

A Crisis in Her Life

ACCORDING to the unspoken laws of her Bohemian world he was a Philistine and a prig, which means he was a gentleman and old-fashioned in his ideas about women.

She was a Bohemian by circumstance and environment rather than by choice, and it was only from necessity she had spent most of her later girlhood in the precincts of Fleet street. He was amused at her taste for literature and in a mild way proud of her literary attainments. She had written for some years for some of the numerous ladies' magazines, but lately she had done deeper work, and now at last her book was finished. It was almost like a woman's first-born to her, this novel into which she had put her best thoughts and her worst cynicisms; a cynicism not innate, only born of a friend's trouble. Sometimes she wondered what Ralph Merton would say when he read her book. She felt he was not a man to tolerate too great a breadth of view in the woman he loved; yet she was sure he would be proud of her success; for even her publisher—and almost every publisher at least—makes every effort to tell her he had not the slightest doubt upon the subject.

"The story is so broad," he said, "and people love to read about the coarser side of life."

Margaret was deeply hurt at this open criticism, for that had not been her object; and she explained to her publisher that she did not wish to appeal to the worse but to the better side of human nature, and only to point a wholesome moral. She had written to warn women, and had only spoken in so unashamed a way of sin and evil to teach a lesson and save her sex from bitter suffering.

The publisher merely shrugged his shoulders and accepted the book, and wondered why women hide what they mean by flowery language.

To-day she had received the last of her proofs, and now she was sitting over the fire with her precious burden on her knee. Now and again she lifted a page and reread it carefully, and sat and dreamed, and altered here and there, and sat and dreamed again. Once or twice she struck something out or strengthened and rewrote a sentence, and from time to time she glanced up at the clock, and when at last it struck five she rose, and, collecting her papers, put them on the writing table and, re-reading herself by the fire, sat listening for her lover's footsteps.

He was coming at half-past five, and she was going to tell him about her book. He had been abroad when it was accepted, and she had not wished to write, but waited to tell him herself.

Quite unconscious of the depths of his views on woman, she eagerly anticipated his pleasure and pride. She decided not to tell him about her book at first, but, womanlike, keep her news until he should have told her his.

They had finished tea and were sitting together over the fire.

"Won't you have a cigarette, Ralph?"

"You are sure you don't mind, Margaret?"

"Of course not. I love it—it's so home-like. Besides, I want to tell you something, and men can listen better while they smoke."

He took the hand that rested on the side of his chair and raised it gently to his lips. "How you spoil me, Margaret!"

"Nothing to what I shall do by-and-by," she retorted, laughing. "All nice wives spoil their husbands, and I mean to be a very nice wife."

"It's a treat to meet a girl like you in these days, dear," he said, "you are not like a present-day woman, somehow."

"Perhaps they are not so bad as you think."

"Perhaps not," he said, laughing, "but there are some funny ones about. I met one abroad, by the way—a writer, a Miss Vereker," he paused—"she gave me quite a shock."

Margaret laughed. "Really? What was she like, Ralph? Trousers, about the head and foppishly artistic, or the advanced-young-woman type?"

"Neither," he said, "her appearance was charming—to look at—my dear Margaret; she might have been as pure and sweet as you yourself; but her book—well, I never was so thoroughly shocked in my life."

"Do you mean by her book, 'Not Otherwise'?"

He frowned slightly. "I should hardly have thought you even knew the name."

"I have read it," said Margaret, quietly, "and I thought it very clever."

He looked at her in some astonishment. "Clever? he echoed, "of course it is clever, flashily clever, Margaret; no one could doubt that for a moment; but I don't see what that has to do with it. It's appalling to me that an unmarried girl should write a book one cannot show one's women folk. Why can't women leave the coarser side of life to the man novelist to depict?"

"Perhaps she had a moral lesson to teach," said Margaret, speaking a shade coldly.

"Lesson! Nonsense!" said Merton. "It's not an unmarried girl's place to teach moral lessons—not in that way at any rate. You cannot touch pitch without becoming defiled, and for a young girl like that to wallow in literary mud can only show she has an impure mind and soiled imagination."

"My dear Ralph!"

"Well, Margaret, I apologize; but I spoke strongly because for a strongly, and being so sweet and clean a writer yourself, you may be able to influence a friend who writes that style of book."

"I am sure this book was meant as a warning."

"Pah!" said Ralph "who can warn by depicting vice? She will harm a hundred where she warns one or two. If a girl wishes to teach the world a lesson let her teach it by her own purity of life and purpose." He stopped abruptly, and added: "I am very glad that young woman does not belong to me, Margaret."

