

BABS IN THE CITY

By ARMIGER BARCLAY

"Well, how did you like the city, Babs?" asked the admiral.

Babs jerked on a high stool in front of the tape-machine, ceased pulling the paper ribbon through her fingers and looked up.

"I'm wavered over," says she. "It's the figures. I never was good at arithmetic."

"Oh, the quotations! They are puzzling when you're not used to them," agrees the admiral.

"I never shall be," admits Babs. "I never could learn the multiplication table. When people say eight times nine's fifty-free, how can you tell if it's true?"

The admiral ponders the indictment before he answers. "Your illustration certainly does place arithmetic in a new light. At the same time, business would be rather dull on the stock exchange without it. Eh, Mr. Hands?"

Babs throws a glance over her shoulder at the stock broker. "If I find you up tree points how much would I make on a fousand?" she asks him.

The question took him by surprise. He had been regarding the earl's small daughter with great interest, but hardly as a potential dealer.

"It depends, Lady Barbara," he smiles. "Depends whether it's stock or shares."

"I was ankin' of Mexicans—second pref," observes Babs, sagely.

It is as much as Mr. Hands can do to answer. "A rise of three points on a thousand Mexicans means \$30 profit," he stammers.

"Fanks," says Babs, and becomes immersed in the tape once more.

People who meet Babs for the first time are usually bewildered by her baby-like perspicuity, and the stock broker is no exception to the rule. The admiral evades his glances of stupefaction by addressing Babs.

"What is the trouble, little lady?" he asks, leaning over her chair.

"Nofin'; I'm waver busy," she answers without moving her eyes from the tape.

The admiral dutifully moves away and rejoins the earl and Mrs. Fane, who are now in consultation with Mr. Hands. Mrs. Fane has certain investments to make, and the earl, her



The Men Come and Stand Over Her, Watching the Ribbon.

trustee, has accompanied her into the city. For reasons not yet apparent, Babs has insisted on being of the party, and persuaded the admiral to make it a partie carree.

While the tape machine ticks and jerks under the regard of her big blue eyes, the others go into the merits of Japanese fairs, colonial government securities and English rails, and in due course Mrs. Fane's business is disposed of.

"We may as well have a flutter, now we're here," suggests the earl to his sailor friend.

The admiral concurs with a nod. "What would you advise?" he asks the stock broker.

"Grand Trunks and Hudson Bays are looking up," answers Mr. Hands impartially.

"You'd much better stand in wiv me," murmurs Babs from the other end of the room.

Mr. Hands sits up with a start, then turns an inquiring face to his clients.

"What is it, Babs?" asks the admiral. "I didn't know you were an authority on stock exchange transactions."

"I'm perfectly serious," insists Babs. "If you want to earn your winter's corn, buy Mexican second pref!"

Mr. Hands, through his pince-nez, eyes her in a fascinated way, but feels compelled to dissent. "The very last thing to touch. No dividend expected, you know," he observes in an undertone to the earl.

"I know it's not expected," returns Babs, whose sharp ears have caught the words. "But there's goin' to be a dividend, all ve same. It's a stable secret."

"My dear child!" reproves Mrs. Fane, fearful of the stock broker taking offense. "How can you know anything about it?"

"Oh, I've known it for a couple of fortnights. I had it stait from the Beiststeins."

"Beiststeins?" repeats Mrs. Fane. "I never heard of them. Babs does get to know the strangest people!"

"Beiststein!" exclaims Mr. Hands with sudden interest. "He's the leading operator in the Mexican market!"

"Where did you pick them up, Babs?" inquires her father.

"I didn't. They picked me up in the park one day, and took me for a wide in their motor car. It's a Cadillac, and mops up petwiv by the bucketful. That's how I got my illustrated front."

"Mope!" gasps Mrs. Fane. "Really, Babs, you do get hold of the most extraordinary—"

"Let's hear about her new friends," interposes the earl. "Who are they, Babs?"

