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Father's Good Point.

Little Elizabeth had been offended in some way. She went off into a corner and turned her back on the family.

"I'm mad!" she exclaimed sulkily. "I wish I didn't have any father or mother."

"That's wrong, dear," said her mother. "We are the best friends you have."

"Well," said Elizabeth, doubtfully, "I don't mind having father; he does not hang around here much, but I'm getting awful tired of the rest of you."—New York Times.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Open Game.

"Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

"Well, have a try. Many people seem to think there's room for improvement in both just now."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Slighted.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Swat!

A popular society woman announced a "white elephant party." Every guest was to bring something that she could not find any use for and yet too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for the unlooked-for development which broke it up. Eleven of the 13 women brought their husbands.—New York Globe.

RESINOL HEALS RAW, ITCHING, SCALY SKINS

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and in almost every case your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on tedious, useless treatments.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years and sold by all druggists.

Those Dear Girls.

Patty—Jack and I have been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married.

Peggy—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him you'll let him be happy for a little while longer.—Boston Transcript.

NEW MODERN DANCING.

E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

General Impression.

"Quite a lot of doctors writing for the magazines these days."

"Yes, and it is a surprise to me, too."

"Why so?"

"I didn't know a doctor could write anything that anybody could read except a druggist."—Louisville Courier Journal.

NOT NAMED HERE

made its author famous and earned a great fortune. William A. Pinkerton, chief of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, says it is the greatest detective story he ever read. Soon this story will be printed in THE GREAT DIVIDE, 205 Post Building, Denver, Colorado. Send stamp for sample copy. Write today—also say where you read this.

A Rebuke.

"Mary followed Edward," mumbled the high-school girl, who was trying to fix the sovereigns of England in her mind.

"What's that?" spoke up grandma who had been dozing.

"Mary followed Edward."

"Then you keep away from Mary. I don't want you to go with them kind Girls is getting too bold."—Louisville Courier Journal.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"I came out here today to remonstrate with you for living in this house," Slade blurted out, after a pause, "but—I've sort of changed my mind," and he reached for the pickle jar. "These pickles fairly make my mouth water. They're very good," he went on, appreciatively.

"Well, what's changed you?" Mary refused to be diverted by the subject of dinner at noon or the all-important matter of pickles.

"You know I'm kind of glad to see the place again, and you know, I like this stew," and he proceeded to busy himself with the matter of eating—anything to gain time under Mary's merciless, persistent questioning.

"Have a biscuit," suggested Mary, "and—tell me why you came out here."

Slade looked longingly toward the window, as if he expected to find an inspiration for a suitable answer there.

"Why, the old rosebush out there yet, holding the fort!" he exclaimed. "I must have a look at it," and leaving his dinner, he went over to the window.

Mary hurriedly refilled his plate with stew the moment his back was turned.

"I declare!" He was still enthusing over the rosebush. "Quite a bush!"

He was beginning to feel more at ease. He had the satisfied feeling that comes to every man when his stomach is full. He felt very benign toward Mary, even toward Katherine and Hayes.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do, Mary," he began. "You like this house—always did. Well, you can stay here. I won't oppose it. There's nothing in the world you want I wouldn't give you—nothing. Now, what can I do for you? What can I—"

Mary shook her head and laughed quietly.

"Why, Mary!" Slade was distressed at having his patronizing advances treated in such a manner.

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" Mary laughed, mockingly, unable longer to conceal her feelings. Slade realized in an instant that Mary knew everything.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing!" he blurted out. "I never cared a button for that girl—if that's what you mean! I swear I didn't!"

"Who said you did, Dan?" Mary's manner was provokingly calm.

"I never did! I'm not that kind of a man, and you know it," he protested.

"Who's accusing you? I never mentioned her name. But, Dan, she's very young and very pretty, and I don't blame you as long as you were going to try another wife. You might as well have had one who was young and pretty."

Slade pooh-poohed vigorously.

"I hope the next one you get will be just as pretty, for your sake."

"There isn't going to be a next one," protested Slade, after the manner of all men.

"Oh, yes there is; you've got the idea now. The mere fact that you missed this time will keep you at it."

"I've got enough." Slade saw that frankness was the only way out of it. "I'm not going to make a devilish fool of myself again."

"Don't let your coffee get cold," reminded Mary, tantalizingly. "Now, Dan, you wanted me to go away, and I will. I've made up my mind."

