in the haw!

******************* Cupid with a Jimmy

HEN John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. ly. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was settled by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being not!" still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 have her way, with the result that he revolver. Then he tried the diningwas being henpecked to the queen's

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trum- when he was a lad at school. bull gradually awakened to the onesided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, down intellect, fancied that it would little tyrant of a wife and looked her not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that in the eyes. she was at all fond of him. Some old man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose-it stuck up of its own ac- and he'd never have known it. cord by the way-and went her usual

the smartest, cleverest woman in the of dietating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive, and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it, the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell her best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same-

faithful, adoring, enduring, One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went downtown to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid, and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old-time vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old-time tactics, Mrs. John would in turn comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was solled on the edge. John's heart would sink and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to wa against anyone, he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went out for a walk. Some times he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipations. One Sunday afternoon, when he and

his old friend were discussing some particular exciting college scrimmage that had taken place fifteen years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the 'phone. "Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please. I let Sadle take baby over to your mother's and everybody in the building is out and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous." "All right dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was dis tracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbul had recovered from her nervousness and was peeking out from behind window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trum-

The lary boy sprawled on his back and she was unable to get into the house. wishing he were the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high;

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'am, I'll go through that slantwise sailed on high;

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pock-etbook while she clambered from one window to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a slowly chewed a straw,

Vaguely mindful of the thrush that whisthe court? No. The sounds that came And half aware of the bleating sheep and of the browsing kine scattered over slumbering hills to the horizon live scattered over slumbering hills to point came a shrick, such as the stam heroine gives vent to when the villain Happy, happy was the boy a-dreaming gets after her with a butcher knife. It sweet and long,

was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited

Fanned by the breeze that tossed the half a second, then stuck her head out called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The year's great treadmill round was squeals winding up with: "The flat's

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see him in its spell,

Bo that he longed, a lazy lout, up-squinting at the sky,

And wished he was the long-winged bird bears out into the hall and down the brary out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. wages of the strong;

Sweet is the hum of labor's hire, and Her teeth were chattering, and her sweet the workman's song; hands were busy with each other. She once a year a lad must loaf, and curied up on the divan and looked at hands were busy with each other. She her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen win-They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And the silver's all gone, and the homeoh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've robes."

John continued to read his Spencer "That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very sofdy. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be seare stiff if you weren't here." John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting

trip, will you?" "Well-II-II," he drawled uncertain might come in and take my old candle

stick, or the baby, or my grandmother's set of chins. And-I'm not a bit afraid when you're here. Honest, I'm John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on whom he had wooed and won, let her the floor and went and looked at his

> room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did He walked back and forth through

She giggled hysterically and ran be lady had told her once that when a fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so

"Dear," John said softly, "I never pace of bullyragging and worrying knew before that there was any place him. She would do this, she would do for me in this house, that I filled any hanging on the fence?" that-what John thought didn't mat- want here. But now I find that I am sidered that dainty wife of his quite but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after. Or Times-Herald.

The American College at Rome. The American villa stands on land that once formed part of two villag one telenging to Clodina and the other to Titus Sextius Gallus. Of the historic temple there is but little left to-day. A road, paved in the antique style with large polygonal blocks of lava well and closely set together, leads from the adloining Applan way to this temple, and scattered here and there, the bases of six." columns and slabs of pavement, are all He was so proud and happy he began peperino stone are standing here, but shed his song she chirped softly: "Rob commemorate events or persons con-nected with the recent proprietors of great deal better that our other nexts the villa. On one of them is an inscrip were blown away, for I think this is tion in Italian referring to the day of the very nicest place we could have for suffrage for the soul of Prince Don our home."-Home and Education. Domenico Orsini (3d July, 1874), whose children came here Glacinta, Filippo,

Hulla-with a number of his sephews. nother column bears an inscription rehere were brought here the mortal rea ns of Taolo Giordano Rodolfo Or-Crainis who owned the villa, and they ciate chiefly to death and sorrow .-Catholic World Magazine.

Li hten the Postman's Load. A reform which is being pushed in England is intended to lighten the burens of the postman. The people whe rite are earnestly requested to use ight-weight paper and never two theets where one would be sufficient. The promoters of the reform have some formidable figures to illustrate what the total r. duction in weight would be if the suggestions were carried out.

