# THE SPENDERS

## A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

It was this earlier teaching that the faithful of Amalon clung to, perhaps not a little by reason that immediately over them was a spiritual guide who had been trained from infancy to know that salvation lay in belief,—aever in doubt. For a sign of the end they believed that on the night before the day of it there would be no darkness. This would be as it had been before the birth of the Savior, as told in the Book of Mormon: "At the going down of the sun there was no darkness, and the people began to be astonished because there was no darkness when the night came; and there was also no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as if it were midday."

They talked of little but this matter in that small pocket of the interpunsels comprised in Amalon. In Sabbath meetings and around the hearths at night. The Wild Rans of the Mountains thought, all proselyting should cease in view of the approaching end; that the Elders on mission should withdraw from the vineyards, shake the dust from their feet, and seal up the rebellious Gentiles to damnation. "To this Elder Bell Wardle had replied, somewhat testily:

"Well, now, since these valleys of Ephraim have got a little fattened in a whole lot of us have got the sweeny, and our skins are growing too tight on our flesh." He had been unable to comprehend that the Gentiles were a rejected lot, the lost sheep of the house of Israel. On this occasion it had required all the tact of Elder Rae to soothe the two good men into an amiable discussion of the time when Sidney Rigdon went to the third heaven and talked face to face with God. They had agreed in the end, however, that they were both of the royal seed of Abraham, and were on the grand turnpike to exaltation.

To these discussions and sermons the child, Prudence, listened with intense interest, looking forward to the last day as an occasion productive of excitement even superior to that of her trips to Salt Lake City, where her father went to attend the October conference, and where she was taken to the theater.

One day in this spring when she was 14, the good Bishop Wright, on his way down from Box canyon with a load of wood, saw her striding up the road ahead of him. Something caught his eye, either in her step which had a child's carelessness of freedom, or in the lines of her swinging figure that told of coming womanhood, or in the flashing, laughing appeal of her dark eyes where for the moment both woman and child looked out. He set the brake on his wagon and waited for her to pass. She came by with a smile and a word of greeting, to which his rapt attention prevented any reply except a slight nod. When she had passed, he turned and looked after her until she had gone around the little hill on the road that entered the canyon.

After the early evening meal that day, along the many-roomed house of this good man, from door to door there ran the words, starting from her who had last been sealed to him:

"He's making himself all proud!"

They know what it meant, and wondered whom.

A little later the Bishop set out, his face clean shaven to the ruffle of white whiskers that ran under his chin from ear to ear, his scant hair smooth and shining with grease from the largest bear ever trapped in the Pine mountains, and his tall form arrayed in his best suit of homespun. As he went he trolled an ancient lay of love, and youth was in his step. For there had come all day upon this Prince of Israel those subtle essences distilled by spring to provoke the mating urge. At the Rae house he found only Christina.

"Where's Brother Joel, Sister Rae?"

"Himself has gone out there," Christina had answered with a wave of her hand, and using the term of respect which she always applied to her husband.

He went around the house, out past the stable and corrals and across the irrigating ditch to where he saw Joel Rae leaning on the rail fence about the peach orchard. Far down between two rows of the blossoming trees he could see the girl reaching up to break off a pink-sprayed bough. He quickened his pace and was soon at the fence.

"Brother—Joel,—I—the—"

The good man had been full of his message a moment before, but now he stammered and hesitated because of something cold in the other's eye as it seemed to note the unwonted elegance of his attire. He took a quick breath and went on.

"You see the Lord has moved me to add another star to my crown."

"I see; and you have come to get me to seal you?"

"Well, of course! I hadn't thought of it so soon, but if you want to do it to-night—"

"As soon as you like, Bishop,—the sooner the better if you are to save the soul of another woman against the day of desolation. Where is she?" and he turned to go back to the house. But the Bishop still paused, looking toward the orchard.

"Well, the fact is, Brother Joel, you see the Lord has made me feel to have Prudence for another star in my crown of glory—your daughter Prudence," he repeated as the other gazed at him with a sudden change of manner.

"My daughter Prudence—little Prue that child—that baby?"

"Baby—she's 14; she was telling my daughter Mattie so just the other day, and the Legislature has made the marrying age 13 for girls and 15 for boys, so she's two years overtime already. Of course, I ain't 15, but I'm safer for her than some young cub."

