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THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS
They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.
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CURED Gives Quick Relief
Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effect a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer.
Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

XANTHINE FOR THE HAIR
Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color
REMOVES DANDRUFF AND SCALP
Invigorates and prevents the hair from falling off.
For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by
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TEACHERS WANTED. Special enrollment men. Unprecedented demand. Outline your record. Ladies with certificates also desired. School supply catalogue free.
Southern Teachers Agency, Columbia, S. C.

NOT CUT OUT FOR SOLDIER

Widow Healy indulges in Some Plain Speaking to Her Devoted but Timid Lover.

The courting of the Widow Healy by Terence Corcoran was a tedious affair to every one in Magray place, most of all to the widow herself, who tried various expedients to assist her timid admirer.

"I'm thinking I might go for a sojer," Terence announced one night, when his fancy had been stirred by a newspaper account of a military pageant. "I'm not so old but I could do it. I was wanst in a school regiment."

"You go for a sojer!" cried the Widow Healy in mingled scorn and alarm. "A man that calls on a lone widow for two years and more, without pluck enough to spake his mind, hasn't the makings of a drummer boy in him."

The Weeds Return.
"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.
"Lose heavily?" inquired his friend.
"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."
"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."
"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

A Question.
Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?
Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me.
Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?
Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (after a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

Not Strictly Orthodox.
Police Justice—Young man, what is your religion, if you have any?
Chanfleur (arrested for overspeeding)—Something like Jim Bludso's, your honor—never be passed on the highway.

Every Time.
"What do you do when a woman asks you what you think her age is?"
"Tell her what I think it isn't."
—Houston Post.

A FOOD DRINK.
Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:
"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee."

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous."
"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Concerning Consuela
By STACY E. BAKER

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Keating felt a furious tug at his line. He made a wild grab at the set pole, and, like the novice that he was, hauled the long line—fishless—out of the water and flung it back over his shoulder. A frightened bleat punctuated the movement.

As Keating turned the rod was jerked rudely from his hands, and the amazed angler saw an indignant sheep scudding across the sea with the hook of his tackle firmly embedded in its wool, and his expensive rod hillock jumping behind at the end of the unreel'd silk.

"Blast it!" growled Keating, too worried about the future of his split bamboo to find the ludicrousness in the situation. "Darn that buttin' sheep! Why didn't she keep her inquisitive nose out of my business anyway?"

The sheep showed no inclination to stop, and Keating hastily arose from his grassy seat on the banks of the stream and gave strenuous chase. He sped grimly across fields, and the frightened quadruped, after one hasty glance behind, raced madly to the fence and swung her heavy form over it.

Both Keating and the sheep now buckled in in genuine earnest.

Keating had the college honors of his day for long-distance running. He grimly set his jaw and settled down to fancy sod dusting.

The youth made his hurdle with ease. The sheep was now some distance ahead on an open road packed



He Sped Grimly Across Fields.

hard, thanks to the rain of the morning, and perfectly adapted to the handicap race. They passed a farmhouse with the youth gaining. A surprised yokel yelled loudly as Keating passed him, and fell in behind, waving a rusty pitchfork.

On and on ran the trio. Another house sprang into view beside the road, and an aged tiller of the soil, wrinkled and seamed with the years that had fallen heavy upon him, ambled rheumatically out of the yard and joined the gallop.

Keating, after the first brief gain, could not lessen the distance between himself and the animal. From behind came the stentorian breathing of the last one to join the run, and the raspy whoops of the other, who was now just behind.

Keating's cap blew off on the wings of a breeze engendered by his fast sprint, and his heavy dark hair, usually worn slicked to his head, was now flying here and there. The four-legged leader showed signs of weakening. Keating did not stop for his cap.

"You quit that," blared the rustic just behind, who seemed, despite the college records of his pacemaker, to be holding his own remarkably well. "You quit pesterin' that poor sheep!"

Keating had no mind—nor wherd—to enter into a controversy. He kept still. The sheep was wavering. It carried too much wool to keep up the sprint. The fishing-rod bobbed awkwardly behind.

Another house loomed up ahead. The ewe dodged madly through the gateway leading up to this, and as the youth put his remaining strength to a final jump, fell panting on its side. With an exultant yell Keating dropped on his knees beside the winded animal, and made ready to extract the hook.

The protested bleat of the sheep was answered by an angry whoop from the road, and 165 pounds of farmer hurled itself through space and landed on the back of the unsuspecting Keating.

