

Why Babes Suck Their Thumbs. Sucking is a natural stimulant for babies. A very young baby tries to get the whole hand in its mouth, but finding this fraught with danger, he grows more cautious and finally falls on the thumb as the most enticing member of the hand. Sucking the thumb acts as a safe pick me up to laggard organs. The beneficial effect arising from the act of deglutition is one of nature's happiest stimulants. It is generally melancholy and fretful children rather than those who are strong and full of life who develop decided tendencies in this direction. The reason of this is evident. In states of depression, whether casual or chronic, less blood goes to the brain; if, then, the thumb be put into the mouth and a sucking process indulged in, the heart will be stimulated, new blood will be sent to the brain and contentment will take the place of peevishness.

His One Fault. "Oh! yes, Cholly is a harmless sort of fellow. The only thing about him is that he has brain trouble." "Nonsense! He hasn't any brain at all." "I know; that's the trouble."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The closing of the leaves of plants as the evening comes on at first is caused by botanists to be due to the difference in temperature, but on transplanting the plants into a hot house it was found that the same phenomenon occurred, the leaves closing at sunset.

#### FADED TO A SHADOW.

Worn Down by Five Years of Suffering from Kidney Complaint. Mrs. Kenneth Myers, of 180 South Tenth St., Ironton, O., says: "I have worked hard in my time and have been exposed again and again to changes of weather. It is no wonder my kidneys gave out and I went all to pieces at last. For five years I was fading away and finally so weak that for six months I could not get out of the house. I was nervous, restless and sleepless at night, and lame and sore in the morning. Sometimes everything would whirl and blur before me. I blotted so badly I could not wear tight clothing, and had to put on shoes two sizes larger than usual. The urine was disordered and passages were dreadfully frequent. I got help from the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and by the time I had taken four boxes the pain and blotting was gone. I have been in good health ever since."

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

#### Not Made Clear.

A bulletin from Washington said the ceremony had gone off "without a hitch." "It's those sensational papers," remarked an observer. "I'll bet they were stied all right."

#### THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA.

Were Treated at Dispensary—Did Not Improve—Suffered 5 Months—Perfect Cure by Cuticura. "My three children had eczema for five months. A little sore would appear on the head and seemed very itchy, increasing day after day. The baby had had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few sores developed, then the third boy took it. For the first three months I took them to the N— Dispensary, and they told me that the children had ringworm, but they did not seem to improve. Then I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would write you about my case, and when I got the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment I bathed the children's heads with warm water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In a few weeks they had improved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores. I should be glad to let others know about the great Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Kate Kelm, 518 West 29th St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 5 and 7, 1906."

#### Recreation of an Expert.

The detective at the boarding house table, having satisfied himself that no body had observed him, folded up his magnifying glass and put it back in his pocket.

#### On a Head 3 Feet Long.

The John A. Salszer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are bringing out a new corn this year with heads 2 feet long! That's a wonder. Their catalog tells!

#### Spets—the greatest cereal hay food American ever saw! Catalog tells!

#### Our mammoth 148-page Seed and Tool Catalog is mailed free to all intending buyers, or send 6c in stamps and receive free samples of new Two Foot Long Oats and other cereals and big catalog free.

John A. Salszer Seed Co., Box C, La Crosse, Wis.

#### Quite Essential.

"Young Roxley is learning to be a machinist."

#### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Remedy. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. W. A. WALKING, EMMANUEL & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Remedy is internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### Something to Admire.

"Count Boni de Castellane is not so slow," observed Mr. Gayboy. "He managed to catch the Gould family coming and going."

#### Garfield Tea, the mild laxative, benefits the entire system. Best for liver, kidneys and bowels; for constipation and sick headache.

China holds the world's record in the way of associations. There are at least 22,000 of them scattered all over the country.

# Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What are these?" he asked, touching the white blossoms lightly with his finger. "I do declare it's that hemlock!" said Martha, in surprise, pulling the white flowers out of the bunch; "and I never knew it was there. Pah!" and she threw the blossoms down with a gesture of disgust. "How they smell!"

Gaston picked up one of the flowers and crushed it between his fingers, upon which it gave out a peculiar mousy odor eminently disagreeable. It was hemlock sure enough, and he wondered how such a plant had come into Australia.

