

# THE STORY TELLER

## THEN LIFE WOULD BE A JOY.

If a feller didn't have t' go t' bed at eight o'clock, if he couldn't get a lickin' when he had t' rock and rock; if he didn't have t' stay at home when company comes 'round, if he didn't have t' wear the stiffest collar ever found; if he didn't have t' go t' school, ner figger up a sum, I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' wash himself behind th' ears; if he took things from th' pantry, an' had afterward no fears; if he didn't have t' be in swim min' when he was found; if he didn't have t' speak a piece when every one's around; if he never had t' take advice from people old an' young, I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' keep th' clothes he had on clean; if his dog was just th' biggest any one had ever seen; if th' boys around th' corner bowed their heads when he went by; if he never had t' do a single thing upon the sly; if whenever he might wish t' he could lay around at home, I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller could buy peanuts an' some ice cream by the brick, an' then have no one t' tell him that they'd 'surely make him sick'; if that cannon by the schoolhouse, when he wished it, would be fired; if he could but go a-fishin' an' stay there until he's tired; if he never fer t' ball game failed t' have the proper sum; I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

—M. Y. Press.

# CALLED BY ALONZO.

WHEN Alonzo's telegram came Thursday evening, saying "Join me here immediately," I knew at once that he was desperately ill. It must have been something sudden, for I had a letter from him that morning, and he didn't speak of anything out of the way—just told what a good time he was having and about a golf tournament that he was to play in in a few days. I was sure he wouldn't have sent for me unless something serious was the matter—husbands don't you know—and I thought it might be an accident. Somebody got awfully hurt with a putter in that morning's paper, and the same thing might have happened to Alonzo as well as not.

It was after ten o'clock at night when the dispatch came, but I threw some things into a dress-suit case, and Bridget went to call a cab and Della telephoned to the station to find out about the trains. I was so excited that I couldn't choose a thing for the bag, but I picked up whatever came along from my bureau and a wrapper from the closet to wear on the sleeper and jammed them in any old way.

Fortunately I had plenty of money—too much for comfort, for I didn't know where to put it. My dress hadn't got pocket, and I had to stuff it all over myself. I never appreciated before how awkward it would be to be a multi-millionaire.

Bridget came back with the handbag just as Della finished telling me about the train, and I rushed off without giving them a single direction about anything and paid the man double to get me to the Grand Central in time. We did it, but when I got out I noticed that I had brought my fluff white chiffon parasol instead of an umbrella, and it upset me so that I spilled all the things I had in my chateleine bag over the floor at the ticket window and nearly lost the train while I was picking them up, although the policeman and another man helped me all they could.

I didn't have time to ask at the information bureau how I was to reach where Alonzo was, but I got on the Boston train because I knew we went through Boston, but whether it was because he had business there or whether he had in order to get to Upper East Scottypaw I couldn't remember.

At any rate, there I was on the Boston train, right or wrong, and I trusted to luck to get straightened out when I got there.

Naturally I was wide awake after such a shock as that telegram had given me, but I couldn't sit up all night, so I rang for the porter to find my berth for me. It was lower 6. I looked hard at the number, for I'm always careful about those things. Some women make such fearful mistakes.

The porter said the upper berth wasn't taken, and of course, I was glad. I've never been to Europe, but I can't understand why Americans brag so about our traveling conveniences. Traveling inconveniences, I should call them. And how anything in Europe can be worse than an American sleeping car I don't know.

I crawled behind my curtains and sat down on the edge of the berth to get some things out of my valise. The man who belonged in the section across the aisle came from his hand and staided himself with his hand on my knee as he dug his coat case out from underneath his berth. Of course I realized that he didn't know it was a part of me he was leaning on, but it did seem a little informal.

It's hard work to unpack your bag doubled up in the darkness of your berth, with the upper berth bumping your head every time you move and jamming the hairpins into your skull, but I managed at last to pull out my

wrapper. It felt fearfully tumbled, for I had put it in simply anyhow. But, then, what's a wrapper for but to get mused up? I hung it over my arm, and started for the cubby hole that they call a dressing room in sleeping cars.

