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No man ever made a fortune by his own efforts alone: he must enlist the services of other men. Are you one of the many who are helping some one else get rich and yet content with a small daily wages yourself? If you are, I SAY STOP right now and commence doing business for yourself. I will show you how free. I want one honest person (male or female) in every locality to represent my large mail order house: the work is pleasant, dignified and exceedingly profitable: some are earning from $25 to $50 per week: those who can't work all the time earn just in proportion for the time they do work. It will cost you nothing to find out all about it: if you are interested send me your name and address and let me start you in a profitable business for yourself free. GEORGE A. PARKER, Dept. L, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

INSOMNIA

is quickly and permanently cured by ADA-LUR-IEM, an efficient nerve tonic and never-failing cure for NERVOUS DISORDERS in men and women. ADA-LUR-IEM makes the eye bright and the mind clear, regulates the bowels and liver, healthfully stimulates the digestion and restores the nerve balance and harmony, the foundation of perfect health.

ADA-LUR-IEM gives marvellous results in SHAKING PALSY and LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, quickly bringing relief. It is especially efficient in cases of LOSS OF NERVE POWER and all languid conditions of the system.

It is perfectly harmless.

Formula on every package. Price $1 per box, 6 boxes for $5. Mailed to any address. All correspondence confidential. Write for free book.

ADA-LUR-IEM MEDICINE CO.
[Founded by William Brandreth]
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$12 to $35 Per Week
And a 20-YEAR GOLD FILLED WARRANTED WATCH GIVEN AWAY.

We want one representative in every town and city to advertise, take orders, and appoint sub-agents. 50 per cent commission and other inducements, big money made, and pleasant, clean work; goods sold to advertise at half-price, credit given agents, no money required, for we trust you until after delivery, giving you 10 to 30 days; sample 6-inch shear sent on receipt of advertising price, 25 cents; all goods guaranteed by us; the sample will convince you that you can make $12.00 to $35.00 per week on our goods; exclusive territory given with control of sub-agents. Answer at once, while territory is open; salaried position after you become experienced.

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DO YOU WASTE BREAD?
SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE.
KNIFE ALWAYS IN PLACE.
POPULAR PRICE.
DAINTY BREAD MAKER.

Does your dealer keep the Vicker? If not, to introduce the Slicer in your town, you can get one for 25c. by sending your dealer's name. Agents wanted.

KUE-KUE SPECIALTY CO., New York
96 Warren Street.

HIS HARDEST LUCK

There was no one better known about Dawson City in the early gold days than "Long John" LaRoche. When I knew him he lived about six miles out of town, at a place called Ambrosia City. He was the mayor of the city, and he was the entire city most of the time, for there was only one house beside his in the place. One night there was a town meeting, the entire population—five men and a dog—and LaRoche told this story:

Talk about hard luck, the hardest luck I ever heard of come to old man McBride. Probably none of you knew Old Danny McBride, the man who was drowned trying to escape from Blackwells Island. No offence intended. I'm not insinuating that any of you did know him. I never knew him myself—leastways not when he was alive. Well, eight or nine years ago I was the victim in a case of mistaken identity, and the judge sent me to the island for thirty days; and there I heard about McBride. He had hid himself along the shore one day—they let you out with only a guard standing round, understand—and at night he found a boat and was rowing across to the city when a tug ran him down, and he was drowned. And the story was that he'd been seen of a night lately rowing back and forth across the river, just like he was doing when he was drowned. I didn't believe the story, but it gave me a good idea. If he could do it, I could do it, only I wouldn't bother with a boat. I'd swim. So I slipped away from the guard next day and waited until it was dark, and then I crept into the water on the east side and I started to swim across.

But just as I struck out I heard a voice in front of me, and I looked up. And there was Old Danny McBride himself. I sat right down in the water. If it had been four inches deeper I should've drowned where I was, for I hadn't sense enough left to have saved myself. He was all white, and his boat was white. He was baldheaded and had a long beard, and he looked dead—awful dead. I could see the electric lights of Long Island City right through him.