Couch Bath.

The latest combination in furnitues is the couch bath. On the top of the couch being removed, which can be done very easily, a regulation bathtub is disclosed, with a water tap at the pillow end of the couch.

A Neighborly Weakness.

Mrs. A.—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing? Mrs. B. (innocently)-Yes, a good endangering the tail feathers by turndeal. My neighbors don't seem to have ing. anything I want

Professional Sarcasm. Young Doctor-Congratulate me, old man. I'm just preparing to visit my first patient. Young Lawyer-Good! I'll go with

you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will. "Our doors and windows have

creens, so we sit out on the porch in

"The flies all stay on the screens

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM

venile Members of Bvery Househ of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Another nest sone! O dear! O dear! I was just afraid that high wind last night would carry it away, because I couldn't finish fastening it to the branch. This makes the second time we've lost our home in the same way. Here it is May day and our home is not done yet. I certainly thought we should have been ready to have gone to

housekeeping by this time."
"Why! why! little wife, what's the natter?" said Mr. Bobin Bedbreast, flying back from his hunt for worms. "Don't you see, Bobin? All our

work's gone for nething." "Phow! This is rather bed. However, don't be discouraged, dear; it might have been a great deal worse, What if all our eggs had been in there? Here, eat this nice, fat worm I've prought for you. I'm sure it will make

"But, Robin, Bluebird and his mate looked as if they were going to begin Rummaging and skirmishing through th their nest ever so long ago. I expect it's all ready to live in now. Deary me, I can't bear to be so late."
"Yes, I know; but we've done the

purselves about that. Anyway, I've awful folly; been thinking that this willow tree Secreting the bric-a-brac, cleaning off the was not a good place for a nest. The wind gets at it too easily, and Mr. Bee old me yesterday that the leaves would never grow close enough togethr to protect us much. Perhaps it's ust as well the nest did go before it was ready for our eggs. Come, let's fly up to the orchard and see if we can't find a cherry tree. Mr. Bee says a cherry tree makes a very pleasant Oddest Thing Ever Offered to Himnome for robine." "Why, so it will! I had forgotten

how well we all liked cherries last to me," said a pawnbroker, "was a ummer. We'll go this misute, Robin, so that we can begin to build again." tree for the new house, as there were to many from which to choose, in Mr. a medical student who wanted money Vernon's orchard. A large one near just then more than he wanted the the barn seemed to suit the pair best. anything should happen, we could take our young ones right in there, and take it. But that will give you some they'd be all safe."

From the barn window, Mary, Florence and Fred were quietly but eagerwatching the robins.

"Oh! it's too nice for anything to have them make their nest right here, where we can see how they do every bit of it, isn't it. Plorence?" whispered Fred. "Let's come sevry day to watch them."

And so they did; but the robins did their bit of a flat and held his head up not mind them at all. They knew the being selfish and possessing a thistlekind friends. "We're all done, Robin," said Mrs.

Redbreast some days later, "except putting the soft wool inside. Do you think we'd better ask the old sheep for crazy with love for her that she could some of hers? I know she would be have pulled out every hair of his head perfectly willing to give it, for Dobbin let us have all the horse hairs we wanted out of his tail." "I'll see about it: but what's that

"It looks like wool!" exclaimed Mrs. But, as said before, a change finally bless that man that stole those things threads. "It is, indeed!-just exactly came over John's heart. He still condownstairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, what we wanted. Now we can finish the nest before bed time." "Florence! Fred! Come up quick!"

world, but, strange to say, he was be- had for a week, as the burglary only railed Mary, as she heard her cousins coming aware of her peculiar powers took place that far back.—Chicago at the foot of the stairs the next morning. "They've used our wool! Look! isn't it pretty?-red, white and blue? don't believe robins ever had a flag nest before!" "But, Mary, I should like to know

why Mrs. Robin is staying there instead of flying off for her breakfast. Here comes Mr. Robin, and-why, he's he offers is often taken into account. feeding her!"