Just as I reached there I remembered that I didn't have my comb and brush, and I turned back for them. Then I did what the comic papers are always getting off jokes about. I went to the wrong-berth. I don't know how I ever made the mistake, for I knew very well that I belonged to No. 6, but I guess the fat round part of the figure eight deceived me, and I poked in between the curtains and felt about for the valise. Imagine my horror when a big bass voice inside roared out: "Oh, fade away!"

I fairly staggered back into the aisle, I was so startled, and I stepped with all my weight on to the bare foot of a man who was sitting behind the curtains of the opposite berth. He said something with about a dozen A's in it that made it a wall of pain, and I turned round and apologized to the curtain.

By that time I was so confused that it's a wonder I ever arrived anywhere, but I did find No. 6 at last and hunted for my brush and comb.

Do you know, I couldn't find them? I took every blessed thing out of that suit case, and the list was something like this: A shoe-horn, a spangled fan, an ostrich feather stole, an empty cologne bottle, four vials, the three best stocks I own all wet with cologne and rolled into a little ball, a pair of long white evening gloves, a lace handkerchief, a pink chiffon sash and a whole armful more of stuff that I had swept out of my top bureau drawer, and not a single thing that was of the least use to me for going to bed purposes. Literally not one! And you can realize all that that means if you think about it for a moment!

There was nothing to do but be philosophic, so I thought I'd arrange my half the best I could with my side-combs, and I started again for the dressing room. When I got under the lamp I glanced down at the wrapper over my arm and I recognized in that tumbled mass not my wrapper, but my new black velvet princess dinner gown.

That was the finishing touch to my misery, for I hadn't had it in the house a month, and I'd been wanting one for years, and it was all wet with cologne and a regular wrinkled wreck.

I was so discouraged that I went back to my section and went to bed just as I was.

My only ray of consolation was that there was no one over me; but just as I was thinking that there was that, at least, to be thankful for, a black hand came in through the curtains and the porter said: "Lady, there's a gentleman come for the upper, and I want to put on your supplementary curtain."

"Supplementary," indeed!

Of course I said "very well," and he hung up a foolish little strip of green stuff, and I tried to feel very exclusive and secluded while a big, fat man climbed up the step ladder, and so nearly fell off it that he lit in the berth above with a crash that frightened me to death. All night long it was a toss-up which groaned the louder, he or the berth, and it sounded frightfully near and horrid, and I couldn't sleep a wink; but lay awake and worried about Alonzo.

When Alonzo went to Upper East Scottypaw he wrote to me about the Boston terminal station. He said it was "great."

He didn't do it justice. It is "great" in several senses of the word. My train came in on track 28, and I took about a half mile of pedestrian exercise before I found the information office. They seem to have everything a traveler can want in that station except a brush and comb and a wrapper, but I couldn't find any signs of a desire to provide me with those lacks in my outfit.

I discovered that my quickest way of getting to Upper East Scottypaw was to take a train to Portland and a boat from there. Why in the world Alonzo ever went to such a far-off place I can't guess. I sent him a telegram to say I was on the road. I had to send it "collect," because I had spent all the money in my chateleine bag, and it was so embarrassing to take off my shoe right there at the telegraph window and get out the bills I had in it. I did it, though, before I crossed the city to the station that the Portland train went out of.

Have you ever been to Boston? It's a cross-eyed sort of town. I don't wonder everybody wears glasses. I took a car that looked as if it ought to go somewhere. But you needn't ever talk to me again about Boston intelligence. That car had no sense at all. It didn't know what it wanted. It went on the surface and it went underground and it went on the elevated. Or else it was another car that I changed into at a place called Roxbury that went on the elevated. At any rate, they said I was about four miles from the station I needed, and I got exactly into the car they pointed out, and when I asked again they said I was in Charlestown. I don't think the people had any more sense than the car.

I was nearly two hours riding around before I found the station, and then I did really have a few hours' peace until I reached Portland.

There I telegraphed again to Alonzo so that he'd keep his courage up. They say a patient's will plays a great part in his recovery, and I knew that Alonzo would try to live until I got there.

