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as ceased.

Sweet Norine

The men at the Great Bear Mine were | huskily, looking with straight eyes from threatening all sorts of vengeance if one to the other, "will you tell me of their wages were not forthcoming with- whom you were speaking as I entered?" out delay. And as many of them were half-breeds, while quite a few were fullblooded Choctaws, the matter looked serious enough to the managers of the mine, as well as to the people of Hadley, which was the nearest village and trading post.

The Indians had been as peaceable for quite a decade past upon their reservations on the plains as their warlike natures would allow. It would take but little more than this to cause an open rebellion among them, and the people of Hadley dared not think what the result of such an outbreak among the Indians would mean to the hapless villagers. For themsolves the men cared little, for their hearts were brave, and their arms sturdy and strong, and their aims sure; but when they thought of the hapless women folk and the innocent little children, their faces paled, and their hearts quivered with a fear which they would not pot into words as they discussed the situation of affairs in whispers on the street corners and in the village stores.

And Joe Brainard's disappearance with the large sum of money had brought this dire calamity down upon them, and fierce and many were the thread freely expressed of the fate he would meet with if they could but track him

They would not ask what the law read in his case; they would make a law of their own in short order-ay, they would not even take time to do that. He would be hurried to the first stronglimbed tree, and there expiate his crime -he should be shown no mercy.

The only persons who stoutly refused to believe in his guilt were Daniel Gordon and his wife, Norine, and Joe's poor old heartbroken mother; and even they were fiercely assailed by the neighbors for raising their voices in his defence.

"I shall never believe the lad guilty of taking that money and making off with it, until I am confronted by the most convincing proof," declared the old blacksmith, raising his voice above the mob that had gathered that night to deadly work upon her weakened frame; discuss the situation. "I tell you all, I she was utterly paralyzed in speech. do not believe Joe has made off, taking That she had left her thus, faithfully the company's money. I would stake my heart's blood on his innocence." A loud, hoarse roar of angry voices hurled bitter words back at him.

ering together to advise with their and the village concerning Joe Brainard's disgry comrades at the mines. What the appearance with the company's money, end of it all would be they could only and the fear of an Indian massacre, that surmise, and the horrible, hoarse cries all thought of poor Mrs. Barrison had of vengeance from strong men's lips escaped her mind. against Joe Brainard, the cause of it While she had been telling her simple all, grew louder and deeper as the minions of the law, who had been sent out had been fairly glued upon her. When in all directions, came in one by one, re- she had finished they both looked at porting that if the earth had suddenly one another with that strange expression opened and swallowed him, he could not still on their faces, and she could see have disappeared more quickly, more that both were intensely interested. But completely, from view.

So great was the excitement in the puzzled Norine. village that Clifford Carlisle was too cunning to keep his appointment with Norine. He did not show up at the grandfather queried, hoarsely. trysting place, though the girl was there promptly at the appointed time, and

waited long past the hour. Was her lover ill? Why had he not come to her? she wondered. If she had known where he was stopping she would have gone to him, so great was her antiety concerning him. She wended her that hour Norine realized how much remember him, Norine; it is the young handsome Clifford Carlisle was to her.

Without him life and the world would be a blank. If she were to never see him again she would not care to live. Surely he had not gone away without having the answer she had for him, as to whether she would accompany him or

"If he has gone from the village I will follow him-ay, follow him to the end of the world!" sobbed Norine, tears falling like rain from her blue eyes, "for I cannot endure life away from him," and when the girl made this resolve she settled her own fate.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Norine walked up the little path to her cottage home, she tried to bring back the happy, careless smile to her face that her old grandparents always expected to see there. It was a great effort, for not seeing her lover had made to Almighty God against it!" the girl's innocent young heart as heavy as a stone in her bosom.

As she entered the door of the old kitchen, where they sat, was it only fancy, or did she hear them both say: "It is best not to tell Norine."

What could it mean? Her heart al most stopped beating. Had her handdespite his misgivings as to the welcome he would receive, and called for be that. What else would they plan so not, be as you hoped and prayed. But earnestly with each other to keep from enough. We will discuss the matter at

She did just what any one who knew her would have expected of her-walked straight up to them, standing before them with a white, startled, eager face. "Grandma-grandpa," she murmured, ful justice satisfied."



For a moment there was a terrible, deathlike silence in the little meagre room, broken only by the clock ticking

slowly on the mantel. Her grandfather was the first to recover his composure.

She had asked a direct question, and it would be answered, he told himself, as he gulped down the great lump that arose in his throat.

