Nothing Too Good

for you. That's why we want you to take CASCARETS for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of CASCARETS that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by CASCARETS alone. 999

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

SMOKE A Stadium 5¢ CIGAR AND BE HAPPY

WAS JUST COPYING MAMMA

Child's Actions That at First Mystified Father Were Easily Explained.

The little six-year-old daughter of a well-known club woman was found in her play room the other day doing all kinds of acrobatic stunts and gesticulating wildly and weirdly.

"What are you doing?" asked the child's father.

"I'm playing I'm mamma," she answered. Then she made more unique movements with her little arms and said, "There, father, you accept them. That's what they do when mamma invites them."

"What shall I accept?" asked the father, still more mystified, "and what does mamma make? Tell me what you are doing."

"Why," she said, "I'm playing that I am mamma at her club. Whenever mamma goes to her club she makes motions and the others accept them. I heard her say so over the telephone to Mrs. Smith this morning."—Illustrated Magazine.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

Mrs. Gunnm—And what d'yer think of that there Jones as is moved in next door but one to you?

Mrs. Jawkins—Why, I don't like talking about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know, but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be.

Wifely Solicitude.

Appealing to the police to find her husband, who went to work and had not returned home at eight o'clock, but requesting that the officers neither arrest nor "talk cross" to him, a woman left a note in the hands of Patrolman Hickerson at Sixth and Edmond streets containing information concerning the missing husband.

The note in addition to giving a description of the missing man read that the wife "was worried nearly sick because it was the first time that he had done this."

"I don't want you to arrest him," continued the note. "Tell the police to please not talk cross to him."—St. Joseph Gazette.

Advantages.

"You must have found the arctic circle very unpleasant."

"Yes," replied the arctic explorer; "but it has its advantages. The climate is disagreeable, but the people aren't always worrying you about proofs."

CHILDREN AFFECTED
By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mothers' milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babes.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach.

"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and, at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk.

"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "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.

