

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water. Telle why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness. If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place.

No Cause for Joy. "I am glad we do not have bullfights and bear pits in our country."

CLEANSE THE PORES. Of Your Skin and Make It Fresh and Clear by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

When suffering from pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, smear the skin with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Who Wouldn't Grow? The keeper was feeding the pythons. Several live rabbits were tossed into the cage, and were immediately and greedily seized by the reptiles.

MEAT CLOGS KIDNEYS THEN YOUR BACK HURTS. Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Drink Lots of Water.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy.

RECIPES FOR GRAY HAIR. To halt part of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Berber Compound, and 5 oz. of glycerine.

In Backward Borneo. According to the Horseless Age, there are only five automobiles in British North Borneo, and 2,400,000 in the United States.

The true secret of feminine beauty is to be born pretty. Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath.

The BALL of FIRE of GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER ILLUSTRATED by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

Towards morning there was an army of newspaper men so worried and distressed, and generally consumed with the mad passion of restraint, that there was scarcely a finger left in the profession, and frightened-eyed copy boys hid behind doors.

It had been eight o'clock in the evening in New York when Gerald Fosland had first given out his information, and at that moment it was 1 a. m. in Berlin.

"Well, baron, the International Transportation company has confessed. Could you give me a few words on the subject?"

The baron, who had been about to drink a stein of beer, set down his half liter and stared at the young man blankly. His face turned slowly yellow, and he rose.

"Lass bleiben," the baron ordered the handy persons who were about to remove the cheerful advertising representative and incarcerate him for life.

This was at seven a. m., Berlin time, which was two a. m. in New York, and owing to the nervousness of an old woman servant, the news reached New York at three a. m., and the big wheels began to go around.

Where was Edward E. Allison? There was nothing the free and entirely uncurbed wanted to know so much as that; but the f. and e. u. was doomed to disappointment in that one desire of its heart.

Allison went into the office and closed the door after him. It was damp and chill in there, but he did not notice it.

CELEBRATE DAY OF LIBERTY. Festivities of Swiss Cantons to Which All Visitors to the Country Are Attracted.

August 1 is the day when the liberty of the Swiss cantons is celebrated. At Geneva one of the favorite forms of celebration is to throw colored lights on the great fountain of jet d'eau.

Two Brigs. Mrs. Newma—O, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfect. It's lovely. Such a delicate little creature as it is!

zed disgraced and discredited, hated and ridiculed throughout the length and breadth and circumference of the very earth he had meant to rule; saw himself discarded by the strong men whom he had inveigled into this futile scheme and saw himself forced into commercial death as wolves rend and devour a crippled member of their pack.

Through all that day he sat at the desk, and when the night time came again, he walked out of the house, and across the field, and over the tiny footbridge, under the willow tree and the still beckoning arms; and the world, his world, the world he had meant to make his own, never saw him again.

A Matter of Conscience. Gall stood at the rail of the Whitecap, gazing over the dancing blue waves with troubled eyes.

"The news in the paper," she told him. "It's so big." Dick looked down at her critically. She was so new a Gall to him that he was puzzled, and worried, too, for he felt, rather than saw, that some trouble possessed this dearest of his friends.

"It is a tremendous responsibility," she mused, whereupon Dick, as became him, violently broke the thread of thought by taking her arm and drawing her away from the rail, and walking gayly with her up to the forward shelter deck, where, shielded



The World He Had Meant to Make His Own Never Saw Him Again.

from the crispness of the wind, there sat, around the big table and amid a tangle of Sunday papers, Jim Sargent and Rev. Smith Boyd, Arly and Gerald Fosland, all four deep in the discussion of the one possible topic of conversation.

"Allison's explosion again," objected Dick as Gall and he joined the group, and caught the general tenor of the thought. "I suppose the only way to escape that is to jump off the Whitecap. Gall's worse than any of you I find ship's responsible for the whole thing."

The light which leaped into Gall's eyes, and the trace of color which flashed into her cheeks, were most comforting to Arly; and they exchanged a smile of great satisfaction. They clutched hands ecstatically under the corner of the table, and wanted

TOOK SPLINTER FROM HEART. Extraordinary Operation That French Surgeons Are Reported to Have Successfully Carried Out.

An operation unique in the annals of surgery, the extraction of a fragment of hand-grenade from the heart, was described recently at the Paris Academy of Medicine by Professor Armand Gaud of Bordeaux. The patient, a young Parisian sergeant of rather delicate constitution, who was present at the session, was wounded at St. Hubert, in the Argentine, on October 1. A splinter one-half inch square and one-eighth inch thick lodged in the heart, where it remained four and a half months.

teached gently the surface of Arly's wet Square church is a much more dignified old place of worship than the ostentatious cathedral would ever be, and your project for spending the money has such strict justice at the bottom of it that it must prevail. But, I say, Doctor Boyd, and he gave his mustache a contemptuous tug; "don't you think you should include a small margin of profit for the future extension of your idea?"