If ever I did get there.

Every moment seemed an hour, though the boat started almost immediately and seemed to be doing its best.

I was so exhausted by not having slept for so long that I went to bed early and fell asleep at once, but I

was awakened some time in the middle of the night by the most awful noise, that sounded like horses.

I lay awake and listened, just trembling with fright, and, sure enough, it was horses. The boat was tossing about, and every time she gave an extra bad shake those horses would blow the way they do when they're excited, and dance around, and a man would shout at them. I think they had a stateroom directly under me.

I didn't sleep very much after that, of course, and I was a wreck when I got up in the morning. There was still a little jaunt of 50 miles to be made on a train, and how I was to accomplish it I didn't know. Only my fearful anxiety for Alonzo made it seem possible that I could live through it, I was so tired. But I pictured him to myself lying so wan and weak upon a bed of pain, and it gave me strength to struggle on.

I picked up my dress-suit case, full of its collection of useless things, and then unlocked my door. Or, rather, I didn't unlock my door, for the key wouldn't turn! I twisted, I struggled, I sat down and cried. I rang the bell, but in the bustle of preparing for the landing nobody paid any attention to it. You can imagine that by that time I was almost distracted. I never felt so helpless in my life, not even when the hammock broke and let me down flat on my back and unable to move, right at the feet of the bishop of Oklahoma! Oh, no, that wasn't nearly so bad, for there, at least, was the bishop of Oklahoma, while on that boat I might as well have been in my grave for any attention that anybody paid to me.

All night long people had been tramping up and down in front of my room. Now there wasn't a footstep, of course.

At last it occurred to me to let-down my blind and shout out of the window. You can fancy my delight when I saw a deckhand way off in the distance, and I called to him with all the strength I had left in me. It wasn't much, but he heard me at last, and came on the run. I handed out the key to him, and he wrestled with the lock from the outside. It seemed to be a case where outsiders and insiders were even. The thing wouldn't budge.

"I think I'll be obliged to haul yes outen the winder, ma'am," said the deck hand respectfully.

I must say that was a staggering proposition, but I didn't see any alternative except to sit there until they cut out that lock and lose my train to Scottypaw.

But the window was discouraging. It was small, you know, and I'm not as tiny as I used to be. Why, when I was married I only weighed 92 pounds, and I measured 18 inches round the waist, while now—well, never mind what it is now; enough more so that I didn't like the looks of that window, at any rate.

I tried my feet first and I tried head first, and the man pulled and I pushed, and which way I got through at last I don't know, but I did light on that blessed deck after a terrible struggle. My rescuer reached in and got my valise, and I started for the gang-plank more dead than alive.

I suppose I looked as haggard as I felt, for a man on the pier ran forward to take my bag. He pulled off his cap as he seized it and cried, "Hullo, Mame. This is great!"

It was Alonzo. Rigged up in golf things, and as tanned as an Indian, and fairly bursting with good spirits.

I sat down on a truck and burst out crying.

"What did you mean by sending me that telegram?" I sobbed. "It was a contemptible thing to do. I thought you might be dead by this time."

Alonzo took me right in his arms before all the passengers and everything—wasn't it awful.

"I never said I was sick, child. I thought you might enjoy the tournament—it begins to-morrow—so I wired you to come down. I think I have a pretty good chance," he went on, patting me on the back in an absent-minded sort of way, "and they're going to have tea every afternoon, and you will like that, at any rate."

That was the finishing touch. I looked up at my husband and put all the sarcasm I could rake together into my voice.

"Your thoughtfulness for my amusement is really too great for words, Alonzo. What do you expect me to wear to those teas of yours? My black velvet dinner gown?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Not So Very Weak.

