

LET ME ENJOY.

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-embracing night
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I will find charm in her uncare,
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song,
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise
And all its bliss—if such should be—
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

—Thomas Hardy.

THE UPROOTING OF JIM

Jim Lesterton was rapidly settling down into confirmed old bachelorhood. It was a pity, but he had played the part of father and mother both to his orphan brothers and sisters, six of them, all told—and played it so well that from their very childhood they had felt no sense of loss. To him they had turned in all their joys and sorrows, and he had never failed them. To outsiders his life had always seemed a singularly noble and self-denying one. To him his course of action had seemed the only one which could be followed.

Now his "children" had stretched their wings, and the quaint old house in Danchester High street knew them no more. The three stalwart lads, Roy, Leslie and Maurice, were making their way rapidly in Canada. The girls had married wisely and happily.

Jim had only recently parted with the youngest, Dorothy, his pet and darling, and perhaps it had cost him more to let her go than any of the others. She was so full of life and vivacity that he seemed to find in her bright youth the youth which had passed him by. For he had been so intensely occupied with family cares from his boyhood that he often felt he had never been young at all. The small income left by his parents had been miserably inadequate to supply the needs of a growing family, and Jim had "told terribly" to supplement it.

He could have told, had he been so minded, sad stories of those early years, when there were so many hungry mouths at home. It was so easy for him to live hard and work hard, he told himself. The Spartan-like simplicity of the regime, fortunately, did not affect his constitution. He had never been absent from his daily work by reason of illness. He could have told also of garments bought ready-made, on account of cheapness, which his soul secretly loathed; of threadbare greatcoats worn through bitter winters, and of sundry other economies, cheerfully undergone for the sake of "his children," as he called them; but these things were hidden in his heart. Jim Lesterton would have scorned himself had he spoken of them, and if he sometimes felt a little sad and over-anxious during those long years in which the young ones were growing up, it was never suspected by them. He was an arch-dissembler in his way, this big-hearted, lovable Jim, but the dissembling was such as angels smile over, always for the cheer and well-being of others.

God makes His heroes out of such stuff, and, quite unconsciously, they are as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to those around them. There are more of them amongst us than we know, for often in our own worldliness and self-seeking our eyes are hidden.

But "the years which the locusts had eaten" lay behind the man now. He had risen to a trusted and prosperous position, one which far exceeded his early ambitions, and was free from all anxiety concerning those dear to him. Yet he was possessed at times with a rather painful sense that his present comfortable life was not actually as full and happy as the old toiling meager existence had been. His days seemed empty and gray, and he was settling down to feel as he looked—a dull old bachelor.

The great crisis of our lives often comes to us in a most homely and commonplace fashion. Jim Lesterton, sitting at his breakfast one morning, and enjoying a morning paper supported by a rather battered tea-cosy, which he would not have replaced because his pet sister had made it for him, suddenly caught sight of his own name in the "Agony" column.

"If James Lesterton, eldest son of the late Marcus Lesterton, of Felverlea, Derefordshire, will communicate with the Messrs. Lawson, 6, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., he will hear of something to his advantage."

Jim gave a violent start, thereby provoking the keen resentment of a magnificent Persian cat, which had perched herself on his shoulder with an eye to stray tit-bits. She sprang to the ground, and esconced herself in an easy chair opposite, keeping, however, a watchful eye on her master.

"Gloriana, my dear, I beg your ladyship's pardon," Jim said gravely, and with a slight inclination of his head in the Persian's direction. "But when a fellow hears quite sudden like that a fellow has only got to show himself to hear something to that fellow's advantage, why it's enough to make his manner lack Vere de Vere repose."

He read the advertisement through carefully once more. There was a possibility, of course, that some mistake had been made in regard to name,

that he, Jim Lesterton, was not actually the man wanted, he told himself. But his early years had been spent in Felverlea, Derefordshire. It was not until the death of his parents that he had taken a house in Danchester, owing to its easy access from London.

"Domine dirige nos," said Jim Lesterton. It was a habit of his to murmur the simple old Latin prayer in the difficulties and perplexities of life. Then he set out for Chancery Lane.

The Messrs. Lawson were quite unlike typical men of law. They bore a comical resemblance to each other, and even their voices had the self-same tone. Jim had a fleeting remembrance of making such heads as theirs out of hollowed turnips in his youth. But he soon discovered that the round chubby faces were those of keen business men, and watched them with interest.

