

SOME DAY.

He's not at all distinguished, but you want to wait awhile and see. When once that fellow leaves the rut there's nothing that he couldn't be. He's in a rather humble place. But that's not where he means to stay, he means to strike a swifter pace and move up to the front—some day.

Just now he hasn't had his chance to show the world what he can do. There's so much adverse circumstance to keep his plans from going through. But time will bring his opening and clear the obstacles away; he's merely crouching for the spring, you'll see what he will do—some day.

He's getting past the flush of youth. At times we think he's lacking steam—some people say, to tell the truth, he's less disposed to do than dream. But he has faith that's fresh and green, although his head is getting gray, his hope's sublime, his faith's serene, he means to do a lot—some day.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Love and Tight Shoes.

Miss Pendleton said to Brownlow as they left the house: "You needn't speak to me again, for I shall not answer you."

Brownlow said: "That would hardly be polite, would it? I remember that in my infancy I was admonished to 'speak when I was spoken to, come when I was called, shut the door after me'—and something else which rhymed, but which I have forgotten. I was told that was 'manners.' Now, you wouldn't like me to think that you had no manners, would you?"

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what you say—"

She bit her lip and did not complete the sentence.

"You were saying—?"

Miss Pendleton did not answer. Brownlow looked at her and smiled. "I don't want to intrude my society on you," he said. "If for the moment you would rather be without me I could go back, you know. Or," he added, "I might walk behind you a few paces—say, twelve feet. That strikes me as a respectful distance. Which shall it be?"

He stopped, as if to fall back. "I won't have you following me," she said in icy tones. "If you wish to leave me you are at liberty to do so. I suppose I can go alone. It will look strange, but I don't suppose you will care for that."

"Well, won't it look strange if you don't speak to me? It would look as if you had quarreled with me. Besides, as I said before, it would hardly be polite."

"I shall treat you precisely as I would any other gentleman while we are there. After that I don't wish to see you."

"Surely, I am to escort you home?"

"I said 'after that.' After this evening, if you prefer it."

"But I don't prefer it."

"Whether you prefer it or not, I prefer it infinitely. And in the meantime I wish to be excused from conversation with you."

Miss Pendleton turned to look down the car track.

"It's coming now," said Brownlow.

As the car stopped Brownlow laid his hand upon her arm. "Wait," he said in a quick, businesslike way. "Do we take an Oakwoods or a Jackson Park car?"

She glared at him for an instant, but his face showed innocent doubt and only that.

"Jackson Park!" she snapped.

"Philopena!" said Brownlow. "I mean this is all right."

He helped her aboard, and as he did so he noticed what particularly trim shoes she was wearing. Well, she was a particularly trim young person. He could not help feeling proud of her, although it was all over between them.

"I find these street car signs very entertaining," he observed, when they had been seated a minute or two. It was a summer car and they had to occupy a seat together.

There was no response to this.

She looked at a passing automobile as if she fancied she recognized one of the occupants. Brownlow looked at her averted face, and it seemed to him that a sort of spasm of pain crossed it. He wondered if that inconsiderate remark he had made an hour before could have hurt her much. He had apologized for it, though he had not thought it anything serious; but now he felt actually repentant.

Miss Pendleton stole a sidelong glance at him and then bent over with a rapid movement and did something to her shoes. Brownlow apparently took no notice of the movement. Presently he sighed and turned toward her. She averted her head. He kept on sighing at intervals of half a minute. She refused to look around. He gave it up at last and rose and went back to the rear platform. He was gone three or four minutes. When he returned Miss Pendleton looked very much disturbed.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"This time Miss Pendleton spoke. 'I've lost my shoe,' she said, with forced calmness. 'It was a little uncomfortable and I slipped it off for a moment or two, and I—I think it has fallen out of the car.'"

Brownlow was silent for a moment or two as he considered the awful situation. Then his face cleared. "What size shoe was it?" he asked, suddenly, and she was surprised into saying that it was three and one-half.

"Then here's where I get off," he said, rising. "You go on around the loop, and when you get back to the

next corner you'll find me standing there with a glad smile on my face and a pair of three and one-half shoes under my arm. It will take us twenty minutes or half an hour late, but that won't matter."

"I wouldn't think of it," she began, with cold dignity. "I will not consent."

But Brownlow had swung off the car.

By the time the car made its circuit and got back at the corner where Brownlow had left it Miss Pendleton seemed to be in a happier frame of mind, for she halted the appearance of Brownlow with a smile almost as glad as his own.

"They're in my pocket," he whispered, as he took his seat beside her. "I'll smuggle them to you one by one. Are you ready?"

