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WORKS WONDERS.

A Wonderful Compound. Cures Piles, Eczema, Skin Itching Skin Eruption, Cuts and Bruises.

Doan's Ointment is the best skin treatment and the cheapest, because so little is required to cure. It cures piles after years of torture. It cures obstinate cases of eczema. It cures all skin itching. It cures skin eruptions. It heals cuts, bruises, scratches and abrasions without leaving a scar. It cures permanently. Easton testimony proves it.

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Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite
---CURES---
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult
Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

JOHN HAY'S ADAPTABILITY.

Faculty Which Gave the Late Secretary of State the Open Sesame to Success.

Many stories are told of the late secretary of state, John Hay, to illustrate the remarkable good fortune which was his in finding at the completion of every task a new one awaiting him, which was an advance in his profession and an opportunity to develop himself. Most chapters in his career, says Youth's Companion, illustrate also the marvelous adaptability which made it possible for him to take instant advantage of every opportunity which offered.

When he was a young man acting as President Lincoln's assistant private secretary, Hay met Whitelaw Reid, then a war correspondent. In the years between then and 1870 Mr. Reid rose rapidly, and became managing editor of the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley.

In that year Hay, a young man of but 32, resigned his position as charge d'affaires in Madrid, returned to New York, and there met Reid again and dined with him. Later they walked down to the Tribune office.

It chanced that the foreign editor was away that night—Hay's inevitable good fortune—and in the cable messages which came to the managing editor was one of especial importance.

"Here," he said to Hay, "sit down and write me a leader for to-morrow on this thing."

Half in joke, but entirely competent, Hay complied. The article proved excellent—Hay had accepted the opportunity. Reid asked him to stay a week, then a month and so John Hay entered journalism. Without a day's apprenticeship, without solicitation or expectation on his part, when he was in fact on his way to Illinois, where he expected to take up the practice of law, he received a high place on the foremost paper in America. He held the position five years, and was soon well-known in the profession.

NEW BUILDING MATERIALS.

Showing Evolution Goes on in Structural as Well as in Organic Life.

Much space has been devoted by the magazines lately to a discussion of the advantages of concrete in house building. One is told, says Youth's Companion, that a solid and enduring structure can be made of the material, including even the floors and roof, for little more than the cost of a wooden house, and when the annual bill for repairs is considered, the ultimate cost is said to be no greater than wood.

The process of construction is simple. The walls are made by pouring into a temporary wooden mold a mortar of Portland cement, sand and crushed stone, inclosing steel rods, pillars or beams. This system of construction has been used occasionally for many years, but it has lately come into more general favor. There is a large concrete church in Brooklyn, and in western as well as in eastern cities there are tall buildings composed almost entirely of concrete—indeed, many steel-frame buildings are three-fourths concrete—and many residences of concrete have been erected in various parts of this country.

There is evolution in building as well as in organic life. The earliest Greek architects were limited by the fact that they did not know how to build an arch in stone. When the Romans developed the arch, larger and more magnificent structures were reared, but for centuries they were limited in height because of the limitations of stone.

Fifty years ago a building five or six stories high was unusual, even in the large cities. Then the elevator was invented, and less than 20 years ago the first steel frame building was erected. Now a 50-story hotel in New York is planned. It may well stand for the exclamation point after one's expression of wonder at the marvels of modern building enterprise.

Actual Quarters.

The quarter of a dollar is merely a term for a complete coin nowadays, but in the early coinage a quarter meant a quarter of a coin, for in those days the idea of various valuations had not gained ground, and the newly minted coins were marked into quarters by a cross that the token might be divided when it was necessary to make change. This cross, moreover, was supposed to bring the blessings of Heaven upon the owner and to avert ill fortune, and for a long time subsequent to the coinage of fractional currency the coins were thus marked. At present only the English florin is thus marked, although the coins of some of the Catholic countries bear crosses in their designs.

Chinese Parliament.

A parliament for China is among the possibilities of the not very distant future. A commission has left Peking on a tour of the world, for the purpose of studying the legislatures of other countries. It is intimated that the empress dowager intends to issue a decree at the new year for the establishment of a parliament 12 years from the present time, and it is with a view to accumulating information preparatory to this step that the commission which is composed of statesmen of high rank, has been sent out.

The Professor's Chance.

"You sketch with a free hand, Miss Brownsmith," remarked the professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio.

"Entirely free," said the young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion and waited for the professor to follow up the opening.—Stray Stories.

