Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—MRS. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Minding His Own Business.

Wallace Cummings used to drive the old stage which ran between Bridgton and Portland. One day Wallace had as a passenger out of Portland a young city chap or dude, as Wallace called him. The scenery along the stage route was both beautiful and diversified; the young man was much interested, and as he sat on the box, or post of honor, beside Wallace literally piled him with questions as to what mountain that was and what river this was, etc.

The old driver, who detested this sort of interrogation, stood it as long as he could. Finally he blurted out: "Say, stranger, if you'll mind your business I'll mind mine."

Thus snubbed, the young man relapsed into silence.

They had driven about ten miles farther when they came to a long hill, where the driver was obliged to apply the brake. As he shoved his foot toward it he immediately noticed that the mail bag, which always lay there, was gone. Evidently it had dropped off along the road.

Wallace stopped his horses; then, breaking the long silence, he said: "Say, stranger, did you see that mail bag slide off?"

"Yes, I did; some ten miles back," calmly remarked the young man.

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me?" gasped the astonished driver.

The "dude" looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and then he drawled, imitating Wallace's tone: "Say, driver, you mind your business and I'll mind mine."

The rest of the journey was driven in cold silence.—Boston Herald.

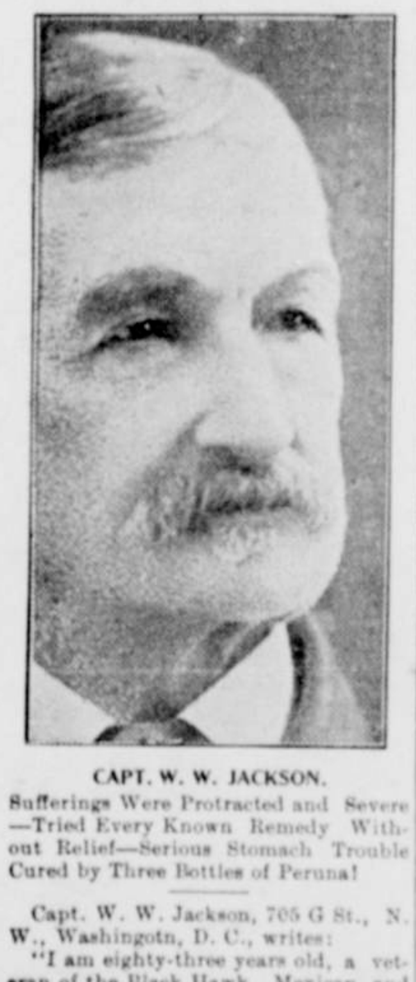
One Way of Examining.

Ho, there, Zimmie!" called the village physician's man-of-all-work to the lad who was passing. "Doctor said for me to tell you, if you came along, that he wanted to see you inside. Think he's lookin' for a new office boy. He's in the office now."

"You tell him to go straight up!" retorted little Zimmie Fiddler, preparing to run. "See me inside? not much! He needn't think he's goin' to git to cut me open on any such excuse as that! Blast him! That's no way to examine an office boy!"

Infant mortality is reported to be greater in Prussia than in any other country except Russia. The deaths the first year are 6 to 7 per cent in Sweden, 15 in France and 23.6 in Prussia.

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK-HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.



CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings Were Protracted and Severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Peruna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N. W., Washingotn, D. C., writes:

"I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil wars. I am by profession a physican, but abandoned the same.

"Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief.

"In desperation I began the use of your Peruna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement.

"After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder."—W. W. Jackson.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXV.

I have not seen Kinko for two days, and the last time was only to exchange a few words with him to relieve his anxiety. To-night I will try and visit him. I have taken care to lay in a few provisions at Sou-Tcheou.

We started at 3 o'clock. We have got a more powerful engine on. Across this undulating country the gradients are occasionally rather steep. Seven hundred kilometers separate us from the important city of Lan Tcheou, where we ought to arrive to-morrow morning, running thirty miles an hour.

At dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ephrinell, sitting side by side, hardly exchanged a word. Their intimacy seems to have decreased since they were married. Perhaps they are absorbed in the calculation of their reciprocal interests.

