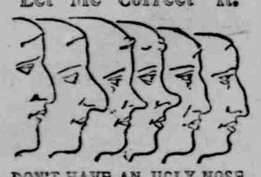
If You Want the
BEST COUGH CURE
you will ask for
Kemp's Balsam
and if you get it you will have a remedy for coughs that will be satisfactory in every respect. If you accept something else we do not know what you will get, but it will not be the Best Cough Cure.
At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.
Don't accept anything else.

If You Have a Nose Like One of These Let Me Correct It.



DON'T HAVE AN UGLY NOSE.
A deformed nose spoils any face. It is the first thing seen and last forgotten.
Anybody can get rid of that commonplace look simply by having the features made to harmonize.
Modern specialists have devised successful methods for improving and beautifying the face.

DR. SAUNDERS Says
ANYBODY CAN BE MADE BEAUTIFUL.
Dr. Saunders is a face specialist with the latest and most successful methods for treating the face. He is considered the most skillful specialist in Chicago.
If you have any of the following face blemishes check off same on list and send to Dr. Saunders:

Frown Furrows.	Red Noses.
Mouth-to-Ear Lines.	Powder Marks.
Flabby, Wrinkly Eyelids.	Sagging Cheeks or Face.
Wrinkles.	Protecting Ears.
Pock Pittings.	Lip Malformations.
Scars.	Drooping Mouth Corners
Pimples.	Heavy Chin.
Birthmarks.	Flabby Neck.
Moles.	Hollow Cheeks.
Superfluous Hair.	

All letters confidential. Address
DR. SAUNDERS
148 State St., Rooms 402-4-6, Chicago
Inclose 2c stamp for Free Booklet. It will be sent in plain envelope.
It explains how any face can be beautified.

A Little More Than Your Income.
A young man, being asked how much it cost to live in New York city, replied, "A little more than your income, whatever that is." A young city clergyman on his first round of parish calls found a family on the verge of starvation. The man had been out of work for months. He had a wife and five children, the youngest a baby. They had just eaten the last bit of food in the place. The young clergyman gave them $5 and collected for them $20 more before the day was out. A few days later he called to see about getting work for the man. They were again on the point of starving. With the $25 the woman had bought a fine new baby carriage, some coffee and sugar. When the clergyman expostulated she indignantly denied extravagance. The children had broken the old carriage, and it was necessary the baby should have a daily airing. As for the coffee it was the first they had had in weeks. They were accustomed to it and needed it.—Appleton's Magazine.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(SEAL.) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

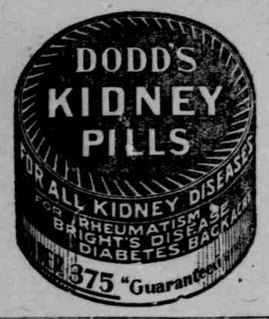
A Little Bit Thick.
"Yes," said the old salt, "I've seen some pretty thick fogs in my time. Why, off the coast of Newfoundland the fog was sometimes so thick that we used to sit on the rail and lean against it! We were sitting one night, as usual, with our backs up against the fog, when suddenly the fog lifted, and we all went flop into the water. A bit thick, wasn't it?"

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Extremes Meet.
The little traveling man looked admiringly at the big traveling man.
"Gee!" he said. "You sell Corliss engines, don't you?"
"No," answered the big man. "I'm an agent for a needle factory. What's your line? Complexion powders?"
"Not exactly," said the little man. "I build suspension bridges."

Red Cross Ball Blue
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2oz. package, 5 cents.

***Settled the Sign.**
When William M. Evarts was secretary of state a new elevator man had been employed in the department who did not know Mr. Evarts by sight. In his car was a conspicuous sign to the effect that by order of the secretary of state smoking was prohibited. One day Mr. Evarts boarded the car in company with a famous senator, the latter smoking a cigar. The new man promptly touched the smoker on the elbow and said, pointing at the notice, "Can't you read that sign?" Mr. Evarts promptly tore down the offending notice and, turning to the elevator man, said: "What sign? I don't see any." The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the guard at the door who the chap with the large head was. The guard told him.