NIGHT CAPS

NERVES SOOTHED — BOWELS REGULAR

A LAXATIVE TABLET

that moves and regulates the bowels; does not cause any pain or griping; can be discontinued at once; boxed at 25c. for the pocket, and always effective. Combines **Laxative Result with Sedative Effect.** The tired, nervous Mother, and the hurried Business Man, derive immediate benefit from

NIGHT CAPS

An entirely vegetable tonic (containing no opiates nor narcotics) that tones shaken nerves and gives sound, peaceful sleep at night, as well as a

Clear Head To-Morrow Morning.

An immediate relief for those who suffer after using Coffee, Tea, Tobacco, Alcoholic Stimulants, or who eat late at night.

READ THIS LETTER:

NOTE.—Mr. Cross has kindly consented to the publication of this letter. SKEPTICAL PERSONS ARE FREE TO WRITE HIM, ENCLOSING A 2c. STAMP FOR REPLY. This is the fairest and most valuable guarantee ever given coming, as it does, from a conservative and prominent banker.

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MAY 13TH, 1904.

JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.
Gentlemen:
Your Night Caps were almost thrust upon me by a friend who evidently knows a thing of two. Shortly after the middle of last January I was in a state of almost complete nervous exhaustion, arising from excessive business effort, resulting in inability to sleep and mental depression. My physician for two months treated me, at a large expense, for nervous prostration, advising complete rest for an indefinite period. At that time, a vacation was impossible. Fortunately for me, I was then introduced to Night Caps. Skeptically I tried them. One-half a box seemed to brace my nerves within a week I could sleep. With sleep has come a return of normal health and I feel like myself again. I have recovered my normal weight. You may be very sure that I now keep Night Caps constantly on hand, particularly as an assistant in case of over indulgence at table. If, at any time, you should deem it wise, or to your advantage, to refer anyone to me, do so. I will be very glad to write inquirers about it. I would suggest, however, that you instruct them to enclose stamp for reply, for I have reason to believe that I might find myself financially embarrassed if inquiries come from all who need your remedy. Kindly withhold this letter from publication. Believe me,
Very truly yours,
(Signed) HARRY W. CROSS.

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25c. per Box.

RECOMMENDED BY SOLD

What's in McClure's?

True stories of important movements and of good, healthy combat are the dominant traits of McClure's for February. Even after the peep behind the curtains afforded by the sessions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and of the legislative insurance investigation, and by the upheavals of last Fall's political campaign, there are disclosures in this number concerning railroad abuses, life insurance juggling, and political trickery which will take hard hold of every citizen. There is the case of Everett Colby, 'The Gentleman from Essex' told by Lincoln Steffens, which is full of the sturdy effort of honesty and youth. It shows how a young man, with aggressiveness and a conscience can beat the machine to a standstill and wins for himself more than the machine dared give him because he was honest. Ray Stannard Baker, continuing his series, 'The Railroads on Trial,' tells the astonishing story of how Armour, through his private car line, monopolized the fruit transportation business of America, practically told the railroads that they might as well burn their own refrigerator-cars, and, turning to the shipper reaped a golden harvest by daring and open methods. Then he writes of the revolt of honest shippers against Armour. An editorial under the title 'Manufacturing Public Opinion,' lets in a little light on the shadows of the publicity making methods which has gilded the rotten structures of the life insurance companies, and of the get-rich-quick-and-get-rich-at-any-cost corporations; and it lets the public gaze on these publicity men fooling some editors and buying others, but always drawing the wool over the eyes of paying citizens, of whose press they try to make a trust trumpet. Accompanying this editorial is one under the euphemistic heading 'Judge not'—euphemistic because it teaches every citizen how it is only by exercising his judgment constantly in politics, in the court of law, and in private life, that the best interests of the country can be conserved.

But in addition to these vital theses, the number contains articles of scientific and general interest and fiction which meets the McClure requirement of excellence. Anthony Fala, the Arctic explorer, who, after his friends had given him up for dead, was found and brought back to civilization, tells the story of his two years fight against the North, shipwrecked and imprisoned above the 81°. Carl Schurz continues the fourth instalment of his 'Reminiscences of a Long Life,' this time dealing with his own part in the Revolution of 1848, his narrow escapes, and the first of the cumulative events which drove him from Germany to America.

'The Day of Precious Penalties' for the precocious Pettison twins by Marion Hill; 'Old Bernstein and de great Fiddle' by Ernest Poole; 'The Praying Skipper' by Ralph D. Paine; the second story of the 'Arizona Nights' series by Stewart Edward White; and 'Wild Waters' by Lloyd Osbourne furnish strong interest for fiction lovers. 'The Railway Yard' by Florence Wilkinson; 'Song for a Cracked Voice' by Wallace Irwin; and 'A Question' by Mabel Mahin are the poems which balance the number, which is the most timely, instructive and entertaining any magazine has issued in a long time.

'ON TIP OF THE TONGUE.'