We have had a bad night. The sky, of purple, sulphury tint, became stormy toward evening, the atmosphere became stifling, the electrical tension excessive. It meant a "highly successful" storm, to quote Caterna. In truth, the train ran through a zone, so to speak, of vivid lightning and rolling thunder, which the echoes of the mountains prolonged indefinitely. I think there must have been several lightning strokes, but the rails acted as conductors, and preserved the cars from injury. It was a fine spectacle, a little alarming, these fires in the sky that the heavy rain could not put out—these continuous discharges from the clouds, in which were mingled the strident whistlings of our locomotive as we passed through the stations of Yanlu, from Tcheng, Houlan-Sien and Da-Tshing.

By favor of this troubled night, I was able to communicate with Kinko, to take him some provisions and to have a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Is it the day after to-morrow," he asked, "that we arrive at Pekin?"

"Yes, the day after to-morrow, if the train is not delayed."

"Oh, I am not afraid of delays! But when my box is in the railway station at Pekin, I have still to get to the Avenue Cha-Coua."

"What does it matter, will not the fair Zinca Klork come and call for it?"

"No. I advised her not to do so."

"And why?"

"Women are so impressionable. She would want to see the van in which I had come, she would claim the box with such excitement that suspicions would be aroused. In short, she would run the risk of betraying me."

"You are right, Kinko."

"Besides, we shall reach the station in the afternoon, very late in the afternoon, perhaps, and the unloading of the packages will not take place until next morning."

"Probably."

"Well, Monsieur Bombarnac, if I am not taking too great a liberty, may I ask a favor of you?"

"What is it?"

"That you will be present at the departure of the case, so as to avoid any mistake."

"I will be there, Kinko, I will be there. Glass, fragile. I will see that they don't handle it too roughly. And if you like I will accompany the case to Avenue Cha-Coua."

"I hardly like to ask you to do that."

"You are wrong, Kinko. You should not stand on ceremony with a friend, and I am yours, Kinko. Besides, it will be a pleasure to me to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Zinca Klork. I will be there when they deliver the box, the precious box. I will help her to get the nails out of it."

"The nails out of it, Monsieur Bombarnac? My panel? Ah, I will jump through my panel."

A terrible clap of thunder interrupted our conversation. I thought the train had been thrown off the line by the commotion of the air. I left the young Roumanian and regained my place within the car.

In the morning—20th of May, 7 a. m.—we arrived at Lan Tcheou. Three hours to stop, three hours only.

"Come, Major Noltitz; come, Pan Chao; come, Caterna; we have not a minute to spare."

But as we are leaving the station we are stopped by the appearance of a tall, fat, gray, solemn personage. It is the governor of the town in a double robe of white and yellow silk, fan in hand, buckled belt, and a mantilla—a black mantilla, which would have looked much better on the shoulders of a manola. He is accompanied by a certain number of globular mandarins, and the Celestials salute him by holding out their two fists, which they move up and down as they nod their heads.

"Ah! What is this gentleman going to do? Is it some Chinese formality? A visit to the passengers and their baggage? And Kinko, what about him?"

Nothing alarming, after all. It is only about the treasure of the Son of Heaven. The governor and his suite have stopped before the precious van, bolted and sealed, and are looking at it with that respectful admiration which is experienced, even in China, before a box containing many millions.

I ask Popof what is meant by the governor's presence, has it anything to do with us?

"Not at all," says Popof; "the order has come from Pekin to telegraph the arrival of the treasure. The governor has done so, and he is awaiting a reply as to whether he is to send it on to Pekin, or keep it provisionally at Lan Tcheou."

If the imperial treasure was a matter of indifference to us it did not seem to be so to Faruskiar. But whether this van started or did not, whether it was attached to our train or left behind, what could it matter to him? Nevertheless, he and Ghangir seemed to be much put about regarding it, although they tried to hide their anxiety, while the Mongols, talking together in a low tone, gave the governor anything but friendly glances.

Meanwhile, the governor had just heard of the attack on the train, and of the part that our hero had taken in defense of the treasure, with what courage he had fought, and how he had delivered the country from the terrible Ki-Tsang. And then in laudatory terms, which Pan Chao translated to us, he thanked Faruskiar, complimented him, and gave him to understand that the Son of Heaven would reward him for his services.

The manager of the Grand Transasiatic listened with that tranquil air that distinguished him, not without impatience, as I could clearly see. Perhaps he felt himself superior to praises as well as recompenses, no matter from how great a height they might come. In that I recognized all the Mongol pride.