They proceeded at once to the business in hand. "Mr. Lesterton," said the one who appeared to be the elder of the two. "Can you call to memory a certain night in March, about seventeen years ago, when a man stopped you at the gate of your home, your father's home it was then, saying he was starving and half-dead with cold?"

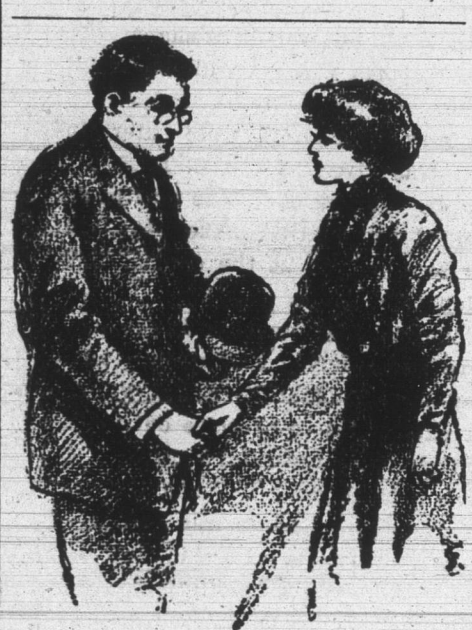
Jim Lesterton's memory was a good one, but he had to think hard before he could recall the night in question. He paused before he made any reply. "The name of the man was Francis Faithfull," said the brothers, this time simultaneously, and with rather odd effect.

"Oh, yes, I remember. The name helped me to recall him. It struck me at the time as rather quaint," said Jim.

"You fed and clothed him," said the elder brother, solemnly.

"Any decent chap would have done the same," said Jim hastily, disclaiming any glory in the matter. "He was down on his luck."

"He took a fancy to you, and vowed as he left your father's house that, if



THE GRAY OLD WORLD WAS A NEW PLACE.

ever the wheel of fortune turned for him, he would stand your friend. Quite recently the wheel of fortune has turned for him. For years he has been disowned by his family, on account of an early imprudent marriage, and he fell on evil days. Last week, by the falling of an avalanche on Mont Blanc, two lives were lost, which stood between him and a baronetcy. Sir Robert Faithfull and his son Herbert now lie dead at Chamonix, awaiting burial in the English churchyard.

"Francis Faithfull was found, by the merest chance, working as a caretaker in a motor works, and he went, at our instigation, to Switzerland. There was no difficulty in proving his claim. Yesterday he wired to us to find you, and to send you on to Chamonix. He has never lost sight of you, or forgotten his debt to you, and he is eager to repay it—at least in part."

Jim Lesterton listened like one in a dream, and the two old men began to give him instructions as to his journey. The elder presently handed him a pink slip of paper. "You must not be offended, Mr. Lesterton. Doubtless you know your Bible, and a certain passage which refers to bread cast upon the waters."

"But I don't need it," began Jim. "My dear sir, you have not only yourself to consider on this journey. Our client wishes you to take his daughter to him. She does not at present know of the change in her father's circumstances. You are to fetch her from this address," giving Jim another slip of paper. "Get what she needs. Miss Faithfull is an heiress, and must want for nothing. You will look after her comfort generally."

"But I don't know anything about girls," protested Jim Lesterton. "I am a confirmed bachelor. All my friends would tell you so."

"What about your care of your sisters?" The two old lawyers looked archly at him, and shook their forefingers. It was too much for Jim's sense of humor. He laughed as he had not laughed for years, and because he was a good and strong and altogether pleasant fellow, they laughed, too.

Then Jim went on his mission, feeling curiously young.

May Faithfull was a dressmaker's hand, and only a junior hand at that. She had recently been promoted, however, into making buttonholes, for which she had a peculiar aptitude. It is an occupation, however, which, if persisted in for several hours at a stretch, day after day, week in, week out, has a tendency to pall.

To-day May was tired, dreadfully tired. Last night, she had dreamed of buttonholes. They had come staring and grinning at her, like grotesque, implish faces. And they were bad buttonholes, such as one may see in a child's first attempt at needlework, so excruciatingly bad that she had sobbed in her dreams. Poor little May!

She was hoping as she worked this morning that they would not haunt her again, but she had her misgivings. She bent her pretty head, with its coronal of wavy hair, over her work, with an increase of application.

Suddenly a name rang through the workroom, pronounced in a clear and resonant voice by "Madame Etolite," whose homely English name was Betty Starr!

"Miss Faithfull is wanted." Madame Etolite's voice was raspy. She had much work in hand, and resented the interruption.