"Hello, pardner," says he. "What you 'fraid of? I ain't no patrol boat. Want a lift across the river?"

"What are you?" says I, my voice coming back, but shaky. "Are you the ghost of Danny McBride?"

"Ghosts?" says he, throwing back his head and laughing. "Do you believe in ghosts? Don't you do it. There ain't no such things as ghosts."

"There ain't?" says I, some doubtful.

"Certainly not. Don't you suppose I know?"

Well, of course, I couldn't dispute with a thing like that, which certainly had the facts. But if you could o' seen him sitting there, laughing, with the green light from the starboard side of a tugboat shining right through him, you would o' wanted something better than his word for it.

"Then what are you?" says I.

"This," says he, tapping himself where the light shone through him, "this is my astral body. You understand?"

Well, I couldn't see much difference between a ghost and an astral body at that time o' night, but I didn't say nothing to offend him.

"You want to get over to the Long Island shore?" says he. "All right; get in here with me. I know how it is myself."

I didn't want him to think I was green, so I put my hand on the gunnel o' the boat and threw one leg over the side, cool as anything. But my foot went right through the bottom of the boat back into the water again. The boat wasn't anything but a kind of fog.

"Hold on," says Old Danny, "that won't do. Do you reckon I carry garden truck in this boat? Or paving stones? Take off your body and leave it in them weeds over there."

So I done what he told me to, and when I come back I climbed into the boat as dry as you please, and we rowed across the river to a pier on the other side. He hitched his boat and I climbed out and left him. I was in such a hurry to get away that I ran right through the corner of a pile of lumber and never noticed it.

But when I got out on to the street I pulled up short. I had forgot all about my body that I'd left lying in them weeds over on Blackwells Island. Here was a pretty kettle o' fish. I was in Long Island City and my body was half way across the East River. Supposing McBride had gone away—how was I going to get over to it again?

I put back to that pier on a run, I can tell you; and this time I never stopped for lumber piles or warehouses or nothing. I went right plumb through buildings, and all. The old fellow was just untying his boat when I reached him.

"Hold on," says I. "Wait a minute."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said he. "What's wrong?"

"Why, we've left my body over there," says I, pointing with my fog arm across the channel.

"Well," says the old fellow, "what else could we do?"

"But I want it," says I. "I need it in my business. Do you think I'm going over to the city like this?" and I hit myself a misty blow on the chest. "How could I ever face my friends again?"

"H-m-m," says Old Danny, stroking his beard. "Well, well; there is something in that." He thought a minute or two, and then he says: "I'll tell you what to do. Go and wake up somebody you can trust and get him to row over after your body."

So off I went for Dick Murphy. He was pretty badly scared when he seen me standing by his bed, and he was worse scared when I got him down to the pier and he saw McBride, for he'd been a pall-bearer at the old man's funeral only the year before.

"But I didn't know you was dead, too, LaRoche," says he, all of a shiver.

"Oh, I ain't dead," I says; "I'm just——" And then I looked at McBride. "Say," says I to him, "how about this? Am I dead?" I tell you, it give me a start, for I hadn't thought of that before.

"Well," says he, looking sort o' dubious, "it's hard to say. Your body's been a lying in them weeds a good while. I wouldn't never 've left it like that if I'd thought you was going back again. It's a pretty cold night, and you've been in the water quite a spell. But if the guards have found you, why mebbe——"

"Utopia," says I, with a yell. "Come along here." And I jumped into Danny's boat. Murphy took a wooden boat off the pier, and we pulled over to where I had left myself."

And there was nothing there.

I was the color o' mist already, but I guess I turned mistier. I shook like a piece o' fog in the wind. So I was dead, then.

"There's one chance," says Old Danny. "If you fell into the water, you're like as not drowned by this time. But if the guards found you and carried you inside, why, mebbe you're alive yet. We'll go and see."