It is ten minutes to 10 when we return to the station, absolutely tired out; for the walk has been a rough one, and almost suffocating, for the heat is very great.

My first care is to look after the van with the millions. It is there, as usual, behind the train, under the Chinese guard.

The message expected by the governor has arrived—the order to forward on the van to Pekin, where the treasure is to be handed over to the finance minister.

Where is Faruskiar? I do not see him. Has he given us the slip? No. There he is on one of the platforms, and the Mongols are back in the car.

Ephrinell has been off to do a round of calls—with his samples, no doubt—and Mrs. Ephrinell has also been out on business, for a deal in hair, probably. Here they come, and, without seeming to notice each other, they take their seats.

The other passengers are only Celestials. Some are going to Pekin; some have taken their tickets for intermediate stations like Si-Ngan, Ho-Nan, Lou-Ngan, Tai-Youan. There are a hundred passengers in the train. All my numbers are on board. There is not one missing. Thirteen, always thirteen!

CHAPTER XXVI.

On leaving Lan Tcheou, the railway crosses a well-cultivated country, watered by numerous streams, and hilly enough to necessitate frequent curves. There is a good deal of engineering work; mostly bridges, viaducts on wooden trestles of somewhat doubtful solidity, and the traveler is not particularly comfortable when he finds them bending under the weight of the train. It is true, we are in the Celestial Empire, and a few thousand victims of a railway accident is hardly anything among a population of four hundred millions.

"Besides," said Pan Chao, "the Son of Heaven never travels by railway."

At 6 o'clock in the evening we are at King-Tcheou, after skirting for some time the capricious meanderings of the Great Wall. Of this immense artificial frontier between Mongolia and China there remain only the blocks of granite and red quartzite which served as its base, its terrace of bricks with the parapets of unequal heights, a few old cannons eaten into with rust, and hidden under a thick veil of lichens, and then the square towers with their ruined battlements. The interminable wall rises, falls, bends, bends back again, and is lost sight on the undulations of the ground.

All night was spent in running three hundred kilometers. A fog lasted all day, and this hindered the progress of the train. These Chinese engine drivers are really very skillful and attentive and intelligent. Luckily, the fog rose early in the evening. Now it is night—and a very dark night, too.

The idea occurs to me to walk to the rear of the train, and I stop for an instant on the gangway in front of the treasure van.

The passengers, with the exception of the Chinese guard, are all sleeping their last sleep—their last be it understood, on the Grand Transasiatic.

Returning to the front of the train, I approach Popof's box, and find him sound asleep. I then open the door of the van, shut it behind me, and signal my presence to Kinko. The panel is lowered, the little lamp is lighted.

It is ten minutes to 1. In twelve minutes we shall pass the junction with the Nankin branch. This branch is only completed for five or six kilometers and leads to the viaduct over the Tjon Valley. This viaduct is a great work, and the engineers have as yet only got in the piers, which rise for a hundred feet above the ground.

As I know we are to halt at Fuen-Choo, I shake hands with Kinko, and rise to take my leave. At this moment I seem to hear some one on the platform in the rear of the van.

"Look out, Kinko!" I say, in a whisper.

The lamp is instantly extinguished, and we remain quite still. I am not mistaken. Some one is opening the door of the van.

"Your panel," I whisper.

The panel is raised, the car is shut, and I am alone in the dark. Evidently it must be Popof who has come in. What will he think to find me here? The first time I came to visit the young Roumanian I hid among the packages. Well, I will hide a second time. If I get behind Ephrinell's boxes it is not likely that Popof will see me, even by the light of his lantern.

I do so, and I watch. It is not Popof, for he would have brought his lantern. I try to recognize the people who have just entered. It is difficult. They have glided between the packages, and after opening the further door, they have gone out and shut it behind them.

They are some of the passengers, evidently; but why here—at this hour? I must know. I have a presentiment that something is in the wind. I approach the front door of the van, and in spite of the rumbling of the train I hear them distinctly enough.

Thousands and ten thousand demons! I am not mistaken! It is the voice of my lord Faruskiar. He is talking with Ghangir in Russian. It is indeed Faruskiar. The four Mongols have accompanied him. But what are they doing there? For what motive are they on the platform, which is just behind the tender? And what are they saying?

Of these questions and answers exchanged between my lord Faruskiar and his companions, I do not lose a word.

