MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

Indications.

"Don't tell me that girl is used to the best society."

"What makes you think she isn't?"

"Why, if you notice, she is polite to everybody she meets."

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.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Man may be the noblest work of God, but only blind love can make a woman think he looks like that.

W. & H. Walker, Pittsburgh, Pa., make over 500 daily household necessities and sell direct by mail to families everywhere, saving middlemen's profits, losses and expenses and to customers they give clothing, furniture, etc., representing the saving—$2 in value for $1. Write for 226-page Catalogue No. 16. You can be secretary of a Walker Co-operative Club. Learn how.

No Chance About It.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened," apologized the abject young man, after the stolen kiss.

"Happened!" she exclaims. "Has opened! That is worse than the kiss! If you didn't have it in mind when you asked me to stroll away back here in this quiet corner of the conservatory I shall be offended, after all."—Judge.

New Commandment.

Senator Penrose, apropos of President Taft's anti-monopoly message, said the other day, with a smile:

"In the past we were forbidden to put our trust in riches, but now we are forbidden also to put our riches in trusts."

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Miss Antique—I feel so wicked.
Miss Caustique—No doubt. The good die young, you know.

Convincing Argument—

A single dish of

Post Toasties

with Cream.

Delicious
Wholesome
Convenient

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South," "When Wilderness Was King," Etc.

Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knows Keith's in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the father of Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw in Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted the army, and that his name is Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are approached, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation to Hope. The fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady, Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Miss Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the actress singer. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a conspiracy on her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith fails to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire. Bart suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart, who, thus deceived, tells his plans and that they must put Hope, greatly alarmed, demurs. General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance. Keith is informed that Christie Maclaire's real name is Phyllis Gale and that she is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his pal. Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis and she accepts him. Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart. They find Hope has been taken back to the old cabin. The wilderness exhibits its usual scene of fight in which Keith and his partners overcome their outlaw enemies. Black Bart and the plainsman meet in a duel for final accounting.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

Keith wet his dry lips and spoke shortly:

"I reckon you know what this means, Hawley, and why I am here. We're Southerners both of us, and we settle our own personal affairs. You've got to fight me now, man to man."

The gambler glanced about him, and down at his horse. If he thought of flight it was useless. His lip curled with contempt.

"Dismiss your talking, Keith," he returned savagely. "Let's have it over with," and spurred his horse. The gun of the other came up.

"Wait!" and Hawley paused, dragging at his rein. "One of us most likely is going to die here; perhaps both. But if either survives he'll need a horse to get out of this alive. I'll mount; I'll do the same; step away so the horses are out of range, and then we'll fight it out—is that square?"

Without a word, his eyes gleaming with cunning hatred, the gambler swung down from his saddle onto the sand, his horse interposed between him and the other. Keith did the same, his eyes peering across the back of his animal.

"Now," he said steadily, "when I count three drive your horse aside, and let go—are you ready?"

"Damn you—yes!"

"Then look out—one! two! three!"

The plainsman struck his horse with the quirt in his left hand and sprang swiftly aside so as to clear the flank of the animal, his shooting arm flung out. There was a flash of flame cross Hawley's saddle, a sharp report, and Keith replied, backhanded, dropping to his knees, one hand clutching at the sand. Again Hawley fired, but the horse, startled by the double report, leaped aside, and the ball went wild. Keith wheeled about, steadying himself with his outstretched hand, and let drive, pressing the trigger until, through the haze over his eyes, he saw Hawley go stumbling down, shooting wildly as he fell. The man never moved, and Keith, endeavored to get up, his gun still held ready, the smoke circling about them. He had been shot treacherously, as a cowardly cur might shoot, and he could not clear his mind of the thought that this last act also was his own. He could not raise himself, could not stand; red and black shadows danced before his eyes; he believed he saw the arm of the other move. Like a snake he crept forward, holding himself up with one hand, his head fairly reeling, but his gun held steadily on that black, shapeless object lying on the sand. Then the revolver hand began, to quiver, to shake, to make odd circles; he couldn't see; it was all black, all nothingness. Suddenly he went down face first into the sand.

