Mrs. Mittie Huffaker.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE. CONFINED TO HER BED WITH DYSPEPSIA.

"I Owe My Life to Pe-ru-na," Says Mrs. Huffaker.

Mrs. Mittie Huffaker, R. R. No. 3, Columbia, Tenn., writes:

"I was afflicted with dyspepsia for several years and at last was confined to my bed, unable to sit up.

"We tried several different doctors without relief.

"I had given up all hope of any relief and was almost dead when my husband bought me a bottle of Peruna.

"At first I could not notice any benefit, but after taking several bottles I was cured sound and well.

"It is to Peruna I owe my life today.

"I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers."

Revised Formula.

"For a number of years requests have come to me from a multitude of grateful friends, urging that Peruna be given a slight laxative quality. I have been experimenting with a laxative addition for quite a length of time, and now feel gratified to announce to the friends of Peruna that I have incorporated such a quality in the medicine which, in my opinion, can only enhance its well-known beneficial character. S. B. HARTMAN, M. D."

O'Connor's Wit Saved Him.

Justin A. Jacobs, for many years the city clerk of Cambridge, used to relate the following, as illustrating the ready wit of an Irishman.

In the early years of his service, one of the duties of this office was the preparation of the voting lists of the city and the registration of new voters. One of the qualifications of a voter was the ability to write.

One evening when his office was full of men seeking registration, an Irishman, Patrick O'Connor, asked to be registered, and was given the usual blank, with the request that he sign his name. This he finally did, with great effort and in an almost illegible manner.

One of the onlookers, seeing that this was probably the extent of his literary accomplishments, called out: "Mr. Jacobs, let him write your name."

Instantly Pat looked up and replied: "Indade, I wouldn't dare do that. That would be forgery."—Boston Herald.

Unreasonable.

Irving G. Wadsworth of Congregational Home Missionary Society of New York was describing professional beggars and their ways:

"There was a beggar with a wooden leg," he said, "who for many years plied his trade near the Battery. The old fellow is dead now. He left a good bank balance behind him.

"They say of this very successful beggar that one afternoon a delivery man seeing him unbuckling his wooden leg in the cheap lodging house where both lived said in a reproachful tone:

"'Wot, Bill, knockin' off work already? It is only 2 o'clock.'

"The beggar continued the unbuckling of his ligneous limb.

"'No, ye dolt; I ain't knockin' off; I'm only changin',' he said. 'Ye can't expect me to beg all day on the same leg, can ye?'"

It's easier for the average woman to preserve fruit than it is for her to preserve her good looks.

Unless a man is willing to take chances he never takes anything else that happens to be lying around loose.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry Nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that Nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation, and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to Nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread, is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental activity.

WOMEN; THEIR FADS, THEIR FASHIONS, THEIR WORK, THEIR ART.

WOMEN WHO SPOIL SPORT.

It is a fact to be deplored that in a pastime so alluring as that of flirtation there should be so many women who cheapen themselves. In all things in life it is important, so to speak, to keep up the standard, and most emphatically this is the case where men are concerned. Women who cheapen themselves are minxes pure and simple, for they spoil the sport. They are the worst enemies of their sex; they ruin men by making them unduly vain.—From Madame.

WHERE WIVES ARE WANTED.

Why will the women remain East when such remarkable opportunities for love and marriage await them in the West?

In Nevada, Wyoming and even Kansas the school teachers are snapped up as fast as they are appointed, so scarce and desirable is the feminine contingent.

Now from far-off Alaska comes the cry for wives—pretty wives, if possible; intelligent ones will do, but wives of any sort will be taken and no questions asked.

Women who go to Alaska as clerks, teachers, cooks or dishwashers speedily find themselves asked in marriage by strapping miners who have discovered that gold dust is not the only desirable and valuable thing on earth.

Women in Alaska seem almost worth their weight in gold, and if she be passably good and young and pretty she will have the widest possible range of matrimonial choices.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

GIRLS, LEARN TO COOK.

Learn how to cook, girls, and learn how to cook well. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping? And she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself.