"Does it grow in your garden?" he asked Martha.

That damsel intimated it did, and offered to show him the plant, so that he could believe his own eyes. Vandeloup assented eagerly, and they were soon in the flower garden at the back of the house, which was blazing with vivid colors, in the hot glare of the sunshine.

"There you are," said Miss Twesby, pointing to a corner of the garden near the fence where the plant was growing; "par brought a lot of seeds from home, and that beastly thing got mixed up with them. Par keeps it growing, though, 'cause no one else has got it. It's quite a curiosity."

Vandeloup bent down and examined the plant, with a large, smooth, purple-veined stem—its smooth, shining green leaves, and the tiny white flowers with their disagreeable odor.

"Yes, it is hemlock," he said, half to himself; "I did not know it could be grown here. Some day, Madeoiselle," he said, turning to Miss Twesby, and walking back to the house with her, "I will ask you to let me have some of the roots of this plant to make an experiment with."

"As much as you like," said the fair Martha, amiably. "What are you going to make out of it?"

"Nothing particular," returned Vandeloup, with a yawn, as they entered the house and stopped at the door of Pierre's room. "I'm a bit of a chemist, and amuse myself with these things."

"You are clever," observed Martha, admiringly; "but how's that man's room—did you give him the best?"—apologetically—"as miners are so rough."

"Mademoiselle," said Vandeloup eagerly, as she turned to go, "I see there are a few blossoms of hemlock left in your flowers there," touching it with his finger; "will you give them to me?"

Martha Twesby started; surely this was the long-sought-for hemlock! At last—she had secured a lover; and such a lover—handsome, young, gallant—the very hero of her dreams. She almost fainted in delightful surprise, and unfastening the flowers with trembling fingers, gave them to Gaston. He placed them in a button-hole of his flannel coat.

"Well," she said to herself, "if that isn't a case of love at first sight, then my name isn't Martha Twesby," and she sat down in the bar with her nerves all of a flutter, as she afterward told a female friend who dropped in sometimes for a friendly cup of tea.

Gaston closed the door after him, and found himself in a moderately large room. There were two beds, and on the farthest of these Pierre was sleeping heavily. Going over to him, Vandeloup touched him slightly, and with a spring the dumb man sat up, as if he expected to be arrested, and was all on the alert to escape.

"It's only I, my friend," said Gaston, in French, crossing over to the other bed and sitting on it. "Come here; I wish to speak to you."

Pierre rose from his sleeping place and, stumbling across the room, stood before Gaston with downcast eyes. Gaston coolly threw his straw hat on the bed and then, curling one leg inside the other, looked at him as keenly as Pierre.

"You saw Madame's husband to-day?" he said sharply, still eyeing the slouching figure before him, that seemed so restless under his steady gaze.

Pierre nodded and shuffled his large feet.

"Sit down," said Vandeloup, in a peremptory tone, pointing to the floor. "I wish to see you, and I think, I need hardly remind you that when we landed in Australia I told you that there was war between ourselves and society, and that, at any cost, we must try to make money; so far, we have only been able to earn an honest livelihood—a way of getting rich which you must admit is respectable. Here, however, is a chance of making, if not a fortune, at least a good sum of money at one stroke. This M. Villiers is going to rob his wife, and his plan will no doubt be this: He will lie in wait for her, and when she drives slowly down the hill he will spring on to the trap and perhaps attempt to kill her; at all events, he will seize the box containing the nugget, and try to get off with it. How he intends to manage it I cannot tell you—it must be left to the chapter of accidents; but when he does get the nugget we must obtain it from him."

Pierre looked up and drew his hand across his throat.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Villiers walked in a leisurely manner along the lower part of the town, with the intent of going up to his despatching an old mining gully. Arriving on the plateau of earth just in front of the gully, he tramped along in deep thought. The way being narrow, and Villiers being preoccupied, it was not surprising that as a man was coming down in the opposite direction, also preoccupied, they should run against one another.

"Really, sir," said the stranger, in a rich, rolling voice, and in a dignified tone, "I think you might look where you are going. From what I saw of you, you were not fixed on the stars, and thus to cause your unwatched feet to stumble; in fact," said the speaker, looking up to the sky, "I see no stars whereon you could fix your gaze."