If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

General Grant's Log Cabin.
It was at White Haven, a farm of a thousand acres of hilly field and timber land owned by Frederick Dent, that General, then Lieutenant, Grant met Miss Julia Dent, the eldest daughter of the house, and won her heart. As the Dent family grew up, Mr. Dent allotted to each member in turn a tract of land from the original homestead and from two to three slaves; so, if they desired, each one had his or her own home to go to upon marriage, and house servants to do the work. It is of one of these homes that Mrs. Emma Dent Casey—the last of the Dents of White Haven—writes in the Associated Sunday Magazine, in the hope that she may be able to dispel the erroneous idea that the far-famed log cabin of General Grant was the mean, poor, makeshift affair that the public mind of to-day believes it to have been.

Of course many saw this cabin at the World's Fair, writes Mrs. Casey, and to my assertion many will say "Bosh! We saw the cabin with our own eyes." To them I will answer that a house unoccupied for many years is not a home, nor is it homelike; it is an empty shell, a body without a soul, a dead thing and unlovely.

When Captain Grant resigned from the army, old Mr. Grant, his father, gave him a thousand dollars. With this he built and furnished a log house of five rooms on eighty acres of land, which my father had given Mrs. Grant as a bridal present.

The house was built after a plan conceived by Mrs. Grant, and was fashioned and furnished with an eye to the artistic, and to the end that it was both homelike and refined.

Through the middle of the house ran a hall, on either side of which were the sitting-room and dining-room. Above these were three bedrooms, two of good size, and a small front room over a portion of the hallway below. The kitchen and servants' quarters were in cabins to the rear.

Long before Sister Julia's marriage to Captain Grant father gave her three slaves, who remained, of course, at White Haven while she was there. Later, when Captain and Mrs. Grant were stationed at different army posts in the free States, these slaves were left behind, for obvious reasons. With these three servants, two white horses, a wagon, a cow, and the log house on the eighty acres of land mentioned, the Grants began civilian life in Missouri.

I do not doubt that there are several elderly men yet living in St. Louis, or on the Gravoise, as the neighborhood where we lived was called, that remember the willing hands they lent to the Grant "house-raising party;" for it was my sister's wish that inasmuch as her home was to be of the old-fashioned kind, it must and should be built in the old-fashioned way—log laid upon log by friendly hands. So after several busy days for colored Kitty and Mary in the kitchen, and after a quantity of trees had been felled, the logs duly hewn, notched on the ends, and then dragged to the proper site, the neighbors from the Gravoise were invited in to the "raising;" and sooner than one would have expected, for all the feasting and merrymaking, the house was done. Later, carpenters from St. Louis put on the finishing touches.

As I remember them, the window sashes opened outward from the middle. Each window contained two panes of glass separated by a strip of wood as broad as a man's hand. This gave a pleasing and harmonious effect, and was in perfect keeping with the Grant log cabin.

Besides the Grants', there was yet another home at White Haven. Father gave my brother Louis two hundred acres near the Grants', and on this he built, after his marriage, a brick house and called it "Wish-ton-wish," an Indian name for the whippoorwill.

For all the two examples in home-naming, the Grants called their place by no particular name. They simply spoke of it as "Home."

Negroes in the Army.
"It is not necessary to revert to the civil war to prove that American negroes are faithful, devoted wearers of uniforms," once said a man who has seen service in both the army and the navy. "There are at the present time four regiments of negro soldiers in the regular army of the United States—two outfits of cavalry and two of infantry. All four of these regiments have been under fire in important Indian campaigns, and there is yet to be recorded a single instance of a man in any of the four layouts showing the white feather—and the two cavalry regiments of negroes have on several occasions found themselves in very serious situations. While the fact is well known out on the frontier, I don't remember ever having seen it mentioned in the east that an American Indian has a deadly fear of an American negro. The most utterly reckless, dare-devil savage of the copper hue stands literally in awe of a negro, and the blacker the negro the more the Indian quails. I can't understand why this should be, for the Indians decline to give their reasons for fearing the black man—but the fact remains that even a very bad Indian will give the mildest mannered negro imaginable all the room he wants, and to spare, as any old regular army soldier who has frontiered will tell you. The Indians, I fancy, attribute uncanny and eerie qualities to the blacks.

