WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back acheduntil I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



Relief from Backaches!

Sure and speedy relief from your suffering within 24 hours—and permanent relief, too—when you take

WELLS Famous Backache REMEDY

This standard cure has been successfully used for more than 30 years. Thousands of voluntary letters praising its benefits have been received. A bottle should be kept always in every household. No harmful drugs or opiates. Not obtainable anywhere except from maker. This is to avoid substitution and protect you. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, $1 per bottle. Write for free particulars

Wells Remedy Co., Baltimore, Md.
Sole proprietor and distributor

For the Toilet

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

To keep the hands white, the head free from dandruff and the complexion clear. It

Beautifies

(All Druggists.)

Contains 30% Pure Sulphur.

Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c

The ups and downs of life often consist of keeping up appearances and keeping down expenses.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The world's production of copper last year, estimated at 990,000 tons, was the largest on record and was nearly double that of 1900.

Summer Annoyances

such as prickly heat, ivy poisoning, insect bites and offensive perspiration are quickly relieved by applying Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. 25c. at druggists or write J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C., for free sample.—Adv.

Love may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of people giddy.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

The most successful matrimonial agencies are those conducted by handsome young widows.

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

A jealous woman would be all right if she could only keep the lid down.

Libby's Soups

Soup making is an art. Why trouble with soup recipes when the best chefs in the country are at your service? A few cans of Libby's Soup on your pantry shelf assures you of the correct flavor, ready in a few minutes. There are Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken, Oxtail, Consomme, Mock Turtle and other kinds.

Your grocer has them.



Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

EMBROIDERY catalogue and package embroidery needles for five ladies' names and ... H. PATCHETT, Sta. B, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 36–1912.

FAIR-MINDED LOVER

Though It Took Several Thrilling Episodes to Convince the Widow.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.

Stephen Hackett was a bachelor thirty-eight years old, and a carpenter by trade. There is always a little curiosity as to old bachelors and old maids. The query of: "Why don't they get married?" is always a live one.

The reason Stephen didn't get married was because he was always a little too late. When he had come across a woman he felt that he could love he discovered that some one else was loving her and had the promise of her hand in marriage.

Stephen Hackett had come over to the town of Hillcrest to work at his trade. The first job he got was building a fence for Deacon Hardy. It was a line fence between the deacon's vacant lot and one owned by the widow Nixon. No measurements had been taken, but the dividing line had been guessed at. Therefore, when the carpenter found a dead apple tree in his path he cut it down. Three hours later he was sued for the sum of $25. He went to the deacon's house to state the fact.

"Was that apple tree on the widow's land?" he asked.

"I dunno," was the reply.

"But you ought to have known."

"Yes, I s'pose I had, but I didn't think there'd be any fuss raised if we got a foot over on her line."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"She always pays back borrowed tea and coffee, but she's a leetle techy."

"D'ye think I'd better see her about this suit?"

"I don't think it would do any good. The widder has sued you because you was workin' for me. You see, we don't agree."

"But why didn't you say so?"

"I forgot to. You see the widder believes in sprinklin' and I believe in immersion, and we can never agree as to which saves the most souls."

"You'd better cut the water out entirely and be neighbors!" advised Stephen as he started off to call on the widow.

She was at home, and he introduced himself. "If I could find the right sort of a woman I'd get married," he said.

"Sir!" she gasped.

"I am an even-tempered and a loving man."

"Sir!"

"I've got money enough in the bank to buy a little home, and it's time I settled down and took some comfort. I know you will excuse me when I say I am pleased with your looks."

"Sir, are you crazy!" the widow demanded.

"No, ma'am. I'm just speaking a word in advance, as it were."

"You are most impudent, sir, and—"

"If it was a man suing me for that dead apple tree I'd tell him to go to, but with a woman, and especially a widow, it's different. You'll get beaten because Deacon Hardy is the right party to sue. You will have to show that a dead apple tree bears apples. You will be asked if you don't quarrel with your neighbors. You will be asked if your deceased husband was not glad to die."

The widow was speechless with surprise and anger.

