FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could No Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, 8. Second Ave. Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying in five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells, and some times fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

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

AGE AFFECTS POETRY.

Orfis Boy—A lady with some poetry. Editor—How old?

Boy—Eight 18.

Editor—What!!! Show her in at once, boy.

SUFFERED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

With Eczema—Her Limb Peeled and Foot Was Raw—Thought Amputation Was Necessary—Believes Life Saved by Cuticura.

"I have been treated by doctors for twenty-five years for a bad case of eczema on my leg. They did their best, but failed to cure it. My doctor had advised me to have my leg cut off. At this time my leg was peeled from the knee, my foot was like a piece of raw flesh, and I had to walk on crutches. I bought a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the first two treatments the swelling went down, and in two months my leg was cured and the new skin came on. The doctor was surprised and said that he would use Cuticura for his own patients. I have now been cured over seven years, and but for the Cuticura Remedies I might have lost my life. Mrs. J. B. Renaud, 277 Mentana St., Montreal, Que., Feb. 20, 1907."

IMPORTANCE OF THE COMMA.

Getting Punctuation Mark in Wrong Place May Cause Trouble.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said Judge F. C. Downing of St. Louis.

"When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a peck of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of faulty punctuation. He had not meant to give some innocent young woman the slightest offense when he wrote a story about two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left the girls got drunk. Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."

Changed His Mind.

"Well, what are you doing there?" asked the lady, addressing a tramp who had just climbed a tree in time to escape a savage bulldog.

"Madam," replied the hobo, "it was my intention to ask for a hand-out, but in the interest of humanity I now request that you give any surplus food you may have on hand to my canine friend down there."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is richest and happiest of the children of men.—Langford.

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.

When women borrow trouble they richly pay back double.

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

In polite society a snub is a sort of upper cut.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE. A LAXATIVE. THE ONLY CONFECTIONERY. SAMPLES FREE. MARVIN MEDICAL CO. DETROIT, MICH.

YOUR HIDE TANNED HORSE or Cattle Hide made into warm robes. We are the oldest house doing this kind of work. Get circulars, and know how. Write for prices. THE WORTHING & ALBER CO., Hillsdale, Mich.

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The GIRL from IT'S PLACE

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 9-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who had resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray accompany same. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by Silk and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker, strange tracks are found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Angel and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Brownville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale. And finds life unpleasant at Ann Comfort's, made especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of Mike Guire and the two fight to the death, finding a watch and chain together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

For a long hour she sat there while the tide of feeling ebbed and fears came unchecked, and then the reaction came. With it, also, came somewhat of the old courage and defiance that had once led her to face night, danger, and 60 miles of wilderness alone.

"I have made a mistake," she said, sitting up, and Hannah was right. I am a nobody here, and Ray has been told so and has kept away."

And now with returning calm, and soothed—maybe, by the still, ethereal night, she saw herself, her past and present, as it all was. Back in an instant she sped in thought to the moment when, kneeling to these people, she begged for food, back to that first prayer she ever heard in the tent, and the offer of rescue that followed.

And then her life here, with all its hopes and humiliation, rose before her.

"It was all my own fault," she cried, looking away to the village where lights twinkled; "I am not their sort, nor they mine. I'd better go away."

Then, lifted a wee bit by this new resolve, she rose and returned to the house.

The tall clock in the sitting room was just chiming ten when she entered, and Aunt Comfort was there alone.

Raymond was here this evening," she said gladly, "and waited quite a spell. Where have you been?"

"Oh, nowhere," answered Chip, pleasantly, "only I was lonesome and went out for a walk."

Little did good Aunt Comfort realize what a volcano of hope, despair, shame and tender love was concealed beneath that calm answer, or the new resolve budding in Chip's heart.

No more did Ray suspect it when he met her coming home from school the next afternoon.

For during those two wretched hours when she was alone on the worn schoolhouse step, poor Chip McGuire, the low-born, pitiful waif, had become a woman and put away girlish impulses.

"I couldn't come to see you that first evening," he said at once, for uncle and aunty kept me talking till bedtime. Where were you last night?"

"Oh, I didn't much think you would come," answered Chip, calmly, smiling at him in a far-off, way. "I am a nobody here, as you will soon find out, and I don't expect anything. I got lonesome last night and went off for a walk."

Ray looked at her in wide-eyed astonishment. And well he might, for only two short days since she had met him, she was simple girl, and now she spoke like a woman. No word, no hint of his neglect, escaped her; but a cool indifference was apparent.

"Tell me about the woods and Old Cy," she said, not waiting for him to speak again, "and how is he keepin'? I want to know all about them."

"Oh, I left 'em all right," answered Ray, sullenly, for like a boy he wanted to be coaxed. And then, urged a little by Chip, he told his winter's experience.

One episode interested her most of all—the strange trapper's doings, his theft of their game, their pursuit of him and discovery of his hiding spot.

