

Grew Careless.

"Kelly is a man who has always when things easy."

"Yes, but he isn't taking them easy now."

"Why not?" "He was caught taking them and is doing hard labor now."—Houston Post.

Modern Housekeeping.

"Of course," said the bachelor girl, "I am lonely. But I am afraid marriage would be out of the frying pan into the fire."

"It is more likely," answered Miss Cayenne, "to be out of the chafing dish into the gas stove."—Washington Star.

Afraid of Nothing.

"Plunks never knew a thing in college, but now he's a rich man. How'd it happen?"

"Why, the same gill he used in going to class without knowing a thing about the course was just what he needed to make a business success."—Detroit Free Press.

Everybody Satisfied.

"Bridget, what did the ladies say when you told them that I was not at home?"

"Oh, they was delighted, miss! They did it was the best luck they'd had st."—Detroit Free Press.

Done Again.

"I bought your 'six best sellers,'" said the customer in the book store.

"Ah, indeed," replied the clerk, with a smile; "how did you like them?"

"Well, I think you should abbreviate your advertisement."

"What do you mean?" "Why, make it the 'six best sellers.'"—

Collected.

"Correspondent wants to know who are the greatest stamp collectors in the country," said the assistant briefly.

"Does he inclose stamp for reply?" answered the editor.

"Yes." "Then tell him we are."

The Only Good.

"Father, why do these automobiles puff out so much smoke behind?"

"Stupid! So the policeman can't see the number!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Retort Courteous.

Miss Odium—I've refused many, many offers of marriage.

Gayley (absent-mindedly)—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Speculation.

"As near as I kin make de difference out," said Uncle Eben, "it's dis y. De speculation dat wins is investments, an' dem dat loses is gamin'."—Washington Star.

One of His Own Kind.

Mr. Hedgehog (to Phenshion)—Good morning! I suppose you're a young porcupine.

The Modest Order.

The Idle Rich One—Ya-as, I've decided to go in for ballooning a bit, so you may take my order.

The Agent—What sort of balloon do you wish?

The Idle Rich One—Why, to begin with, you might furnish me with a high-altitude balloon, a low-altitude one, a floating affair, and, say, a runabout balloonette for town use.—Puck.

As It Sometimes Happens.

"I'll never take a girl to the ball time again."

"Kept too busy explaining the game, eh?"

"No; I was kept too busy explaining my ignorance of the game."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Something Doing.

Artist (broke)—Yes, I'm making a good deal of progress. The sheriff has just begun to take an interest in my stings.—Translated from Tales from zende Blatter.

Another Failure.

Eggs—Blowitz is a victim of misplaced confidence.

Biggs—in whom did he confide?

Biggs—in himself.

Position Filled.

Willie Gusher—Just let me press one kiss on those coral lips?

Sweet Singer—Sir, I already have a gross agent.

His Last Resort.

"Emily" whined the tramp at the wayside cottage, "can't yer help a poor earthquake sufferer?"

"Ah, get out," snapped the stern housewife. "You were never in San Francisco in your life."

"Well, den, mum, can't yer help a volcano sufferer?"

"What? Why, you have never seen Vesuvius."

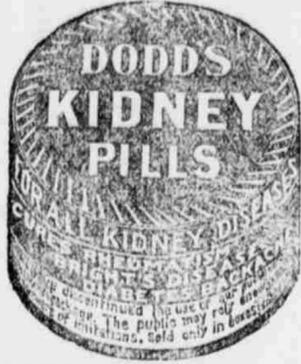
"Ah, well, den, I'm jest a bulldog sufferer. Ghnuze a piece of pie."

In France no one will hereafter be granted an automobile license who is not able to prove in addition to the possession of the necessary technical knowledge, exemption from any physical infirmity which would tend to involve unfitness for the control of a machine.

Siberia is a productive country and not at all a region of desolation. She is really a northern Australia, with larger rivers, more extensive forests, and mineral wealth not inferior to that of the island continent.

Every good Sikh, a member of a religious sect of India, prefers to die on the bare ground. Regardless of rank or age, no rug must intervene between his sacred body and the earth when he breathes his last.

The great clock of Rouen, France, has been grinding out time and striking the hours and quarters for over five hundred years, running all this time without interruption.



Oatmeal in the bath water will impart a velvety softness to the skin. To avoid stopping the waste pipes tie the oatmeal in a good sized cheesecloth bag.

Wear the hair loosely about the shoulders as often as possible, as the sunlight and air stimulates it wonderfully, increasing the healthy action of the scalp.

The estimated number of cantaloupes shipped from the famous Rocky Ford district in Colorado last season is 12,600,000. Seven hundred cars were sent out, being an increase of 108 cars over the previous season.

Salt sprinkled on the fire will give the blue flame so much desired for broiling.

