The big Stanford stock farm at Palo Alto, Cal., is now arranged on a basis where is can be run almost forever the entire revenue going to the univer-bity. At the time of Senator Stan-ford's death there were 1463 horses in That number has been sys tematically reduced till now there are

There Is a Class of People There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently
there has been placed in all the grocery stores
a new preparation called Grain-O, made of
pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.
The most delicate stomach receives it without
distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It
does not cost over ½ as much. Children may
drink it with great benefit. 15 ots. and 25 cts.
per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

Statistics which have been collected in Wisconsin show the average cost of raising wheat to be fifty-four cents a bushel and the cost of corn twenty-seven cents. In both cases there are in-cluded interest on the value of the land, with the cost of implements and horses added in.

Ask your groeer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 3/4 the price of coffee. 15 and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers. Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

When there is company for dinner, a woman regards it as a feature of hospitality to scold her husband for forgetting to give one guest gravy, and not insisting that another guest

Lanc's Family Medicine
Moves the bowels each day. In order to
be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on
the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache.
Price 25 and 50 cents.

Hartford's new steam patrol wagon, which cost \$2500, weighs 3000 pounds and is operated at an expense of two and a half cents per mile. It is of twelve horse power, and runs from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once, delays are dangerous.

While the established belt adapted to the cultivation of the prune ex-tends from the State of Washington to Arizona, by far the larger percentage of the product is yielded by California.

WHAT IS OVARITIS?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money, and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symp-



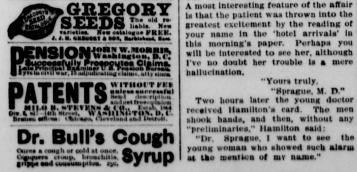
Her experience in treating fetoms. Her experience in treating fe-male ills is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physi-cian thought an operation would be necessary.

necessary.
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

pound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—Mrs. ANNA ASTON, Troy, Mo.





THE STORY OF A LOVE STORY.

By Henry Irving Dodge.

"Hello, Mr. Writer-man."

"Hello, editor."
"What have you got for us today?"
"My opinion in the case."

'What case?" "Don't you remember? The other day you said you had received a story that was so bad that it was good, and that you were half inclined to print it as a sample of the stuff you receive daily and are actually expected to pub-You asked me what I thought of scheme—" The writer-man scheme-

"Well?" interrogatively.
"Well; I've embodied my opinion in a

story. Here it is."

The red-faced man with the yellow mustache and blue eyes put a tanned hand into an inner pocket, drew out a manuscript and handed it to the elegantly groomed Harvard man at the desk.

"Read it." he said. Mansfield settled himself comfort-ably and read

"The Story of a Love Story."

Once upon a time there was a brilliant editor of a famous magazine; there was also a writer-man whom the editor liked and whose stories hated to reject; but the safety of the magazine demanded it. It happened one day that the editor was sore per-plexed about a matter, and he called the writer-man in to help him out.

"Briggs," said he, "I have a story that is so bad that it is good. It is a splendid specimen of the 'rot' that is sent us. I want to use it as a sample of the sort of thing we get—of the drivel we are expected to publish—it's a love story."

"Has it no uplifting cynicism to redeem it?" asked Briggs satirically.
"No, it's sheer flubdub, balderdash

food for fools." 'Who wrote it? Some foolish old

woman, I suppose."

The editor knitted his brows.
"No," he replied; "a young woman

wrote it—a school teacher."
"Young, beautiful and a school teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see the story. Ah, it has two good traits— it's beautifully typewritten and it smells of roses." After a few minutes he handed the story back with a weary smile. He pondered a moment, then his face brightened.

"How do you know she's young?" he asked. The editor unlocked a private drawer.

"She wrote me a short letter giving a sketch of her life, and telling me how she came to write the story. wish the letter were longer—I'd pub-lish it instead of the other. It's in tensely interesting. It seems she has suffered the same as the rest of us. She also sent her photograph; here it Imagine that face associated with such rot. It seems a sacrilege."

"Horrible," commented Briggs sol-

emnly.
"She lives in B-ville, Texas," continued the editor.
"How shall you arrange with her?"

asked Briggs. "You must, of course, give your reason for publishing the story. I shouldn't feel greatly flattered if you were to use any of my stuff for such a scheme as that. It's brutal."

"I know it is. But there is such fierce competition between us editors we must employ eccentric methods when we fail of original."

