

Overlooking a Bet.
"Tom's a fool!"
"Why, Margery? I thought you liked him."
"Well, we were sitting on the sofa last night and he bet me that I couldn't whistle. And I turned to him and puckered up my lips to start and—"
"Well?"
"Well, he let me whistle!"—Cleveland Leader.

Chinese laborers in Samoa get only \$2.50 a month, besides board, lodging and medical attendance. They want \$5, but the planters say that that would make farming unprofitable.

Mrs. Winslow's Eucalypti Balm for Children (see page 1) cures whooping cough, croup, colds, sore throat, etc.

An Appreciation.
"Have you ever seen Hamlet played precisely as you thought it should be?"
"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I have often wished I might be a spectator at one of my own performances."—Washington Star.

Japan as a Carrier.
Japanese steamers are carrying a large part of the Philippine-Australia business each way.

Cure For The Blues
ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED
Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.

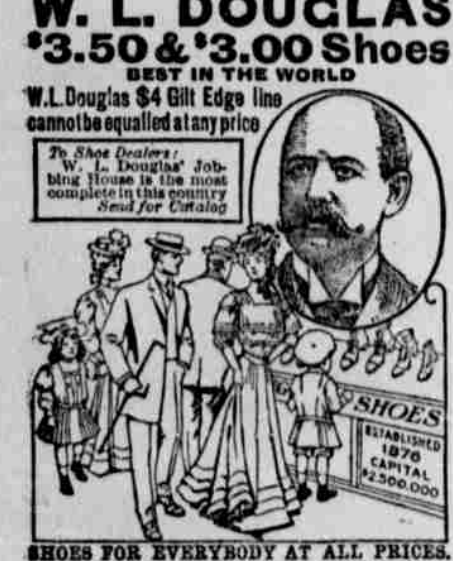
When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached and back aches; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."



But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme nervousness, and was very nervous and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes
BEST IN THE WORLD



Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. They are made and stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Write for the name of your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them. Fast Color Eucalypti Balm for Children. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 14, Brockton, Mass.

CURES INDIGESTION
When what you eat makes you uncomfortable it is doing you very little good beyond barely keeping you alive. Digestive tablets are worse than useless, for they will in time deprive the stomach of all power to digest food. The stomach must be toned up—strengthened. The herb tonic-laxative.

Lane's Family Medicine
will do the work quickly and pleasantly. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

A Positive CURE FOR CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm
is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c. at Druggists or by mail. Trial size 10c. by mail. Ely Brothers, 524 Warren Street, New York.

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)
The effect of the discovery that they distinctly formed a group apart was barely visible to the keenest glances. Helen's slow, gentle eyes were turned toward the center of the house, bent vaguely on the brightly dressed occupants of the stalls.
"I suppose," said Helen, closing her fan, "that all this is rather trivial for you. The interest you take in it must be superficial now that you are so busy."
"Oh, no!" Tyars hastened to begin; he was looking past her in that strangely persistent way into the theater, and something he saw there made him turn his head quickly toward the stage.
"Halloo!" he exclaimed. Then he caught her wrist in his grasp. "Keep still," he whispered.

The painted curtain was bellied right forward like the mainsail of a bark, and from the space at either side a sudden volume of smoke poured forth in huge, uneven clouds.
In a second the whole audience was on its feet, and for a moment a sickening silence reigned—the breathless silence of supreme fear.
Then a single form appeared on the stage. It was that of the man referred to by Claud Tyars a moment before; he who played the villain's part so unconsciously. He was still in his dark wig and pallid make-up. On his arm he carried the coat he had just taken off, and the other arm, clad in white shirt sleeve, was raised in a gesture of command.
"I must ask you," he cried, in a full, clear voice, "to leave your seats as—"
And his tones were drowned, completely overwhelmed by a strange, unearthly roar; the roar of a thousand human voices raised in one surging wall of despair, like the din of surf upon a shingle shore.

