

CALLER LEFT IN A HUFF.

Innocent Thought of Business Man That Gave Serious Offense.

Two business men had been talking good naturedly the other day. Their conversation had reviewed a number of things, and a remark made by the proprietor as his caller was leaving brought up the subject of prosperity in a rather awkward way.

"Business with me has been a little dull of late. I've had only a few callers," he remarked.

The friend smilingly rejoined: "You'll have enough of them in a short time—prosperity's coming right along. Why," he added, emphatically, "the next time I drop around, instead of being able to chat with you for half an hour, there'll be so many people ahead of me that it'll take me two hours to get to you—maybe I can't see you at all."

"I hope so," rejoined the proprietor, cheering up over the prospects of renewed business activity.

His caller literally "stormed" out of the office, leaving his erstwhile host in a state of bewilderment as to what had happened.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'suro cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.



Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Weary Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

Iundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

The Color Line Again.

That the criterion of beauty is very dissimilar among different races is not often more strikingly exemplified than in the following anecdote of a Virginia negro. At his request the "young master's" baby son had been fetched out for Tim's inspection. He looked earnestly for some moments, then electrified the bystanders with this unqualified praise: "Marse Garrett, dat's de pretties' white chile I ever seed!"—Lippincott.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$2.50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

Urge Use of Horseflesh.

Some hospital physicians are urging that horseflesh be more freely used as being not only cheaper than beef, but more tender and digestible. If dried and reduced to a powder it becomes almost tasteless.

ONLY ONE "BRODO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of F. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

BACK TO THE TOWN

COUNTRY LIFE PALLED ON THE SUBURBANITE.

Real Facts of the Case Somewhat Different from the Explanation He Made to His City Friend.

The year around the city resident and the summer suburbanite were carrying on a conversation over their hurried noonday lunch.

"Must be mighty all-fired crimp around the edges out in the country these days," suggested the city man. "Don't believe I'd like living out in the country these days without steam heat and things. You'll be hiking into town pretty quick now, I s'pose."

"O, not for awhile yet," returned the summer suburbanite. "This is really the finest time of the year to be in the country. It is a trifle crisp when you get out of bed in the morning, of course, but then it beats the city at that. Some might exchange the good country air for a few city comforts, but not me. A little cold isn't going to hurt me."

This was a day or two ago. The following morning when the summer suburbanite crawled out from under the covers the thermometer was down around 40.

"Holy jump! James M. Jehosaphat, but it's cold in this barracks!" exclaimed the S. S. to his wife. "Talk about your polar expeditions and their hardships. They haven't got much on this! What are we staying out in a place like this for, anyhow? Never saw such a bleak habitation as this, if you'd call it a habitation, in all my troublous life. What's your idea in sticking to a place like this for when we've got a house there in town with a furnace and hot water and bath tub and all such things? That's what I'd like to know! I surely would."

"If I wanted to freeze to death I could do it right in town any good winter day. I wouldn't need to come clear out here to the country to do it. Holy mackerel but that water's cold! Don't even dare wash your face in this Greenlandish place! And I'm serving notice on you right at this juncture that we're going into town to-day, and we're going to stay there until next summer. Us for town. In cold weather a man's supposed to live in town where they've got radiators and such like. That's what towns are for."

Then the other day the suburbanite and his friend met again at lunch.

"So you've moved back to town, have you?" spoke up the year-around-city man. "Thought you'd get enough of that country business in this sort of weather."

"O, yes, I moved in," owned up the late suburbanite. "It was fine out there, but my wife just naturally wouldn't stand for it. Said she couldn't keep warm. And you know how useless it is to argue with a woman. I had to come in. Hated like Sam Hill to do it, though."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stored Sunshine.

William Calvert, who died in Washington a short time ago at the age of 74, passed over to the larger and wider sphere of existence after having spent 50 years in an endeavor to discover an effective method of storing solar energy. He was not regarded by scientific men as a deluded enthusiast seeking the unattainable and impossible. Far from it. He spent his life in an endeavor to solve a great problem which many investigators believe to be solvable, and, being so, believe that the problem will ultimately be worked out. Mr. Calvert was able to make some laboratory demonstrations which led him and others to believe that he was on the verge of success, but he died finally, leaving to some other the continuation of the search for the delusive secret.

Could Plant the Period.

