Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ivory Difficult to Judge.

The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory which are rolling tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from $8 to $10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.

The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for a good billiard ball must be at least twenty-five years old. If it is fifty years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephane grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks. If it is too "dry" it will "chip" in the same fashion.

The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs, three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again and again.

Disastrous Experiment.

They're telling of a Jackson County farmer who found an auto horn in the road one day and took it home and taught his chickens to recognize its honk as their feed call. Instead of calling them in the old-fashioned way the farmer or his wife would blow the auto horn. One day an automobilist passed the farm going about fifteen miles an hour and tooting his horn. The chickens near the house took out after the auto and fourteen hens and three roosters ran themselves to death behind the machine.—Kansas City Times.

Charged His Time.

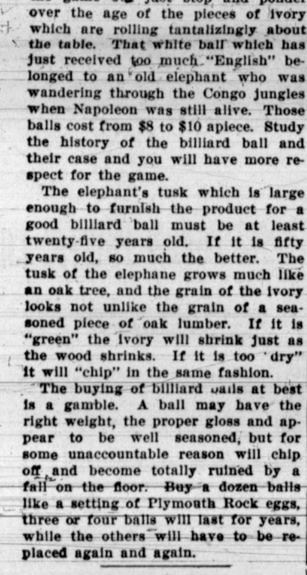
"The treasury deficit for the fiscal year is nearly $24,000,000."

"Eh? That doesn't seem much for a big and prosperous nation, does it?"

"And your share of the deficit—if there are 80,000,000 in our nation—will be close to 30 cents."

"What's that! My share? Say, only the grossest carelessness and bad management could run up an enormous deficit like that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA In Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work.

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna.

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again.

"I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well.

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chrnoic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XXIV.

But next morning the mother was ill—nay, as Yolande in her first alarm imagined, seriously ill. She could hardly speak; her hands and forehead were hot and feverish; she would take nothing in the shape of a breakfast; she only turned away her head languidly. Yolande was far too frightened to stay to consult her mother's nervous fancies or dislikes; a doctor was sent for instantly—the same doctor, in fact, who had been called in before. And when this portly, rubicund, placid person arrived his mere presence in the room seemed to introduce a measure of calm into the atmosphere; and that was well. He was neither excited nor alarmed. He made the usual examination, asked a few questions, and gave some general and sufficiently sensible directions as to how the patient should be tended. And then he said he would write out a prescription—for this practitioner, in common with most of his kind, had retained that simple and serene faith in the efficacy of drugs which has survived centuries of conflicting theories, contradictions in fact, and scientific doubt, and which is perhaps more beneficial than otherwise to the human race, so long as the quantities prescribed are so small as to do no positive harm. It was aconite, this time, that he chose to experiment with.

However, when he followed Yolande into the other room, in order to get writing materials, and when he sat down and began to talk to her, it was clear that he understood the nature of the case well enough; and he plainly intimated to her that, when a severe chill like this had caught the system and promised to produce a high state of fever, the result depended mainly on the power of the constitution to repel the attack and fight its way back to health.

"Now I suppose I may speak frankly to you, Miss Winterbourne?" said he.

"Oh, yes; why not?" said Yolande, who was far too anxious to care about formalities.

"You must remember, then, that though you have only seen me once before, I have seen you twice. The first time you were insensible. Now," said he, fixing his eyes on her, "on that occasion I was told a little, but I guessed more. It was to frighten your mother out of the habit that you took your first dose of that patent medicine. May I assume that?"

"Well, yes," said Yolande, with downcast eyes—though, indeed, there was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly whether you believe that warning had effect."

"Indeed, I am sure of it," said Yolande, looking up, and speaking with decision.

"You think that since then she has not had recourse to any of those opiates?"

"I am positively certain of it," Yolande said to him.

"I suppose being deprived of them cost the poor lady a struggle?"

"Yes, once or twice—but that was some time ago. Latterly she was growing ever so much more bright and cheerful, but still she was weak, and I was hesitating about risking the long journey to the south of France. Yes, it is I that am to blame. Why did I not go sooner? Why did I not go sooner?" she repeated, with tears coming into her eyes.

"Indeed, you cannot blame yourself, Miss Winterbourne," the doctor said. "I have no doubt you acted for the best. The imprudence you tell me of might have happened anywhere. If you keep the room warm and equable, your mother will do as well here as in the south of France—until it is safe for you to remove her."

"But how soon, doctor? how soon? Oh, when I get a chance again I will not wait."