"The Sioux will hand down to their children's children the story of a charge that a couple of the negro cavalry troops made during the Pine Ridge troubles. It was at the height of the fracas, and the bad Indians were regularly lined up for battle. These two black troops were ordered to make the initial swoop upon them. You know the noise one black man can make when he gets right down to the business of yelling. Well, these two troops of blacks started their terrific whoop in unison when they were a mile away from the waiting Sioux, and they got warmed up and in better practice with every jump their horses made. I give you my solemn word that in the ears of us of the white outfit the yelps those two negro troops of cavalry gave sounded like the carnival whooping of 10,000 devils. The Sioux weren't scared a little bit by the approaching clouds of alkali dust, but, all the same, when the two black troops were more than a quarter of a mile away the Indians broke and ran as if the old boy himself were after them, and it was then an easy matter to round them up and disarm them. The chiefs afterward confessed that they were scared out by the awful howling of the black soldiers.

"Ever since the war the United States Navy has had a fair representation of negro bluejackets, and they make first-class naval tars. There is not a ship in the navy to-day that hasn't from six to a dozen, anyhow, of negroes on its muster rolls. The negro sailor's names very rarely get enrolled on the bad conduct lists. They are obedient, sober men and good seamen. There are many petty officers among them."

A Night Panic in Georgia.
On the 4th of July, 1864, our regiment, the Twenty-seventh Indiana, had been marching and skirmishing with the enemy between Marietta, Ga., and the Chattahoochie river. Night overtook us while we were passing through a piece of timber with a dense growth of brush up to the edge of the road on either side. We were ordered to stack our guns and lie in such positions as to get them immediately on the least alarm, with all our accouterments on. This we did by lying in line of battle in the rear of our guns, and, being tired and sleepy from constant skirmishing and maneuvering around Kenesaw mountain for the past few days, were soon far away in the land of dreams; but about an hour after lying down, the most of us were aroused by the hurried commands of "Fall in, steady, men!" accompanied by the cracking of brush and the thundering of a cavalry charge (as we then thought) on the opposite side of the road from where we were. Some of the boys actually climbed in small trees to keep from being run over, and some of the most excited fired their guns at the supposed enemy and the officers called out, "Steady! don't fire until commanded."

For a few seconds suspense was dreadful, but we soon found that the enemy was as badly scared as we, and were fast increasing the distance between us. On investigation we learned that the scare was all brought about by our "cattle" guards, who were driving in a bunch of cattle, and some of the cattle, no doubt, while browsing in the brush in the roadside, ran onto some weary soldier, who, being thus unceremoniously roused out of his slumbers, in trying to get away, ran onto some one else, who, in turn, ran onto some one else, and so on, and the cattle, getting alarmed at the racket, went off pellmell in the opposite direction.

Thus was the alarm mutual and our 4th of July celebration complete with no casualties save a few black eyes and broken noses, caused by the first ones who got alarmed running over those who were more slow in getting roused up. At the time we were dreadfully alarmed, but after it was all over we were inclined to be ashamed of it, and I presume some of them are ashamed yet, for I have never seen any mention of it since. But why should we be ashamed? It was a very natural inference.

Lee's Surrender.
The last gun was fired, the last roll was called,
Half starved, half naked, grim, gaunt, unappalled,
Stained with blood and powder, the old army stood;
"I have done all things for your good!"

Thus spoke their great leader, deep grief on his face,
While a halo of glory illumined the place;
Some trailed their muskets, and some sheathed their swords,
They had smiled at Grant's cannon, they wept at Lee's words.

And Grant was courteous as the grand knights of old,
No glad shouts were uttered, no loud drums were rolled;
And the victors saluted those gaunt men in gray,
And the fire-winged tempest died slowly away.
—Unknown.

Worth Reading.
Even a philosopher is apt to fall down when it comes to making the best of the worst of it.

According to Sir William Crookes, by 1931 the world's supply of wheat will be unequal to the increase in population.

The clock at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, has a record pendulum, its length being two feet and the weight of the ball 200 pounds.

The Sultan of Jahore, a little state at the top of the Malay peninsula, has contracted for an electric plant to cost almost $1,000,000.

New York City has added 4,100,000 to its population in the last century.

The first submarine boat was tried in Plymouth harbor, England, in 1774.

The corporation of Burgess Hill, Sussex, England, grows peppermint municipally, and so profitably as to have made a marked reduction in the town taxes.

The squealing and scampering of rats aroused from their sleep the occupants of two burning cottages at Mount Hawke, Cornwall, just in time to escape.