"Yes," she said, with a nervous little laugh, and took a shoe from him.

"Now the other. That's right. How do they fit?"

"Beautifully—and as easy as can be. Oh, Jim, how sweet and noble and resourceful of you! And I was so horrid. Will you forgive me?"

"How long have you been wearing that shoe?" Brownlow asked.

"All the afternoon," she confessed.

"Then I forgive you," said Brownlow. "I only wonder how you let me off so easily."

When Brownlow reached his room that night he took the missing shoe from the breast pocket of his coat and looked at it long and tenderly. Then he put it away in a drawer.—Chicago News.

DYING PEARLS.

The Fate of Necklace Once Worn by the Wife of M. Thiers.

In the Louvre Museum at Paris is to be seen a pearl necklace on its deathbed. Not literally on a bed, but on a velvet cushion. It is the great necklace left by the great diplomat and statesman, Thiers, which once belonged to this prominent statesman's deceased wife. It is mounted in an unostentatious style and has no value as an article de vertu beyond the former value of the pearls, which was about \$60,000. It consists of 145 pearls in three rows, which weigh altogether 2097 grains. The largest three pearls weigh thirty-six, thirty-nine and fifty-one grains.

The pearls of this necklace are destined to die, says the Deutsche Goldschmied Zeitung, as they are gradually losing their lustre from day to day, and will during the next few decades turn as black as the faded roses of the much handled wreath. But why? Because pearls will only retain their original lustre when they are worn by beautiful women and come in frequent contact with the warm skin of the wearer.

When a pearl necklace is removed from the neck, where it has been exposed to a high temperature, and is placed in a cold marble tablet, which is of about one-half of such high temperature, it may be justly inferred that the scales of the pearls will contract and lose some of their brilliancy. When pearl necklaces are habitually placed on velvet cushions after having been worn this circumstance may also well contribute to the detriment of the beauty of a pearl, while the chemical composition of the color may be an additional factor in this direction, not to overlook the effects of a strong light.

The management of the Louvre Museum has held this necklace of M. Thiers in high esteem, and it has probably noticed the gradual deterioration with serious concern. The lack of authority to do has no doubt prevented the board of managers from taking the responsibility of experimental steps advised by competent experts to save this necklace from further deterioration.

How long pearls do live—that is, retain their lustre—has not been determined. Examples do exist where pearls have retained their beauty for several hundred years. On the other hand, it has also been demonstrated that under adverse treatment pearls will die quickly, justifying the proverb, "You must not throw pearls to swine."

The Tiber is Not All Yellow.

"The yellow Tiber," as Macaulay calls it in his ballad, is not always of that color. High up in a peak of the Apennines it first emerges as "a bright, crystalline cascade springing from rock and earth and spreading into a little waterfall." Miss Marie Van Vorst followed it from its source to its outlet in order to describe the journey of the river, and Andre Castaigne illustrated its picturesque flow for Harper's Magazine. Miss Van Vorst says: "The ancients called the Tiber 'Albula'—white water. Although to the vulgar eye the Tiber is a yellow river—fawn-colored, indeed, at certain parts of its channel—yet it is pre-eminently white, with the milky mistiness seen in certain jewels, and it is at Rome that the 'Lily River' is whitest." It is rapid in current, and at no point very wide.

A Printer's Pranks.

"I have played many a practical joke on writers in my time," said the veteran compositor. "My last joke was on a bishop. Studying the Russian revolution, he wrote from Moscow to a church paper a descriptive letter that ended:

"But I can write no more. The gorgeous domes of the city beckon me, and I go."

"I," said the veteran, with a loud laugh, "made domes read 'dames.'"

—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Prizes For Roadmakers.

So successful has proven the scheme of the Toronto Automobile Club to award prizes for the improvement of the roads that it has been decided to extend it. An additional \$200, raised by subscriptions from the members, will be offered in prizes to pathmasters and road commissioners. It was thought well to start a competition among them, as the work in connection with the original competition will require considerable attention from them. The prizes are divided into two classes. In municipalities where the road commissioner has charge of all the roads in the municipality the club will offer three prizes, a first of \$50, and two second prizes of \$25 each for the road commissioner whose municipality shows the greatest amount of improvement in connection with the original competition. In municipalities where the work is in charge of pathmasters, each responsible for his own beat, the club will offer a first prize of \$50 and two second prizes of \$25 each for the pathmasters in the municipalities who enter their beats in the road competition and show the greatest improvement in the roads which are entered in the competition. The rules to govern the main competition have just been settled as follows:

The prizes shall consist of a first prize of \$500, a second prize of \$200 and a third prize of \$100.