"But you must wait—and you must be patient and careful. It will not do to hurry matters. Your mother is not strong. The fight may be a long one. Now, Miss Winterbourne, you will send and get this prescription made up, and I will call again in the afternoon."

Yolande went back to her mother's room, and sent away Jane; she herself would be nurse. On tiptoe she went about, doing what she thought would add to her mother's comfort; noiselessly tending the fire that had been lit, arranging a shutter so that less light should come in, and so forth. But the confidence inspired by the presence of the doctor was gone now; a terrible anxiety had succeeded; and when at last she sat down in the silent room, and felt that she could do nothing more, a sense of helplessness, of loneliness, entirely overcame her, and she was ready to despair. Why had she not gone away sooner, before this terrible thing happened? Why had she delayed? They might now have been walking happily together along some sunny promenade in the south—instead of this—this hushed and darkened room, and the poor invalid, whom she had tended so carefully, and who seemed to be emerging into a new life altogether, thus thrown back and rendered once more helpless. Why had she gone out on that fatal morning? Why had she left her mother alone? If she had been in the room there would have been no venturing into the snow, whatever dreams and fancies were calling. If she had but taken courage and set out for the south a week sooner—a day sooner—this would not have happened; and it seemed so hard that when she had almost secured the emancipation of her mother—when the undertaking on which she had entered with so much of fear, and wonder, and hope was near to being crowned with success—the work should be undone by so trifling an accident. She was like to despair.

But patience—patience—she said to herself. She had been warned, before she had left Scotland, that it was no light matter that lay before her. If she was thrown back into prison, as it were, at this moment, the door would be opened some day. And, indeed, it was not of her own liberty she was thinking—it was the freedom of light and life and cheerfulness that she had hoped to secure for this stricken and hapless creature whom fortune had not over-well treated.

Her mother stirred, and instantly she went to the bedside.

"What does the doctor say, Yolande?" she asked, apparently with some difficulty.

"Only what every one sees," she said, with such cheerfulness as was possible. "You have caught a bad cold, and you are feverish; but you must do everything that we want you to do, and you will fight it off in time."

"What kind of a day is it outside?" she managed to ask again.

"It is fine, but cold. There has been some more snow in the night."

"If you wish to go out, go out, Yolande. Don't mind me."

"But I am going to mind you, mother, and nobody else. Here I am, here I stay, till you are well again. You shall have no other nurse."

"You will make yourself ill, Yolande. You must go out."

She was evidently speaking with great difficulty.

"Hush, mother, hush!" the girl said. "I am going to stay with you. You should not talk any more—it pains you, does it not?"

"A little." And then she turned away her head again. "If I don't speak to you, Yolande, don't think it is unkind of me. I—I am not very well, I think."

And so the room was given over to silence again, and the girl to anxious thoughts as to the future. She had resolved not to write to her father until she should know more definitely. She would not unnecessarily alarm him. At first, in her sudden alarm, she had thought of summoning him at once; but now she had determined to wait until the doctor had seen her mother again. If this were only a bad cold, and should show symptoms of disappearing, then she could send him a reassuring message. At present she was far too upset and anxious and disturbed to carefully weigh her expressions.

About noon Jane stole silently into the room and handed her a letter and withdrew again. Yolande was startled when she glanced at the handwriting, and hastily opened the envelope. The letter came from Inverness, and was dated the morning of the previous day; that was all she noted carefully—the rest seemed to swim into her consciousness all at once, she ran her eyes over the successive lines so rapidly, and with such a breathless agitation.

"My Dear Yolande," Jack Melville wrote, "I shall reach Worthing just about the same time as this letter. I am coming to ask you for a single word. Archie Leslie has told me—quite casually, in a letter about other things—that you are no longer engaged to him; and I have dared to indulge in some vague hopes. Well, it is for you to tell me to put them aside forever, or to let them remain, and see what the future has in store. That is all. I don't wish to interfere with your duties of the moment—how should I?—but I cannot rest until I ascertain from yourself whether or no I may look forward to some distant time, and hope. I am coming on the chance of your not having left Worthing. Perhaps you may not have left, and I beg of your kindness to let me see you, for ever so short a time."

She quickly and quietly went to the door and opened it. Her face was very pale.

"Jane!"

The maid was standing at the window, looking out; she immediately turned and came to her mistress.

"You remember Mr. Melville who used to come to the lodge?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"He will be in Worthing to-day—he will call here—perhaps soon. He will ask to see me—well—you will tell him I cannot see him. I cannot see him. My mother is ill. Tell him I am sorry—but I cannot see him."