Let all girls have a share in housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels which enervate both mind and body and unfit them for everyday life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Let the present generation add to its list of real accomplishments the art of properly preparing food for the human body.

BARE-HEADED GIRLS.

The summer girl is to be a bare-headed girl, so far as her garden party and other elaborate costumes are concerned. In fact, even her automobile get-up will as often as not include a gauze scarf wound turban style about her head instead of a regulation hat.

Chic Paris is already appearing at all sorts of fashionable functions without hats, but with complicated high coiffures dressed with ribbons, feathers, flowers and tulle in effects that recall the old-time theatre bonnet—that small contraption that barely covered the crown of the head. Big clusters of backward turning loops of soft ribbon arranged at each side of the coils of hair on the top of heads often mystify the observer as to the actual character, for more times than not they look more like crownless bonnets of novel shape than like hair ornaments. One or two big plumes make a stunning coiffure dress, placed so that the ends coil in graceful and becoming shape around the hair. Flowers, not only artificial but natural, are also employed, and so, too, are lengths of daintily tinted tulle. When tulle is used it is coiled with the hair, looped capriciously with the flowers or feathers and often ends below the coil of hair in a rosette. Aigrettes are employed with many such coiffure arrangements.—New York Sun.

SISTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Propinquity is beginning to show its power, and little affairs and flirtations are in evidence on all sides, in a dreamy sort of way. I sit back and watch them, quietly amused, my position being a sort of sister to the regiment. Bridge is played continually, morning, afternoon and evening, while in the cool of the night there is much promenading on deck, of course. To one leaning over the rails and watching the vastness of the lonely waters, it seems that we are just a few hundred atoms far removed from everything and everybody, and yet the other night speaking of this to the captain, he told me that the oceans were very largely populated, and that every day three and a half million people were safely sailing the seas. The days glide by quickly, the trumpeters are heard at intervals, and the troops are doing regular duty, quite as systematically as on land, for military discipline prevails on all sides. We have ten troops of cavalry aboard, and with the many delightful officers and their families, and with a fine band, the pleasures are many and unusual, even in the midst of the great Pacific. Each day the hours pass, the shadows lengthen, and before we know it another day is gone. The sea with its impenetrable fathoms has a strange fascination and there is a sort of joy in the vast monotony of ocean and sky. Very restful is the life, and with the variety of temperaments among the passengers one naturally finds companionship that is congenial. —A Woman's Letter, in Kansas City Journal.

DREAM ROBBED GIRL OF HAIR.

"What stuff dreams are made of" has often aroused the speculation of thinkers and scientists, and the influence of the spoken word and deed during waking hours has been known to extend even into the period of sleep.

A remarkable instance of this kind occurred recently, when, arising from deep sleep, a young woman of Miamisburg, Ohio, walked to her dresser and cut off her long braid of hair while still asleep.

The occurrence was the result of a conversation in the evening. A party of young ladies, members of the junior class of the M. H. S., gathered at the home of one of their number. A conversation arose about putting up and arranging their hair, when the young lady remarked: "How funny it would be if we had our hair bobbed and wore it tied up with ribbons." The young ladies all laughed at the suggestion and something else was talked of.

Going home the young lady retired as usual, and during the night dreamed that she had her hair "bobbed." In the morning she awakened with a scream, to realize that all too true her long braid of hair had been cut off and her hair was really "bobbed." She recalled her dream and found the long braid lying on the dresser in her room. She had cut it off with a pair of manicure scissors.

THE CARE OF ONE'S CLOTHES.

If mud stains on a skirt of black cloth are difficult to remove, try rubbing them with a slice of raw potato.

A bottle of camphor or oil of cedar with the cork left out of it, will keep away moths without imparting a disagreeable odor to the clothing.—New York Mail.

To clean velvet, first brush or shake out all of the dust and remove any grease stains with benzine. If it needs freshening pass the wrong side first over a bowl of boiling water and then over a hot iron. If it is badly crushed brush it carefully with a soft brush.