"But I don't want you to go away," Slade remonstrated. "We can arrange everything right here and now. This determination of yours is pretty sudden, isn't it?"

"Not as sudden as your change of mind when you first came into this room today."

"Well, where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mary replied, indifferently. "What does become of divorced women?"

"Now, Mary, don't talk like that; it ain't natural from you." This time Slade was doing the pleading. "You can't go off alone like this."

"Oh, can't I? I could a week ago, or an hour ago. Why can't I now? I can't wait to pack my things."

Slade gazed at his wife in amazement. If the patient rug on which he had thoughtlessly trampled so long had suddenly been transformed into a snarling animal, Slade could not have been any more surprised.

"Why, Mary, see here," he began, then stopped. "Oh, h—l, what's the use? You meet me half way in the way I want to live, and you'd better come home. We'll open the house in town again, and we'll make the best of things. There! We'll make the best of things."

"How can we?" argued Mary. "If I was old-fashioned and behind the times and held you back a week ago, why wouldn't I now? Try as hard as I might, you said I couldn't help you. I'm just the same today as I was a week ago. I haven't changed a bit. I'm just the plain little dud I always was. What's true Monday is true Tuesday. We can't get back to where we were once."

"You meet me half way and I'll do my part." Dan had never known her to be obstinate like this before. Usually his slightest wish had been her keenest desire.

"Dan, you wanted that divorce?" The question was ominous, but Slade had to admit the point.

"Well, you're going to get it!"

"But I don't want it now."

"You're going to have it, Dan Slade," and Mary's mouth set like a steel trap. "You're going to have it if I have to get it myself!"

"What do you want with a divorce when I'm willing to give in?" stormed Slade, losing his patience.

"How long have you been willing to give in, Dan? What did you come out here for?" She paused, but he did not answer. "You came to force me out of this house. Don't tell me you didn't, because I know. And I know why you didn't do it. You came in here and suddenly you got a look at that girl and me! And it staggered you! For once, something swept you off your feet! You knew then that I'd found it all out. You knew I knew everything. And now you've been thrown over by that girl. She's thrown you over! Between the two of us—you're caught. And that's the real reason that you're not standing here shaking your finger in my face and telling me to go out, to get out, to go."

Mary stopped for breath, and walked up and down the room before she proceeded with her bitter denunciation.

"And the worst of it is that after the girl's gone you actually ask me to take yer back—to take yer back—just as they all do. It's another man 'come home to mother.' Well, here's one woman that's not going to 'take her husband back!' No, sir! If you pushed me aside for ambition, I might think it over, but you've pushed me aside for that girl's twenty-seven years of prettiness," and she pointed an accusing finger at the door through which Katherine Strickland had gone hand-in-hand with her sweetheart.

"That's what you've done—for twenty-seven years of youth, for twenty-seven years of figure and eyes and

"You Go!" Warned Mary.

freshness and all the rest of it. You put me aside for a younger woman"—the very utterance almost lost Mary her courage, but she kept on. "You put me aside for a younger woman. Now, no matter what you do, you can't get me back!"

"Now, Mary," Slade begged, beginning to feel that he was losing everything worth while.

"I take off my ring," Mary continued, ignoring his interruption.

"Now it's ended," she finished as she laid the ring on the table.

Slade strode up to her in the manner which had kept her subdued all the 30 years of their married life. "You put that ring on again," he commanded. "It's yours! You put that ring on."

"No, sir! It's off for good." For the first time Mary's attitude was one of stubborn temper. She was enjoying complete mastery for the first time in her life. "Wild horses couldn't have got it off yesterday—I thought it was part of my nature! But now, now I'm going to ask you to go. I've got work to do. I'm closing the house. I'm closing it for good—forever."

Mary had said all she had to say. Now that her mind was made up, it was characteristic of her to turn to action. She started hurriedly and noisily to clear up the table, scraping the plates and piling them up ready to carry into the kitchen.

"For God's sake, Mary, don't!" protested Slade, too bewildered to know what to do or say.

"Go along," urged Mary, as she put the sugar bowl in its place on the sideboard.

"Mary, if you persist in this, I'll go back and I'll smash that house in town—I'll smash it to pieces," he threatened. "I'll sell it. I'll give it away—break it up! That's what made all this trouble! You know that! Trying to live up to that d—d house. You told me not to build it, and this is what I get for it."

"Go back and smash it. You've smashed other things that hurt me worse."

"Mary, you're not going to turn me out of this house where we've lived so long together?"