This somewhat strange mode of remembrance was delivered in a solemn manner, with appropriate gestures, and tickled Mr. Villiers so much that he leaned up against a great rock abutting on the path, and laughed long and loudly.

"That's right, sir," said the stranger, approvingly; "laughter is to the soul what food is to the body. I think, sir, the thought is a happy one."

Villiers assented with a nod and examined the speaker attentively. He was a man of medium height, rather portly than otherwise, with a clean-shaven face, clearly cut features, and two merry gray eyes, which twinkled like stars as they rested on Villiers. He had small, well-shaped hands, one of which grasped a light cane, and the other a white silk pocket handkerchief, with which he frequently wiped his brow. He seemed very hot and leaning on the opposite side of the path against a rock, fanned himself with his hat, all the time looking at Mr. Villiers with a beaming smile.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Villiers, wondering whether the portly gentleman was mad.

For reply the stranger dived into another pocket and, bringing to light a long billposter, held it up before Mr. Villiers.

"Read! mark! and inwardly digest!" he said in a muffled tone behind the bill. This document set forth in red, black and blue letters that the celebrated Wopple Family, consisting of twelve star artists, were now in Ballarat, and would that night appear at the Academy of Music in their new and original comedy, called "The Crime-Stand." Act I.: Viper! Act II.: Mustard. Act III.: Pepper.

"You, then," said Villiers, after he had perused this document, "are Mr. Wopple?"

"Theodore Wopple, at your service," said that gentleman, and rolling up the bill, then putting it into his pocket, he produced therefrom a batch of tickets.

"One of these," handing a ticket to Villiers, "will admit you to the stalls to-night, where you will see myself and the children in 'The Crime-Stand.'"

"Rather a peculiar title, isn't it?" said Villiers, taking the ticket.

"The play is still more peculiar, sir," replied Mr. Wopple, restoring the bulky packet of tickets to his pocket; "dealing as it does with the adventures of a youth who hides his father's will in the crease stand, which is afterward annexed by a comic balliff."

"It's very kind of you to give me this ticket," said Villiers, in whom the gentlemanly instinct still survived.

"Not at all; not at all," returned Mr. Wopple, with a wink. "Business is my boy, business. Always a good house first night, so must go into the highways and byways for an audience, and with a gracious wave of his hand he skipped lightly down the path and disappeared from sight."

It was now getting dark; so Mr. Villiers went on his way, and having selected a mining shaft where he could hide the nugget, he climbed up to the porch where Kitty was eagerly waiting for him, and taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly. Then, after assuring himself that Madame was safe with Marchurst, he put his arm round Kitty's waist, and they walked up and down the path with the warm wind blowing in their faces, and the perfume of the wattle blossoms permeating the drowsy air.

Suddenly they heard the noise of a chair being pushed back inside the house, and knew that Madame was getting ready to go. They moved simultaneously toward the door, but in the porch Gaston paused for a moment, and caught Kitty by the arm.

"Bebe," he whispered softly, "when Madame is gone I am going down the hill to Ballarat, so you will walk with me a little way, will you not?"

Of course, Kitty was only too delighted at being asked to do so, and readily consented, then ran quickly into the house, followed by Vandeloup.

"You here?" cried Madame in surprise, pausing for a moment in the act of putting on her bonnet. "Why are you not at the theater?"

"I am going, Madame," replied Gaston, calmly, "but I thought I would come up in order to assist you to put the nugget in the trap."

"Oh, Mr. Marchurst would have done that," said Madame, much gratified at Vandeloup's attention. "I'm sorry you

## STUDIES OF GULF FISHERS.

Carnegie Laboratory Finds the Sea Denizens Have Short Memory. The Carnegie Institution laboratory at the Tortugas consists of eleven buildings upon Loggerhead Key and is designed to afford the best possible facilities for the study of life of the Gulf stream and the coral reefs. The laboratory is provided with a seagoing yacht and three good launches for visiting the neighboring reefs and for cruises over the Gulf stream. The yacht is sixty feet long and can remain at sea for weeks at a time, being provided with a powerful engine and sails. Researches have been conducted during the last two summers. The following brief statement will give a fair idea of some of the best established results achieved by investigators working at the laboratory:

One investigator studied the habits of the reef fishes and found that the most abundant predatory fish of the Tortugas reefs was the gray snapper, which commonly feeds upon a little silvery sardine.