"I only know Percy, weally. He's their son. I met him at a juvenile party; but I got my maid to look them up in 'Who's Who,' and it says they're an old Jacobite family. There is somethin' curious about their noses. And old Mr. Beiststein takes hours to tell you anyfin'—even wiv all the his left out."

"But where do they live?" demands Mrs. Fane.

"In a place called Bayswater—where the 'buses come from,' explains Babs.

"Was it at the party that Mr. Percy became confidential about Mexicans?" asks the admiral.

Babs allows her diminutive shoulders a slightly contemptuous shrug. "Yes," she admits. "When a boy is epwiv wiv you he always tells you his private affairs."

Mrs. Fane deems it essential to lift her eyebrows censoriously.

"It was private, then?" ponders the earl.

"Ravher, daddy! He said the only over person besides me who knew a word about it was the head rabbit."

There is a pause while they revolve her meaning.

"Chief Rabbit!" exclaims Mr. Hands, with sudden inspiration. "It must be something very exceptional, or Beiststein wouldn't—would you mind telling us exactly what he said, my dear?"

Before Babs answers she opens the little jeweled bag that hangs on her wrist and exhibits a banknote.

"You'll put this on for me?" she asks. "It's some of my 'Sawewitch' winnins'."

"That's all right, Babs," promises the admiral.

"Well," proceeds Babs, while the three men hang on her words, "he said he'd heard my faver say that Mexicans were goin' to soar to heaven when the dividend came out, and that if I could pick up a few seconds pref. in the street next Friday before free o'clock I should go home feelin' 13 carat. And I wasn't to bweave a word to anyone."

"What a little horror the boy must be!" deprecates Mrs. Fane.

"He is," allows Babs; "but it's a soft fling all the same."

"Friday—three o'clock!" muses Mr. Hands, looking at his watch. "If we only can—"

"Spoil the Egyptians!" augments the earl grimly.

There is a short consultation between the three men and then Mr. Hands hurries out.

Five minutes later he returns, rather out of breath, and announces that he has got 11,000 second preference at 61 1/4—five each for the earl and the admiral, and the odd thousand for Babs.

"It's like racin', only not so excitin'," observes Babs as she turns once more to the tape.

As she speaks, the machine, which has been silent for half a minute, recommences ticking. The men come and stand over her, watching it. A good yard and a half of ribbon slowly exudes in spasmodic jerks, giving the prices of various stocks and shares. The office clock-points to five minutes past three and Mr. Hands, watching it, grows anxious.

"Here they come!" cries Babs, as the words MEX 1st appear, followed by the price, and then 2nd is disclosed with the quotation 61 1/4. Mr. Hands seizes the ribbon and reads off the figures that are now coming as fast as the operator at the other end can send them.

"Two to a half—three—three and a quarter—four!" He ignores the first preference stock. "Four and a half—five! Dividend three and three-quarters per cent! Well, I never!"

"That's good enough!" cries the earl. "Better close. They'll be up an' point by the time you get to the house!"

Once more Mr. Hands hurries out—this time, in his excitement, forgetting his hat. Babs climbs down from her stool.

"It's all over bar the shoutin'," she remarks calmly. "How much have we won, daddy?"

"By Jove, they've touched 66!" cries the admiral at the tape.

"You'll rake in at it 50 for your share, young woman!" laughs the earl.

Babs looks up with a smile at the admiral. "Well, how do you like the city, shipmate?" she asks mischievously.

"I think it's a thundering fine place to come to—with you, Babs!" is his prompt answer.

"I'm so glad," she draws. "But I fink the Beiststeins have a good deal to do wiv it. I shall have to leave cards on them to-morrow, I suppose."

"You may as well leave mine, too, Babs," says Mrs. Fane meekly.

Shelley's Edinburgh Home.

One of the two Edinburgh houses associated with the name of Shelley is in process of demolition. Though there is a little uncertainty as to Shelley's first house, the house in which or from which he was married to Mary Westbrooke in September, 1811, a correspondent thinks the evidence is almost conclusive in favor of 60 George street, the "handsome front parlor" in which Shelley spent his honeymoon being now a shop.

