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Peculiar Case of Poisoning.

Metal poisoning from handling copper coins was the curious cause for death recently assigned at West Ham, England. The deceased, age twenty-seven, had been employed to collect coins from penny-in-the-slot gas meters, and his physician testified that the coins were often green with verdigris, which remained on the collector's hands and was absorbed through his habit of curling his mustache with his finger.

Sounded Like Gaelic.

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the emperor of the French and commenced an oration to his majesty in which he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience, "English I know fairly well, but, I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language!"—Argonaut.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

Mahomet and the Mountain.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observance of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said: "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."—Bacon's Essay "Of Boldness."

Queer Counting of Distances.

In the rural parts of Schleswig-Holstein people do not measure distance by miles, as we do, or by hours, as in other parts of Germany. They say that a place is a pipe, or two pipes, or three pipes off, according to the number of pipes one could smoke while walking there. Shorter distances are reckoned by dogs' barks; a village under a mile away would be two or three dogs' barks.

Formed Queer Alliance.

A pair of linnets made their nest in a beehive on a farm in Switzerland, and have succeeded in coming to an understanding with the bees, so that both branches of the natural world dwell in peace and harmony together. The birds and the bees use a common entrance to the hive.

Explained.

Dick—"What part of the family tree am I, mua?" Mother—"I guess you are one of the limbs, Dick." Dick—"Do you suppose that's what dad meant that morning when he said that I ought to be trimmed about every so often?"—Judge.

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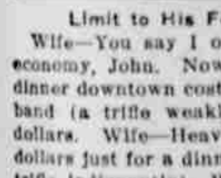

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Limit to His Foolishness.

Wife—You say I ought to practice economy, John. Now, what did your dinner downtown cost you today? Husband (a trifle weakly)—About three dollars. Wife—Heavens, John, three dollars just for a dinner? Husband (a trifle indignantly)—Well, that included a bottle of wine, of course. (More indignantly) You don't s'pose I would pay three dollars just for food, do you?—New York Sun.

The Coughs of Children

They may not cough today, but what about tomorrow? Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. This cough medicine is especially good for children. No anodynes. No alcohol.

Many a child is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, will do such children a great deal of good. Ask him. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"My father is president of a tire company," she idly remarked. "His tires are being used on some of the cars, the Mercury for one, I believe, and he wanted to watch their testing under use. So, after a dinner engagement we could not escape, we motored down here from the city. You see I have not viewed much of the race. I admit this does not look very perilous and I am a bit disappointed. I," again her short crystal laugh, "I shall hope better things of the famous Stanton; I want to admire him very much. But I am detaining you, and you were leaving! Every thanks for your patience."

"Hardly leaving, since the twenty-four hour race is not six hours old," he corrected briefly. "I am glad to have been of any use to you."

She returned his salute; then, upon the cool impulse of one accustomed to doing as she chose, put her question directly:

"Ah—I am Miss Carlisle; I would like to know who has been good enough to aid me in my ignorance."

"My name is Stanton," he complied, and went on.

From the shelter of the obscurity he looked back. She had taken a step forward into the light and her veil had slipped aside as she gazed after him with an expression of acute and eager interest. She could not have been older than twenty-four or five, with a finely cut, beautiful face framed in waves of fair hair.

Floyd was sitting on a camp-stool outside the tent, chatting with a group of men, when Stanton returned. The rest had brought back the mechanician's color and animation; in fact, he looked ridiculously young and irresponsible. But he sprang up readily at the driver's nod.

"Time?" he asked, his gray eyes like burnished steel.

"Yes," Stanton confirmed. And to the nearest man: "Bring in the car."

There was an obedient commotion. Several men ran to flag the other driver; Floyd caught up goggles and cap, and knelt to tighten a legging strap. As Stanton made his own preparations, Mr. Green bustled up to him.

"We're leading," he reminded superfluously. "There isn't, really, any need for extra fast work, Stanton."

Stanton snapped a buckle, saying nothing.

"I telephoned to the office and told Rupert he needn't come. I told him that you had a new man."

"Well?"

"He said, 'Poor mut.'"

The driver straightened to his full height, his firm dark face locking to bronze inflexibility.