BRANT SHOOTING ON GREAT SOUTH BAY

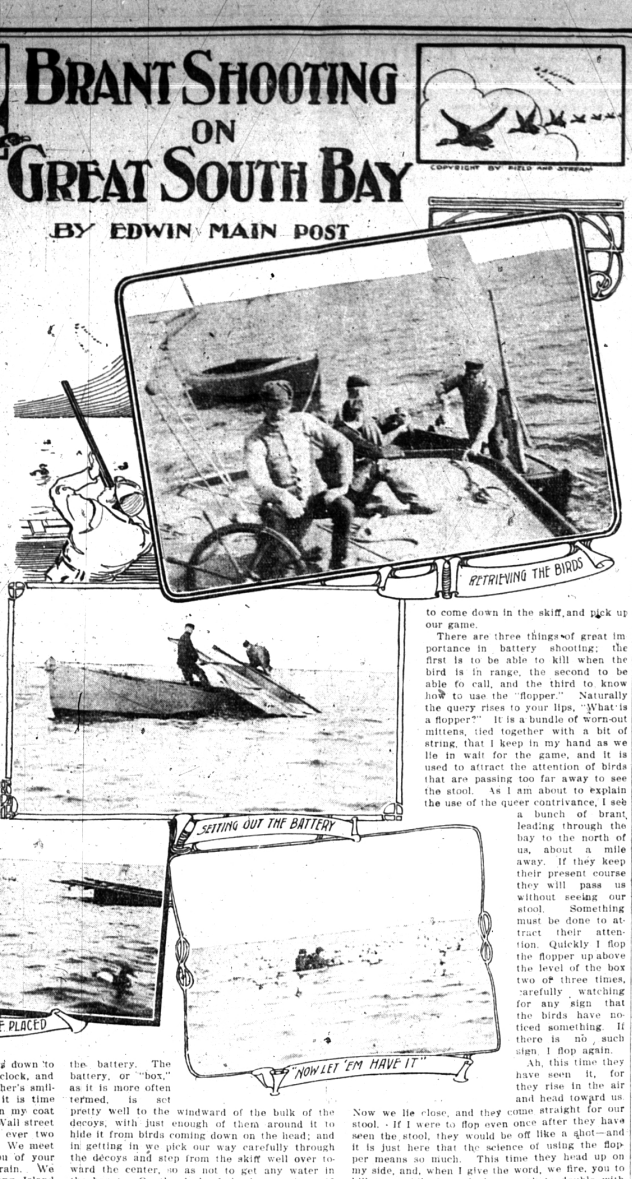
BY EDWIN MAIN POST

COPYRIGHT BY FIELD AND STREAM

THIRTY years ago this spring my wise father built a flat-bottomed sloop, 45 feet long on the keel and 17 feet wide, with an enclosed cabin that has square windows instead of portholes, and a headroom of six feet all over it. This cabin is 21 feet long, and consists of one large room with four wide berths, and a toilet room and a kitchen on either side of the centerboard, at the forward end.

Father named the boat Macy, after an old friend, and has had her continuously in commission since she was launched; and Andrew Sammis, her first captain, is still in charge—a bit gray now, but still the same careful and trustworthy skipper as of yore. With the opening of the ducking season in October she goes into what we call winter commission, and when the end of the season comes around she is hauled out, thoroughly overhauled and prepared for the summer's work. A few years ago we built an overhanging stern on her and installed a gasoline engine, so that we are no longer the slaves of the wind god. The "Macy's Baby," as the stoolboat that carries the battery is called, is always at her stern. To this, with the addition of two skiffs and one or more dinkies for use in the ice, makes quite a formidable tow for the old boat. When we have more than a day or two to spend in the quest for the wily duck, we send the Macy out early to get a good place, and have a catboat meet us at the dock to sail over to her. Generally we catch a train that arrives at Babylon at half-past three o'clock, and we reach the dock ten minutes afterwards.

Lay aside for a few moments your troubles and worries, and come with us down to kill some brant. It is half-past one o'clock, and I look up from my desk and see my father's smiling face as he says: "Come, Buster, it is time to start." In a moment I have put on my coat and hat, and we are on our way to the Wall street entrance of the subway, as happy as ever two schoolboys starting on a holiday were. We meet you on the platform, and I relieve you of your bag or gun as we board a Brooklyn train. We change at Atlantic avenue to the Long Island train, and soon are at Jamaica, where we change once more to the local steam train, and while away the next hour in swapping stories. The train stops at Babylon, and we pile out on the platform and into the dilapidated hack that takes us down to the dock. As it is early in the season and the days have not yet shortened enough to make it impossible for us to reach our destination before dark, the Macy is awaiting us, anchored just off the dock, and we see our good George coming off in the little skiff to speedily set us on board.



As you board the skiff you will not have to ask George, "Are there any birds?" for he will say: "Brant." Why, there's 5,000,000 of the cusses in Cedar Island cove. We'll have some o' them critters, and don't you forget it." Captain Andrew greets us with a cheery "Good day, gentlemen," as we reach his side, and you enter the cabin to find upon the table a pleasant welcome in the shape of a generous drink for each of us. My father's hearty toast, "Glad to see you on board, sir," makes you feel at home at once.

We promptly lay aside our "store clothes" and don our old shooting things, as the men get the anchor up and hoist the sail, and are soon in the cockpit enjoying the fresh air. Our progress is slow and stately, due to the flotilla behind us, but we have only about four miles to go. Notice now the third member of our crew, a big, tall, fair-haired man with a smile that never comes off. This is Ansel, a newcomer to the Macy in comparison with the skipper, for Ansel has been with us only 20 years. He is a very important personage, for he is the engineer, chef, mate, general utility man and fun-maker for us all. Hark! There is his voice now calling us to dinner.

You sit down before a smoking leg of lamb and dishes of vegetables, with an appetite to which you have been a stranger for a long time, and eat and eat of the good things before you until you are astonished at yourself. Topping off with some of the chef's famous pudding, and helping yourself to a good cigar from the box on the centerboard trunk, you are content. I take the wheel to let the men go below to eat their dinner, and by the time they have finished we arrive at the place where we will test out the battery in the morning.

At ten o'clock we turn into our berths ready for an early call to breakfast. At four o'clock we are called, and by the time we are dressed the breakfast is piping hot on the table. We hurry through our meal to let the men eat theirs, and while they are fixing out the battery and stool, we take a bit of a nap.