Of the second house, however, there is no uncertainty. He lived in it for nearly three months in the autumn of 1813, and addressed many letters from it, putting the fact beyond all doubt. They are headed "39 Frederick street," and this is the house which is now being pulled down to make room for large buildings.

Here Shelley, with Harriet and "the blue-eyed Tanthe," spent many happy days, and here also Shelley wrote his "Refutation of Deism," and became known as the author of "Queen Mab"—privately printed in the summer of 1813.

How Is This?

If you hear that a woman is a genius it does not surprise you. But if somebody says she can cook you fall dead.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beyond Understanding.

What a woman likes about her husband explaining his politics is she can't understand it any better than he does.

My City for the Blind

BY "CARMEN SYLVIA" QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

HER MAJESTY AS AN ARTIST

Some years ago a young man who had just finished his period of conscription entered my service. He was a capable stenographer, and had command of several languages. I had engaged him that he might lighten somewhat the arduousness of my work by copying manuscripts for publication, but principally that I might intrust to him the management of many minor matters.

Very soon cruel Fate struck him blow after blow. The death of his first child, then of his wife, and finally of his mother—one loss succeeding another with sad swiftness—overwhelmed him with grief and despair. I have always found that in great sorrow work is the supreme alleviator. I decided that if I could give him work up to the limits of his physical endurance I should make it possible for him to support his afflictions and sustain him in his solitude.

Just then I heard of Nowak's invention for the blind, and I had some of his machines procured. I had for long time sought to aid the blind in my own and other countries in a manner that others had not till then attempted. I had found that those who instructed the blind demanded not enough of brain work and too much manual labor, which deprived their hands of that fineness of touch which helps them to perform the functions of eyes for those bereft of their visual organs.

The machine did not justify its reputation, and I had another sent from America, a very heavy and expensive printing machine, which cost almost \$120, and the manipulation of which was so fatiguing that a vigorous youth could not operate it for longer than three hours each day.

We had established an asylum for the aged. As I traversed its passages, whence opened little rooms where the patients were already installed two months, I passed a youth wearing dark spectacles and with the gait of a blind man.

If I cannot see far, God has placed in my heart eyes that can see at once when prompt help is needed. When I had returned home I bade Monske hasten with all speed and hire a small house, where he was to install Theodoresco and his wife.

The blind man began at once to make proofs of the pages which I had printed, and in a short time worked in harmony in little garret in my residence. Again Theodoresco earned his bread and lived happily with his amiable young wife, thanking God daily for his fortune. In the summer we went to Sinaia, while Theodoresco was sent to the waters, as he suffered from muscular atrophy, probably caused by lead poisoning, to which typographers are subject. Soon after our return Monske came to me. He built all around me, and I said "I think that Theodoresco has discovered something." And he explained that his blind friend had passed the summer months in trying to invent a better printing machine than that he was using. He had decided that the Braille characters made upon paper could be mounted on a paper cylinder and that by means of a rubber roller impressions would be easy. Only a practical typographer would have solved the problem thus.

We patented the machine in the principal countries of the world. Monske worked incessantly. Christmas, 1906, he presented me with a dainty little model, but when I worked with it it revealed some few defects. He set himself to work again, and at last produced the present pattern, so incredibly simple that my comment was "The egg of Columbus."

A man completely blind is now able to print 5,000 sheets every day.

MAKES OLD STOVES NEW.

Renovator Sold One Cast-Off to Its Original Owner.

"It's an alley rat," the renovator of old stoves said as he scraped off long scales of rust. "I found it on an ash heap and the woman was glad to have me haul it away."

This dealer in cast-off stoves owns a shop on Independence avenue, according to the Kansas City Star. He makes a living—and a good one, he says—in picking up stoves that are thrown away. Sometimes he pays 25 cents for a stove, or perhaps, more than that, if it is in unusually good condition. It is very seldom that he fails to make a profit of several hundred per cent on his investments.