"You had better report his sympathy to Floyd, whom it's meant for," he advised hardly. "I'm not interested. If the company doesn't like the way I drive, let them get some one in my place; but while I do drive the car, I drive, and not Rupert or Floyd, or—any one else. I'll neither take risks nor shirk them to order."

The assistant manager choked, speechless. He had no way of knowing why Stanton flashed a sullen glance toward the row of automobiles before the grand-stand, or who was meant by that "any one else." Meanwhile, he was intractable, he was insubordinate, and he was obstinate—but he was Stanton.

The Mercury rolled in, the two men climbed from their seats, and there was a momentary delay for tank filling. Stanton took his place, experimentally speeding and retarding his motor while he waited for the workmen to finish.

"Stop a minute while I fix the carburetor," requested Floyd, from beside the machine. "It's colder late at night like this. Wait, you've dropped your glove."

Stanton silenced the engine. Something in the fresh voice, the boyish grace of the slight figure, the ready courtesy of the act, stirred him with a strange sensation and pricking shame at his own brutality. "Poor mut," a whisper repeated to his inner ear. When Floyd offered the gauntlet, the other dropped a hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you riding with me because you want the money badly enough to chance anything," Stanton demanded harshly, "or because you are willing to trust my driving?"

Taken by surprise, open astonishment crossed the younger man's face, but his eyes did not flinch from the ones behind the goggles.

"I think you're the best driver on the track," came the steady answer. "And I'd rather trust myself to your recklessness than to some one else's mistakes, if you want to know. I guess you can steer straight enough for both of us."

Stanton's hand relaxed its hold.

"Go fix your carburetor. Yes, I can steer—straight."

Again the blue-black eyes flashed sneering defiance toward the grand-stand; for the moment, Miss Carlisle's hope of witnessing desperate feats by the Mercury car seemed far from realization.

But the Mercury had not circled the mile oval four times when the Duplex, its choked feed-pipe cleared at last, burst from the paddock with its master driver at the wheel and bent on the recovery of lost time. The Mercury was on the back stretch of track, running casually near sixty miles at the moment.

"Car comin'," Floyd cautioned suddenly.

Stanton raised his head, alert a fractional second too late, and his closest rival shot past him, roaring down the white path. It was too much; Floyd and Miss Carlisle sank out of memory together, as Stanton reached for throttle and spark. The Mercury snarled and leaped like a startled cat. The dull period was over.

The Mercury car was slightly the faster, but the Duplex held the inside line, and the difference between the drivers was not in skill so much as in daredeviltry. Slower machines kept conservatively out of the way as the dangerous rivals fought out their speed-battle. Three times Stanton hunted the Duplex around the track, gaining on each lap, until the last circuit was made with the cars side by side, a flaming team. The spectators, scanty at this hour before dawn, rose, applauding and cheering, as the two passed again, still clinging together.

But gradually it became evident that Stanton, who held the outside, was steadily crowding the Duplex toward the paddock fence. Nor could the Duplex defend itself from the maneuver which must ultimately force it to fall behind at one of the turns or accept destruction by collision. The machines were so close that a swerve on the part of either, the blow-out of a tire or a catch in the ruts cut in the track at certain points, meant ungentle death. Mercilessly, gradually, Stanton pressed his perilous advantage. And at the crucial moment he heard a low, exultant laugh.

"Cut him closer!" urged his mechanician's eager, excited accents at his ear. "We'll get him on this turn—he's weakenin'— Cut him close!"

The comrade triumph came to Stanton as an unaccustomed cordial. They were passing the grand-stand, just ahead lay the worst curve.

It was partly reputation which won. If the Duplex had held firm, the Mercury must in self-preservation have yielded room. But the driver knew Stanton, guessed him capable of wrecking both by obstinate persistence in attack, and dared not meet the issue. There came the gun-like reports of a shut-off motor, the Duplex slackened its furious pace, and Stanton hurtled past him on the turn itself, lurching across the ruts, and led the way down the track.

The witnesses in stands and paddock went frantic. Floyd pumped oil. Stanton snatched a glance at the miniature watch strapped on his wrist, over his glove, and slightly reduced speed. The maneuver had been successful, but the driver knew that it might have called down upon him the judges' just censure and have sent him from the track, disqualified.