"When shall we be at the junction?"

"In a few minutes."

"Are you sure that Kardek is at the points?"

"Yes; that has been arranged."

What has been arranged? And who is this Kardek they are talking about?

The conversation continues.

"We must wait until we get the signal," says Faruskiar.

"Is that a green light?" asks Ghangir.

"Yes. It will show that the switch is over."

I do not know if I am in my right senses. The switch over. What switch?

A half minute elapses. Ought I not to tell Popof? Yes, I ought. I was turning to go out of the van, when an exclamation kept me back.

"The signal—there is the signal!" says Ghangir.

"And now the train is on the Nankin branch!" replies Faruskiar.

The Nankin branch But then we are lost. At five kilometers from here is the Tjon viaduct, in course of construction, and the train is being precipitated toward an abyss.

Evidently Major Noltitz was not mistaken regarding my lord Faruskiar. I understand the scheme of the scoundrels. The manager of the Grand Transasiatic is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. He has entered the service of the company to await his opportunity for some extensive haul. The opportunity has come with the millions of the Son of Heaven! Yes. The whole abominable scheme is clear enough to me. Faruskiar has defended the imperial treasure against Ki-Tsang to keep it from the chief of the bandits, who had stopped the train, whose attack would have interfered with his criminal projects. That is why he had fought so bravely. That is why he had risked his life and behaved like a hero.

But somehow we ought to prevent this rascal from accomplishing his work. We ought to save the train, which is running full speed toward the unfinished viaduct; we ought to save the passengers from a frightful catastrophe. As to the treasure Faruskiar and his accomplices are after I care no more than for yesterday's news. But the passengers—and myself—that is another affair altogether.

(To be continued.)

RUSH INTO DEATH VALLEY.

The Hunt for Pots of Gold at the Foot of the Rainbow.

The moral of the old Persian proverb, "The cheapest thing in the kingdom is what men hold most dear," is called to mind by the story which comes from San Francisco of the daily sacrifice of human lives in the mad search for gold in the Death valley. Past Funeral mountains, which stand warder at the gate, men are struggling, lured by the lust of lucre.

Men have strayed into Death valley many a time before, says the Des Moines Register, but it was when they were crazed with thirst and knew that no torment of the unknown could surpass the agony of the known. From end to end Death valley is strewn with bleaching, sun-dried and vulture-picked skeletons. It is the most barren and forsaken place in North America.

Death lurks on every hand, but men are giving up comfortable homes by the hundreds, with chances a million to one against them, and storming Funeral mountains in hope to struggle into Death valley to despair because gold has been found a little further on. The tortures awaiting them have been heralded widely, but cannot daunt the adventurous spirit of the argonauts.

All through Death valley, as well as along the fringe of both the Mojave and the Colorado desert, the atmosphere is so devoid of moisture that everything is as dry as a bone. The new arrival finds that all superfluous fat and flesh appear to melt away from him. He has to take up several holes in his belt and he has to drink gallons of water every day where he ordinarily drank several glasses.

In fact, the system craves so much water that when it cannot be procured the man's strength fails rapidly, and to be without it, even in the shade, is sure death after a day or two. To run out of water on the trail and to be forced to travel over the desert in the fierce glare of the sun means insanity in a few minutes and death in a few hours.

Not even the seasoned resident can resist this heat for long. The only recourse of the old resident who loses his water supply in any way is to seek shelter under a mesquite bush and to wait until the sun goes down. Then he must hit the trail and reach a well before sunrise, or unless he has wonderful vitality his skeleton will be added to the large collection that lines all the roads through Death valley.

The old Persian proverb has been proved over and over again, but never more conclusively than in this case. The hunt for gold has always been the hunt for death. The Western plains, over which the argonauts of 1849 struggled toward California and gold, the silent places along the Chilkoot pass, the great steppes of Siberia, the great wastes of South Africa, wherever gold has been found, men have offered in bounteous measure that which they hold most dear and yet that which is cheapest in kingdom or republic.

Men by the thousands have left riches at home to tempt fate and that will-o'-the-wisp gold, and have added their bones to the funeral pyres that mark every such struggle. The Death valley rush is only another in the long list since men sought to find the pots of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

20,000 Frogs Sacrificed.

Twenty thousand frogs a year are used for dissection and experimental purposes in the University of Pennsylvania medical laboratories, says the Philadelphia North American.