"But Bishop—you don't consider—"

"Oh, of course, I know there's been private talk about her; nobody knows who her mother was, and they say whoever she was you was never married to her, so she couldn't have been born right, but I ain't bigoted like some—could name, and I stand ready to be her Savior on Mount Zion."

He waited with something of noble concession in his mien.

The other seemed only now to have fully scaled the proposal, and, with a word before his face, he seemed to search the Bishop toward the house after looking anxiously back to where the child still frolicked with the mist of pink blossoms against the scaled bodice above her.

"Come, brother, in the Self—come, I beg of you—we'll talk of it—but it can't be, indeed is can't!"

"Let's talk here," suggested the Bishop, disinclined to move.

"Why, don't ask her!" He seized the other by the arm.

"Come, I'll explain; don't ask her now, at any rate—I beg of you as a gentleman—as a gentleman, for you are a gentleman."

The Bishop turned somewhat impatiently, then remarked with a dignified severity:

"Oh, I can be a gentleman when ever it's necessary!"

They went across the fields toward the house, and the Bishop spoke further.

"There ain't any need to get into your high-heeled boots, Brother Rae,

"It Will Surely Be in Another Month, Daddy—Perhaps Next Week."

jest because I was aiming to save her as a crown of glory,—a girl that's thought to have been born on the wrong side of the blanket!"

They stopped by the first corral, and Joel Rae talked. He talked rapidly and with power, saying many things to make it plain that he was determined not to look upon the Wild Ram of the Mountains as an acceptable son-in-law. His manner was excited and distraught, terrified and indignant, —a manner hardly justified by the circumstances, about which there was nothing extraordinary, nothing at pleasing to God and in conformity to His revealed word. Bishop Wright indeed was puzzled to account for the heat of his manner, and in recounting the interview to Elder Wardle, he threw out an intimation about strong drink. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I suspicion he'd jest been putting a new faucet in the cider barrel."

When Prudence came in from the blossoming peach trees that night her father called her to him to sit on his lap in the dusk while the crickets sang, and grow sleepy as had been her baby habit.

"What did Bishop Wright want?" she asked, after her head was pillowed on his arm. Relieved that it was over, now even a little amused, he told her:

"He wanted to take my little girl away, to marry her."

She was silent for a moment, and then:

"Wouldn't that be fine, and we could build each other up in the Kingdom."

He held her tighter.

"Surely, child, you couldn't marry him?"

"But of course I could! Isn't he tried in the Kingdom, so he is sure to have all those thrones and dominions and power?"

"But child, child! That old man with all his wives—"

"But they say old men are safer than young men. Young men are not tried in the Kingdom. I should like a young husband anyway—they always want to play rough games, and pull your hair, and take things away from you, and get in the way."

"But, baby,—don't, don't—"

"Why, you silly father, your voice sounds as if you were almost crying—please don't hold me so tight—and some one must save me before the Son of Man comes to judge the quick and the dead; you know a woman can't be saved alone. I think Bishop Wright would make a fine husband, and I should have Mattie Wright to play with every day."

"And you would leave me?"

"Why, that's so, Daddy! I never thought—of course I can't leave my little sorry father—not yet. I forgot that. I couldn't leave you. Now tell me about my mother again."

He told her the story she already knew so well—how beautiful her mother was, the look of her hair and eyes, her slenderness, the music of her voice, and the gladness of her laugh.

"And won't she be glad to see us again? And she will come before Christina and Lorena, because she was your first wife, wasn't she?"

He was awake all night in a fever of doubt and rebellion. By the light of the candle, he read in the Book of Mormon passages that had often puzzled but never troubled him until now when they were brought home to him; such as, "And now it came to pass that the people Nephi under the reign of the second king began to grow hard in their hearts, and indulged themselves somewhat in wicked practices, like unto David of old, desiring many wives."

Again he read, "Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives, which thing was abominable before me," saith the Lord.

And again, "For there shall not be any man among you have save it shall be one wife."

Then he turned to the revelation on celestial marriage given years after these words were written, and in this he read and pondered:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives—"

He turned from one to the other, from the many explicit admonitions and commands against polygamy, to the denunciations of the patriarchs, for their indulgence in the practice, to this last passage contradicting the others, and vexed himself with wonder. In the Book of Mormon, David was said to be wicked for doing this thing. Now in the revelation to Joseph he read, "David's wives were given unto him of me, by the hand of Nathan, my servant."