The man shouted, and his gestures were almost ludicrous, even at that supreme moment, for no sound could be heard from his lips.
Then the gas was turned out, and in the darkness a terrible struggle began. Some who came out of it could liken it to nothing on earth. Women shrieked and men fought themselves.
As the gas flickered and faintly caught those in the stage box against a momentary vision of wild, distorted faces coming toward them. The pit had overflowed the stalls. Strong barriers crumbled like matchwood. Into a hundred minds at once there had flashed the hope of escape through the stage boxes.
"Grace! Easton!" It was Tyars's voice raised, and yet not shouting. The crisis had come, the danger was at hand, and Helen knew who it was that would take the lead. She heard the two men answer.

"Keep the people back. I will break open the door on the stage. It is our best chance."
The girl felt herself lifted from the ground and carried to the back of the box.
"Helen!" whispered Tyars.
"Yes."
"Are you all right?"
"I thought you had fainted, you were so quiet! Hold on to my coat! Never leave go of that!"
He turned away from her, and above the din and uproar came the sound of his blows upon the woodwork of the door. It seemed impossible that such strokes could be made by the hands of a man who had been dealt by an unarmed woman hand.

Between the blows came the sickening sound of the struggle at the front of the box. Imprecations and supplications, mingled with groans and the dull thud of merciless fists upon human faces. Shoulder to shoulder the two men—the American and the Englishman—fought for the lives of the women placed by the hand of God under their protection. It was a terrible task, though few women reached the front of the box. Each man struck down, each assailant beaten back was doomed, and the defenders knew it. Once down, once under foot, and it was a matter of moments.

Fresh assailants came crowding on, treading on the fallen and consequently obtaining an ever-increasing advantage as they rose on a level with the defenders. Neither seemed to question the wisdom of Tyars's command. It was a matter of life or death. Those already in the stage box would only be crushed by the onslaught of the others were they allowed to enter. With a dazed desperation the two men faced the frightful odds, hammering wildly with both fists. Their arms ached from sheer hard work and they panted hoarsely. Their eyeballs throbbled with the effort to pierce unfathomable darkness. It was quite certain that their defense could not last long.
"Stick to it!" yelled Tyars. He might have been on the deck of the Marial during a white squall, so great was the uproar all around him. At last there was the sound of breaking wood.
"Grace!" shouted the voice of Tyars.
"Yes."
"Look after Miss Winter when we go."
"Easton!" he cried again.
"Yes, old man!"
"Come last, and keep them back if you can." Then a minute later he shouted, "Come!"

At the same instant the roaring crowd of men poured in over the front of the box, like soldiers storming a bastion. The door which Tyars had succeeded in opening was so narrow as to admit of the passage of only one person at a time, but at this instant the larger door leading into a narrow passage, the real exit from the stage box, broke down before a pressure from without, and from this point also a stream of half-demented beings tried to force an entrance.
The only advantage possessed by the original occupants of the box was that they knew the position of the small door.
The subsequent recollection of such individuals as survived were so fragmentary and vague that no connected story of the terrible tragedy in the stage box of the Epic Theater was ever given to the public.

Miss Winter remembered finding herself caught up in a strong pair of arms, which she presumed to be those of Oswald Grace. Also: at the same moment she and her protector were thrown to the ground. After that the next thing she could remember was the touch of a hand over her face and hair and a whispered voice in her ear.
"Agnes Winter—is this you?"
She recognized the peculiar American twang which was never unpleasant. At that moment, she almost laughed.
"Yes—yes," she answered.
"Then crawl to your feet. Don't try to get up; crawl over this man. I don't know who he is, but I surmise he is dead."
She obeyed, and found her way out of the narrow door and up some steps. Close behind her followed some one, who she took to be Matthew Mark Easton, but it ultimately turned out to be Oswald Grace, who was in his turn followed by the American, but not until later.

