

To Prolong Life.

When the vital forces begin to flag, the marks of age show themselves. Some men, being of an amiable, cheerful, and lively temperament, suppress these marks until well advanced in life, and are 20 years younger, both physically and mentally, than other men of the same age.

CUPID PLAYS MERRY PRANKS ON CAPTIVES

Retains Faith in Young Lover



ONCE in a while love can't find a way, but gropes about blindly for a time in the darkness and then changes his mind. Of course this is not the real kind of love, but that spurious passion which mistakes itself.

When a young man wants to marry a woman old enough to be his grandmother Cupid regards the affair as a mere joke and feels justified in interfering to stop the match.

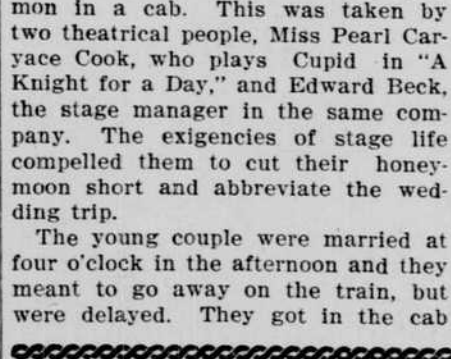
At least that is what the widow thought. She put on her wedding gown and repaired to St. Paul's Catholic church, where the ceremony was to be performed.

At the wedding had to be put off sine die, for lack of a bridegroom, but the aged bride expressed her belief that Frank was kidnaped and hidden by his relatives, who objected to the marriage.

Uncle Sam's Bookkeeping.

The suggestion by Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou that a better and simpler method of keeping accounts be adopted in his department, and his showing that with the matter clearly stated it would be seen that the last fiscal year ended with a surplus rather than a deficit, has attracted attention and approval.

Had Peculiar Wedding Trip



PERHAPS the strangest wedding trip of the summer was a journey three times around Boston Common in a cab. This was taken by two theatrical people, Miss Pearl Carvace Cook, who plays Cupid in 'A Knight for a Day,' and Edward Beck, the stage manager in the same company.

HIS ONE MISTAKE NOT FATAL. Young Man Lived Down His Past and Became Valuable Citizen.

"Now, I hold that society often errs in not giving a man who has committed even a serious offense against its laws a chance to redeem himself," said Capt. B. B. Ferry of San Francisco, to a Baltimore American reporter.

for their trip and the members of the company were waiting at the stage entrance, where the cabman had been instructed to drive.

The man on the cab had unfurled a great red banner, "Just Married," and like a band of Indians the actresses attacked the coach, hurling huge handfuls of rice, flour, shoes, etc., while the bride and groom in the cab squealed their protests.

When the supply of things to throw was exhausted the cab was allowed to drive away, but the driver was instructed to keep going round and round the common.

After the play was out, there was a merry reception held. The bride was asked to explain just how she felt as she was being driven around and around the common.

"O, in the first place I was mad—just plain mad. Angry couldn't quite express it. It seemed to me that I was being made a perfect fool of and I am not sure but that I was. Even then though I had company—"

"Then I became possessed with a fever to outwit all of you. I asked Ed to see what he could do. He said, quite dramatically—I didn't think it was in him to tell the truth—I will get out of this or die in the attempt."

"Just as I started to yell 'Don't die!' he jumped out and stopped the horse. My, but I was proud of him."

Heiress True to Early Love



IN Butte, Mont., they love money well, but they love love better. Miss Montana Largey was born in Butte. Her father was an associate of Senator Clark in the early days of the big copper camp.

During her school days Miss Montana gave her heart to Ray MacDonald, a young Scotchman from Canada, Ray was poor, but that did not make any difference to Montana. She loved him.

When her father was killed in his bank Miss Largey was sent east to be educated. Her mother hoped and believed that she would outgrow the girl's attachment for the poor boy.

This summer, when she went back to Montana, her father's estate was divided, and Miss Largey received as her share just \$27 less than a million. By saving her income for a day or two she had more than a million. She was one of the richest 19-year-old girls in the west.

She waited for her lover to speak, but he would not. Apparently her money stood between them, and it seemed that he never would propose.

instigated by an older man to use some money that did not belong to me. This was in a little town in Indiana. My family paid, and I migrated to Mexico. I have been here five years, and there is no man who can truthfully say I've ever done a wrongful deed.

