


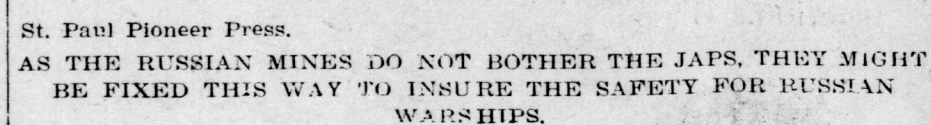
HAD HAD ELEVEN HUSBANDS—THE LAST AN ARAB.

Corsets.

 **Corsets**

I am filing a petition in bankruptcy because, fool that I was, I attempted to launch a theatrical company producing a play of that name."

As the man turned away, Clerk Fox numbered the petition "10412," and entered it on the twelfth page of his ledger.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX ON THE PASSING YEARS

<p>Immortality must be earned. Heavens must be built while on earth. Not by the mumblings of formulas and adherence to traditional creeds, not by long prayers for God to do our work for us but by our continual application of the God-given qualities which</p>	<p>in realms that are waiting before.</p> <p>I know I am building my heaven, While journeying on by the way. Each thought is a nail that is driven In structures that cannot decay. And the mansion at last will be given To me as I shape it today.</p>
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oned the unequal struggle in despair.
"But Fow was resourceful. He steered his case on to the end and his concluding speech was full of power. It ended with these touching words:
"Gentlemen, out in the country, many miles from here, there stands an old, old house. In that house there lives an aged couple, and their only daughter. The white-haired man holds in his trembling hands a paper. He reads with feverish anxiety. The bent white-haired woman at his side weeps. The daughter, gazing in the fire, wipes the tears from her eyes with a furtive gesture. These good people are all waiting to hear the result of this trial. If my client is acquitted, they will be

BY T. BLAIR EATON.

YOU PAY ONLY IF CURED.



tered it on the twelfth page of his ledger.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



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