RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

Author of "THE PIONEER" "TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Berny exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Berny.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

There was something strange about Dominick since he had come back, something that intrigued her, that she could not satisfactorily explain. She assured herself that he was still angry, but in the deeper places of her understanding the voice that whispers the truth and will not be gainsaid told her it was not that. Neither was it exactly antagonism. In a way he had been studiously kind and polite to her, a sort of consciously-guarded politeness, such as one might practice to a guest with whom one was intimate without being friendly. She tried to explain to herself just what this change was, and when it came to putting the matter in words she could not find the right ones. It was a coldness, a coldness that was not harsh and did not express itself in actions or phrases. It was deeper; it was exhaled from the inner places of his being.

Sometimes as she talked to him she would meet his eyes fixed on her with a deep, vacant glance, which she suddenly realized was unseeing and unheeding. In the evening as he sat reading in the cramped confines of the den she surreptitiously watched him and saw that a moment often came when he dropped his book, and with his long body limp in the armchair, his chin sunk on his breast, would sit with a brooding gaze fixed on nothing. Once, as he was dreaming this way, she said suddenly:

"What are you thinking of, Dominick? Antelope?"

He started and turned upon her a face that had reddened consciously.

"Why should I think of Antelope?" he said, and she was aware that her remark had startled him and made him uncomfortable.

"For no particular reason," she answered lightly, "you just looked as if you were thinking of something a long way off."

She tried to reassure herself that it all rose from the quarrel. To believe that comforted her and gave her confidence, but it was hard to think it, for not only did her own instinct proclaim against it, but Dominick's manner and attitude were in distinct refutation of any such theory. He was not sullen, he was absent; he was not resentful, he was indifferent. And in small outward ways he tried to please her, which was not after the manner of a sore and angry man. On this very Sunday he had agreed to meet her and her family in the park at the band stand at four. She always dined with her sisters on Sunday and if the weather was fine they went to the park and listened to the music. It was nearly a year now since Dominick had joined these family parties, preferring to walk on the Presidio hills and the Cliff House beach with a friend from the bank. But on the evening before he had promised to meet them; been quite agreeable about it, Berny had thought, when her pleadings and importunities had finally extorted from him a promise to join them there.

She left the dining-room and walked up the hallway to the parlor, her head drooped, anxieties gnawing at her. The little room was flooded with sunshine, and she parted the lace curtains and, throwing up the window, leaned out. The rich, enveloping warmth surrounded her, clasped her, seemed to sink deep into her and thaw her apprehensions that were so cold at her heart. She drew in the sweet, still air, that did not stimulate but that had in it something of a crystalline youth and freshness, like the air of an untainted world, concerned with nothing but the joy of living. The scents of flowers were in it; the mellowness of the earth and its fruits. Peace was the message of this tranquil Sunday morning, peace was in the sunshine, in the sound of bells with which the air was full, in the fall of feet—light, joyous feet—on the pavement, in the voices of passers-by and the laughter, sweet and broken, of children. It was not right for any one to harbor cankering cares on such a day. The earth was happy, abandoned to the sunshine, irresponsible care free, rejoicing in the perfect moment. The woman felt the restoring processes that Nature, in its tireless generosity, offers to all who will take them. She felt eased of her troubles, soothed and cheered, as though the enwrapping radiance that bathed her was an opiate for jangled nerves. Blinking in the brightness she leaned on the window-sill, immovable, quieted, feeling the warmth suffuse her and dissipate those alarms that half an hour earlier had been so chill and heavy.

As she dressed, the sense of well-being and confidence increased. She looked very well this morning. Since Dominick's return she had looked haggard and thin. Sometimes she had seemed to see, showing shadowy through her reflected face in the mirror, the lines and hollows of that face when time should have put a stamp on it that neither massage nor pigments would efface. A sudden moment of revelation showed her herself as an old woman, her nose pointed, her mouth a thin, tight line. This morning the glass gave her back none of these disconcerting hints. She was at her best, and as she dressed carefully and slowly, she had the satisfaction of seeing that each added article of apparel increased her good looks. When she finally put on her new hat—the one she had bought in celebration of Dominick's return—and over it tied a white and black dotted veil, she was so gratified with the picture she presented that she was reluctant to leave it and pirouetted slowly before the glass, surveying her back and side views, and finally lifting her skirt that she might see the full effect of her lilac petticoat as it burst into sight in an ebullition of pleats and frills.

Walking up the avenue she was bridlingly conscious that her brilliant appearance drew its tribute of glances. Many people looked at her, and their sidelong admiration was an even more exhilarating tonic than the sunshine. She walked with a light, elastic step, spreading perfume on the air, her progress accompanied by a rich seductive rustle. Once or twice she passed members of that exclusive world from which she had stolen Dominick. She swept by them, languidly indifferent, her eyes looking with glacial hauteur over their heads. The sound made by her brushing silk petticoats was gratifyingly aggressive. She imparted to them a slight disdainful swing, and lifted her dress skirt daintily higher, conscious of the impeccable amplitude of her emerging lilac frills.

The habit of dining with her own people on Sunday had been one she had never abandoned, even in the first aspiring days of her marriage. It was a sort of family reunion and at first Dominick had been a not unwilling participant in its domestic festivities. The solid bourgeois respectability of his wife's relations appealed to him. For all his advantages in money and education he was of the same class himself, and while Berny was, if not a beloved spouse, a yet endurable one, he had found the Sunday gatherings and subsequent hejira to the park not entirely objectionable. For over a year now he [illegible] from it, pleading the need of open air and exercise, and his sisters-in-law, who had at first protested, had grown used to his absence and accepted it as something to bear uncomplainingly.