Then Yolande quietly slipped into the room again—glancing at her mother, to see whether her absence had been noticed; and her hand was clutching the letter, and her heart beating violently. It was too terrible that he should arrive at such a moment—amid this alarm and anxiety. She could not bear the thought of meeting him. And so she sat in the still and darkened room, listening with a sort of dread for the ring at the bell below; and then picturing to herself his going away; and then thinking of the years to come.

This was what happened when Melville came to the door. To begin with, he was not at all sure that he should find Yolande there, for he had heard from Mrs. Bell that she and her mother were leaving England. But when Jane, in response to his ringing of the bell, opened the door, then he knew that they were not gone.

"Miss Winterbourne is still here, then?" he said quickly, and indeed with some appearance of anxiety in the pale, handsome face.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be good enough to ask her if I can see her for a moment?" he said, at length. "She knows that I meant to call on her."

"Please, sir, Miss Winterbourne told me to say that she was very sorry, but that she cannot see you. Her mother is ill, sir," said Jane. "I think she is very ill, sir, but I would not say so to my young mistress, sir."

"Of course not—of course not," he said, absently; and then he suddenly asked, "Has Miss Winterbourne sent for her father?"

"I think not, sir. I think she is waiting to hear what the doctor says."

"Who is the doctor?"

She gave him both the name and address.

He sent her a message—some half hour thereafter. tI was merely this:

"Dear Yolande—I am deeply grieved to have intruded upon you at such a time. Forgive me. I hope to hear better news; but do not you trouble; I have made arrangements so that I shall know.—J. M."

And Yolande put that note with others—for in truth she had carefully preserved every scrap of writing that he had ever sent her; and it was with a wistful kind of satisfaction that at least he had gone away her friend.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly three o'clock, and she awaited his verdict with an anxiety amounting to distress. But he would say nothing definite. The fever had increased, certainly; but that was to be expected. She reported to him—as minutely as her agitation allowed—how his directions had been carried out in the interval, and he approved. Then he begged her not to be unduly alarmed, for this fever was the common attendant on the catching of a sudden chill; and with similar vague words of reassurance he left. But the moment he had gone she sat down and wrote to her father.

Mr. Winterbourne came down next morning—rather guessing that the matter was more serious than the girl had represented—and went straight to the house. He sent for Jane, and got it arranged that, while she took Yolande's place in the sick room for a few minutes, Yolande should come downstairs and see him in the ground floor parlor, which was unoccupied. It is to be remembered that he had not seen his daughter since she left the Highlands.

When Yolande came into the room his eyes lighted up with gladness; but the minute they were dimmed with fears—and the hands that took hers were trembling—and he could hardly speak.

"Child, child," said he, in a second or so, "how you are changed! You are not well, Yolande; have you been ill?"

"Oh, no, papa, I am perfectly well."

As she desired, he went and saw the doctor, who spoke more plainly to him than he had done to the girl of the possible danger of such an attack, but also said that nothing could be definitely predicted as yet. It was a question of the strength of the constitution. Mr. Winterbourne told him frankly who he was, what his position was, and the whole sad story; and the doctor perfectly agreed with Yolande that it was most unadvisable to risk the agitation likely to be produced if the poor woman were to be confronted with her husband.

As the days passed the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened. At length the doctor said, on one occasion when Mr. Winterbourne had called on him for news:

"I think, Mr. Winterbourne, if you have no objection, I should like to have a consultation on this case. I am afraid there is some complication."

"I hope you will have the best skill that London can afford," said Mr. Winterbourne, anxiously; for although the doctor rather avoided looking him in the face, the sound of this phrase was ominous.

But all the skill in London or anywhere else could not have saved this poor victim from the fatal consequences of a few moments' thoughtlessness. The wasted and enfeebled constitution had succumbed. But her brain remained clear; as long as she could hold Yolande's hand, or even see the girl walking about the room or seated in a chair, she was content.

"I don't mind dying now," she said, or rather whispered, on one occasion. "I have seen you and know you; you have been with me for awhile. It was like an angel that you came to me; it was an angel who sent you to me. I am ready to go now."

"Mother, you must not talk like that!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, the nonsense of it! How long, then, do you expect me to be kept waiting for you, before we can start for Bordighera together?"

