HER HUSBAND

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

MISS. SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes:

"I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help.

"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did.

"My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough.

"Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved.

"I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

WRITER OF REAL TALENT.

Evidently the Bushby Clarion Had a Genius on Its Staff.

The editor of the Bushby Clarion leaned back in his chair and surveyed his visitor with a solemn and unwinking gaze. "You want to know if there's any good reporter in this town?" he said; impressively. "Well, there is. There's Gid Hobart."

"What sort of work can he do?" asked the visitor.

"His capabilities haven't had their full chance yet," said the editor, slowly, "but he's getting on, and I'm afraid we shall lose him before long. Why, last week that fellow wrote a two-column account of a fire that was thrilling, I tell you!"

"Farmhouse, old mother, grandfather born there, and so forth, I suppose?" said the visitor.

"No, sir!" said the editor. "It was a deserted ben-house, that's what it was. I can tell you, that takes talent! We can't expect to keep Gid with us always."—Youth's Companion.

Saved From Being a Cripple for Life.

"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKey, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life.

"About 12 years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain.

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

WAIT TILL HE SEES THE BILL.

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, then there'll be no surprise this year."

"Won't there! I'll bet you there is, only he'll get it instead of me."

Disposing of the Baby.

Little Freddy was the only child in the family. He had no little sisters or brothers to play with him, so when he was told that a baby sister had come, he was very happy. But he soon found that father and mother did not pay so much attention to him as they formerly had, and that baby seemed to be considered of more account than he. This worried Freddy, but he suddenly thought of something which would help him out of his trouble. Some weeks before his father had put a sign up: "Ashes to Give Away; Inquire Within." Freddy remembered that a man had come and taken the ashes away. So he got to work, and one day surprised his father by displaying another sign, hung in a prominent place: "A Baby to give away. Inquire of Freddy."

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS FOR POULTRY OWNERS

OVER FAT HENS

Question:—My Plymouth Rocks are big, fat and lazy, and lay no eggs. What can I do?—*O. S. G., Mich.*

Reply:—Give them more exercise in deep litter. Feed less corn and more scraps. Be sure to mix Pratts Poultry Regulator with the feed twice daily. It is a sure egg producer.

WANTS BOOK ON POULTRY

Question:—Can you tell me where I can secure a cheap, but practical book on Poultry? Something new and right down to date.—*R. T. D., Mich.*

Reply:—We take pleasure in recommending a book just out entitled "Pratts New Poultry Book" and by dropping a postal card to Department R., Pratt Food Company, Philadelphia, Pa., you can obtain a copy. This book treats very intelligently on everything relating to Poultry.

SOAKING THE GRAIN

Question:—Is it of any value to soak grain before feeding? I thought this might make it more digestible.—*B. M. C., Mich.*

Reply:—No particular value in this. Feeding soaked grains may cause the crop to pack, and in addition we feel that it is not worth the trouble. We have fed them dry for eight years without any bad effects.

LICE

Question:—I have been very successful in getting eggs all winter by using Pratts Poultry Regulator, but my hens are now troubled with lice. Will you please give me a good remedy.—*G. B. C., Mich.*

Reply:—This same firm, "Pratts," manufacture a wonderful Lice Killer which can be obtained at any of the stores. Would recommend your trying it.

(Copyright.)

"Of course, dear, suit yourself about it. If you think you would like the Hotel ——— better, why, we will go there. But I imagine you will find these large hotels very much the same."

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered listlessly.

The waiter came up now, filled their glasses and placed the menu before him. He looked at it a moment, then handed it over to her.

"Perhaps you had better order—" his voice was strained.

She flushed, a deep, painful flush, as she took the card and gave the order. When the waiter had gone, she leaned back, her eyes wandering over the brilliantly lighted cafe.