He hitched his boat to the wooden one Murphy was in, and we went over to the prison buildings and, looking through the wall, there in the surgery, sure enough, we could see the doctors working over me. But I wasn't rid of my scare yet, for it was doubtful if they could bring me to, and it looked as if I'd have to stand by and see myself die right before my own eyes. But finally I gave a gasp or two, and then I saw I was out o' danger.

But the worst happened afterward, for when McBride got back to the shore there was no one there. You see, the minute we left him, that fool Murphy had pushed off and rowed back home again, with Old Danny's astral boat towing along behind. You may talk about hard luck, but what do you think of poor old McBride, caught on that island without a single astral plank to get away on? And he never did get away. That was nine years ago, and to this very day the guard will see that poor fellow walking back and forth along the shore of a night, his whiskers blowing in the wind, wringing his hands and looking away toward the Long Island lights for the astral boat that never comes.—E. S. Chamberlayne.

MAN FLIGHT NEXT.

(Continued from Page 1)

waste the vanquished country with great arrows of explosive shot down from a height of thousands of feet—ten thousand times more horrible than now war will be. Some persons hold that the flying machine will make war impossible through the new horrors it will introduce. But this presupposes that with its advent man's nature will somehow be miraculously purified of the fighting taint "in the twinkling of an eye."

When man flies he will escape the heat of the city overnight by ascending to well-defined "anchorages" above the scenes of daily toil, and as the colony of air yachts "float" as a bird seems to float, the wireless telephone will carry to the occupants of each "yacht" the jokes and songs of the stage folk in the "amusement boat."

Up, up into the pure, microbeless, dustless air the sick and suffering will be carried and nursed back to health in private air sanatoria and state and municipal air hospitals. (See Kipling's "With the Night Mail." And go to the same wonderfully realistic story for a description of the air lanes, akin to the ocean lanes of to-day; lanes one above another—one at so many thousand feet for the mail packets, another for hospital boats, a third for freighters, still another for 'round-the-world expresses, and so on.)

When man flies, good-by to the railroad for long-distance traveling, and—happy thought—to the rebate controversy. Good-by, too, to the present day, often false, weather prognosticator. Flying, man will of necessity, both for perfect flight and other obvious reasons, come into possession of a well-nigh complete meteorology. Then agriculture—all industry—will be transformed.

Between midnight and dawn the morning newspapers of New York will be whirled to Chicago, and vice versa; and a New York business man will step into the San Francisco express at the close of the business hours one day and be set down on a landing stage at the Golden Gate next morning, before business hours, after a leisurely flight (mark the words!) across the continent.

When man flies, will the customs officials be hard put to it to circumvent the smuggler? How far up in the air over it will a nation have jurisdiction? A distance corresponding to the three-league jurisdiction on the sea, or as far up as a cannon can shoot, as suggested by the German savants, who want to have this and other minor questions settled against the day of the flying machine's arrival.

And suppose, suppose a nation should succeed in buying up the secret of man-flight, and succeed, also, in sedulously guarding it for its own uses—what then?

A one nation world from Pole to Pole!

"He who shall make himself master of the sea is destined to become master of the land," truthfully wrote Themistocles long, long ago. And those of us who are looking forward to the advent of air navigation as a matter of course (so far along have we advanced towards actual flight) can add in equal truthfulness: "And he who shall make himself master of the air, and shall hold the secret thereof, will become master of both."

Revolution, life itself, we will not begin even to dream their real meaning until we fly!

FADS AND FANCIES.

By Minna Schatt Crawford.

With the coming of cooler days the question of children's school frocks and their materials are of great interest. Checks and plaids continue to be prime favorites, and with abundant reason, for there is nothing so thoroughly childlike and pretty as the gay Scotch plaids. Panama cloth in the various weights, and in all colors of red, blue, green and brown has taken the place of both serge and mohair in the children's wardrobe. Its firm texture, its pliability, its lack of that tendency to ravel at cut edges which makes both serges and mohairs so difficult for the amateur sewer to handle; and, above all, its iron-like wearing qualities have won for it an abiding place in the affections of thrifty mothers. It is a splendid fabric for young girls' coat suits or blouse suits, and will be worn more than ever the coming season.