There was a moment's intense silence, as Margaret sat slowly realizing that her book was quite as outspoken. "I am very glad that young woman does not belong to me," those

were the only words she could remember distinctly of all he had said. She knew now why she had not written to tell him about her book. A subtle instinct must have warned her; the instinctiveness, sensitive women from making mistakes with those they love.

But she loved her book, too—did she love it more than Ralph? She hardly knew—she was only conscious of a sudden feeling of icy coldness toward him, and involuntarily she withdrew her hand from his place on his chair, then turned and looked him in the face. "Supposing I had written a book like that, Ralph?"

"I can't suppose anything so abnormal, Margaret—women with minds like you don't dig in mud."

"But supposing I had?" she persisted, feeling as though the decision of her very fate itself hung on his answer.

"I should first ask you not to publish it," said Ralph Merton very slowly, "and—"

"And if I refused?" interrupted Margaret, eagerly. "Supposing I were to refuse your request—"

"I should leave you, Margaret," he said quietly. "I should never marry a woman who wrote an unclean book. I should never trust her."

"Why not?" she asked, in genuine amazement.

"I should feel she had either done something bad or was capable of doing something bad. It is woman's mission to uplift men by her example in her life, and in her writings if she writes."

"Aren't you a little hard and narrow, Ralph?"

"Perhaps so," he answered, gravely. "I dare say I am narrow, Margaret—according to an ordinary modern woman's creed—but my wife will have to come up to my standard."

For a long time after Ralph Merton had left the room Margaret sat quietly looking into the fire. In one short hour her whole point of view of life had changed. She had thought her lover would be proud of her success, and she hoped he would even understand her motive in writing her book. It was even more outspoken, and dealt even more deeply perhaps with the subject of sin and passion than that other book of which he had spoken with such contempt and open loathing. With such contempt and open loathing, she would imagine she had used her subject—the sad story of a friend's misfortune—as an ignoble means of attaining success and money.

Margaret realized as she sat there with closely clasped hands, her heart beating with a heavy thud of nervous excitement, that she had reached a crisis in her life. How much was this man's love worth to her, and what was love when weighed in the balance against her art? Two alternatives lay before her. She must either give up Ralph, or give up publishing her book.

She knew her aim had been single, and her desire quite pure; but Ralph would never understand that, and therefore she need not put his faith and trust to such a test. If she published the story she knew he would never marry her. To lose him would be torture—and yet to lose her book would be torture, too. She sat there, torn first one way and then another, communing with herself—facing life and pain and pride, she felt a bitter sense of disappointment that amounted almost to despair. Gradually the glowing firelight died slowly down and only the gray ashes gathered and gathered until the last red glow began to fade, and still Margaret sat battling with ambition and her love.

"Shall I make the fire up for you, Miss?"

"No, thanks, Mallam."

The maid waited. "It's a chilly night, miss, and it's raining, too. Shall I bring a few sticks in?"

Margaret stirred impatiently, waited a moment, and then said in her usual gentle voice: "Very well, thank you—make it up if you like."

The maid left the room to fetch the wood, and Margaret rose with a slight shiver and crossed to the writing table on which she had laid her precious proofs. Beside them stood her lover's photograph. She took it up and looked at it long and intently. It was a frank and open face, and she recalled with a throb of womanly pride the blue eyes that grew so tender when they looked at her and remembered with a thrill of tenderness the touch of the strong, warm hand and the voice that had said to her only that very day:

"My dear Margaret, I may be a little narrow; but my wife will have to come up to my standard—she recognized that—for it touched the high level that avoided 'even the appearance of evil,' and it was a standard she might do well to reach not only in his opinion of her, but in her life and work. We each live in our own isolated world of thought, and the most bitter sacrifices we ever make are those only known to our secret selves. Margaret bent her head and looked once more at her lover's photograph, and then, with a hand that trembled almost uncontrollably, she gently replaced it on her table, and, taking her proofs, crossed quickly to the fire, and, kneeling, tore them leaf by leaf and pressed them steadily into the flame.—Westminster Gazette.

WHEN THE BABY COMES ALONG

I thought 'twas hard—the tollin', the tide a-pullin' strong—
But I thought 'twas hard—the tollin', the tide a-pullin' strong—
When the baby came along,
He coaxed me back to youth time, made my life a livin' song;
I was happy, folks, I tell you, when the baby came along.