"Yes, certainly, child," he answered, though he turned away from her as he uttered the words, "we were speaking of the woman who just died yesterday -Mrs. Barrison, of Barrison Hall."

"Is she really dead?" exclaimed Norine. forgetting for the moment the darkeyed lover who had so engrossed her every thought. "Poor lady, I am sorry for her. I meant to go to see how she was to-day. I had quite forgotten her."

Both her grandfather and grandmother sprang to their feet simultaneously, looking at her with horrified eyes that nearly bulged from their sockets. Again it was her grandfather who put the horror of his face into words:

"What do you know of the woman who has just died?" he gasped, and both he and his good wife sank down in their seats again, trembling like aspen leaves. They seemed to scarcely breathe, so intense was their desire to hear what she

would say. "Every one in Hadley has heard of the strange old hermit, who had not crossed her own threshold for long, long years. I know you will both be surprised when I tell you that last night I saw her-I thought, in fact, that I saved her life," and she went on to tell them how she had returned home by the way of Barrison Hall, and hal stumbled against the figure lying buried in the snow, and finding herself close by a house, had called to the inmates to come to her aid and shelter the poor soul whom she had discovered freezing in the storm. That they had responded, and when she was brought into the lighted kitchen she was discovered to be their mistress; and that the bitter cold had already done its

promising the old servant who had followed her to the door that she would call again on the morrow to see how their mistress was. She had meant to The Choctaws and Pawnees were gath- | go, but the excitement was so great in

why they should be so greatly agitated

"This is all you know, then, girl, of Mrs. Barrison, of Barrison Hall?"

"That is all," returned Norine, her wonder growing that they took such an unusual interest in the affair. The next words that broke from her

grandfather's hoarse lips quickly turned the tide of excitement upon her side. "Mrs. Barrison died, leaving the whole of her fortune to a handsome scapegrace. way homeward with the heaviest heart who will soon make drakes and ducks of that had ever beaten in her bosom. In it, I fancy. You have seen him, and may man whose horse you shod—the handsome, white handed dandy, who gave you the fifty-dollar note for the job, and which I took good care to hand promptly back to him. You certainly

remember him." "Ye-es." faltered the girl, and it seemed to her that the little kitchen was whirling around her. Indeed, she remembered every lineament of that fatally handsome, faultless face; she had seen nothing else from the house he had first crossed her path, waking or sleeping-the face of him whom her grandfather called a graceless, white-handed aristocrat, had haunted her, and would so haunt her until the hour her life ended. "Yes, she has left every dollar of the Barrison fortune to him," went on her

grandfather, so bitterly that Norine looked at him in wonder. "And I cry out "It was the grandest act of her life. eried Norine, enthusiastically, "I can forget what a strange, morbid woman she

must have been, on hearing of that great, noble act. But how did you know about it. grandpa?" she cried, excitedly. "I say it calls for the vengeance o Heaven," cried the old man, smiting the

some lover come to the cottage door, table heavily with his clinched hand, and paying no heed to the girl's words. "Daniel, Daniel, my husband, the past her during her absence? Yes, it must is past. You knew it would not, could

another time," his wife murmured, looking significantly at Norine.

The white-handed aristocrat shall give it up to its rightful owner, though I have to strike him dead to see true and law-

A terrible cry from Norine's lips caused them both to look suddenly up at her. She was standing before them with hands clinched tightly together, her bosom heaving, her face deadly pale. "You would kill him, grandfather!"

she whispered, in a voice choking with "Ay, ay, lass," he cried. "He comes

between-He did not finish the sentence, for his wife suddenly crossed to his side and laid her wrinkled old hand over his lips, admonishing him tearfully to remain

silent. "No!" he cried, fiercely, dashing the faithful hand away, "that I will not. I shall have my say. I have kept my peace too long. I hoped against hope that the right thing would be done, that justice would rule pride and anger when the last hour came. Now I must cry out before the whole world, and wrest the wealth from the grasp of this stranger, who comes from-no one knows where. A curse on this handsome, villainous

"You are mad, grandpa," exclaimed

CORNS CURED
You can painleasly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putman's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no sear, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Pitty years in use. Oure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 56. bottles. Refuse substitutes. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS **GORN EXTRACTOR**

Norine, calmly. "Let me tell you why you should rejoice that a fortune has come to handsome Clifford Carlisle, whom you have taken such a dislike to, though he has never harmed you in any way