The day was so fine that they hurried through their dinner, a hearty and lavish meal, the chef d'oeuvre of Hannah's housekeeping, and, loath to lose a moment of the sunshine, determined to walk down to Van Ness avenue and there catch an outgoing car to the park. It was the middle of the afternoon and the great thoroughfare lay still and idle in the slanting light. There was something foreign, almost tropical in its vista, in the scene that hung like a drop curtain at the limit of sight—pale blue hills dotted with ochre-colored houses—in the background of sky deep in tint, the foliage dark against it as if printed upon its intense glaring blue, in the sharp lines of palms and spiky leaves crossing stuccoed walls. The people that moved slowly along the sidewalks fitted into this high-colored exotic setting. There was no hurry or crowding among them. They progressed with an un-American deliberation, tasting the delicate sweetness of the air, rejoicing in the sky and the sun, pausing to look at the dark bushiness of a dracaena against a wash of blue, the skeleton blossom of a Century plant, the pool of thick scarlet made by a parterre of geranium.

The three sisters—Hannah and Pearl leading, Berny and Hazel walking behind with Josh—fared buoyantly down the street. As they passed, they commented on the houses and their inmates. They had plenty of stories of the dwellers in those solemn palaces, many of whom were people whose humble beginnings they knew by heart, and whose rapid rise had been watched almost awe-stricken by an admiring and envious community.

As the Ryan house loomed into view their chatter ceased and their eyes, serious with staring attention, were fixed on the mansion which had so stubbornly closed its doors on one of them. Sensations of varying degrees of animosity stirred in each of them, except the child, still too young to be tainted by the corroding sense of worldly injustice. She skipped along sidewise, her warm, soft hand clasped in her Aunt Hannah's decently-gloved palm. Some wave or vibration of the intense feelings of her elders passed to her, and as they drew nearer the house she, too, began to grow grave, and her skipping quieted down into a sober walk.

"That's Uncle Dominick's house, isn't it?" she said to Hannah.

Hannah nodded. By far the most amiable and wide-minded of the sisters, she could not rise above the sense of rankling indignation that she felt against the Ryans for their treatment of Berny.

"That's the biggest house in San Francisco," said Pearl over her shoulder to her parents. "Ain't it, Popper?"

"I guess it is," answered Josh, giving his head a confirmatory wag, "and even if it ain't, it's big enough, the Lord knows!"

"I can't see what a private family wants with all that room," said Hannah with a condemnatory air. "There must be whole sootes of rooms on that upper floor that nobody lives in."

"Don't you fret. They're all occupied," said Berny. "Each one of them has their own particular soote. Cornie has three rooms all of her own, and even the housekeeper has a private bath!"

"And there's twelve indoor servants," said Hazel. "They want a lot of space for them. Twelve servants, just think of it!"

"Twelve servants!" ejaculated Hannah almost with a groan. "Well, that don't seem to me right."

They were close to the house now and silence fell on them, as though the antagonism of its owners was exhaled upon them from the mansion's aggressive bulk, like an unspoken curse. They felt overawed, and at the same time proud that one of their number should have even the most distant affiliations with a family too exclusive to know her. The women with their more responsive and sensitive natures felt it more delicately than Josh, who blunderingly expressed one of the thoughts of the moment by remarking:

"Some day you'll live in there, Berny, and boss the twelve servants."

"Rats!" said Berny, giving her head an angry toss. "I'd rather live in my flat and bo[illegible]ing."

Josh's whistle of facetious incredulity died away incomplete, for at that moment the hall door opened and a portly masculine shape emerged upon the porch. [illegible] was not sure at the first glance of its identity, but her doubts were dispelled by her brother-in-law's quick sentence, delivered on the rise of a surprised breath.

"Bill Cannon, by gum! What's he doing there?"

This name, as powerful to conjure with in the city as in the mining-camps, cast its instantaneous spell upon the sisters, who stared avid-eyed upon the great man. He for his part seemed oblivious to their glances and to their presence. He stood on the top step for a musing moment, looking down with that sort of filmy fixity of gaze which is noticeable in the glance of the resting eagle. His appearance was a last crowning touch to the proud, unapproachable distinction of the Ryans.

He Stood on the Top Step for a Musing Moment.

"Don't he look as if he was thinking?" said Hazel in a whisper. "I wonder what's on his mind."

"Probably that Monday's pay-day and he don't know whether he can scratch through," said the jocose Josh.

Berny did not say anything. She felt the interest in Cannon that she did in all conquering, successful people, and in her heart it gave her a sense of added importance to think that the family she had married into and who refused to know her was on friendly terms with the Bonanza King.

A half-hour later they had found seats in front of the band stand in the park, and, settling themselves with a great rustling and preening of plumage, prepared to enjoy the music. Hannah and Pearl were given two chairs at the end of a row, and Hazel and Berny, with Josh as escort, secured four on the line immediately behind. Dominick had not yet appeared, so the sisters spread their skirts over a vacant seat between them, and Berny, in the intervals of inspecting the people around her, sent exploring glances about for the tall figure of her husband.