May rose and put her hand to her heart. It was beating quicker than its wont. Various remarks saluted her ears as she made her exit.

When she entered the room where Jim Lesterton was waiting, her white little face was flushed; her eyes were shining like stars. Despite her patched black gown, she looked beautiful.

Jim Lesterton hesitated for a moment. The girl had dignity and grace despite her youth. Then she lifted her face, and he saw how wistful and lonely she looked. His heart went out to her.

"Child," he said, "your father wants you. I am to take you to him. He wants you to share some unexpected good fortune."

She laid her hand in his, and quite suddenly the gray old world was a new place to Jim Lesterton. All things had changed. He felt the joy, the exhilaration of a lad of 20 whilst the small work-worn hand lay in his own.

It was a wonderful journey those two took together into the playground of the world, for Jim Lesterton was the kindest and most fatherly of protectors to the young creature put in his charge.

When the two had their first glimpse of the "Monarch of Mountains," when Mont Blanc raised his magnificent crest, crowned with eternal snow, before their vision, she clung to his arm, and sobbed like a child. "It's so lovely," she said. "And it was always here, but we might never have seen it, but for—"

She paused abruptly; Jim swiftly divined her girlish thought of her unknown kinsfolk lying still and dead, victims of the mountain avalanche. He liked her for her tenderness, but managed to turn her thoughts in his own kindly way, by pointing out the manifold beauties of the panorama through which they were passing.

When they reached Chamonix a tall and aristocratic-looking man came to greet them, his face lit with a smile of welcome. Jim Lesterton vainly strove to recall the starving wanderer as he looked at Sir Francis Faithfull, but Sir Francis held his hand in an iron grip and looked at him with almost fatherly affection.

"Welcome, my lad," he said. "A thousand thanks to you for bringing my little girl to me. It will be a three-fold cord now, and a threefold cord is not easily broken."

It never was. That visit to Chamonix was a sowing that bore in the after years flowers of marvelous joy and happiness. It was, in truth, "The Uprooting of Jim," who grew younger and happier every day; till bride and bridegroom seemed well matched to sympathizing onlookers at his wedding with May Faithfull.—London S. S. Times.

ON THE WITNESS STAND.

The Right of a Witness to Qualify His Answers.

Like Stevenson's child, as a rule, the witness should speak only when he is spoken to. He should not volunteer anything except that when he is asked a question which with apparent innocence could really be answered "Yes" or "No" he has a right to qualify a plain "Yes" or "No." This, of course, happens most often in the case of experts. The "Yes, but I will explain," and "No, but I will explain," of one of the distinguished expert witnesses for the commonwealth in the case of commonwealth versus Quay, which was tried before Judge Biddle in the court of quarter sessions of Philadelphia county several years ago, still linger in the writer's memory.

It is a mistaken notion that a witness is bound to answer "Yes" or "No." It is surprising that such should have ever been the received theory, but then the hunting down of witches and the expounding of the doctrine of witchcraft were regarded as proper judicial functions only a century or two ago. The theory as to categorical reply was completely exploded by the gentleman who propounded the question, "When are you going to stop beating your wife?" and demanded a categorical answer. If the lawyer attempts to tell you that you must answer "Yes" or "No" you have the right to say that the question is one which is not susceptible of a categorical answer. This should floor counsel for the moment.

Mannerly behavior on the part of witnesses includes keeping one's temper under almost all provocations. Cross examination for the purpose of testing your memory is not intended to be and should not be regarded as insulting. It should therefore not be resented. If the cross examination transcends, all bounds and your patience is exhausted a sharp retort will not necessarily injure your testimony with the jury. The jury sympathizes with the witness more than with the lawyer, and while mere smartness for the sake of being smart or because of a too expansive personality is to be deplored, you will be sure of a sympathetic audience if you are in the right and counsel in the wrong.—Ira Jewell Williams in Green Bag.

Any woman can make a fool of a man by complimenting him on the superior brand of wisdom he possesses.

DO YOU SEE RED?

What the World Looks Like to Multitudes of Color Blind.

Color blindness is far more common than is generally supposed. It has been estimated that about fifty-three people out of every 100 are either positively color blind or are suffering from what is called "feeble color sense." A man who can make out six of the seven colors in a rainbow has excellent color vision. If four, his color sense is feeble. If three or less, he is color blind.