"You've turned yourself out. Go, now." Mary's wrath gathered force as she repeated her command.

"Ah, come now, Mary—"

"You go," warned Mary, "before I say something I'll regret." She was scarcely hearing what Slade was saying now—her ears were full of the things he had said to her in her own home, and that night in Senator Strickland's library.

"Mary!" The one word was full of protest and a plea for forgiveness.

"Go before I say it!" It was all Mary could do to speak quietly.

"Mary!" again the word spoke volumes.

"No use," she replied, as she picked up a pile of dishes. "You pushed me aside for a younger woman, and now you go," and with both hands full of dishes she kicked the kitchen door open with an angry foot, and proceeded to busy herself at the sink.

"Mary! See here!" he called. There was no reply.

He walked absently to the sugar bowl selected a lump of sugar and started to eat it, brushing one hand with the other, and then, still absent-minded, ignored the napkin within easy reach and wiped his fingers down the front of his coat. It was the old Dan Slade, a reversion to type.

Then he quietly picked up his hat and gloves and coat. Mary heard him going, and came back into the room.

"Dan," she said as she stretched out her hand to him. "I can't hate you—I just can't. We're going to say good-by like two old friends." He took her hand eagerly and held it. After a moment she pulled it away and resumed picking up the dinner things. Slade looked at her longingly for a moment, then quietly opened the door and was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

New York was knee deep in a blizzard that had been raging all day. Sleet and snow swept and eddied in blustering gales at every street corner. Taxicabs and motors plowed their way along, their occupants bundled up to their eyes in wraps and furs. The few pedestrians breasting the bitter east wind felt the cold to their very marrow. With their shoulders hunched and their heads bent forward, they hurried along under the lee of the buildings, envying the fortunates who could afford the shelter of a cab.

One woman struggled bravely to keep her umbrella up until she came to the bright lights of a cheap restaurant, where, out of breath and covered with snow, she closed the unwieldy and inadequate protection and went in. In her long fur coat and her trim hat covered by a soft gray veil, she seemed out of place as she made her way to an empty table. All around her were shabby figures, chorus girls having some toast and cocoa after the show, a pair of red-faced chauffeurs, and all the other typical patrons of the griddle-cake restaurant.

Laying aside her wraps and putting her umbrella against the table, mindful of the numerous signs which betrayed the fact that the management was not responsible for lost articles, she ordered a cup of coffee and some crackers and milk.

"Talk about your western blizzards!" exclaimed one of the chauffeurs. "If this is a sample of your eastern weather I'll stick to my job with Governor Slade and you can keep your job with Governor Sulzer."

"Why didn't you go into the hall and listen to your boss talk?" asked his companion.

"Say, did you ever hear the same speech over and over? It's a great speech, but hearing it ever since we left home—" the pause was significant.

"Do you go everywhere with your boss?"

"You bet," answered the other, "but this is the first time we've been East."

"Say, they call your old man the 'divorced' governor, don't they?" queried Sulzer's man.

"Yep." Slade's chauffeur lapsed monosyllabic.

"Great note—a man runnin' for office and being divorced at the same time," came the comment. "But he got elected just the same. Governor Sulzer said he was all right when he put our car at his disposal."

"But you noticed my old man wanted me on the box, too?" chuckled the other. "When I'm not drivin' I'm along jest the same."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, answer questions mostly. He's a great responsibility—a governor is—I have to keep my eye on him."

"Why? Did they ever try to assassinate him?"

"Nope! Nearest they came to it was takin' him through Central park on your New York city pavements. But they did present him with a baby catamount in Carson City. I had to receive it."

"What did Mrs. Slade do?" Sulzer's man was patently more interested in the divorce than any other matter connected with Governor Slade. "Was she a high-stepper?"

"Naw," came the disgusted reply.

"Well, what'd he do then that they got divorced.

"Say, are you looking for trouble? Where I come from they don't criticize my old man. He runs things out there. I've had enough of this 'divorced governor' business. I don't know whose fault it is. She wanted it and he didn't, and she got it! When a woman knows what she wants," and he banged his flat down on the table, "she's going to get it! Now, shut up and have another cup of coffee."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE HARM FROM METEORS

Narrow Escapes Have Been Recorded, but Deaths or Serious Injuries Have Been Few.

The area of the earth's surface occupied by towns and villages being comparatively small, the possibility of a shower of stones falling within a town is extremely minute; the likelihood of a living creature being struck, says Lazarus Fletcher in the new Encyclopedia Britannica, is still remote.