"Stop girl!" thundered the old man, springing up from his seat and pacing the floor rapidly to and fro. "You know not what you say, nor do you know my meaning. You are befooled like half the maids in the village are by this man's handsome, wicked face, as he goes

Normie looked bewildered for an instant; there was something in her grandfather's tone that frightened her it was so solemn, so awe inspiring. A terrible stillness fell upon the three standing there, broken only by the sighing of the wnid outside, and the ticking

among them making love to them."

of the clock on the mantel. Norine was trying hard to think, as her grandfather ha dhade her do. Her lover had whispered the sweetest, most poetic love passages into her ear as he had clasped her in his arms, covering her had clasped her in his arms, covering measures, bad clasped her in his arms, covering measures, young face with passionate kiases, times have you seen this nanusome, whose fervency she could feel even in captivating stranger, and where? I ask you to tell us all, Norine; keep nothing age that she could recall.

Her old grandfather saw her hesitancy, and he read anight that the girl was too innocent to discern—the handsome stranger had never intended to make little Norine his wife!

He was making love to her n secret. simply to while away dull hours; he had won her heart, and when he was tired of the sport he would cast her off as ruthlessly as a child would cast off a heeding whether or not be left a broken and the handsome face of the strangerheart behind him.

"You cannot answer me, Norine," he cried, "and I realize what your silence

"He will yet ask me to be his wife," faltered the girl, bravely taking up the cudged of defense for her absent lover. He has not come to that yet, grand-

"He will never come to that!" thundered the old man. "I tell you that from a ripe knowledge of the world, Norine, and I add this: I thank heaven that I have found out all this in time, to end it before harm has been done!

What do you mean, grandpa?" sobbed Norine, trembling with apprehension, for she saw on her grandfather's rugged, wrinkled face an expression that she had never seen there before, and his words "end it." terrified her. "You will not ask me to give my lov-

er up?" she added, vehemently. grandpa, you surely could not mean "You have heard me aright, child," re-

plied the old man, huskily, "you must never see this handsome, white-handed, smooth-tongued aristocrat again. know what I am saying. I-

A low, bitter cry from Norine interrupted him. "Ask anything else of me, and I will willingly comply, but oh, not that, grandfather dear. Clifford and I both love each other. Would you break our hearts by cruelly separating us! You could not; you are so noble, so good. You would not, surely.

"Plead my cause for me, grandma!" she added, tearfully. Surely you will not be hard-hearted; you have loved, and when you were young like me, think what a blank, what a wreck your life would have been if you had been separated from your lover. Oh, it would be

eruel, unjust, inbuman!" "Your grandfather must have some strong reason to oppose this young man as he does, child," murmured the dear old lady in a husky, quivering voice. Depend upon it."

"I will not listen to such nonsense." cried Norine, stormily. "He has simply a prejudice against Mr. Carlisle. He took a dislike to him the first time he ever saw him-ay ,and even before it. I appeal to you, grandma, is that right! Is it just?"

It was her grandfather who answered her; not angrily, but sadly: "My prejudice turned out to be wellyou there until he has left Hadley." "If I were to prove to you that this man is a libertine and a gambler, would

you cease caring for him?" "Mr. Clifford Carlisle is neither one nor the other, grandpa!" she cried, bitterly, "and in your heart you know it. You might invent all the tales you pleased about him, and-and I should still believe, trust him, and love him, if possible, even the more fondly, because

of the abuse piled upon his innocent head. I defy you to part us, do or say what you will." "Enough, Norine!" cried her grandfather, furiously. "God forgive you for setting up your authority against mine. You shall never see this rascal again-I swear it. I shall see that you never

meet him again, that he may put more nonsense into your head, if I have to lock you in your own room and keep you theer until he has left Hadley.' Without replying Norine picked up her candle and left the room.

It was the first time in her young life that she missed kissing the aged grandfather and grandmother good-night. They both feet it keenly. For hours the old couple sat by the kitchen fire discussing the future and what action they should take to part Norine and the handsome lover who had so completely captured the girl's heart.

"It is false!" cried Norine, hotly, springing at once to her absent lovers' defense. "Clifford Carlisle is .too true, too noble a gentleman to speak of-of love to but one girl-her to whom his heart has gone out in a great, passionate, soul-absorbing love. I know this. I have that assurance from his own

"Listen, grandpa and grandma, to a secret I have kept from you ever since the hour when I shod Mr. Carlisle's horse. He loves me, and I-your little Norine love him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I am tired, and that old, old sorrow Sweeps down the bed of my soul, As a turbulent river might suddenly

break Away from a bank's control. It beareth a wreck on its bosom, A wreck with a snow-white sail. And the hand on my heartstrings thrums away,

But they only respond with a wail." Utter silence greeted Norine's vehement declaration, and, looking from one to the other, the girl repeated the words softly but defiantly: "I love Mr. Carliste, and and Mr. Carlisle loves me."