If furs have become flat and oily looking about the neck, they may be made fresh and new looking by rubbing the fur the wrong way with hot bran. Furs that are wet should never be dried in front of a stove or an open fire, but should be allowed to dry slowly without the aid of artificial heat.

An important thing to remember in the care of clothes is that the wardrobe or closet in which they are hung should be kept clean and in perfect order. On a sunny day everything should be taken out of the closet and aired, the door left open and the fresh air allowed to circulate freely through the closet itself.

The satisfactory way of taking wrinkles out of a coat and skirt, and one that is often more convenient than pressing, is to hang the garment in the bathroom over the tub. Close the windows and turn on the hot water. In two or three hours they will be thoroughly steamed, after which they should be hung in the fresh air.

Pure white ermine is fancied by some, as it lends itself less easily to imitation than the black and white fur.

White tulle is heaped on the hat and puffed under the chin and the face between this ethereal stuff looks very pretty, indeed.

Golden amber splashed with different colors makes some of the most beautiful umbrella handles and hatpin tops shown this year.

The brunette would find becoming the white sailor with yellow velvet band and brown and yellow aigrette. There is quite a fancy for a touch of rich brown on the street hats which is quite pleasing by way of contrast with the light shades.

A parasol of violet silk perfectly plain except for rows of tucks in groups near the edge and about the ferule point is very rich and beautiful, though one wonders whether or not the shade will withstand the sun's bright rays.

A handsome lingerie blouse has groups of three-quarter-inch tucks alternating with a lace insertion across the front coming to a point at the middle. The same arrangement is carried out upon the sleeves which are further decorated by a ruffle of lace which falls below the elbow.

The baby may be in the height of fashion by wearing a christening robe with a princess panel, and the baby's mother, if she wishes, may decorate this panel with her own handiwork which will make the garment worthy to be treasured carefully, to be worn on a similar occasion, perhaps, when the baby's baby is christened.

THE THRIFTY YANKEE MIND.

Diplomacy of Ex-Minister E. J. Phelp With a Vermont Farmer.

E. J. Phelps, former United States Minister to England, was building a new stable on his home place at Burlington, Vt. He wanted to put it on the line of his property, and in doing so tore down part of a stone wall which marked the boundary and which stood half on his land and half on the land adjoining.

The workmen, instead of otherwise disposing of the stone, as they had been ordered to do, threw it over the line, and Mr. Phelps feared trouble with his neighbor, who was a close fisted person, of a temper none too sweet and very jealous of his rights. As Mr. Phelps was observing the progress of the work on his stable one day he saw his neighbor looking rather cross at him, as he thought, and went over to him prepared to make his peace as best he might, having it in mind to say that he would haul away the stone at his own cost, which would have been an expensive undertaking.

He did not propose that at once, however. He went at it another way.

"Good morning, neighbor," said he, "I have been meaning to speak to you about that stone for some time. I suppose it isn't worth anything?"

The suggestion of possible value had its immediate effect on the thrifty Yankee mind, as, perhaps, the diplomatist had thought it might.

"Waal, yeas, Mr. Phelps, I sh'd think that thar stun might be wuth quite a good deal fer buildin' purposes."

"I'm glad to know that," said Phelps, "but I can't use it as well as you can. You are entirely welcome to my half of it."

So the result of that interview was peace, and not war.—New York Sun.

An Old Hospital Floor.

When the floor of the operating theatre of the old hospital at Canterbury, England, was torn up the other day the rings were discovered through which were passed the cords for tying patients down on the operating table prior to the discovery of anaesthetics.

Men and Fashion.

Men are to-day more susceptible to the dictates of fashion than ever before.—Men's Wear.

CONSIDER THE CLOCK.

No Lock, No Language, and a Face Without a Feature.

Did you ever take time to consider the clock? You should have done so if you have not, seeing the clock gives you the time whenever you ask it. (No, this is no joke. It is a plain statement of fact.)

The clock is so sensitive that it constantly keeps its hands before its face. This is due to the fact that through no fault of its own it has been doing time for many years in the most public manner. It may be that as the face of the clock has no eyes, nor mouth, or nose, nor chin, nor cheeks, nor any of the usual facial appurtenances, it keeps its hands over it to hide these defects. But this can scarcely be, we fancy, because its hands have no fingers nor thumbs, nor has it any arms, and any attempt to conceal one defect would only expose another.