"You don't know how many stoves are thrown away in these days of natural gas," said the dealer. "It's the people who can afford gas ranges and fancy gas heaters that dump their old stoves in the back yard."

"I'm the man that profits by this extravagance. I have my customers, too. Not every one is using gas. There is a brisk demand for my stoves."

The "alley rat" has been scraped clean of its rust scales. Then it was given a coat of blacking and the polishing process began. A new grate had been supplied.

"Looks like a new stove," he said. "That's the way I fool 'em. The rust fades away when I begin. Any stove looks old when it's rusty."

"Just to give you an idea of what I can do with a stove I'll tell you a little incident."

"I picked up a heating stove in an alley out on East Eighteenth street not long ago. I brought it in here and peeled it and then put on the blacking and did the elbow work. A new grate was needed; I put that in. Then I left it out on the sidewalk to speak for itself."

"Maybe you won't believe it, but the woman who gave it to me came by here and I sold the stove back to her for \$3.50. She didn't recognize me, the stove. But I'm the man that makes old stoves new."

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Try a laugh when the sigh fails.

Work will go easier and better if you think it out ahead.

Bed the horses well so they will not bruise their knees on the floor.

You help yourself when you help your neighbor to be a better farmer.

Mix your feeds dry and wet afterwards, if you want to secure a good mixture.

Eggs from the best of the two-year-old layers are considered best for hatching.

With a goodly flock of chickens the farmer is never at a loss for a little ready money.

Where crude petroleum is obtainable at a low enough price it makes a practical dressing for roads.

When buying stock for breeding purposes be willing to pay the price which will secure the good grade animal.

If the temperature of your fruit and vegetable cellar ranges too high open the door during the night and close it during the day.

The mistakes of the past should become stepping stones to better things this year, not stumbling blocks which are going to bring further failure.

Fence posts are a considerable item of expense, making it necessary to make them last as long as possible. Peeling off the bark helps some.

To sell the corn off the farm sold the fertility of the place but fed to the stock it returns a double profit, in fattened cattle and hogs and in manure.

When the mane and tail are allowed to become clogged with dirt it is apt to create itching, resulting in the horse rubbing himself in such a way as to injure them.

A diary for the dairy might be a good thing this year. Begin to keep a record of the cows. See what each one is doing. Test the milk once a month. Weed out the poor cows.

Keep the appetites of the hens sharp, so that they will always be on the search for food. Underfed is better than overfed with poultry every time. But the best rule is to study your flock and feed just right.

Making time and marking time sound a good deal alike, but they are vastly different in fact. The maker of time is the hustler, the marker of time is the fellow who stands still and shuffles. Lots of stepping but no headway.

It is said that not two per cent. of the edible plants of the world are grown by the American farmer. This is reason enough, then, why the government should send its agents into all the world to find new plants better adapted to our lands than some we are now growing.

Swift's words are still true: Who ever makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. Can you stand up brother and say "that's me?"

Mark it down as a safe rule that the bleating lack something in the way of food, water or care to insure its comfort. However there are calves that will bleat almost continuously and for no other reason apparently than because they are of that uneasy, restless spirit which marks them as undesirable to raise for dairy purposes. Get rid of such animals.

Lord John Russell held farming in high esteem. He said: "In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice versa hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy, because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most enduring view of the divine benignity."

Some fruit growers make a practice of washing their fruit trees once a year with soap suds. The rough bark is scraped off. This destroys possible hiding places for injurious insects. After the scraping wash the trunk of the tree, as far up as you can reach, with a strong soap solution. One part soft soap to 100 parts of water. An old broom is a good thing with which to apply the wash. The forks of the tree should receive a good washing too.