They both lay motionless, the thirsty sand drinking in their life blood, Hawley huddled upon his left side, his hat still shading the glazing eyes, Keith lying flat, his face in the crook of an arm whose hand still gripped a revolver. There was a grim smile on his lips, as if, as he pitched forward, he knew that, after he had been shot to death, he had gotten his man. The riderless horses gazed at the two figures, and drifted away, slowly, fearfully, still held in mute subjection to their dead masters by dangling reins. The sun kissed down from directly overhead, the heat waves rising and falling, the dead, desolate desert stretching to the sky. An hour, two passed. The horses were now a hundred yards away, nose to nose; all else was changeless. Then into the far northern sky there rose a black speck, growing larger and larger; others came from the east and west, beating the air with widely outspread wings, great beaks stretched forward. Out from their nests of foulness the desert scavengers were coming for their spoil.

"Hope—Hope!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At the Water-Hole.

Up from the far, dim southwest they rode slowly, silently, wearied still by the exertions of the past night, and burned by the fierce rays of the desert sun. No wind of sufficient force had blown since Keith passed that way, and they could easily follow the hoof prints of his horse across the sand waste. Bristoe was ahead, hat brim drawn low, scanning the horizon line unceasingly. Somewhere out in the midst of that mystery was hidden tragedy, and he dreaded the knowledge of its truth. Behind him Fairbain and Hope rode together, their lips long since grown silent, the man ever glancing uneasily aside at her, the girl drooping slightly in the saddle, with pale face and heavy eyes. Five prisoners, lashed together, the binding rope fastened to the pommels of the two "Bar X" men's saddles, were bunched together, and behind all came Neb, his black face glistening in the heat.

Suddenly Bristoe drew rein, and rose to the full length in the stirrups, shading his eyes from the sun's glare, as he stared ahead. Two motionless black specks were visible—yet were they motionless? or was it the heat waves which seemed to yield them movement? He drove in his spurs, driving his startled horse to the summit of a low sand ridge, and again halted, gazing intently forward. He was not mistaken—they were horses. Knowing instantly what it meant—those ridgeless animals drifting derelict in the heart of the desert—his throat dry with fear, the scout wheeled, and spurred back to his party, quickly resolving on a course of action. Hawley and Keith had met; both had fallen, either dead or wounded. A moment's delay now might cost a life; he would need Fairbain, but he must keep the girl back, if possible. But could he? She straightened up in the saddle as he came spurring toward them; her eyes wide open, one hand clutching at her throat.

"Doctor," he called as soon as he was near enough his horse circling, "that is something—shoving out yonder I'd like ter take a look at, an' reckon you better go 'long. The nigger kin com' up ahead yere with Miss Waite."

She struck her horse, and he plunged forward, bringing her face to face with Bristoe.

"What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"Nothin' but a loose hoss, Miss."

"A horse! here on the desert?" Thought so—have seen Keith shoot before—I wonder how the cuss ever managed to get him."

"Doctor," he called as soon as he was near enough, his horse circling, "that is something—shoving out yonder I'd like ter take a look at, an' reckon you better go 'long. The nigger kin com' up ahead yere with Miss Waite."

She struck her horse, and he plunged forward, bringing her face to face with Bristoe.

"What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"Nothin' but a loose hoss, Miss."

"A horse! here on the desert?"

Bristoe cast an appealing glance at Fairbain, mopping his face vigorously, not knowing what to say, and the other attempted to turn the tide.

"Not likely—not likely at all—no reason why it should be—probably just a stray horse—you stay back here, Miss Hope—Den and I will find out, and let you know."

"No, I'm going," she cried, stifling a sob in her throat. "It would kill me to wait here."

She was off before either might raise hand or voice in protest, and they could only urge their horses in effort to overtake her, the three racing forward fetlock deep in sand. Mounted upon a swifter animal Fairbain forged ahead; he could see the two horses now plainly, their heads uplifted, their reins dangling. Without perceiving more he knew already what was waiting there on the sand, and swore fiercely, spurring his horse mercilessly, forgetful of all else, even the girl, in his intense desire to reach and clutch the bodies. He had managed to do this himself, to be privileged to seek this man Hawley, to kill him—but now he was the physician, with no other thought except a hope to save. Before his horse had even stopped he flung himself from the saddle, ran forward and dropped on his knees beside Keith, bending his ear to the chest, grasping the wrist in his fingers. As the others approached, he glanced up, no conception now of aught save his own professional work.