Outside the wind shrieked and moaned through the bare branches of the trees a spirit in distress; within the awful silence that had followed Norine's confession was ominous in its death-like stillness

"Tell me you are not angry," sobbed Norine, throwing herself on her knees between them, and clasping a hand of each in her warm, impulsive, childish way. "I—I know that you both intended me to marry Joe, but I could never have been happy with him, for I could never have cared for him. Love goes where it is sent, no matter what is planned, so Mr. Carlisle says, and—and it is quite true."

The two old people turned and looked at each other with white, mystified

Each read the terrified question in the other's eyes where could this stranger have told Norine this? Surely not in the first hour that he had met her. Had he seen her since?

"Norine," murmured her grandmother in a voice which she strove pitcously to steady into a semblance of calmness "tell us about this love that has taken

Norine raised her sweet, happy, blushing young face to the old, wrinkled ones

"Clifford asked me not to tell either of you about it, lest-lest you would want to part us; but now that the secret is out, I may as well tell you about

"It was on the afternoon that he brought Ladybird to the shop to get shod that I first saw him, as you know," broken toy for a newer, prettier one. she murmured, "and I-1 could not for-He would laugh and ride away, little get the dark eyes, the ringing laugh, the handsomest I had ever beheld." She paused a moment, but no answer

came from the two who were listening so breathlessly to every word that fell from her lips. Norine went on slowly: "It was quite by chance that I saw him the next afternoon as I was going to the shop to accompany you home, grandfather. I saw him the next afternoon, and the next, and every day since; and oh, grandma and grandpa, dear those days have changed the whole course of your little Norine's life, and this love that has come to me has glori

fied my existence, and-The old grandmother held up her wrinkled hand with a gesture commanding silence.

"You have dons wrong in meeting this stranger thus, Norine," she cried, tremulously, "and as for him, the man committed a dastardly wrong in taking advantage, as he has done, of an inno cent girl, scarcely more than a child, in asking her to meet him again and again, and to keep it a secret from her people. I have not seen him, Norine, but, despite his handsome face and fine ways, as you describe him, I venture to say that he is no gentleman."

(To be continued.)

COST OF SMALL CONCRETE

The use of concrete for small buildings presents a vast field for operation. Its use for larger buildings has proven its efficiency, and is attracting the attention of men interested in the building of homes. The question of cost is naturally of great importance to such men. Frame construction is of such a character that its cost has a considerable range, depending on the manner in which it is put up. but a first-class frame house will cost more than concrete.

Brick construction will cost for a 12inch wall from 36 cents to 50 cents per square foot of wall, and a 9-inch wall will cose from 25 cents to 35 cents per square foot of wall. To these figures must be added, for the finished wall, cost of furring, lathing and two brown or scratch coats of plaster and the white

Hollow tile construction, which has an advantage over brick, by reason of its air space, averages about the cost of brick or a trifle under.

The cost of block construction is from 18 cents to 35 cents per square foot of wail, having a trickness of 8 to 12 inches, inclusive. For the finished wall and the cost of the white finish coat, which is put ridectly on the concrete. thus saving the cost of furring, lathing and plaster.

A hollow, reinforced concrete wail will cost from 15 cents to 25 cents per square foot of wall, plus the finish coat. A 6-inch wall, with furring, lathing or metal sheathing, will cost 11 cents to 18

cents per square foot for the concrete. plus the furring, lathing and plaster. Two-inch partitions will cost 16 cents to 20 cents per square foot of concrete floors, and cost from 25 to 40 per cent. more than wooden joist construction rooms, but little more than wooden

shingles. Properly constructed, aristically finished concrete homes will, in the writer's opinion, find ready acceptance when it is realized that they are permanent, fireproof, and can be erected at moderate cost.—The Architect and Engineer.

> HOPE SO. (Puck.)

Uncle Henry-The way these corporations have been robbing the people is just like taking candy from a baby.
Uncle Ezra—Yes, and maybe they will get spanked for it, too, if the baby hollers loud enough.