It was becoming intolerable—this thing between them, this consciousness that he knew—that for weeks he had known. She felt now that, from the first, even before she had admitted it to herself, with the quick intuition of his love he had known—that she was ashamed of him! Ashamed of his awkwardness, his ignorance, his inability to act and dress and look like the men around them!

No word had passed between them; in no direct way had either of them referred to it, yet she knew it was never quite out of their minds.

It began with their first week in New York. She had chosen to live at the most quiet, the most exclusive hotel in the city, a place rarely invaded by the western millionaire; and it had come like a blow—the contrast between the men there and her husband.

She fought against the feeling that was aroused in her, she told herself of his sterling worth and manliness; and yet she was constantly comparing him with these men of the world, these clubmen with their air of ease and nonchalance; with the way they

"Perhaps You Had Better Order."

walked and stood and lounged about, the way they wore their clothes—the countless things that made up their bearing.

It was an infinite relief when the dinner was over.

In their own room, still with averted eyes, she drew a chair to the light and picked up a magazine. But her glance remained fixed on one short paragraph.

He made no pretense of reading, but stood at the window looking down at the street below. For a long time he stood there. Then he entered his own room, closing the door after him.

The light burned in his room until long after midnight. In her own darkened room she tried in vain to sleep. Tossing restlessly, her thoughts went back over the 14 months of their marriage.

The first year had been spent on his Montana ranch, and then some mining interests had called him to New York, for only a few days, as he thought. But the days had lengthened into weeks, and still he was detained.

With a marvelously quick adaptability she had acquired the style and air of the New York women.

But with him it had been different, perhaps because he had never felt the need to be anything but himself, and perhaps because he had been too busy and indifferent to think of it. But gradually he had come to feel her unspoken criticisms and his self-consciousness became infinitely worse than his previous careless indifference. Now he was constantly trying to please her, and only succeeded in being more consciously awkward than ever.

As she lay there in the dark, watching the light from his room, there came to her a great longing to blot out these two months in New York. They had been so happy in that year on his ranch. She had gloried in his strength and manhood; his very crudeness and simplicity she had loved then.

Years of contrition and tenderness came to her eyes. She would go to him now, creep into his arms and tell him that she loved him; that nothing else mattered.

She slipped out of bed, threw a loose robe around her and knocked softly at his door. He was still dressed, lying on the couch, shading his eyes from the light. He had heard neither her knock nor her quiet entrance. For a full moment she stood there before he saw her. Then he rose quickly.

"Why, Elizabeth, I thought you were asleep."

"No—I—" She started toward him, but he made no movement to meet her; his face reflected none of the tenderness that she felt was in her own. And in that second she realized what the past two months had done—the extent of the alienation it had brought.

"I—thought perhaps you had some of those bromide tablets; my head has been aching."

"Why, yes, I think I have some." He got them for her. "Is that all? Is there anything else I can do?"

She shook her head. "No, this will probably put me to sleep."

In her own room again, she crept into bed with a miserable sense of failure and a vague feeling of dread. Where was this estrangement leading them? How would it end? It was nearly dawn when at last she slept.

That morning he went to his office early. He did not come into her room until he was leaving; he was carrying his hat and coat. He came up to the bed and kissed her quietly good-by.

She had wanted to put up her arms and draw him down beside her; to tell him good-by with all her old love and caresses. But she had not; she had lain very still, answering quietly that her head was better. A moment later she heard the click of the elevator down the hall. He had gone.

The day dragged painfully. She felt strangely alone and desolate. Even the shops failed to interest her. Once she started to telephone her husband, and then in quick fear had hung up the receiver. What was there to say?

When he came home that evening later than usual, she felt it was purposely to avoid their accustomed chat before dinner. He went immediately into his room to dress.

In half an hour they were seated at their table in the cafe. They had reached the entree when the woman whose dress had been torn last night swept in and was seated by the head waiter at a table next to theirs. She saw the color in her husband's face deepen.