The skipper calls us when he sees the men have the stool nearly all out, and you and I put on our sweaters and a dark coat, take our guns and shells, and get into the skiff, to be rowed to the battery. The battery, or "box," as it is more often termed, is set pretty well to the windward of the bulk of the decoys, with just enough of them around it to hide it from birds coming down on the head; and in getting in we pick our way carefully through the decoys and step from the skiff well over toward the center, so as not to get any water in the boxes. On the deck of the box we have 12 iron decoys that are cut off on the bottom, so as to loom up higher than those on the water, and these we distribute around, heads to the wind, to make the box lay level. We each have a rubber cloth and an old sweater to lie on, and a cloth-covered rubber pillow for our heads. Adjusting these comfortably, we load our guns, cock them and place them against the side on our right hand, taking care to keep at least two inches of the barrels over the end of the box, so that in case of an accidental discharge there will be no hole blown in the box. Long experience in battery shooting has taught me that the longer the barrels of a gun are, the safer it is, and I heartily recommend 32 inch barrels.

Being all ready to lie down, with only our eyes above the level of the water, and await the coming of our quarry. Two men with sharp eyes can keep a pretty thorough watch, except just behind them, and birds coming from that quarter generally swing off to one side or the other of the stool so that they can set their wings and flight among the decoys headed up to the wind. You, as the guest of honor, are in the left-hand box, and just as the sun is rising I see a bunch of brant coming in over the beach from the ocean where they have been roosting. If they are headed in our direction, and I think they will pass near enough to see our stool, we lie very close, and occasionally I call them; but the moment they see the stool—and you can always tells this, because they give a sort of dart up in the air and, if they are coming in, settle down again headed toward us—I make no further calls, but say to you: "They are coming in on your side. Lie perfectly still until I say 'Now,' and then give it to them."

It is one of the most inspiring sights in the world to see a bunch of these lordly birds headed for the stool, and a great many people are deceived as to the distance they are off, on account of their great size—often losing a chance by raising too quickly. I watch them with one eye above the edge of the box as they set their wings and come gracefully to the stool, and when they are in good range, I say: "Now! Let's try 'em!" and we sit up with our guns in our hands and fire. As they are on your side and headed up to windward, you will get the best show, because I must shoot at the left of the bunch and will not have as good a chance to catch a double as you. You can count on my killing fight and left however, and as my second bird starts to fall, I see you have three down.

"Well done, my friend. We are not going to be skunked to-day. There are five of them, anyway."

We both reload our guns, and I take my cap in my hand and swing it until I see an answering signal from the Macy. This means that they are to come down in the skiff and pick up our game.

There are three things of great importance in battery shooting; the first is to be able to kill when the bird is in range, the second to be able to call, and the third to know how to use the "flopper." Naturally the query rises to your lips, "What is a flopper?" It is a bundle of worn-out mittens, tied together with a bit of string, that I keep in my hand as we lie in wait for the game, and it is used to attract the attention of birds that are passing too far away to see the stool. As I am about to explain the use of the queer contrivance, I see a bunch of brant, leading through the bay to the north of us, about a mile away. If they keep their present course they will pass us without seeing our stool. Something must be done to attract their attention. Quickly I flop the flopper up above the level of the box two or three times, carefully watching for any sign that the birds have noticed something. If there is no such sign, I flop again.

Ah, this time they have seen it, for they rise in the air and head toward us. Now we lie close, and they come straight for our stool. If I were to flop even once after they have seen the stool, they would be off like a shot—and it is just here that the science of using the flopper means so much. This time they head up on my side, and, when I give the word, we fire, you to kill two, while I am lucky enough to double with each barrel. When George arrives with the skiff and we tell him 11 are down, he smiles all over.

I call to George to bring father down when he comes out to pick up again, for your day would not be complete without an hour or two in the box with that peerless sportsman, who is today, at the age of 77, one of the best shots I have ever seen. We kill again, and George comes down with father. As I get into the boat, father steps into the box with agility equal to mine, and I leave you to an enjoyment that has been the dearest privilege of my life. We have scarcely reached the Macy when you swing again, and I take up the glasses to watch with interest your good work.