"That's glorious, Gerald!" approved Gall; and Arly, laughing, patted his hand. "You're probably right," considered the rector, studying Fosland with a new interest. "I think we'll have to put you on the vestry."

"I'm glad you are interested," returned the rector, and producing a pencil he drew a white advertising space towards him. "This is the plan of tenement I have in mind, and for the next half hour the five of them discussed tenement plans with great enthusiasm.

"Do you know," he observed, "I should like very much to become a member of your vestry." "I'm glad you are interested," returned the rector, and producing a pencil he drew a white advertising space towards him.

"We shall miss you very much," he told her, in all sincerity. They were both looking out over the blue waves; he, tall, broad-shouldered, agile of limb; she, straight, lithe, graceful. Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Sargent passed them admiringly, but went on by with a trace of sadness.

"I shall be very anxious to know how you are coming on with your new plan. I'm proud of you for it." "Thank you," he returned. They were talking mechanically. In them was an inexpressible sadness. They had come so near, and yet they were so far apart. Moreover, they knew that there was no chance of change. It was a matter of conscience which came between them, and it was a divergence which would widen with the years. And yet they loved. They mutually knew it, and it was because of that love that they must stay apart.

CHAPTER XXIX. A Vestry Meeting. There was a strained atmosphere in the vestry meeting from the first. Every member present felt the tension from the moment old Joseph G. Clark walked in with Chisholm. They did not even nod to Rev. Smith Boyd, but took their seats solidly in their customary places at the table, Clark, shielding his eyes, as was his wont, against the light which streamed on him from the red robe of the Good Shepherd. The repression was apparent, too, in Rev. Smith Boyd, who rose to address his vestrymen as soon as the late-comers arrived.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to speak to you as the treasury committee, rather than as vestrymen, for it is in the former capacity which you always attend. I am advised that we have been paid for Vedder court."

Chisholm, to whom he directed a gaze of inquiry, nodded his head. "It's in the Majestic," he stated. "I have plans for its investment, which I wish to lay before the committee."

Nicholas Van Ploon, who had been much troubled of late, brightened and nodded his head emphatically. "That's what I say," he declared. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dog Helps Man Make Living. A dog named Rover, owned by a gentleman in Carpenteria, Cal., has been taught to turn the wheel that furnishes the power for his master's scissors-grinding machine. Rover gets on the wheel of his own accord and merrily treads, treads, while his master sharpens scissors and knives. The dog seems to think it a game devised for his special amusement, and when eagerness is slack he will run to the wheel and bark reproachfully at his master until the good man feels obliged to attach the rope which turns the wheel. Rover never seems so happy as when business is brisk, and he can send his large wheel around and around for a while's mounting. He will then sleep for half an hour until he has had his dinner, and is ready for work again with his master in the afternoon.—The American Boy.

No Chance for Him. A man on trial for horse stealing, when it came time for the lawyers on both sides to tell the judge what instructions they wanted him to give the jury in addition to the points covered in his own charge, the attorney for the defense said: "I respectfully ask your honor to charge the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law in this country that it is better for 99 guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty."

No, No. "Doctor Wiley said a man can be a good toper as well as a drink toper, do you believe it?" "Not at our boarding house he can't."

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS. It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "doses" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Hercules and the Countryman. A countryman was driving his cart along a road filled with ruts when one of the wheels stuck in the mud and the horses were unable to draw the cart out of it. The countryman at once began to call upon Hercules to help him out of his difficulty.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best. Although there are hundreds of preparations advertised, there is only one that really stands out prominently as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything. A sworn certificate of purity is by every bottle. You may receive a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. For sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00, also mention this paper.—Adv.

Seasonal Activity. Mrs. Knicker—What is your trade? Weary Willie—I shovel rain, mum. New York Sun.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. When you feel a cold coming on, take I.A.K.A. (Ives' Kidney Quinine). It removes mucus from colds and cures Grip. Only 50c. Sold by W. W. GIBSON'S Signature on box top.

A headless woman is fortunate in being able to talk without putting herself to the trouble of thinking.



FREE Color Plans for Your Spring Decorating.

Madam—The Alabastine staff of interior decorators is at your disposal—to a sister who is doing your spring decorating. These experts offer you desirable free advice on how to treat your walls so that they will harmonize with and set off to advantage your floor covering, furniture, draperies, curtains and wearing apparel.

Alabastine Co. 315 Grandville Rd. Grand Rapids, Mich.

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THE EARTH IS FLAT. The world has been misled by science, falsely so-called. The earth is flat. The sun is a glowing sphere of fire. The moon is a glowing sphere of fire. The stars are glowing spheres of fire. The earth is flat. The sun is a glowing sphere of fire. The moon is a glowing sphere of fire. The stars are glowing spheres of fire.

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