She was very fond of the park and band stand on such Sunday afternoons. To go there had been one of the great diversions of her girlhood. She loved to look at this holiday gathering of all types, among which her own class was largely represented. The outdoor amphitheater of filled benches was to her what the ball-room and the glittering horseshoe at the opera are to the woman of society. She saw many old friends among the throng, girls who had been contemporaries of hers when she had first "gone to work" and had long since married in their own world and now dragged children by the hand. She looked them over with an almost passionate curiosity, discomfitted to see the fresh youth of some, and pleased to note that others looked weighed down with maternal cares. Berny regarded women who had children as fools, and the children grouped about these mothers of her own age—three and four sometimes, with the husband carrying a baby—were to her only annoying, burdensome creatures that made the party seem a little ridiculous, and had not half the impressiveness or style of her elegant costume and lilac frills.

The magnificent afternoon had brought out a throng of people. Every seat in the lines of benches was full and foot passengers kept constantly coming up, standing for a few measures, and then moving on. They were of all kinds. The beauty of the day had even tempted the more fashionable element out, and the two sisters saw many elegantly-dressed ladies of the sort on whom Hazel fitted hats all day, and that evoked in Berny a deep and respectable curiosity. Both women, sitting high in their chairs, craned their necks this way and that, spying through breaks in the crowd, and following attractive figures with dodging movements of their heads. When either one saw anything she liked or thought interesting she laid a hand on the other's knee, giving it a slight dig, and designated the object of her attention in a few broken words, detached and disconnected like notes for a sentence.

They were thus engaged when Hazel saw Dominick and, rising, hailed him with a beckoning hand. He made his way toward them, moving deliberately, once or twice pausing to greet acquaintances. He was taller than any man in the surrounding throng and Berny, watching him, felt a sense of proprietary pride swelling in her when she noted his superiority. The son of an Irish laborer and a girl who had begun life as the general servant in a miner's boarding house, he looked as if his forebears might have been the flower of the nation. He wore a loose-fitting suit of gray tweed, a wide, gray felt sombrero, and round his waist a belt of yellow leather. His collar turning back from his neck exposed the brown strength of his throat, and on lifting his hat in a passing salutation, his head with its cropped curly hair, the ears growing close against it, showed golden brown in the sunlight.

With a phrase of greeting he joined them, and then as they swept their skirts off the chair they had been hiding, slipped in front of Berny and sat down. Hazel began to talk to him. Her conversation was of a rallying, joking sort, at which she was quite proficient. Berny heard him laugh and knew by the tone of his voice that he was pretending and was not really amused. She had nothing particular to say to him, feeling that she accomplished enough in inducing him to join them, and, sitting forward on the edge of her chair, continued to watch the people. A blonde coiffure some rows in front caught her eye and she was studying its intricacies through the interstices that came and went between the moving heads, when the sudden emergence into view of an unusually striking female figure diverted her attention. The woman had come up from behind and, temporarily stopped by the crowd, had come to a standstill a few rows in front of where the sisters sat. She was accompanied by a young man dressed in the Sunday dignity of frock-coat and silk hat. As he turned to survey the lines of filled chairs, Berny saw that he had a pale skin, a small black mustache, and dark eyes.

But her interest in him was of the slightest. Her attention was immediately riveted upon the woman, who became the object of a glance which inspected her with a piercing eagerness from her hat to the hem of her skirt. Berny could not see her face, but her habiliments were of the latest mode and of an unusual and subdued elegance which bespoke an origin in a more sophisticated center than San Francisco. Berny, all agog with curiosity, stared at the lady's back, noting not only her clothes but a certain carelessness in the way they were put on. Her hat was not quite straight. The comb, which crossed the back of her head and kept her hair smooth, was crooked, and blonde wisps hung from it over her collar. The hand that held up her skirt in a loose perfunctory manner, as though these rich encasings were possessions of no moment, was covered by a not particularly white glove.

Such unconsciousness added the distinction of indifference to the already marked figure. Berny wondered more than ever who it was and longed to see the averted face. She was about to lean across Dominick and attract Hazel's attention by a poking finger directed against her knee, when the woman, with a word to her companion, moved her head and let a slow glance sweep over the rows of faces.

Berny Turned, Startled.

"Hazel," Berny hissed across Dominick, "look at that girl. Who is she?"

She did not divert her eyes from the woman's face, which she now saw in profile. It was pretty, she thought, more from a rich, unmingled purity of coloring than from any particular beauty of feature. The head with its gravely-traveling glance continued to turn till Berny had the satisfaction of seeing the face in three-quarters. A moment later the moving eyes lighted indifferently, brusky, as though checked by the imperative stoppage of regulating machinery.

Only a person watching closely would have noticed it, but Berny was watching with the most vigilant closeness. She saw the infusion of a new and keener interest transform the glance, concentrate its lazy, diffused attention into something that had the sharpness and suddenness of a leaping flame. The next moment a flood of color rose clearly pink over the face, and then, most surprising of all, the lady bent her head in a grave, deliberate bow.

Berny turned, startled—and in a vague, undefined way, disturbed, too—to see who had been the object of this salutation. To her astonishment it was Dominick. As she looked at him, he replaced his hat and she saw—to the augmentation of that vague sense of disturbance—that he was as pale as the bowing woman was pink.

"Dominick," she exclaimed, "who's that?"

"Miss Cannon," he said in a low tone.

"Rose Cannon?" hissed Hazel on the other side of him, her face thrust forward, and tense in the interest of the moment. "Bill Cannon's daughter?"

"Yes. I met her at Antelope."

"Berny, did you see her dress?" Hazel hung over her brother-in-law in her excitement. "That's straight from Paris, I'll bet you a dollar."