"And worst of all, ma'am—worst of all for you, you will be asked your age! Yes, ma'am, they will ask it, and you must answer or go to jail for contempt! I take it that you are under forty, and I am sure that your neighbors do, and what a sensation it will create when you have to swear to forty-three or forty-four."

The widow Nixon turned pale and sat down.

"You believe in sprinkling instead of immersion," continued the carpenter. "What will folks say if you take me into court, me believing the same?"

"I—I—"

"And later on do you want folks to say that you sued me before I would marry you? They always get things mixed up, you know. You can never make anybody believe that you sued me for a dead apple tree."

"Sir, what is all this talk!" demanded the woman as she suddenly found her voice.

"We are talking about line fences, dead apple trees, sprinkling, lawsuits and getting married. Think it over, widow—think it over. I am a fair minded man and will not take advantage of you."

With that he walked out of the house. The widow first shed tears of anger. Then she went down to the lawyer she had employed and said she guessed she would withdraw the suit.

"I think it's better," he replied. "We can't prove anything but a dead apple tree, and anyhow Deacon Hardy is the man we ought to have sued."

It thus came about that Mr. Hackett heard no more of the suit. For two weeks he heard no more of the widow, either. Then he got an idle day and started off fishing. It was also an easy day for Mrs. Nixon, and she concluded to visit a friend a mile away. To shorten the distance she made a cut across the fields, and in climbing a rail fence a sliver caught her dress in such a was as to hold her fast as if she had been nailed down. The carpenter heard her cries for help from where he was angling, and he hastened to her aid and began:

"I suppose you have thought over what I said the other day."

"No, sir," was the huffy reply.

"Been too busy putting up currant jell, eh? Better think it over. It's a vital question to both of us. You'll never find another man to agree with you more heartily than I do that sprinkling a convert beats immersion all hollow. We may differ about Dan'l in the lion's den, but we never shall about sprinkling."

"Ain't you going to get me loose?" she asked.

"Certainly I am. I don't expect a woman caught fast on a rail fence is going to give much thought to matrimony, but think it over when you get home. I might walk along and refuse to do a thing 'till you had said yes to me, but I'm a fair-minded man, Mrs. Nixon—a fair-minded man."

Mrs. Nixon decided to return home but not to think. She kept saying to herself that she wouldn't give the carpenter's words one single minute's consideration, and then she sat down and thought over them for two long hours! He was a queer man, was her conclusion. She neither liked nor disliked him. She wasn't going to ask him to call, but if he did call she wasn't going to turn him outdoors.

A couple of weeks again went by. Such villagers as had got to know Mr. Hackett were saying that he was a very nice man. The widow expressed no opinion. She had been to the post-office, half a mile away, one afternoon, when a sudden thunderstorm came up. She thought she could beat it, but was forced to take refuge in the porch of a church. The thunder was rolling, the lightning flashing and the rain descending in sheets when Mr. Hackett came running up the steps to grasp her arm.

"You must get home, even if you get drenched! The spire of this church may be struck by lightning! Come on, and after you have got into dry clothes, think it over. I am a fair-minded man, and will take no advantage of a woman in a thunder storm!"

As he threw her into the gate of her home a thunder-bolt hit the spire and knocked it into a continental cocked hat, and flames followed and consumed the church.

The widow Nixon did some hard thinking. She kept at it until she had "thought it over." She almost wished that Mr. Hackett would call, but he didn't. The next she saw of him was when she was out for a row on the mill-pond with another woman. An oar was lost, and the other woman jumped overboard and struggled to shore. This left Mrs. Nixon alone and helpless, and drifting slowly toward the high dam. She was getting ready to yell when along came Mr. Hackett in a boat.

"It's a high dam, widow," he calmly observed.

"Oh, I shall be drowned!"

"No one that's gone over it has escaped death."

"Oh, save me, Mr. Hackett!"

"I shall save you, but have you thought it over?"

"I have—I have."

"Haven't I said to you on several occasions that I was a fair-minded man?"

"You have—you have!"

"And I shall continue to be. I might take advantage of you on this occasion, but I shall not Widow, there isn't a drop of water pouring over the dam!"

"And I can't be drowned?"

"Not any more than on dry land."

"But—but—"

"But your answer?"