The train was on a windy pass in the Rockies. There were in the car a few miners, two cowboys, a woman, who looked ill, and a man clothed in very British tweeds. He was evidently used to roughing it, and sat beside the open window indifferent to the cold air that whirled into the car. Behind him sat the woman, shivering. Across the aisle was a large-boned westerner. He did not seem to mind the wind himself, but he gave a kind, solicitous glance toward the woman. After an hour of shivering she leaned forward and asked the man in front of her to close the window. He paid no attention to her request, except that he looked straight ahead and said, addressing himself to the world at large, "Americans seem to be a weak lot." Then the tall man across the aisle rose slowly. His head came just under the bell-cord. He reached across the tweed suit, pushed the owner of it rather rudely into the corner of the seat, laid hold of the window-catch with his big thumb and finger, and sent the window down with a slam. "I guess we ain't so very weak, pardner," he said.—Youth's Companion.

Absent-Minded.

Gentleman—What do you mean by putting your hand in my pocket? Thief—Excuse me, sir; I'm so absent-minded. I used to have a pair of trousers exactly like yours.—Woman's Home Companion.

## WE OVERDO EVERYTHING.

Whether It Be Work or Play the People of This Country Go at It Too Strenuously.

This is the age of the men who do things. They are our leaders and heroes. We adore achievement. We worship success. The "strenuous life" has become our ideal, and the president of the United States, whom we all admire, is the exemplar of that life, says the Wall Street Journal.

There is a lack of great thinkers. The glory of our time is the men who do. We have no poets like those who inspired, and charmed and soothed our forefathers. We import our best music and our best art. If we produce some great painters and musicians, they go to Europe where the "atmosphere" is more congenial. The air of this country is too bracing for fine arts, and the best thinking is done in France and Germany, where life is less rapid than in the United States.

The types of our nation and time are the skyscraper, with its frames of steel, the electric motor and the stock tape. We have now no great philosophers of calm, serene lives, like Emerson, who never did anything except to write a few thousand words which have left their impress upon the life of the world. We do not love money more than our forefathers did, but we love the making of money far more. We work fewer hours, but with more intensity and nervous energy. We measure our labor, not by degrees and diplomas, but by horsepower units and kilowatt hours.

The men who do things are not content with small achievements. They work on a scale of continents. They are the captains in the conquests of the markets. They build immense railroads and canals. They consolidate industries. They create big banks. They bridge oceans with ships. They regulate competition so as to reduce its waste. They are ever seeking new ways of making consumption keep pace with the productive energies of the country. They are the men who keep labor employed.

There is reason, therefore, in the admiration which we give to these men. Admiration is the coin which the world pays to its leaders. It is a great thing to be able to do things, not merely as most of us are content to do, by laying one brick upon another, but by waving a magic wand, or like Aladdin rubbing a lamp, rear vast structures almost in a night, thousands of hands doing one's bidding. It is a great thing to be able to do one thing supremely well, to be able, like Stevenson, to say, "one thing I do." In this age we have specialized endeavor. Each man does one thing, and if he is of the right kind seeks to do that thing supremely well. The result is an astonishing rapidity and high quality of production. But it will be observed that the keynote which is always sounded is, "do," "do." So intent are we on doing that we give ourselves very little time for thinking. Even in our recreation we are forever doing and never resting. With our nerves at the highest point of tension, we do not allow ourselves time for repose and thought.

This is the great defect of this age. We not only do, but we overdo. We work, but we overwork. We play and we overplay. We eat and we overeat. We speculate and we overspeculate.

The most pressing need is more time for thought. After all, it is not action that keeps things moving, but thought, and that nation is not the greatest and the most powerful which does not produce men who think as well as men who do.

This fact has a vital bearing upon the business situation. Much of our present depression in Wall Street is the result of overdoing and overthinking. We were too eager to get rich quick, and too eager to crowd into half a decade what should have been the legitimate achievements of twenty years, and we are now paying the penalty of overpromotion. And fact is that as a nation we have become a trifle too strenuous.

### Big Catch of Fish.

An extraordinary take of mackerel occurred at Folkestone the other day. It was during a heavy sea in the English channel, so heavy that many of the nets had to be cut away in order to save the overladen boats. Three smacks got 50,000 mackerel, one having to its own share 20,000, and six others had each about 10,000. This great catch was disposed of partly by being sent to London and Paris in ice and partly by being retailed on the street, the price being \$1.44 for 120 and 16 and 18 for 24 cents. Almost at the same time Scottish fishing boats were achieving a remarkable catch of herring off the coast of Scarborough, which has given employment to the troops of Scotch fishergirls who follow the boats at this season of the year.

