

Most Everyone  
Uses Them  
the Stomach

Act Quickly, and Make  
Feel Lively as a Kid.

ning curative triumph  
is now given to the world  
who have been suffering  
from ailments, indigestion  
aches can be cured by a pure  
remedy.

salts and such like  
necessary. They are harsh  
and painful. Science has de-  
veloped far superior, and  
you day with 25c to any drug-  
store. Dr. Hamilton's Pills  
considered the very quick-  
cure for the stomach, bow-  
el and kidneys.  
men and women who  
now what ails them. will be  
new lease of life with  
Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Depressed  
headaches are forgotten.  
cesses, blood is purified  
and, pains at the base of the  
cured, the nerves are toned  
dition to work is increased.  
y day the old-time health  
return.

only is necessary to prove  
Dr. Hamilton's Pills  
who are weak, nervous, thin,  
or in failing health.

MARKET REPORTS

TO MARKETS.

MARKETS.

Wheat	1.05
Barley	0.95
Oats	0.85
Flour	1.10
Beans	0.75
Peas	0.65
Lentils	0.55
Onions	0.45
Potatoes	0.35
Corn	0.25
Soybeans	0.15
Alfalfa	0.05
Hay	0.05
Straw	0.05
Manure	0.05
Grass	0.05
Timothy	0.05
Clover	0.05
Lucerne	0.05
Orchard	0.05
Apple	0.05
Peach	0.05
Cherry	0.05
Plum	0.05
Apricot	0.05
Pineapple	0.05
Mango	0.05
Papaya	0.05
Guava	0.05
Lemon	0.05
Lime	0.05
Orange	0.05
Grape	0.05
Raspberry	0.05
Strawberry	0.05
Blackberry	0.05
Blueberry	0.05
Cranberry	0.05
Gooseberry	0.05
Elderberry	0.05
Huckleberry	0.05
Junberry	0.05
Kumquat	0.05
Loquat	0.05
Nectarine	0.05
Persimmon	0.05
Pineapple	0.05
Quince	0.05
Rambutan	0.05
Sapota	0.05
Starfruit	0.05
Tamarind	0.05
Ugli fruit	0.05
Waxberry	0.05
Xigua	0.05
Yuzu	0.05
Zucchini	0.05

CATTLE MARKETS.

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GRAIN MARKETS.

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# PARTED BY GOLD

The pirate, who had been a quiet and calm spectator of the skirmish, knowing which way it must terminate, provided an extra sausage, brought that and the other triumph of his industry to the table and poured out the tea.

"What made you so late, Mr. Tubbs?" asked Mr. Montague.

"Rehearsal late," said Mr. Tubbs, with his mouth full of sausage. "Thompson was huffy as he could be and as contrary as a cat with its tail in its teeth. I don't know what comes to that man at times, whether it's the scenery, the properties, or what else I don't know. Some of these days they'll be a catastrophe mark my pieces, break a blood vessel or spit his head with opening his mouth so wide."

And as if to show that such a tragedy could be averted, Mr. Tubbs, among the possibilities, Mr. Tubbs opened his wide, that Patience laughed and said to him that if he didn't want to frighten her.

"So," continued Mr. Tubbs, "what with Thompson's bad humor, Parks, the shifter, pushing on a dunce scene for the fairies' glen, and old Bloward puffing away three notes below the rest, the affair did not go off so well as might be expected. Not," he added, quickly, seeing Montague look around at Mary, who was listening with downcast face, and one small, well-shaped hand toying with the teaspoon. "Not as Miss Mary didn't do her part. Oh, never fear, it won't be her fault if the new party's a failure. She's a success, that's what she is. Miss Mary, my dear, I drink your health, long life, prosperity. May even be less yet," and with a burlesque of solemnity he lifted the teaspoon to his mobile lips.

Mary laughed.

"You are all too good to me," she said, in her gentle, self-deprecating way. "You are not strict enough; I made two mistakes this afternoon, and Mr. Thompson only said that I was wrong."

"Hem!" hummed the comedian, significantly closing one eye and looking around the room with the other. "We all know what that means. No fear of his bullying you, Miss Mary."

"Why not?" asked Mary, looking up with genuine curiosity.

The comedian was about to speak, but, seeing Montague's countenance, he found more love than in the three little rooms at the back of the great thoroughfare.