Helen Grace heard the word "Come," and submitted obediently to the supporting arm, which half dragged, half carried her up some steps. She remembered being carried like a child through some darksome place where the atmosphere was cold and damp. Then she was conscious of a bright, followed closely by the sound of breaking wood and the tearing of some material—probably canvas, for they were among the scenery. After that she probably fainted, and was only brought to consciousness by the shock of a violent fall in which her companion was undermost. Then she heard a voice calling out: "This way, air; this way."
She recollected seeing a form standing in a narrow passage waving a lantern. By the time that she reached the open air she was quite conscious.

"Let me walk," she said, "I am all right. Where is Agnes?"
"They are behind," answered Tyars. "She is all right. She has two men to look after her. You have only me."
"Wait for them," said the girl. "I will not go home without them."
"All right; we shall wait outside. Let us go first."
They were standing in a small room, probably the office of the theater, and a policeman stationed near the window, of which the framework had been broken away, called to them impatiently.
The window was about four feet from the ground, and Helen wondered momentarily why Claud Tyars accomplished the drop clumsily, if not with a purpose. He turned to a police inspector and pointed to the window.
"Lift the lady down," he said.
A cab was near at hand, and in it they waited—seated side by side in silence—for what seemed hours. The crowd dropped away, seeking some more interesting spot. At last there was a movement at the window, and Tyars got out of the cab and went away, leaving Helen in an agony of mute suspense. In a few moments it was over and the girl breathed freely.

It seemed strangely unreal and dreamlike to hear Agnes Winter's voice again; to see her standing on the pavement beneath the yellow gas lamp, drawing together the gay little opera cloak round her shoulders.
As Miss Winter stepped into the cab she leaned forward and kissed Helen. That was all; no word was said. But the two women sat hand in hand during the drive home.
Tyars and Oswald spoke together a few words in a lowered tone quite overwhelmed by the rattle of the cabs and the silent, steady light of occasional lamps flashed in through the occasional window, and showed that the men's clothes were covered with dirt and dust, which neither attempted to brush off.

When the cab stopped in Brook street, Oswald got out first, and going up the steps opened the front door noiselessly with a latch key. Tyars paid the cabman, and followed the ladies into the house.
The gas in the hall and dining room had been lowered, and they all stood for a moment in the gloom round the daintily dressed table. When Oswald Grace turned up the gas they looked at each other curiously.
Miss Winter kept her opera-cloak closed, simply stating that her dress was torn. Her hair was becomingly untidy, but she showed no sign of scratch or hurt.
Helen was hardly ruffled beyond a few little stray curls, almost golden in color, stealing down beside her ears. She doubtless owed her immunity from harm, and in all human probability the safety of her life to the enormous bodily strength of Claud Tyars. It was she who spoke first.

"Your arm!" she said, pointing to Tyars's right sleeve. "Have you hurt it?"
He looked down at the limb, which was hanging in a peculiar way very close to his body, with a vague and questioning smile, as if he did not know its property.
"Yes," he said, "it is broken."
Miss Winter and Oswald went to his side at once. Helen alone remained standing at the table. She said no word, but continued looking at him with very bright eyes, her lips slightly parted, breathing deeply.

He avoided meeting her glance in the same awkward, embarrassed way which she had not noticed before; answering the questions put to him with a reassuring smile.
"It happened," he said, "during the first rush. We fell down somewhere through some scenery, and my arm came underneath."
"Yes, but it is underneath," corrected Helen, almost coldly, "to—save me, I suppose."
"Instinct," he exclaimed, tersely.
"Shall I fetch a doctor, or will you come with me?" asked the practical Oswald, gently forcing his friend into a chair.
"We are surrounded by them in Brook street."
"I will go with you," answered Tyars. Refusing all offers of hospitality made by Oswald and his sister, Claud Tyars went off with his friend to the doctor's, leaving the ladies comfortably installed in arm chairs by the fire.