Some larks laid down by a successful sheep breeder are as follows: Do not breed to a dry-fleeced ram. The sire is the proper improver, but in order to be such he must be a good individual and descend from the best lineage. Study sire, dam and blood lines. Follow the show ring, but show only good, well-fitted sheep. Have a right ideal and breed to produce it. Honesty is of as much importance in sheep breeding as it is anywhere else.

Poor economy to let the stock run down even if feed is high.

Reform your farm this year. Feed the stock better and then till it better.

Cows left out in the storm and wind are bound to show shrinkage in the milk pail.

It is to the interest of every dairyman to produce not only clean milk but rich milk.

Make home the brightest and happiest place on earth. It should be the children's haven.

The profit in dairying is dependent on the kind of cows a man has and the care and feed he gives them.

Make it a point never to drive to town without something in the way of produce to sell, such as butter, eggs, poultry, etc.

When no rivet is handy a good substitute can be found by cutting a wire nail in two and using the part with the head on as a rivet.

Salt is required by the animals as well as by man. Even the chickens require a judicious amount. Feed in large quantities, of course, would prove fatal.

You can put the ewes which are in run-down condition in fine shape by feeding a grain ration of wheat bran, ground oats and peas, about one-half pound to each sheep.

The grain binder or thrasher allowed to weather the storms of winter under a covering of wheat or oat straw will not be found to be in very good condition for next season's work.

Have the wood box large enough to hold several days' supply of wood. Never let it get empty. You can bring in wood at odd times. Wife or daughters ought never to have to go out after fuel.

The amount of money that finds its way into the owner's pocket at the end of the year tells the whole story whether his cows are doing business or not. You might as well have one good cow as 41 of the poorer ones.

It is easy to get money into the poultry business and hard to get it out. Go slow. Build up your business slowly and surely and you will not be among the number which declares that the poultry business does not pay.

Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, who has just returned from a 10,000-mile jaunt over the government and private forest preserves of the country, declares that in 20 years the timber supply will be exhausted if the present rate of cutting goes on.

Scripture saith that the very hairs of our heads are numbered. This fact has perhaps inspired some industrious person to count the feathers on a hen, for he is out with the information that the average hen has 8,120 feathers concealed in various places about her anatomy.

The large calendars with the big white spaces where the numbers are make admirable record sheets for the poultry. Put in the squares containing the dates the number of eggs laid on that day, and so on through the month, then, as the leaves of the calendar are torn off, file them away for future reference.

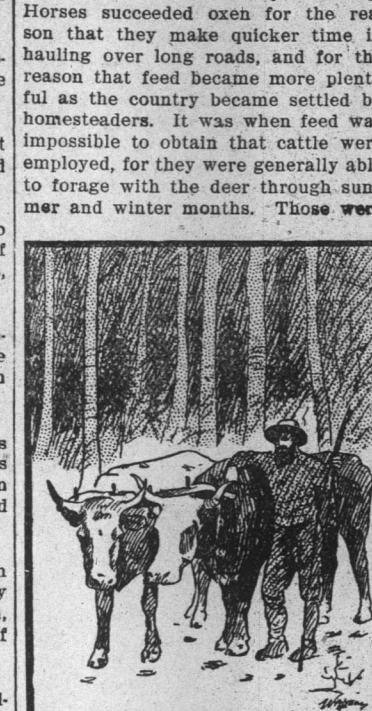
A government bulletin declares that a majority of the paints and washes advertised to protect trees from attacks of mice and rabbits are either without merit or are positively injurious and liable to kill young trees. Some of the washes require renewal after every hard rain. In experiments with a wash of whale-oil soap, crude carbolic acid and water, for apple trees, it was found that in about 48 hours the carbolic acid had so far evaporated that mice renewed their work upon the bark. Blood and grease, said to give immunity from the rabbit attacks, would invite the attacks of field mice. The bulletin continues: Reports recently received by the biological survey seem to indicate that the ordinary lime-and-sulphur wash, recommended for the winter spraying of trees to destroy the San Jose scale, is an effective preventive of the attacks of both mice and rabbits. Observations during the winter of 1906-07 indicate that this claim is well founded.