"Water, Bristoe," he exclaimed sharply. "Dash some brandy in it. Quick now. There, that's it; hold his head up—higher. Yes, you do it, Miss Hope; here, Ben, take this, and pry his teeth open—well, he got a swallow anyhow. Hold him just as he is—can you stand it? I've got to find where he was hit."

"Yes—yes," she answered, "don't—don't mind me."

He tore open the woolen shirt, soaked with blood already hardening, felt within with skilled fingers, his eyes keen, his lips muttering unconsciously.

"Quarter of an inch—quarter of an inch too high—scraped the lung—Lord, if I can only get it out—got to do it now—can't wait—here, Bristoe, hold up—higher. Yes, you do it, Miss Hope; here, Ben, take this, and pry his teeth open—well, he got a swallow anyhow. Hold him just as he is—can you stand it? I've got to find where he was hit."

"Yes—yes," she answered, "don't—don't mind me."

He tore open the woolen shirt, soaked with blood already hardening, felt within with skilled fingers, his eyes keen, his lips muttering unconsciously.

"Quarter of an inch—quarter of an inch too high—scraped the lung—Lord, if I can only get it out—got to do it now—can't wait—here, Bristoe, hold that lesther case on my saddle—run, damn you—you'll save him yet, girl—there, drop his head in your lap—yes, cry if you want to—only hold still—open the case, will you—down here, where I can reach it—now water—all our canteens—Hope, tear me off a strip of your underskirt—what am I going to do?—extract the ball—got to do it—blood poison in this sun."

She ripped her skirt, handing it to him without a word; then dropped her white face in her hands, bending with closed eyes, over the whiter face reating on her lap, her lips trembling with the one prayer, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" How long he was at it, or what he did, she scarcely knew—she heard the splash of water, caught the flash of the sun on the probe; felt the half conscious shudder of the wounded man, whose head was in her lap, the cleft, quick movements of Fairbain, and then—

"That's it—I've got it—missed the lung by a hair—damn me I'm proud of that job—you're a good girl."

She looked at him, scarce able to see, her eyes blinded with tears.

"Will—will he live? Oh, tell me!"

"Live! Why shouldn't he?—nothing but a hole to close up—nature'll do that, with a bit of nursing—here, now don't you keel over—give me the rest of that shirt."

He bandaged the wound, then glanced about suddenly.

"How's the other fellow?"

"Dead," returned Bristoe, "shot through the heart."

"Thought so—have seen Keith shoot before—I wonder how the cuss ever managed to get him."

As he arose to his feet, his red face glistening with perspiration, and began strapping his leather case, the others rode up, and Bristoe, explaining the situation, set the men to making preparations for pushing on to the water-hole. Blankets were swung between ponies, and the bodies of the dead and wounded deposited therein, firm hands on the bridles. Hope rode close beside Keith, struggling to keep back the tears, as she watched him lying motionless, unconscious, scarcely breathing. So, under the early glow of the desert stars, they came to the water-hole, and halted.

The wounded man opened his eyes, and looked about him unable to comprehend. At first all was dark, silent; then he saw the stars overhead, and a breath of air fanned the near-by fire, the ruddy glow of flame flashing across his face. He heard voices faintly, and thus, little by little, consciousness asserted itself and memory struggled back into his bewildered brain. The desert—the lonely leagues of sand—his fingers gripped as if they felt the stock of a gun—yet that was all over—he was not there—but he was somewhere—and alive, alive. It hurt him to move, to breathe even, and after one effort to turn over, he lay perfectly still, staring up into the black arch of sky, endeavoring to think, to understand—where was he? How had he come there? Was Hawley alive also? A face bent over him, the features faintly visible in the flash of firelight. His dull eyes lit up in sudden recollection.

"Doc! is that you?"

"Sure, old man," the pudgy fingers feeling his pulse, the gray eyes twinkling. "Narrow squeak you had—going to pull through all right, though—no sign of fever."

"Where am I?"

"At the water-hole; sling you in a blanket, and get you into Larned tomorrow."

There was a moment's silence, Keith finding it hard to speak.

"How—how is she?" he whispered at last.

"Oh, don't worry; she's got him all right. Say," his voice sobering, "maybe it was just as well you took that job. If it had been me I would have been in bad."

The wounded man's eyes questioned.