Mary grew up, a lady in education, manner, and—her father more than hinted—birth, also, when suddenly the blow came to his hope and pride.

Little Patience grew weaker—more loving, gentle and sweet-hearted, but weaker.

These two loving hearts were wrung each day at sight of the falling strength in the body that enclosed their poor darling's soul.

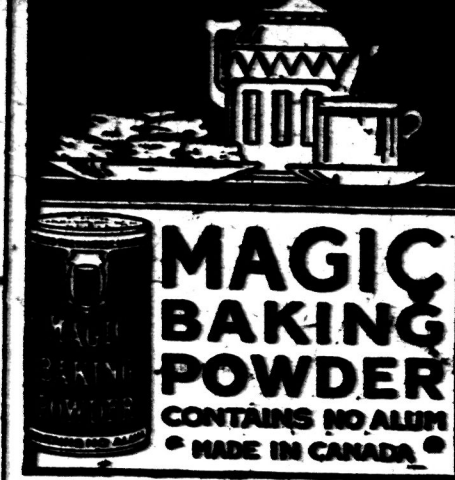
He saw it, and worried over it. Mary did more. She saw the doctor, pushed him with inquiries, and learned that the lamp might be kept burning in the hall body if it received "Maiden's" dear Miss Montague, stretched himself with a sad sort of staidness, finished his cup of tea, and, clearing his throat, said:

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Tubbs; I'm glad to hear it. It has been a blow to me, but that's neither here nor there. Will you hand me my coat?" he added, as Mary entered the room, warmly wrapped up and basking in the sun. "We will start now, I think, after I have brought Patience in again."

Patience was enveloped in the shawl, enthroned in the great armchair. Bid with a kiss from Mary and her father and a most respectful reverential adieu from Mr. Tubbs, left a little elfin queen of the tiny room to await the two who came home tired and ready for rest.

Meanwhile the three actors trudged on to the Signet. All the conversation fell to Mr. Tubbs and Mary. The elfin of the pirate had already fallen upon Montague, and as he walked along the cold only made him more silent and moody.

Perhaps he was already changing his domestic skin and voice for his theatrical one, perhaps he was really listening all the while to the chattering at his side.



Much the wiser course.

"Come," said the manager, "don't let your pride."

"Pride? how dare you? My daughter has seen her father's degradation. I would rather die than see her sink to her father's level. I am an actress—my poor, beautiful, clever girl treading the boards of a common theatre, a nightly witness of her father's degradation. Sir, you know not what you propose. If you value my poor services in the slightest let me beg of you not to repeat this insult."

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Gentleman Montague," he said, turning away and twining his hat. "No offense meant: none whatever. I may think you foolish or I may not. But look here, if you should think of it, I'll make you an offer. Let me have the young lady at the Signet, and I'll have her trained and give her a salary of six guineas a week to start with."

Montague's face blackened, and this time his fist would undoubtedly have fallen, but a hand, small and white, caught it.

Both men started and looked awkward when they saw that the intervention to this emphatic refusal was Miss Montague, and more awkward still when a second glance showed them that she had heard the whole of the dialogue.

Talk of an angel and you hear the rustle of its wings.

Father, she said, still holding his arm and drawing it within her own. "Why do you refuse this gentleman's offer? Six guineas a week may save poor Patience's life: if they would, and did not take them when we could get them, how should we look upon the flowers over her grave? Not with clear consciences, father dear. Now, sir, I have heard your offer, she consented, turning to the manager and giving Montague no time to speak: "do you still tender it?"

"I do, Miss Montague," said the manager, taking off his hat and forced into more than his usual respect by the quiet dignity of her manner. "I do, miss, and I think you would be wrong to refuse under the circumstances."

"So do I," said the girl, proudly, "and we accept it."

This was the story of Mary Montague's engagement, and Mr. Tubbs, in revolving the answer to Gentleman Montague's question, went over it and decided that it would not be well to give the truthful reason for his remark.

"Well, sir," said he, "of course Thompson knows what's due to Miss Montague; she isn't one of the ladies in the ballet, or Polly Snooks, the singing chambermaid. Oh, no, he knows who's who, and the proper thing to do. Take my word for it, sir, Miss Montague is much looked up to at the theatre, and I'm proud to say it."