Most clocks have only two hands, but many have three, and it is somewhat remarkable anatomically as well as numerically, that the third hand is the second hand. It may also be remarked that the minute hand is not the minute hand, for it is longer than the hour hand.

The clock has neither feet nor legs, but it runs just the same. It may be fast or slow, but it does not walk. It always runs, but it never run up. It runs down unless it is kept running round. Providence wisely did not give feet to the clock.

The clock has a key, but no lock, and for that reason even the most ignorant person never tries to open a clock with the key.

Some clocks strike and some do not, but no clock ever strikes with its hands. Just why a clock should be so peculiar is no affair of ours.

(Of course this is no joke. The striking of a clock may be an affair of hours, but it is not spelled the same way. We are not trying to be funny. This is a dignified article. Please do not interrupt us again.)

That passage in Scripture which says, "By their works shall you know them," does not refer to clocks, but it might well have done so, because that is the way a good clock is known.

The clock speaks a universal language, and no matter whether it is a German clock, or French or Spanish or Italian, it can tell you the time just as distinctly as if it were plain Yankee.

The clock differs from all other human affairs in that while their operations end when they are wound up, the clocks do not begin until they are wound up.

There are no clocks in heaven, because there is no time there. Neither is there any night, and an eight-day clock would not know when to stop.—San Francisco Call.

Cat and Rat Ship's Pets.

A sailor approached the officer of the deck after retreat on board of the Chicago and said, saluting: "Sir, may I have the permission to go to the Saturn?"

"What for?" said that officer.

"To get the cat," was the reply.

The cat is the pet of the ship. When the flagship went to Hilo the cruiser's cat stayed behind to get acquainted with the cats of the tropics. He evidently got pretty well acquainted, for when the cruiser returned and "the cat came back" he was a battle-scarred veteran.

Beside the cat the battleship boasts a rat. Not a plague rat, but a white rat straight from Bremerton, Wash. That rat is also a pet, and is a glossy, well-fed, well-mannered rodent, as white as driven snow. The sailor who seems to be his special guardian says that the more he pounds the rat the better he likes him. He crawls all over the boys, takes his cigarette smoke like a Spanish senorita and makes himself quite at home wherever he is. But he never gets "shore leave."

It is a peculiar thing that the cat and the rat are the best of friends. Once in a while the rat gets a little too familiar to suit his catship and bites the cat's lips with his sharp teeth. Then the cat just looks pained and turns up his eyes to the boys for sympathy. He never seems to think of such a thing as eating up his companion. If he did the boys would soon teach him better manners, no doubt.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

The First Statesman of Asia.

We talked about poetry and literature. He is at home upon these subjects. He is an authority on Chinese poetry, as I have said again and again.

He is the mysterious combination of Oriental and Occidental. There is no Japanese whose mind is more Occidental than his. After all, the best Orientalism is nothing but the best Occidentalism, and the world is round, and west is east. He taught Japan how to remain Japanese while adopting Western civilization. It was he that induced the samurai and nobles to cut off their topknot, lay aside their two swords, and conform to Occidental ideas. And at the same time he attempted to preserve all the old samurai spirit for the work of national development, and it is this spirit which has made possible the new Japan of to-day. He is the man who is holding the English book in his right hand, while his left carries the Japanese book of poems.—Yone Noguchi, in National Magazine.

Of Japanese Palm Fibre.

Artificial and ribbon flowers will now have to take a back seat in favor of a new style that has made its appearance in the shops, says the New York Sun.

The new ones are made from Japanese palm fibre, and are so natural in appearance that it is quite impossible to tell them from the real article. This is particularly the case with carnations and American Beauty roses, for a further resemblance to nature is added by their being perfumed like their natural prototypes.

So far as the expense goes, they cost but little more than the natural flowers.

Earnings of Women in Germany.

The houseworkers' exhibition in Berlin shows the miserable gains which women and children are forced by the brutality of hunger to accept in spite of the protection afforded to workers.