"Get off. What the deuce do you mean?"
"Pick on a poor sheep, will you?" rasped the other. "I'll learn you city fellows that property is to be respected."
"Keating spent no time in argument. His fists found the face of the other,

and a beautiful battle was precipitated thereby. The fight was all in favor of the excited fisherman until the arrival of the long-whiskered one who had been distanced in the race. The third man jumped into the battle with a raucous shout. His hands were as hard as boulders and a fluke blow from one of these deprived the fisherman of his senses.

When Keating recovered consciousness he found himself neatly trussed up, and two red and perspiring farmers standing by and eyeing him with little favor.

"You darned city bug," growled the younger. "What kind o' rowdyin' is that you are up to? Chasin' a poor defenseless critter until she falls down winded!"

"You're crazy," snarled Keating. "Couldn't you see that she had my fishhook stuck in her silly wool?"

"Fine thing for you to be doin'," added the other rustic. "Stickin' your hook in other people's sheep."
"If other people's sheep would quit sticking their noses in my affairs they would not be hooked."

"But you did hook her," came from the younger one.
"Certainly I hooked her," snapped Keating. "And now tell me what you are going to do with me. Burn me at the stake?"

An angry snort issued from the whiskers of the ancient. "We're going to hold you until Mrs. Griggs comes home."
"And who, if I may ask, is Mrs. Griggs?"

"She's the owner of that poor persecuted lambie—she's also the local representative of the S. P. C. A.," answered the youthful granger. "She'll fix you for having been cruel to Consuela."

"Consuela!" cried Keating. "Do you mean to tell me that that old sheep is named Consuela?"
"Uh, huh, an' the more names you call her the harder it'll go with you."

Keating, in the city, was Charles Keating, Esq., managing an agency for a well-known cash register concern. He bore the respect of his fellows.

In his bonds before these countrymen, fuming and fretting, and with a perspiration running down his forehead, his dignity was conspicuously absent.

The mind of the youth was on the austere Miss Decker, his fiancée. He mentally thanks fortune that this little misadventure was a thing of the country.

Pad, pad; pad, pad!
Keating, his back to the driveway, heard the approaching rig before it had come to a stop beside him.

"What is this?" asked a chilly voice—a woman's voice.
"This man was a chasin' of Consuela," explained the farmer. "He had a fishhook in her wool, and his peck and line hangin' to it, and he was runnin' her to beat Time. We knew—Hiram and I—what store you set by that sheep, Mrs. Griggs, an' we kept him, thinkin' as how you'd like to sick the law on him."

A musical laugh rang out, and the marrow in the bones of the prisoner congealed as he heard it. He knew that laugh.
"Turn him over," came in a soft contralto. "You don't care if I look upon the classic profile of your prisoner, do you, aunt?"

Hiram's foot prodded the youth face about—and a beet-red face it was!
The girl in the carriage broke into a hysterical scream.

"Oh, aunt!" she gasped when she had recovered her breath. "This is too much. Your sheep chaser is—is my fiancée."
Following the orders of Mrs. Griggs Keating was speedily liberated. Explanations followed. Mrs. Griggs laughed. Miss Marion Denton screamed again. Keating, whose sense of humor would not spread to cover the situation, frowned ominously at the two embarrassed ones who were responsible for his predicament. With awkward apologies the two made a hasty departure.

"That is the first time I ever saw you give indications of being real flesh and blood," growled Keating, townbound, and with the girl by his side.
"Now that I find you something besides a business automaton and a creature of conditions, like the rest of us, we may understand each other better," laughed the girl.

Too Many Hospitals.
Medical advices from New Zealand indicate that that country is suffering from a plethora of hospitals. Every town and every rural district in the colony has at least one, and they are supported partly by the government and partly by "subscribers," who give a little more than \$5 apiece yearly.

Every such subscriber within a radius of seven miles of the hospital is entitled to free medical service for his entire family so long as the patient remains at home. This being the case, physicians complain that they have to compete with a service subsidized by the government.
One writer reports that in some towns the misuse of the hospitals has been so serious that medical men have been unable to obtain a living. It is not stated whether the hospital staff in a given community is well able to care for the health of that community.

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

The Care Gold Fish
BY ELLERY WISE

There is nothing prettier in a room than a bowl of gold fish. The bright colored, lively little creatures darting in and out of the green vegetation in the bowl makes a picture that one never tires of studying. But gold fish are delicate things and it is depressing, when one has left them full of life and energy the previous night, to discover them dead in the morning. I find that many novices have trouble in the same direction and in some instances have given up the attempt to keep fish in the bowl. So I decided to get expert information on the subject for the benefit of the readers of this column.