They will be awarded for the piece of roadway, a mile in length, on which the greatest improvement is made by July 1, 1907.

Parties where the work is in charge of pathmasters, each responsible for his own beat, the club will offer a first prize of \$50 and two second prizes of \$25 each for the pathmasters in the municipalities who enter their beats in the road competition and show the greatest improvement in the roads which are entered in the competition. The rules to govern the main competition have just been settled as follows:

The prizes shall be given unless there are five entries; no second prize unless there are eight entries, and no third prize unless ten. No prizes shall be awarded unless the work is finished to a standard approved by A. W. Campbell, Commissioner of Highways for the Province of Ontario.—The Automobile.

Are Money-Makers.

New York sets a good example to Kentucky and all other States in its plan to spend \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 on the improvement of its roads.

Good roads are always a good investment, and it is the economic waste caused by bad roads in the Empire State, and which will be eliminated by the new system, amounts to \$38,000,000 yearly. This is surely worth considering. There is another substantial fact to be borne in mind, moreover. The value of farm lands contiguous to the improved highways will be increased from \$5 to \$9 an acre. Thus the outlay will put money into the farmers' purses as well as render their transportation facilities better, reduce the cost of sending their products to market and make life more pleasant by stimulating social relations among neighbors. Not only will the farmers be benefited, for with the system of roads it will be possible for automobiles to travel in any part of the State.

New York's plan is to provide for \$50,000,000 of the expense by a State bond issue. The remainder is to be borne by the counties. The returns undoubtedly will justify the expenditures. Look at France. That country has spent \$300,000,000 in highway construction in recent years. It was one of the most profitable investments France ever made.

Good roads are bound to pay. No State can lose money spent on them. This is something for every American State—and why not Kentucky?—to think over.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Novel Roadway Project.

From Milwaukee a report comes which tells of a project to construct a roadway exclusively for automobiles between New York and Chicago, with spurs to various cities, including the "made famous" one on the shore of Lake Michigan. Milwaukee automobilists are said to be very favorably disposed toward the project, which it is proposed to finance by incorporating a company under the laws of Arizona, with capital stock amounting to \$10,000,000 and a bond issue of \$5,000,000. It is proposed to build a roadway sixty feet wide, the middle part to be of amalgam, which is said to be very resilient. The company is to charge toll at the rate of a cent a mile, which would make a trip between New York and Chicago cost about \$10 for the use of the roadway. It is also proposed to establish a service of police and relief cars along the road and also a regular passenger service.

Manchester's Vocal Lord Mayor.

Before an audience of slim children in a grimy street the Lord Mayor of Manchester sang two songs yesterday evening at a "Court and Alley Concert." These entertainments are organized by a committee interested in the poor and have been carried on with great success for eight years.—From the London Daily Mail.

THE CIRCUS.

Once upon a time, a man—in Calcutta, Hindostan, Thought he'd like to own a circus—just for fun—

So he hrou from the town a most fascinating Clown

To assist him; and he found him just the one—

For he'd travel west and east to consult with bird and beast,

And persuade them, in his charming way, to meet

Near the city of Khartoum, where they'd have abundant room

For the cages, rings and side-shows on the street.

Now the circus, all confessed, was a wonderful success,
And the Ostrich, with her feathers, proved the belle.
The Orang-outang with ease swung upon a high trapeze,
While the kicking Kangaroo performed as well.

Some large Bulls, from far Madrid, made a living pyramid—
The leaping Leopard cleared it with a bound!

Then an agile Ape, of course, jumped through hoops upon a horse
And an Elephant threw daggers at a Hound.

People came from near and far just to see the Jaugar
And a Tapir trip the trolley, with a Seal.

A Salmon shot the chute; while a Falcon played a flute
When the Lion looped the loop upon a wheel.

On the whole, they did so well—from the Gnu to the Gazelle,
That it, truly, was a wondrous sight to see!

And they all had been so good that their master said he should
Now release them from their promise; they were free.

Said the Yak, "We're quite content. No, we really can't consent,
But I'll tell you what the animals will do—

As we much prefer to roam, and we do not sigh for home,
We'll travel for years, perhaps, a year or two."

All rejoined, "It's just the thing; we will meet them every spring.
For we never will be parted from the Clown!"

So it's possible you may see the circus some fine day,
And the long procession going through the town.

—Cornelia Walter McClary, in St. Nicholas.



Briggs—"The Highblowers keep sixteen servants." Griggs—"That's a good many people to work for."

Judge.

Blobbs—"Remember, my boy, faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Slobbs—"Yes, but she's a brunette."

—Philadelphia Record.