If some of these sardines be dyed bright red and then thrown into the sea together with some normal silvery sardines the silvery ones are at first eaten more readily than the red, but the gray snappers soon learn that bright red sardines are good to eat and will then devour them as eagerly as if they were normal in color.

The investigator then dyed some sardines bright blue and threw them in together with red and silvery ones. At first the blue were relatively avoided, but soon the gray snappers learned that they, too, were palatable. Small portions of jelly fishes were now attached to the blue sardines and the gray snappers seized them greedily, but were stung by the pieces of jellyfish. In a few minutes they learned to avoid the blue, but still ate red and silvery sardines. The next day, however, the gray snappers had forgotten this experience and the patient investigator was obliged to teach them anew.

Another investigator demonstrated that even such lowly creatures as sea anemones and corals pursue the method of trial and error in their behavior and that they recognize things injurious and avoid them. Moreover, they at first avoid each sort of injurious stimulus in a fixed and constant way, but if this fails they adopt new methods.

The associative memory of caterpillars may endure about half a minute, but they cannot retain the memory of an experience for so long a time as a minute and a half. Results such as the above may appear trivial to the lay reader, but their import increases when it is considered that these simple forms relate to the beginnings of mind.

The Licorice Plant. Black licorice is made from the juice of the licorice plant, mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather. The licorice plant grows for the most part on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The climate of these great plains is variable. Half the year it is mild and pleasant, but for three months it is very cold, and for three months in summer hot winds sweep across the country, raising the temperature to 104 degrees for weeks at a time.

The licorice plant is a shrub three feet high and grows without cultivation in situations where its roots can reach the water. The usual time of collecting is the winter, but roots are dug all the year around. At first the root is full of water and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes nearly a year. It is then cut into small pieces from six inches to a foot long. The good and sound pieces are kept and the rotten ones are used for fire wood.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection extant and that the taste, which pleases nearly all children to-day, was familiar to the little brown boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh 3,000 years ago.

Both Thought So. In the recent brief biography of Eduard Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist is pictured as a genius who saw things from the humorous point of view. One afternoon at Fort Collins, Colorado, where he was to play that night, Remenyi was sitting on the piazza of his hotel, when he was approached by a big, burly negro porter.

"What do you do in the show?" asked the porter.

"I am the end man," replied Remenyi.

"I thought so! Have you got some influence with the boss of the show?"

"I think I have a little."

"I thought so! Could you get some tickets for me and my old woman?"

"Maybe I could."

"I thought so! Try hard!"

"I will try mighty hard."

A little later Remenyi's manager gave the man two passes, which he received with his stock ejaculation, "I thought so!" He accompanied them to the opera house in the evening, and Remenyi gave him his violin case to carry.

"Who plays this fiddle?" he asked.

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"I thought so!"

After the concert the porter was in the lobby, waiting for the violinist and the manager with a very long face. Remenyi again gave him the violin case, and as they walked along he was heard to mutter. At last he said aloud: "You bet you fooled me!"

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By the Way. The life of the visiting nurse is one of sober and sad realities, and it is fortunate that many a bit of humor comes in to brighten the daily work. Some of these "lighteners of labor" are quoted in "Charities and the Commons." The first incident pertains to a Mrs. Partington of the slums.

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# Sermons of the Week

Business.—When men attempt to divorce business life from religious life it is a criminal attempt; they cannot be divorced; they are really, as far as the world is concerned, Siamese twins.—Rev. H. S. Parkington, Methodist, Bethel, Conn.

Be Master.—Be master of yourself. Do not be the slave of habit or of poverty or of superstition or of time, but stand facing life, the uncrowned king of circumstances, and in it all plan for eternity.—Rev. C. C. Pierce, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

Knowledge.—There is some knowledge that likewise makes the knower poorer. The more we read some books the poorer we are. The books may be true, but the facts may be of the impoverishing kind.—Rev. F. J. McConwell, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Demagogues.—Many people climb up into the social world by the church society ladder. Such people usually play the ladder behind them. The demagogue is one of the most despicable creatures on earth.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Pittsburg.