He recalled old tales that were told in Nauvoo by wicked apostates and the basest of Gentile scandal-mongers; how that Joseph in the day of his great power had suffered the purity of his faith to become tainted; how his wife, Emma, had upbraided him so harshly for his sins that he, fearing disgrace, had put out this revelation as the word of God to silence her. He remembered that these gossips had said the revelation itself proved that Joseph had already done, before he received it, that which it commanded him to do, citing the clause, "And let my handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto her my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me."

They had gossiped further, that still fearing her rebellion, he had worded a threat for her in the next clause. "And I command my handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord; for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law . . . and again verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses."

This was the calumny the Gentile gossips back in Nauvoo would have had the world believe,—that this great doctrine of the Church had been given to silence the enraged wife of a man detected in sin.

But in the midst of his questionings he seemed to see a truth,—that another snare had been set for him by the Devil, and that this time it had caught his feet. He, who knew that he must have nothing for himself, had all unconsciously so set his heart upon this child of her mother that he could not give her up. And now so fixed and so great was his love that he could not turn back. He knew he was lost. To cling to her would be to question, doubt, and to lose his faith. To give her up would kill him.

But at least for a little while he could put it off.

CHAPTER XXV.

How the World Did Not Come to an End.

With the first day of 1870 Joel Rae began to wait. With prayer and fasting and vigils he waited. Now was the day when the earth should be purified by fire, the wicked swept from the land, and the lost tribes of Israel restored to their own. Now was to come the Son of Man who should dwell in righteousness with men, reigning over them on the purified earth for a thousand years.

He watched the mild winter go, with easy faith; and the early spring come and go, with a dawning uneasiness. For the time was passing with never the blast of a trumpet from the heavens. He began to see then that he alone, of all Amalon, had kept his faith pure. For the others had foolishly sown their fields, as if another crop were to be harvested,—as if they must continue to eat bread that was earth-grown. Even Prudence had strangely ceased to believe as he did. Something from the outside had come, he knew not what nor how, to tarnish the fair gold of her certainty. She had not said so, but he divined it when he shrewdly observed that she was seeking to comfort him, to support his every faith when day after day the Son of Man came not.

"It will surely be in another month, Daddy—perhaps next week—perhaps to-morrow," she would say cheerfully.

And yet did right not to put in any crops. It would have been wicked to do so.

He quickly detected her insincerity, seeing that she did not at all believe. As the summer came and went without a sign from the heavens, she became more positive and more constant in the observances of every evening dew on their would walk out along the unsown fields, now grown rankly to weeds, to where the valley fell away from their feet to the west. Here they could look over line after line of hills, each a little dimmer as it lay farther into the blue through which they saw it, from the bold rim of the nearest shaggy-sided hill to the farthest feathery profile all but lost in the haze. Day after day they sat together here and looked for the sign, —for the going down of the sun upon a night when there should be no darkness; when the light should stay until the sun came back over the eastern hills; when the trumpet should wind through the hills, and when the little man's perplexities, if not his punishment, should be at an end.

His hope lasted hardly until the year ended. Before the time was over, there had crept into his mind a conviction that the Son of Man would not come; that God's favor had been withdrawn from Israel. He knew the cause,—the shedding of innocent blood. They might have made war; indeed, many of the revelations to Joseph discriminated even between murder and that murder in which innocent blood should be shed; but the truth was plain. They had shed innocent blood that day in the Meadows. Now the Lord's favor was withdrawn and His coming deferred, perhaps another thousand years. The torture of the thing came back to him with all its early coloring, so that his days and nights were full of anguish. He no longer dared open the Bible to that reddened page. The cries already rang in his ears, and he knew not what worse torture might come if he looked again upon the stain; nor could he free himself from these by the old expedient of prayer, for he could no longer pray with an honest heart; he was no longer unselfish, could no longer kneel in perfect submission; he was wholly bound to this child of her mother, and the peace of absolute and utter sacrifice could not come back to him. Full of unrest, feeling that somehow the end, at least for him, could not be far off, he went north to the April Conference. He took Prudence with him, not daring to leave her behind.

She went with high hopes, alive with new sensations. Another world lay outside—beyond—of the mountains, and she was going to peep over the edge at its manifold fascinations. She had been there before as a child; now she was going as a woman. She remembered the city, bigger and grander than Fifty Amalons, with magnificent stores filled with exotic novelties and fearsome luxuries from the land of the wicked Gentile.