One great factor in the high prices of provisions is the necessity of supporting an increasing army of middlemen who stand between the producer and the consumer.

The last available statistics show that in one year in Germany the sum of about $30,000,000 was paid to invalid workmen to the number of 871,000, in the form of old age pensions.

The women of Mexico have organized a mothers' congress. The president is Signora Luz Gonzales Coslo de Lopez, and the object is to aid all mothers who need protection, advice and assistance.

In the mountain regions of Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spaniards.

Under the name of liconite, a compound of bitumen and certain oil is being manufactured in Holland which has all the properties of rubber without any of that material entering into its composition.

An "express rifle" is a gun in which is used a large charge of powder and comparatively light bullet. Such guns are used generally by hunters of large game in India and Africa for the reason that the bullet has great penetrating force with its heavy powder charge.

The Pennsylvanians in George Washington's first Cabinet were Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State and for a time Secretary of War and Postmaster General, and William Bradford, Attorney General. Pickering was the only Pennsylvanian in his second administration.

It is better to leave land unplowed than to plow up more than can be well tilled.

Keep salt where your cows can get at it every day in the year. The animals require it.

Clean out your currycomb once in awhile. An old file or a heavy wire nail is good for this purpose.

To make excelsior axle grease take tallow, 8 pounds; palm oil, 10 pounds; plumbago, 1 pound. Heat and mix well.

The manure product for a single cow according to figures of the Department of Agriculture ranges in value from $30 to $40 per year.

The Crosby peach has proved itself the best for northern and eastern growing. It is the hardiest peach known and is a sure and regular bearer in New England.

In feeding the hogs see that you do it in a clean place and in a clean way. On many a farm feed is wasted because of the slovenly way in which it is fed.

A cheap farm paint can be made from one gallon of skim milk, three pounds Portland cement, dry paint powder to give desired shade. This compound must be kept well stirred, as the cement settles. Stir up not more than one day's supply at a time.

Boys Hustling for Education.
The statement is published by Knox (Ill.) College that by far the larger per cent of the new students entering last year came with the intention of earning all or part of their expenses while in college. The same authority says that more of the old students are working this year than ever before at Knox. At least 65 per cent of the student body are supporting themselves to some extent. Some are doing reporting work on the local newspaper, some have positions with the merchants of the city, especially the clothiers, others wait on tables at restaurants and lunch counters for their board, while still others find it better to do general work for certain families in return for board and room.

New Type of Plow.
A circular-wheel plow is something entirely new in this line. Popular Mechanics describes it as follows:

"It consists of a wheel 6 feet in diameter, on the outside of which blades or cutters are driven counter to the direction in which the machine is moving.

"The wheel is hung on a frame and has neither hub nor central axle, the sprocket wheel by which it is made to revolve applying force at the perimeter or rim. By this plan, so the inventor claims, the central lever strain upon the wheel is avoided and the knives are gently forced through the soil, slicing off layers. One end of the frame on which the wheel is hung is vertically hinged to the rear axle of a power traction truck. Wire cables are attached to the outer end of the frame and carried over pulleys at the top of two upright posts. Below this the ends are attached to a drum upon which the cables which lower and raise the cutting wheel are coiled."

Keeping Apples in Ground.
I have kept apples until the next year's crop ripened with little or no rot at a cost not exceeding 3 cents per bushel as follows:

Pick them as soon as ripe; store in the coldest place in an outbuilding, or the north side of trees will do; cover about eight inches with straw, hay or like material to exclude the sun and light, as apples keep better in the dark.

As soon as freezing weather comes sort the apples carefully. Then dig a trench twelve inches deep and about three feet wide and of convenient length; put in two or three inches of straw, hay or crab grass—I use the latter. This is to keep the apples clear of the ground. Then put in the apples about three high and cover with the same material used to bed them. On top of this put about three inches of dirt, which should be patted with the back of the shovel, so it will shed water. When the ground freezes down to the apples (in fact, let some of the apples freeze) cover the trench with about twelve inches of hay or corn fodder arranged to shed water and keep the frost till spring. About the last of April the apples may be sorted and all those that show signs of rot placed in the cellar or any other cold place.

You will find the apples kept this way will be fresh and crisp—much better than if kept in the cellar. I put very few apples in our cellar, and that is when I take them out of the trench as we wish to use them, as the trench is unhandy to open and close. Care must be taken when opening to keep out frost and air and warmth—Jacob Faith.

