

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OIL AS MOTOR POWER FOR STEAMSHIPS

The most interesting passages in Lloyd's annual record of shipping progress are, says the Westminster Gazette, those which deal with the employment of internal combustion engines at sea. Twelve vessels fitted with Diesel engines are in service, and twenty-five others are in course of construction. These are small figures compared with the 10,466 merchant ships on the register, but they are significant. A large number of ships will be fitted each year with these big oil-engines, but at present they are meeting with an unanticipated obstacle. The price of the fuel upon which they depend has risen abnormally. It has practically doubled since the Diesel engine began to be seriously considered for marine purposes, and that alters the whole basis of a comparison with coal. New and cheaper sources of fuel will be discovered, but as things stand the oil-engines will be confined in the main for some time to come to vessels engaged on trading routes where cheap oil is available.

WARNING RESENTED.

As a train was moving forward from a suburban station, a man stuck his head out of the window.

"Keep your head in there," a porter shouted in warning, "or it will be knocked off."

"Knocked off?" shouted the passenger. "Knocked off, eh? Well, it won't be knocked off by anybody the size of you."

INSANITY IN JAMAICA.

The British Empire Review says that whilst the population of Jamaica has increased 30 per cent, in twenty years, the insane population has increased 100 per cent., there being one insane person for every 632 inhabitants.

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

HOW THE ORGAN FUND WAS SAVED

(By Emma Lee Wlatoon, in the "Interior.")

Marcia Dobbin, erect at the best room window, watched the last of the mission circle depart through the spring mud, and slush, with a fearful feeling that the fabric her years had painfully woven was falling into rags and tatters before her eyes. Twenty years of residence in the village should have been warrant enough for the village faith, but it did not know, it did not know! Her gentle, optimistic cheer had won a place for them in the hearts of their neighbors, and now they delighted to honor her through her husband—unwittingly dealing her happiness its death blow. As she stood there gazing over the fields to the far-away snow-capped hills, it seemed to her as if they hemmed her in so tightly that they were choking the breath of life out of her. There had been days when she loved those hills in their blue beauty but now they were cruel in their unrelenting, hopeless fixity. Things did not better after all; they never, never changed.

Years before they had lived in another place on the outer edge of the continent when she was young and he was strong, and they had looked the whole world in the face with a laugh and a gray curiosity. Then there had come that horrible day that made her shudder yet, though she had never found it in her heart to blame him for his careless irresponsibility. There were natures so birdlike in their buoyance as to be utterly incapable of bearing burdens or considering consequences, hence it was but natural that the sorrow should be hers alone. In Mr. Burrow's silent office, she had signed the notes and pledged herself to repay all that was gone, and then they had moved away. Two years before the last of the notes had been redeemed by her; he had paid no cent to eke out the pittance she had squeezed every month from her slender income. There had always been some other need for the salary he earned as bookkeeper, and he was so sweetly regretful of it that she had not the heart to reproach him. Instead, she felt a whimsical sort of gratitude because he took the necessary deprivations so cheerily, without complaint, the absurdity of which point of view, truck her only when she was overtired and unreasonable in her own eyes. Eighteen years of bitter economy, twenty years of a secret terror, and now—

The mission circle, meeting in the best room for tea, cakes and sewing, had been eager to tell her that at the annual gathering of the church her husband had been made treasurer of the organ fund. The organ fund was large and the honor was great so she had tried to seem as pleased as she knew Mrs. Tyler would have been, or Mrs. Orgen, whose husband was insignificant and subject to nervous fits. They had chattered so incessantly of Deacon Farwell's talk, and how badly out of tune the church piano was, that they had not noticed her manner—if it were

peculiar at all. She was not given to self analysis, taking her duty as it came, and she could not complain how she felt, though the sense of horror was strongly uppermost. She could scarcely remember what they said afterward, nor of what they talked when they put on their things at 5 o'clock, so strongly was she shaken. It had seemed an interminable time before the last of them left, looking back to nod and smile to her as she stood framed by the window, as gentle and pathetic as some soft-toned Madonna.