"I know who that was," she said, when it was all described. "It was my father, and if he had caught you lying upon him, I guess he'd shot you both. He always used to go somewhere trapping every fall; but nobody could ever find where."

This return to the memories of the wilderness wore away something of Chip's cool reserve, and when the house was reached her eyes had grown tender.

"I shall be glad to see you often—as—as your folks will let you come," she said, somewhat timidly when they parted; and scarce understanding this speech, Ray left her.

"Chip has changed a whole lot," he said to his aunt a little later, "and I wish she hadn't; she don't seem the same any more."

"I'm glad of it if she has," answered Angie, smiling at him. "There was need enough of it."

CHAPTER XIX.

Old Cy had builded wiser than he realized when he coaxed Ray to spend a winter in the woods.

The long tramps through the vast wilderness; the keen hunt for signs of mink, fisher, otter, and wildcat, with constant guard against danger; the unremitting though restful labor of gum-gathering; the far-sighted need for winter preparation; and last but not least Old Cy's cheerful philosophy, had broadened the lad and developed both muscle and mind.

His success, too, had encouraged him. He was eager to try another season there, and planned for hiring men to gather gum, and saw in this vocation possible future.

But the change in Chip puzzled him. He had returned, expecting to find her the same timid, yet courageous little girl, ready to be his companion at all times and to kiss him when he chose—a somewhat better-educated girl, of course, using more refined language, but otherwise the same confiding child, as it were.

She was all this the day of his return; and then, presto! like a sudden blast of cold air came a change. Too loyal to her to question any one, he could only wonder why this change.

He called again soon after that first, unsatisfying walk home with her, to find her the same cool, collected young lady. She was nice to him, induced him to talk of the woods once more and his own plans; but it was not the Chip of old who listened, but quite another person.

"I am going back to the lake with uncle and aunt," he said at last, "and I mean to coax them to take you along. You have been shut up in school so long, it will do you good."

"Please don't say a word to them about it," she urged, in hurt tone, "for it will do no good. I wouldn't go, anyway."

"Not go to the woods if you could."

"I Wish You Were Going Back with Us."

he exclaimed in astonishment; "why, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," she returned firmly, and then added wistfully, "I'd fly there, if I had wings. I'd give my life, almost, for one more summer like the last. But I shall not go again now, and maybe never."

It was unaccountable and quite beyond Ray's ken—this strange decision of hers—and her "Please don't say any more about it" closed the subject.

Another and even greater shock came to Ray when late that evening, on the porch, he essayed to kiss her.

"No, no; please don't," she said with almost a sob, pushing him away. "It's silly now, and—and—you mustn't."

A week later school closed, and Chip's conduct was then also a puzzle to Miss Phinney. As usual on these occasions, when the hour came, each pupil, young and old, filed past the teacher at her desk, the boys to shake hands, the girls to be kissed, and all bade good-by, after which they trooped away, glad to escape.

This ceremony now took place as usual. All departed except Chip, and she remained at her desk. Some intuition of pity or sympathy drew Miss Phinney to her at once; and then, at the first word from her, Chip gave up the ice—not light ones, but sobs that shook her as a great grief. Vainly Miss Phinney tried to cheer and console her, stroking the bowed head until her own eyes grew misty.

"I didn't mean to give way," Chip said at last, looking up and brushing away the tears, "but you've been so good and patient with me, I couldn't help it. I hain't many friends here, I guess, and—" choking back another sob—"I shall be more lonesome'n ever."

It was true enough, as Miss Phinney well understood, and somehow her heart went out to this unfortunate girl now, as never before.

"You mustn't think about that," she said at last, in her most soothing voice, "but come and see me as often as you can—every day, if you like, for I shall always be glad to have you. I'd keep on studying, if I were you," she added, as Chip brightened. "It will help you on, and I will gladly hear you recite every day."

Then hand in hand, like two sisters, they left the dear old schoolhouse. Little did Miss Phinney, good soul that she was, realize how recently poor Chip had cried her heart almost out on its well worn sill, or that never again would this strange, winsome woman-grown pupil enter that temple.

At the parting of their ways the two embraced, kissed, and with tear-dimmed eyes separated.

"I can't account for it," Miss Phinney said to herself when well away. "It may be a love affair with young Stetson, or it may be something worse."

That evening she called on Angie. The result was fruitless so far as obtaining any light upon this puzzling matter was concerned, for Angie was either blind to the situation, or feigned ignorance.

"They were together all last summer, of course," she said, "in fact, they were forced to be like two children, you know. I was glad to have it so, feeling it would benefit the girl. If any love flame was started then, it has had ample time to die out since."

"There is something else the matter with Chip, then," Miss Phinney rejoined, "she has been moody and quite upset at times for the past few weeks, and to-day when school closed, she sobbed like a broken-hearted woman. It was quite pathetic, and I had to cry myself."

That night Angie took counsel of her husband.