The number of laps steadily grew on the bulletin register. A faint, dull light overspread the sky, the forerunner of the early summer dawn. At four o'clock the Mercury unexpectedly blew out a tire, reeling across to the fence line from the shock and the jar of sharply applied brakes. Stanton said something, and sent his car limping cautiously around to the camp where its repairers stood ready.

Floyd slid out of his hard, narrow seat rather stiffly. The cold grayness was bright enough now to show the streaks of grimy dust and oil wherever the masks had failed to protect

"For Mr. Stanton," the Boy Insisted.

the men's faces, and the effects of fatigue and strain of watching. Stanton looked for the inevitable pitcher of water, but found himself confronted instead with a grinning, admiringly awed messenger boy who held out a cluster of heavy purple flowers.

"What?" marveled the disgusted driver. "What idiotic trick—"

"For Mr. Stanton, sir," deferentially insisted the boy; who would have addressed the president as "bo," and gibed at the czar.

Stanton caught the blossoms roughly, anticipating a practical joke from some fun-loving fellow-competitor, and saw a white card dangling by a bit of ribbon.

"Thank you," he read in careless penciling. "I have no laurel wreaths here, so send the victor of the hour my corsage bouquet."

She had had the imprudence, or the cool disregard of comment, to use one of her own cards. Valerie Atherton Carlisle, the name was engraved across the heavy pasteboard.

She had thought that wild duel with the Duplex was an exhibition given for her, that at her wanton whim he had jeopardized four lives, one his own. With a strong exclamation of contempt Stanton moved to fling the flowers aside to the path before the Mercury's wheels, then checked himself, remembering appearances. The orchids curled limply around his warm fingers; suddenly the magnificent arrogance of this girl struck him with angry humor, and he laughed shortly.

"Throw them in the tent, Blake," he requested, tossing the bouquet to one of the men. "They'll wither fast enough."

The new tire was on. As Stanton turned to his machine, after tearing the card to unreadable fragments, he saw Floyd watching him with curious intentness.

A raw, wet mist had commenced to roll in from the near-by ocean. The promise of dawn was recalled, a dull obscurity closed over the motordrome, leaving even the search-lighted path dim. The cars rushed on steadily.

The night had been singularly free from accidents. Only one machine had been actually wrecked, although three had been withdrawn from the contest. The officials in the judges' stand were congratulating one another, at the moment when the second disaster occurred.

The mist had grown thicker, in the lights a dazzling silver curtain before men's eyes, and the track had been worn to deep grooves at the turns. The Mercury was sweeping past the grand-stand, when one of the two slower cars, being overtaken, slipped its driver's control, caught in a foot-deep rut, and swerved crashing into the machine next it. Twice over it rolled, splintering sickeningly, but flinging both of its men clear of the wreck. The car struck, plunged on around the curve into the mist, apparently unhurt.

Out across the damp dusk pierced the shriek of the klaxon, mingled with the cry of the people and the tinkle of the hospital telephone. Stanton, swinging wide to avoid the pitiful wreckage, kept on his course.

"Stop!" Floyd shouted imperatively beside him. "Stop, Stanton, stop!"

Stanton sped on, disregarding what he supposed was a novice's nervous sympathy. He could not aid the stunned men lying on the track, and one glance had told him that they could be safely passed; as indeed they had been.

"Stop!" the command rang again; and as Stanton merely shook his head with impatient annoyance, the mechanician swiftly stooped forward.

The motor slackened oddly. Before the astounded driver had time to grasp the situation, the power died from under his hands and the car was only carried forward by its own momentum. Automatically he jammed down the brakes and turned in his seat to confront his companion in a wrathful amazement choking speech. Floyd faced him, even his lips white beneath his mask, but with steadfast eyes.

"I know," he forestalled the tempest. "You've got the right to put me off the car—I threw your switch. I've got nothing to say. But the mist lifted and I saw what lay ahead."

What lay ahead? The klaxon was shrieking madly, from all around the track came the sound of halting cars. The rising wind pushed along the fog walls again, and they opened to reveal the second machine of the late accident, not twenty-five feet ahead, a tilted, motionless heap. After the collision it had staggered this far, to go down with a broken rear axle and two lost rear wheels. Its men were still in their seats unhurt.

There was an instant of silence. The avoided disaster was no excuse for the mechanician's interference, nor did Floyd offer it as such, well aware that his driver was perfectly justified in any course he chose to take. There can be but one pilot at any wheel.