"It's a bad mix-up, Keith. Waite never told us all of it. I reckon he didn't want her to know, and she never shall, if I can help it. I've been looking over some papers in his pocket-book. Hawley has been after them this trip—and his name ain't Hawley. He's Bartlett Gale, Christie's father."

Keith could not seem to grasp the thought, his eyes half-closed.

"Her—her father?" he questioned weakly. "Do you suppose he knew?"

"No; not at first, anyhow; not at Sheridan. He was too interested in his scheme to even suspicion he had actually stumbled onto the real girl. I think he just found out."

A coyote howled somewhere in the darkness, a melancholy chorus joining in the with long-drawn cadence. A shadow swept into the radius of dancing firelight.

"Is he conscious, Doctor?"

Fairbain drew back silently, and she dropped on her knees at Keith's side, bending low to look into his face.

"Hope—Hope."

"Yes, dear, and you are going to live now—for me."

He found her hand, and held it, clasped within his own, his eyes wide open.

"I have never told you," he said, softly, "how much I love you."

She bent lower until her cheek touched his.

"No, Jack, but you may now."

THE END.

THESE ARE YOUR ANCESTORS

When One Considers Their Vast Number Pride of Descent Seems Very Foolish.

Are you proud of your ancestors? Of how many of them?

Since the beginning of the Christian era—a mere 1911 years—you have had 133,235,017,489,534,976 ancestors. Imagine, if you can, how many persons were needed since the beginning of the world to bring you forth—you, who are reading this now. It works the other way, too. If a single couple had started 5,000 years ago to populate the world, and everybody had grown to maturity and married at the age of 21, the earth's population would be 2,199,915, followed by 144 ciphers. However, this world would not hold them all; it would not be large enough To give all these people breathing space the size of the world would have to be multiplied by 2,166,526, followed by 125 ciphers. That is the only way in which these enormous numbers can be expressed.

How futile, then, is ancestor worship! Every one of us, high or low, has had in his ancestry kings and peasants, criminals and saints; it is almost impossible to name any one of one's own race to whom one cannot prove in some way a remote relationship.

IT REMINDED HIM OF HOME

Big Gale at Sea Had No Terrors for the Passenger From the Cyclone State.

A native of one of the most western of the United States of America was crossing the Atlantic in rough weather.

One morning he went up on deck when a big gale was blowing. Nobody was in sight except the captain.

"Go below there!" shouted the captain.

The passenger looked around to see to whom he was talking.

"You mean me?" he yelled back, as there was no one else in sight.

"Of course I do. Go below!" and the captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the passenger. "I'm up here to see how one of your mountain-high waves and your 'terrific gales' compare with what we have at home in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patch to what I've seen out our way."

A big wave just then broke over the deck, sweeping the speaker aft. They picked him up with a broken leg, a twisted shoulder and a sprained wrist When he came to he saw the captain.

"Captain," he said, feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a right wetter."—Variety Life.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

First Big Battle Is Imminent at Torreon This Week.

That the first big battle of the revolution, possibly the deciding one, will be fought at Torreon during the present week is the belief following receipt of dispatches that rebel forces in Laguna have occupied Gomez Palacio and that Orozco's army will reach Torreon shortly. Gomez Palacio is four miles from Torreon. The main body of Orozco's troops are on their way and rebels from the Laguna district are arriving. Federal troops from Mexico City are hurrying toward Torreon, though they have been delayed by burned bridges.

That the entire rebel and federal main forces will engage with 5,000 to 8,000 men on a side is the general belief.

Records from 15 Princeton classes during 20 years preceding 1905, show that a surprisingly large percentage of graduates became lawyers.

The tiniest traveler who ever crossed the sea alone to this port is Agnes McNulty, aged 6, who is in Boston after a stormy voyage from Glasgow.