"Yes, I saw it," said Berny in a voice that did not sound particularly exhilarated; "maybe it is."

She looked back at Miss Cannon who had turned away and was moving off through the crowd with her escort. Then she leaned toward Dominick. His voice had not sounded natural; as she placed her arm against his she could feel that he trembled.

She said nothing but settled back in her chair, dryly swallowing. In those few past moments her whole world had undergone a revolution that left her feeling dazed and a little sick. It was as if the earth had suddenly whirled around and she had come up panting and clutching among familiar things reversed and upset. In an instantaneous flash of illumination she saw everything—the look in the woman's eyes, her rush of color, Dominick's voice, his expression, the trembling of his arm—it was all perfectly plain! This was the girl he had been shut in Antelope with for three weeks. Now she knew what the change was, the inexplicable, mysterious change that had so puzzled her.

She felt bewildered, and under her bewilderment a pain, a fierce, unfamiliar pain, gripped her. She did not for the moment say anything or want to speak, and she felt as a child does who is dazed and stupefied by an unexpected assault of ill treatment. The slight sensation of inward sinking, that made her feel a little sick, continued and she sat in a chilled and drooping silence, all her bridling conceit in herself and her fine clothes stricken suddenly out of her.

She heard Hazel asking Dominick questions about Miss Cannon, and she heard Dominick's answers, brief and given with a reticent doggedness. Then Hazel asked him for the time and she was conscious of his elbow pressing against her arm as he felt for his watch. As he drew it out and held it toward the questioner, Berny suddenly leaned forward, and, catching his hand with the watch in it, turned its face toward her. The hand beneath hers was cold, and shook. She let it go and again sank back in her chair. The feeling of sickness grew stronger and was augmented by a sense of physical feebleness, of being tremulous and cold deep down in her bones.

Hazel rose to her feet, shaking her skirts into place.

"Let's go on," she said, "it's getting chilly. Come along, Josh. I suppose if you were let alone, you'd sit here till sundown listening to the music in a trance."

Dominick and Josh rose and there was an adjusting and putting-on of wraps. Berny still sat motionless, her hands, stiff in their tight gloves, lying open on her lap.

"Come along, Berny," said Hazel. "It's too cold to sit here any longer. Why, how funny you look, all pale and shriveled up! You're as bad as Josh. You and he ought to have married each other. You'd have been a prize couple."

Josh laughed loudly at this sally, leaning round the figure of his wife to present his foolish, good-humored face, creased with a grin, to Berny.

"Are you willing, Berny?" he cried gaily. "I can get a divorce whenever you say. It will be dead easy; brutal and inhuman treatment. Just say the word!"

"There'll be brutal and inhuman treatment if you don't move on and stop blocking the way, Josh McCrae," said Hazel severely. "I want to go out that side and there you are right in the path, trying to be funny."

The cheerful Josh, still laughing, turned and moved onward between the seats, the others following him. The mass of the crowd was not yet leaving, and as the little group moved forward in a straggling line toward the drive, the exciting opening of the William Tell Overture boomed out from the sounding board. It was a favorite piece, and they left lingeringly, Hazel and Josh particularly fascinated, with heads turned and ears trained on the band. Josh's hand, passed through his wife's arm, affectionately pressed her against his side, for despite the sharpness of their recriminations they were the most loving of couples.

Berny was the last of the line. In the flurry of departure her silence had passed unnoticed, and that she should thus lag at the tail of the procession was not in any way remarkable, as, at the best of times, she was not much of a walker and in her high-heeled Sunday shoes her progress was always deliberate.

Looking ahead of her, she saw the landscape still as a picture under the slanting, lurid sunlight. It seemed to be painted with unnaturally glaring tints, to be soaked in color. The grass, crossed with long shadows, was of the greenness of an aniline dye. The massed foliage of tree groups showed a melting richness of shades, no one clearly defined, all fused in a thick, opaque lusciousness of greens. The air was motionless and very clear. Where a passing carriage stirred the dust the powdery cloud rose, spreading a tarnishing blur on the crystalline clarity of the scene. The sun injected these dust films with gold, and they settled slowly, as if it made them heavy, like ground-up particles of metal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasted Erudition.

A physician at a recent convention of railway surgeons in Philadelphia said of a safety device that has averted many railway accidents:

"The advantage of this device is now almost universally recognized. Indeed, the railroader who disputes its advantage is as antiquated as the old residenter who said:

"'Education be hanged! That's young Bill Smithers took an engineerin' course in a correspondence school and then put up a sign on his carriage house, and hadn't no better sense than to spell "carriage" "garage!"'"—Washington Star.

Hippopotamus Described.

Johnny, who had been to the circus says the Youngstown Telegram, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen.

"An' teacher," he cried, "they has one big animal they called the hip—hip—hip"

"Hippopotamus, dear," prompted the teacher.

"I can't just say its name," exclaimed Johnny, "but it looks just like 9,000 pounds of liver."

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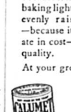

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

BEFORE JOINED IN WEDLOCK

Social Worker Has Series of Questions Which She Would Propound to Feminine Member of Couple.

Mrs. Charles Ellinwood, a social worker, proposes the commission plan, says Leslie's Weekly. She would have couples go before a commission, the young girl to testify as to her ability to cook, and the young man to answer the following questions:

1. How long have you known this young woman?
2. Where did you meet her?
3. Why do you think you love her?
4. How much money have you in the bank?
5. What is your business?
6. How much do you earn weekly?
7. Is your disposition good?