"Since I suppose you are not equal to cranking a ninety Mercury, you had better fix the spark and gas while I start it," dryly suggested Stanton. "And—never do that again."

He stepped out and went to the front of his car, seizing the crank and starting the big motor with an exertion of superb strength which would indeed have been impossible to the slender Floyd. When he retook his seat, the mechanician made his equally laconic apology and acknowledgment of error.

"I never will," Floyd gave his word.

The wind shook the mist more strongly, streamers of pink and gold trembled across the sky. The day had commenced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GAVE OF SURPLUS WEALTH

Rich Men in Other Days Lavish in Their Donations to Their Favorite Cities.

"Many a man who has inherited millions," once said Frederic Harrison, "is gnawed with envy as he watches a practical man turning an honest penny. How he would like to earn an honest penny! He never did; he never will; and he feels like a dyspeptic invalid watching a hearty beggar enjoying a bone or a crust. Many a rich man is capable of better things; but he does not know how to begin!" The ancient law suggests a restoration of the liturgies, the public services of rich men as they were organized in the model Greek republics. "At Athens the liturgies were legal and constitutional offices imposed periodically and according to a regular order by each local community on citizens rated as having capital of more than a given amount. . . . It always remained a public office, a duty to be filled by taste, skill, personal effort and public spirit. Rich men contended for the office. The chief ambition of a rich man came to be that of making splendid gifts to his fellow citizens, and theaters, stadiums, colonnades, aqueducts, gardens, libraries, museums, pictures, statues—all were showered upon favorite cities by wealthy men who possessed or coveted the name of citizen." A few multimillionaires in our American republic have made public benefactions. May their tribe increase! The gift of a public hospital or a school building is always in order.—The Christian Herald.

Fireman's Unique Wedding.

A fireman's wedding in a burnt-out church is certainly something of a novelty. Such a wedding has just taken place in the chancel of St. George's, Leicester, the greater part of the building having been destroyed by fire last year. It was the first fireman's wedding in Leicester, and the bridegroom's colleague, formed a guard of honor and arranged an arch of axes, under which the bride and bridegroom passed out after the ceremony. Fireman Sturges, the bridegroom, was among those who fought the flames at St. George's last October.—London Tit Bits.

GIRL WAS A PUZZLE

DRESSED IN BOY'S CLOTHES, SHE PUTS OUT STREET LAMPS.

Mysterious "Boy" Finally Located After Many Times Eluding "Early Birds" and Amateur Sleuths—Contributes to Support Big Family.

Chicago.—Amateur sleuths, anxious men and wise night owls may all take a vacation, for the girl of mystery who has been turning out street lamplights in the early hours of the morning at California avenue and West Lake street has been found.

Clad in a clean pair of overalls, her brother's discarded coat and an old soft hat, 14-year-old Mildred Nable admitted the other night that she is the girl who has mystified hundreds of curious people. She looks the part of a boy when dressed in male garb. But she has pretty black curls and they dangle from beneath her hat. She blames all her troubles on the locks. She is a pretty, petite boy, and, incidentally, an exceptionally pretty girl. When found in her home she declared she was sorry she had been found out.

"I wanted to fool everybody all summer," she said. "Why did you have to come and find me? I guess you want to know all about myself now that I am discovered. Well, I have two brothers, and they light the street lamps every night and I hate to see them do all the work, so I decided to help by extinguishing the lights in the morning. Both my brothers are young and they need sleep in the morning. I did not want to turn out the lights in girl's clothes, so I got some of my older brother's old garments. They fitted me all right, and I continued to wear them. Of course, had the clothes been too big for me I wouldn't have worn them because how did I know who might see me?

"I have a big route to cover. There are 160 lights to be turned out every morning. I have a brother who is attending business college and I wanted to help earn money to enable him in his education."

"Did you have any thrilling experiences?" she was asked.

"You bet I did," she replied, brushing back her curls. "Those curls annoy me terribly. I guess I have them cut. Well, the first real thrilling experience was the first morning on the job. I was at California avenue and Lake street when I saw a man with a lantern. He paid no particular attention to me until he saw my curls. Then he chased me.

"Gee, how I ran! Through alleys and over back fences until I finally lost him. But on the next morning he was waiting for me. I guess he had a good look at me, for he never said a word. He might have at least apologized for chasing me the way he did.