### Effect of Civilization.

The serious problem of the civilization of the red man sometimes develops an amusing side. "Bob-tall Coyote" was sent to a government school from his reservation in the west clad in buckskin, and speaking only his mother tongue.

He remained during the stipulated time, gradually becoming a white man to all intents and purposes. But no greater transformation was manifested, when he returned to his people, than that of his name, which had evolved from the savage "Bob-tall Coyote" to that which appeared on his neatly engraved visiting-card:

ROBERT T. WOLF.  
—Youth's Companion.

### Germany's Cotton Factories.

The experiments of German syndicates in the raising of cotton in German East Africa have been successful. Togo having produced 50,000 pounds of fine quality. The cotton factories of Germany now hope to become independent of America. Germany yearly employs 1,000,000 persons in making \$200,000,000 worth of cotton goods from American cotton.

## ART ENTHUSIASM.

It Did Beat All How Much Animals There Was in the Picture.

When the artist son of John Harper was a student his father was very much interested in his work. One day he saw a newly finished picture on the easel, relates the New York Times.

"Ah! that's fine," he burst out, "fine! There's lots of life, lots of animation in that, my boy. You've struck the right thing now—life and action."

"But, father, I don't understand what you mean."

"Why that picture has action, movement in it. Look at those horses, rearing and tearing ahead, tugging at the reins—and their riders are standing up in their stirrups, shouting and waving their sabers over their heads—the whole picture is movement and animation. What is it?—Napoleon's last charge at Waterloo?"

"No, father, that's your best; path in a strong wind."

Chicago's First Railway Half-Century.

Under the above heading the Railway Age, in referring to the recent centennial celebration of the city of Chicago, said:

The world had not heard of railways in 1830. It was about 25 years after the starting of Chicago before the first locomotive went into service in the United States. As early as 1836 a few far-seeing men among the pioneers in the country between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river determined that a railway ought to be built to Galena, an ambitious town in the lead mining regions, 170 miles to the northwest of this point. They secured a charter for the Galena & Chicago Union railroad, giving Galena the honor of precedence in the list of cities, and the more important place. Why was it determined that the first railroad should start for Galena from this little town on Lake Michigan? Simply because there were a few men here of the railway building spirit. These men might have started Chicago at some other point on the lake more attractive by nature than this. The pioneer railway was to determine the location of the greatest railway center of the world, and when William B. Ogden and his associates determined that here should be the starting point of the railway to unite Galena with the lake, they did the thing which made Chicago.

Just after the charter was granted before the first piece of road was completed. The panic of 1837 stopped the surveys, and construction was not begun until 1847, but on November 30, 1848, the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad ran its first train from Chicago west to Harlem, 10 miles. Within three years it had reached Elgin, 43 miles, and by 1854 had been extended to Freeport, 120 miles westerly from Chicago, where it stopped for good. The Galena road never reached Galena. The gap of 61 miles between Freeport and the original goal of its ambition was substantially filled by the construction of the Illinois Central on its way to Dubuque, and the Galena & Chicago Union company, having decided on a more direct line to the Mississippi river, built the "Dixon Air Line" from Turner Junction on the old road, 30 miles west of Chicago, on to the Mississippi, which was reached at the end of 1855. The pioneer road had built a branch, from Belvidere, Ill., into Wisconsin and was proposing an extension to the northwest when a competitor, under the name of the Chicago and Fond du Lac, began to build a road direct from Chicago into the same Wisconsin territory. That road became the Chicago & Northwestern, and its line now forms the Wisconsin division of the present company. In 1868 the Galena & Chicago Union railroad company was consolidated with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company and disappeared from the scene of action. In 1869 the Chicago & Northwestern absorbed the Chicago & Milwaukee and Milwaukee & Chicago roads and companies, which had been between the places named in their titles, and this was the origin of the Milwaukee division of the Northwestern road. The Chicago & Northwestern system and the entire railway system of the Northwest therefore started in 1848 from the Galena & Chicago Union road, and it was fitting that to commemorate the inauguration of the tremendous interest to which Chicago owes so much the city should place in the wall of the new Northwestern Railway station a tablet marking the site of the first railway depot in Chicago.