By Mr. Victor Smith—Thweatt's Snow Storm.

Alexander Southern Thweatt's snowstorm arrived at the precise moment of the departure of the Palm Limited for Miami, Palm Beach, Aiken, Augusta, Nassau, Havana, Savannah, Jacksonville, Ormond and St. Augustine, on Monday. I was inveigled into going to Jersey City to inspect the new train, and found a St. Regis on trucks. Too fine for my blood—now that everybody must pay. Thweatt took as much pride in that train as if it had been a new baby on Washington Heights—the coldest part of New York. Male passengers gave a satisfied grunt, and the females said 'Ah!'

This is the train that arrives at Jacksonville and St. Augustine on time.—New York Press, January 10th, 1906.

A Bright Retort.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed from America on his last trip to Europe, says the Boston Herald, a friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him. 'But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks,' remarked a listening friend, 'it may be difficult to get your new religion through the custom house.' 'I guess not,' replied the bishop, laughingly, 'for we may take it for granted that any new religion, popular enough to import, will have no duties attached to it.'

Once in the morning is often enough to water house plants, the water to be of the temperature of 80 degrees. All water should be applied at the surface, and there should be perfect drainage at the bottom of the pot, as standing water is injurious to plants.

If Uncle Sam's agents in the postal service detect writing other than name and address on the address side of a postal card they will hold the card up unless it contains postage to the value of two cents, which is double what is charged when there is nothing but the name and address on the address side.

SCHOOL HAS BEGUN.

They cut the pants of brother Jim
To fit the legs of little Tim.
Ah, me! 'twas years ago when Bill
And I would chase and race and run
To reach the schoolhouse 'neath the hill
To pick out seats ere school begun.

Poor little Tim! he had to pose
Upon the low front seat; his toes
Were then two inches from the floor.
His brother Jim and Bill and I
Picked out our seats behind the door—
For reasons that were smooth and sly.

I see her yet, a prim, sedate,
Staid personage, who sat in state
Upon the little platform where
She ruled with ruler, and with grim
Determination she would stare
Into the eyes of little Tim.

Poor little Tim! he seemed to grow
In wisdom on the front seat row;
But us big fellows by the door
Were satisfied to peg away
And learn a little or no more
Than just enough to keep from play.

Upon the farm is brother Jim—
He wears the castoff pants of Tim.
Bill runs a rural barter store,
Yours truly's on a salary small—
The chap who couldn't reach the floor
Will run for county judge this fall.
—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

The Boy Who Got His Wish

A HOMEMADE FAIRY TALE

By S. E. KISER

ONCE there was a boy who thought his parents were very cruel to him. He had to go to school regularly and his mother had an idea that she loved him best when he was clean. He would poke the soap down the drain so that he would not have to be scrubbed with it. And he would try to steal away somewhere and hide till school time so that to prevent him from being late his mother might let him go without being washed.

One day when the boy was going home from school, wishing that he could think of some way to escape from his cruel parents so that he would not have to be washed when he didn't feel like it, or have to study when he would rather play, he heard a squeaky little voice in a tree, under which he had paused to reflect.

Looking up, he saw an old man about the size of a turnip. His face was wrinkled like a dried apple and he had a little bunch of gray whiskers that he pulled in a funny way while he talked.

"You look unhappy," said the little old man.

"I am," the boy answered.

"Are your parents dead, and do the people with whom you live beat you and make you sleep on the floor?"

"No, my parents are both alive, and I have a nice bed with brass posts to sleep in."

"Do you have to work hard while all the rest of the boys are out playing?"

"N—no, but my mother is cruel to me. She never lets me stay out of school when I would rather not go, and she's always wanting to wash me. I hate soap and I hate school."

"What's your name?" the little old man asked.

"Emory."

"Emory what?"

"Emory Wheeler."

"You ought to be a pretty sharp boy with that name. But no matter. I am always sorry to see boys unhappy. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a lucky stone. I got it out of the head of a whitefish that was caught while it was trying to climb a blackberry bush. You will see that it has the letter L on it. This L is for luck. If you will rub this stone behind your left ear and make a wish it will come true. But, mind you, it is only good for one wish, and when you get the wish you never can change it till you get another lucky stone just like this one and wish again."

Emory was very grateful to the little old man, and as soon as the stone had been tossed down to him he rubbed it behind his left ear and said:

"I wish my mother would not make me wash any more and I wouldn't have to go to school again."

He had no sooner got the words out of his mouth than a rough-looking man jumped out from behind the tree, put a bag over Emory's head and carried him away.

The boy was so frightened that he fainted, and when he came to his senses again he was in a strange place that at first seemed very dark. When his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he could see that he was in a cave. The rough-looking man was sitting near him and an old woman with an ugly face was cooking his supper.