"Teaching the art of courtship is one of the most pressing demands of our public schools," said F. C. Brunner, a Methodist Episcopal pastor in his sermon in Chicago.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

DETROIT—Cattle—All grades, 10c to 25c lower. We quote extra dry-fed steers and heifers, $6@6.25; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.75@6 lbs., $5@5.25; and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., $4.75@5; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 900 to 1,000 lbs., $4.25@4.85; choice fat cows, $4.75@5; good fat cows, $4@4.50; common cows, $3.25@3.75; canners, $2.50@3; choice heavy bulls, $4.50@5; fair to good sausage bulls, $4.25@4.65; stock bulls, $4@4.25; milkers and springers, medium age, $40@55; common milkers, $25@35. Milch cows and springers—Steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market 25c higher on lambs, $8.50@8.80; fair to good lambs, $8.25@8.50; light to common lambs, $7@8; fair to good sheep, $4@4.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Pigs, 25c lower than last week. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $6.50; pigs, $6.75@6.90; light yorkers, $6.35@6.75; stags, ⅓ off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle—Steady; best 1,400 to 1,600-lb steers, $5.50@5.75; good prime 1,300 to 1,400-lb steers, $5.25@5.40; good prime 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, $5.50@5.75; best 1,200-lb shipping steers, $5.25@5.50; medium butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.40; light butcher steers, $4.50 to $5; fat cows, $3@3.50; fair to good do, $4@4.50; common to medium do, $3.25@3.75; trimmers, $2.50@3; best fat heifers, $4.75@5.50; fair to good do, $4.25@4.60; best feeding steers, $4.25@4.50; fair feeding steers, dehorned, $4.50@4.75; common feeding steers, $4@4.25; stockers, all grades, $3.50@4; prime export bulls, $5@5.25; best butcher bulls, $5@5.25; fair to good bulls, $4@4.50; stock bulls, $3.25@4; best milkers and springers, $50@70; common to good do, $25@35.

Hogs—Steady; heavy and yorkers, $6.90@6.95; pigs, $6.10.

Sheep—Slow; top lambs, $7.25@7.35; yearlings, $6@6.25; wethers, $5.25@5.50; ewes, $4.25@5.

Calves, $9@10.

GRAIN, ETC.

DETROIT—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.01½. May opened without change at $1.04⅛, advanced to $1.04¾, and declined to $1.04. July opened at $1.00, advanced to $1.00⅜, declined to $1.00, and closed at $1.00⅛. September opened at 99¾c, advanced to $1 and closed to 99¾c. No. 1 white, 99c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 63½c; No. 4 mixed, 1 car at 58c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 61c; No. 4 yellow, 1 car at 60c.

Oats—59c, closing bid; No. 3 white, 56½c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 94c.

Beans—$2.35; May, $2.40.

Clover seed—Prime spot, 50 bags at $12.90; March, 15 bags; sample, 15 bags at $12.75; at $11.25, prime alsike, $12 for sample alsike; 18 bags at $11.50.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, 50 bags at $6.90.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Butter is off ½c and steady at the decline. Receipts in this market are showing some increase and demand is fair. Eggs are easy and in ample supply. Potatoes are steady and moderately active. There is not much doing in poultry and the tone is easy. Dressed calves are easy and in good supply. All fruits are quiet.

Detroit Butter and Egg Market Quotations.

Butter—Market firm; receipts, 214 packages; extra creamery, 30c; first creamery, 28c; dairy, 26c; packing, 26c per lb. Eggs—Market easy; receipts, 1,000 cases; current receipts, cases included, 19c per doz.

Fruit.

Apples—Baldwin, $3@3.50; Greenings, $3@3.50; spys, $3.50@4; Ben Davis, $2@2.50 per bbl.

Potatoes—Car lots, bulk, $1.05; sacks, $1.10 per bu.

Hickory nuts—Shellbarks, 2c per lb. Pressed calves—Ordinary, $8@10; fancy, 10@11c per lb.

Honey—White to fancy comb, 17@18c per lb; amber, 16@17c.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 15c; hens, 13@12c; ducks, young, 15c; old, 13c; chickens, old, 13@12c; young ducks, 15c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 16@17c.

Cabbage—2½@4c per lb.

Vegetables—Hothouse lettuce per bu, carrots, 50c per doz; cucumbers, hothouse, 75c@$1.25 per doz; celery, 40@60c per doz; onions, $1.50@1.60 per crate; and $1 @1.50 per doz; peppers, 12½c per doz; green peppers, 25c per basket; head lettuce, $1@1.50 per hamper; turnips, 60c per bu; watercress, 20@25c per doz; green onions, 5@6c per doz; tomatoes, 60c per lb; Hubbard squash, 1c per lb; parsnips, $1.25 per bu.