The first Yorkshire stone—that of the Wold Cottage—struck the ground only ten yards from a laborer; the second, that of Middlesboro, fell on the railroad only 40 yards away from some plate layers at work; a stone completely buried itself in the highway of Kaba; one fell between two carters on the road at Charsonville, throwing the ground up to a height of six feet; the Tourinnes-la-Grosse meteorite broke the pavement and was broken itself.

The Krahenberg stone fell within a few paces of a little girl; the Angers stone fell close to a lady standing in her garden; the Braunau mass went through the roof of a cottage; at Macao, in Brazil, where there was a shower of stone, some oxen are said to have been killed.

At Nedagolla, in India, a man was so near that he was stunned by the shock; while at Mhow, also in India, a man was killed in 1827 by a stone which is a true meteorite and is represented by fragments in museum collections.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS.

Portland—Hop trading quieted down at all points on the Coast Monday. There is little or no demand in this state and dealers do not expect business to revive before the first of the month.

The New York market is inactive, according to the Waterville Hop Reporter, which says:

"We learn of no sales here or in the adjoining towns and little change in the present situation is looked for until after the holidays. Offers at lower rates have been made, but growers have turned them down. The opinion is quite general that the bulk of the growers, having waited thus far to dispose of their crops, will see the thing through."

The stockyards had a big run of cattle, sheep and hogs Monday, 88 carloads being unloaded. There was a brisk demand throughout the day. Cattle and sheep were firm and hogs were steady.

Three loads of prime steers were sold at $7.50, a quarter better than the ruling price of last week. Other good loads went at $6.75 to $7.35. A load of extra fancy cows was sold at $6.60, but the general market for this class of butcher stock held at $6.

About 45 loads of hogs, all told, were disposed of. The top was $7.50, where it closed last week, but the bulk of sales were at $7.45.

The strength of mutton prices was shown by the sale of a bunch of choice ewes at $5.70. Other loads were taken at $5.35 and $5.50. Lambs sold at $7.25 and $7.35.

Wheat—Bid; Bluestem, $1.24 bushel; forty-fold, $1.23; club, $1.22; red Russian, $1.17; red fife, $1.17.

Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, $26@26.50 per ton; shorts, $28@28.50; rolled barley, $28@29.

Corn—White, $36 per ton; cracked, $27 per ton.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, $14@16; grain hay, $10@11; alfalfa, $12@13; valley timothy, $11@12.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, hothouse, $1.50@1.75 dozen; eggplant, 8@10c pound; peppers, 8@10c per pound; artichokes, 75@85c per dozen; tomatoes, $1@1.25 per crate; cabbage, 1½c per pound; beans, 12½c per pound; celery, $3@3.50 per crate; cauliflower, $1@1.25 per dozen; sprouts, 8c per pound; head lettuce, $1.75@2 per crt.; pumpkins, 1¼c per pound; squash, 1½c per pound.

Green Fruits—Apples, 60c@1.50 per box; casabas, $1.65@1.75 per crate; pears, $1@1.50; grapes, $3.50 per barrel; cranberries, $9@11 per barrel.

Potatoes—Oregon, 75@85c sack; Idaho, 90c@$1.10; Yakima, 85c@$1; sweet potatoes, 2@2½c per pound.

Onions—Oregon, buying price, $1.25 f. o. b. shipping point.

Sack Vegetables—Carrots, $1.25 per sack; beets, $1.25 per sack; parsnips, $1.25 per sack.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 37½@38c; candled, 40@42½c; storage, 26@30c.

Poultry—Hens, 12½@13½c; spring, 11@12½c; turkeys, dressed, 21@22c; live, 17@18c; ducks, 12@15c; geese, 11@12c.

Butter—Creamery, prints, extras, 34½c per pound in case lots; ½c more in less than case lot; cubes, 30c.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12½c per pound.

Pork—Block, 9½@10c per pound.

Hops—1914 crop, 9@12c; 1913 crop, nominal.

Wool—Valley, 17@18c; Eastern Oregon, 15@20c nominal.

Mohair—1914 clip, 27½c per pound.

Cascara Bark—Old and new, 4@4½c per pound.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7@7.50; choice, $6.50@7; medium, $6.25@6.50; Choice cows, $5.75@6; medium, $5@5.50; Heifers, $5@6.50; calves, $6@8; bulls, $3.50@4.75; stags, $4.50@6.

