CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness etc. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Mrs. John A. Link, 122 East Perry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not stir out of bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

Remember the name—Doan's.

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

Sweetest Success.

"What's the sweetest kind of success?"

"That which you achieve by acting contrary to the advice of your friends."

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year 50c and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Only on Great Occasions.

"Here are you, Mr. Tyte-Physt? I hope there is nothing wrong with that set of teeth I made for you a few weeks ago."

"No, they're all right; but, great Scott, Doc, I paid you $30 for them teeth. You don't s'pose I'm going to wear 'em for everyday use, do you?"

Got Out of the Habit.

"I see you have got a young man stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman somehow. I s'pose it's because I have been married so long."

On the Senators.

The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently.

Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a waiting motor car.

"Ah, bishop," said one of his companions, "you are not like your master. He was content to ride an ass." Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all senators."

Schurz Was Sure of Him.

Carl Schurz was dining one night with a man who had written a book of poems, so called, and who was pleased with himself.

The poet was discoursing on the time-worn topic of politics of the men who take office.

"I consider politics and politicians beneath my notice," he said. "I do not care for office. I wouldn't be a senator of cabinet officer, and I doubt if I could be tempted by the offer of the presidency. For the matter of that, I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" Schurz shouted at him.

At the One Horse.

Jere L. Sullivan, the head of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International alliance, said in Cincinnati, apropos of Labor Day:

"Our American hotels are better than they used to be, and for this betterment my organization deserves no little credit.

"We have today no such hotels as the One Horse of Tin Can, where, if you asked a bath, they used to give you a shovel and tell you to go down to the hollow and dam the creek.

"An English earl once visited the One Horse hotel. The landlord, with out ceremony led him outside, pointed to a window on the fifth floor, and said:

"'That's yer room.'"

"Don't Argufy"

A single dish of

Post Toasties

with sugar and cream tells the whole story—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

SERIAL STORY

Archibald's Agatha

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

Author of "The Real Agatha"

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SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and indolent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of $20,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archie as a handpainted beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent scores him for his apparent fickleness.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

He glanced at me in a half embarrassed, half triumphant way, much as he used to do in the first Castle Wyckoff house party days, when he was about to tell me of his latest clue in regard to the identity of the real Agatha.

"Well, to be quite frank with you," he said, "the truth of the matter is that Agatha First won't let me alone!"

"Meaning," I said, "that she's in love with you?"

"Well, of course," he replied, removing his eye-glass and polishing it desperately as is his custom when he pretends to be embarrassed. "I wouldn't like to say that exactly. I couldn't say positively, that is, but to a man of my experience in such matters and knowledge of the fair sex, the indications are—"

"O rot!" I interrupted, rudely. I fear, but really the old boy is quite too insufferably conceited to encourage. It's an old failing of his.

"What makes you think so?" I asked after a moment's consideration. Although I couldn't quite believe that Agatha First was actually in love with him, still I wanted to hear his reasons for the conclusion. I didn't want to believe it, that was certain. I thought we had trouble enough on our hands as it was, without having to reckon with a broken heart on the part of Miss Endicott. And as this contingency assumed an air of probability to my mind, I inwardly vowed again never to undertake another match-making project. Gad, no! Let people marry themselves hereafter without any interference from me. I had had all I wanted of the thing this time.

"What makes you think so?" I repeated.

Arch shrugged his shoulders. "Can't help it. She's after me the whole time! I suppose she can't help fancying a man of my—er—if I may so—my attractions. I daresay I'm a revelation to her in comparison with the American college youths she has probably been used to. Experience and intellect does count, you know, Wilfred. Besides, the results show—" But I cut him short again.

"The results show," I said sternly, "that you're just enough of a chump to feed her mania for amusing herself with you—for I can't think she is in earnest." I had to tell him that for his own good, though I could have wished I felt sure this was the fact. "Her fondness for flirting with you flatters you so much that you'd run the risk of losing the girl you care for, just for the sake of having that egregious vanity of yours pleasantly tickled, as her apparent fancy for your society undoubtedly tickles it! Your old failing again! 'Pon my word, old chap, I thought better of you! Better of your prudence and foresight. Why, I couldn't have had less of an eye out for my own interests myself in the days when you and I were contending suitors for the hand of one of the Agathas, and you insisted that it should be the heiress and no other, and bullied me so because I didn't take the same view! And the Lord knows you made enough fuss about that!"