indicates the honor in which it was a start, nodded his head very wisely, down on the counter. Of course, he held and the frequency of visits to it. 15 much as to say. "You're right; an makes mistakes in this, but he takes A few low walls in reticulated work, egg is in there—a beautiful light blue the chances, and I suppose he ofte

that is left of this suburban shrine to to sing with all his might. Little Mrs. which the women of the neighborhood Robin looked lovingly up at him from and want to borrow \$15; and very likethronged of old. Three columns of her warm resting place, and as he finthey are of very recent date, exected to in, dear, I won't be jealous of the Blue-

The Most Sensitive of Birds

The eagle, our American bird of liberty, is a very hardy and self-assertive creature. It is fearless and keen after rame, and it will fight man if cornered or if its nest is disturbed by him. If s'ni. These are family memorials of the laken captive it makes the best of cirrumstances and thrives if given suffisient food to gratify its appetite. Quite a characteristic American, you may say, representing the kind of liberty that knows how to take care of itself. How different is the delicate bird pictured on the postage stamps of Gautemala and used by the people of the South American republic as a sympol of liberty. This frail creature. called the "quissel," dies immediately if captured. So irksome is any sort of cestraint to it that if liberated after being held for a few seconds it will fly a few feet and then drop to the groundead. Attempts have been made to trap it alive, but it is always found dead in the cage. If the young are taken from the nest they die imme diately. The bird has beautiful plumage, the most striking features of which are two extremely long tall feathers and a superb crest on its head. So sensitive is the bird that if

one of its tail feathers is broken it hides itself in its nest and dies of grief. The nest resembles a muff in grief. The nest resembles a muff in form, having holes at opposite ends and a covered top; this is to enable the vances in knowledge. and a covered top; this is to enable the bird to get on and off its nest without

Do Your Best, A minister tells how when a boy he was a great whistier, and sometime whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, says

an exchange, he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: "Is that the best you can whistle?" swings then as easily as a star. "No." said the minister; "can you

The boy said he could, and the minster sald:

"Well, let's hear you." The little fellow began his whistle, and then insisted that the unintereshould try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good

White the same as he shows they to

Well, if you can whistle bet well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"
Sure enough, why should not anyone do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slip-shod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every boy and girl try to do their best, whether in whistling singless markets. whether in whistling, singing, working, or playing; and whatever they do, let them do it heartly .- National Advocate.



musty closets, Bringing dustily to light all their old de-

coking for a trundle chair, seeking for a best we could, and we'll not trouble Resurrecting broken toys, seems

> Starting up the furnace fires, hunting What a seeming lot of fo When my married sister Bessie's baby

makes a visit. CHAT WITH THE PAWNBROKER

Business Is Not All Profit
"The oddest thing I over had offered skeleton; and I didn't take it. I hadn't any doubt that it was all right, that It took some time to find just the the man that offered it owned it and skeleton. But I didn't know anything about the value of skeletons, and how much to advance on it, and so I didn't sort of an idea of the variety of things that the pawnbroker has offered to

"Of course you understand that not all pawnbrokers take everything; there are men who advance money on nothing but watches and lewelry and diamonds and pictures and that sort of thing, and who wouldn't give anything on the handsomest satin-lined overcoat that ever was, because it isn't in their line. They have no place to put such things; no conveniences for taking care of them. And then there are pawnbrokers doing a general business who take all sorts of things, watches and

sanjos, boxing gloves and silver spoons, practically anything and everything that offers. They might occasionally run across something that they wouldn't take, as I did with the skeleton, but not often; there's practically nothing but what they will take, and practically nothing but what is offered at one time and another.

"On some things the amount my money back on if I had to sell them. You'd suppose it would be easy for the pawnbroker to give on a thing no more than he could get for it if he had to sell it, and so it would be; but, as a matter of fact, he may give more than he could get back. He would be governed by circumstances, and by his udgment of the person offering the

"The question of whether a man who wants a loan is likely to redeem what It is a common thing for the pawn-"I know what it is, Florence," cried broker to look at the man, maybe a Fred; "there's an egg in that nest, as stranger, and lend on his judgment of the man as well as on his knowledge And Mr. Redbreast, looking up with of the value of the thing the man puts formed of tufa, some square blocks one—and in five days more there'll be gets it right than not. There might ome in here, you, or anybody, needing oney, with an old-fashloned key-wind ing watch that I could not get \$10 for ly I'd lend it, though I know I never could get my money back if the watch wasn't redeemed. But I know, or I think I know, at a glance, whether he will redeem the watch or not, what sort of a man he is, and how much he values the watch for its associations; and I go according to his judgment. "No doubt, as a general proposition the pawnbroken sets out to lend or things no more than he could sell them

for: there are times when instead of making money he loses it; what he tries to do is to get a profit as the net result."-Chicago Inter Ocean. Making Morses have been pa-Spectacles for horses have been pa-Making Horses Step High.