"This same man must have notified all his friends that there was a girl lamp extinguisher in Chicago, for on the succeedings morning there was always a small crowd waiting to look at me at California avenue and Lake street. One man asked me my name. I refused to tell him. After that I noticed several hundreds of persons watching me all along my route.

"I always tried to evade everybody who was watching me. I knew people were talking about me, but I was glad they did not know my name. I will now sleep mornings and get back some of the beauty sleep I lost."

There are seven children in the Nagle family, and all contribute to the support. Mrs. J. N. Nagle, the girl's mother, said she tried in vain to make her girl stop dressing in boy's clothing.

WASTE OF TIME TO BATHE?

Scientists Declare That Use of Soap and Water Tends to Increase Bacterial Growth.

Paris.—To take a bath only leaves one's skin in a dirtier condition than before, from the medical point of view. This is the melancholy opinion expressed by the leading microbiologists of the world, whose views are collected by Le Matin.

According to these experts, who have been making a number of tests, the ordinary bath only multiplies the growth of microbes, which always flourish on even the healthiest skin.

Dr. Tsidaka, the famous Japanese bacteriologist, for example, recently had three men bathe in clean water, one after the other, the bathers each time being thoroughly scrubbed with fresh water. All afterward were found to have three to four times as many microbe colonies on their backs as previously.

Other scientists agree with the Japanese professor. One says that the idea of cleansing the skin from microbes by the application of soap and water is a pathetic delusion, as the bacterial growth is only stimulated and increased by these means.

Arrests Own Son.

Springfield, Mo.—Sheriff John S Hufft of Laclede county arrested his own son on a charge of selling a rented team of horses and a buggy procured from a liveryman of Lebanon. The sheriff and his son, Opel Hufft, 23, have gone to Lebanon, where the lad will be bound over to the Criminal court. The father said he had trailed the boy through several counties of southern Missouri since he ran away, about a month ago.

On Same Farm 65 Years.

Poteau, Okla.—There is a human curiosity in eastern Oklahoma in the person of John J. Eoff, who resides near Harrotson, Ark., and who is visiting his son in this state. He is a curiosity in Oklahoma for the reason that he has lived in one place—on his farm near Harrison—for sixty-five years. Oklahomans virtually all are newcomers.

Patriotic Barber.

Rome.—A patriotic barber in the Via Tidano advertised that he would shave free of charge all officers and soldiers returning from Tripoli.

REDUCE YOUR LIVING EXPENSES

Eat Golden Cereal Foods and recommend them to your acquaintances. You get better quality and more for your money. They are made in your home state from the best Oregon Oats and Wheat. Large packages contain a Handsome Premium and all goods are guaranteed. Ask your grocer.

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REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—160 A. IN LINN CO., ORE.; 70 A. cult.; 2-story 10-r. residence, barn, outbldgs, 150 bearing fruit trees, machinery, etc. Haven, Box 319, Chicago.

FOR SALE—80 A. NEAR VANCOUVER, B. C., Can.; 8 a. cult.; house, barn, hennery, incubator, outbldgs., 2 a. fruit orchard, etc. Allen, Box 319, Chicago.

Foolish Waltzing Contest.

An extraordinary waltzing watch in which eight couples competed took part at Allessandria, Piedmont, Italy. The dancers commenced at 10 o'clock in the evening of the 25th instant and did not cease until they were compelled to do so from exhaustion. At midday on the 26th, when there remained only two couples in the contest, the jury ordered the termination of the match, which had lasted 14 hours, and Regaldi, who was adjudged champion, fainted immediately afterward.

How Taste Is Cultivated.

People who live in climates where malaria abounds, frequently have to take so much quinine that they get to love the taste of it, and to take it daily, even when they do not need it, just because it tastes good to them. And yet quinine is one of the bitterest of drugs and these same people, did they move away from the malaria district for a few years, would soon get to detest the taste of it.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Chinese Children Like Paris.

Recently a number of Chinese children have been found in the streets of Paris and taken before the magistrates as vagabonds. These children were brought to France by showmen to perform as acrobats. After a few months, their performances having lost their novelty and ceased to attract, the managers abandoned them. They have been taken to the Chinese legation to be sent home. But they don't want to go home. The beautiful city of Paris is more to their liking.