For painted toys a child receives three pfennigs (less than a half penny) per hour. Photographs show what stunted women and crippled children are engaged in this work.

Ribbons with religious mottoes are made for five pfennigs per hour.—Sozialistische Monats-Hefte.

The Penalty.

Pending a settlement of those differences of opinion as to whether or not poverty is a crime, the usual penalty will continue to be imposed.—Puck.

Indiana's factories numbered 7012 in 1905.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

A CURIOUS COUNTRY.

The quips are all sere and the gags are all old
In knock-about land.
They tell the same jokes the Assyrians told—
In knock-about land.
They cover their faces with carmine and chalk
And fluently jabber in Weber-Fields' talk,
The while on their faces and elbows they walk
In knock-about land.
Oh, horse play and bluster do duty as wit
In knock-about land.
You have to be loud-mouthed to make a big hit
In knock-about land.
You shoot at your mate with a pistol or gun,
Or else with a cheese knife you after him run,
For this is what constitutes humor and fun
In knock-about land.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A DISTINCTION.

Mistress—"Have you had any experience with children?"

Bridget—"Nope, but they have had some wid me."

UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

Gerald—"My dog knows as much as I do."

Geraldine—"Your dog has a good deal to learn."—New York Press.

REFLECTION ON THE MOTHER.

Gerald—"I asked your father to-day if I could marry you."

Geraldine—"What did he say?"

Gerald—"He told me to go to the devil. Is your mother in?"—New York Press.

THE TOY TRAIN.

Cook—"Now, Master Reggie, you mustn't bring your train into the kitchen."

Reggie—"Oh, yes, cook; this is where we stop five minutes for refreshments."—Punch.

HUMAN NATURE.

"Remember, Bill Jiggins?"

"Yes. Always knew he wouldn't amount to nuthin'."

"But he's been elected governor of a Western State."

"Gosh! I uster predict it."—Louisville Courier Journal.

NOT CONSISTENT.

Grumbell—"Ding bat that weather man! He said it would rain to-day."

Ascum—"Well, what do you call this but rain?"

Grumbell—"That's just it. Sometimes he guesses right and fools you." —Philadelphia Press.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Mistress—"I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at 5.30."

Cook—"Oh, it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothing over while cooking it and wake me oop."—New York Press.

HIS TENURE.

"That office holder never makes a move that is not dictated by his political boss."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "he has given me to understand that he can hold his situation only during bad behavior."—Washington Star.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Little Johnny—"Paw, did you kill any men in the war with Spain?"

Paw—"I'm afraid I did, my son."

Little Johnny—"What kind of a gun did you use, paw?"

Paw—"I didn't use a gun at all, my boy. I was one of the army cooks."—Chicago News.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Sir Launcelot—"Now, by my troth, fair maid——"

Guinevere—"No! Go away, my good man. We don't want to buy anything."—New York Journal.

COSTLY ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

"Lariat Lem has turned up his toes? How did that happen?"

"He made the mistake of orderin' a feller to dance that wasn't exactly a tenderfoot, an' when Lem begun shootin' holes through his cork feet the feller got busy with his own gun about two yards higher up."—Chicago Tribune.

A SERIOUS FAULT.

Miss Ascum—"I always thought you'd marry Mr. Goodley some day."

Miss Yerner—"Oh, no, he has an impediment in his speech."

Miss Ascum—"The idea! I never noticed it——"

Miss Yerner—"Oh, yes; he seems positively unable to say: 'Will you marry me?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Snake in Cyclone Cellar.

If there is any place where a Western man wants to feel free from intrusion, it is in his cyclone cellar. The Kansas City Journal relates how the family of John Moore, in Northern Comanche County, went to their place of refuge from a tornado the other night only to find they had got into a cave barefooted with a rattlesnake. The interior of the cave was in complete darkness when the inmates were startled by hearing the unmistakable sound made by a rattler. Mr. Moore hastily struck a match and by its faint glimmer saw the snake in the attitude of striking. The match went out and the family began to scream. Another match was lighted, and the snake was still visible, and rattling furiously. Then Mr. Moore made a flying leap for the steps, jumping over the snake, opened the door, and secured a pitchfork. Then, while his wife held a match he killed the rattler.