There are several sorts of color blindness, London Answers says. Some people are absolutely blind to color, so that they see everything in one neutral tint, just as in a photograph, but the commonest sort is "red-green" blindness. A man afflicted with red-green blindness cannot distinguish between red and green. He will take certain hues of green for the corresponding shades of red. The other shades of green he will call white. The colors that a man of normal sight calls red, orange and yellow seem to him red, pale red and a still paler red.

Color blindness has nothing whatever to do with acuteness of sight. In fact, it often happens that men who are blind to color have exceptionally acute sight. Sometimes a man is color blind in one eye and not in the other. A man has been known, when blindfolded over one eye, to call a half sovereign a sixpence, though when the bandage was taken off he recognized the coin perfectly.

If red and green are the most difficult colors to the color blind, and if color blindness is so general, it may seem strange that these should be the colors chosen for railway signals and for signals at sea. But it cannot be helped. Yellow and orange, when seen through a fog, look too much like white. A blue glass lets through only one twenty-fifth of the light behind it. Red, on the other hand, transmits light easily, and green is the only other color easily possible.

Naturally, as millions of lives daily depend on the sea and railway signals, every man who wishes to obtain the responsible post of signalman, engine driver or ship's officer has to undergo a thorough test of his sense of color. So important is the matter that recently the board of trade sent on a special voyage in their own yacht a ship's mate who had failed in the examination three times and passed it three times, in order to settle finally the question of his ability to distinguish colored lights at sea.

The ordinary board of trade test, which has been adopted by most of the railway authorities, is with colored wools. On a white cloth or white paper a pile of tangled skeins of Berlin wool is laid. No two are of the same color as the test skein, and as close to it in shade as possible. He is not allowed to hold several in his hand at once and compare them. Each one he lifts he must either put back or lay beside the test skein.

To avoid delay and to make sure that every candidate understands what is to be done, the examiner gives his instructions to all the candidates at once and keeps them in the examination room together, watching and waiting their turn.

The really color blind, however, usually give themselves away at once. This test over, the candidate has to choose between colors held up fifteen feet off. Lastly, he is given three skeins of vivid colors and asked to match them.

Formerly candidates were tested with colored lanterns. One railway has a test of its own. The candidate looks along a tub and tells the names of the colors he sees on an illuminated revolving disk at the far end.

It is not generally known that a man may become temporarily color blind; in fact, excessive tobacco smoking may cause this infirmity.

What He Was.

Miss Bixby was not given to coquetry, but she was pardonably anxious to make an agreeable impression upon Prof. Clark. He was young and handsome, and, like herself, learned, she gathered from the common friend who was plotting to bring them together. Also the friend, a sprightly North Carolina woman, referred to him as a "tarheel."

"A what?" Miss Bixby inquired. "Tarheel," it appeared, was the vivacious name for a native of North Carolina.

Miss Bixby, who modestly felt the need in herself of an added touch of vivacity, impressed the term upon a memory, which, surcharged with knowledge, had been known to be treacherous.

However profound a conversation is destined to become, it should begin, in society, Miss Bixby was aware, with graceful nothings. "You are a tarheel, I believe?" it seemed to her would serve the purpose of breaking the ice.

He was handsomer and more intellectual looking than she had expected, even; also shyer and more reserved. The polite commonplace which she had prepared would be just the thing to set him at ease. Raising her voice, she addressed him across her friend's dinner table.

"I believe, Prof. Clark," she remarked, with sweet graciousness, "that you are a tadpole."

Would Start Her.

"My wife is prolonging her visit. I need her at home, but it seems useless to write suggesting that she return."

"Get one of the neighbors to suggest it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is easy for the man who never wore a dress suit in his life to blame all the discreditable things he hears on polite society.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell, and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Indigestion and Stomach Remedy.

The well-known specialist on indigestion and stomach troubles, Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 202 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill., will send, free of charge, a sample treatment of his celebrated Pepsin Syrup remedy for the relief and cure of these painful troubles by addressing him as above.

Children Who Are Sickly.

Mothers should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They break up colics in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Teething Disorders and Stomach Troubles. Over 10,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Ask for day. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807 over 100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Besides Great Britain, the countries which have old-age pensions are Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, New Zealand and Australia.

FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS and coughs, Dr. Long's German cure when all other remedies fail. This reliable medicine has been sold for over 40 years. 25c. and 50c. bottles. All dealers.