2105

For the smaller girls, from four to twelve, challies, cashmere and albatross are mostly used, made into dainty frocks, mostly of the guimpe order, and worn with separate coats when days are chilly. The delightfully pretty frock here pictured was made of bright red, polka-dotted challis, with the guimpe yoke of French hand embroidery. The pattern No. 2105 is cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards of 36 inch material, with 1½ yards of lawn and ½ yard of all-over for the guimpe. Price 15 cents.

2055

Boys' Russian suit, consisting of a blouse and knickerbockers. May be made of either Panama cloth, serge or wash flannel. Pattern 2055 is cut in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 42 inch material. Price 15 cents.

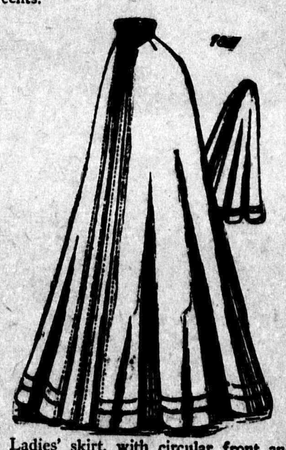
Ladies' smart walking suit of blue and black invisible plaid suiting. The coat is semi-fitted, with seams from the shoulder in front, and from the sides at the back. It fastens in double-breasted style, with either buttonholes or loops, and has a beautiful roll collar and turn-back cuffs of velvet. The coat pattern No. 2122 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

The skirt is a plaited model in five gores, with stylish inverted plaits at front, sides and back. It is a beautiful model for either a separate skirt or as part of a costume. The pattern 2123 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

2123

2119

Ladies' shirt waist in dark blue and green checked flannel, finished with a belt and tie of green taffeta silk. The waist is made in a smart vest effect, with an inverted plait and two single plaits on each side of the front, and detachable collar and cuffs. There are three tucks at the center back. The pattern No. 2119 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material. Price 15 cents.



Ladies' skirt, with circular front and sides and tucked back gore. Pattern No. 1811 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Our readers may obtain these patterns by enclosing fifteen cents for each pattern desired and mailing direct to

Fashion Correspondent,
6032 Metropolitan Bldg., New York City.

Be careful to state correct size and number of patterns wanted.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"Yes, sir! Hair cut, sir? Shave, sir?" asked the obsequious barber of the customer who entered.

"Shave, please," said the gentleman, seating himself in the chair.

"I pride myself on my quick methods," went on the assistant, lathering his face, and then bringing the razor into operation.

After a few lightning strokes he made a gash or two.

"Sorry, sir!" he said, scraping away, and drawing blood here and there. Another good cut or two, and the thing was progressing grandly. "Want anything on your face, sir?" he asked.

"Well," said the customer, ruefully looking at his face in the glass, "I'd be obliged to you if you'd leave my nose."

Willie—[illegible] George Washington such a te[illegible]
Stunso[illegible] Why, my boy, what do you [illegible]
"Well, [illegible] hasn't, why was such a fuss ma[illegible] he told the truth?"—

Env[illegible] letters were not used until [illegible]
F[illegible] cal taste usually have [illegible]
[illegible] eye is one third of a [illegible]

THE WORLD'S WAY.

"Who is the man on the hilltop?"

"That's the fellow who climbed to fame and fortune."

"And who are the fellows at the foot of the hill?"

"Friends of his—waiting to see how undignified he'll look when he rolls down."

TWO CLASSES OF FAIRY TALES.

"I say, mama," asked little Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time?'"

"No, dear, not always," replied mama; "they sometimes begin with, 'My love, I have been detained at the office again to-night.'"

The total income of all American colleges is $29,278,516.

The first lightning rod was put up by Prohop Dilo[illegible] a Bohemian monk, June 15, 1754.

Hoboken, [illegible] with 27.1[illegible] population, [illegible] the su[illegible] American ci[illegible]

The fastes[illegible] Chicago mal[illegible] 1,080 minutes.