Biscuit, muffins and cookies require a quick oven.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Use boiling water when it first boils or the gases will escape and the water become flat.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, etc. Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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

Advertisement for Libby's Food Products featuring an image of an Ox Tongue and text: 'All are selected meats, prepared for your table in a kitchen as clean as your own. Ready to serve any time—fit to serve anywhere. All are economical—and all are good. Whether your taste be for Boneless Chicken, Veal Loaf, Ox Tongue, Poted Ham, Dried Beef, there is no way you can gratify it so well as by asking for Libby's. Try Libby's delicious cooked Ox Tongue for sandwiches or sliced cold. Libby, McNeil & Libby, Chicago.'

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Life insurance is even shedding its Pecksniff.

Like other monarchs, the Rockefellers indulge the luxury of traveling incognito.

When a judge sentences 332 whitecaps to jail, it is discouraging to laziness in Mississippi.

Those portraits somehow give you the idea that Queen Victoria can be trusted to take good care of Tonso.

If it is all the same to Dr. Holt, Uncle Russell Sage refuses to accept any outside estimate of the value of a man over 70.

A Chinese student has won second prize in oratory at New York University. How did he happen to get into the country, anyhow?

Governor Curry advocates killing off all the Pulajanes. The coffin concession in the Philippines ought to be valuable, under that policy.

In view of the allegations concerning the meat-packing industry, the much abused sausage should feel justified in asserting that it is as good as its company.

Somebody has figured out the monetary value of a man at different ages, but, of course, does not consider the statistical crank, who clearly is not to be reckoned as a thing of worth.

King Edward is reported to have a deep-seated affection for his nephew the Czar. If this is true, why doesn't the king get Nicholas aside somewhere and talk to him like a Dutch uncle?

A German soldier has been sent to prison for seven years for saying that the Kaiser travels too fast. What on earth would have happened to him if he had remarked that the Kaiser is a trifle slow?

A New Jersey man accused of murder alleges that the dead man was killed by lack of iron in his blood. Probably the experts will decide that the next Jerseyman who is shot died from lead poisoning.

Artificial ice cream is made nowadays of refined cottonseed oil, made into an emulsion in a centrifugal machine rotating three thousand times a minute, and flavored with vanilla, glucose and nitrobenzol. It is said to taste as good as real ice cream, but it does not sound so.

Bishop Potter, who has recently returned from Europe, says the English people have only sham love for us. To be candid, we have never seriously thought Englishmen would be likely to permit their affection for us to cause them to stand back and idly watch Americans secure trade anywhere.

A San Francisco bachelor offers to furnish clothes for 500 women. If he had ever been compelled to furnish clothes for one woman, especially along about the time she was getting ready to go to some fashionable place to stay through the hot spell, he would no doubt have disappointed about 499 of them.

Connecticut is sometimes designated as the "wooden nutmeg state," but a hen of East Lyme seems to have started a campaign to re-establish the reputation of the State for fair dealing. Overtaken by a trolley-car while promending down the road, this Plymouth Rock fowl was carried along for five minutes or more on the fender. When the car stopped and she hopped off, cackling, it was discovered that she had left an egg between the fender wires by way of payment for the ride. Few hens—outside of Connecticut—are so conscientious as that.

May the physician who prophesied that the day is coming when there will be no medicines unpleasant to the taste live long and prosper in his profession. In all probability he bases his prophecy on experiments made by himself in compounding medicines that are really good to take. If he can produce them his colleagues can do the same, he probably reasons. Anyway, he is the sort of physician we would like to have at hand when illnesses come, for he could rob them of half their terrors. The medicine hour is dreaded by fretful patients and by nurses, too. Even for the healthiest among us the notion has an attractive sound. We are for the gliding and sugaring of all the bitter pills of life and like to see the movement active inside and outside of the laboratory.

New England farmers know that granite boulders are not good in tilled land. Yet according to conclusions which the Department of Agriculture

has drawn from some experiments, powdered granite may prove a valuable fertilizer. Granite contains potash, and potash is so good for land that America imports potash salts from Germany at a hundred dollars a ton. The imported salts contain only twice as much potash per ton as certain granites which, it is thought, may be ground at a cost of three dollars a ton. The experiment has not gone far enough to answer conclusively the commercial questions, but already mills are being erected to attempt the manufacture of rock fertilizer.

There are some facts which cannot be reiterated too often. Such are the facts about railway accidents in this country. To know that in a single year (1904) one railway employe out of every 350 in the country was killed; to know that one out of every nineteen was injured; to know that these proportions have been increasing materially, instead of declining, in the last decade, are facts which by themselves, without argument, show that an improvement must be compelled. A poverty stricken country with high freight rates might apologize for such destruction of life by saying that it could not afford the necessary safeguards. The United States is too rich a country to apologize for itself in that way. Even if safeguards increase freight rates a trifle their use should be enforced. And the figures for the loss of life among passengers emphasize the need. Where in 1894 one passenger in 1,938,791 was killed, in 1904 one in 1,622,267 lost his life. Where one in 178,210 was injured in 1894, one in 78,523 was injured in 1904. These figures and others of similar purport have been presented to the House of Representatives in a report from the interstate commerce committee.