"We shall never be at Bordighera together," the mother said, absently—"never! never! But you may be, Yolande; and I hope you will be happy there, and always, for you deserve to be. Ah, yes, you will be happy! Surely, it cannot be otherwise—you, so beautiful and so noble-hearted."

(To be continued.)

AN ANTARTIC NEWSPAPER.

Journal Typewritten in Victoria Land May Be Reproduced in Facsimile.

Specimen pages of the newspaper that was printed on a typewriter every week for two winters while the Discovery was in the antartic have been sent to this country. It was not the first newspaper of its kind, but in quality it was the best of polar publications.

This is largely due to the fact that it was beautifuly illustrated with water colors and black and white sketches. There were artists in that crowd, and some of their best work was done for the newspaper.

Most of the color work illustrated natural history. The birds and beasts of that region gave numerous sittings, and the pictures are rarely surpassed by any process.

Many black and white illustrations hit off the daily life in camp, showed the humorous aspect of things and caricatured everybody from Capt. Scott down. These pictures are sprinkled in among news items, stories, fun, and solid scientific articles. It is a remarkable product in its way, and they are talking at the Royal Geographic Society in London of making facsimile reproductions in eight volumes, to be sold at a pretty penny.

Then there were other methods also of driving dull care away during the tedious winter months. Once in a while things were livened up by a negro minstrel performance.

It would not do to rehearse for these performances on the ship, for everybody would know just what was going on. So the burnt cork artists always went for rehearsal to a hut that had been erected on the ice. The temperature in the hut was ever decidedly arctic, and Lieut. Royds says it was no great pleasure playing the piano for the comic songs.

One day when the troupe went to the hut for rehearsal they found two members of the scientific staff taking pendulum observations. The gentlemen gave way to the minstrels and started for the ship, and a mention of what happened may give a faint idea of an antarctic blizzard on a winter night.

The distance between the hut and the ship was over 600 feet. The rehearsal was over in an hour, and the minstrels started for the ship. They had gone about half the distance when they heard a faint cry through the howling blast. Everybody knew that some one was lost.

The party opened out and soon found the two men who had left the hut. They had been lost between the hut and the ship, and for an hour had been tramping around in a little circle shouting at the top of their voices, but they couldn't outcry the blizzard.

Another One.

"Do you know what you are trying to say," queried the editor, as he glanced over the copy, "when you speak of a man going to his long rest at the untimely age of 80?"

"Sure," answered the new reporter. "He ought to have been chloroformed twenty years ago."

All in the Name.

"This," said the city chap who was showing his rural relative the twn, "is called the 'tenderloin' district."

"Why is it called that?" queried the rural relative.

"Because it is so tough," explained the other.

Love's Dream Faded.

"I don't see you with Miss Dasher so often nowadays as I used to."

"No, I seldom see her now."

"Did she get engaged to some other fellow?"

"No, she got married to me."—Cleveland Leader.

Inventors keep fooling with airships, submarine boats, etc., when all the time an umbrella stay which will not rust out remains undiscovered.

Banana Is a Real Food.

Professors of dietetics tell us that the banana is not, as so many fruits are, a flavor and nothing more, but a food and a source of real nutriment. It is at once useful and delicious. It not only gratifies the palate, but supplies material for combustion and the maintenance of animal heat, while it also builds up the muscles and repairs the worn and threadbare nerves.

The flour made from it in its dried state is equal in nutritive value to vice, and how invigorating and sustaining rice is has been demonstrated in the recent achievements of the Japanese. Dried and sprinkled with sugar, a form in which it has been recently introduced into this country, the upstart banana is, weight for weight, as nutritious as the venerable fig.

But it is in the fresh state, clad in its primrose tunic—the stripping off of which is in itself a fascinating operation—that the banana chiefly appeals to us. Its creamy succulence and delicate odor are inviting and its pleasant sapor is a prelude to good digestion. Dependent as that sapor is on an ethereal body which the coal-tar investigators have not yet been able to imitate by any chemical essence, it is a subtle stimulus to all subsequent alimentary processes. And thus it is that the banana is an eminently digestible food. No sense of oppression or drowsiness follows a meal of it, and a a meal of it may be made bulky enough.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Uses of the Mesquite.

"The mesquite tree is the boon of the Western American desert, and it is the only sign of apology nature has yet given for making certain parts of the earth well nigh uninhabitable," said G. A. Long, of Pueblo, Col. "The white people first learned from the Indians that the mesquite affords the coolest shade of any tree, and the sight of the low husky growth is hailed with a shout of joy by the traveler. It also furnishes the only fuel of those regions, and lately still another use has been found for it.