"Why, I'll have to say yes, I suppose! I can't keep on having my life saved every few minutes, can I?"

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Getting Even With the Judge.

The suffragette story, which made the biggest hit at the Park theater during "suffrage week" dealt with the ardent advocate of votes for women who was committed to serve a term in jail for contempt of court. After her release she was relating the experience to a friend.

"You see, after the judge got through lecturing me," she explained, "I snapped my fingers in his face and yelled 'Fudge!' He gave me ten days."

"And how did you employ your time while you were in jail?" inquired the friend.

"Why," said she, "I embroidered the word 'Fudge!' on a sofa pillow and sent it to the judge with my compliments the day I was released."—New York Morning Telegraph.

A hydraulic method of storing gasoline has been invented. But that doesn't account for the water in the carburetor.

Mexican Chivalry.

Nearly two-thirds of the Mexican population are peons. The remaining third is divided into land owners, merchants and professional men. The land owners are the ruling class and a visit to their haciendas is always interesting. There is a chivalry about the Mexican haciendado which is exceedingly pleasant and covers many defects. Everybody has heard of their proverbial politeness and it is pleasant to relate that this quality exists in fact. It is often carried to extremes, however, and has led to misunderstandings. According to Mexican etiquette it is not considered good breeding to admire unduly anything belonging to your host; the code requires that such a thing must be immediately offered to the guest, and to do so may not be always convenient. It is related of General Grant that, when in the City of Mexico, he was the guest at the mansion of a native millionaire, and greatly admired one of his paintings. He was immediately told that it was his. The general, in his simple way, took the host at his word, and sent a messenger to make arrangements for the shipment of the picture. The consternation in the Mexican household can only be imagined. —Max E. Schmidt, in Engineering Magazine.

Farm Army Enlistments.

The agriculture college of New York is going to issue, to qualified graduates, a new diploma accrediting them for "leadership in rural life." In this way it is hoped in time to have plenty of officers for the rural uplift army, capable of going out and making the farm so likable that folk will just naturally hate the thought of going to town, says the New York Press.

If only these new leaders can find an army to listen to and obey their orders they will perform an excellent service. It is suggested, however, that the average farm hand, getting up at 3 a. m. to milk the cows in time to have fourteen hours free for harvesting, and then caring for his horses, milking again, and "choring around" an hour before bedtime, will regard that sort of diploma as a sort of certificate of modified lunacy.

DRINKS THAT REFRESH

DELICIOUS BEVERAGES EASILY WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

Ingredients Called for Will as a Rule Have a Permanent Place in the Household, and Preparation Is Easy.

By LIDA AMES WILLIS.

Milk Shake.—You can easily prepare this at home and exactly to the family taste. Fill your glasses two-thirds full of good rich sweet milk and sweeten each to suit the taste with any fruit sirup, or the boiled sugar sirup flavored with vanilla, orange flower water, preserved fruit or melted jelly. Fill glasses with cracked ice and shake together until well mixed and frothed.

Lemonade, Macedoine.—Slice four lemons and two oranges over a cup of granulated sugar placed in a glass dish. Bruise them well into the sugar, and stir, removing the seeds. Pour over it a quart of cold water. Add two tablespoonfuls crushed strawberries, cherries or raspberries and six thin slices of ripe pineapple. Let stand for an hour on ice and then strain and serve.

Lemon Punch, a la Russe.—Pare the thin yellow rind from five small or four large juicy lemons. Take the pulp, with seeds removed, the yellow rind and two tablespoonfuls of best green tea; pour over this a pint of water freshly boiled and let steep ten minutes, but do not allow it to come to boiling point. Strain it over a pound of sugar, over which you have squeezed the juice of two more lemons. Add another pint of water and place on ice to chill.

Soda Cocktail.—Fill your glasses with lemon soda, add as much raspberry sirup as desired, with a thin slice of pineapple on top of each glass.

Soda Lemonade.—Dissolve twelve lumps of sugar in a little water, or use three tablespoonfuls plain sugar sirup. Add the juice of four lemons. Pour into a pitcher over cracked ice; add three bottles of club soda thoroughly chilled, and one and one-half large juicy lemons sliced very thin.