Is it true that there is no third choice? Dr. Woods Hutchinson thinks that there is not. In an address delivered before the American Medical Association he urges that a man past middle life ought to put on steam so as to reach the end more quickly. If a patient has a possibility of ten years more of life with proper care or the certainty of extinction after three years of strenuous living, he advises the strenuous life. Wear out and make room for the next generation is his precept. This was the choice of Achilles in the old story. Sometimes it is heroic to live so that the few years, or days, or minutes before death may be full of service. Under other circumstances it is cowardice or criminal folly to hasten the end. A short life and a merry one is a rogue's motto. If the principle is once admitted that a man may terminate his life when he wishes for no other reason than to avoid the trouble of living, a wave of suicide may be expected. The instinct of self-preservation is strong in most persons. Even when life is a burden through sorrow, ill health or poverty, most men cling to life. It is not merely religious training which leads men and women to abhor self-destruction, it is something in the depth of their natures. This instinct cannot be wrong. To shorten life by overwork, undertaken with the express purpose of getting through sooner, is no better than any other form of suicide. Those who dread growing old should read Cicero's charming essay on old age. To be sure his knowledge was largely theoretical, as he was cut off by an assassin before reaching the pleasures of old age of which he wrote. But much of the pleasure of younger years consists in planning for old age. One leaves many things to do in the idle days before the end. There will be books to read, cities to see, the new generation to watch, and love, and admonish, old teachings to ponder over. A man who has worked steadily is entitled to his hours of rest at the close of day. To remove from his thoughts all possibility of ceasing to toil before death is to deprive him of one of the joys of living. A man who loves his work will stick to it as long as he has the strength, but if he is wise he will not murmur when days of forced idleness come upon him. Certainly he will not quicken the pace so that the end of work and the end of life may come together, and that speedily. Besides wearing out and rusting out there is the third possibility of keeping bright and keen to the last without the pressure that breaks. One must not cease to regard life as a solemn trust to be kept, and to be kept useful as long as possible, but one must believe that even apparent uselessness after a life of use has its place in the divine plan.

A Craze Defined. "What do you mean by saying something is the latest craze?" asked the man from abroad who carries a notebook. "A craze," answered Miss Cayenne, "is something that amuses other people, but in which you yourself do not happen to be interested."—Washington Star.

A hen never tries to spread her wings over her grown rooster-size son, to protect him, but you will see mothers who haven't as much sense as the hen.

HON. W. H. KELBAUGH OF WEST VIRGINIA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Hon. W. H. Kelbaugh. A Cold at Any Time of the Year, Especially in Hot Weather, is Very Depressing to the System. Pe-ru-na is an Unequaled Tonic for Such Cases. Read What People Say About It.

Hon. W. H. Kelbaugh, Ex-Member W. Va. Legislature, 204 9th street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes: "You can use my name and word at all times for Peruna as a medicine and tonic unequaled. I have tried it for a stubborn cold and badly run down system. I tried all sorts of other medicines and paid several expensive doctor bills. Peruna cured me, strengthened me more than ever, and saved me money."

Mrs. Clara Litterst, Seaford, Ind., says: "Last fall I took a severe cold. I took Peruna, began to improve and kept on so until I was able to do my work."

Massaging the scalp has a good effect upon the muscles of the face, giving them new life and vigor.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

The treatment of excessively oily hair, which is a disease with some, should be very judicious. Once every two weeks is not too often to wash the hair when the scalp is being treated for dandruff or any other trouble.

When choosing a cold cream for use on the face care should be exercised in selecting one that is not of hair-producing variety.

Fruits may be preserved in the natural state for a year by packing in powdered cork; provided, of course, that all unsound parts are first removed.

A splendid and simple shampoo for the hair is the beaten yolk of an egg diluted with twice its bulk of water. If the ends of the hair seem to split easily they should be trimmed once in every three months at least.

Add a little powdered borax to the wash water to keep the skin soft and prevent excessive perspiration. Soap mixed with whitening will stop a gas or water leakage in a pipe until it can be properly attended to.

China has a unique and effective way of taking a census. The cities and towns are arranged in groups of ten houses. The oldest man in each group visits the nine houses which, with his own make up the group counts the members of every family, and sends his report to the imperial Census Bureau.

"NO TROUBLE"

To Change from Coffee to Postum. "Postum has done a world of good for me," writes an Illinois man. "I've had indigestion nearly all my life, but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble until last spring I got so bad I was in misery all the time. "A coffee drinker for thirty years, it irritated my stomach and nerves, yet I was just crazy for it. After drinking it with my meals, I would leave the table, go out and lose my meal and the coffee too. Then I'd be as hungry as ever. "A friend advised me to quit coffee and use Postum—said it cured him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells. "I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give the credit to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."