A pretty story is told of Queen Alexandra's thoughtfulness.

The queen never loses her interest in those for whom she has acted as godmother. In particular, she has been most kind to the children of Lord Curzon, who lost their beautiful mother more than a year ago. The queen, hearing that little Alexandra Curzon—who was named after her majesty—was fond of gardening, sent a box of violet roots to her.

The child decided to plant them so that when they came up they should spell "Alexandra." "I should like to help you plant them," said the queen. "Well, you can put in the full stop," replied the child.

A High-Priced Dinner.

First Cannibal—I think I'll eat that millionaire to-morrow.
Second Cannibal—You always did have expensive tastes.

True to Conscience.

I'd rather fall by being true to my conscience than make a popular success by being false. From "Lynch's Daughter," by Leonard Merrick.

A POSER.



Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hair-pin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

Only One Reason.

"Papa, George wants to break our engagement."

"What reason does he advance?"

"He says he has lots of reasons, but he mentions only one."

"And what's that?"

"He says he has seen somebody he loves much better than he loves me."

"And that's the only reason he gives?"

"Yes."

"Don't bother him about the others."

Hoodooed.

A poor devil asked for alms. The inquisitive man questioned him. After a few interrogations he said to his companions: "Boys, don't give him a cent; he's a fraud." The beggar replied: "Gents, I am under a hoodoo. I'm an unlucky man. I do believe if I were to seize time by the forelock it would come right out and leave me as bare as a barber's pole." Then they all chipped in.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not for Him.

The Poet—I understand you have furnished rooms for rent?

The Landlady—The only thing I have at present is a handsomely furnished suite on the first floor.

The Poet—I'm afraid that would be a little too sweet for me.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, Hemorrhoids or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Good harvests make men prodigal, but bad ones provident.—W. Penn.

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

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Powder. For itching, hot, sweaty callous, itching feet. 25c all Druggists.

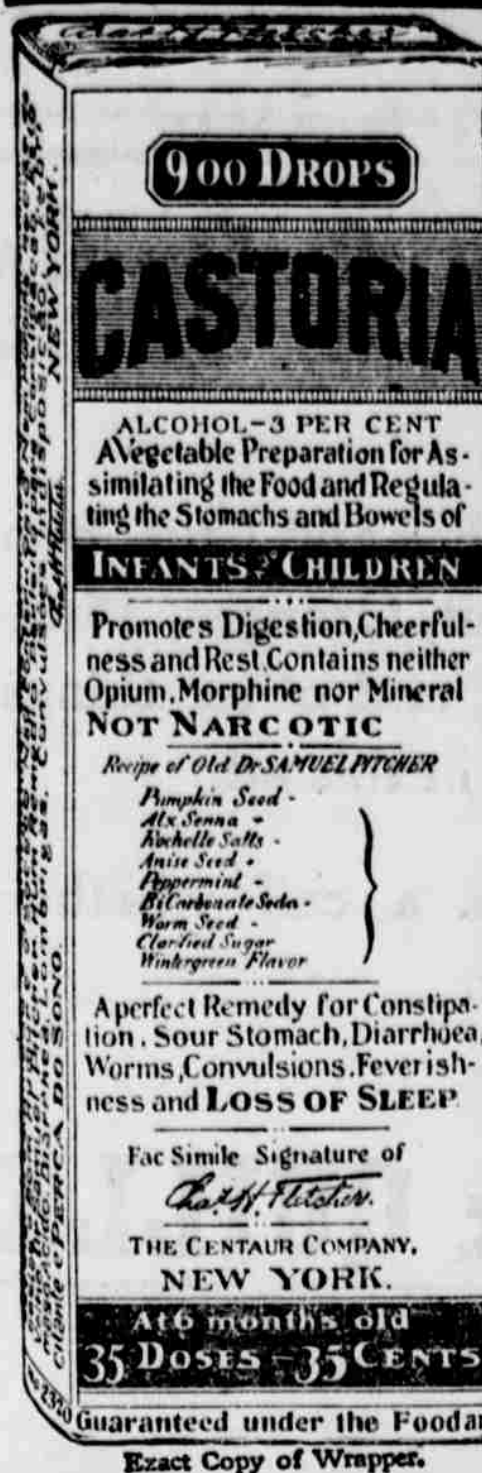
The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.



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