Hogs—Light, $6.25@7.50; heavy, $5.75@6.30.

Sheep—Wethers, $5.25@6; ewes, $4.25@5.70; lambs, $6.25@7.35.

Seattle—Continued cold weather has stiffened potato values, and with extremely light receipts storage stocks are being drawn upon heavily to supply the present demand. It is announced that there will be an advance should the cold weather continue.

Local cabbage, charged with frost, is temporarily out of the market, but as soon as softer weather comes the market will be plentifully supplied. Washed carrots have been sent to market from nearby sections for the Christmas trade, but the ground is frozen and this stock has become scarce. Turnips and rutabagas from Washington points are in brisk demand.

Eggs—Select ranch, 40c per dozen.

Poultry—Live hens, 10@14c per lb.; old roosters, 10c per pound; 1914 broilers, 11c per pound; ducklings, 12@13c per pound; geese, 10c per pound; guinea fowl, $6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 18c per pound; do dressed, 21c per pound.

Apples—Cooking, 50@60c per box; Black Twigs, 50c@$1 per box; Baldwins, 50@75c per box; Delicious, $1@1.50 per box; Spitzenbergs, 75c@$1.25 per box; Yellow Newtown Pippins, 75c@$1.25 per box, Stamen Winesaps, 75c@$1 per box; Winesaps $1@1.25 per box.

Honey—$3.25@3.50 per case; strained, 7@8c per pound.

Pears—Beurre Easter, $1.25@1.50 per box; Beurre Anjou, $1.50@1.75 per box; Winter Nellis, $1@1.25 per box.

Dressed Beef—Phime beef steers, 12@12½c per pound; cows, 11½@12c per pound; heifers, 12c per pound.

Dressed Hogs — Whole, packing house, 8½@10c per pound.

Dressed Spring Lamb—13@13½c per pound.

Dressed Mutton—10@10½c per lb.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 35c@$1 per dozen; Beans, green, 10@12½c per pound; bell peppers, California, 9c per pound; beets, new, $1@1.25 per sack; cabbage, local, $1.25@1.50 per 100 pounds; red 1¾c per pound; celery, 50@75c per dozen; California, $4 per crate; horseradish, 12½c per pound; lettuce, local, leaf, 40@50c per crate; California, head, $1.50@1.75 per crate; onions, green, 25@30c per dozen; California, yellow, $1.25@1.50 per cwt.; imported Spanish, $2.50 per crate; Oregon, $1.75 per cwt.; local, $1@1.25 per cwt.; parsley, 30c per dozen; peanuts, 5½@8c per pound; potatoes, White Rivers, car lots, $13@15 per ton; Gems, car lots, $15@17 per ton; Burbanks, $17@18 per ton; store price $2@3 per ton additional; sweets, $2.25@2.50 per cwt; rutabagas, Alaska, $1.75 per sack; Yakima, $1.25 per sack; spinach, local, 75c per crate; sprouts, Brussels, 8c per pound; squash, local, 1¾@2c per pound; turnips, Yakima, $1.25 per cwt; local, white, $1@1.25 per cwt.; Alaska, yellow, $1.75 per cwt; Tomatoes, California, in lugs, $1.25@1.50 per lug; 4-basket crate, $1@1.10; local hothouse, 50@75c.

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

which contains no dangerous narcotics or alcohol.

It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anæmic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing.

In liquid or tablet form at most drug stores or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Read Chapter VII on Circulatory Organs in the "Medical Adviser"—A French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, address as above.

Liquor men have a substitute for prohibition. Perhaps they would only substitute whisky for patent medicines.

England will have a bantam regiment, which will doubtless keep up the traditions of the breed for fighting and crowing.

COLT DISTEMPER

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

The True Gentleman.

Show us the man who can quit the society of the young and take pleasure in listening to the kindly voice of age; show us a man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us a man who bows as politely and gives the street as freely to a poor sewing girl as to the millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes; shuns the company of such as congregate at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks of passing poor girls; show us the man who abhors the libertine; who scorns the ridicule of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect due a woman, in any condition or case—and you will show us a true gentleman.—Carrolton (Mo.) Record.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1. Gold, Silver, Zinc or Copper $1. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

Turning the Tables.

"Please, ma'am, your dog has killed three of father's prize fowls," said the small boy.

"Oh, I'm sure my Fido would never do such a thing," said the old lady.

"But father saw one of the chickens in his mouth," said the boy.