Now, the object of all agitation of the marriage problem is not so much to decrease the number of marriages as to see that people are better mated, so that the tie will not be broken. But if only those of good dispositions are to be permitted to marry, the number of those taking the step will necessarily be greatly decreased. An extended acquaintance on the part of the principals, the publication of banns or the necessity of securing a license a certain number of days before it could be used (except in certain cases, where an immediate ceremony is demanded), would be a check on the hasty marriages which so largely feed the divorce mill.

CONSTANTINE MAN OF ACTION

New Grecian Monarch Has Proved Himself Worthy of the Crown He Has Inherited.

Constantine, the new king of Greece, is of Danish and Russian blood, his father having been a son of Christian IX. of Denmark, and his mother being the eldest daughter of Grand Duke Constantine, a brother of Alexander II. King Constantine was born in Athens and brought up under an English governess and German and Greek tutors. Later on he went to Berlin, where he received his education as a soldier, being attached to the Second regiment of Prussian foot guards. In 1897 he took command of the Greek troops in the war with Turkey, but his army was crushed in Thessaly. In April last he was appointed inspector general of the forces, and has since shown himself a soldier of merit. At the moment of his accession he was in Epirus, conducting the military operations for sweeping the Turks out of that province.

Ignorance Disgusted Waitress.

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the criminal court. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair. "An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley, an' shot a few crap." "Ah," said Mr. Clark, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps." "Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes. "Address the jury, sir," thundered Mr. Clark, "and tell them just how you deal craps." "Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this gemman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

Many a man gets a reputation of being a "good fellow" when he is going to the bad.

To Women Broken Down?

Whether it's from business cares, household drudgery or overfrequent child-bearing, you need a Restorative Tonic and Strength-giving Nervine and Regulator.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is recommended as such, having been compounded to act in harmony with woman's peculiarly delicate and sensitive organization.

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Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

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as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Nearly every little woman has a man under her thumb.

Fresh supply Mrs. Austin's Bag Buckwheat now on hand at your grocers. Adv.

Easy Marks.

Some men haven't any more caution when they happen to get a little money, than to show it to the family.—New York Press.

Thoroughly Ventilated.

"What you need most," said the physician after he had examined the patient, "is plenty of ventilation." "Gee, doctor," the sick man replied, "you must be mistaken. I've been operated on three times in the last year and a half."

Helping the Little Fellow.

The United Shoe Machinery Company is the only real obstacle to the formation of a shoe trust. We help the small manufacturer to start in business and keep going. He could not afford to buy and care for his machines, but he can afford to lease them on the terms we give him based on the number of shoes he makes—an average of less than 2 2-3 cents a pair—and let us keep them up to date. That is a fair arrangement. Some of the big fellows don't like our system, because they think we ought to give them special rates. But the little fellows stand with us because they know we treat all manufacturers alike no matter how many machines they use. If it were not for our methods of doing business there would be no small factories anywhere and no prosperous factories in small towns.

The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass.—Adv.

God Was Too Busy.

Little Jimmy was out walking with his nurse when he passed a house where the men were carrying out a casket. He asked his nurse what was in the box, and she told him that Mr. Brown's body was in it. That night when Jimmy went to bed he did not say his prayers, and his mother asked him why. He answered, "The Lord will be too busy unpacking Mr. Brown, and he won't be able to listen to me."

Church on Historic Site.

St. Alban's church, London, which occupies the site in Brook street of the thieves' kitchen described in "Oliver Twist," is to celebrate its fiftieth year of existence on June 22. From the date of its foundation it has had the faithful "Father" Stanton watching over its destinies.

Autocratic Englishmen.

One of the reasons why English is expected to become a world wide language is that English people refuse to learn another. For instance, at Muscat, at the entrance to the Persian gulf, there lived for many years an Englishman, supposed to be the only, or almost the only, British resident on the 1,500 miles of Arabian coast line from Aden to Koweit. It would seem that he could hardly have escaped knowing Arabic. Yet he confessed that he could not speak a dozen words of that language. "But how do you carry on your trade?" some one asked. "Oh," he replied, "the beggars have got to learn English."

MORE THAN EVER

Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Ills. Woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produce instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Window Boxes and Hanging Baskets—Eradicating Weeds—Beautifying the Yard.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.

A comparatively small number of the people in our large cities have the ground available for a vegetable garden. A much larger number have some little plot that will raise flowers, but the flat dweller has nothing of the kind.

This does not indicate that flat dwellers may not have flowers in summer, however, as they can always have them in window boxes and frequently in porch boxes and hanging baskets.

Flowers of many kinds and hues will grow to fullest perfection in boxes of various kinds and all they need is sunshine and a little careful attention. They constitute the chief joy of the summer season and no one should be without them from May until frost time.

Almost any sort of a box will do so long as it is deep enough for the roots to grow in, and strong enough to hold the earth. An excellent window box can be made of three-quarter-inch lumber, one foot deep and one foot wide, the length being regulated, of course, to the size of the opening in which the box is to fit. The width of the window or porch box is immaterial, but the depth should not be less than ten to twelve inches. Bore a few three-quarter-inch holes in the bottom to allow for drainage and fasten the box firmly in place, as it will weigh a great deal after being filled.

Fill it with rich greenhouse or garden earth, having mixed in a quantity of well-rotted manure. Some fine wood ashes will assist the blossoms wonderfully, but coal ashes are a detriment. Have the earth fine and mellow and plant the flowers as soon after filling the box as possible.