"You must even descend to breaking of a girl's heart," said Briggs.
Hamilton flushed. "I am not going
to publish her name, and I'll pay her as much as I would Howells or Kip-

Briggs smiled. "My dear boy, you might as well try to console a mother for the loss of her child by telling her that no one would know it was her's that died. It's not the world she cares for—it's her pet, and she'll mourn over it all the more on account of its friendlessness. You don't know women, but you should know authors. An author's story may be deformed, ugly, even idiotic, but you can no more reason him into seeing its unloveliness than mother of

"Don't lecture," exclaimed Hamilton; "give me an answer—yes, or no. Shall I publish it as a terrible exam-

"Yes," said Briggs.

Hamilton laughed. "Well, if you're not the most inconsistent fellow I ever saw. I thought you were trying some of your eccentric logic on me. Come

to lunch. Six months later Hamilton steamed into St. Louis en route to California; he was to stop over for two days. The first afternoon of his stay in that city the official mark of a hospital, was signed by one of the doctors, and marked "private." It ran: "Dear Mr. Hamilton:

"We flave here a most curious case of melancholy—of slow heart-break. The case is that of a young woman. A most interesting feature of the affair is that the patient was thrown into the

greatest excitement by the reading of your name in the 'hotel arrivals' in this morning's paper. Perhaps you will be interested to see her, although I've no doubt her trouble is a mere

hammen a man a man and a man and a man and a man "Nothing easier, sir," replied the doctor, taking his visitor's measure with a glance. "I'll show you it was, as I said, a mere hallucination. I suspect she will have forgotten you by this time." Then, leading the way to a remote corner of the room, he drew aside a curtain "Miss Marguerite." curtain and said quietly:

"Come in," said the girl in a low, musical voice and marked southern accent.

mellow "half light" filled the apartment.

"I've a visitor." The splendid Harvard man stood at the doctor's side and slightly to the rear. From his eyes there shone a great compassion.

"This is Mr. Hamilton." A cry of

alarm came from the pillows.

Hamilton approached the bed. "Won't you tell me why my name alarms you so?" he asked tenderly. She looked at him for what seemed an interminable period, then she said, half to herself:

"How could a man with a face like

that do such a thing?"

At this the doctor would have withdrawn, but Hamilton, with a motion of the hand, detained him. "Do what?" Hamilton asked.

"I heard you say, doctor," the girl went on, "it was an hallucination; but here-read this!" She fumbled under her pillow, drew out a sealed envelope and handed it to Hamilton. "I didn't intend that should be opened until my death, but I think you, of all men, should see it."

Hamilton broke the seal and read. The doctor watching him saw a look of the keenest pain come to him.

The contents of the envelope fallen from Hamilton's hand. were simply a letter and a clipping. The doctor picked them up and handed them to the girl, but she gave him back the letter and said quietly, "Read

It ran:

Dear Miss Wentworth:

"Your story, 'His One Love,' has been favorably considered by us. We want you to let us publish it anonymously, or under a nom de plume. suits our purpose so well that I shall pay you 'Kipling prices' for it. Inclosed please find check for \$100. I trust you will find this fair compensa-

Yours, Truly, "John Ray Hamilton, Editor."

The doctor folded the letter, and as the girl took it she said:

"When I received that my dream of happiness was realized. I did not mind their publishing it anonymously. It has my idol. I did not care for fame, but I had labored-oh! so long-over that story. But, like most women, I couldn't keep it to myself. I had to tell all my friends that my story had been accepted by the leading New York magazine. I showed them all this letter, and I was fairly lionized by the simple village folks. I was pointed out as the young literary woman of the state, and some even said I would be a great novelist. Well, finally the magazine came."

Hamilton groaned.

"Everybody in the village had ordered one, and Bill Morrison, the stage driver, handed them around; but he didn't make any comment. He seemed in a hurry to get away as soon as he gave me mine, and when I called after him and asked if he had read my story and weren't going to congratulate me on it, he seemed not to hear me, but turned so quickly away that I was alarmed. He had read my story, though, and this is what he head at the top of it!"

Hamilton raised his hand in a deprecating manner.