"Purely circumstantial evidence," she snapped, and the boy departed.

Some time later he returned.

"Please, mum, father sent me to tell you that circumstantial evidence might point to his having shot your dog, but he reckons you'll find he died of lead poisoning."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

You Know Him.

There is a man in our town
Our goat for sure he's got,
He dumps all sorts of rubbish on
His vacant corner lot.
—Allentown Democrat.

There is a man in our town
Who helps mosquitoes breed;
He owns a world of vacant lots
And never cuts a weed.
—Houston Post.

There is a man in our town
Who robs us of our mirth;
He has an auto horn that sounds
Like nothing else on earth.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

There is a man in our town,
His death would be no loss,
He scorns the big Good Fellows
And he knocks the good Red Cross.

Ypres.

What they call it on the street and in the home:
"Wipes."
"Wipers."
"Wiper."
"Yeeps."
"Weeps."
"Weep."
"Wypress."
"Wyp."
"Yepress."
"Yip."
"Perp."
And it really is "Ee'p'r."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

His One Regret.

"I understand they used my boy Josh purty rough when they hazed him at college," said Farmer Corntossel.

"Oh, well, they didn't hurt him any. I wouldn't be resentful."

"I should say they didn't hurt him! They took a whole lot o' conceit out of him. All I resent is that I wasn't there to see it."—Washington Star.

Always an Earnest Inquiry.

"What a lot of heedless questions are asked by children," said the fatigued parent.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and there are a few of us grown people who never seem to be seriously seeking information excepting when they are asking 'What's trumps?'"—Washington Star.

Mean Brute.

"A woman has to give up a great deal after she gets married," sighed Mrs. Gabb.

"A man does nothing else but give up after he gets married," replied Mr. Gabb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The armies in the Vosges are fighting in two feet of snow. It's no snowball contest, either.

SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" Digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

The German ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, said at a luncheon at Jacob H. Schiff's cottage at Seabright: "To blame Germany for this war shows an ignorance of welt poutik as excessive as the broker's ignorance of art. A banker said to a broker: 'I want you to come and spend the week-end with me in the country. I want to show you a Murillo, a Bouguereau and a Tintoretto that I bought last week.' 'Why, man, what a fool you are,' said the broker, 'to buy foreign cars in war time! Don't you know you'll never be able to get new parts'."—Argonaut.

ARE YOU THINKING OF THE NEW COUNTRY?

The State of Colorado wishes, if you are in earnest to procure a home, say of 320 acres, to help and promote you, barring speculators and investors. THE GREAT DIVIDE, published 43 Post Building, Denver, Colorado, is anxious to tell you all about it. Send stamp for sample copy today. Also say what paper you read this in.

Signs.

Hotel in Thermopolis, Wyo.—"No infectious or contagious diseases entertained here."

Hotel in McKee's Rocks, Pa.—"Don't throw anything out of the window. Leave it in the room and it will be threw out for you."

Postoffice, Republic, Mich. —"Stamps for sale at cost."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Heavy.

"Oh, dear," groaned the young wife, "I don't know what to use to raise my bread. I've tried everything."

"A derrick and a couple of jack-screws ought to do it," thought her husband, but he didn't say it aloud.—Boston Transcript.

Most Skin Trouble Readily Overcome

The Active Principle of a Famous Remedy Works Wonders.

Many people have marveled the way S. S. S. overcomes skin troubles. The explanation is the fact that S. S. S. works in the blood and the blood is really a most intricate and extraordinary mass of arteries and veins.

When you come to realize that the skin and the flesh beneath are composed of a network of tiny blood vessels you solve the mystery.

There are wonderful medicinal properties in S. S. S. that follow the course of the blood streams just as naturally as the most nourishing food elements.

It is really a remarkable remedy. It contains one ingredient, the active purpose of which is to stimulate the tissues to the healthy selection of its own essential nutriment. And the medicinal elements of this matchless blood purifier are just as essential to well-balanced health as the nutritious elements of the meats, grains, fats and sugars of our daily food.

Not one drop of minerals or drugs is used in its preparation. Ask for S. S. S. and just insist upon having it. And if you desire skillful advice and counsel upon any matter concerning the blood and skin, write to the Medical Department, The Swift Specific Co., 529 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Do not allow some zealous clerk's eloquence over something "just as good" as S. S. S. to fool you with the same old mineral drugs. Beware of all substitutes. Insist upon S. S. S.

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