The quickest and most satisfactory way to stock these boxes is to buy potted plants from the florist and transplant them. They are more sturdy than plants grown from seed in the boxes and they bloom much earlier. The cost is prohibitive in many cases, however, and almost any annual flowers will grow from seed in such boxes. Where the amount of sunshine is limited it is almost necessary to put in plants instead of weeds.

Geraniums are probably the most satisfactory flowering plants for the formal window box, and they are very widely used. Foliage plants are excellent and withstand the hot afternoon sun better than flowering plants. Ferns do well in shaded locations.

Small plants of English Ivy, Wandering Jew and many of the smaller vines are useful for draping effects and we have seen some of the larger growing annual vines, such as Wild Cucumber, Scarlet Runner Beans and Morning Glory, used in window boxes with excellent results, the long, graceful vines, either climbing in the usual way or trailing down over the side of the box.

Hanging baskets, either fern balls, moss baskets, or boxes, can be hung in any sheltered location, and they are very satisfactory. We recommend the use of self-watering hanging baskets, as the ordinary hanging device is inconvenient to handle and it must be watered constantly.

Remember that success with boxes demands lots of water every day, three times as much as you would give the same plants in a bed.

Weeds.

Weeds have been aptly defined as plants out of their proper place. Thus, Kentucky blue grass is a treasure in the lawn and a weed in the adjacent corn field. We are all more or less familiar with what we generally call weeds—dandelion, pusley, quack grass, thistles, burdock, pigweed, mullein, milkweed, and many others, because these plants are always out of place, as far as the ordinary back yard farmer is concerned.

They are easily controlled in the flower beds, because these beds are usually small in size, the soil is loose and the weeds pull out easily, and if you wait long enough your wife will probably get disgusted and pull them herself.

In the vegetable garden, it is an entirely different proposition, however. Here the weeds start about two laps ahead of the earliest vegetables, having planted themselves the year before in preparation for a flying start. The soil is firm and they anchor themselves for the season in a very determined manner.

If we assail them early, before they are anchored, we can win out, but they never give up the battle and success is the result of constant labor. It's really remarkable, too, how a man grows weaker as the gardening season progresses.

The sun gets hotter, the hoe duller, the weeds more defiant, the soil harder, the mosquitoes start business earlier and stay later, and it is only the thought of previous labor invested that saves most gardens about the Fourth of July.

Under such discouraging conditions it behooves us to study the habits of our garden weeds and attack them in the most effective manner.

After plowing and pulverizing the ground, plant the early crops and let the weeds get a good start on the rest of the patch. Cut every one off below the ground with a sharp hoe, just before planting later crops. As soon as they start again cut they off again. Those that grow from perennial root stock, like the dandelion, should be pulled up.

When the vegetables come up, keep the earth between the rows hoed at all times, going over the garden after each rain to break up the earth's crust and hold the moisture in the ground. Never let the weeds get the start on you and it will not take half as much work to handle your garden this year.

Why should we keep the weeds out of the garden? Principally because they steal water from the vegetables, and water is the very life blood of plants. Secondly, the weeds are all very hearty feeders and every one in your garden is using up a considerable proportion of the available plant food.

Remember that hoeing is good for both the garden and you, the more hoeing the better, and a wheel hoe or hand cultivator is about the best [illegible] that ever was made, especially [illegible] July.

Essentials of Beautiful Yard.

Every home should be surrounded by a beautiful and artistic yard. Almost all of us appreciate this fact, and it will not bear argument, but there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what can be done to make the yard beautiful.

In order to assist our readers to secure the most gratifying results possible, we will try to outline the essential features to be borne in mind when planning landscape gardening at home.

The one most important feature in planting operations is harmony. This is the keynote of all beautiful scenes. It does not mean that we may not employ contrasting colors and forms, but that these features give a pleasing general effect.

If your house is of any particular architectural style, let the shape of your walks, roadway, flower beds, shrubs and trees be of such a character as to carry out the lines and spirit of the house as far as possible. The formal house should be surrounded by natural things of geometrical patterns—square corners, formal shaped shrubs, straight walks, etc., rather than the graceful forms. The bungalow and the less imposing and rigid type of building must be treated in a decidedly different manner, as its lines are more on the graceful and beautiful order, and the lines of the surrounding grounds should carry out the same idea. Curved lines, even of a rather indefinite character, may be used to advantage. Flowing shapes in the trees and shrubs, profuse vines, beds and banks of wild flowers and related subjects should be adhered to largely.

Do not attempt to mix these two distinct styles of landscape art. Nothing can be more unattractive than a formal square house set in a woodland, unless it be a graceful, unpretentious country home in the midst of an Italian garden.

The house, while it is not really a part of the yard, is still the most important feature of the whole scene, from the standpoint of the person on the outside. This is why we place such special emphasis on the appearance and style of the building.

We take for granted that the importance of the lawn is thoroughly understood. The arrangement of the buildings, walks, roads, and plantings will determine its shape and extent, but it is highly essential that the ground be covered by a smooth, velvety turf, where not otherwise taken up for some specific purpose.

City front yards are usually so small that all we can hope to do with them is to keep them covered with a good lawn. Suburban front yards are much more ample and are covered by the general principles set down for city back yards.

The first care is to join the house to the ground in a natural and artistic manner. The color of the house has a good deal to do with this, and the rest can be accomplished by a judicious use of flower beds, vines or shrubs near the house.