Watermelon Cocktail.—This isn't a beverage, properly speaking, but is so refreshing to the inner man we cannot refrain from suggesting it here. Cut chilled watermelon in half-inch cubes and heap up in chilled, stemmed glasses. Pour a little lemon honey over it, add a dash of nutmeg and serve. Or sprinkle a litle finely minced candied ginger over the melon cubes, pour on a little sweet clover honey and serve very cold. The chilled pulp of cantaloupe is delicious served in same manner.

Stuffed Tomatoes.

Cut a small circular piece from the top of each tomato, having good size and firm fruit. Remove the seeds with your fingers so as not to spoil the shape of the tomatoes.

Fill the cavities with the following: For every six tomatoes allow one-half of a cupful of fine chopped chicken, twelve chopped mushrooms, two heaping tablespoons of bread crumbs, one tablespoon of chopped parsley and one teaspoon of melted butter.

Mix all ingredients together, fill the tomatoes and place them in a baking dish.

Bake for thirty minutes in moderate oven, basting with melted butter.

Crab Cocktails.

Boil crab meat in the usual way for salad and put it on ice until needed.

Make a sauce by stirring into one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a half tablespoonful of grated horseradish and one-half tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a dozen drops of tabasco sauce and a dash of paprika. Salt to taste. Set this on ice for an hour, and in the meantime place the small, thin cocktail glasses on ice. Put as much crab meat as is desired into each glass and pour the sauce over it. Serve while ice cold.

Sardines With Cream.

An excellent, substantial, and gratifying Sunday night supper or any day luncheon dish may be made by heating up the fillets of the larger and boneless fish in some cream to which has been added some paprika, chopped parsley and possibly some other flavors, although these are sufficient, and serving the whole on nice, round slices of toasted whole wheat bread, the 15-cent loaf kind. Two tablespoons of cream are quite enough to allow for each slice of toast.

Lettuce Soup.

Lettuce soup is an appetizing lettuce dish. To make it cut two small heads of lettuce or a couple of pints of lettuce leaves from the garden into small pieces and parboil them in slightly salted water. Drain them and put them in a saucepan over the fire with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a quart of stock and salt and pepper. Stew twenty minutes. Serve with crumbed hard-boiled eggs sprinkled over the surface of the soup.

Pocketbook Biscuit.

One quart of light sponge, one tablespoons lard, two tablespoons sugar, one egg, one teaspoon salt, to make dough stiff as bread. Put all ingredients in pan, enough flour to mix up not too stiff, let rise until light, then roll out on board, butter all and cut into rounds and turn the half over and this forms a pocketbook. Let rise until light; bake in hot oven ten minutes.

Worn Spreads.

Trim off the partly worn edges of a bedspread no longer in use and cut out the center for a table cover. Dye a pretty color and edge with cotton fringe or crochet lace the same color. A large spread may supply sufficient material for a couch cover or slumber throw.

Romaine and Roquefort Salad.

Wash the inside leaves of romaine and place a small portion of roquefort cheese in the middle of each leaf. Cover with French dressing and serve.

BIRD DOES GOOD AND HARM

Meadow Lark What Might Be Called a Mixed Blessing to the Farmers of California.

While the sentimental person may find joy in the song of the meadow lark, the farmer looks upon the bird with mixed feelings. If he is a grower of grain, he classes it among the undesirables; if he grows hay, he is glad to hear the songster. Ranchers in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California report that meadow larks cause a loss of from one-third to one-half of their grain crops. Examination of the stomachs of birds affords abundant proof of depredations in grain fields, birds taken during the winter months having been found to contain little else than grain. As many as 30 kernels of oats, with enough hulls to account for as many more kernels, were found in a single little stomach.

Field investigations show that the birds prefer oats, and that oats and wheat are the only grains damaged to any considerable extent. On the other hand, to the grower of hay the meadow lark is a welcome visitor. It finds dainty morsels for itself among the cutworms and grasshoppers which infest the hay fields. As a destroyer of these troublesome insects in California the meadow lark is probably unequaled by any other bird, as many as 66 cutworms and 30 pairs of mandibles of grasshoppers having been found in a single bird's stomach. A recent report says: "Stomachs of birds collected in grain fields have been found filled with cutworms almost exclusively. Birds taken during the summer months are found to contain grasshoppers to such an extent that the average ranges between 75 and 90 per cent. It thus appears that the birds in the same locality where they do damage later on perform a valuable service in exterminating insects which are well known as destroyers of grains."—New York Times.