The doctor took the slip. It read as follows:

"For a long time we have been on the lookout for the most worthless story possible, in order to give our readers an idea of the kind of rubbish we receive, and have selected this as

the one.' The doctor stood with the slip in his hand. The girl watched his face as he

read, then said:
"A whole world, no doubt, laughed at the brilliant editor's sarcasm. All but a lone, little village in the back-woods of Texas. There were a dozen men there who would gladly have gone to New York and shot that editor, but I begged them not to do so. I was dreadfully ashamed. I could hardly look my own mother in the face. And after all the hopes they had built on me, too. They loved me so, and pitied me so! but when heir compassion be came greater than I could bear I crept came greater than I could bear I crept away alone—alone with my broken heart—to die here. I hadn't done any-thing to deserve it, either. I had just-worked at my story, dreaming of fame; and when it was ready I copied it so neatly, and didn't roll it or fold it, but put it between two pieces-of pasteboard, and then posted it myself.
And I waited so long, and then the And I water so long, and the the foy of it. And then—and then—oh! the tragedy, the cruelty of it all."

She broke into a violent fit of sobbing. At this Hamilton groaned and

rned away.
"I have only one thing to say," said
a girl softly. "I thank God for givthe girl softly. "I thank God for giving me the chance to tell you that I forgive you."

sound like the faint echo of a zephyr escaped her; then a great stillness followed. The doctor moved a man who nearer to the bed. He bent down and wife.—Judge

looked at the girl: then he touched Hamilton gently on the shoulder. "Come," he said.

"No." said Hamilton, "not till I tell her how I feel, what I will try to do,

"Your words will have to go to heaven to reach her," replied the doc-

The story ended abruptly.

Mansfield turned the page.
',Where's the rest of it?" he asked
of the writer-man with the red face

"There isn't any 'rest,' " answered the writer-man, "But it hasn't any ending to it."

"It has a very logical ending."
"But you didn't give that brute,
Hamilton, a chance to do anything for the girl-to make amends.'

"There wouldn't be any moral to it if I did," replied Webb. "And I'm afraid the readers would

be dissatisfied with the way it ends," continued Mansfield.

After a pause the writer-man said:
"What are you going to do with it?"
"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, but I shan't publish it the way it ends—or rather, doesn't end."

"What good is it to you, then?"
The editor put his hand affectionate-

ly on the writer-man's arm: "My dear boy, you have saved me from doing a mean thing, a low mean thing. I couldn't find it in my heart now to use the Jencks girl's story in the way I intended. Just think, it might have broken her heart. Thank heavens, man, you have saved

her and me."

He pressed a button.
"Ask the cashier to make a check for Mr. Webb for \$100," he said to the boy who appeared in response to the summons. When the check was brought in Webb folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Come to lunch with me." he said. The brilliant editor rose and put on his hat. At that moment the boy appeared with a card. The editor read

"Serena Jencks, Galveston." He handed the card to the writer-man, then turned to the boy.

"Show the lady in. Stay where you are, Webb." Then he added: "A good chance to see the girl."

Webb chuckled. A tall slender girl appeared. had large brown eyes and red lips. Her hands were not small, but were well gloved, and she dressed in good style-not New York style. out her hand freely to the editor, and he shook it heartily and then presented Webb.

"I am just off the steamer," ex-claimed Miss Jencks in an effusive way. and the first thing I did was to call

to learn the fate of my story."

There was a freshness and innocence about the young woman that amused the editor. After a few minutes' general conversation, she said: "Now tell me all about my story-

are you going to print it? The editor blushed, reflected a minute, then said:

"It is an amusing story, but, to be candid, it is hardly up to our standard.

"In other words," she interrupted, "it isn't good enough."
"Well, if you like to put it that way

-yes." Miss Jencks leaned both of her dainty elbows on the table, and looked

the editor straight in the eyes for a "Well, then, is it bad enough! The editor and writer-man exchanged quick and significent glances. Here

was an opportunity the Harvard man had not looked for. "I don't know. Perhaps if I were to put our friend, Webb here, to re-vise it, he might make it bad enough."

She laughed.
"Well, then, what will you pay me if I let you publish it as an awful exam-

"One hundred dollars."

"It's yours." .

"But even though we publish the story with a pen name, will not some of your friends recognize it and so cause you mortification?"

Miss Jencks chuckled sweetly. "You don't suppose I was fool enough to let any of my friends know I wrote a love

story, do you?"

The writer-man and the editor look ed at each other calmly .- New York

A Real Prairie Schooner.