For all the dreary winter, for all the dreary winter,
I seemed to see my mother in the twinklin' eyes of him,
An' a thousand sweetest flowers in a-wadin' in the branch;
An' I heard the birds a-singin' when the baby came along.

Lord bless that little baby—the best one in the ranch!
He'll be yet there, in the springtime, just a-wadin' in the branch;
An' God gives him the pleasure of the right above the wrong.
We were happy, without measure, when the baby came along!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Different Methods.

Sometimes buy burglars' tools when they want to rob a bank. Others have themselves elected directors, and then borrow all the deposits.

SPRING ON A SLY FOX

CAUGHT A VIXEN IN AN ACT OF TRIFERY.

Watched Her Feed a Fat Hen Which She Had Stolen to Her Cubs and Their Battles for the Lion's Share of It.

It was June, and I arose early in the morning and went out for a walk. The sun had not yet risen, and the air was fresh and cool upon my face. The grass was dripping with dew and before I had gone 100 yards my shoes were soaked, and the water was squirting through the laces, as if I had been walking through a brook. Many wild flowers there were on a hand, or were daisies being most in evidence. I struck through the fields and had gone but a short distance before I saw a clump of tall ferns move suddenly, as if shaken

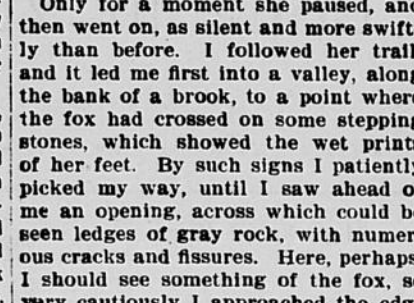


WENT ON SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY, BY SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE WIND. I STOPPED AND A MOMENT LATER I SAW A FOX, OR AT LEAST THE HEAD AND BACK OF ONE, MOVING STEADILY THROUGH THE GRASS.

A hundred yards ahead a score of horsemen paused, then leapt forward, vanishing in a shower of water. Horror was at every heart. They could feel the ice heaving gently underneath them, and knew that it was moving.

As suddenly their heading flight began it ended. A great gap of water lay between them and the island. Heedless of this, some of the men, half mad with terror, urged on their horses, rearing at all hazards to gain the land.

News of the accident reached the shore. Men, women and children lined



(A Great Gap of Water Lay Between Them and the Island.)

the ice, wringing their hands despairingly as they saw loved ones drifting away to destruction out into the stormy gulf. Night fell upon the scene. Long after the ice field had been lost in the gloom, the crowd waited, scarcely knowing what they did in their grief. Then, by twos and threes, they walked silently back to their homes.

At the first gleam of dawn they left their houses and searched the shore. The sea was still high, and the wind as fierce as on the previous night.

Suddenly a cry arose. A dozen men pointed frantically out to sea. In a moment everyone was looking, straining their eyes, scarcely daring to believe that what they saw was real. Yes, there it was—a large white field of ice—and fast approaching.

Now they could see many black figures. Then one cried that he saw horses. The men shouted and well-known voices made reply.

Their husbands were returning—saved! But how? Was the ice floe sailing back?

Then it dawned on them that, unnoticed till that moment, the wind had shifted, and the fierce breeze that had borne those hundred and fifty men seemingly to destruction was now bearing them in safety to their homes!

Typewriter Pictures.

Artistic picture work is the latest vogue found for the long suffering typewriter. The equally long suffering Gibson girl has been made out of question marks on one machine, which also turns out some exquisite lace work, all made out of some of the little used marks. A young man who is a member of the coast artillery reserves and one of the crack shots of the Thirteenth regiment of artillery, is the man who has made a fad of using the writing machine to do work it never was intended to do. Another who has found some of the crack possibilities of the typewriter is a young school girl, who poses her subjects and goes about making their portraits in a most businesslike manner, achieving commendable results by means of the straight and curved lines that are characters of the keyboard. Who says the typewriter is wholly materialistic and sordidly unpoetical?

Easy.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Yes, my man, tell me he has a very large fish on his hook, if he doesn't catch it!"

"Very easily, my boy; all he has to do is to get some one to tell it to."—Yonkers Statesman.

Railway Values.

It has been estimated that should anyone desire to purchase the railways of the world his outlay would amount to something like \$36,680,000,000.

That sum would represent the entire revenue of Europe for eight years or one-tenth of the entire money wealth of the world.

It is remarkable that in so short a time as the steam engine has been in existence railways should have become so valuable, yet no one source of the world's wealth exceeds the railways in importance, and none is so generally distributed.