The protest that they could not possibly sleep, and that, as it was only twelve o'clock, they would await Oswald's return.
And the two ladies left there sat, each in her deep arm chair, toasting her nearly hot toes on the fender, and said never a word. They both stared into the fire with such a marked persistence that one might almost have suspected them of fearing to meet each other's glance.
At last Helen moved. She had evidently just become aware of a black mark on the soft mauve material of her dress. With her gloved hand she attempted to brush it off, and as this had no effect she began rubbing it with a tiny handkerchief. Then she raised her eyes. Miss Winter was watching her with a curious smile—a smile much more suggestive of pain than of pleasure.
Their eyes met, and for some moments both seemed on the verge of saying something which was never said. Then suddenly Helen looked forward and covered her face with her two hands.

Helen recovered herself as suddenly as she had given way, and, rising from her chair, stood with her shoulder turned toward her friend, her two hands upon the mantel-piece, looking down into the fire. Her attitude, moral and physical, was reflective.
"I wonder," she said, "if every one got out of the theater?"
"Mr. Easton promised to come and tell us," answered Miss Winter.
Helen raised her head and looked critically at her own reflection in the old-fashioned mirror over the fireplace. The trace of fear and thwarted passion on her young eyes—it is only older countenances that bear the marks for long.
Before she moved again the sound of cab wheels made itself audible in the street, and the vehicle was heard to stop at the door. Miss Winter rose and went to let in the newcomer.

It was Matthew Mark Easton. He followed Miss Winter into the dining room, walking lightly—an unnecessary precaution, for his step was like that of a child.
"I do not know," he was saying, "the etiquette observed in England on these points, but I could not resist coming to see if you had arrived safely. No one hurt, I trust?" continued he.
"Yes," answered the girl, gently; "Mr. Tyars is hurt—his arm is broken."
Easton's mobile lips closed together with a snap, betraying the fact that he had allowed himself the luxury of an expletive in his reprehensible American way. He turned aside, and walked backward and forward for a few minutes, like a man made restless by the receipt of very bad news.

It was a matter of a second only. Like a serpent's fang the man's keen eyes flashed toward her and away again. This peculiarly nervous face instantly assumed an expression as near stolidity as could be expressed by features such as those of a man with an exceptional intelligence. Then he turned away, and took up a broken fan lying on the table, opening it tenderly and critically.
But Miss Winter was as quick as he. She knew then that he had guessed. Whatever he might have suspected before, she had no doubt now that Matthew Mark Easton knew that Helen loved Claud Tyars.

"The worst of it," he broke out, with sudden alacrity, "is that there was no fire at all. It was extinguished on the stage. The performance might have been continued."
"It only makes it more horrible," said Miss Winter; "for I suppose there—were some killed."
"That is so," he answered. "They took forty-two corpses out of our box alone."
"I did not know," said Helen, after a painful pause, "that it was so bad as that."
Oswald Grace came in, opening the front door with his latch-key. He was greeted with an interrogatory "Well?" from Miss Winter.
"He is all right," he answered. "It was a simple fracture. Old Barker set it very nicely, and I sent him off to his club in a cab."
"Then," said Easton, holding out his hand to say good-by, "I shall go and help him into bed—tuck him in, and sing a soft lullaby over his pillow. Good night, Miss Winter. Good night, Miss Grace."

(To be continued.)
MOTHER ANTELOPE'S INSTINCT.
Provision for Young a Wonderful Instance of a Nature's Providence.
The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full-grown bands in their wanderings is an interesting and wonderful instance of nature's providence, says the Century. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies, and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals; yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant, which grows in great abundance all over the western plains, which furnishes her means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo and, in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches, some four or six inches in height above the ground and forms a thick mat varying in breadth from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet.

It is in the center of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making smart, but it does not hurt her. The stickers or her poison remain, while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in their wounds until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs and very great and long-continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then spring out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing room. She then will enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.

As It Is in Chicago.
Jack Beacon—Yes, in Boston we have all cultured love making. When a young man goes wooing in the Hub he must embrace all foreign phrases and poetical quotations. You don't see anything like that in prosaic Chicago. Dick Lakeside—I should say not. Here a fellow is satisfied to embrace the girl.
Best He Could Do.
"You know," said the young man in the case, "that I am poor, but don't you think we might be able to live on bread and cheese and kisses?"
"Yes," replied the fair maid, but—"Then," he interrupted, "see if you can work your father for the bread and cheese and I'll attend to the rest."