The rough, honest, though somewhat politic words cheered the moody fallen gentleman's heart. He arose, stretched himself with a sad sort of staidness, finished his cup of tea, and, clearing his throat, said:

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Tubbs; I'm glad to hear it. It has been a blow to me, but that's neither here nor there. Will you hand me my coat?" he added, as Mary entered the room, warmly wrapped up and basking in the sun. "We will start now, I think, after I have brought Patience in again."

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"This pantomime'll be a success," Mr. Tubbs was saying, as they drew near the great entrance with its hundred and fifty lamps. "How soon Christmas comes around! It doesn't seem two months, let alone twelve, since old Father was jumping about in spotted dicks."

Spotted dicks was the name Mr. Tubbs had for the clown's costume.

"And to think you'll be the leading character in the opening piece! It ought to be a great draw—three songs."

"No, two," corrected Mary, with a laugh. "Only two: there were three, but Mr. Thompson was obliged to cut the third out because Miss Mix only had two."

"Ah, sweet little thing, Miss Mix! So disinterested; not a particle of jealousy about her—oh, dear no!" remarked Mr. Tubbs, with long-drawn sarcasm. "Ah, we shall have you a great lady soon, Miss Mary, playing the higher parts, cast for Lady Macbeth, Julia, in 'The Hunchback,' Juliet, and—Elo! who's that against the stage door? None of our people."

Mary looked curiously, and Mr. Tubbs saw her face—they were within the glare of the lights now—so bright and delicious crimson.

"Eh, it's quite a swell, quite a swell. Hello, he knows you, it seems," he added, as the gentleman, with a pleased smile, raised his hat respectfully.

Mary's arm tightened on her father's and caused him to look up.

An anxious, displeased look crossed his face as he saw a tall, splendidly-made gentleman in evening dress—in fact, none other than Jack Hamilton—coming toward them.

"The way, we will go this way," he said, and here the gentleman could reach them, had dragged Mary into the front entrance and hurried her up the stairs, leaving Mr. Tubbs staring at something white which the gentleman held in his hand, and trying to catch the indistinct murmur of explanation he seemed to want to offer.

CHAPTER IV.

Between two beautiful women, what a contrast!

Mary Montague, actor's daughter, soft-eyed, quick-hearted and gentle.

Lady Maud Paceywell, niece of Lady Paceywell, fashionable lady, born to be wretched, to charm and command, with dark, imperial brows, large, hazel, majestic eyes and lips that when in repose were yielding and tempting enough, but had a wonderful facility for straightening into a cold haughtiness and a killing frigidity.

A figure for a throne, an imperial salon, a duchess's boudoir, born to be clothed in purple and fine linen, to be flattered by obsequious lackeys, to be flattered by the less obsequious gentlemen, and to receive homage from all with a queenly serenity that took all, gave in return—just nothing.

Lady Paceywell's little box, as Jack Hamilton called it, lay just at the corner of Hyde Park, where it merges on Mount Street.

A snug little box it was, rented at a cost of nine hundred a year, and kept up at a cost of what Lady Paceywell would be afraid to mention.

The drawing-rooms were filled with those useless but priceless articles so dear to the rich lady's heart; four first-class clock kicked the horse stalls and ate their heads off in the stable; a host of servants—kept presumably to wait upon one another—yearned, lounged and flirted about the kitchen, offices, and a butler, the glory of Lady Paceywell and the envy of her friends, regarded himself on old port and condescended to superintend the ceremony of Lady Paceywell and her niece's meals.

Friends, never envy the rich their store of this world's goods; they hold them only for others. Lady Paceywell's groom rode her horses, her visitors got the most pleasure out of the ornate, buhl and bronzes in the drawing-room, the servants ate the best part of the delicacies daily prepared for the table, and Mr. Straightly, the butler, drank the best port.

(To be continued.)



## Teach Children to Use Cuticura Soap

Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness, roughness, pimples or dandruff. If mothers would only use these super-creamy emollients for every-day toilet purposes how much suffering might be avoided by preventing little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card, "Cuticura Dept., N. Boston, U.S.A." Sent by dealers throughout the world.

## At the Torpedo Tube

(JOHN S. MARGERISON IN SCENARIOS, Eng. Independent.)

The heavy armored grating leading to the submerged torpedo flat clanged into place after the last man, shutting the crowd of the tubes into a steel prison from which there could, in the eventuality of disaster, overtaking the ship, be little hope of escape.