British food expert, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, insists eight cents is ample for a day's rations.

The Point of the Proverb.

An old proverb advises the shoemaker to stick to his last. It means that a man always succeeds best at the business he knows. To the farmer it means, stick to your plow; to the blacksmith, stick to your forge; to the painter, stick to your brush. When we make experiments out of our line they are likely to prove expensive failures.

It is amusing, however, to remark how every one of us secretly thinks he could do some other fellow's work better than the other fellow himself. The painter imagines he can make paint better than the paint manufacturer; the farmer thinks he can do a job of painting better, or at least cheaper than the painter, and so on.

A farm hand in one of Octave Thanet's stories tells the Walking Delegate of the Painters' Union, "Anybody can slather paint;" and the old line painter tells the paint salesman, "None of your ready made mixtures for me; I reckon I ought to know how to mix paint."

The farm hand is wrong and the painter is wrong: "Shoemaker, stick to your last." The "fancy farmer" can farm, of course, but it is an expensive amusement. If it strikes him as pleasant to grow strawberries at fifty cents apiece, or to produce eggs that cost him five dollars a dozen, it is a form of amusement, to be sure, if he can afford it, but it's not farming. If a farmer likes to slosh around with a paint brush and can afford the time and expense of having a practical painter do the job right pretty soon afterward, it's a harmless form of amusement. If the painter's customers can afford to stand for paint that comes off in half the time it should, they have a perfect right to indulge his harmless vanity about his skill in paint making. But in none of these cases does the shoemaker stick to his last.

There is just one class of men in the world that knows how to make paint properly and have the facilities for doing it right; and that is the paint manufacturers—the makers of the standard brands of ready-prepared paints. The painter mixes paints; the paint manufacturer grinds them together. In a good ready-prepared paint every particle of one kind of pigment is forced to join hands with a particle of another kind and every bit of solid matter is forced, as it were, to open its mouth and drink in its share of linseed oil. That is the only way good paint can be made, and if the painter knew how to do it he has nothing at hand to do it with. A paint pot and a paddle are a poor substitute for power-mixers, buhr-mills and roller-mills.

The man who owns a building and neglects to paint it as often as it needs paint is only a degree more short-sighted than the one who tries to do his own painting or allows the painter to mix his paint for him. P. G.

SATISFIED WITH HIS QUIBBLE.

New Hampshire Man Stuck to Letter of the Deed.

There are some literal minded persons who are never satisfied with the spirit of the law, but who consider it necessary to enter into compromises with the letter. Of such was an old citizen of Hopkinton, N. H., a good many years ago, and his juggling with his conscience is recorded by Mr. Lord in the records of the town.

The old man used to boast that he never went back on his exact word, but had no compunction in going round it. Once he wished to buy a certain tract of land, and when the owner named the price he exclaimed:

"I won't give it! I tell you I will never give it!"

The owner did not yield, nevertheless. A few days afterward the old man called again. He said nothing about the land, but stepped into the owner's barn and picked up a flail.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That? Oh, that's a flail."

"So you call that a flail, do you? Well, what would you take for it?"

The owner named a very small sum.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the old man. "I'll give you the price you mentioned for your land and this flail. And you mustn't forget the flail. It must be included in the deed."

So the legal instrument was duly made out, signed and delivered, recording the purchase of a certain tract of land situated thus and so, and bounded as follows, and also a certain flail.—Youth's Companion.

DRUMMER WAS POOR ADVISER.

Fatal Flaw in Prescription for Cure of Rheumatism.

"Speaking of rheumatism," said the drummer as he sagely shook his head, "I had a brother who was afflicted with it for six years. He tried half a dozen different doctors and went to half a dozen different springs, but he found no relief. At length he determined to try heroic measures. That is, I advised him to do something in that direction as a forlorn hope, and thought the tip a good one."

"What did he try?" was asked.