tented by an inventor, and are be used with considerable success. Their object is not so much to magnify ob lects as to make the ground in front of the horse appear nearer to his head than it really is. The result is continual high stepping, which, after awhile becomes natural, and gives to a horse an aristocratic gait, which he will retain for many years.

Jell-O, the New Dessert.

Happiness may resemble either mountain or a molehili. It depends the distance you are from it. To Cure a Cold in One Day

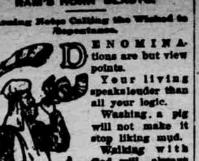
Take LAXATIVE BRONG QUININE TABLETS. Al-druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes; "3 and Hall's Catarra Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 76c.

We will never have clean streets in a great city until somebody wants the I do not believe Pice's Cure for Consum has an equal for coughs and colds—for Boyen, Trinity Springs, Ind., Pek 15, 1008.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and

PISO SCUR STOR



stop liking myd.
Welking with
God will always
lead you toward What you are b

A cigar is usually a bar-magnet. The nourished soul makes steady

fiattery. Nothing can be done till the past Power with man proceeds from power

He who leves felly may well listen to

nen depends on what God is to you.

Only a fool forgets his folly.

with God. A man is never poorer for the questions be asks.

We are punished by our sins rather than for them. When the devil is sure of you he will let you alone.

The stilts of pride do not help in the A greed may be either a compass o a strait-lacket.

The saddest truth is less severe than

the merriest lie. Conscience is the better man within the best of men. The biggest coward is the one who i

afraid to do right. The sun is always shining to the man who walks by faith.

We all hate self when we see it cro out in somebody else. Christ's rule is everywhere, but His one is in the heart. The Bible is the mirror of conscience

held up to man's heart. A short prayer will get to heave quicker than a long one. The harm of a creed is in converting

it from a staff into a club. The perfect man in Christ was before imperfect one in Adam.

No parent weeps over the fact tha the boy outgrows his clothes. Every time you turn your eyes of evil its shadow falls on your heart.

The way to flee from the justice of God is to flee to the justice of God. It will hurt you more to live a day without prayer than to live it without bread.

One reason why Job did not get en tirely in the dark was because he kept It is better even to stumble along in the right road than to step firm in the

wrong one. Many a man fights for his creed who ever thinks of carrying an umbrella for his wife.

Better the pessimism that persists against odds than the optimism that makes no effort at all. It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight

of a mole hill? The nation holds open the front door things in safe that I never should get of the saloon while the devil tends the back door, that leads to the gutter, the

brothel and hell. What Ran Across the Flour? A Lake View father had impressed his little son with the value of observ ing things and reporting anything that seemed strange and interesting Though not more than 5 years old, he had already taken his father's advice although his reported discoveries of s halo around the moon and the manner in which the hens scratched up the early vegetables were more enthusiastic than valuable. The other day he came running in to his father in great

excitement and said: "Oh. papa. I just seed something run cross the kitchen floor!" "Rats!" exclaimed his father

"No, it wasnt wats." "Cats?" "No, it wasn't cats, either."

"A dog-a bowwow? "No," he continued, in go uszling his father. "You ?" "No."

"Brother Tommy?" "Lattle sister?" "No. It was something that heart any legs. "A WOFM?

"A snake?" "No, it wasn't a snake." By this time the boy had excited his father's curlosity, but exhausted his knowledge. So he had to say:

"What was it? I can't guess." "Why, papa, it was just some water."

An Antec Eight Feet Ball Prof. Moorhead, the archaeologist who has been exploring an Astec ruin three miles west of Phoenix, Aris., has discovered portions of the skeleton of human being whose stature be computes to have been about eight feet. He has also some well-preserved potery and other utensils used by the early dwellers in the valley, and which he found in the ruins. The professor is working in the interest of an Heatern museum.