The. averag[illegible] is forty-nin[illegible] wo[illegible]'s fo[illegible]

RED HOT [illegible] PARO[illegible]

Energetic Compa[illegible] chants L[illegible]

ORGANIZATIONS [illegible]

Pledges Sought from Congressional Candidates of Both Parties—Small Dealers Most Affected.

Commercial organizations and business men from all sections of the country are endorsing the movement headed by the Merchants' League of America, with headquarters at 280 Broadway, New York City, against the establishment by the government of a deficit-producing parcels post system for the sole benefit of the catalogue mail order houses.

That powerful organization known as the "Affiliated Presidents and Secretaries of Commercial Trade Organizations," which is made up of the working heads of nearly one hundred commercial bodies, has adopted strong resolutions against the establishment of a parcels post system on the lines proposed by the catalogue mail order houses, and the members of these organizations are vigorously aiding the Merchants' League of America in its big campaign.

The Merchants' League for some weeks has been supplying newspapers of the country with facts and figures showing that a parcels post system in the United States would raise the annual deficit of the Post Office Department from $15,500,000, which it now is, to more than $150,000,000. It also has pointed out to the bankers manufacturers and small merchants of the country that this deficit would have to be made up of taxation on the whole people so that the small merchants are asked by the catalogue mail order houses to foot the bill for their own extermination.

The great deficit would be caused by the fact that it would cost the government approximately seven times as much to carry parcels under the proposed rates, as would be paid by the shippers. Thus the latter would get six-sevenths of their carrying charges free, and thus could regularly undersell the small dealers of the country.

Pressure is being brought to bear by the Merchants' League on the candidates of both parties for Congress to have them declare themselves on the parcels post proposition before the November election. The merchants of the various localities are aiding in this, and in October a list will be issued showing the candidates who have promised to stand by the interests of their own localities and those who have cast their lot for the concentration of the country's retail trade in a few big centers, thus curtailing bank deposits, newspaper advertising and general trade in their home sections.

All merchants and business men are requested by the Merchants' League to join its movement and to enroll as supporters. Blanks are furnished by the organization to all business men who apply, and they are thoroughly informed on the progress of the movement. Commercial bodies also have been urged to aid to their fullest abilities.

Household Helps.

After the carpet has been well dusted, lay on the grass and clean with a cloth dipped in ammonia water, rubbing every part.

To wash feathers, empty them from the ticks into a large sack of thin material, through openings in each that should be pinned together to prevent the feathers flying about. Put the sack of feathers into a tub of strong suds and squeeze and wash thoroughly, or use a powder. Rinse in two waters and place over the clothes-bars out in the sun to dry.

To wash woolen blankets: First shake and brush them well, then have ready two tubs of real warm but not hot water, in one of which make a very strong suds with soap that has been melted or dissolved for the purpose. Do not rub soap on the blanket. Wash quickly but thoroughly through the suds, rinse well and quickly, wring, and hang on the line lengthwise, so that the color at the ends will not run through the blankets.

To remove ink stain wash the spot in spirits of turpentine, afterward rinsing in warm water. Fresh ink stains can be removed by using sweet skim milk.

Clean white silk by washing and rinsing in benzine. Dry in the open air. Keep away from the fire.

Put a teaspoonful of concentrated lye with a cup of water in a kettle whose contents have burned on the bottom, let stand a few hours and there will be no trouble in removing the burned substances.

A few drops of coal oil added to the water with which windows are to be washed will save time and labor.

To remove the odor of onions: Put some nice fresh parsley on with your dish of onions, and after eating them dip the parsley in vinegar and eat that also. You will be surprised at the effect of experimenting.

Heat new iron, such as ranges, very gradually at first, which will prevent cracking.

When making ginger snaps improve them by adding a teaspoonful of vinegar.

A syrup made of granulated sugar and hot water will be found an improvement on just the plain sugar for sweetening iced tea, in which the sugar often does not melt.

Discolored saucepans of enamel can often be made to look like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

A little salt sprinkled on a smoky fire [illegible] The same method on a fire [illegible] broiling will give the blue [illegible] desired.