Bengal's Proud History.

The people of Bengal number seventy millions and boast of perhaps the best culture in Indian at the present time. The langauge as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengali having been an important literary tongue. The langauge originates from Sanscrit, the mother tongue from which every other Indian language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar, and vocabulary; but, unlike the others, Bengali never shrinks from gathering new materials. There are numerous Persian, French, Arabic, and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific, and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Newest Science.

An exact plan, accurate to inches and possibly fractions of an inch, can now be made of the crust of Niagara Falls where the water tumbles over, and one is likely to be made before long. The growing science which goes under the disguise of "stereophotogrammetry," has made this possible. This consists of taking photographs from an elevation and then by exact scientific methods transferring all the points in the photograph to an accurate ground plan. Much of the transferring can be done more or less automatically by an extremely complicated machine.

Abroad the new map-making method is rapidly developing, especially because of the ease with which wide stretches of territory can be mapped from balloon photographers.—Saturday Evening Post.

Where the Akhund Rules.

Swat is the name of a valley and petty state northeast of Afghanistan. It takes its name from the River Swat, the Soastes of the ancient Greek geographers—an indirect tributary of the River Kubul. Its people belong to a race called Yusufzai. Akhund is the title of their rulers. The old line of princes, which till a comparatively late time ruled in Swat, claimed descent from Alexander the Great.

Children and Parks.

A few years ago a merchant of Great Tower street, London, while walking in Southwark park, got an idea. This park is neighbor to one of the poorest parts of London, where the streets are thronged with children. The park was no attraction to them. The ever vigilant police would not permit the boys to climb trees or the girls to gather flowers. They had no toys to take with them to the park and no amusements were provided for them there. They could not be expected to enjoy strolling along asphalt pavements doing nothing to give vent to the animal spirit that boys and girls should have. So they preferred to play in the gutters and alleys in their native streets. Mr. Finsler—such is the name of the merchant who got an idea—thought he could do something for these children of overcrowded London. So he put his hand in his pocket and today is paying out more than $2,500 a year to provide amusements and care for the children that come to Southwark park. The boys play at cricket and the girls may be seen crowding about one of Mr. Finsler's helpers to listen to a well-told fairy tale, or to help in the making of a doll's dress, while an outer ring of babies sleep on rugs spread on the grass or look in wonder from their milk bottles to the stir that is going on about them.

Queen of Mequelon.

That woman can rise superior to her surroundings when determined to succeed is shown in the case of Mme. Marie Louise Gavette, who, known as the Queen of St. Pierre-Mequelon, has won for herself a very large fortune.

A native of Gascony, France, Mme. Gavette is aged fifty-five years. She was taken to the St. Pierre-Mequelon, which is a barren rock in the North Atlantic ocean, by her fisherman father when she was a child. She was left a widow when thirty-two years of age, started a hotel for sailors, prospered, bought enough land to build 50 houses upon, and the houses she used for sailors boarding. From this she got a fine income, which she invested with great success.

She pays pensions to 50 widows and 50 superannuated sailors; she has organized a police department and pays the officers from her own private fortune. She employs 1,000 sailors. She educated herself, divides her time between Mequelon and Gascony, where she has purchased a fine estate, and naturally enough, is overrun with offers of marriage.

Plot to Make Cafe au Lait.

Louis Forest, man of letters and president of the "Club des Cent," which has undertaken the gastronomic regeneration of France, has invented a coffee pot for making a better quality of cafe au lait than has hitherto been possible. He calls it the cafeolette.

The method of using it is simple in the extreme. It is as follows: Place a tablespoonful of coarsely ground coffee in the cafeolette; pour boiling milk over it; put on the cover and let it stand three minutes. The cover is in two parts, the interior part being pierced with holes and having a rod which protrudes through the exterior part. Push this down to the bottom of the pot. It drives the grounds to the bottom and permits the infusion to rise to the top. Pour out and drink.