A DOSE OF CURE

THE BEST NEDICINE FOR QUEHS 40 QLDS is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too-children like it. All Druggists, 25 Cents

Threatened Paralysis!

Tells How a Bad Case May be Detected and Cured.

"Before I left Scotland," writes Wiliam Maconochie, of Glenvale P. O., "my health had suffered. The strain of moving and beginning life in a new country is very taxing to one concerned with a young family. After I came out my friends noticed a slight thickness, as they call it, in my speech. I might not have noticed this, but for my anxiety over a dragging sensation in my left limb and a slight confusion in thinking. No doctor was near and I just followed an advertisement and sent for six boxes of Ferrozone. It must have done me a lot of good from the first. I was busy seeding and forgot my troubles most of the time. This simply proves the curative power of Ferrozone. I continued to use it and before the snow flew I was a well, hearty, vigorous man-no sign of weakness or illness about me. When I consider that I had been on the verge of paralysis, you can see that I fully realize the health-bringing power of Ferro-

If you have a weak spot anywhereif you experience occasional pains and twinges or rheumatism—if you feel worn out and lack desire to workthese are the surest indications your system needs Ferrozone-try it, one or two tablets at meal time; 50c per box, six for \$2.50, all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

ITALY'S NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Her Commerce and Influence in the Near East Growing Fast.

Perhaps it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near east has grown within reeent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about \$7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about \$5,000,-000. Four years later exports had nearly doubled and imports had increased by \$2,500,000.

This development of comerce along the routes once dominated by the Venetian republic is said to be due in large part to the initiative of the present King and according to the Atlantic Monthly has brought with it renewed prosperity to the ancient and glorious commercial

Nor is the eastward activity confined to trade and industry. It is well known that many inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast; though Austrian subjects, are Italian in race, language and sympathies.

Powerful unofficial organizations, like the Dante Society, are busily promoting the Italian language and culture throughout the rejuvenated Turkish empire. It is even asserted that in consequence of improved relations between Quirinal and Vatican religious orders, especially the Franciscans, have eagerly taken up this Italian propaganda.

THE DARK DAYS OF STOMACH TROUBLE

Obstinate Indigestion Can Be absorbing occupation. As the nerve force Cured By a Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

No trouble causes more widespread suffering and discomfort than indigestion. The ailment takes various forms. some victims are ravenous for food; heartburn, sick headache, dizziness and shortness of breath. Indigestion assumes not cure. So-called pre-digested foods neutralize some of the oil below it .only make the digestion more sluggish, and ultimately make the trouble take a chronie form.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion because they go right to the root of the trouble. They make new, rich blood that invigorates weakened organs. thus strengthening the digestive system That is the Dr. Williams' way-the raailments that arise from it. This has been proved time after time in the published cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Blanche Wallace, Dartmouth, N. S., says: "I suffered greatly with my head and stomach, and often took fainting spells. I could not retain anything on my stomach and while I naturally craved food I really dreaded mealtime, with the pain and discomfort that followed. I tried a number of remedies, but got no relief. My mother was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the time with so much benefit that she induced me to try them. The result was that soon the trouble had passed away, and I have since enjoyed the

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Billion Dollars.

Suppose some kind of a land of golden sands should offer you a billion paper dollars if you would count them? You would go to work as though your life depended on your speed, counting for about twelve hours a day? How foolish that would be! You had better thank him with as good a grace as possible and go to some country where money is not so plentiful.

A billion is a million times a million. By strict application you might count 200 bills a minute, and, after practice. learn to keep up that rate of speed. That would give you \$12,000 an hour, \$288,000 a day (24 hours) or \$105,120,000

Had Adam at the beginning of his existence begun to count, and counted night and day, he would not yet have finished his billion. To count a billion dollar bills would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, provided he should count continuously night and day?

But if, while attempting to avail yourself of this bounty of the king of the land of golden sands you should allow vourself 12 hours for sleep, rest and eating, to count your billion you would and 45 minutes.-New York iTmes.

MORE TURBINE STEAMERS.

Their Number Has Advanced From One to Sixty-four in Seven Years.

"No turbine steamer has been towed into port and no sailing schedule has been upset by failure thus far."

This tribute to turbines was given at the recent meeting of mechanical engineers at Liverpool. There are now sixtyfour turbine steamers in the merchant service of 603,200 horse-power; this is up to December, 1908. In 1901 there was but one such steamer of 3,500 horse-

In discussing the advance in marine engineering the speakers declared that "very little is known about propellers. The improved results with the great Cunarders, which at first were in a sense failures in regard to required speed, have been got by varying the propellers. This reminds one of the steamships Iris and Mercury in 1878, when huge improvements were made by changing the propellers.