But when I reported the result of my remonstrance to Dearest, she said it hadn't been half severe enough with him, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded her that speaking to him herself would only make matters worse and Terhune more obstinate.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the very last evening of the time that had been allotted Terhune in which to select a wife. The following day was to see Solicitor Barnes at luncheon with us at one o'clock precisely, Dearest having invited him in accordance with Mrs. James' request that he should be the referee present at the house when the last minute of Terhune's ten days of grace should expire, and his expected presence at the meal brought it home to us what a decisive one it must of necessity be. Decisive was indeed the right word to use in connection with that meal! For if old Arch was still free and unaffianced when he sat down to it, he might as well never have been nephew of his aunt as far as inheriting that aunt's property was concerned.

Dearest was inclined, being optimistic enough to hope for a consummation of his engagement to Agatha Sixth before that time—to make of the luncheon a sort of marriage-feast in honor of that event, and was already planning famous ices and cakes of a hymeneal nature. But Arch seemed not to view the approach of the crucial day with such a light heart. His thoughts at dinner that night were so absent, in fact, as to force me to conclude that the spectre of his aunt's third cousin seated upon the veranda of the house in Australia with possessive feet on the railing had become his familiar spirit.

It was this apparent anxiety of his and his feverish devotion to Agatha Sixth that utterly unprepared me for the unfortunate denouement later.

The evening had ended at last and Dearest and I had succeeded in starting a general move toward retiring for the night. We had been playing bridge—that is, the two Agathas had—with Terhune and the inevitable Freer, while my wife and I stood by

We Turned to the Folding Doors Again.

and cut in now and then. We had observed with pleasure that the party of four had divided itself exactly as we would have arranged it ourselves; Terhune and Agatha Sixth were partners, as were Agatha First and Freer. Better still, Agatha Sixth seemed quite to have forgotten the unhappy episode of the waterfall, when Arch had so obviously missed his cue, and was openly basking in the return of her admirer's devotion. And Agatha First, too, seemed quite contented, not a whit disturbed by this attitude on my friend's part and mildly amused by the attempted gallantries of the rector's son from Wye. It was, in fact, a thoroughly happy little foursome, and as a spectator of its content I felt particularly pleased when I thought of what Arch had confided to me just before dinner. That he intended to obtain a definite, and what he seemed to consider, a favorable answer, from Agatha Sixth on the morrow.

We had all gone to bed, and the night was well advanced, when I was awakened from the rippingest kind of a sleep by the loudest kind of a bang you ever heard in your life. It came from the big drawing-room, which we did not often use, directly below my room, and woke me at once. It sounded for all the world as if some one or something had knocked over one of the endless number of statuettes, heavy vases or little tables that make a regular auction shop of the place, and I struggled into my bath robe in a minute to go and see what it was.

Dearest's room adjoined mine and I listened at the door to find out if she had been awakened, and hearing nothing from her, went on my way downstairs.

I didn't much believe it could be a burglar; I had a hazy notion that it might be one of the dogs who had gotten in there somehow. There are no end of the big brutes about the place and sometimes one gets into the house for the night in spite of Dearest. So I wasn't in the least alarmed or apprehensive, and was just about to lay my hand on the drawing-room folding doors, which were at the foot of the stairs, when I heard the lightest possible tread on the stairs behind me and a soft hand clutched my arm.

It was Dearest, of course. "O, Freddy!" she gasped, "what is it?"

"One of the dogs, I expect," I told her. "What made you come?"

"Why," she said in an indignant little whisper, "I came after you, of course! Do you think I'd let you go all alone?"

"Why not?" I whispered. "I'm a man. Besides, there's nothing to be afraid of!"

"O, but there is!" she assured me. "It's burglars—I know it is! They've come to steal the Wyckhoff emeralds, I know they have!"

"Burglars nothing!" I answered. "It's one of the dogs, I say. Besides, if it were a burglar that's all the more reason why you should go back!"

"And leave you to be killed all alone? Never!"

Sometimes, I admit it with a sort of fond regret, my wife is unreasonable.

"It wouldn't help any if you were killed, too!" I told her. "Besides, you'll catch cold. It's chilly down here, and I want you to go back!"

She caught the tone of authority in my voice, a tone I seldom use toward her, and fell to pleading with me.

"O Freddy, can't I stay?" she begged. "It's so exciting! See! I've brought you a pistol and here's an umbrella for me!" She came close up to me as she spoke and the gleam of starlight from the hall windows fell upon her supplicating face and the old blunderbuss she had taken down from some wall and carried in her right hand, and the other weapon of defense she had mentioned in the other.

I laughed, if one may be said to laugh in a whisper, and hugged her for her spirit, armament and all. Then we turned to the folding doors again. Beneath them and through the crack between a faint light showed.