Both medical and dental classes view the experiments.

Frogs exist in a peculiar manner. Their spinal cord constitutes the basis of their intelligence and after their brain is destroyed they will live for an indefinite period. Several years ago the brain of one was taken out. To-day the frog is alive and well and jumping about its cage.

Frequently holes are made in the back of a frog's head and the brains loosened with a brunt match stick.

Much useful and valuable knowledge has been obtained from these experiments.

As the Pennsylvania law forbids the hunting of bullfrogs, except during certain months of the year, the frogcatcher has to make a careful distinction between frogs and bullfrogs.

The frog is much smaller and of a different color.

If the supply runs short in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Chicago and other places in the West supply the deficiency.

A careful watch is kept on the pond in the botanical gardens. The bullfrogs there are more than two feet long.

Diplomacy.

"Madam," said the tramp, as a middle-aged woman came to the door in answer to his knock, "would you give a poor old man a bite to eat?"

"Why," she replied, "you are certainly able to earn a living. You don't look very old."

"Looks are often deceitful, lady," answered the hungry hobo. "Why, I'm old enough to be your grandfather."

And a moment later he had his feet under the kitchen table, and nothing she had in the pantry was too good for him.

Grand Collection.

Sharpe—Come out to our china closet. I want to show you a collection of souvenirs.

Whealton—Why, every piece of china is broken and numbered!

Sharpe—Yes, they are souvenirs of our different cooks.

CLAIMS INNOCENCE

Williamson Denies Entering Plot to Suborn Perjury.

KNEW GESNER LOANED MONEY

Cross Examination by District Attorney Heney Brings Out This Fact from Witness.

Portland, July 18.—After the counsel for the defense places several witnesses on the stand this morning to show that the timber claim of Marion R. Biggs, one of the defendants in the trial of Representative Williamson and Dr. Gesner, was valuable for timber, all of the evidence will have been laid before the jury. By refusing to permit the defense to place on the stand a long list of witnesses to prove the good character of the three defendants, Judge De Haven shortened the trial and for the next few days the courtroom will be ringing with the voices of the attorneys making their argument to the jury.

Yesterday morning Representative Williamson took the stand in his own behalf and declared to the jury that he was innocent of the charge of conspiring to cause certain applicants for government timber land to commit perjury. He was inclined to be combative under cross-examination but District Attorney Heney, apparently had no desire to press the witness to the point where he would lose his temper. During the direct and redirect examination, Representative Williamson frequently turned full upon the jury and delivered his evidence at various times directly at the 12 men who will later pass judgment upon him. Naturally his testimony was the feature of the day, and while he made a good witness for himself, Mr. Heney nevertheless got admissions from him that tended to show that he knew that Gesner was making loans to entrymen.

TO TAKE VLADIVOSTOK.

Japanese Hope to Capture Fortress Before Envoys Reach America.

Tokio, July 18.—Judging from the activity at present being displayed at the Navy department, it seems certain the investment of Vladivostok can be expected before the end of this week.

All arrangements are known to have been completed, and it is reported, evidently upon the best authority, that Admiral Togo's entire fleet will sail from Sasebo before nightfall. In addition, an army of invasion, which was landed from transports in Peter the Great bay very recently, is already moving to complete the investment by land. Since June 1, 50 ocean-going foreign steamers have been placed under the Japanese flag, laden with ammunition and supplies, and will accompany Togo's fleet.

It is the hope of the Japanese government that Vladivostok will be taken before the peace envoys land on United States soil. With this object in view, nothing is to be left undone to make the campaign, as planned, brief and eminently successful.

HEAT IS KILLING.

Temperature in Metropolis of United States Causes Prostrations.

New York, July 18.—After a respite of one day, the hot wave that swept over New York last week, causing scores of deaths and hundreds of cases of prostrations, returned today with renewed intensity, the temperature being by far the highest of the season.

The highest point reached was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the weather bureau thermometer touched 95 degrees. In the streets, however, the heat was much greater, some thermometers recording as high as 103.

While the heat was intense, the air was stirred by light breeze, and the general suffering was somewhat mitigated by the absence of the excessive humidity that prevailed last week. It was largely owing to this that only two cases of death directly resulting from heat were reported.

Nothing to Investigate.