In planting for the small yard, do not put beds or shrubs in the middle of any stretch of lawn. Keep them either along the walk and roadway, or around the outer edges of the lot. By using taller and more distinctly colored and formal plants close to the house and smaller and less prominent varieties farther away we can secure an appearance of distance in the view from the house, and this is a very important feature in the effect of any landscape picture.

For the small city back yard the house must be ignored to a considerable extent and the planting is largely a question of the gardener's individual taste. Much more effective results will be secured even on the smallest lot, if the few simple rules here given are carefully borne in mind.

Kill Prairie Wolves.

Prairie wolves are becoming so numerous in eastern Washington and destroying so many small pigs and poultry that farmers are forming hunting clubs to destroy them. One farmer near Palouse, Wash., lost 17 pigs in one night, all of which were destroyed by wolves.

Argentine Dairy Schools.

The Argentine government is now working on plans to establish schools of dairying in that country. Instructors will be brought from England and America.

Cleaning Waste Pipes.

Waste pipes may be cleaned of soap and slime by placing a handful of common salt in the bottom of the basin over night. The salt will gradually melt and the first flush of water in the morning will clear the pipe.

When Traveling.

Take a candle in your bag and a box of safety matches. When they are wanted you will be glad they were put in. The space required for them is small. A passenger on a steamer that was wrecked had a small candle which enabled her to collect some of her most valuable possessions when the lights went out after the collision.—Today's Magazine.

Clocks the Late Mikado's Hobby.

Small clocks were the hobby of Mutsuhito, the late emperor of Japan. He took the greatest interest in small time-pieces of every kind and collected so many of them that every room in his palace heard their tiny ticking.

Practical Fashions

LADY'S NOVEL TAILORED SUIT.

6178

The demi-tailored suit is now the style, and prevails to a much larger extent than the severe models of a couple of years ago. The illustration shows an ideal design for one of these street dresses. It has a coat blouse, made quite plain in both front and back. The closing is slightly on the bias, and the overlapping side is outlined by simple sharp revers, which may be omitted if desired. The neck is finished with a large, handsome collar. The skirt is a two piece model, and the closing may be placed at either of the seams. The dress is one which will develop well in faille, in soft brocade for the coat, with a plain material in the same color for the skirt. It will also be appropriate for cotton fabrics, such as eponge, linen and the like.

The dress pattern (6178) is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4½ yards of 44 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6178. SIZE.........

NAME..........

TOWN..........

STREET AND NO..........

STATE..........

LADY'S TWO PIECE SKIRT.

6194

The two piece skirt remains a favorite, but it is now shown with certain modifications. In the present instance the material is slightly gathered across the back at the waist line, and a little fullness is drawn to one side and held at knee depth at the side seam. The skirt may be high waisted or of normal waist line, as preferred, the high waist being better for part of a costume and normal waist preferred for separate skirts to be worn with odd waists. This skirt may be made of all woolen materials, such as serge and cheviot, of faille, of linen, and of other heavy wash fabrics.

The skirt pattern (6194) is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches, waist measure. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6194. SIZE.........

NAME..........

TOWN..........

STREET AND NO..........

STATE..........

Want High Grade School Teachers.

Baltimore has resumed strict tests for public school teachers.

Decorating the Eyebrows.

It is generally agreed that a woman's eyebrows should be delicately and nicely pencilled, but fancy plays strange freaks as to color. In central Africa women stain them with indigo, and Georgian damsels blacken theirs. Japanese ladies, when married, remove their eyebrows altogether, so that their husbands may have no cause for jealousy.

For Protection Against Hail.

The French government is encouraging experiments with a new device to protect against hail, essentially a very large lightning rod of pure copper, which is claimed to affect atmospheric electricity so that hail stones can not form.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

LIVE AGENTS—Sell our specialty; money maker from start; $30 to $50 weekly; quick seller; sure repeater; delay pays no profits; write immed. Carter Spec. Co., Treynor, Ia.

ADDS TO THE LENGTH OF LIFE

Nothing Better Than Pedestrian Exercise, Especially to Those Who Have Passed Beyond Youth.

Some of the most noted of the old men of New York, successful in business, the professions and public affairs, have formed a walking club for the purpose of making their pursuit of still greater length of days and still better health as agreeable as it is sensible. They intend to take long walks together and, no doubt, to make their pedestrian experiences the subject of entertaining discussion and a store of memories held in common. This is an example which might well be followed in every city of the United States. In the era of motor vehicles there is danger that walking will be increasingly neglected, especially by men and women advanced in years, who often need it most. There is a constant temptation to forget that riding in the open air, fine as it is in many ways, can never do for the body what walking does.

DANDRUFF COVERED SCALP

3002 Cass St., St. Louis, Mo.—"For five years I suffered with itching of my body and scalp. My trouble began with a rash on my lower limbs which was very annoying, and my scalp was literally covered with dandruff. My hair used to come out by the handfuls and the itching of my body and scalp was terrible. I had used almost all the skin remedies on the market with no results, when I wrote for a little Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it gave me instant relief. Within one month's use of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment, one strand of my hair coming out and I have not lost a minute of sleep since using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which entirely cured me of itching of my body and scalp in its worst form. I also find the Cuticura Soap a benefit in shaving." (Signed) Charles Judlin, Dec. 8, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Exquisite Agony.

