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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Ashland	12:33 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Sacramento	5:00 p.m.	4:35 a.m.
San Francisco	7:45 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
Oregon	5:45 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
Denver	9:00 a.m.	9:00 p.m.
Kansas City	7:25 a.m.	7:25 a.m.
Chicago	7:45 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Los Angeles	1:20 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
El Paso	6:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
Fort Worth	6:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
City of Mexico	9:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Houston	4:00 a.m.	4:00 a.m.
New Orleans	6:25 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
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SHE LOOKED, THEN LEAPED.

Bright eyed Mary had a lover.

Handsome, kind and true.

"What," she said, "I must discover

What is best to do."

So she went for sound advice

To aunts and cousins married twice.

"Don't," said Aunt Martha Teeters;

"Men are full of daws;

Soiling round the hateful creature—

At the slightest cause.

Take your aunt's counsel, Mary;

Men are always 'con-terary.'"

Then she went to those still older,

Cousins Jane and Ruth;

Both agreed that aunt told her

Plain, unvarnished truth.

"Married women sigh and moan, dear;

You just let the men alone, dear."

Pretty Mary stood and wondered

How these matrons nice,

Thinking thus, should all be blundered

With marrying twice.

Then said she, "They're gracie and dear 'em,

I'll take one myself and share 'em."

—What to Eat.

A Happy Mistake

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a.m.—Just now,

when I took down my cup of coffee, I

found him peering over a bill and looking

worried to the verge of distraction.

At last I drew from him that The

Weekly Wag is wrong all the wrong

way and is bound to go to the wall

unless he can secure a few articles

from some comic writer of note. But,

though he has written to several with

that object, nothing has come of it.

"In a word, the paper has turned out

a ruinous investment for me," he con-

cluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly

miserable and depressed, a happy

thought darted into my mind. Men

don't like refusing a request when

framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I

may succeed where poor dad has

failed. At any rate, "without a trial

there's no denial," and a recent in-

cident opens the way for me to make

the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I

were walking away an hour in the Brit-

ish museum, she bowed to a librarian.

He went on to her recognition with

a courtly bow, and a polite smile re-

laxed for the moment his clean shaven,

inscrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rut-

land, the writer of those clever arti-

cles, my dear. I met him last week

at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as

we passed on into another room.

Seeing that she had turned as red as

a penny, I concluded that he was a

celebrity as well as a celebrity! But he

certainly did not look a bit like I im-

agined him, for, strange to say, dad had

been speaking of him to me that same

morning, when he had enviously

pointed out an attractive announce-

ment in a rival weekly to the effect

that a series of brilliant sketches from

the pen of the widely known humorist,

Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in

its columns. I am very glad now that

we chanced to see him, since it paved

the way for me to call on him and ex-

plain in confidence the sad straits of

The Weekly Wag and beg of him to

contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at For-

est Gate, in a beautiful residence

known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow

morning I shall take heart of grace

and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p.m.—What a day

of days this has been! I really ought

to have dated it in red ink. This morn-

ing directly the dear, unsuspecting dad

had started for the city, I put on my

sailor hat and sallied forth on my se-

cret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a

held the door open for me, and keeping

my smarting eyes bent on the ground I

hastily made my exit. Never in all the

10 years of my life had I felt so an-

noyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought'!"

I reflected briefly, as I descended the

deep stairway into the station. Having

ascertained that my train was not

due for 15 minutes, I felt to pacing the

platform, where the flaunting posters

of many a prosperous compiler of the

luckless little weekly I still grasped

have a yet keener edge to my disap-

pointment. Turning in my perambu-

lator I was surprised to see the dan-

del clad figure of my dear blurred

vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bligwag has repented of his

insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully,

while I bowed in response to the young

fellow's nod of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there

has been some unfortunate mistake,

and I have followed you here in the

hope of straightening matters," he

said, his quick breathing and height-

ened color testifying to the hot haste

he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland

who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a

savant, and only writes for the sci-

entific journals."

"And now, Miss Harvey, no wonder he

was so annoyed at my request?" I ex-

claimed, blushing painfully. "But, really,

knowing you write humor, he might

have guessed I had made some such

mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten

minutes ago. I have 'great expecta-

tions' in that quarter, and have kept

my frivolous talent a dead secret from

him," he replied, with a whimsical

smile.

"Then I hope you will have no re-

ason to rue this stupid blunder of mine,"

I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it had

it I had never discovered it—which

is a rank Hibernianism, I suppose." And

a mutual laugh set us both at our

ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard

To The Weekly Wag, I shall be most

pleased to contribute to its columns,"

he said, as eagerly as though he were

a struggling aspirant, anxious to see

his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks

the train dashed in, and all was con-

fusion. When he had handed me into

a carriage he told me that directly the

cricket match was over he should run

into the city and see my father. Then

the train moved on, and as our eyes

met in a last glance, I saw a look in

his that made my heart dance as it had

never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a tele-

gram from dad, to the effect that Mr.

Rutland would dine with us at 7. In

a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to

improve our menu and then listened

to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and

Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room,

I was surprised to see how much older

and distinguished he looked in evening

dress than in his flannels, and for the

minute I felt quite shy. But his genial

frankness of manner soon brought us

"in touch" again, and I have passed

the most charming evening I can re-

member.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p.m.—My wed-