"In the first place," said the expert, "don't make the mistake that one woman did who came complaining to me today. I questioned her concerning the food she had given the fish and found that she had fed them nothing but bread. That is a sure way to kill the fish, for the bread contains yeast and this sours the water and it would be necessary to change it every half hour or so, to keep the fish alive."

"If you will watch a fish that is fed with bread you will see him eat it for a little time, but as the bread gets sour from the action of the water he will take it in his mouth and cough it out very quickly. Common sense ought to teach one that when the fish spits out the bread it is not the right food for him. Oatmeal makes good fish food, but the prepared food make especially for the purpose is the best thing to feed them with."

"Don't overfeed the fish. They don't require a lot of food. Give them enough to have a good bite or two all around, but don't keep the fish food floating all the time on the surface of the water. It fouls the water and the fish will overfeed themselves and probably die."

"When you see the fish seeking the top it is a sure sign that the water is getting stale and should be changed. The fish will naturally stay near the bottom and as long as the water has sufficient oxygen for their needs they will swim around in any part of the bowl. But when the oxygen is getting low and the water used up you will see the fish crowd to the top and begin to gasp. When they do this, thrusting their heads half out of the water and gulping in the air you will know that they need fresh water, and if you do not give it to them quickly you will find your fish floating at the top, dead."

"Don't keep the fish bowl in a dark corner. The fish require sunlight, and if they are given plenty of light and air, the water will not need to be changed so frequently. Remember that the fish are accustomed in their native habitat to sunlight and air all around them. From this, they are taken and confined in a small bowl, and this bowl is kept in a close room, into which the sun seldom or never penetrates, and the consequence is the oxygen in the water is used up rapidly and the fish die for want of air."
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

To the Needleworker.
It is said that hemstitching is going to be used extensively as a finish for waists and gowns. This will be welcome news to the woman who likes the clever effect made by a row of even, open stitches. The hemstitched edge will be used chiefly on chiffon garments.
Save every scrap of trimming, for even a tiny piece may be exactly the finish for some garment when you are in sore need. Save all pieces of linen and silk, for most of them may be used in some way, either as fancy work or trimming. Have a scrap box always ready for them.

New Colors.
Apropos of new colors, some of our most fashionable women are combining purple and prune silk coats with afternoon dresses of gray, dahlia and green; one combination which a Parisian house has just devised consists of a purple coat actually seen, really is lovely, though to read the description it is very likely to seem garish. Similar silk coats in rich brown or deep green, which fit loosely about the form, are now regarded as the elegant thing for the smart matrons to wear at wedding and formal afternoon receptions.—Harper's Bazar.

HOW TO CLEAN WHITE SHOES

Comparatively Simple Matter to Restore Footwear to Original Perfect Whiteness.

Many a girl discards her white shoes when they are "good and dirty," without knowing that a little effort will restore them to their pristine purity.

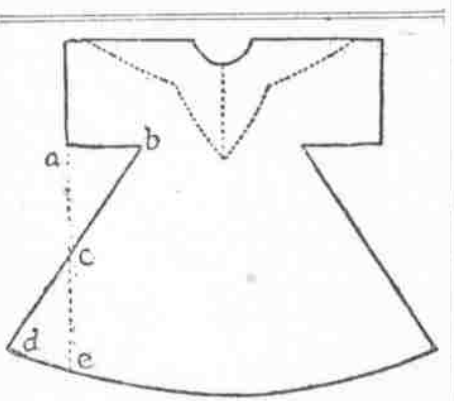
The first requirement for complete restoration is not to get the white shoes too soiled, for they never look so well as when they are taken in hand before the discoloration becomes too deep. After wearing canvas shoes they should be given a good brushing with a stiff brush, the sole edges and heels freed from mud, washed off with plain water. But do not let the water get on the canvas, for this will only serve to fasten the soil the tighter. For whitening the canvas there are many bottled liquids in the market, Chinese white being a favorite and the most efficacious one. A home-made whitener which is just as good if put together according to the formula is made of half an ounce of gum arabic dissolved in 40 ounces of water; to this add an ounce of white vinegar and 20 ounces of powdered chalk. Shake the bottle well before using, and put the white on with a brush, going over the shoes with a second coat after the first one has dried in, if they seem to need it.

Where it is desired to match a shoe to the dress tint, old white canvas ties or satin slippers may easily be changed to any color wanted by adding a little dye to the gum arabic water and vinegar instead of the chalk. With any of the bottled liquids they may also be made tan or black.

AND NOW COMES THE JIBBAH

If You Don't Know What It Is, Read the Following Description of Garment.