And then—confused and embarrassed by the sudden appearance of this woman, his hand hit against a slender dish of tartar sauce near the edge of the table and sent it splashing to the floor.

In one agonized glance she saw the bespattered, ruined gown of the woman and the furious anger in her face. Then she bowed her head that she might not see the wretched mortification of her husband. She heard his pitiful attempts at an apology and felt the frozen silence of the woman. The waiter came up hurriedly, removed the broken dish and wiped up the floor.

A scream—shrill, piercing—rang through the room! Another and still another—screams of agony and terror. People started to their feet. Through the swinging doors used by the waiters rushed a figure enveloped in flames.

Some one screamed "Fire!" There was a rush for the doors. Then above the din and confusion rose her husband's voice, clear and stern.

"Stop! There is no fire!" If there is, you are perfectly safe—on the first floor. Help me with this girl! Quick! Rugs—coats—something!"

There, in a far corner where he had caught the girl, was her husband—alone, rolling her on the floor, his coat around her.

With something like shame in their faces for their instinctive cowardice, two or three men rose from where they lay in their coats. There were no rugs and the strips of carpet between the tables were fastened to the polished floor.

Someone tried to pull off a tablecloth, with a loud crashing of china, and someone jerked down a lace curtain—all the needless, senseless things that people do in such cases.

But it was her husband, unheeding their useless efforts, who was still beating the flames that clung to the girl. At last he had them smothered.

And then, still unmindful of his hands that were cruelly burned, her husband carefully unwrapped the coats from the poor, blackened creature that lay there. The people stood back, watching him breathlessly. They seemed incapable of action or speech.

Some one whispered that it was a pantry girl who had overturned an alcohol lamp as she was placing it under a coffee urn.

A few moments later a doctor made his way through the crowd and then two white-coated ambulance attendants lifted the still unconscious girl on a stretcher and carried her out.

The people were now crowding around her husband, praising his courage and bravery and presence of mind. They pressed forward to shake his hand, and were horrified to find that his hands, his wrists, even his arms, were burned.

Some one touched Elizabeth on the shoulder. She turned. It was the woman who had sat opposite them. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I haven't the courage to speak to your husband, but I want to tell you how sorry I am for my rudeness in—in ignoring his apologies. I—I am very sorry. I wish you would tell him that."

She was gone before Elizabeth, in her embarrassment and agitation, could find any words for a reply.

Later, in their own rooms, after the doctor had left, and he lay on the couch with helpless, bandaged hands, Elizabeth came over and knelt beside him. For a while neither spoke; then he realized that she was sobbing quietly.

"Elizabeth, what is it, dear?"

She made no answer, only crept closer to him.

Clumsily he tried to smooth her hair, but she took the poor hand in both of hers, covering it with kisses and tears. Then he understood, for he only said, tenderly:

"Elizabeth—dear little Elizabeth!"

It Never Quits.

"Cheer up," he urged. "We'll come out all right yet."

"It is all very well to be cheerful," his wife bitterly replied, "when there is anything to be cheerful about, but in our case there doesn't seem to be any hope. You lost your own fortune, to begin with, and now they have taken from you what money I inherited."

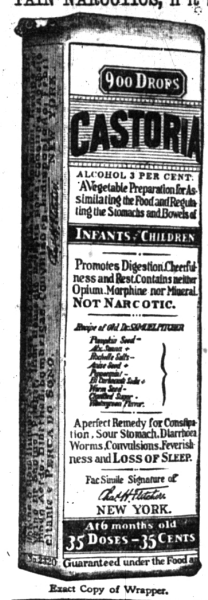
"I know, but why give up? Learn a lesson from the peach crop."

One of Dickens' Truths.

Throughout life our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.—Charles Dickens.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: *"A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death."* The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. J. W. Dimdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria is, deserves the highest praise. I find it in use everywhere."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Boarman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."

Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

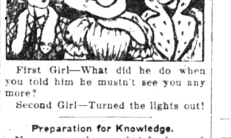
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SENSIBLE CHAP.