But the dozen men paid but little attention to this fact; they were too busy making preparations against the time when their deadly invisible weapons might be asked to turn the tide of conflict from, maybe, defeat to victory. All around them, in steel racks on the wall, headed torpedoes shone; the bronze warheads, each containing some three-hundred odd pounds of the highest explosive, resting beneath them on the deck.

One torpedo, complete with head, lay on a trolley in rear of each of the fixed tubes and around these the crews gathered. One man flung open a door at the tube's aperture, it flat on the deck, and into the aperture thus formed the 25 foot missile was launched for half its length. But, first of all, it had to be turned from a harmless thing to a deadly mine, and for this purpose that men called a "pistol" was secured into the recessed nose of the silvery tin fish.

A MINIATURE PROPELLER.

It was as unlike a pistol as one might imagine; indeed it was simply a miniature propeller, having four blades, at the end of a metal stalk. This stalk, in turn, was threaded with a screw thread for half its length, then came a plain portion backed by an immovable steel collar. You see, it would never do to have a torpedo ready for explosion at the moment it was entered into the tube—a sudden shock might detonate it, and then the ship would commit involuntary harikari. So, when the torpedo is first launched into the water the "whiskers," as the blades of the miniature propeller are called, must first of all unscrew themselves down the threaded stalk to the plain part—and 45 yards of distance have to be travelled ere this is done.

Then, idly revolving on the plain portion, hand up against the steel collar, they wait for the blow, which, compressing them, will force in the needle point lying above the detonator concealed within the pistol.

As this explodes, it sets fire to the explosive charge in the warhead and there ensues either complete or partial demolition of the thing unlucky enough to be acting as target.

THE GYROSCOPE.

The pistol shipped, then the torpedo is launched home, and the leading number of each tube, inserting a portion into the torpedo's bowels, adjusts the distance it will run, the speed it will achieve, and the depth of which it will remain till it strikes. Also, so that, if deviated from the mapped-out path, it may be brought back again into rectitude, the gyroscope which controls the vertical rollers is set spinning, and, in case it should miss its mark, the valve which, when it comes to a standstill, will admit the ocean into its buoyancy chamber and send it to the bottom of the sea, out of harm's way, is opened.

The launching is in then completed, and the tube's rear door closed.

The gunner in charge, having made certain that everything is in order, next gives the order "Out!" But follows then a slight missing of the compass air, and from the side of the ship, just before the tube itself, a long, tough steel bar, triangular in section, with the apex pushed out, the bows of the ship, is pushed out. A moment's thought will show that if a torpedo—25 feet long—were ejected from the side of a ship travelling at a high speed, the chances are that it would either become jammed in the mouth of the tube and pent uselessly, or broken off altogether. Hence the bar.

ALL READY.

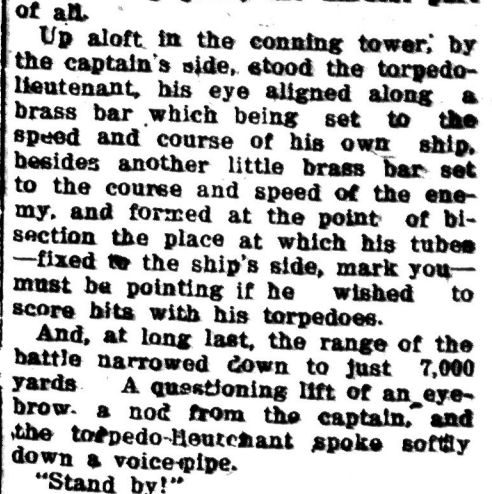
And now all was ready; the men in the submerged flat could do nothing more. Above their heads the great ship shook with the thundering roar of the discharged torpedoes; ever and anon the shock of striking shells told where the enemy was scoring hits. But none of these things affected the torpedo-men—their was the waiting game, the hardest part of all.

Up aloft in the conning tower, by the captain's side, stood the torpedo-lieutenant, his eye aligned along a brass bar which being set to the speed and course of his own ship, besides another little brass bar set to the course and speed of the enemy, and formed at the point of bisecting the place at which his tubes—fired to the ship's side, mark you—must be pointing if he wished to score hits with his torpedoes.

And, at long last, the range of the battle narrowed down to just 7,000 yards. A questioning lift of an eyebrow, a nod from the captain, and the torpedo-lieutenant spoke softly down a voice-pipe.