### Which?

The president had an informal reception in his office recently and a number of visitors were presented to him. One lady introduced herself as from Jacksonville, Fla., and said: "Mr. President, I have come all this way to see you and to thank you for the president before." Mr. Roosevelt seemed much amused. "Well, well," he said, "I hope you don't feel disappointed now that you have seen one. Lots of people in these parts go all the way to Jacksonville to see a live alligator. I wonder which kind of a tourist feels the most sold."

### BETHSAIDA.

A Tale of the Time of the Caesars—By Malcom Dearbora, Author of "Lionel Arden."

This story covers an interesting period, that of the brutal Tiberius Caesar and the trial and death of Christ. There are two scenes in which the Saviour figures, as he hangs to the execution, and at once its presence produces on the two chief personages of the story is graphically described.

The hero, Aristarchus, is a Roman noble of great wealth. His father, Petronius, has been doomed to death by order of the emperor Caesar, whom he had unintentionally offended. On his last night on earth, while Petronius was looking from the roof of his palace, he witnessed a strange light in the heavens. It rose, paused, whirled, and then slowly disappeared in its course towards Syria.

While he was still gazing at it, a slave approaches and announces to him the birth of a son. The Roman marvels, and at once associates the wondrous light in the heavens with the birth of his son. The night, of course, was the star of Bethlehem, proclaiming the birth of Christ, whose influence over Petronius' son makes up for the main incidents of the story. That night Petronius dies by his own hand to avoid the ignominious death planned for him by Augustus.

Aristarchus, grown to manhood, becomes disgusted with the materialism and rapid luxury of Rome, and is, moreover, involved in a quarrel with Tiberius during one of the latter's drunken orgies. He flies Rome, and turns eastward in his course. There he learns of the strange fame of the "Nameless," whom he forthwith desires to see. His wish is granted by a sight of Jesus as he is being led to execution. The effect upon the Roman is intense; his revolutionizes his whole life.

The heroine, Bethsaida, who gives name to the story, is a maiden of humble birth, but of strange character and commanding beauty. Her father has trained her to be a dancer-girl at the court of Elie. She, too, is destined to be led to death, and the effect wrought causes her to plan a flight from the influence of Pilate and his court.

Chance brings about a meeting between her and Aristarchus, and they form a mutual acquaintance in the encounter with Christ form a bond between the strangely assorted pair, whose training and environment had been so foreign to one another.

The alternate bursts of tyranny and kindness that distinguish Pilate, whose love for his wife, Claudia, despite his infidelity to her, is his one saving trait, make an engaging study. Claudia herself, with doubtless, appeals to many readers as the most lovable character in the book. Her justice, religious sympathy and devotion are well depicted.

The tone of the book is that of unquestioning belief in the miraculous birth and mission of Christ.

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Write if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Wise.

Though worth several millions, Hugh McLaughlin, the Brooklyn democratic boss, spends very little money on himself, his clothing at times being absolutely shabby. His chief lieutenant, James Shevlin, is a relative by marriage and a dealer in shoes, says a New York exchange. "Come over to my store," said Shevlin one day, "and get you a pair of good shoes made." The old man demurred at first, but finally consented and was measured for a fine pair. Shortly afterward he received a bill for \$12, just about three times as much as he is accustomed to pay for footwear. He looked at the document gravely for a minute, wrote across the face of it: "Collect from Shevlin; he's responsible," remailed it to the sender and heard nothing more about the matter.

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Pointed Query.

She—I might have married a foreign nobleman!

He—That so—who did pay his debts?—Judge.

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"Can you put two and two together?" "Not so well as one and one; I'm a minister."—Detroit Free Press.

## HAPPY WOMEN.

Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides a bad back, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretion, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

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