Provisions—Family pork, $17@18.50; mess pork, $16; clear backs, $16@16.50; smoked rams, 12c; picnic hams, 9c; shoulder, 10c; bacon, 12@13½c; lards, 10c; tierces, lard in tierces, 9½c; kettle rendered, 10c; lard, 10c per lb.

Hay—Carlot prices, track, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, $20.50@21 per ton; No. 2 timothy, $19@20; light mixed, $21@21.50; No. 1 mixed, $20@21.50; straw, $15.50@16; wheat and oat straw, $10.50@11 per ton.

Reichstag has adopted a resolution assuring the government to prepare comprehensive statistics on production as a preliminary to the negotiations of future commercial treaties.

Turks and Arabs attacked works Italians were throwing up outside the town of Derna, Tripoli. After five hours of fighting the Turks retired. The Italians lost 12 men killed and 73 wounded.

The Russian ambassador to Turkey, M. Tcharykoff, has been recalled and appointed a senator. His sudden removal from Constantinople is regarded as somewhat of a disgrace.

The revenue cutter Thetis was badly damaged on her voyage to her winter station in the Hawaiian islands. The cutter encountered a hurricane and battled with heavy seas for 14 days.

Senator Works, of California, in a speech advocating a single presidential term, of six years, declared that such a constitutional change would spare the American people the "humiliating spectacle of a president traveling up and down the country, guarded by an army officer and private detectives, making political speeches and urging his own re-election."

NOT SO FAMILIAR.

Carrye—Do you love art for art's sake?

Daisy—I beg your pardon, but his name is Arthur.

"WHY SHOULD I USE CUTICURA SOAP?"

"There is nothing the matter with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Soap was only for skin troubles." True, it is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair live and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation.

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston, for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

A woman's idea of heaven is a place where every day is a bargain day.

The simple life is best. Let your only medicine be Garfield Tea, the pure and proven remedy. All druggists.

The easier it is to reform a man the oftener you'll have to do it.

It's the contrariness of her sex that induces a woman to agree with a man just when he doesn't want her to.

Even if a man does know his own mind he may not have cause to be proud of his acquaintance.

A Cruel Thrust.

He—Old age has no terrors for me She—It needn't have if it's true that brainy men live long.

Mixed the Orders.

A local doctor once sent his man with a box of pills to a patient, and a hamper containing all five bullets to be left at the house of a friend. Unluckily the messenger bungled over his errand, and took the hamper to the patient and the pills to his master's friend. Imagine the consternation of the patient on receiving along with the fowls the following prescription:

"Two of these to be swallowed every half hour."

Romance of the Rail.

It was on a Pullman car. The man who traveled for gents' furnishings had succeeded in working up a conversation with the lonesome-looking young woman. He leaned over her and breathed in her ear:

"Peaches, I'm taking a little trip to New York. Don't you want to go along?"

"Sir," she said, angrily, "you are going too far!"

But she didn't object to accompanyhim as far as Schenectady.

FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY
Where the Winters Are Cold and the Snows Deep.

Writing from the vicinity David Harum made famous, a man says that he was an habitual coffee drinker, and, although he knew it was doing him harm, was too obstinate to give it up, till all at once he went to pieces with nervousness and insomnia, loss of appetite, weakness, and a generally used-up feeling, which practically indicted him for his arduous occupation, and kept him in bed most of the time when his duty did not call him out.

"While in this condition Grape-Nuts food was suggested to me, and I began to use it. Although it was in the middle of winter, and the thermometer was often below zero, almost my entire living for about six weeks of severe exposure was on Grape-Nuts food with a little bread and butter and a cup of hot water, till I was wise enough to make Postum my table beverage.

"After the first two weeks I began to feel better and during the whole winter I never lost a trip on my mail route, frequently being on the road 7 or 8 hours at a time.

"The constant marvel to me was how a person could do the amount of work and endure the fatigue and hardship as I did, on so small an amount of food. But I found my new rations so perfectly satisfactory that I have continued them—using both Postum and Grape-Nuts at every meal, and often they comprise my entire meal.

"All my nervousness, irritability and insomnia have disappeared and healthy, natural sleep has come back to me. But what has been perhaps the greatest surprise to me is the fact that with the benefit to my general health has come a remarkable improvement in my eye-sight.

"If a good appetite, good digestion, good eye-sight, strong nerves and an active brain are to be desired, I can say from my own experience, use Grape-Nuts and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read 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.