My friends admire my jibbah. It is much prettier and more graceful than an ordinary kimono, and it takes only half a day to make one. The material should be at least 44 inches wide. There is absolutely no waste in cutting, except the circle or square at



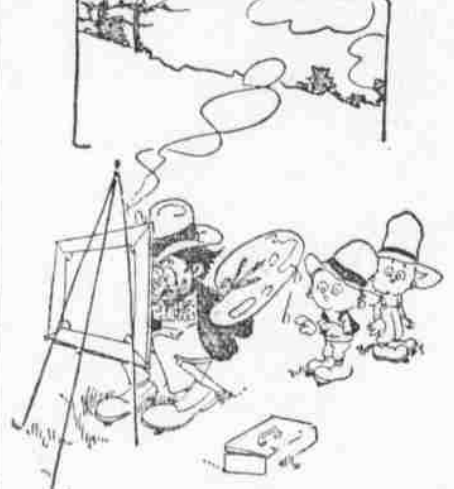
the neck. The length of the sleeve must be determined according to the figure. When that is done the distance from underarm to bottom, b, d, is bisected at c, and the triangular portion, a, b, c, which is cut out, is turned right around to form the gore, d, e, e. If the gown is made of figured material, a yoke of plain goods would be pretty. If the jibbah is of plain cloth the yoke may be beautifully embroidered, making a pretty and becoming house gown.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

Turnback Cuffs Popular.
With the white shirt waist and white duck linen skirt pure white neckwear is the rule or pure white combined with some delicate tint.
Some of the hand-embroidered Dutch collars have inserts of pale blue, pink or lavender linen on which are worked flowers, sprays or dots in white with very dainty effect.
Turnback cuffs are so smart this season that some women, taking advantage of special sales of the turn-over Irish collars, buy up two or three in matching patterns and, cutting away the stiff linen back, make cuffs of the strip of Irish crochet, which can be obtained more reasonably this way than by the yard, as these collars are made up in great quantities and the real Irish patterns imitated very closely.

New Ornamentation.
If something new be your aim in matter of the ornamentation of a blouse, drawn work is suggested by some of the most successful makers as an effective relief from the perennial insertion or embroidery. The coarse meshes so much in use this season offer stability and an unusual coolness to which characteristics is added the easy "drawing" quality. When marquisette or voile is drawn and worked with coarse linen thread in some of the simpler drawn-work patterns the decorative value is wonderfully increased. Squares, lines and pointed plastrons are attainable, and when the whole blouse is built over a contrasting color to bring it into harmony with the skirt the result is decidedly successful.

Munyon's
Witch Hazel
Soap
is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.
Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

IGNORANT OF ART.



The Impressionist—That's a cow.
St. Louis Lady Cured of Eczema.

529 Vernon St., St. Louis, Mo.
I have had Eczema for four years, and have tried everything possible to cure it, without success, until I tried Tetterine. Your medicine has cured me after six months' trial. Miss A. B. King.
Tetterine cures Eczema, Itching Pills, Ring Worm, Dandruff and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c; Tetterine Soap 25c. At druggists or by mail direct from The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.
With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shuptrine's 19c Liver Pills free.

Illiterate Immigrants.
Ellis Island records show that of 52,727 immigrants who arrived here in July 12,895, or about 25 per cent., are illiterates. Illiteracy is no bar to an immigrant so long as he appears physically able to care for himself. Only 1,127 persons who sought to enter the country were barred at this port last month.—New York Press.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM
Take the Old Standard Quinine-Tonic's TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents. Price 50 cents.

A Contradiction.
"Queer, wasn't it, that water in the place you went to made the folks there sick?"
"Why was it queer?"
"Because it was well water."

For HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSICINE
Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsicine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c, 25c, and 50 cents at drug stores.

Generosity.
The Backer—Go it, Billy, yer ain't half licked yet.
The Fighter—Well, you come and 'avo the other 'arf. I ain't greedy!—Tit-Bits.

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

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be if it be insensible to the pleasures of home.—Lex.

Bermuda Onion Seed.
Direct from Tenerife. We are headquarters. Write for prices. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Bookkeeping.
"Is Bliggins a good bookkeeper?"
"He used to be. I never lend him any more."

GENUINE LINIMENT

Mexican Mustang Liniment
In 1848 Old Reliable
began its career of healing Man & Beast. Its just as good to-day as then. Same formula used because it couldn't be improved. Careful folks have it always handy. Buy a bottle to-day—NOW.
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug and Gen'l Stores.

PISO'S
is the name to remember
When you need a remedy
for COUGHS and COLDS