Infrequent.
Kind Lady—I have nothing but some lobster salad and mince pie. You surely don't want that for your breakfast?
Wearily Walker—Oh, dis is me dinner, mum. I had me breakfast day before yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.
Getting at the Facts.
Maude—Did young Saphleg get down on his knees when he proposed to you?
Clara—Really I can't say—but he already had down on his upper lip.—Columbus Dispatch.
More Important.
"Here's an article in the paper entitled 'How to Tell Good Milk.'"
"I'd much sooner read an article on 'How to Tell a Good Milkman.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How Do You Know?
HOW DO YOU KNOW—
There's a boy in the house? By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall;
By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball;
By the Indian war dance, the toy cannon's roar.
That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door;
By the engines and drums and the tool chest and nails;
By the steam cars and tracks and the boats with trim sails;
By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover
Have been read and reread by an Indian lover.

But you must take care, if you value your head,
When you go to the nursery," declares Uncle Fred.
"When I open the door there's a scramble and shout;
I'm attacked by a brigand, and I'll never doubt
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a mouse—
Well, these are good signs there's a boy in the house!"

HOW DO YOU KNOW—
There's a girl in the house? By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes—
A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks and cries;
By the toyhouse and trunk, and the stove and the chairs;
By the needle and thread, in the nursery upstairs;
By the doll hats and furberles made every day
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and May;
By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song,
Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

"And if you run up to the nursery floor,
And go to the room and then open the door,
Aunt Dorothy says, 'well, when I take a peep,
And see a wee mother-a-rookling to sleep
Her own little doll, as still as a mouse—
Why, then I am sure there's a girl in the house!'"

Trick with Handkerchief and Coin.
All that is necessary to have in order to perform the trick are a handkerchief, a ten-cent piece and a piece of soap. With a knife cut off a piece of soap about a quarter of an inch in diameter and stick this piece of soap on the hem of the handkerchief in one corner. Place the dime in the center of the handkerchief, which must lie flat on the table. Take the corner which has the soap on it and fold it over, placing it gently on the dime; now fold the other corners over, placing each corner on the dime. The corner that has the soap on it is the one to your right. When the corners are folded the handkerchief will be in the form of a diamond, with one of the points toward the performer. Place the thumb and forefinger of each hand at the point of the diamond nearest to you. Pick it up, letting the four corners fall apart, at the same time sliding the

FRUIT SHOULD BE COOKED.
Germs of Disease Introduced into System by Raw Product.
In the course of his recent lectures in England on the "Hygiene of the Alimentary Canal," Prof. Elle Metschnikoff expressed the opinion that germs of many diseases are introduced into the circulation through wounds made in the intestines by intestinal worms and other entozoa introduced by eating uncooked fruit, says the Baltimore Sun.
"In appendicitis," he said, "there is no doubt of the etiological role of intestinal worms, which injure the wall of the bowels and then inoculate microbes, causing an inflammatory reaction; and the success that frequently results from vermifugal treatment in persons suffering from that disease has proved the importance of entozoa in connection with it."
The germs of other diseases, as typhoid, tuberculosis, etc., are believed to be often introduced thus through rents of the lining membrane of the stomach and intestines. The preventive urged by Prof. Metschnikoff is boiling of all water and fruits consumed.

"The boiling," it is declared, "should be extended to vegetables—washing even with boiled water is insufficient and it is necessary at least to scald them with boiling water, or better still, to boil them. Among fruits, it is principally strawberries that introduce ova and infectious germs and it is therefore necessary to boil them. Even cherries, though growing on trees and far away from the soil, should be carefully scalded or boiled. It is wiser as a rule to eat fruits, so far as possible, in the form of compotes or jams. Nobody could deny that a system based on such principles would insure the body against all sorts of diseases of the digestive apparatus; it might even assist us at the same time to avoid certain maladies against which science to-day is almost entirely helpless."
Another precaution suggested by the learned expert in hygiene is to "modify the flora of the alimentary canal by acclimatizing useful microbes," such as the lactic bacilli, which produce lactic acid and prevent the development of butyric and putrefactive ferments. Carefully selected lactic ferments, or lactic microbes, are coming into use in treating many intestinal troubles.