A real prairie schooner was that described by F. W. Myer of Bonney, Brazoria county, as he sat in the rotunda of the Capitol hotel, Houston In speaking of it he said: couldn't call it an automobile, but a windmobile, because it is propelled over the prairies by the wind. A trial trip was made a couple of days ago, and it proved a decided success. It was made up of two pair of wheels, the larger pair being in front and the smaller in the rear. A board platform made the floor upon which the occupants stood or sat. A 16-foot sail was planted in the front part of the plat-form and through skilful manipulaform and through skilful manipula-tion the vehicle was enabled to travel in any direction except straight against the wind. The prairie road over which it traveled was not an exceptionally smooth one, but fur-nished a surface that enabled it to move with celerity. It carried six men on the trip. The result was so satis-factory that others will be built. The speed at times was 10 or 15 miles an hour."-Dallas News.

Or Pretends To.

Little Willie (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, what is a sage?

Mr. Henny Peck—A sage, my son, is a man who always agrees with his

Miss Jane Schroeder, who recently lied in Essex, Conn., left what is talled in sporting parlance 7000 "bones" to two dogs which she had picked up in the streets. During her sixty-five years of life Miss Schroeder lived in a tumbledown shanty and de-voted her days to visiting the sick of the town and picking up stray dogs and cats. During one of these missions she picked up a child and adopted her as a daughter. Gretchen Schroeder, as the child is called, will inherit what remains of the \$7000 should the dogs die before she does.

The New. Elixir of Life

PALMETTE

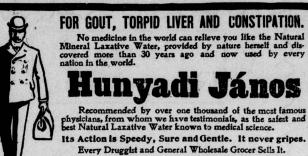
A wonderful tonic for restoring vigor and vitality.

Makes the Old Young. Makes the Young Strong. At your Druggist's, or sent prepaid secusealed and packed on receipt of price,

ONE DOLLAR. Palmetto Chemical Company, P. O. Box 1991, N. Y. City.

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or the full name, 'Hunyadi János."

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES WASE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. Our \$4.00 Gilf Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. We make and sell more \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the United States. THE REASON more W. L. Douglas \$3 and \$3.00 shoes are sold than any other two manufacturers in the United States. The REASON more W. L. Douglas \$4.00 shoes are sold than any other make is because IT JEFF A 10 and 10



Sore Hands



One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, and points to a speedy cure of the most distressing cases when physicians and all else fail.

WAS troubled with hands so sore that when I put them in water the pain would near set me crazy, the skin would peel off, and the flesh would get hard and break, then the blood would flow from at least fifty places on each hand. Words never can tell the suffering I endured for three years.

I tried at least eight doctors, but my hands were worse than when I commenced doctoring. I tried every old Granny remedy that was ever thought of without one cent's worth of good and could not even get relief.

I would feel so badly mornings when I got up, to think that I had to go to work and stand pain for eight or nine hours, that I often felt like giving up my job, which was in the bottling works of Mr. E. L. Kerns, the leading bottler of Treaton, N. J., who will vouch for the truth of my sofferings.

Before I could start to work, I would have to wrap each finger on both hands, and then wear gloves, which I hated to do, for when I came to take them off, it would take two hours and the flesh would break and bleed. Some of my friends who had seen my hands would say, "II they had such hands they would have them amputated"; others would say "they would never work," and more would turn away in disgust. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of skin cures, it ended all my sufferings.

Just to think, after doctoring three years, and spending dollar after dollar during that time, Cuticura cured me. It has now been two years since I used it and I do not know what sore hands are. I never lost a day's work while I was using it or since, and I have been working at the same business, and in acids, etc.

THOS. A. CLANCY, 310 Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.

Quicura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor. Consisting of Curricura Stoap (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crus case, and soften the thickened cuttele, Curricura Cintment to Instantive allay itching, inflammation, and Irristana, and out to Instantive allay itching, inflammation, and rottistan, and south heal, and Curricura Rissoureur (50c.), to cleanse the color and cleanse the last statement of the color and cleanse

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap estasted by Cutteura Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for estaning the scap of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling half, for softening, whitening, and southing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying fritations, inflammations, and challegs, or too free or offensive perspiration is the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative autherite purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially motion that for all the purposes of the tollet, bath, and more consume, and sepecially motion that for all the purposes of the tollet, bath, and more especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scale, and half of infants must be proposed from the standard of t