Prof. Fraser, of the Illinois Agricultural college, figures out the cow problem as follows, and it will be well for every owner of cows to study his reasoning and his figures: If, says Prof. Fraser, by weighing and testing the milk of each cow at regular intervals during the year a dairyman should discover that 12 cows of his herd produced only 133 1/2 pounds butter fat and returned only 77 cents profit per cow per year, like the lowest one-fourth of the 554 cows tested by this experiment station, how much would it add to his annual income if he were to replace them with 12 cows producing 301 pounds butter fat and making a profit of \$31.32 per cow per year, like the highest one-fourth of the same 554 cows? The 12 poor cows would return a total profit of 77 cents, or \$37.84 for the year. The difference in these two profits is \$366.60. This change of cows would increase the dairyman's annual profits \$366.60. Suppose the poor cows were sold to the butcher at \$35 per head and the 12 good cows were bought at \$70 each, how much new capital would be invested in this dairy? The added profit would be what per cent. of this new investment? The 12 poor cows at \$35 each would bring \$420. The 12 good cows at \$70 each would cost \$840. It would be necessary to double the money received for the poor cows; that is, to put in \$420 of new capital to pay for the 12 cows bought. The annual increase of profit, \$366.60, is over 87 per cent. of the new capital. Isn't an investment returning 87 per cent. annual interest good enough to warrant such an exchange of cows?

MAY RETURN TO USE OF OXEN.

Lumbermen in Northern Wisconsin Believe Them More Serviceable.

Milwaukee.—The determination of the lumbermen to return to the employment of oxen in the woods of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota will recall the days of the pioneer of 40 and 50 years ago, when horses in the woods were a curiosity or luxury. Horses succeeded oxen for the reason that they make quicker time in hauling over long roads, and for the reason that feed became more plentiful as the country became settled by homesteaders. It was when feed was impossible to obtain that cattle were employed, for they were generally able to forage with the deer through summer and winter months. Those were



Ox Team in Northern Wisconsin.

the days of the dense pine forests when feed was plentiful and the climatic changes were not so sudden as a present, but the present day has its advantages, though the winters are more severe. Feed for the oxen may be had at any railroad station or of almost any farmer or homesteader. Oxen require less feed than horses, and here is the first stroke of economy, though not a large one. They are sure of foot and will haul as large a load as horses. In skidding logs they are said to be much preferable to horses, and, unlike horses, they may be slaughtered and served to the lumberjacks when they have served their purpose. In some of the northern counties oxen are being employed by the new settlers for the cultivation of the farm. They move along slowly, it is true, but they accomplish the work of clearing the land and bringing it to a state of cultivation. The only drawback to this new movement is the lack of trainers and drivers. The oxen men of the last generation have or are passing away, and it will be difficult to get men who will condescend to desert the horse for the ox.

HOLDS ONLY OFFICE OF KIND.

Charles A. Taylor, Examiner and Inspector of Accounts of Oklahoma.

Guthrie, Okla.—Charles A. Taylor, state examiner and inspector of accounts, has the distinction of being the only state officer of the kind in the entire United States. His is an elective office, too, and he was chosen along with the other state incumbents on September 17 last. Only Kentucky has any office in any way similar to that held by Mr. Taylor, and even that is an appointive, instead of an elective position.

As this is the only office of the kind in the United States it is necessary

for the Oklahoma legislature to make the only provisions in the United States for the government of this office.

Mr. Taylor is a native of Lynn, Mass., where he served as city engineer for several years prior to coming west to Hutchinson, Kan., where he was employed as civil engineer and surveyor. Later he moved to Pratt, Kan., and served as register of deeds and deputy clerk of the district court, later as vice president of the People's bank of Pratt. During the palmy Populist days in Kansas, while Gov. Lewelling was the state's executive, Mr. Taylor was assistant state commissioner of insurance, and later deputy state auditor. He came to Oklahoma when the "Cherokee Strip" was opened, and after being elected on the first state ticket of Oklahoma he began matters right by becoming a benedict, being married two days prior to statehood to Miss Frances M. Skidmore of Pond Creek, which is also Mr. Taylor's home in Oklahoma.