SOME ANTIQUATED CUSTOMS.
There Are Many of Them, Foolish as Well as Out of Date.
Time has not brought about a readjustment of many of the antiquated customs that surround royalty. When the King of Spain was 12 years of age he one day had the misfortune to slip and fall down a flight of the palace steps. The fall would very probably have been attended with fatal results had it not been for a servant who extended a kindly hand and saved his young master

right hand to the corner where the dime is. Shake the handkerchief and show that the dime has disappeared.—American Boy.
A Disgusted Male.
It is said that many animals like the smell of tobacco smoke, horses, particularly. A man who had heard this thought, one day, that he would try the effect on a mule of his, but he found that it is not a safe thing to experiment with a mule's taste. He was smoking a pipe, and it occurred to him that the mule might like to have a sniff of it, so he blew a cloud of the smoke into its nostrils. Evidently that mule was an exception to the tobacco-loving animals, for it changed ends as quick as lightning, and let fly with its heels, which the rash experimenter missed only by falling flat on the ground.

Low-Necked Stocking.
Do you think it shocking
To wear the low-necked stocking?
I think it fun to run about
With both my knees peeping out.
In broad day-light,
And in plain sight;
For naught is there that's shocking
About the low-necked stocking. M. W.

"He's a Brick."
Strange to say, the expression, "He's a brick," which is now used merely as a bit of slang, was first used by so distinguished a writer as Plutarch. He says that an ambassador from Epirus came to Sparta, and when Lycurgus had shown him the city he saw much to praise and admire, but expressed his wonder that Sparta had no walls. Early the next morning he was conducted out to the field of exercise, near the city, where the Spartan army was drawn up. "There," said Lycurgus to the ambassador, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

About Steel Needles.
It is said that steel needles were invented by the Spanish Moors. Before their introduction thorns and fish bones, the latter with a hole pierced for an eye, were in use. The first needles used in London were made by a Moor in the reign of Henry VIII, and in Queen Mary's day steel needles were sold in Cheap-side, says Home Chat. After this time the manufacture increased rapidly, many Germans going to England and establishing needle works in various places.

Rehearsing the Play.
The Author—In this scene some one comes in suddenly and tells you that your husband has run away with another woman, and then you swoon.
The Actress—Oh, that will be nice.
The Author—Then the leading man comes in and brings you to.
The Actress—What—brings me two husbands?—Yonkers Statesman.

Suggesting the Impossible.
Customer—Anything that is warranted pure is always down, isn't it?
Conscientious Dealer—Certainly not, sir. I know this to be pure cider, but I can't warrant it to be pure.

A KENTUCKY WOMAN
How She Gained Fifteen Pounds in Weight and Became Well by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
Went on forty, or thereabouts, have their future in their own hands. There will be a change for the better or worse, for the better if the system is purified by such a tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. D. C. Wedding, of Hartford, Ky., writes as follows concerning the difficulties which afflicted her:
"I was seriously ill and confined to my bed for six or eight months in all, during two years. I had chills, fever, rheumatism. My stomach seemed always too full, my kidneys did not act freely, my liver was inactive, my heart beat very weak and I had dizziness or swimming in my head and nervous troubles."
"I was under the treatment of several different physicians but they all failed to do me any good. After suffering for two years I learned from an Arkansas friend about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that I would try them. The very first box I took made me feel better and when I had taken four boxes more I was entirely well, weighed fifteen pounds more than when I began, resumed my household duties, and have since continued in the best of health. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people on account of what they did for me, and I feel that I cannot praise them too strongly."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mrs. Wedding to health because they actually made new blood and when the blood is in full supply every function of the body is restored, because the blood carries to every organ, every muscle, every bone, the necessary nourishment. Any woman who is interested in the cure of Mrs. Wedding will want our book, "Plain Talk to Women," which is free on request. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Practical Exercises.
"Yes, Lucy captured Dick for a husband."
"Lucy! Why, I thought Thelma would win him with her graduation exercises."
"No, Lucy won him with her after-graduation exercises."
"After-graduation exercises?"
"Yes; as soon as she had graduated she went home and helped her mother to iron and wash the dishes."
Glassgow corporation has refused to allow blind men to travel free on the municipal trolley cars.