"He went into a pasture and faced a bull that had tossed half a dozen men skyhigh. We figured that when the bull started for him with head down and tail up the scare would drive the rheumatism out and he would strike a 2:40 gait for the fence."

"And how did it work?"

"Three minutes after the bull caught sight of Charley his rheumatism was gone, never to return."

"You don't say!"

"But I do, and Charley was gone with it. He never knew how high he went when the bull got his horns under him, and he never knew what a hole he made in the ground when he came down."

"Then your—your advice—"

"Was the worst thing he could have followed, sir, and it was a great moral lesson to me. Since that time I have made it a practice to drink alone instead of advising or encouraging a fellow man to wreck his soul, and as this is my usual time for taking a cocktail you gentlemen will please excuse me for five minutes."

Famous Missionary Ship.

After being used for eighteen months among the Micronesian group of islands in the South Sea the famous missionary ship Morning Star has been taken to Honolulu, where she will be sold at auction.

The Morning Star was bought by the pennies of Sunday School children throughout the country. Her cost was $40,000. The steamer was originally the Shoe City, running between Boston and Lynn.

Eighteen months ago the Morning Star sailed from Boston with a party of missionaries bound for the South Sea islands. After landing the people the steamer was employed carrying supplies from the various islands and missionary stations and also in carrying native children to the Christian schools. There are few vessels afloat so well known to seamen as the "Preacher Ship," as she was named.

The reason for selling the ship is stated to be the cost of operating her. Coal in the South seas commands a higher price than in more frequented portions of the globe, and the traffic would scarcely justify the board retaining so large a steamer.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Familiar.

Six-year-old Marie is a minister's daughter, and Christmas, 1904, found half a dozen dolls under the Christmas tree. There they stood during Christmas week, when, realizing that six or seven dolls in addition to other toys was too much of a good thing, mother, who had the lookahead temperament, resolved to kidnap one of the family and put it by for the next year.

To all appearances the scheme was carried through successfully, as no inquiries were made. So, on Christmas, 1905, the last year's baby reappeared under the new tree. Next morning Marie, accompanied by the usual number of grown-ups, was taken to view the tree. Fixing her eyes on the absentee and holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought she remarked, in a puzzled tone:

"Where the dickens have I seen that face before?"

DON'T MISS THIS.

A Cure For Stomach Trouble—A New Method, by Absorption—No Drugs.

Do You Belch?

It means a diseased Stomach. Are you afflicted with Short Breath, Gas, Sour Eructations, Heart Pains, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Burning Pains and Lead Weight in Pit of Stomach, Acid Stomach, Distended Abdomen, Dizziness, Colic?

Bad Breath or Any Other Stomach Torture?

Let us send you a box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers free to convince you that it cures.

Nothing else like it known. It's sure and very pleasant. Cures by absorption. Harmless. No drugs. Stomach Trouble can't be cured otherwise—so says Medical Science. Drugs won't do—they eat up the Stomach and make you worse.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers cure and we want you to know it, hence this offer. This offer may not appear again.

5266 GOOD FOR 25c. 144

Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name and 10c. in stamps or silver, and we will supply you a sample free if you have never used Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers, and will also send you a certificate good for 25c. toward the purchase of more Belch Wafers. You will find them invaluable for stomach trouble; cures by absorption. Address MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 3d Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

All druggists, 50c. per box, or by mail upon receipt of price. Stamps accepted.

Sidewalks of France.

Huge stone slabs suitable for sidewalk construction are seldom encountered in France, and asphalt walks are equally rare. The popular material is a cement block, which is cheap, durable and satisfactory. These blocks are made in a variety of shapes and colors, and in their more expensive forms are much used in interior work.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"he explorer, Livingstone, has a monument at Chisambo, Africa.

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

Better a blushing cheek than a black heart.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The suspicious man keeps one eye on his neighbor, but the wise man keeps both eyes on himself.

ECZEMA AFFLICTS FAMILY.