Repentance for repentance sake is hard to find to-day,
The few bad habits that we break are those that do not pay.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"How are the new football rules going to work?" "We can't tell until the lists of dead and wounded begin to come in."—Judge.

"How do you like your new automobile?" "I'm worried. The man that sold it to me said that it would last longer than I would."—Detroit Free Press.

The Young Girl—"But what would you do for me?" The Old Sultor—"I'd die for you!" The Young Girl—"That's all right—but how soon?"

—Cleveland Leader.

Twixt optimist and pessimist The difference is small;
The pessimist sees the doughnut, The optimist sees the hole.

Reporter—"I called, sir, to ask you if you could tell me anything of the affairs of the bank whose wreck is just announced." Substantial Citizen—"Good heavens, man, how should I know anything about its affairs? Why, I'm one of the board of directors!"—Baltimore American.

"You told me your young man was a fine horseman, and I've found out he can't ride a bit, and that he's not a rich man at all, but a department store clerk." "I never told you he was a horseman. All I said was that he had been pronounced an expert in handling the ribbons."—Baltimore American.

Philological.

Jones met Smith.
"How are you, old man?" said Smith. "I haven't seen you for some time."

"No, I've been out in my new automobile."

"Indeed, I didn't know you had a motor car."

"Oh, yes. Thought I'd follow your example. Automobileing is great fun, isn't it?"

"Splendid. Fine weather, too, for motoring. By the way, what is your car?"

"My auto is the Skiddo."

"Ah, yes. Good car."

"Fine auto."

"Motor car!"

"Automobile."

"Prig!"

"Dub!"

Here they fight each other to the death.—Life.

Allment of Heroes.

These keen, brisk, invigorating mornings recall the fact that the sauerkraut season will soon be upon us. Throughout the summer that most nourishing and refreshing dainty is in retreat, but with the first frost it resumes its proud place upon the tempting banquet boards of the great plain people. Sauerkraut is ailment for heroes. In the hot months, when we are lazy and listless and at the brink of winter, when cold blasts from the Northwest make our cheeks red and our pulses quick, we feel a fascinating yearning for it creep over us. In brief, sauerkraut is a delicacy that goes with mighty effort and high resolve.—Baltimore Sun.



A Leeds, England, firm of iron mongers has issued a trade circular in which they are pleased to designate as Roosevelt spelling, in which they state they are "hofferin speshal bargins hin hevery department, including henamelwhere, kutlery, gasfittings, minisrs, lorne-mowers, etc., etc."

Some of the physicians have discovered much regarding the nature of colds, and have learned how to mitigate the sufferings of those who are attacked, but an absolute means of prevention and a certain cure are yet among the unsolved mysteries of medicine. One cause for this confusion is undoubtedly the fact that a "cold" is not a simple disease, like typhoid fever or measles, but that the term is used to cover a number of diseases having similar symptoms but of very diverse origins.

Many of the scientific journals in Europe lately have given attention to a curious discovery reported to the Paris Academy of Science by Professor Bouchard. This discovery is that under the action of the X-rays gray hair, on the head and face of a patient treated for lupus, gradually assumed its natural color, and retained it with surprising tenacity. But only the hair directly reached by the rays was thus affected, and it was pointed out that it would be dangerous to employ such a method to restore the color of a person's hair. The fact is regarded as interesting in itself, but should not be accepted as a basis for the operations and claims of quacks. Professor Bouchard said that he did not wish to base any practical conclusions upon it.

Astronomers have shown conclusively not only that our earth is a sphere on the outer crust of which we live, but they have also by a series of most elaborate calculations estimated its weight in tons, its eleven different motions, the speed at which it travels around its axis, and on its orbit around the sun, and the probable speed with which the earth, sun and all the planets of the solar system are flying toward the great star Vega in the constellation of the Lyre.

All the so-called fixed stars are moving in various directions with incredible velocity, though their distances from us are so enormous that the motion is only apparent to the most acute astronomical observation. The nearest of the fixed stars is more than twenty-five thousand billion miles distant. The two stars Castor and Pollux, known as "The Twins," are flying away from each other at the rate of something like five million miles a day, and yet so infinitely distant are they that there has been no apparent change in their relative positions to each other during the whole period of human observation.

FIRST MEN TO FLY.

Wright Brothers Explain Why They Do Not Prove Claim.

The Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, whose experiments with aeroplanes attracted wide attention about a year ago, have made a statement in which they set forth their reasons why they have not proved by public tests that they are the first men to fly, and why they have not given public exhibitions of their machines since October, 1905.