"Stand by!"

Plants and animals, says Science, "both have developed spines as a means of protection against their enemies, but it is rare indeed to find a plant with spines below ground. The all too common sawbrier of the Southern States and Mexico is one of the few plants thus provided. The stems above ground are spiny to keep off grazing animals, but the underground starch tubers are armored densely with spines apparently developed as a protection against peccaries—the wild pigs still found in the southwest. The sawbrier is now beyond the original range of the wild pigs, but its underground armor comes into use as a protection against the domesticated hog of the old world."



## A Peculiar Plant.

"Gosh! How my back aches!" After influenza or colds the kidneys and bladder are often affected—called "neuropathic" or inflammation of the kidneys. This is the red-flag of danger—better be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's "Anuric" (anti-uric), because "Anuric" expels the uric acid poison from the body and cures those pains, such as backache, rheumatism in muscles and joints.

Naturally when the kidneys are damaged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

Dr. Pierce's Anuric is many times more potent than lithia and often eliminates uric acid as hot tea melts sugar.

Four Hours Out. Dr. Pierce's Anuric is the best kidney remedy I have ever taken. I have had backache, rheumatism, and I would have been a cripple if I had not used it. I also suffered with my bladder, would have been a cripple if I had not used it. I have received more relief since taking Anuric than ever before. My back does not hurt me and the excretion has been changed to a normal state. I am better in every way than I have been for years. —CHAS. SCOTT, Box 668.

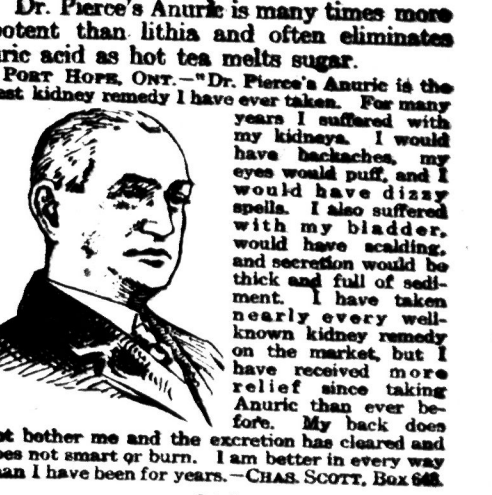


Don't Hawk, Blow Sneeze, or Cough Use "Catarrhazone"

When germs attack the lining of the nose, make you sneeze and gag—when enter on they infest the bronchial tubes—how can you follow them with a cough syrup?

You can't do it—that's all. Cough syrups go to the stomach—that's why they fail.

But Catarrhazone goes everywhere—gets right after the germs—kills them—beats the soreness—cures the inflammation—makes Catarrh disappear. Not difficult for Catarrhazone to cure, because it contains the essences of pine balsams and other antiseptics that simply mean death to catarrh. Large size costs \$1.00 and contains two months' treatment; smaller sizes 25c and 50c, all druggists and storekeepers.



## Origin of Bread Unknown.

The origin of wheat is lost in hoary antiquity. Even the original home of the cereal plants of which bread is being made is not known, all the researches and hypotheses notwithstanding. Where wheat, spelt, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, etc. first offered man their grainy ears for food is an unsolved problem.

But that originally bread was not roasted or baked as moderns prepare it, but eaten as dough or paste, may be inferred from its relation with the word "broth," both of these words being derived from the root "breowan," "bru," to brew. In all probability it was originally the boiled coarse meal with nothing added to it but salt. The leavening and baking of the bread was a later development. The origin of these processes is a matter of speculation; but so much is certain; that baking preceded the leavening of the bread that causes it to rise; also that the original form of the bread was not the loaf, but a kind of flat, flat cake like the matzo, or unleavened bread of the Jews or the tortilla of the Mexicans. Like these, it was probably roasted upon intensely heated flat stones.

With the discovery of the leaven the flat cake increased in height until it assumed the form of our loaf.

New Pleurisy Treatment.

Doctor Auld tells in the British Medical Journal of a chill and fever resembling malaria which he brought on by administering a plantainum compound and which upon subsiding left the patient in a remarkably improved condition. He tried the treatment in cases of pleurisy with good result. It is especially adapted to sluggish cases of localized infection with low fever.

## A Crop