"Well, what if it is so," he responded to her suggestion that a love affair might have started between them. "It won't harm either. So far as I've observed, the girl couldn't have been better behaved since she came here. She has never missed an hour at school all winter, no matter how cold it has been. Her father says she has made wonderful progress. She has attended church with you every Sunday, and

Klew Hay Did Not Grow in Lumps.

City Youth Could Believe Much but There Was a Limit.

The younger son of a well-known politician of Chicago has spent pretty much all of his life in the big city by the lake, and, consequently, knows little of country ways and things. Not long ago he visited a man he had met in Chicago, and who maintains a big farm near Cairo, whither he had insisted the youngster come for a lengthy stay. One day the Chicago youth was wandering about the farm, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. "What are you searching for, Jimmy?" asked the owner of the place, with a quizzical smile. "Where are the doors and windows?" asked Jimmy. "Doors and windows! Why, Jimmy, that's a haystack. "Look here, old man," exclaimed Jimmy; "I may be only a green person from the city, but you can't bluff me that way. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that!"—Harper's Weekly.

Hours of Deepest Sleep.

The period of deepest sleep varies from three to five o'clock. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken your self one or two o'clock. But when four o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to rouse you.

You are not likely to make straight ruth by twisting scripture texts.

QUITE AS BAD.

Griggs—The idea of your letting your wife go 'round saying she made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that.

Briggs—No, but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best.

GRAND TRUNK ANNOUNCES DETAILS OF GENEROUS PENSION FUND FOR EMPLOYEES.

A splendid Christmas box was handed out to its men yesterday by the Grand Trunk, in the shape of an announcement of the details of its new pension system, which is of a most generous nature. The pension fund will be entirely contributed by the company, the men not being assessed one cent for its maintenance or administration. It will affect every member of the staff from Charles M. Hays down to the humblest section man while provision is also made for men incapacitated by accident or otherwise or even men discharged without cause, and otherwise eligible under the pension rules.

The establishment of this pension system was approved at the last annual meeting of the shareholders when the handsome sum of $200,000 was voted as a nucleus. In addition to the income from this sum, however, it is estimated that the company will have to supplement this by a large sum, varying from $70,000 to $75,000 a year. The rules of the Grand Trunk pension fund will apply from the highest to the lowest of the staff from the general manager himself down to the humblest section man or gatekeeper. They require absolutely the retirement from active service of every officer or employe when attaining the age of 65, and if he has entered the service before the age of 50 years, and has served for a period of 15 years, or more, he is entitled with the approval of the pension fund committee to an annuity of 1 per cent. of the average annual salary paid for ten continuous years, for each year of uninterrupted employment, the basis of calculation being the same as that practically universal on this continent.

Thus if a man has served say 30 years, receiving an average of $1,000 per annum ($83.33 per month) on the pay rolls of the company for the last ten years—or for any period of ten years during his term of service—he would be entitled to 1 per cent. of $1,000=$10.30 years, or $300 per annum, equal to $25 per month.

The company, however, have made a provision that irrespective of rate of pay or service, the minimum allowance to be paid under any circumstances will be $200 per annum, and this without any counterbalancing maximum.

Effect of Serving on Grand Jury.

There is one sure way to get a man interested in the proceedings of the criminal courts, said the gray-headed man, and that is to put him on a grand jury. Just let a man once serve the public in that capacity and thenceforward he becomes an indefatigable student of the criminal records. The result of his experience is, in a way, inevitable. Naturally any man with a spark of curiosity about him is anxious to know the outcome of the trials of the persons he has found indictments against. In following these cases through the various courts he acquires an interest in judicial proceedings that really never dies.—N. Y. Sun.

Stop That Cough

before it becomes chronic. Get Brown's Bronchial Troches, the best preparation known for coughs.

The man who attends strictly to his own business has a good steady job.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E.W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A lot of so-called golden silence is only plated.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ a BOTTLE

The Last Wishes.

Vicar's Wife—No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns?

Old Woman (cheerfully)—Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon.—London Punch.

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.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

After sizing up their husbands, we don't blame some women for being fond of dogs.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE
75 "Guarantee"

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress From Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brent Good
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SEVERAL COUNTIES
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Since supervisors have been empowered to send drunk and drug users to an institute for treatment several have taken advantage of it with excellent results. A number of men and women have been treated at the Keeley Institute in Grand Rapids, Mich., and alone refunding to their homes have been a credit to the institute and to themselves. The results are so thorough and satisfactory that parties concerned that a great many counties are making arrangements to help unfortunate members of their community. These habits can be and are cured by this institute. The care and personal attention given each individual patient is bringing people from all over the Union to this institute for treatment. For detailed information, write the

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All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1861 and 1865 and who honorably discharged are entitled to additional homestead rights which I buy. If soldier is dead, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Find some soldier in all the wars. Write me at once, after the war and I assess ended government land. Get busy. Don't delay. Address, Write HENRY N. COFF, Washington, D. C. for further particulars.

"OUCH" OH, MY BACK

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