"Making himself pretty much at home for a burglar to light the lamp," I remember thinking. And I slowly and cautiously widened the aforesaid crack until a space of some two or three inches wide was obtained, the doors rolling back softly on each side without any noise at all. Then we looked in, my wife making it possible for us to do this at one and the same time by kneeling on the floor at my side, and thus obtaining a chink to look through all to herself.

It was lucky she was so near the floor, I thought afterward, or she would certainly have fallen upon it with surprise when she beheld the tableau on the other side of us to believe.

For there at the far end of the drawing room dimly distinguishable by the light of a lamp on the table, turned low, was Agatha First. We recognized her even in that light without fail, dressed as she had been that evening for dinner, and standing with his back toward us and his arm around her was a man in an attitude unmistakably lover-like and possessive. And through the hush of that late hour the low murmuring of the subdued voices penetrated the inmost recess of our staggered consciousness. Agatha First and a man meeting in secret at that hour!

What could it mean? Who could it be? The surprise of my discovery in the woods the day of our trip to Northbury was as nothing to this! But alas! We knew only too well this time who the man was, and without requiring any further proof such as we had had on the other occasion when we had waited until the discovery of the checked coat before we felt sure. In this instance we neither of us doubted for a moment the identity of Miss Endicott's companion in her equivocal position.

Freer had said good night and gone on down to the village at ten o'clock when the party had broken up. It could not be he. Then it must of necessity be Terhune. Indeed, what other man would have the opportunity for such a meeting? Who else was staying at the castle?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art Leads Language and Science.

The fact is that art is working far ahead of language as well as of science, realizing for us, by all manner of suggestions and exaggerations, effects for which as yet we have no names; nay, for which we may never perhaps have a direct name, for the reason that these effects do not enter very largely into the necessities of life. Hence alone is that suspicion of vagueness that often hangs about the purpose of a romance; it is clear enough to us in thought; but we are not used to consider anything clear until we are able to formulate it in words, and analytical language has not been sufficiently shaped to that end. . . . It is not that there is anything blurred or indefinite in the impression left with us, it is just because the impression is so very definite after its own kind, that we find it hard to fit it exactly with the expressions of our philosophical speech.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Sparkling Novelist.

A New York editor, at the Century club, told a story about Robert W Chambers, the well-known young novelist.

"Chambers went one summer," he said, "to Sunapee with his brother. At the Ben Mere Inn the aristocratic old ladies in rocking chairs, seated on the second piazza that overlooks the lake, were very much stirred up by Mr. Chambers' arrival. Whenever he appeared they gathered about him and talked books.

"Chambers was always ready for them. He had always on his lips some witty saying to double them up.

"'Oh, Mr. Chambers,' cried an old lady one day, 'I admire Lorraine so much. I've read it eight times!'

"Madam,' answered Chambers, with a bow, 'I would rather hear you say you'd bought eight copies.'"

His Literal Answer.

In all policies of insurance there among a host of other questions occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer, but, feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "O, you see, sir," replied he, "my father died many years ago, but, if living, I could be aged as there put down." "Exactly I understand," said the agent.

Kidding Worse Than Cutting.

Talk about making good with your friends, a New Orleans man told everybody he knew that he was going to Philadelphia for the dual purpose of seeing the world's baseball series and having a slight surgical operation performed. Reaching this city, he consulted a specialist and was told that an operation was not necessary.

"But, doctor," the New Orleans party urgently interposed, "it must be done."

"Why must it?" wonderingly, queried the surgeon.

"Because," was the startling rejoinder of the southern man, "I told all the boys at home that I was going to have an operation performed, and if I don't make good they will kid the life out of me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Youthful Wisdom.

Father—Why did my little boy send his papa a letter with only a capital T written on the page while he was away?

Little Son—Because I thought you'd go around among your friends with it and say: "My boy is only four years old, and just see the capital letter he writes!"—Judge.

ANOTHER BUMP FOR GENIUS.

The Amateur Poet—Whatever I do, I do with my whole soul.

His Wife (sadly)—I know you do, dear, but it would be such a help if you'd give it up and do things with your hands.

STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia Go and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn or a sick, sour, upset or gassy stomach, that is a sign of indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides there will be no undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disturbance.

Had Been Done.

"I never saw such a versatile man; he can do anything."

"Why stop at anything?"

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—not a century from now, when land will be higher. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada—from the U. S. was 60 per cent more in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the first year's crop.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, plenty of timber, good water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

H. M. Helmes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Lawler, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Give address nearest you. 37

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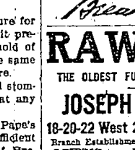

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You will be satisfied when you buy my shoes because of their fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones were so well and gave you so much comfort.

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