Feed the Land.
One often sees an extended list of cheap or abandoned farms offered at bargain prices. In most instances the property can be purchased at less than one-half of what the improvements cost. The land has become so unproductive as to be unprofitable for cultivation. Yet the farms once produced fair crops and supported their owners in contentment and comfort. The men who carved these homes out of the primeval forests were fairly prosperous and many of them accumulated liberal competences.

The original owners were industrious, frugal and prudent in managing their holdings and each year witnessed an increase to their wealth. They practiced mixed husbandry and always made fertilizers of their forage and the bulk of their grain. They kept a reasonable amount of stock and grazed their animals on pastures seeded with clover and other nutritious grasses. The droppings of their flocks and herds fed the soil with fertility and the land became more productive annually. When rotation of pasture fields to cultivated crops occurred the farmer was assured of a liberal reward.

The development of the rich prairie lands of the West prostrated the agriculture of the East. When continental railroads penetrated the government lands and afforded an outlet to the products of unimproved Western prairies great herds of cattle and sheep were produced on the free ranges or on land that could be purchased at government prices. Eastern farmers could not compete with the Western ranchmen or wheat growers on cheap, fertile lands and the products of the West soon dominated the markets of the East. This meant to the Eastern farmer not only the elimination of animal husbandry, but also the deterioration of the fertility of the Eastern farms. Following a system of cultivated crops the land declined in productivity until the crops did not pay the first cost of production, and the sons of Eastern farmers sought employment and homes in the industrialism of cities.

Experiments are being made of reclamation of the abandoned and cheap farms of the East with artificial fertilizers. The humus, nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid of the soil need to be restored to give the soil its virgin vigor. While commercial fertilizers accomplish much in the restoration of worn out land, animal husbandry appears to be necessary for the reclamation of impoverished farms. The droppings of animals and operations of legumes are the more rational regime for exhausted land fertility and to maintain the productivity of naturally fertile soil.—Goodall's Farmer.

Best Way to Fight the Weevil.
One thousand cotton planters from Central Louisiana met at Baton Rouge to devise means for fighting the boll weevil. Government experts and boll weevil experts addressed the conference. Dr. W. D. Hunter of Dallas, who has conducted the government fight in Texas, delivered the leading address. The main points in the system of control were stated by Dr. Hunter as follows:

1. Destroy weevils in the fall.
2. Destroy weevils that may have escaped burning and be found along hedge growths, fences, etc.
3. Prepare land early and thoroughly.
4. Provide wind rows and plenty of space between the rows for the assistance of the natural enemies of the weevil.
5. Insure an early crop by planting early maturing varieties.
6. Chop early and give frequent cultivation in pursuance of the policy of making the crop.
7. Where labor is sufficient, pick the first appearing weevils and infested squares, but do not burn the squares.
8. Use a cross-bar of iron or wood on cultivators.
9. Do not poison for the leaf worm unless its work begins at an abnormally early date.—Baton Rouge Letter.

DECENDANT OF PENN'S FRIEND.

Ancestor of a Philadelphia Clergyman Was an Adviser of Founder.
Almost within a stone's throw of the plot of ground where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, and in a church whose membership consists mainly of descendants of old colonial settlers, a historical sermon was preached Sunday night on the life of William Penn by a clergyman who boasts of being the great-great-grandson of one of the Pennsylvania founder's dearest friends and counselors, says the Philadelphia North American. The church is the Emmanuel Episcopal at Girard avenue and Marlborough street, and the minister the Rev. Edward Giles Knight.

According to the clergyman, there has always been a Giles Knight. About fifty years ago, because one generation forgot to name any of the boys Giles, one of the family had his first name changed by special act of legislature.

Giles Knight, the first, came to this country with William Penn in the good ship Welcome in 1682, and when the compact with the Indians was made was an earnest adviser of his chief. Like William Penn, Giles Knight had quarreled with his father, then mayor of Bristol, England, over religious matters, and he sought refuge in this land that he might worship his Creator in his own way, and when and how he pleased.

In his sermon Dr. Knight did not touch upon his relationship with the colonist, but devoted his talk to particulars of Penn's early life.

Another member of Emmanuel church proud of his ancestry is John P. Eyre, one of the vestrymen, whose great-grandfather at one time owned the very spot of ground on which William Penn first landed.