More fondly did she recall two wonderful evenings at the theater. First had been the thrilling "Robert Macaire," then the romantic "Pizarro," in which Rolla had been a being of such overwhelming beauty that she had felt he could not be of earth.

And there were strange new faces to be seen, people surely of a different world. Of a different manner from those she had known. Her bearing, with apparent carelessness, garments ever more strangely elegant than those in the shop windows, and speaking in strange, soft accents. She was told that these were Gentiles, tourists across the continent, who had ventured from Ogden to observe the wonders of the new Zion. The thought of the railroad was in itself thrilling. To be so near that wonderful highway to the land of the evil-doers and to a land, alas! of such strange delights. She shuddered at her own wickedness, but fell again and again, and was held in bondage by the allurements about her. So thrilled to her soul's center was she that the pleasure of it brought the tears to what would come to her eyes until she felt she must be alone to cry for the awful joy of it.

The evening brought still more to endure, for they went to the play. It was a play that took her out of herself, so that the crowd was lost to her from the moment the curtain went up in obedience to a little bell that tinkled mysteriously,—either back on the stage or in her own heart, she was not sure which.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Photography in the Arctic.**

Anthony Fiala, the arctic explorer, delivered an address recently in which he showed for the first time his series of moving arctic pictures and told the story of his difficulties in obtaining them. Many of these pictures were obtained when the temperature was 50 degrees below zero. He first tried the experiment of using celluloid films, but the intense cold cracked them and the fragments clogged up the machinery. Mr. Fiala is an expert photographer.

A lass that has many wooers oft fares the worst.


A MID-WINTER VERDICT.

"Bright Sunshine All Winter," Is What a Western Canada Lady Says.

Haldstone, Sask., Canada, Feb. 4, 1907.

C. J. Broughton, Esq.,
Canadian Government Agent,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Being so well pleased with Canada we wish my father and brother to come here. Will you please send them reading matter on Canada.

We have been here nearly a year and are delighted with this country. We have lived in Illinois, Iowa, and Michigan and we find Canada away ahead of any of them. We have had bright sunshine all winter so far, only two nice, easy snow storms. If it was not all right you know I would not want my father and brother to come here, but we think it is grand.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. ED. TROUPE.

HARKER ACTED IN HASTE.

Man Who Came to "Start Something" Was All Right.

Harker was in a fierce humor the other morning when the front door opened and in walked a stranger unannounced.

"I came," began the stranger, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"What!" thundered Harker. "You didn't come in here to start anything, did you?"

"I did," replied the stranger, coolly, "—"

But he got no further. With a savage whoop Harker grabbed the intruder around the waist and deposited him on the sidewalk. Two hours later his wife returned.

"William," said she, "was there anyone here during my absence?"

"Yes," snorted Harker, "there was some lunatic here who said he came to start something, but I just bundled him out on the sidewalk before he had time to make a move."

"William, you are the biggest goose in town!"

"In what way?"

"Why, the man came to start the clock that hasn't been running for a week. He is a clockesmith."

Worth Knowing About.

If you need a first-class laxative, there is nothing better nor safer than that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills. Each pill contains one grain of solid extract of sarsaparilla, which, with other valuable vegetable products, make it a blood purifier of excellent character. If you are troubled with constipation, one pill at night will afford great relief.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

High Prices Paid for Pets.

A splinter with money to burn recently paid $5,000 for a bulldog. A man in Massachusetts has just bought a cow for $8,000. Walter Garvey has a hog for which he refused a cash offer of $4,000. James Keene refused $200,000 for Sysonby, a race horse. There are several roosters of fashionable blood priced as high as $800 each. You can buy a fine lion for $300 and a tiger for $700. If you are wealthy you can afford to have a craze for breeding fishes, and a fine male salmon, educated to pond life, might be worth $1,000. The $8,000 cow has one calf a year, worth $4,000. The female salmon may become the mother of 300,000 little fellows in the same time, worth in the aggregate possibly, as much as the calf.—N. Y. Press.

Money in Motor Manufacture.

About $60,000,000 is at present invested in England in the manufacture of motor wagons. About 250,000 men are employed in them, or as chauffeurs, etc., and their wages aggregate $75,000,000 a year.

Especially worthy of notice is Garfield Tea, Nature's remedy for constipation, sick-headache, liver and kidney derangements. It is made wholly of Herbs.

The king of the Belgians is said to be fonder of traveling about incognito than any other European monarch, and indulges this propensity to the fullest.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

No man ever asks a truthful woman what she thinks of him more than once.