Literary Solicitors.

Solicitors can boast of a long line of literary names. Among the men of letters who have practiced as attorneys, the Law Journal mentions Lewis Theobald, the famous emendator of Shakespeare; Sir John Hawkins, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; James Smith, part author of "Rejected Addresses;" Barry Cornwall, poet and dramatist; Shirley Brooks, novelist and editor of Punch, and Sir Theodore Martin, part author of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Still greater names are to be found among the authors who have worked in solicitors' offices without being admitted. Warburton, Chatterton, Cowper, Borrow, Disraeli, Dickens and Meredith are to be numbered among them.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Usual Way.

Her Mother—And how do you and John get on?

Her Daughter—Beautifully! He tells me what to do, and then I please myself.—Stray Stories.

Rules of Economy.

First, study a few laws of economics. Second, always live within your means. Never do as other people do; they may or may not have as much money as you have. Third, when buying buy pure and wholesome food, and if for a family of two, be conservative, because you can never be too conservative when buying for two. Fourth, take plenty of physical exercise, such as walking, etc.; this will help avoid sickness. Fifth, take in an occasional amusement, not too many, just one here and there, to change thoughts in your mind. Sixth, learn to pay cash for what you get or what you want; running bills makes one buy sometimes unnecessary trifles. Seventh, never throw away anything in the line of eatables such as stale bread, etc.; a recipe here and there will tell you how to make a dainty dish of pudding. Eighth, avoid catering to or mingling with society. This is intended only for those who can well afford it, and nothing has done more to help squander the moderate wage earner's money. Every little bit saved here and there helps to keep the household in good trim; and as it's a man and wife that live together, each must understand the other, learn to pull together, provide for the present comforts of a home, and always bear in mind the future. No one knows what the future holds in store for either him or her.

Scored on Lord Ashbourne.

Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as Lord Chancellor in presiding in the court of appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A juror who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interlocutory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. ——, why should we reverse the king's bench on a point like this?"

"My lord," rejoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my lord,' said counsel, "I could not consent to that, because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the court of appeal.

Peril in Turned Up Trousers.

Trousers are to continue more than ever in the peg top vein, and permanent turned up ends will be general. These "P. T. Us," as they are professionally termed, have been most violently condemned by the medical officer.

"We shudder to think," says the interesting organ of hygiene, according to the London Daily News, "of the accumulation which must be found in these receptacles, and as we believe it is the custom to have the turn up made as a permanent pocket it is doubtful whether during the period of wear any attempt is made to get rid of the accumulation. We hope that this prevailing fashion will be but a short madness, and that men ere long will be properly clothed and in their right minds."

Unappreciated.

Oftentimes musicians complain of lack of appreciation, but here is a pleasant instance of one who won more admiration than he had ever aspired to.

A Chinese minister in Washington went to hear the Marine band play. Particularly was he impressed with the trombine player; so much so, in fact, that he offered him a handsome engagement in China.

"I have never seen a juggler," said the distinguished visitor, "who could swallow as much brass pipe as you and spit it out again, and yet the people here regard it with an utter lack of enthusiasm."—Harper's Magazine.

Play of Feet Tells a Story.

It is an axiom among business and professional men, and especially among newspaper interviewers, to watch the face of those with whom they are talking. But it is a still older axiom with the examining judge in France to note not only the prisoner's face but his feet play as well.

A Foundation for Health

Grape-Nuts

Many people are half-sick because of wrong diet. White bread, rich meats, gravies and pastry put thousands into the "all-out-of-sorts" crowd.

If you feel "out-of-sorts," suppose you change food 10 days—and try

Grape-Nuts

This food is a perfectly balanced ration made of whole wheat and malted barley, thoroughly cooked and ready to eat from the package. Digests easily—generally in about one hour.

Grape-Nuts contains all the rich nutrition of the grain, including the vital mineral salts (grown in the grain) which Nature designed for rebuilding muscle, nerve and brain cells. White bread is lacking in these salts.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream has brought rosy-cheeked, clear-brained health to thousands.

"There's a Reason"

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3540-0232.jpg