Boilers have not changed much except that they are built of larger plates with fewer rivets. The largest plate rolled measures 42 feet by 9 feet 6 inchs by 1½ inch thick. It weighs nearly 11 tons and is in the boiler of a Liverpool tugboat, the Knight Errant. "The lower pressure possible with turbines has meant a saving of 120 tons in boilers alone in the great Cunarders, as compared with what would have been required for reciprocating work.

"Marine work is backward in moving and firing of coal. Liquid fuel of course gets over all such difficulties. and suggests that if coal could be bunkered in the form of fine dust and burned in that form it might be possible to arrange some mechanical means of con-

veying it to the furnace. "Liquid fuel is practically equal to double its weight of coal, yet occupies less spake. There are no dirty fires with liquid fuel; a ship is better kept to speed. Fewer hands are needed, fuel can be carried in the double bottom, and the ship trimmed by sea water as the fuel is burned, and fuel can always be used so as to avoid a list. Bunkering is then a mere matter of pumping a feature which travellers on long voyages would appreciate.

East of Suez liquid fuel is cheaper than coal. With liquid fuel applied to the Lusitania there would be twentyseven firemen instead of 312, room for 200 more passengers and 5,000 tons of cargo, so that it should be worth £7,-000 a voyage.

To Get Rid of Double Chin.

Flabbiness about the cheeks is superfluous, expressionless animal fat, due to malnutrition, provoked by a disorganized nervous system. The bands or ribbons of fat can be tightened up into muscle by local exercise, that is, bending the head in as many directions as the anatomy will allow.

To arrest further deposit of this disfiguring tissue the anti-fat treatment is prescribed, which excludes or reduces the supply of foods containing sugar and starch, and includes systematic exercise. temperance in eating and drinking, and is small, the system needs nerve foods in the shape of light tonics and a dietary that yields sufficient nourishment without overheating the blood or

overtaxing the stomach. A cool, clean atmosphere, with abund ant fresh air day and night, to cleanse others turn sick and faint at the sight and invigorate the lungs; water in of meals; but as a rule every meal is quantity for internal and external use. followed by intense pains in the chest, to free the skin of its impurities, are indispensable. Besides head exercise, a little alum, alcohol or benzoline used an obstinate form because ordinary medi- in the water will tend to tighten the cines only subdue its symptoms—but do skin, and sea salt or Epsom salts will

Job's Frecocity.

Family Doctor.

A minister, so often the lone man at various church gatherings, is some-times placed in positions that try his patience ,as well as his tact. Dr. John Kelman ,a noted Edinburgh divine who so that the stomach does its own work. has recently visited this country, is credited with a clever evasion in just such tional way-to cure indigestion and the an embarrassing position. Following a certain missionary meeting of the ladies of his parish several of them had fallen into a more or less heated discussion of the precocious attainments of their several sons.

One good lady declared that her eldest had mastered his alphabet at the unusual age of 4 months. Another maintained her child's superiority from the fact that he had been able to read Caesar's "Gallic War" with ease when only 8. A third called upon the reverend gentleman to attest the feat of her youngest son in repeating the twentythird Psalm when but 2 years old as the most exceptional prodigy of them all

"Weel, ladies," said the doctor, hesitating and smiling, "'tis sma use in bantin' the facks when the Good Book tells us beyond a' doubt that Maister Job outstripped them a' by cursin' the day he was born."-Youth's Companion.

HER WEIGHT INCREASED **FROM 100 TO 140 POUNDS.**

Wonderful Praise Accorded Perunathe Household Remedy Mrs. Maria Goertz, Orienta, Okla-

homa, writes: "My husband, children and myself have used your medicines, and we always keep them in the house in case of necessity. I was restored to health by this medicine, and Dr. Hartman's invaluable advice and books. People ask about me from different places, and are surprised that I can do all of my housework alone, and that I was cured by the doctor of chronic catarrh. My husband was cured of asthma, my daughter of earache and catarrh of the stomach, and my son of catarrh of the throat. When I was sick I weighed 100 pounds; now I weigh 140.

"I have regained my health again, and I cannot thank you enough for your advice. May God give you a long life and bless your work."

Tommy -Pop, why is Justice represented as being blindfolded? Tommy's Pop-It may be, my son, because there need 18.025 years, 319 days, 10 hours are times when she is ashamed to look herself in the face