GENERAL BREAKDOWN

A Condition Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Great Blood Tonic, Have Been Curing for Years.

There is no more perplexing trouble for a physician to treat than debility cases, especially in women, in which there is no actual disease but in which the patient every day sinks lower and lower despite changes of medicine and similar experiments.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health under these conditions is no speculation but the fact has been proved in hundreds of cases similar to that of Miss Sara Fiala, of 1004 St. John St., Litchfield, Ill. She says:

"I never felt well after my first child was born. I had a gnawing pain in my stomach and could not hold any food down. My head ached a great deal and sometimes the pain went all through my body. I had dizzy spells so that I could not stand and seemed to be half blinded with pain. These spells would often last for over an hour. My blood seemed to be in a very poor condition and my hands and feet were like ice. I seemed to be growing weaker and weaker and could not get around to do my work in the house. I was extremely nervous and the least excitement would bring on a dizzy spell.

"For a number of years I was under a doctor's care but seemed to get no better. I had heard about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began to take them. I soon felt better and gained in weight and strength. My nerves are strong now and I am a well woman in every way."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet of valuable information, entitled "Talks to Women," sent free on request.

COLONEL KNEW THE BOYS.

Fact Made Him Success as Collection Supervisor.

Bishop Talbot, the "Cowboy Bishop," who has recently told of his strange life as bishop among the cowboys and miners of early Wyoming and Idaho, had many an amusing experience and made hosts of devoted friends.

An incident at the close of one of his meetings in the dance hall of a mining town, is thus described:

"Another hymn was given out, and I was about to dismiss the congregation with my blessing, when Col. Burns, my landlord, stepped forward, and in a low but distinct voice said:

"'Bishop, haven't you forgot something?'

"'What do you mean?' said I.

"'Why, the hat,' replied the colonel. 'It won't do to forget the hat, for yesterday was pay day, and these boys have a lot of money, and if you don't get it the saloons will, and it is much better for you to have it.'

"'Very good,' I said. 'Have you any suggestions, colonel?'

"'Only this, bishop: I wish you would give us about five hymns. I want plenty of time. I do not want to be crowded. The boys are a little slow on collections.'

"I started over to the organ and we started in. Soon the colonel sneaked over the hat to the man immediately on my left. He was sitting on the edge of the platform. He pushed out a silver dollar, called as wheedle in the language of the camp, 'the second goal' third man on the bench got a dollar and followed the example of the fourth, each giving a dollar, but the fourth man seemed nervous, and hesitated while he fumbled in his pocket. After considerable delay he brought out a quarter.

"'Oh, put that back, Come, now, Bill, the bishop is not after small game today. White chips don't go here. He wants a wheel out of you. Hurry up.'

"The hymns were being rapidly used up, and at last the colonel returned to the platform with the hat. His face beamed with satisfaction. After the service I asked him why it took him so long.

"'O, he replied, 'bishop, you see, I charge up every feller accordin' to his pile. I know these boys. Most on 'em grub with me. I made one feller cough up a ten dollar gold piece, and you will find a good many fives in the hat.'

"I need not say that the collection was a generous one."

Told by Nature Students.

The nature students—everybody is a nature student nowadays—were trying to outdo one another.

"Eagles when they soar in search overhead shadow their young with outstretched wings," said the first. "On August afternoons I have seen a mother eagle stand patiently two full hours, her left wing spread like an umbrella, while in its cool shade her nestling slept."

"Squirrels," said the second, "can tell whether a nut is good or bad without opening it. A chestnut, a walnut, a shellbark—they lift it in their little paws, hold it to their faces a moment, then lay it in one heap or cast it aside. How do they tell? By the weight, by the sound? I incline to think they do it by the smell."

"Ostriches never set," said the third. "They lay their eggs on the pale Saharan sands and the sun does the rest. But before the ostriches depart from their eggs they place on the top of each a pinch of sand, for they know that the germ will mount to the top and that the sun's heat would kill the germ were it not protected."

"A trained elephant," said the fourth student, "danced very badly at a matinee performance and was accordingly beaten cruelly by its master. That night, hearing a shuffling noise outside, the monster crept forth and there in the moonlight he found the elephant carefully practicing its dance steps."

Butterflies in Battle.

"A battle of butterflies," said the Japanese viscount firmly.

"Impossible!" cried the woman on his right.