The Changing Man.—The age in which we now live is an age midway between superstition and science. The world is undergoing a wonderful change and this change seemingly affects man and not woman.—Rev. R. L. Foody, Disciple, Worcester, Mass.

Civilizing Forces.—The civilization of the nation is largely the legacy of the Hollander, the Huguenot, the Puritan, and the Cavalier, and the three great civilizing forces at present are the state, the church, and the school.—Rev. J. M. Kling, Methodist, Philadelphia.

The Ordained.—The preacher has been ordained by the church for the exercise of certain ministerial functions, but the laity have also been ordained to high and lofty service by the Holy Ghost. And so we labor together.—Rev. G. Holm, Methodist, Philadelphia.

Profit and Loss.—The average man of to-day is a creature of dollars and cents. He sometimes has more dollars than sense. He is always calculating his chances of making money, and every other purpose in life is made subservient to this one.—Rev. R. H. Sawyer, Disciple, Missoula, Mont.

A Manly Christ.—It is unfortunate that the medieval artists portrayed Christ as a feminine man, for we have evidence that He was a manly man. When we consider how His disciples always held Him in such great respect, we see that He was manly—yes, more than manly. It is supermanliness.—Rev. J. F. Cooper, Methodist, Providence, R. I.

Engineering Self.—Perfect engines get hold of the track. Orders come with lightning rapidity to the engineer and they must be obeyed without question. The responsibility for the orders is not with him, his responsibility is to execute them. God can run this world, but He has put it into our hands to run yourself.—Rev. M. W. Stryker, Methodist, Clinton, N. Y.

MRS. REED SMOOT.

Wife of Utah Senator Rejoices in Her Husband's Victory. One of the happiest women in the land is Mrs. Reed Smoot, wife of the Senator from Utah, who recently was declared entitled to take his seat in the United States Senate. Mrs. Smoot, who is the first and only, is a woman of refinement, and a talented musician. When her husband was elected to the Senate she accompanied him to Washington and put up at one of the first-class hotels. Social ethics are peculiar at the national capital. They require that the new Senator or cabinet officer shall make the first calls on others in the official set. Mrs. Smoot did not know what to do. She had learned through the news-papers that the women of the official set were not friendly, and so she did not take the chance of a rebuff. She made no calls. The women of the official set did not call upon her, and the snub, therefore, was pronounced and emphatic. Mrs. Smoot hurt to the quick, packed her trunks and went back to her Western home, as she put it, "to stay there until my husband is vindicated." That vindication has now come.

Now that the Senator is sure of his seat, Mrs. Smoot will return to Washington, bringing the children with her, and the early autumn this Western banker will have an establishment of his own in the fashionable northwest section of the city.

The Millennium. United States Senator Foraker tells of a remarkable speech made by an illiterate spellbinder in a Western State, wherein the orator, gradually working himself into a hysterical condition, exploded his peroration something as follows:

"Fellow citizens, when these principles of ours is triumphant, we shall have happiness and prosperity from Maine to California, from Florida to Alaska, from Alpha to Omega!"

An Inference. Father—Young Upberten is going to propose for your hand soon. Daughter—How do you know? Father—I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing.—Illustrated B.T.

The Average Man who is kept grinding away, in order that he may collect his salary, feels that he could put up with an income tax all right, if he had the income.

Every neighborhood has its "I'll pay back to-morrow" neighbors.

## How It Happened.

"Where's the little girl?" "Playing out in the street. Didn't you just see her dodge an automobile?" "Where's the little boy?" "Out on the back lot throwing stones at the neighbors' cats." "Where's the baby?" "Down in the basement playing with a box of matches." "Great Scott! Where is the mother?" "Over to Mrs. A's helping her to write an article for a mother's magazine entitled: 'How to Raise Children.'"



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Stagnation. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pains in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FREE—Don't miss this chance send 25c to help pay postage. Large View Book of New York, Wonder Novelty Co., Hoboken, N. J.

Dr. Claudio Pinilla, who took a prominent part in the settlement of the Acra question, has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs in Bolivia.

Mrs. Wingham's morning error in Children's health often has a low inflammation, so says, cure with cod liver oil. It cures a cough.