First Girl—What did he do when you told him he mustn't see you any more?

Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

Preparation for Knowledge.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we can not see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—Emerson.

Selfish Etiquette.

Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for number one." Here are two of them:

"When cake is passed, do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best.

"Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it, or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret."—Youth's Companion.

He Was Practical.

"Young man, you write a good deal of poetry to my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"It takes a practical man to support a wife."

"Well, it's this way. I have to write her an occasional letter, and I'm so busy at the office that I just copy the poetry to fill in."

The explanation was satisfactory.—Exchange.

Honorable Youth.

"Here, you, sir!" cried Miss Roxley's angry papa, "how dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Nervey, "I might have worn a mask, of course, but that would have been deceitful."

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and nervousness. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

COMMON PHRASE.

"Something hard to beat."

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well —Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C—— gave her up. Dr. R—— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

Waited for a Man.

First Cyclist—What's in the handbox, Bill, and where's the girl?

Second Cyclist—That contains my puncture-mending device. I get them mended quickly and well without lifting a finger.

First Cyclist—Tell us!

Second Cyclist—That box contains a lady's skirt and picture hat; when I puncture I've only to don them and wait!

First Cyclist—By Jove, that's clever!

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

So Polite.

"She hasn't any cause to be snippy with me. The last time I saw her I'm sure I did the politest thing I could."

"What did you do?"

"We were on a car and when a man offered me a seat I said to her: 'You take it, dear; you're the older.'"

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Belgium Buying Autos.

Belgium is now importing yearly about $1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. These imports have quadrupled in four years.

Both Sides of the Argument.

"Does your wife prefer rugs or carpets?"

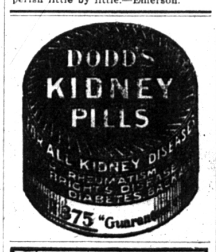
"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "rugs are more convenient. But it isn't as much fun to watch a man struggle with them."

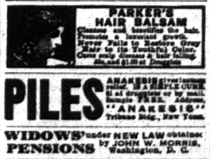
If You Have Common Sore Eyes, if lines blur or run together, you need PETTITS EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wise women get their rights without talking about them.

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

He that despiseth small things will perish little by little.—Emerson.





PILES ANAKESIS Relief in 20 minutes. CURE in 10 days. Sold by druggists or by mail. Trial package FREE. "ANAKESIS" Tribune Bldg., New York.

WIDOWS PENSIONS Under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successful since CAUTION.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little 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.

160 Acre FARMS Western Canada FREE

Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in

WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been Opened for Settlement under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are to be now easily had in the great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid markets and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

HOMESEEKERS NEW TERRITORY

PUBLIC LAND OPENING

under the Carey law, along irrigation canal now finished; land with perpetual water right, $10 to $15 per acre on long time and small payments; also irrigated farms. Single men, men and wife are entitled to a section of smooth, productive irrigable land. Land near Rock Springs, Wyoming. Free timber for fuel and improvements. A white pine lumber, $10 per thousand (lines of fishing and large and small game hunting; millions of acres of good grazing land free, because water cannot be had). 1908. For official bulletin, post cards, etc., send four cents in stamps to C. B. SHAPP, Official Agent, Boulder Canal Lands, Rock Springs, Wyoming. If you are coming wire at once. No drawing for numbers.

Afflicted with sore eyes? Use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 22, 1908.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes are the standard of excellence the world over. They are absolutely unsurpassed for style, comfort and wearing qualities. The prices are the same, quality considered, as those asked for other makes. The more you pay the more you will realize our shoes are the best shoes for the money. Their superiority is due to the fact that we have the largest facilities for producing the best shoes that can be made at a moderate price. Every pair is guaranteed. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, send for catalog. Mailed free. Shoes sent anywhere. Postage free. Fast color eyelets used. Write for catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price