CURED OF GRAVEL.
Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.
J. D. Druggist, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2 1/2 pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine. I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I used to suffer the most acute agony during a gravel attack, and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble—lassitude, headache, pain in the back, urinal disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed, but that is not one-quarter of the whole number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Masons in Switzerland receive 50 cents a day of ten hours.
Cheap Excursions South.
On first and third Tuesday of each month the Big Four Railway will sell excursion tickets to most all points in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, at rate of one fare plus \$2.00, with return limit 30 days. Liberal stopover privileges. Write I. P. Spining, General Northern Agent, 238 Clark St., Chicago, for further information.

Helping Out.
With an exclamation of delight the hardened tourist rushed out on the baggage platform and started to smash his trunk with an ax.
"Hold on!" shouted the baggage man. "Are you crazy?"
"Not at all," replied the hardened tourist as he continued to smash. "I read that baggages were overworked at this season, so I thought I would smash my own trunk and save you the trouble."

A Possible Awakenters.
Fair Automobileist—Look at that hand-painted policeman in his new uniform. Isn't he a dream, though?
Masculine Passenger—You won't think so if he pinches you for speeding.

Terrible Scalp Humor.
Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.
"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sore and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was eczema. Tried various remedies, so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement, and got the Cuticura Remedies at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks, I think, of use, was clear as a whistle. I have to state also that late last fall, October and November, 1904, I was suddenly afflicted with a bad eruption, painful and itching pustules over the lower part of the body. I suffered dreadfully. In two months, under the skillful treatment of my doctor, consulted with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I found myself cured. H. M. F. Wells, Rosemond, Christian Co., Ill., Aug. 31, 1905."

Rehearsing the Play.
The Author—In this scene some one comes in suddenly and tells you that your husband has run away with another woman, and then you swoon.
The Actress—Oh, that will be nice.
The Author—Then the leading man comes in and brings you to.
The Actress—What—brings me two husbands?—Yonkers Statesman.

Suggesting the Impossible.
Customer—Anything that is warranted pure is always down, isn't it?
Conscientious Dealer—Certainly not, sir. I know this to be pure cider, but I can't warrant it to be pure.

A KENTUCKY WOMAN
How She Gained Fifteen Pounds in Weight and Became Well by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
Went on forty, or thereabouts, have their future in their own hands. There will be a change for the better or worse, for the better if the system is purified by such a tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. D. C. Wedding, of Hartford, Ky., writes as follows concerning the difficulties which afflicted her:
"I was seriously ill and confined to my bed for six or eight months in all, during two years. I had chills, fever, rheumatism. My stomach seemed always too full, my kidneys did not act freely, my liver was inactive, my heart beat very weak and I had dizziness or swimming in my head and nervous troubles."
"I was under the treatment of several different physicians but they all failed to do me any good. After suffering for two years I learned from an Arkansas friend about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that I would try them. The very first box I took made me feel better and when I had taken four boxes more I was entirely well, weighed fifteen pounds more than when I began, resumed my household duties, and have since continued in the best of health. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people on account of what they did for me, and I feel that I cannot praise them too strongly."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mrs. Wedding to health because they actually made new blood and when the blood is in full supply every function of the body is restored, because the blood carries to every organ, every muscle, every bone, the necessary nourishment. Any woman who is interested in the cure of Mrs. Wedding will want our book, "Plain Talk to Women," which is free on request. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.