Instructions in Bread-Making. Secretary Wilson has undertaken to teach the women of this country how to make good bread. He has prepared and published a bulletin which will be sent to all who apply to the Agricultural Department for copies. It begins with the kernel of wheat and gives both a scientific and a popular descrip-tion of its properties and the way to use it to the best advantage.

Diamond Cutt-re in Ameterdam There are ninety-two firms in Amserdam registered as diamond cutters. In one 850 to 400 workmen are constan-

ening to be led into tempta-The telephone has conferred more enefits upon mankind than all the colitical orators that ever talked

Some women are near-sighted, but hey manage to hear all that's mo



Bersens have heir that is stubbern and dull. It won't

4 the reason? Hafr needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots re-quire feeding. When hair stops growing it ies lus-ter. It

acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all

looks Hal

dandruff is removed. And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Viger, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to recommend it to my friends." Sept. 24, 1808. Business If you do not obtain all the benefits viger, write the Doctor about it.

DE. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

~~~~~

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Made a Husband by a Trick. By a trick Annie Van Doorn, of Passnic. N. J., several years ago was marled to John Duncan, while she firmly believed that she was being made the wife of John Martin, whose best man pay the costs of this advertisement. Duncan was to have been. On Friday, in this city, she was married to Duncan

The mix-up in the first ceremony is charged to Martin. Duncan had been celebrating, and was in a confused condition. Young Miss Van Doorn was also confused because the arrangements seemed to have been unduly hurried, and she was aware of Duncan's condition. The party went to Rev. George M. Dorwart, who had been engaged by Martin to perform the ceremony. Miss Warn Doorn the ceremony. Miss Doorn stood between Dun an and Keys to health, vigor, success and hapcharged to Martin. Duncan had been Van Doorn stood between Dun an and

Several years afterward, when Mar tin refused in any way to longer recognize her as his wife, she discovered that on that memorable night she had really been married to Duncan, and that Martin himself posed as best man. There was a separation, several unsattest from Duncan, who had not been a party to the trick. Then Duncan went to South America and remained for several years. When he returned his first act was to make Annie Van Doorn really his wife.-New York Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for childre cething, softens the gums, reducing inflamm on, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

It is strange how often some peop

The stomach has to work hard, grind-ing the food we crowd into it. Make its work easy by chewing Beeman's Pepsin The politicians have a greater des to rule badly than the people have to

Rev. J. R. Bridges, Columbia, Mo. says: Please send me one bottle of Frey's Vermifuge. None to be had

cattle and men have two kinds of marketable weight—live and dead weight.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

HE BET ON A DEAD SURE THING からからかのかいかい Traveler Knew if Accident Occurred on a Treatle Wager Would Be Off. "Speaking of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveler at the Cosmopolitan yesterday, "I am re-minded of a curious experience and

incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going West over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow passengers in the Pullman was a race-horse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story-teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading everything up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society. Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposits, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire sonally, others by mall, when all of a sudden the whole car was And this has been going shaken by a series of swift and heavy

"We both realised instantly what had happened. The train had jumped the track, and was at that moment bumping its way over the ties preliminary to heaven only knew what kind of a plunge. We were at that time in a part of Kansas that is full of ravines and guilles and short bridges are of frequent occurrence. That disquieting fact flashed into our minds simul tanously. 'Bet y' a hundred we're on a trestle!' yelled the Louisville man above the pounding of the wheels. 'Take y'!' I yelled back, and with that the coach gave a sickening lurch and rolled completely over. When I extricated myself from a broken window I found we had stopped on level ground, and, while everybody was more or less cut and bruised, no one was killed. I encountered my Kentucky friend wandering about the wreck, and he promptly handed me a \$100 bill. 'What made you take me up so quick? he asked. 'Because if we had been on a trestle we would all have been killed,' I replied, 'and you couldn't have collected the bet. I stood to win, but not to lose.' 'That's so,' he said regretfully. 'Next time this happens I'll take the other end.' "-New Orleans Time-Democrat.

An Honest Finder. A South Missouri paper contains this announcement: "Found, a pocketbook containing a sum of money. The owner advertiser to keep the cash, and will Apply early to this office or the offer be withdrawn and the money

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cents keys to health, vigor, success and hap

olown in."

A well-bred man is not one with

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