"Oh," the viscount insisted, "the thing is authenticated. It happened on August 20, 1889. Tales and poems without number have been written on it.

"On the afternoon of August 20 two opposing armies of the butterflies fought an *acrie* battle between Nojima and Kavasaki-Mura. The fight continued till sunset, when the smaller army turned and retreated, the victors pursuing it till all were lost in the rosy sunset haze. The ground beneath the combat was thickly strewn with wounded and dead warriors.

"The battle drew a thousand people. It occurred about 20 feet up in the air. The spectators were amazed and horror stricken to see these gentle blue butterflies grappling and struggling furiously and silently in a blue blizzard above their heads."

Shortcomings of the Horse.

The horse shied at a piece of white paper and the rider tumbled off into the mud.

"It is well for the world," said an automobilist, smiling, "that it is ceasing to use the horse for a servant. The horse is a half-blind giant with the mind of a baby. No wonder, then, that when we trust our lives in his keeping he is apt to go back on us.

"His main trouble is his eyes. So long as that is not fixed and he mistakes a bank of snow for a fierce white beast. A mud puddle at his feet is a yawning chasm. A shadow flung across his path is a black terror seeking his life.

"Hence the weak-minded, near-sighted, powerful horse goes through life beside himself with fear. He is no more to be trusted than a maniac and, like a maniac, he sees a monster awaiting him at every corner. Yet we get on his back, fools that we are."

His One Suit.

"Hello!" exclaimed Dooley, in his usual boorish way. "You here? Why haven't you got your Sunday clothes on?"

"I have got 'em on," replied Poorley with a conscious flush.

"Nonsense! Those are the clothes you wear every day."

"Well, Sunday's a day, isn't it?"

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one sure way to cure backache. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

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

MAJOR'S PURPOSE IN CUBA.

Had No Idea of Going There to Do the Cannibal Act.

An officer of the army tells how Maj. Whipple of the Second Massachusetts regiment, a veteran of the civil war, hastened to Washington when the Spanish war broke out and offered his services to President McKinley.

"In all officers as well as men, had to undergo a physical examination, and it was stated to Maj. Whipple that he would have to place himself in the hands of the examining doctors at Worcester.

Now, Maj. Whipple, while a man of great bodily strength and perfect health and activity, was a little deficient in the matter of teeth. An examining surgeon proposed to exclude him on that account.

Whereupon the major waxed wroth.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to Cuba to shoot Spaniards, not to eat 'em!"

The major went.—Harper's Weekly.

CASE OF ECZEMA IN SOUTH.

Suffered Three Years—Hands and Eye Most Affected—Now Well and Is Grateful to Cuticura.

"My wife was taken badly with eczema for three years, and she employed a doctor with no effect at all until she employed Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One of her hands and her left eye were badly affected, and when she would stop using Cuticura Soap and Ointment the eczema came back, but very slightly; but it did her a sight of good. Then we complied with the instructions in using the entire set of Cuticura Remedies and my wife is entirely recovered. She thanks Cuticura very much and will recommend it highly in our locality and in every nook and corner of our parish. God bless you for the sake of suffering humanity. I. M. Robert, Hydropolis, La., Jan. 5 and Sept. 1, 1906."

Burro Drivers Carry Candles.

In Mexico all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile, or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two wheels, must carry a light.

So, rather than buy lanterns, which cost money, they take a dip candle, and wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind, carry it in their left hand as they drive along homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light, falling strongly on the Indian driver, throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness.

Matrimonial Infelicity.

Divorces are, happily, rare in society circles. Separation by mutual consent, however, grows more frequent every year. Every one has upon his or her visiting list husbands and wives who never meet if they can help it, but between whom there has never been an open breach. Incompatibility of temper is the usual cause, and the reason for that is, one imagines, the still common custom of encouraging the younger generation to marry before they have begun to approach years of discretion.—London Throne.

Quick Cure Effected.

Saturday afternoon an Atchison young lady complained of sore and tired feet. She was so crippled that her father carried her upstairs. A few hours later she was invited to attend a dancing party that night. She not only went, but danced until three o'clock Sunday morning.—Atchison Globe.

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Mother Finds a Food for Grown-Ups and Children as Well.

Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.

Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptic.

A Phila. lady, after being benefited herself persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:

"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on, I had to be careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.

"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better, and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.

"My husband was also in a bad condition—his stomach became so weak that he could eat hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts, and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.

"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts, and more healthy children cannot be found." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."