Down at the end of the now deserted street appeared the figure of a man tramping cheerily along, splashing the muddy snow aside with a right good will, and she shrank against the frame the better to watch him. He was tall and nervously thin, his spare frame topped by a magnificent head. His noble forehead, generous nose and square, firm chin, that made people compare him to historic busts gracing the town library shelves, caused them also to believe firmly that he would do great things some day. At time when she forgot the wavering mouth, which the wide mustache hid so charitably, his wife believed it too. But the little village had not learned to read character in the hands, or they might have understood why she was not desirous of honors for Herbert Dobbin, the gay, the debonaire.

"I'm late, I guess," he said, as she let him in the back way, and he stood scraping the mud from his shoes on the mat. "But honest, Marcia, there was the beatenest man at the office. Say, but he was sure clever! Twirl his hat on the end of his nose, keep five oranges in the air at once or toss up the ink bottle and catch it without spilling a drop. Wish you could have seen him. Beats all how the mud sticks."

"You'd better slide your shoes off there," she said, passing at the partry door. "Your slippers are in the bag behind you."

Something in her voice made him look up suddenly. "You're all tuckered out, Marcia," he said kindly. "I sure do hate the days that gang of women comes traipsing here, doing you up."

"I like it," she said, smiling wistfully. "Was there no change from paying the grocer?"

"Oh, yes," he said easily. "Something over a dollar, but I gave that to the man. Say! he was the cleverest fellow! worth a whole circus any day."

She thought herself prepared, it had happened so often in the years, but it was always a shock, and she spoke before she thought.

"That was my money," she said gently. "And I had promised it to the China famine fund."

"Oh, but if you had seen him, Marcia!" her husband said pathetically, warming his hands over the stove.

"If you had seen him, you would have given it, too. He has a brood of tiny children with no mother to look after them, and he needed just \$3 to take him to Barton to spend Sunday with them. I could not resist, only wish-

TRY A PACKET, put it to the test in your own Tea-pot and your taste will be captivated in five minutes .:



BLACK GR... PRESERVED AND SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS. NATURAL GREEN

ing I had more to give. He certainly was the cleverest juggler in the world. I wonder if I could try it with a couple of plates."

"No," she said crisply. "Supper's ready. The fare to Barton is 85 cents. She was sorry she spoke the moment the words had passed her lips, for it hurt her inexpressibly to see the light die out of his happy face so suddenly. He was nothing, after all, but a big, lovable child."

"You're right, Marcia, you're right," he said, gloomily. "Can it be that he was telling me lies?"

"He was a good juggler, anyway," she smiled cheerily.

"Yes," he said more hopefully. "that was all right, he certainly was. Put a potatoe on my plate, Marcia. Oh, did you hear about my being organ fund treasurer?"

"Organ fund?" she said, anxious not to spoil his pleasure in the announcement by a hint of foreknowledge. "Who did it?"

"It was Becker started it," he said, proudly. "but it was unanimous. They told me this forenoon. It'll be several thousand dollars to look after, so it's an honor. Aren't you glad?"

She was in the pantry, and he did not notice she made no reply, but went on gayly, leaving her a few moments to think. Several thousand dollars! What a sum to entrust to one whose ideas of right were so easily perverted by a little specious reasoning! He was so ingenuous, that one other time when he had been the trustee of thousands, in arguing that he had but borrowed to relieve a temporary stringency. Trouble, anxiety and uncomfortable memories made no impression on his spirits; he put them all off as easily as he might a cloak that burdened him with its weight.

"I went to see Fischer about the barn, Marcia," he was saying. "He has drawn up some great plans with the cleverest loft I ever laid eyes on. It's going to cost only a hundred more than I expected."

"You oughtn't to have said anything to him, Herbert," she protested. "We haven't the money to warrant any such ideas, and you know it as well as you know your name."

"Yes, but it's coming," he laughed gayly. "Uncle Simeon's 81, and his will's made out for you only. Besides, it isn't businesslike to let all this land go to waste for the lack of a barn. When we swapped it for our Wyndham property we thought there was a barn on it and got fooled. I've always felt sort of cheated ever since, and I'm going to have the barn."