ADrift ON AN ICE FLOE

AN ADVENTURE OFF THE COAST OF FINLAND.

How Pleasure Was Turned to Pain at the Caprice of the Wind—"All is Well That Ends Well."

One evening, early this year, a couple of hundred men, mostly fishermen, were sporting on the ice off Sesskar, a small island in the Gulf of Finland. Many of them rode horses, for they knew the ice was several feet thick, and had been for many days.

A fierce wind was blowing at the time, but the men were hardened to the cold. Some had cut holes in the ice, and were busily engaged in catching fish, whilst others rode about, bent entirely on enjoyment. None dreamt of danger, for the season was early, and the thaw had not yet begun.

Suddenly a long, loud report, not unlike the firing of artillery, arose from the shore. A cry of dismay went up from the crowd. Those fishing dropped their lines and turned anxiously towards the island. As they did there came another report, and the ice quivered beneath their feet.

With loud shouts of terror, those on horseback rushed forward. "The ice has broken from the shore!" was passed from mouth to mouth. None waited longer; even the fishermen forsook their catch, and joined the fleeing crowd.

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Went on Silently and Swiftly.

By something other than the wind. I stopped and a moment later I saw a fox, or at least the head and back of one, moving steadily through the grass.

AND JOHN GOT HIS PLACE.

His Better-Half Was to the Fore and Brought Things Her Way.

Three hundred motemen, gatenen, etc., were in the line in and near the office of the Interborough Railway company trying to get their old jobs back when a large and square-jawed wife led her husband past them all. No one dared resist her, says the New York World, though many of the men had been waiting for hours.

"My husband wants to go back to work," said the woman. "He's a platform man at the station," she explained.

"Been on strike?" asked Mr. Norris, one of Mr. Hedley's assistants.

"Not one minute. I wouldn't hear of such nonsense," said the woman, snapping her fingers.

"Report for duty every day?" asked Mr. Norris.

"Yes," snapped the lady. "John, you reported, didn't you?"

"No-o-o!" admitted the man, timidly.

"What?" cried the wife. "Then you disobeyed orders?"

"Yes," the poor man answered. "The fact is, the strikers wouldn't let me go up the stairs to the station. I tried every day, but they dragged me back. Oh, yes! If I might I'd like to see 'em drag me," snorted the lady. "I'd just like to see 'em! Well, Mr. Superintendent, does John get back his position?"

Mr. Norris started as if he had touched the third rail.

"Er—oh—yes, madam! Oh, certainly! Yes, yes, mere matter of fact, Oh, yes! Go right back to work as soon as we examine him."

All the waiting men grinned at John, who looked smaller than 30 cents' worth of radium.

WHAT DID THE CATCHER SAY?

Something the "Fans" Would Like to Know, But Will Never Learn.

It was the last half of the ninth. The pitcher had gone up in the air, and the bases were full as three goats, relates the Newark News.

The ball shot true across the plate in the field. A single would tie the score. A two-bagger would win the game.

Two men had tied out, and the man at bat was striking against him.

It was a crucial moment.

And, as we say, the pitcher was rattled. Suddenly the catcher held up his hand. His right hand.

He removed his wire mask and stepped toward the pitcher, who advanced to meet him.

With mouth close to the pitcher's ear the catcher whispered something. What it was no one heard but the pitcher, who returned to the box.

"The ball shot true across the plate. 'Strike three!' cried the umpire. The pitcher had saved the day.

Now, then, this thing we want to know is this: What did the catcher say to the pitcher?

A Finder's Graft.

"I want you to put in your 'Lost and Found' column an advertisement like this: 'Ballet containing considerable sum of money and papers. Finder will keep money, return papers,'" said the man.

"Don't you think," suggested the clerk, "you had better add 'No questions asked'?"

"No, but you may add 'No questions answered.' I'm the finder."—Philadelphia Press.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Aug. 21st (Special)—Whole families in Dodge County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experience such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently. They prevent Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Heresy.

Traveler (out west)—This is where Waleringold lives, is it? I am told he is the most successful man in this part of the country.

Jolly Landlord—Him? Successful? Good lord, stranger! He's the richest and loneliest man in the state!—Chicago Tribune.

SORE HANDS, SORE FEET.

Itching, Burning Palms and Painful Finger Ends—Complete Cure by Cuticura.

One Night Treatment: Soak the hands and feet in retiring in a strong, hot, creosote bath of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and preservative of emollients.

Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves or bannage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms with brittle, shapless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, a single treatment affording the most grateful relief, and pointing to a speedy, permanent and economical cure. In no other ailment have Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment been more effective.

Curious.

Pleeder—The shanty a man's stomach is round, ain't it, Doc?

Dr. Weeder—Nearly so. Why?

"Ain't it funny that nothin' fits it so well as a square meal?"—Philadelphia Press.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, aching, swelling feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Don't brag about the good things that you have, because one will want to borrow them.—Atlanta Journal.

LOST 72 POUNDS.

Was Fast Drifting Into the Fatal Stages of Kidney Sickness.

Dr. Melvin M. Page, Page Optical Co., Erie, Pa., writes: "Taking too many coffee drinks in New York in 1895 sent me home with a terrible attack of kidney trouble. I had acute congestion, sharp pain in the back, headache and attacks of dizziness. My eyes gave out, and with the languor and sleeplessness of the disease upon me I wasted from 194 to 122 pounds. At the time I started using Doan's Kidney Pills an abscess was forming on my right kidney. The trouble was quickly checked, however, and the treatment cured me, so that I have been well since 1906 and weigh 188 pounds."

Poster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

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\$50 to \$100 per month in salary. The advantages under bond. You don't pay us until you have a position. Large number of positions in America. Endorsed by all railway officials. Operative in demand. Ladies also admitted. Write for catalogue.

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WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" BLACK POWDER SHELLS

The most successful hunters shoot Winchester "New Rival" Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells, blue in color, because they can kill more game with them. Try them and you will find that they are sure fire, give good pattern and penetration and are satisfactory in every way. Order Factory Loaded "New Rival" Shells. Don't accept any substitute. ALL DEALERS SELL THEM.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

WOODWARD & CO., GRAIN COMMISSION DULUTH.

Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of This Paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Didn't Know I Had Kidney Trouble

I had tried so many remedies without their having benefited me that I was about discouraged but in a few days after taking your wonderful Swamp-Root I began to feel better.

I was out of health and run down generally; had no appetite, was dizzy and suffered with headache most of the time. I did not know that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, but somehow I felt they might be, and I began taking Swamp-Root, both sent. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the spot and drives disease out of the system. It has cured me, making me stronger and better in every way, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers.

GRATEFUL PATIENT,
Mrs. A. L. WALKER, 331 East Linden St., Atlanta, Ga.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering and fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; make your head ache and back ache, cause indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, make you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

How to Find Out

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressing cases, that to prove its wonderful merits you may have sample bottle and a book of valuable information both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the most interesting and valuable testimonial letters from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle.

In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in this paper.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Rudyard Kipling used to be an expert at carpentering and has successfully constructed many miniature ships.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet has had made an enormous expense an edition de luxe of "Hyperion." It is a limited edition of one and that will be in her library.

The heroine of "Annie Laurie" was the daughter of Sir Walter Laurie, of Maxwelltown. The composer of the song was William Douglas, of England, in the stowaway of Kirkcubright.

Leonid Andreyev is a new Russian author whose work is taking its place alongside that of Gorky in popularity. He was born in 1871 and his literary career did not begin until seven years ago, after his failure as a lawyer.

Prof. White, of Ithaca, N. Y., has arrived in Berlin from Florence, Italy, after he had succeeded in securing the release from the Italian government of the valuable collection of books and art objects left to Cornell university by Prof. D. W. Fiske, the well-known Danish scholar.

Harold Speed, the London artist, is pleasantly cynical and witty in speech. One of his sayings is: "No gentleman (in the ordinary acceptance of the word) should be an artist, for either the gentleman or the artist must suffer."

Another favorite observation of his: "Look a fool, but don't be one." Mr. Speed is a bit of a dandy, but everything about him betrays the artistic temperament.

ODD BURIAL CUSTOMS.

The custom of burying without coffins was formerly very prevalent on the continent. A sheet was the only covering used.

The feeling in favor of burying on the south side of a church is probably a traditional one, dating back to the time of sun worship.

The South American negroes have a queer way of decorating the graves of their dead friends. It is the custom down there to make a border around the grave of the medicine bottles used during the dead one's last illness.

A very curious old custom is associated with interments in the cemetery of Lahruck, Connemara, Ireland. A box of pipes—short flutes—is brought with the coffin, and a pipe with tobacco is served out to each mourner. The pipes are smoked in silence after the earth has been filled in and a mound of stones raised above the grave, the ashes are solemnly knocked out on the top and the pipes are broken or left behind.

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