As noontime comes we get the Macy underway and drop down to the box, to reward you with a cocktail when you come aboard, and have all ready a smoking lunch of Ansel's best. After lunch we take turns in the battery, and, when the time comes to take up, we count a row of brant along the washer and find 55. We return to Babylon in ample time for you to catch your train, and we do not let you go until you promise to come again.

TO DRAW AND HOLD TRADE

"Most of us," said Mr. Shovelton, "are looking out for ourselves; I think we'll all admit that. The trouble with most of us is that we don't do this intelligently; we are always thinking of ourselves and our own interest only; and that's where we slip a cog. Let me illustrate:

"I buy fruit to carry home; I've done that for—well, a good many years, and for a long time I bought around in various places. Then one day some years ago I stopped at a store where I liked the looks of the fruit and where as I noticed a moment later, the paper bags were a little heavier than those I had been accustomed to find.

"And when this dealer had put the fruit in one of these bags he didn't simply twist the neck of it and hand it over to me so in a form inconvenient to carry. He folded the top of the bag over and rolled it down to form a handle—a grip piece; and then he tied this bundle around securely with twine, thus making it up altogether into a bundle that was secure and handy to carry.

"Of course I liked all that, and I found that he always did up his packages so or putting on sometimes a wood and wire handle; but always he made the package secure and handy for me. He had some thought for me, and I've been buying of him ever since; and if he should move I'd follow him. I would go out of my way to trade with him.

"The moral is this: Any small storekeeper, if his goods are right, can build up a trade and hold it and increase it if he has the intelligence and the human quality that prompts him faithfully to consider not himself alone but as well the wants and interests of his customers."

Royal Visit a Nuisance

Young Emperor Excessively Polite and Caused Embarrassment to All the Other Guests.

The more sovereigns I saw, the more I became convinced that they have no inkling of the inconvenience and embarrassment they stir up. From the cradle up they hear so much of the bliss they shower on those who receive them that they do not in the least imagine what a nuisance their visits are.

The emperor arrived at four o'clock. He was young and handsome; but, although he had a very good figure, he seemed to me elegantly turned rather than nobly and imposingly. His manner lacked the sort of ease which one expected. He appeared to be constrained; his excessive politeness had something commonplace about it; and everything, to the starchiness of the tightest of uniforms, lent him the air of a charming officer much more than that of a young ruler.

A place had been laid in solitude at the head of the table. The emperor seemed put out about it, and pushed his armchair close to my seat. He ate little and talked a great deal.

After passing into the drawing room he remained there two good hours, standing up the whole time. It was asserted his clothes were so tight that any other attitude was uncomfortable.—From the Memoirs of the Countess Potocka.

Will Remove Smoke Stains.

Two pounds of powdered pumice, a gallon of soft soap and a pint of liquid ammonia make a paste that will remove smoke stains from brick work.

Ready for a Bargain.

Pat (reading sign, "Umbrellas 75 cents up")—What will yez charge me for one of thim closed?—Judge's Library.

POINT OF VIEW.

The Man—Gee! The water is fine today.

The Fish—That's all right, but what I want to know is how's the land?

ALFALFA CLOVER.

Salzer's strain of hardy, luxuriant Alfalfa Clover grows everywhere and brings from two to five rousing crops annually. It's the vigorous, healthy kind planted by Ex-Gov. Hoard of Wisconsin and thousands of other successful farmers throughout the U. S. We are the largest growers of clovers, grasses, seed oats, wheat, rye, barley, potatoes, etc., in America.

For life in starting we mail you:
1 Pkt. Luxuriant hardy Alfalfa Clover.
1 Pkt. Billion $ Grass—the 10 Ton wonder.
1 Pkt. Silver King Barley—173 Bu. per A.
1 Pkt. Bonanza Oats—Scorn yield 259 Bu. per A, winning 4 Farms in 1910.
1 Pkt. Speltz—the cereal hay marvel.
And 5 or more other packages farm seed novelties or rarities, together with our big catalog, bristling with seed truths all for but 10c in stamps, or send 25c and we add a big package famous French bean coffee! John A. Salzer Seed Co., 182 South 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.