Caracas, July 18.—Venezuelans were very much surprised on receiving the news that President Roosevelt had appointed Judge Calhoun a special commissioner to Venezuela to investigate the claims of America. The Constitution, the government organ, says: "If the claims of Americans or others existed, they would have been already heard before competent authorities. It may be the president requires information regarding the case of the New York & Bermudez Ashpalt company, which is still pending."

Rich Beggars Reap Harvest.

New York, July 18.—Detectives employed by the Charity Organization society have caused six beggars, all property owners, to be arraigned in the Harlem court. It is asserted by the officers that the six prisoners had formed themselves into a sort of beggars' trust to do the Italian feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is being celebrated in Harlem's Little Italy. All of the prisoners are declared to have bank accounts and are landlords. When searched by the police, one beggar had $588 in bills.

Rapid Transit for London.

London, July 18.—A bulky bluebook tonight contains the report of the royal commission on locomotive transport in London. The advisory board of engineers recommends the construction of two main avenues through London, 140 feet wide and between four and five miles long, carrying four lines of tramways on the surface and four lines of railways below the surface. It is estimated that the cost of construction will be £12,000,000.

Assistant Engineer of Canal.

San Antonio, Tex., July 18.—Jackson Smith, formerly passenger agent of the National railroad of Mexico, has been appointed assistant to Chief Engineer Stevens, of the Panama canal, according to a telegram received here tonight.

Railroad Rate Legislation.

Testifying before the senate committee at Washington, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give that commission the power to regulate railway rates:—

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commission or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. * * * The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the circuit court of the United States has jursidiction under the Fourteenth amendment to restrain that. * * * I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature takes away that rate, the Fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

GETTING OFF A "HIGH HORSE."

The Experience Which a College Graduate Encountered.

Any business man of long experience, college man though he be himself, will attest to the wrinkles that have to be taken out of the average college man at the first brush, says a man in business. I had an experience with one of them a short time ago. When I first talked with him he was willing to "accept" a position if it paid $100 a month, for instance!

I turned him out in one minute and thirty seconds, asking that he call again about the middle of the next week. He came—that is the characteristic of the college man, by the way. I jumped on him before he got his breath from the walk upstairs. I asked him if he knew about how much his first three mistakes in the place he wanted would cost the house? He didn't, of course. I asked him if he knew just how much more he might be worth to me or to another employer if he could assure me or them that there would be no mistake to cost anything. He thought he did.

Then I came down to the brass tacks of the whole question:

"How long," I said, "will it take for you to forget in the first place that you belong to one of the oldest families in Virginia; how long to forget that you were the valedictorian of your class; how long to lose recollection of your having proposed 'accepting' a position at $100 a month, and to make up your mind that if I allow you to fill a place here at $60 a month for the first year you will be a fortunate young man?"

He was hurt. An old friend of mine had been an old friend of the young man's father. He said he would call the next afternoon, and he came.

"I am ready to go to work in the morning," he said, simply. He has been at work ever since, too, and if he keeps to the gait he is going I shall be stuck into paying him $90 a week instead of his present $60 a month.

A Pluralist.

Upon his accession to the throne the Emperor of Russia was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots Greys. Whilst dressing for dinner an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed Colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir!" replied Donald. "It's a vera proud thing." Then, after a pause, he inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"

Chip of the Old Block.

Growells—What makes the baby cry so when the nurse is trying to wash the dirt from his face?

Mrs. Growells—Oh, I suppose he takes after you.

Growells—Now what in the world do you mean by that, madam?

Mrs. Growells—He evidently wants the earth.

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

Where Extremes Meet.

Modiste—What style of sleeve would you prefer, Mrs. DeStyle?

Mrs. DeStyle—I hardly know. What is the correct thing this season—too tight or too loose?

Still a Mystery.

We are told that Cain got married
When he tired of single life,
But some people still are puzzled
As to where he got his wife.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 1½ Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE—SEND THEM IN MERCHANTS PROTECTIVE ASSN. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

KILLS lice and all vermin that infest horses, cattle, poultry, etc. Loose hens will not lay; lice chicks grow.

LICE! live upon the blood which should go to sustain life & vitality. PRUSSIAN LICE POWDER kills the lice, thus it SAVES FEED as extra rations must be given on account of vermin. 25c and 50c dealers. By mail etc & the PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO. ST. PAUL, MINN. 88 page Hand Book Free

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