"By cultivating a row of mesquite in much the same way as willows are used in low and swampy places to keep the soil from washing, the sands of the desert are held in check from the action of the shifting winds, and thus great tracts of otherwise barren lands will in time be reclaimed for the use of mankind. Even the desert can be made to yield to the cunning hand and brain of man."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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

Tickled Him.

The major found Remus sprawled out in the blazing sunshine.

"You don't seem to mind the heat, Remus?"

"No, sah; et jes' suits me. De hottah et is de sweeteh de melon grow."

"But don't your garden suffer?"

"Nuffin' in deh now, sah, but 'taters. Like to see et so hot det dey'd roast right in de ground en den Ah wouldn't hab de trouble ob buildin' a fiah to cook dem."

A Mistake Somewhere.

"I've been told," said the old man on the back platform of the street car, "that if we didn't look out sumthin' would happen."

"I hadn't heard of it," said the conductor.

"I heard some fellers talkin' about it half an hour ago."

"Well, I don't think you need be afraid. Want to get off here?"

"Yes, but you needn't stop the car. I can just step out like this, and swing my leg so, and——"

And he plowed along the street for ten feet and then fell full length.

"Hurt much?" asked a pedestrian, who went to his assistance.

"Somewhat, but that hain't what ails me," was the reply. "It's that that dinged comet was ready to hit me in the back and the fool-headed conductor was taking things as easy as if he was forty miles away."

Two of a Kind.

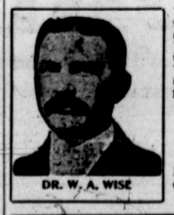
The lightning bug is brilliant, but he hasn't any mind; he meanders through the darkness with his headlight on behind. Likewise the foolish merchant, whom no one can advise; he declares there's "nothin' doin'," when asked to advertise.

SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that blighting disease, Scrofula; for in nearly every instance the disease can be traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tuberculous poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health improves, the symptoms all pass away, there is a sure return to health, the disease is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



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We do crown and bridgework without pain. Our 18 years' experience in plate work enables us to fit your mouth comfortably. Dr. W. A. Wise has found a safe way to extract teeth absolutely without pain. Dr. T. P. Wise is an expert at gold filling and crown and bridgework. Extracting free when plates or bridges are ordered.

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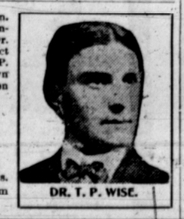
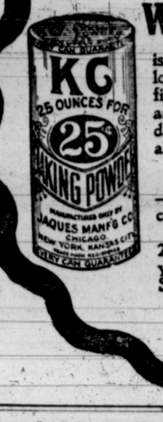


DR. T. P. WISE.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

The Home of the Wave Circle



is the home where good cooking is loved, where the family enjoy the finest of biscuits, doughnuts, cakes, and pies and other good things every day. The baking is always delicious and wholesome because

K C Baking Powder

—the baking powder of the wave circle, is used.

Get K C to-day! 25 ounces for 25c. If it isn't all that we claim, your grocer refunds your money. Send for "Book of Presents."

JAQUES MFG. CO. Chicago.

In Arizona.

The Coroner—Have you any idea what caused the stranger's death?

Broncho Pete—Yep. He died from heart trouble.

The Coroner—Are you sure?

Broncho Pete—Sartenly. The heart wus an ace an' he had it up his sleeve. See?

Frenzied Advertising.

In these days of frenzied advertising, it is hard for all of us to tell the real thing, and it naturally follows that the safest way is to pin our faith to those articles and products which are backed and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable concerns.

The Pillsbury company, of Minneapolis, with a world-wide reputation for best quality, guarantees to you that in buying their ideal breakfast food, "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat," you actually purchase a product which is free from impurities, and at the same time a most economical food. It is truly the white heart of the wheat kernel, sterilized, nothing added, nothing taken away; no flavoring, no cooking, and a two-pound package will make you twelve pounds of delicious white food. Figure the economy of this.

If you are looking for the best, and are willing to accept the statements of the largest and most respected of firms, whose products are the yard stick by which all competitors measure their lines, you will not hesitate.

Ask your grocer today for "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat."

Put up only in two pound air tight packages. Price 20 cents.

Alma Mater So Dear.

Farmer Jason—Want a job, hey? Are ye a good, steady worker?

Bypath Blake—Well, no, now you speak of it, I have to take four months off every year to go an' coach me old college football team."—Puck.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

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