In brief, they set forth that they need no newspaper notoriety to tell them of their success—of which, they say, they are fully cognizant. They declare further that they are building several of their aeroplanes for sale to the highest bidder, and are negotiating with powerful governments only.

The Wright brothers say they have two motives: they wish to be recognized as the first men to fly, and they desire to obtain sufficient money to enable them to carry on further experiments in aerial navigation without restriction.

The Wrights decline to permit a committee composed of men not acquainted with aerial machines to view one of their flights, even from a long distance. They are indifferent to criticism on account of their secrecy, and point out that aerial experts know very well that they have established their claim as the inventors of the first successful flying machine.

From descriptions given by eye witnesses of various flights, it is apparent that the Wright brothers' aeroplane has two parallel surfaces about thirty feet long and six feet wide, and separated from each other by a distance of about five feet. These surfaces consist of canvas stretched on wood, and the frames are very strongly supported by a series of trusses. They are slightly curved from front to back and downward, but throughout their length and breadth lie parallel to each other.

In front of the machine is a rudder about six feet square, which consists of two parallel surfaces supported, like the main structure, by wire trusses. This rudder may be tilted upward to direct the machine upward, and when it is tilted downward the machine necessarily slants toward the ground. It makes a big swing on its own axis, as an ear in a boat would be feathered, and there lies the secret of the Wrights' success in maintaining the stability of their machine, so far as can be learned from witnesses.—New York Globe.

Not Old at 70.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford, the noted English divine, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, says he thinks that at that age a man is just approaching his best.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

English medical men are demanding that bakers should deliver loaves in oiled paper bags.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The sea-level canal from Marseilles to the Rhone river is to be completed in seven years at a cost of \$13,750,000.

NO RELIEF FOR 15 YEARS.

All Sorts of Remedies Failed to Cure Eczema—Sufferer Tried Cuticura and is Entirely Cured.

"I have had eczema for over fifteen years, and have tried all sorts of remedies to relieve me, but without avail. I stated my case to one of my friends and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I bought them with the thought that they would be unsuccessful, as with the others. But after using them for a few weeks I noticed to my surprise that the irritation and peeling of the skin gradually decreased, and finally, after using five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment it disappeared entirely. I feel now like a new man, and I would gladly recommend these remedies to all who are afflicted with skin diseases. David Blum, Box A, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905."

How Tastes Differ.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. Certain African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed into the semblance of a saw.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CREESE makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CREESE & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CREESE, Notary Public. SWORN to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1898. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CREESE & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brought Back Alive.

Representative Victor Mordock, of the Wichita district, is telling this one as the latest new story in Kansas, says the Washington "Herald."

A farmer hired a green Irishman. One of the first tasks assigned the new hired hand was to bring into the cow lot, dead or alive, a refractory bull that had broken into the cornfield. The Irishman was given a shotgun and told to shoot the bull if the animal showed fight. Jauntily he went about his task. The farmer stood at a safe distance to watch developments. As soon as the bull saw the Irishman enter the cornfield, he bolted at him, following nandy. The Irishman bizged away with the shotgun and emptied the load in the beast's breast. On rushed the bull, madder than ever. The Irishman took to his heels with the bull after him.

"What are you doing?" screamed the farmer at the fleeing Irishman.

"I'm bringing him alive, sir!" shouted the Irishman between breaths.

Some Cat Superstitions.

Napoleon Bonaparte showed a morbid horror of cats. The night before the battle of Waterloo a black cat passed near him, and at the sight the great warrior was completely unnerved. He saw an omen of defeat. Henry III. of France swooned whenever he saw a cat, and one of the Ferdinands of Germany would tremble in his boots if a harmless tabby got in the line of his vision. Among the Romans, the cat was a symbol of liberty. The Egyptians held the animal in veneration under the name of Aclurus, a deity with a human body and a cat's head. Whoever killed a cat even by accident, was put to death. Diana assumed the form of a cat and excited the fury of the giants.—London Mirror.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.

Guarantee On Their Products.

We warrant and guarantee that all packages of Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts and Elitah's Manna hereafter sold by any jobber or retailer, comply with the provisions of the National Pure Food Law, and are not and shall not be adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of said Act of Congress approved June 30, 1906, and entitled, "An act for preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, liquors, and for regulating traffic therein for other purposes."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.

C. W. POST, Chairman, Battle Creek, Mich.

Dec. 12, 1906.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of December, 1905.

BENJAMIN F. REED, Notary Public.

My commission expires July 1, 1907.

Our goods are pure, they always have been and always will be, they are not mis-branded. We have always since the beginning of our business, printed a truthful statement on the package of the ingredients contained therein and we stand back of every package.