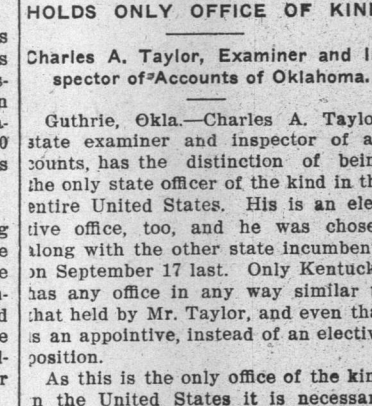
Practical.

Owing to his extreme youth and timidity Tommy escaped going to church the whole year around, except on Christmas day. After one of his annual visits his uncle asked him at the dinner table if he had been a good boy and said a prayer in church.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Tommy. "I said a prayer like all the rest did just before the sermon began. Want to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed. What did you say?" replied the surprised uncle.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!" said Tommy.



CHARLES A. TAYLOR

WORK WEAKENS KIDNEYS.

The Experience of Mr. Woods Is the Experience of Thousands of Others.

Bernard P. Woods of Jackson street, Lonsaconing, Md., says: "Hard work and a heavy lifting weakened my kidneys. I was tired every morning and my limbs stiff and sore. Dizzy spells and headaches were frequent, and the kidney secretions much disordered. This continued for fifteen years and until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then I improved steadily until cured, and naturally, I recommend them strongly."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE.

Explanation Satisfied Policeman That Punishment Was Due.

Policeman Kneirlem, of the Tenderloin precinct, saw an old man beating a small boy on Seventh avenue recently in a fashion that reminded the officer of the happy days when he used to beat it from the parental beating. So with a cheerful smile, having children of his own, the policeman approached the old man.

"Listen," replied the man; "half an hour ago I sent Isaac to the delicatessen. I gave him two quarters, one with which to buy bread, the other to buy fish. And now he comes back and says he wants to know which quarter is for the fish and which for the bread. Is it enough?"

"It is," replied Kneirlem.—New York World.

ITCHING HUMOR ON BOY.

His Hands Were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over Body—Cured in 4 Days By Cuticura.

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him and took the Cuticura Ointment and anointed him with it. I did this every evening and in four nights he was entirely cured. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

Merely a Plain Statement.

The principal was called before the school board. "Professor Mentor," said the president, "Miss Squirrington complains that she was grossly injured by Mr. Dennis, who visited her class last Friday. What do you know about it?" "As you are aware, gentlemen," explained the principal, "Mr. Dennis is a poor man and the father of a very bad boy. This boy receives deserved punishment daily. Mr. Dennis simply told Miss Squirrington that he couldn't afford to have her wear out his son's pants. It was a poor interpretation of a just protest."

The Peru-na Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peru-na Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1908 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Speak for one today.

A very stout person named Gray was asked why he stood in this way. "It is," he replied, "a matter of pride. For it makes me look taller, they say!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. F. Hatch.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

In Luck.

Dennis—Hinnley is the luckiest devil that ever walked.

Patrick—How's that?

Dennis—Faith, an' he promised to pay me the five dollars he borrowed next week—an' he up an' died yesterday.—Smith's Magazine.

Easy Money.

For men and women who will give whole or spare time selling our Family Health Tablets, Liniment and Salve. No experience necessary. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Vossena Company, 1170 15th St., Washington, D. C.

Italy Has Largest Churches.

Italy owns the world's three largest churches—St. Peter's, Rome; The Duomo, Milan; and St. Paul's at Rome.

If You Suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis get immediate relief by using Brown's Bronchial Troches. Contain no harmful drugs.

All growth and achievement depend very largely upon knowing ourselves and how to apply that knowledge.—Fitch.

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