Clocks Run by Fan Motors.

Fans actuated by currents of air have from time to time been used as motors for running clocks. One, by Lepaute, is in the Louvre, Paris. Benjamin Hanks, of Litchfield county, Connecticut, patented one in 1783. In a more recent patent the weight is wound up by the current of air in a chimney which is stopped by a self-acting brake as the weight nears the top of its course.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Get His Knowledge First Hand.

Benson J. Lossing, whose historical collections were sold in New York city recently, was a historian of the old school, whose methods were yet in a way up to date, not to say journalistic. He traveled many thousands of miles in gathering material for his books, conversing with old settlers and descendants of revolutionary heroes and making sketches on the spot of battlefields and scenes of historic interest.

A Bad Spill.

"Here's a young woman that was left half a million dollars merely for spilling a little sunshine into an old man's life." "Her experience is more fortunate than mine. I once spilled a cup of coffee into an old man's lap and he cut me out of his will altogether."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Dont accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Snail Culture Profitable.

French farmers find snail culture a profitable undertaking. As many as 500,000 "first quality" snails, the price of which throughout the year averages $1.70 a thousand, can be reared on an acre of land. They have to be fed only once a day, preferably in the evening, and though extremely voracious are by no means fastidious. After a fall of rain, which seems to sharpen their appetites, a bed of 100,000 will demolish a barrow load of cabbage in a very short space of time.

Oldest City in the World.

Doctor Harkov, a Russian savant, once affirmed that Samara, on the right bank of the Tigrus, near Bagdad, is the oldest city extant. Relics now discovered show that Samara flourished before the arrival of the Semites in Chaldea or Mesopotamia, 3,000 B. C.

Being Practical.

Practical people are wise people. Genius may create brilliant ideas, and be of a very active turn of mind, but money makes the mare go, and what practical people really wish is to have a pot, to have that full of potatoes, and to have fire enough to make the pot boil.

Quite Too Much for Used Words.

The value of advertising was pointed out to a man with a budding business, and he agreed to give a writer $50 for a full page. The copy was submitted and the merchant looked it over coldly. "Fifty dollars is too much," he commented. "You've used a lot of words I've seen before."

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

For Sprains and Bruises.

B. Street, Cedarville, Cali., writes: "Have used Mustang Liniment a number of years on stock for cuts, sprains, bruises, etc., with best results. The boys on the ranch here use it for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, cuts and burns with the most satisfactory results. In fact we use it on man or beast as the best remedy we know of."

25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

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OPENS SEPTEMBER 24

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PREPARES thoroughly, and in the shortest possible time, for College, Business, Teaching, Civil Service, and Citizenship. Languages a Specialty.

Eight Courses; no entrance examinations; special classes for foreigners.

EXPENSES LOW: Tuition, board, room and washing, nine months, $180; eighteen weeks, $96; nine weeks, $50.

You ask: How can you furnish all this for less than the usual price of board and lodging? We answer: By the aid of our church we are enabled to give our students more than they pay for.

We can't tell all here. Our free 50-page catalogue will do it. Send for it. Address

N. J. HONG, Principal
Parkland, Wash.

Judge and "Barmaid's Blush."

Judicial ignorance is generally assumed, but there are occasions when a judge is honestly lacking in knowledge. The other day a witness in an Australian court casually mentioned that a certain thing occurred just after he had a "barmaid's blush." Judge and counsel were for the moment "stuck up" by this hitherto unheard of phrase, but the fact was gradually elicited that it meant a drink of compounded beer and raspberry vinegar. —London Chronicle.

Chemical Caterpillars.

The work of former investigators, Tichomorrow, Toyama and Kellogg, has been substantiated by Mr. Ripley of the department of biology, Trinity college, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Ripley has produced caterpillars from unfertilized eggs by the action of sulphuric acid, and has therefore carried one step farther the investigation of his predecessors in the production of larvae.

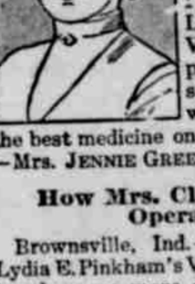
Sunshine of Life.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women."—Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.



How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation.

Brownsville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation.

"I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got in such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon.

"Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles.

"I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownsville, Ind.

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