Certainly New to the Business.
She was newly married and did not know a little bit about either housekeeping or shopping. It was a crusher; but Gus, the grocer, was an experienced man and clever, so he kept writing and did not even smile.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she began with a businesslike air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two tins of condemned milk."

"Yes'm."

He set down pulverized sugar and condensed milk.

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it's fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

He glibly wrote "dessicated" cod.

"Nothing more, ma'am?"

"No."

"We have some nice horseradish, just in."

"It would be of no use to us," she said; "we do not keep a horse."

Proud of Them.
"Pardner," said the tall tramp at the water tank, "yer don't seem much worried about dem openings in de under part of yer shoe."

"I guess not," chuckled the short tramp as he warmed his feet on the hot cinders; "dey are de windows of me sole."

Not Grumbling.
"Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car?"

"Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see Martha agreed to give up playing bridge at the Fleecem's if I'd buy the car. Oh, I'm saving money, all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is a waste of time to try to make some people believe that there are two sides to a question.

Milk that is delivered to the homes of New York City each morning comes from 30,227 dairies.

SHIRLEY'S CREATION.

There Are Some Finer Things than Exclusive Designs.
The hat was a creation. Shirley, pinning it on her pretty hair and looking critically at the result in the glass, nodded gaily. It was stylish and harmonious and individual—and she had made it every bit herself. She took it off, and putting it upon her little sewing table, walked round it exultantly, to view it from every point. It was such a delight to be able to make a pretty thing all herself; it was such a delight to have a new hat as stylish as Rhoda Seligman's imported ones; above all, for Shirley was, it must be confessed, rather an exclusive small person, it was a delight to have a thing all her own, different from anything that could be bought.

She wore the new hat to church the next day. Perhaps she would not have been a girl had she not been conscious of the glances of the other girls. Norah Barnes, she noticed, could scarcely keep her eyes from it.

Shirley, taking off the creation when she came home, looked at it soberly for half a minute. Poor Norah Barnes! It must be hard for a girl to have no girls' things in her life. Norah was very plucky, trying to go to school and everything with her whole shiftless family pulling her back.

But the next Sunday Shirley forgot about the shiftless family. She was looking at Norah with eyes full of indignation. For upon Norah's straight dark hair, above her plain, wistful face, was Shirley's hat. It was cheap and stiff and clumsy, but that made it almost worse, for nobody could possibly miss the imitation—bit by bit, it had been copied exactly.

Then suddenly something happened. It was only that Norah looked up just then, and Shirley caught the expression of her eyes. The girl with the creation sat very still. She did not hear much of the sermon that morning, but if the old minister had known he would have said:

"Bless you, child, did you think I was the only one preaching? I learned better than that years ago."

After church, by a common impulse, two girls met. Norah's eyes still held the look that had startled the other girl, wistful, discouraged, appealing.

"I—I didn't think till afterward," Norah stammered, "that maybe you wouldn't like it. It was so pretty, and I wanted something pretty just for once. But it's awful—I know it is. My fingers don't know how to do it."

The pretty face under the creation looked very pretty just then.

"Suppose," Shirley said, "that you bring it over to me to-morrow. I had some tulle and ribbon left over. My ten fingers aren't worth one of yours, Norah Barnes, but I can do this little thing. Will you let me because I want to?"

"Oh, will you?" Norah cried; and suddenly Shirley knew that there were finer things than exclusive designs, after all.—Youth's Companion.

A STARVING BISHOP.

When Bishop Bompas was in charge of the diocese of Athabasca he underwent many severe experiences, among which should be reckoned a narrow escape from starving. H. A. Cody quotes, in "An Apostle of the North," the account which Mrs. Bompas gives of her husband's adventure. She was roused one November night by a loud knocking at the door. Two Indians announced, "We bring tidings of bishop; he is starving."

It seems that the bishop had reached Fort Simpson some days later than was expected. Finding that ice was rapidly forming on the river, so that to proceed northward by canoe was impossible, he started with one Indian, on a small raft, which was hastily and badly constructed.

On this they reached at last La Violdtes' house at Little Rapid, and there had to remain for ten days, until the river was fast bound. Then the bishop started to walk the remaining distance with four Indians, one of whom went after a bear in the woods and lost sight of the others.