"Now go to work," the man said. "You will have to earn your living here. But you needn't cry or feel sad. We won't make you wash, and you'll not have to go to school."

Emory was badly frightened at the man's gruff tones and the dismal look of the place.

"You will find an ax and some boards over in that corner," the man said, pointing toward a dark hole. "Go and chop them up."

Emory worked hard for an hour. Then they gave him some supper. It was not like the supper he would have had at home. There was nothing but a vile broth, and the taste of it made him sick.

That night he lay on a pile of rags, but he slept very little. Through the long, miserable hours he sobbed and thought of his parents, and the home he had fancied was so terrible. He thought of his nice bed with brass posts and of the good things Jane, the cook, made to eat and of his little sister who slept with her doll in her arms, and he was sorry he had stopped to talk to the little old man in the tree.

For a long time he was kept shut up in the cave where he had to chop wood for the old woman and dig in the mire day after day, and if he didn't work fast enough to suit the man and his wife they would beat him. He longed for a bath, but there was no water even to wash his hands or face, and he felt miserable indeed.

He would often beg the man and his cruel wife to set him free, but they only laughed at his pleas or would beat him for wanting to leave them.

"You ought to be happy here," the man was in the habit of saying. "You never have to be washed and you needn't go to school."

Poor Emory got thin and weak. He couldn't eat the stuff the ugly old woman cooked and he had such terrible dreams at night that he would often wake up so badly frightened that he could only lie and tremble and wonder if morning would ever come again. Very often, too, he would think of some verses he had read one day in one of his father's books. As he remembered them, they were something like this:

"The things that ought to make us glad
We never half appreciate
Till they are blessings we have had,
And then we value them too late.

"Man sighs for things that are denied
And deems them rich or thinks them grand,
And puts them down, unsatisfied,
When Fortune lays them in his hand."

He had never known before what the lines meant. Now he understood them, and he knew very well what he should wish if he ever found that other lucky stone. But he was afraid that he would never have a chance to wish again. He knew that he could not live much longer in that dreadful place. If only he might find a pool of water in the cavern where he could wash his face and bathe his smarting eyes he felt that it would not be so bad. He often tried to imagine how refreshing it would be to again feel the clean, cool water upon his cheeks. Even his tongue was dry, and his lips clung to his teeth, for he never had anything but the disgusting broth to drink.

One day when Emory thought it would be a welcome relief if he could die, the man took him out of the cave into some woods to help gather limbs to be cut up for the old woman's fire. While they were out there the man left him alone for a moment, and the boy heard a squeaky voice saying: "Emory Wheeler! Emory Wheeler!"

Emory looked up, and there on a branch above his head was the little old man again.

"Are you happy now?" the old fellow asked, giving his whiskers a funny twist.

"No," said Emory, "I'm not happy."

"If I should toss down another lucky stone do you think you could make a wish that would bring you happiness?"

Emory said he thought he could, and the stone fell at his feet. Rubbing it behind his left ear, Emory said:

"I wish I could be back where I was before and have to be washed whenever my mother thought I needed it and be sent to school, even if I didn't want to go, and be satisfied."

When he opened his eyes he heard his mother calling:

"Emory! Emory! Come in now and get washed. It's time for you to go to school."

After that Emory was inclined to believe when he heard people complaining that they merely didn't know when they were well off.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ENGLISH OF THE SWISS.

An Announcement Made to Alpine Hotel Guests Is Somewhat Startling.

As the following examples show, the Swiss have not a grasp of English grammar. The proprietor of an Alpine hotel addresses his clients thus:

"Misters the venerable voyagers and mesdames are requested earnestly not to take the clothes of the bed to see the sun rise, for the color changes."

Recently the following advertisement appeared in an "English" guide book published at Berne: "The —— hotel is a very favorite resort of people fond of solitude and rest. Those who are in search of loneliness are, in veritable fact, constantly flocking to the —— hotel from the fore quarters of this globe."

"Strange gentlemen will to please not to dress for dinner, etc., as this costume flutters the souls of the maid folk and no work is resulted. Humbly asked." Such is the announcement posted in the bedrooms of an inn in the Jura mountains.—London Chronicle.

Live in Covered Boats.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burmah, live the "sea" gypsies. Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle or dive for oysters, but every night they put back to the shore. In the case of bad weather at sea, they land with their dogs and then poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, and the like, of which they make savory dishes.

Oxen as Racers.

Attempts are being made in France to train oxen for saddle-riding, and several races have been organized to test their capacity. They have been trained not only as racers on "the flat," but also as successful jumpers. The bridle and saddle used are similar in general design to those for hunters.