No[illegible]

We can cure you of baldness, hair falling, scanty partings, all diseases of the scalp, stop hair falling and restore gray and faded hair to its original color.

We don't want you to take our word for this. We will prove it to you AT OUR OWN EXPENSE.

A FREE PACKAGE of our wonderful treatment will get your case under control and make you happy.

Our remedy is NOT A DYE nor a hair coloring, but a marvellous and natural Hair Food. You cannot make a mistake in trying it, for we ship it to you prepaid at our own expense, and do not ask you for a cent of money unless you feel justified by results.

It makes not the slightest difference to us how long you have had your trouble. We will go to the roots of it and cure it.

Think just for a moment what this means! Think what it promises for those who have lost, or who are losing the glorious tresses of youth.

We will restore your hair, make it long and strong, make it as you wish it to be, and give you more satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. Do not be disheartened because you have used other hair remedies without results. Be just to yourself and to us. Our remedy will make you happy. What it has done for others it will do for you.

We ask you in all kindness to write to us and we will send you by return mail, at our own expense, a full trial treatment of the Greatest Hair Grower on earth. We will also send you our interesting booklet of advice and hundreds of testimonials from delighted patients, giving their experiences for the benefit of others who have become discouraged. You will never regret answering this announcement, for it means much to you, more than you can imagine.

If you want beautiful hair, if your hair is getting so that you look aged or your personal appearance is disparaged, write to us for help. We are an Incorporated Company, not a private concern. We want you and your friends to know what we can do, and how we do it. Send to-day, and do not put it off. You will be delighted with what we send you, and it costs you nothing. Address in full, enclosing 2c. stamp for reply. LORRIMER MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Incorporated. Dept. 3350, 118-120 North Paca st., Baltimore, Md.

IMPORTANT
to Every Man Who Shaves.
100,000 Men Wanted at Once

We will make it worth your while helping us to introduce the famous

GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR

THIS IS THE BEST OFFER

ever made in connection with a safety razor of recognized merit and superiority—and there is not a man, if he values the comfort assured by self-shaving, who can afford to be without this wonderful Gem Junior outfit.

The Gem Junior consists of a fine nickel automatic frame and seven all-steel blades, edged by experts. ONE FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK—all in handsome plush-lined case—the very best value for the money you ever heard of and a delight to men who shave.

The above set complete, delivered postpaid on receipt of

$1.00 and the name of the best dealer in your locality

Address:
F. H. HOFFMANN, Business Manager,
GEM CUTLERY CO.,
34 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

"I Was a Nervous Wreck!"

"For years I suffered untold tortures. The slightest exertion or excitement completely unnerved me. I had nervous twitchings and tremblings and suffered terribly from insomnia, indigestion and constipation. I was saved from complete nervous prostration and finally completely cured by a simple preparation which any one can secure. Write me and I will tell you the formula free. I have nothing to sell, but publish this from gratitude and for the good it may do others who suffer as I did."

MRS. A. O. WOODCOCK
White Plains, N. Y.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, warranted for 25 years; also a Gold-Filled Ring set with a Sparkling Gem are given free to any one for selling only 30 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Send your name and address for Jewelry; when sold send us the money and Gold Watch and Ring are yours. Address COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 220 East Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks (Trade Mark) Reg.

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs [illegible] Made of [illegible] lined with soft [illegible] Keep [illegible] Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name. J. H. Parker, Dept. E, 95 James St.

YOUR FORTUNE [illegible]

Send two cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from the cradle to the grave. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the Greatest Astrologer living. Patrons astonished and pleased. PROF. LEO ARIZ, Dept. 112 [illegible]

RIFLE [illegible] is 2½ feet long, weighs [illegible] lbs.; elegantly finished, [illegible] parts nickeled; walnut stock, pistol grip, [illegible] for killing small game; shoots BB shot and darts; [illegible] send us your name and address for only 20 pieces of [illegible] return $5.00 when sold and we will send the rifle [illegible] COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 60, [illegible]

FREE