Their supply of provisions was most insufficient, and from losing the right track, the journey occupied twelve days instead of, as is usual, six. At last, when within a day's reach of this place, the bishop was so overcome with exhaustion as to be unable to proceed, their only meal, some time previous, having been a fish and small barley cake between four men.

The Indians left him in the woods and hurried on to tell me of his condition.

My heart sank low at such tidings. But I felt that there was no time to lose, and my first effort was to induce one of the young Indians to set off immediately to discover the bishop and take him the relief I would send.

"Whu-tale, bishop is starving in the woods. I send him meat—chiddi, chiddi! (quick, quick!) You take it to him, eh?"

Whu-tale, with true Indian impassiveness, replied, "Maybe to-morrow."

"No, Whu-tale; to-morrow bishop must be here. He cannot stand until he has eaten meat. I want you to take it now, and go to him like the wind. If you go directly and bring bishop safe, I will give you a fine flannel shirt."

Whu-tale then responded a little more briskly:

"Then it would not be hard for me to go, and perhaps like the wind."

The next moment saw me emerging from my house, wrapped in my deerskin robe, up the hill to the fort, where I had to rouse the Hudson Bay Company's officer from a sound sleep to obtain a supply of moose meat. The thermometer was nearly 30 degrees below zero, and wolves in a starving condition had been seen lurking near the fort; but I thought of neither the one nor the other, and only rejoiced to get Whu-tale off, and waited with enough anxiety through the succeeding hours.

After darkness had set in on the following day the travelers appeared, trudging along on snow shoes, weary and footsore, my husband looking hardly able to stand, and with his beard fringed with icicles.

It is no longer considered proper to say "excuse bad spelling" in your letters. Spelling books and dictionaries are so cheap that there is little excuse why a man or woman intelligent enough to write a letter is not intelligent enough to spell correctly.

For a few weeks after his wife's death, a widower looks at women with the indifference and lack of interest that characterizes a sick man. But how soon he gets over it!

Holiday Fun and Folly

Too much of a good thing! That's what we are all liable to take during a holiday season. Healthy, jolly people will do it and make themselves sick. "In time of peace prepare for war," and have about the house a pleasant, perfect, palatable, positive medicine for sour stomach, sick headache, colic, winds, belching, biliousness, furred tongue, lazy liver, constipation, bad breath, bad taste, all liable to result from holiday over-indulgence. Cascarets Candy Cathartic is what you want; a tablet after a big meal will prevent sickness, or a tablet at night before going to bed, after a good time, will fix you all right for morning, and let you get up clear as a bell, ready for business or pleasure.

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ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.
No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.
"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disfigured for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

The Traces of the Beasts.
On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—which here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and, see, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here, again, is the pad mark of a tiger barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant.—Cornhill Magazine.

Here is Relief for Women.
If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's **Australian-Leaf.** It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Misjudged.
A Scotsman was traveling in a third class smoking carriage on a north of England line when at a small station a fishwife with a creel opened the door. Not relishing the prospect of such company, the Scotsman said in his smoothest tones, "Ah, this is a smoking carriage, my good woman!" The fishwife took no notice, but pushed in. "My good woman, this is a smoking carriage," repeated the male passenger in louder tones. The fishwife put her creel in the corner and sat down opposite to him, and the train started. Then the woman put her hand in a pocket of her blue petticoat, took out a large black pipe, lit it, and, blowing a cloud of rank smoke that nearly suffocated her companion, remarked, "And so, my mannie, ye thocht naebody could tak' a draw but yerself."

Special Holiday Rates Via Nickel Plate Road.
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England's Prettiest Villages.
After a very careful survey we venture to write down the names of the six English villages that we consider the prettiest in the land so far as our own opinion and wide experience are concerned. The choice is made impartially and with full knowledge and due recognition of the claims of each to its high place. Here are the six: Bonchurch, Isle of Wight; Clovelly, Devonshire; Witchampton, Dorset; Sonning, Oxfordshire; Shere, Surrey, and Clapham, Yorkshire.—London Strand Magazine.

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Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes the clothes clean and sweet as when new. All Grocers.

Thought He Knew.
Mrs. Gewjum—John, do you know what you said in your sleep last night?

Mr. Gewjum—O, yes; I suppose I said, "Maria, for heaven's sake let me get in a word edgewise!"

Mrs. Winslow's **Soothing Syrup** for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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