Ellen Terry's Joke.

When Ellen Terry was presented with a Founders' gold medal at the New theater, New York, recently—an honor conferred in recognition of her great services to dramatic art—she was called upon to make a speech of acceptance. It so happened that the actress was exceedingly hoarse and she was therefore forced to cut her remarks short. So she told this story: "A friend of mine once bought a parrot and gave much money for it with the understanding that it could speak fluently, but when he reached home with it he found to his dismay that the bird was dumb. So he took it back. 'This parrot cannot say a word,' he said indignantly to the bird fancier. 'It can't talk at all.' 'Talk!' the dealer exclaimed. 'Come to think of it, I know it can't, but it's a devil to think.'"

COULD NOT STAND SUFFERING FROM SKIN ERUPTION

"I have been using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for the past three months and I am glad to say that they cured me of a most annoying skin eruption. It began by my noticing red blotches appearing on my face and scalp. Although they were rather disfiguring, I did not think anything of them until they began to get scaly and dry and to itch and burn until I could not stand the suffering. Then I began to use a different soap, thinking that my old kind might be hurting me, but that didn't seem to do any good. I went to two different doctors but neither seemed to relieve me any. I lost many nights' sleep in continual scratching, sometimes scratching till I drew the blood on my face and head. Then I started in to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months I was entirely relieved of that awful pest. I am so delighted over my cure by Cuticura Remedies that I shall be glad to tell anybody about it." (Signed) G. M. Macfarland, 221 West 115th St., New York City, Oct. 5, 1910.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp diseases and their treatment.

The Subtlety of Him.

"John, dear," said Mabel, as her lord and master entered the house, "I've just had a letter from mother, and she is coming to visit us. It is a pretty expensive trip for little Muddy, and I wondered if we couldn't help her out a little."

"Of course we can," said John, giving his wife a generous kiss. "Just you write and tell her that I'll be only too glad to pay for her railroad ticket back home again as soon as she decides to go."—Harper's Weekly.

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.

And many a man never realizes the value of his home until he has occasion to collect the fire insurance.

The ocean is crossed in love—by a number of bridal parties.

IF YOU HAVE A SICKLY YOUNGSTER TRY THIS FREE

The family with young children that is without sickness in the house now and then is rare, and so it is important that the head of the house should know what to do in the little emergencies that arise. A child with a serious ailment needs a doctor, it is true, but in the majority of instances, as any doctor knows, the child suffers from some intestinal trouble, usually constipation.

There is no sense in giving it a pill or a remedy containing an opiate, nor in flushing of the bowels to be always recommended. Rather give the little one a dose of a mild, gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, by cleaning out the bowels and strengthening the little stomach muscles, will immediately correct the trouble.

This is not, from our opinion but that of Mrs. N. H. Mead of Freeport, Kans., whose granddaughter has been taking it successfully and of Mrs. J. R. Whiting of Lena, Wis., who gives this to children and takes it herself. It is sold in fifty cent and one dollar bottles at every drug store, but if you want a trial bottle for your family, before you buy it send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will forward a generous free sample.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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THOROUGH AND CONSERVATIVE TRAINING, moral, intellectual and physical, with expert supervision in every department, both during daily life and certain results.

FACULTY LARGE, each teacher a specialist; and pupils assured the individual attention adapted to their respective needs.

PRIMARY, PREPARATORY AND ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS; also a unique department known as the UPPER HOUSE, for graduates and special students desiring to spend the winter in New York in a colegial social atmosphere, under the most favorable conditions for culture of character and for intelligent advancement. The UPPER HOUSE is in a large degree free from the ordinary restrictions of a school.

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PHYSICAL EXERCISES. Special attention given with the object of promoting health, grace and ease of motion and repose of manner. The gymnastic exercises are in charge of a graduate of Dr. Sargent, of Cambridge, Mass. SUMMER CAMP in New Hampshire.

THE SUCCESS OF THIS SCHOOL has been so pronounced that it has received the highest commendation of the leading educators of the country as well as of the highest officials of the U. S. Government, Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton refer by permission to the presidents of Columbia and Yale universities and to President and Mrs. Taft, Ex-Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks, Ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and the Chief Justice.