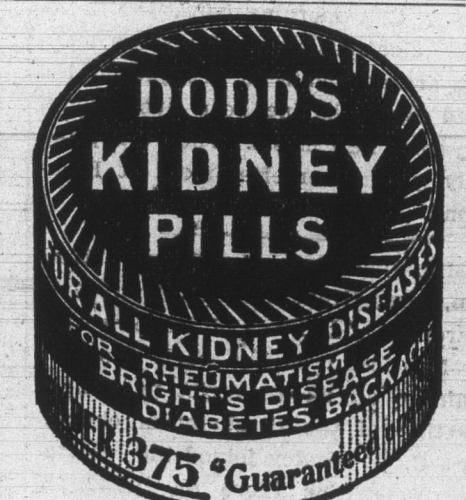
Omissions of History.

Pope Gregory had revised the calendar.

"The spelling needs reforming, too," he said, "but I'm afraid to tackle that." Which shows what he missed by not having Prof. Brander Matthews handy to brace him up and give him courage.

Unjust.

Fluffy Young Thing (at the play)—I believe this man in front of us is trying to hear what we're saying! Man in Front (turning around)—You do me an injustice, my dear young lady. I am trying not to hear it.—Chicago Tribune.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRUISES
DIABETES
BACKACHE
\$1.75 Guaranteed

Stops Lameness

Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Racine, Ga., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 43, writes: "I have used your Liniment on a horse for swerving and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. In my estimation the best remedy for lameness and soreness is

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R.F.D. No. 3, writes: "Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one eye. Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

Price 60c. and \$1.00

Sloan's Liniment will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

White Horse Depilatory removes hair from face, neck or arms without irritation. A wonderful preparation. Try it. Price 25c. per bottle. DAVIS, 140 EUGENE AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."

Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

IMMENSE TOBACCO PURCHASE.

Forty-Eight Thousand Dollars Paid for a Fancy Lot of Tobacco.

The biggest purchase of high grade tobacco ever made in the West by a cigar manufacturer was made last Wednesday by Frank P. Lewis, Peoria Ill., for his celebrated Single Binder cigar. A written guarantee was given that the entire amount was to be fancy selected tobacco. This, no doubt, makes the Lewis factory the largest holder in the United States of tobacco of so high a grading.—Herald-Transcript.

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a stock of land in Western Canada. He has said in a letter:

"As an American I am delighted to see the realization of the dream of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in the thousands, and I have not yet met one who has made a mistake. There is scarcely a community in the West or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada field crops for 1909 will yield 7,000,000 bushels of wheat, or \$170,000,000.00 in cash.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emption of 160 acres for \$1.00 and 320 acres for \$2.00 are being offered by the Government and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farming opportunities are being offered, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, and the best of weather and soil.

For full particulars, apply to the nearest Canadian Government Agent, or to the following Canadian Government Agents: C. J. Broughton, Room 616, Merchants' Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

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"MAYKEP" Tonic has been used twenty years in Fort Wayne, Indiana, by physicians treating of various Cured thousands. Action quick for physical or mental Troubles. BEST GENERAL TONIC ever compounded. Satisfaction guaranteed. Don't experiment with other Tonic now. You have nothing to lose, but everything to gain. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Charges prepaid. MAYER MEDICINE COMPANY, 1118 W. Washington St., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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2000 Acres Wheat and Alfalfa Land—30 acres growing alfalfa, 120 acres growing wheat, 180 acres for corn, balance in pasture. Inquire of ANDY PERLINO, WILSON, KANSAS

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Full Watch or Doll FREE. Write for free catalog. N. O. M. THOMSON NOVELTY CO., Ketchikan, Iowa, Dept. 4.

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in spare time or start in business with very little capital? Send for booklet of ideas and plans, which will show the way. FLEARN CO., 105 West 4th St., Des Moines, Ia.

TULSA, TEXAS

Rest town in the fastest growing country of the great Southwest. An unusual opportunity to invest in lots. Free booklet. The Tulsa Development Co., Tulsa

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Exclusive territory. For this town large permanent income. exclusive territory. Address: MANAGER, 210 Albany Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Superfluous Hair

Send 50 cents for a bottle of DEPILA for removing hair almost instantly without irritating the most delicate skin. Modern Beauty Co., 222 Broadway St., Boston, Mass.

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Make big money selling our Bargain time. Prior experience unnecessary. Write for particulars. Modern Specialty Co., 22 Silver St., Chicago

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Send 10 packages of "Gleanings of the Earth"—we send you absolutely FREE beautiful Young Fox Watch. No cash or Gold Ring. Maynard Supply Co., 1237 Arch St., Philadelphia

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