"Uncle Simeon's father lived to be a hundred," she mused, as to herself. "And it isn't right Christian to count on folks dying, seems to me. I think if there's to be any ill feelings about the barn, I ought to have them, seeing it was my property, left by my mother. But I haven't any particular hankering for barns."

"What's come over you, Marcia?" he asked in a pained voice. "You aren't usually one to talk so. I can't argue now, I've got such a stitch in my side, the pain is something terrible. Guess I'll lie on the sofa."

Such sudden indispositions always put an end to argument, yet Marcia though skeptical, had never become hardened to the point of ignoring them. She hurried for the hot-water bag and the ginger, as she had done hundreds of time before, and tucked the afghan about him tenderly before going back to the dishes. He was a frail man, after all, body and soul, and she could not care too much for his welfare. If her pleasure in him was sometimes lessened by his one great fault she could not murmur, feeling instead deep thankfulness that his sins were not as other men's were. If she could help him stand against temptations she could forgive him all else.

The organ fund grew that spring to a surprising size and there were still six months in which to solicit subscriptions. Dobbin kept the money in

a safety deposit box and reported its increase from time to time. The secret dread had seized Marcia anew, and she was in a shiver of fright when ever she heard his step on the path or followed him out to the freshly green garden, fearful of what he might say. After all it was neither in the garden nor in the yard that the blow fell, but in the sunny kitchen one morning, before he left for the day. He was in a hurry, but he stopped to look back with his hand on the knob.

"By the way, Marcia," he cried hastily. "If some men come to see me about the barn, it's all right. Do you hear?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice, without turning around. "I hear. How are you going to pay for the barn, Herbert Dobbin?"

"Now don't be sharp, Marcia," he pleaded gently. "I'll pay my bills and you yours and that's enough."

She turned and faced him, white to the lips, reading what she knew in his shifting glance.

"There's one bill you never paid," she said bitterly. "Is this to be the same thing all over?"

"It isn't like you to twit me with my failures," he said, his voice shaking with emotion. "I did the best I could, though I guess you never did realize that. You've no call to worry, Marcia; I'll not always fail."

"Are you going to take the organ fund money, Herbert?" she whispered in agony. "Oh, don't!"

"You never had any idea of business, Marcia," he said, with pitying patience. "Men take risks that'd kill a woman, and they don't worry. I'll pay interest when I pay back, of course, and that'll be long before fail."

"Did they say you could?" she gasped, grasping at a straw.

He laughed. "No, no, I don't," he cried gayly. "Nobody's got any more call to know that, than you to take on so. If you understood about money you'd see it's mighty simple. It's late, I'm not coming back to dinner; we're rushed at the office and my side is acting up. It's a hard pull up the bill for me, you see. I'm not spry, like you."

He closed the door gently, with one last backward glance lighted with a brilliant smile, and left her standing stunned in the centre of the room. It was a long time before she moved, gazing with an ashen face across the fields to the distant hills, seeing nothing but a dull panorama of twenty passing years. Even then, in the anguish of the hour she blamed no one, taking up her cross with the resignation of one accustomed to being the pawn of fate or the servant of the Most High. She did not once think how she had planned to have her niece come and live with her—a happy plan that could never be carried out now; she did not think of herself in any light save as one who must find a way. She tried to force herself to think what she could do, but her head throbbed and she failed to realize anything but the call on her. She turned her back on her work at last and went into the best room to sit by the window and gather herself together.

The warm spring rain was splashing in the road, and now and then a gust of wind threw it against the glass. It appealed to her and she almost smiled at the storm in a wide sympathy of understanding. Her delicate, flowerlike face behind the curtain, lighted with simple peace when the storm was hardest, as though its lashing comforted her as a flagellant's scourge. It helped her to struggle against her inborn loyalty and pride to lean rather toward the right which had revolted her. She knew that the path of her duty lay toward the minister's house, she knew steps must be taken to recall the organ fund before nightfall or it would be too late. Old Dr. Widener could do it with his infinite tact and the gentle comprehension that would forestall any explanation from her, would ask no questions, would permit no scandal. She knew what she would suggest; a