Father and Five Children Suffered For Two Years With Terrible Eczema—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"My husband and five children were all afflicted with eczema. They had it two years. We used all the home remedies we could hear of, without any relief, and then went to a physician and got medicine two different times, and it got worse. It affected us all over except head and hands. We saw Cuticura Remedies advertised and concluded to try them. So I sent for $1.00 worth, consisting of one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Ointment and one vial of Pills, and we commenced to use them. I do not know how to express my joy in finding a cure, for two of my children were so bad that they have the brown scars on their bodies where they were sore. Mrs. Maggie B. Hill, Stevens, Mason Co., W. Va., June 12, 1905."

The poor we have always with us—especially poor excuses.

During Hot Days and Cool Nights

Take Dr. Biggers Huckleberry Cordial for all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. Children Teething, etc. At Druggist 25c and 50c.

Women Grape Pickers.

The women of the grape pickers are picturesque in California. There is just a dash of Indian to give color to the cheek, a touch of Spanish, and just a suspicion of the old blood that built the wonderful cities ages ago in lower Mexico, making a combination attractive to the lover of the picturesque. Dark hair, flashing black eyes, intelligent faces, perfect courtesy, intelligence that but needs suggestion to lead to higher grades, indeed, one could not look at these pickers, these cholos, as the tenderfoot called them, picking grapes to see that it required but clothes and environment to make a remarkable change.—Charles Frederick Holder, in the Outing Magazine.

Too Often Succeeds.

The more desperate, abandoned and notorious the criminal the harder his lawyer always works to turn him loose on society again.—Chicago Tribune.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 906 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CORDIAL INVITATION

ADDRESSED TO WORKING GIRLS

Miss Barrows Tells How Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Helps Working Girls.

Miss Abby F. Barrows

Girls who work are particularly susceptible to female disorders, especially those who are obliged to stand on their feet from morning until night in stores or factories.

Day in and day out the girl toils, and she is often the bread-winner of the family. Whether she is sick or well, whether it rains or shines, she must get to her place of employment, perform the duties exacted of her—smile and be agreeable.

Among this class the symptoms of female diseases are early manifest by weak and aching backs, pain in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach. In consequence of frequent wetting of the feet, periods become painful and irregular, and frequently there are faint and dizzy spells, with loss of appetite, until life is a burden. All these symptoms point to a derangement of the female organism which can be easily and promptly cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Abby F. Barrows, Nelsonville, Athens Co., Ohio, tells what this great medicine did for her. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I feel it my duty to tell you the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have done for me. Before I took them I was very nervous, had dull headaches, pains in back, and periods were irregular, I had been to several doctors, and they did me no good.

"Your medicine has made me well and strong. I can do most any kind of work without complaint, and my periods are all right.

"I am in better health than I ever was, and I know it is all due to your remedies. I recommend your advice and medicine to all who suffer."

It is to such girls that Mrs. Pinkham holds out a helping hand and extends a cordial invitation to correspond with her. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Her long experience makes her success in treating woman's ills unequaled. Her letters of advice of untold value to every ailing working girl. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Will Carry 4,150 Passengers.

The Kaiserin Auguste Victoria has a length of over 700 feet and is 78 feet beam. She will carry 550 passengers in first class, 350 in second class, 300 in third class, and 2,300 in her steerage, so that with her crew of 650 officers and men she will have room for 4,150 souls. Her cargo holds will have a capacity of 16,000 tons of freight.

Handkerchief Cost $5,000.

The Empress of Russia has a handkerchief which it took seven years to make. It cost her $5,000.

WASHINGTON, D. C., is leaping forward to a place among the great capitals of the world. Invest your money there. It will grow faster than anywhere else on earth. You can secure an interest in the United States Realty Company's immense real estate holdings, largely upon famous Pennsylvania Avenue, the Avenue upon which the White House and capitol are located by paying $3 per month on a $110 investment, $5 per month on a $220 investment, or $10 per month on a $550 investment. We pay you dividends on full amount subscribed for from time first payment is made, and protect your family in case of death. You can buy at $110 per share if you act quick. Price will advance to $200 before June 20th, 1906. This investment sold to white people only. Send for free booklet giving full information. United States Realty Co., Washington, D. C.

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