"It was, to say the least of it," a London letter remarks, "just a little bit awkward that the electric light went out the other evening at the town house of a presumably wealthy widow who had been doing a good deal of political entertaining. The guests, to the number of a dozen, had just finished their soup when the unfortunate incident occurred. The scramble to find a sufficient number of candles so that the dinner might proceed was attended with a great deal of difficulty and no little amusement. The butler, who is described as being a bit new to his job, was immediately told to telephone to the electric company, report the catastrophe and demand attention to the matter. It was a trying moment for the guests when he returned to the dining room and announced in real Cockney accent: 'Please, my lady, the gentleman what's on the telephone says they sent several warning letters unless the account was paid active steps would have to be taken.'"

It Was His.

A small boy in a town not far from New York was telling his mother of a mishap which had occurred to a playmate of his. The youngster, it appeared, had been regaling himself with one of those large, marble-like candies which are a particular delight of childhood, and in a moment of excitement it slipped down and stuck in his throat. But, said the narrator, they succeeded in relieving him.

"Oh," said his mother, "you got it out, did you?"

"Naw," was the impatient answer, "we shoved it down; it was his, wasn't it?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Rival Punsters.

"Can February March?"

"No, but April May," was the reply.

"Look here, old man, you're out of June."

"Don't July about it."

"It is not often that one gets the better of your August personage."

"Ha! now you think that you have me Noctober."

And then there was work for the coroner.

Fresh supply Mrs. Austin's Bag Buckwheat now on hand at your grocers. Adv.

Bent on Getting Money.

"What excuse did the arrested cashier give for being crooked?" "He claimed he was in straitened circumstances."

IF HE WERE A RELATIVE

Observance of Colored Man Really Offered Some Good Ideas for Worthy Reflection.

An official of one of the departments at Washington says that while going to his luncheon one afternoon he saw a military funeral passing down Pennsylvania avenue. As the pageant passed the official was standing on the curb, hat in hand, and noting with interest the reversed arms, the flag-draped coffin, and the riderless horse behind some one touched him on the elbow and said: "I hope you'll excuse me, boss, but would you min' tellin' me whether the dead soldier was anythin' to you?"

"Why, no," answered the official, smiling in spite of himself, as he turned and beheld a solemn looking darky of perhaps sixty years of age.

"Excuse me again, boss," continued the negro, "but you kinder looked that sorry I thought mebbe he was somethin' to you."

"He was a brave soldier," answered the official.

The darky said nothing for a moment. Finally, with a sigh, he added: "Wouldn't it be gran', boss, mournin' for a man like that, s'posin' he was somethin' to you?"

Food Screen.

I needed a place that could be thoroughly screened from flies to keep my left-overs. My husband with a keyhole saw made two half circles, fourteen inches by six inches, out of a pine box; then nailed these ends with three pieces of quarter round, twenty-seven inches long, bought ten cents' worth of wire screen, tacked it over this frame, and screwed a little handle on top. Three or four dishes at one time can be put under this screen.—Exchange.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Ragtime Made Easy.

One day my mother cut her finger and she put a rag on it. Then she went to church to practice on the pipe organ, and a little boy who was there said, "O, Mrs. H— can play ragtime now."—Exchange.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent

disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers or six sent express paid for $1. H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

When the Doctor Called.

Grace was six years old and very ill. The family doctor took her hand to feel her pulse. In a moment Grace said in a whisper, "It's no use to feel my wrist, doctor, the pain is all up in my head."

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

Shows Webster Wasn't Infallible.

"I looked up the word 'brat' in the dictionary," says Mr. Posorzle, "and find it is marked Obs., meaning 'obsolete.' Noah Webster was right about a great many things, but he never lived alongside the urchins next door to me."

Fresh supply Mrs. Austin's Bag Buckwheat now on hand at your grocers. Adv.

It Is All Handled.

"Tell your mother not to forget when she needs bread that we handle it."

"Mamma wants bread that is not handled."

PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Housework is hard enough for a healthy woman. The wife who has a bad back, who is weak or tired all the time, finds her duties a heavy burden. Thousands of nervous, discouraged, sickly women have traced their troubles to sick kidneys — have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills. The painful, trying times of woman's life are much easier to bear if the kidneys are well.

An Iowa Case

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HUSBAND NAILED RUBBER ON GATES

Wife so Weak and Nervous Could Not Stand Least Noise — How Cured.

Mumford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand it to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend your Compound to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Mumford, Alabama.

An Honest Dependable Medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Root and Herb medicine originated nearly forty years ago by Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for controlling female ills.

Its wonderful success in this line has made it the safest and most dependable medicine of the age for women and no woman suffering from female ills does herself justice who does not give it a trial.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

GOOD DIGESTION

IS THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST ALL BODILY DISORDERS.

THE BEST SAFEGUARD FOR A GOOD DIGESTION IS

of BOURBON POULTRY CURE down a chick's throat cures gapes. A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents cholera, diarrhoea and other chick diseases. One 50c bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At all druggists. Sample and booklet on "Diseases of Fowls" sent FREE. Bourbon Remedy Co., Lexington, Ky.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO WESTERN CANADA IS INCREASING

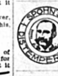
Free Homesteads

Social Conditions

W. S. NETHERY,

413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.



Corn Planting is here—Distemper among the horses may be near also—mares are foaling—Distemper may take some of them—corn planting may be late if your horses have Distemper.

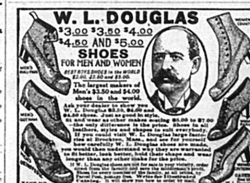
SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

Spohn Medical Co., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



The largest makers of Men's $3.50 and $4.00 shoes in the world.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

W. L. DOUGLAS - - Brockton, Mass.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES