Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. Mayers, Washington, D. C.

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Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

Source of Supplies.

"William," said the minister's wife, "if you want me to repair your trousers you'll have to go down town and get some buttons."

"Never mind, my dear; let it go till next week," replied the good man. "I'm going to take up a collection for the benefit of the heathen Sunday."

Real Unkind.

"I've—aw—got a conundrum for you, Miss Biffkins," said young Saphead. "What is the—aw—diffahance between me and a—aw—donkey?"

"I suppose," replied Miss Biffkins, "that my ignorance is unpardonable, but really I don't know."

Similar, but Different.

Wife—Why, George, I'm surprised that you should spend $5 for a hat!

Husband—Huh! That's nothing. You paid $12 for yours.

Wife—I never did anything of the kind. I had it charged to you.

Not Specially Interested.

"My dear girl, do you think it is right to let that young man spend so much money on you?"

"Why not? I have no intention of marrying him."

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P. N. U. No. 12—1905

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His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER I.

"I will now," said the German, "read your statement over, and you can sign it if you like. Remember, however, what your signature may mean. As for what I shall do with it afterward depends on many things."

"Do what you like with it," replied the Englishman, slowly and huskily. "Send it to the police in London, if you like. I don't care what becomes of it, or of myself either. For I am tired of it, I give in. No one knows what it is like until you actually come to fight with it."

He did not explain what "it" was; but the other seemed to understand what he meant, and nodded his head gravely, though coldly.

The two men were a most curious couple to look upon, set among most remarkable surroundings. The scene was, if possible, more interesting than the couple in the foreground. For in front there stretched the seashore, the little waves lapping softly and creeping slowly over the level white coral sand; beyond the smooth water lay the coral reef with its breakers; at the back of the sandy shores was a gentle rise of land, covered with groves of cocoa palms and bananas; among them were clearings planted with fields of sweet potatoes and two or three huts were visible beneath the trees. Again, beyond the level belt rose a great green mountain, five or six thousand feet high. The time was about an hour before sunset; the air was warm and soft; the sloping sunshine lay on grove and clearing, seashore and mountain side, forest and green field, making everything glow with a splendid richness and prodigality of color.

As one saw the place this evening one might see it every evening, for in New Ireland there is neither summer nor winter, but always all the year round the promise of spring, the heat of summer and the fruition of autumn; with no winter at all, except the winter of death, when the branches cease to put forth leaves and stretch out white arms, spectral and threatening, among their living companions in the forest.

One of the men—the German—was of colossal proportions, certainly six feet in height. He was still quite young—well under thirty. His hair was light brown, short and curly; an immense brown beard covered his face and fell over his chest. His eyes were blue and prominent, and he wore spectacles. His dress was modeled on the dress of the inhabitants of these islands. His only robe was a great piece of Feeje tapu cloth, white, decorated with black lozenges and a brown edging; it was rolled once round his waist, descending to his knees, and was then thrown over his left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. The sun had painted this limb a rich warm brown. He wore a cap something like that invented, and patented for the use of soldiers, by Robinson Crusoe; it was conical in shape, and made of feathers brightly colored. He had sandals of thin bark tied to his feet by leather thongs, and he wore a kind of leather scarf, from which depended a revolver case, a field glass, a case of instruments and a large waterproof bag. These constituted his whole possessions, except a thick cotton umbrella. This he constantly carried open.

The other was an Englishman. The rough flannel shirt, which had lost all its buttons and one of its sleeves; the coarse canvas trousers; the old boots broken down at heel—all spoke of the soil. His gait and carriage sang aloud of plowed fields; his broad and ruddy cheeks, his reddish-brown hair and beard, spoke of the south or west of England. His age might be about six or eight-and-twenty. His hair hung in masses over his shoulders, and his beard was thicker than his companion's, though not so long. His face, which had been once a square full face, was drawn and haggard; his eyes, which were meant to be frank, were troubled; and his carriage, which should have been upright and brave, was heavy and dejected. He seemed, as he stood before the other man, at once ashamed and remorseful.

"Listen; I will read it carefully and slowly," said the German. "Sit down while I read it. If there is a single word that is not true you can alter that word before you sign."

The man sat down obediently—there was a curious slowness about his movements as well as his speech—while the German read the document, which was written very closely on two pages of a notebook.

"Listen," he said again, "and correct me when I am wrong."

This was the paper which he read on the shore of the Pacific ocean and on the island of New Ireland one evening in the year 1884:

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of Challacombe, Devonshire, being now on an island in the Pacific ocean, where I expect to be shortly killed and eaten by the cannibals, declare that the following is the whole truth concerning the death of my uncle, Daniel Leighan.

"He jockeyed me out of my property; he kept on lending me money in large sums and small sums, and making me sign papers in return, and never let me know how much I owed him; he made me mortgage my land to him; he encouraged me to drink, and to neglect my farm. At last, when I was head over ears in debt, he suddenly brought down the law upon me, foreclosed and took my land. I stayed about the place till my money was nearly all gone. Then I must either starve, or I must become a laborer where I had been a master, or I must go away and find work somewhere else. I had but thirty pounds left in the world, and I made up my mind to go away. It was a day in October of the year 1880. I went to see my uncle and begged him to lend me thirty pounds more to start me in Canada. Said my uncle—I shall not forget his words—'Nephew David,' he said, grinning, 'you've been a fool and lost your money. I've been a wise man and kept mine. Do you think I am going to give you more money to fool away?' I wonder I did not kill him then and there. He sat in his room at Gratnor, his account books before him, and he looked up and laughed at me while he said it, jingling the money that was in his pocket. And I was his nephew, and by his arts and practices he'd jockeyed me out of a farm of three hundred acres, most of it good land, with the brook running through it and a mill upon it.

"I remember very well what I said to him—never mind what it was—but I warrant he laughed no longer, though he kept up his bullying to the end, and told me to go to destruction my own way, and the further from my native parish the better.

"So I left him and walked away through Watercourt to John Exon's Inn, where I sat all that day drinking. I told nobody what had happened, but they guessed very well that I'd had a quarrel with my uncle, and all the world knew by that time how he'd got my land into his own possession.

"About 6 o'clock in the evening Harry Rabjohns, the blacksmith, came to the inn, and Grandfather Derges with him, and they had a mug of cider apiece. And then I began to talk to them about my own affairs. I said I should go away that very evening. I should walk to Bovey Tracey, I said; I should take the train to Newton-Abbot, and so to Bristol, where I should find a ship bound for foreign parts. That was what I said, and perhaps it was lucky I said so much. But I don't know, because the verdict of the jury I never heard.

"We shook hands and I came away. 'Twas then about eight, and there was a half-moon. As I crossed the green the thought came into my head that I was a fool to go to Bristol when Plymouth and Falmouth were nearer and would suit my purpose better. I could walk to Plymouth easy, and so save the railway money. Therefore I resolved to change my plan, and instead of turning to the left I turned to the right and walked across the church yard, and took the road which goes to Widdicombe.

"It was only a chance, mark you, that I took that road. I did not know, and I did not suspect, that my uncle had ridden over to Ashburton after I left him. All a chance it was. I never thought to meet him; and he might have been living till now if it hadn't been for that chance."

The man who was listening groaned aloud at this point.

"The first two miles of the road is a narrow lane between high hedges. Presently I passed through Heytree Gate, and so out where the road runs over the open down, and here I began to think—what I would do if I had my uncle before me; and the blood came into my eyes, and I clutched the cudgel hard. Who do you think put that thought into my head? The evil one. Why did he put that thought into my head? Because the very man was riding along the road on his way home, and because I was going to meet him in about ten minutes.

CHAPTER II.

"I heard the footsteps of his pony a long way off. I was in the middle of the open road when I saw him coming along in the moonlight. I stood still and waited for him. 'Murder him! Murder him!' whispered a voice in my ear. Whose voice was that? The evil one's voice.

"My stick was a thick, heavy cudgel with a knob. I grasped it by the end and waited. He did not see me. He was looking straight before him, thinking, I suppose, how he had done well to get the nephew out of the way—he had robbed and ruined. So, as he came up to me I lifted my arm and struck him on the head once, saying, 'Give me back my land, villain!' But I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan.

"He fell, I say, from his pony clean on to the ground, his feet slipping away from the stirrups. His face was white. I stood beside him, waiting to see if he would recover. I hoped he would, because it is a dreadful thing to think that you have murdered a man, even when you are still hot with rage. If he would only recover a little and sit up, I thought I should be a happy man. But he did not. He lay quite still and cold.

"Then I began to think that if I were caught I should be hanged. Would they suspect me? Fortunately, no one had seen me take that road. I must go away as quickly as I could, and leave no trace or sign that would make them suspect me.

"Then I thought that if I were to rob him, people would be less inclined to think of me; because, though I might murder the man who had ruined me, they would never believe that I would rob him.

"I felt in his pockets. There was his watch; no, I would not touch his watch. There was some loose silver, which I left. There was a bag containing money. I know not how much, but it was a light bag. This I took. Also he had under his arm a good-sized tin box in a blue bag, such as lawyers carry. The box I knew would contain his papers, and his papers were his money. So I thought I would do as much mischief to his property as I could, and I took that box. Then I went away, leaving him there, with his white cheeks and gray hair, and his eyes wide open. I felt sick when I looked at those eyes, because they reproached me. I reeled and staggered as I left him.

"I was not going to walk along the road. That would have been a fool's act. I turned straight off and struck for the open moor, intending to make for Plymouth. And I remembered a place where the box could be hidden away, a safe place, where no one would ever think of looking for it, so that everybody should go on believing that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered. This place was right over the down, and on the other side.

"I climbed the hill. On the way I passed the Gray Wether Stone, and I thought I would hide the bag of money in a hole I knew of at the foot of it. Nobody would look for it there. Not twenty people in a year ever go near the Gray Wether. Then I walked down the hill on the other side and got to Grimspound, where I meant to hide the other bag with the box in it.

"Tell them, if you ever get away from this awful place, that the box lies on the side nearest Hamil, where three stones piled one above the other make a sort of little cave. The stones are in the corner, and are the first you come to on your way down. There I put the box. I went on walking all the way without stopping—except to sit down a bit—to Plymouth. There I got a newspaper, but I could read nothing of the murder. Then I took the train to Falmouth, and waited there for three days, and bought a newspaper every day—one would surely think that a murder in a quiet country place would be reported—but I could not find a single word about my murder.

"Then I was able to take passage on board a German ship bound for New York. I got to New York and I stayed there till my money was all gone, which did not take long. There I made the acquaintance of some men, who told me to go with them, for they were going West. They were all, I found, men who had done something, and the police were anxious to take them. I never told them what I had done, but they knew it was something, and when they found out that I knew nothing about robbery and burglary and couldn't cheat at gambling and the like, they set it down that it must be murder. But they cared nothing, and I went along with them."

"Your confession, my friend," said the German, stopping at this point, "of what followed—the horse stealing adventure, your own escape, and the untimely end of your companions; your honesty in California, and its interruption; and your experience of a Californian prison—is all interesting, but I cannot waste paper upon it. I return, therefore, to the material part of the confession. And with this I conclude."

"I desire to state that from the first night that I arrived in New York till now I have every night been visited by the ghost of the man I killed. My uncle stands beside the bed, whether it is in a bed in a crowded room, or on the ground in the open, or in a cabin at sea, or on the deck, he always comes every night. His face is white, and the wound in his forehead is bleeding. 'Come back to England,' he says, 'and confess the crime.'

"I must go back and give myself up to justice. I will make no more struggles against my fate. But because I am uncertain whether I shall live to get back, and because I know not how to escape from this hound, I wish to have my confession written and signed, so that if I die the truth may be told."

Thus ended the paper.

"So," said the big German, "you acknowledge this to be your full and true confession?"

"I do."

"Sign it, then." He produced from his bag a pencil and gave it to the man, who signed, in a trembling hand, "David Leighan." Under the signature the German wrote, "Witnessed by me, Baron Sergius von Holstein." This done, he replaced the note book in his wallet.

"The reason why I wanted you to sign the paper to-night," he said, "is that there seems as if there might be a chance of your getting away from the island."

"How?"

"Look out to sea."

They were almost at the extreme south point of the island—the maps call it St. George. In the west the shores of New Britain could be seen, because the sun was just sinking behind them; to the south and the east there was open sea.

"I can see nothing."

"Look through my glass, then."

"I can see a ship—a two-masted sailing ship."

"She is in quest of blackbirds. She will probably send a boat ashore. Fortunately for you, the people are all gone off to fight. You will, therefore, if she does send a boat here, have a chance of getting away. If she sails north, and sends a boat ashore fifty miles or so further up the coast, that boat's crew will be speared. Now, my friend, the sun is about to set. In ten minutes it will be dark, and we have neither candles nor matches. Go to your bed and await the further commands of the Herr Ghost, your respectable uncle. On the eve of your departure, if you are to go to-morrow, he will probably be more peremptory and more terrifying than usual. Go to bed, David, and await the Herr Ghost."

(To be continued.)

WAX FARMING IN CHINA.

One of the occupations of China which is little known to the outside world is wax-farming. A tiny insect is cultivated with great skill by the Chinese of a certain district, because of the fine white wax which it produces. The Scientific American describes the work of those wax-farmers.

This little insect, which is hardly yet known to western science, has many peculiarities, one of which is that for the successful production of wax two stages of its life must be passed in very different regions. The earliest stage, in which the females develop until almost ready to deposit their eggs, is in the Chien Chang valley in the western part of China, where grows a tree, at an altitude of five thousand feet, on which the insect passes that stage of its existence. In May it is time to remove the colonies of wax-makers to the lower altitude of Szechwan province, where is found another tree, feeding upon which the insect makes its wax.

This removal is one of the most picturesque features of the industry. Thousands of porters are employed in it. The colonies of insects removed from the trees are wrapped in leaves of the wood-oil tree. Packed carefully in baskets, they are slung from the shoulders of the porters, who must bear them from two to four hundred miles. The way lies over the rocky paths and heights of the Szechwan mountains, through several cities, and ends at the farms where the masters of the bearers await them. All the journey must be made at night, as the sun's heat would develop the insects too fast.

At that time of year it is the custom of the cities along the way to leave their gates open all night in order that the progress of the bearers may not be interrupted. With the baskets suspended from their shoulders, the porters run in weird procession at their top speed from dark till daylight. Clad almost invariably in rain-proof straw, they carry picturesque lanterns, which swing as they run, throwing the fantastic shadows of their bodies all around.

At daybreak the men find some dense shade for their burdens, prepare their meals and go to sleep. At nightfall they are under way again.

At the farms where the wax is to be formed the leaves containing insects are tied to the limbs of trees, where the heat of the sun develops them. Crawling out, the males proceed to form cocoons, and these are the source of the wax. In a short time the entire trees are covered with the shining white, so that, but for the heat, one would believe they were hidden in frost. This white covering is sometimes a quarter of an inch thick over most of a tree. It is scraped off and refined, and from it are made candles for the household, objects for the temples, and many other things, and an annual tribute of the best quality is sent to the Empress at Pekin.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity—Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind.—Cicero.

A man is rich in proportion to the thing he can afford to let alone.—Thoreau.

TANANA IS FLOODED

Hundreds Made Homeless Near Fairbanks, Alaska.

DRIVEN FROM CABINS AT NIGHT

Danger of an Epidemic from Molding Cellars and Crowded Places of Temporary Refuge.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 8.—A special letter to the Seattle Times from Fairbanks, Alaska, under date of July 6, says that a flood raging in Chena for several days had rendered homeless 700 to 1,000 people. The flood was caused by a wind and rain storm that had recently swept the Tanana valley.

Keyes' saw mill had been swept away and carried down the stream, being lodged in front of Noyes' mill. A large log boom broke from its moorings at the Tanana Development company's mill and was carried down stream, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. Cellars were flooded and in a few instances stock drowned.

People were compelled to move out of their homes in the early hours after midnight. Homes were temporarily provided for the people and they were not allowed to go back to their wet cabins for several days after the flood had subsided.

At the time the letter was written grave fears were entertained for the safety of the people, an epidemic being threatened.

The banks of the river were badly broken, but piledrivers were at work putting in bulkheads long before the waters had subsided.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Kaiser to Warn King Edward to Calm British Feeling Against Germany.

Berlin, Aug. 8.—If the kaiser meets King Edward next week at Frankfort, he will, according to authority there, tell his uncle that, while Germany does not want war with England, nevertheless the present atmosphere of mutual hatred, jealousy and suspicion must be destroyed or Europe will remain in danger of an explosion. King Edward will be given to understand that Germany holds England responsible for the creation of this situation.

The correspondent is informed that the consequences to which the present situation may lead are now causing Germany's responsible statesmen the deepest anxiety. These possible consequences filled a large place in the kaisers' recent interviews with King Oscar, of Sweden, with King Christian, of Denmark, and with the czar.

There have been official attempts to render less apparent and to obscure the seriousness of the situation, but William and his advisers are profoundly concerned over England's constantly increasing hatred of Germany. It is thought that this hatred is now more virulent than ever before.

FEVER SPREADS.

Two New Centers on Plantations Outside New Orleans.

New Orleans, Aug. 8.—Two large foci of infection were discovered today outside of the city by officers of the Marine Hospital service. Dr. Corput went to the Diamond plantation in St. Charles parish to look into some suspicious cases and found six positive yellow fever cases of secondary infection, three of which were dead. They are on a sugar plantation and three of them are Italians. One is a negro.

The other point of infection is the town of Patterson, in St Mary's parish, where Dr. Guiteras found 19 cases of secondary infection. Most of these are also Italians. The local health boards have taken charge in both instances and are following out the directions of the Marine Hospital service.

Havtian Steamer Suspected.

Philadelphia, Aug. 8.—The British steamship Barneton, which arrived at the Delaware breakwater on Saturday from Porte de Paiex, Hayti, with 15 of the crew ill with fever, docked at this port today. The Barneton was held by the government quarantine officials pending an investigation as to the character of the fever, but after careful observation the steamer will be permitted to come to port, the physicians finding the seamen suffering from malaria.

Traffic in Indian Girls.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 8.—A report has been made to the Provincial police by Constable Jones, who has just returned from the Indian village at Cape Mudge, stating that in that settlement there is open traffic in Indian girls. Jones found a number of well authenticated cases where half-breed and quarter-breed girls have recently been sold to white men at prices ranging from $100 to $200. A complete investigation will be made by the authorities.

French Fleet Welcomed.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, Aug. 8.—The French fleet, consisting of 18 battleships, cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers under comand of Vice Admiral Caillard, reached the Solent today to spend a week. The officers and sailors are guests of King Edward and the British navy. Heavy downpours of rain throughout the morning drenched the decorations and shrouded in a heavy mist the yachts and British war ships collected to welcome the visitors.

Yellow Fever in Mexico.

City of Mexico, Aug. 8.—The superior board of health reports five cases of yellow fever in the republic, four at Vera Cruz and one at Coatzacoalcos.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself.

Victor Stubbins,
Columbus, Ohio. Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Old Dinner Bell.

There's music in the lowin' of the cattle on the hills,
An' in the lazy laughter of the waterfalls an' rills;
In the singin' of the bluebird an' the hummin' of the bee,
An' the ole woodpecker peckin' on the holler sugar tree.
There's music in the blossom an' the clear blue of the sky,
In the screamin' of the chicken hawk a-circlin' 'way up high;
But the sweetest songs of June time ain't nowheres near a smell
To the music 'long at noontime of the old dinner bell.

When plowin' in the distant fields, clean out o' sight o' home,
A-wishin', too, with all your heart that dinner time would come,
You watch the furries stretch away aroun' the lower bend,
An' potter 'round a bit before you start for t'other end,
An' you bend your head an' listen to ketch the welcome sound,
An' calc'late it's put nigh noon by shadders on the ground,
When through the hazy atmosphere, your longin' to dispel,
Comes the fur-off silv'ry music of the ole dinner bell.

When the harvest day is over an' the toilers' work is done,
Over wavin' corn an' clover tinted by the settin' sun,
Low an' sweet the distant music of the ole bell floats along;
Borne upon the evenin' breezes, mingled with the reapers' song,
An' you look across the meddler, past the ole crick windin' through,
Where the ringer sweet is waitin' with a welcome there for you.
Oh, there ain't no joys of summer that can strike you quite so well
As the ringin', when you're hungry, of the ole dinner bell.

—Indianapolis News.

Railroad Traveling in Belgium.

Railway travel is cheap in Belgium, according to a report received at the State Department from United States Consul McNally at Liege. He says that the Belgian state railway sells tickets on a time basis which enables the holder to travel continuously, if desired, for the period stated on the ticket, within the limits of the country. For instance, a five-day ticket will cost $3.86, and a fifteen-day ticket, $7.72. During the life of one of these tickets it serves as a pass, and it is only necessary to show it upon request. The above rates refer to second class only. All that is required to obtain these tickets is to present at the office an unmounted photograph of small size, which is attached to the ticket as a means of identification.

Nothing Doing.

"Now that I have sold you a policy," said the insurance agent, "I will make you an interesting proposition. Give me some letters of introduction to people you know and I will give you half my commission on every one of them I land."

"My dear man!" cried the new policy holder, "I haven't an enemy on earth!"—Newark News.

The Same Boat.

Bess—Charlie, will you tell me what time it is? I've left my watch at my aunt's.

Charlie—Awfully sorry, but I can't. I've left mine at my uncle's.—Detroit Free Press.

He Certainly Did.

Enpeck—Green eloped with Brown's wife yesterday, I understand.

Mrs. Enpeck—Why, I thought Green was Brown's best friend.

Enpeck—Well, didn't he prove it?

Stockbrokers and Juries.

A prominent New York stockbroker says: "The newspapers do not get wind of even a small fraction of the suits brought against brokers because of misunderstandings between us and our customers. Ninety-nine customers out of every hundred think we rob them when they lose their money in the market and give us no credit when they win. We do our hardest to settle all suits out of court, for there is not a jury on earth that will find a verdict for a stock broker. Why? Simply because every juror has been scorched now and then in the market and holds a grudge against all brokers."—New York Press.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Gives corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An Easy Job.

Big Chief Scared-of-His-Job had met with an accident while scouring the plains and it was necessary for the army surgeon to amputate his leg. After a time the missing limb was replaced by a wooden one, and meeting him later the doctor said:

"How do you like your wooden leg, old man?"

"Ugh!" responded Scared-of-His-Job. "Injun likum heap much. Injun likum you makum all wood."

"Make you all wood?" queried the M. D. in surprise. "What for?"

"Injun make heap money then," answered the noble red man. "Getum job standum in front of cigar store. Ugh!"

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.

In Search of a Lodging.

There is a story of a home-loving farmer who started for the West and came home "to spend the first night." This was a question of sentiment; but another man, quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger, had a more practical reason for seeking cover.

He had been hired by a close-fisted farmer, who believed in burning the candle at both ends. The first morning the new man was called at 3 o'clock. About fifteen minutes later he came downstairs with his bag in his hand.

"Ain't you goin' to work?" asked the farmer, in surprise.

"No," was the disgusted answer. "I'm goin' to hunt up some place to stay all night."

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

A Bad Fit.

An English tourist in the Highlands tells the following amusing story. He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the North of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment. At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp-post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and, finding it a difficult operation, he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir, but you must move up a bit! Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of Parliament you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space." "Aye, aye, my friend," replied the farmer, "that's a' very guid for you that's been built that way; but ye canna blame me if I ha'ena been construckit according to act of Parliament!"

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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