"My money is nothing to me unless you will share it with me," she told Ray MacDonald. "If you are going to be proud and stuck up about it, and let it come between us, the money will make me wretched. I love you."

"Then she looked at him with a tear dimmed eye. 'I love you. I have always loved you,' said MacDonald. 'I will marry you in spite of your money.'"

They were married at midnight and slipped away to California, where they are now honeymooning at Los Angeles. Within a few weeks they expect to make an auto trip across the continent, visiting Mr. MacDonald's parents in Canada, for this sweet hearted heiress is just as proud of her husband's family as if they were millionaires, too.

Finds Affinity in Pie Maker



IT has been said that the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach. This has been proved to be true as many times as it has been declared. Man is a hungry animal, and what appeals to his palate is almost sure to open the gateway to his heart.

"I know that it is true," said one man the other day. "I would rather marry a good cook than the most beautiful woman in the world. I would rather marry a good cook than the cleverest woman in the world. I would rather marry a good cook than—O, I'd rather marry a good cook than anybody else that I know of."

Most men in naming the qualifications of their ideal woman include affection, an equable temper, and a facility for good cooking.

Cupid, hiding in the pie crust of a delectable mince concoction that was better than mother used to make, brought about a pretty romance in Boston a week or two since.

When Col. John H. Bartlett, a Grand Army man, formerly on the staff of National Commander Tanner, went to the pie social in the Hub he had no idea that he was going up against his fate. And when he was served with a piece of New England mince pie that tasted like ambrosia, he begged for an introduction to the maker of the pie.

No Spanking in This Case



IT has been said that love laughs at locksmiths. This may be true, but that love does not laugh at spankings has been demonstrated in the case of 19-year-old Mrs. William Singley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Weaver of 1815 Porter street, Philadelphia, who, dreading the descent of the parental hand, kept her wedding a secret for six long months.

A year ago young Singley and Miss Weaver, who were both members of the Trinity Lutheran church, met at a basket social, where they were paired off to eat from the same basket.

"You are the most unreasonable woman I ever saw," he said coldly. "Many and many a time I've sat down to a meal and never said a word about it from start to finish. Wasn't that enough of a compliment for you? Don't you know perfectly well that if there had been the least little bit of a thing to find fault with, I'd have found it?"

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"I want to call on you," young Singley said earnestly that night after he had seen Miss Weaver home and as he was leaving her at the gate.

This was the beginning. Before many calls had been made the two were betrothed. A little more time went on. Then one day Singley made his appearance with a marriage license and a gold ring. The two went out, ostensibly for a buggy ride, and before they returned the words had been spoken and the vows made which were to make them one forever.

"Will you tell your people to-night?" asked the groom. The bride shivered. "O, I can't!" she said.

"Because papa would spank me," replied the newly made wife. And so the telling was postponed time and time again, while Singley continued to call at the house as he had done previous to the wedding.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then the mother gathered her child into her arms and wept over her. The father, unable to be stern in the face of so much emotion, came over and awkwardly patted the two on the back.

Young Bride Made Welcome



THEY were awfully young—but O, my! Pretty 18-year-old Marjory J. Savin of Washington and Edwin Pilson, aged 19 years, son of a millionaire railroad man, were secretly married in Washington the other day, the first intimation of the wedding being given when the youthful bride walked up to her father-in-law and dangled before his astonished eyes her marriage certificate.

"I'm one of the family now," she announced calmly, with dimpling cheeks. "And you'll have to support me somehow because I'm ma-a-ried now."

Benjamin F. Pilson, clear headed man of affairs, started wildly forward in his chair and seized the paper from the laughing girl. He read it carefully. Then he looked up. His eyes were twinkling.

"Well, you've sprung a surprise on the old man this time," he said, genially. Then he arose and placed both hands on the slender shoulders; then he bent down and kissed his newly made daughter on her forehead.

For several years young Pilson and Miss Savin had been sweethearts. Not long ago Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, the uncle and aunt with whom the young girl lived, decided to go for a six months' jaunt to Europe. They took their niece with them. Before she left this country, however, she and Pilson had plighted their troth and agreed to marry at the earliest possible opportunity.

After several weeks' stay in Europe Miss Savin persuaded her lenient relatives to allow her to return to America. When she arrived in Washington the Pilsons, with whom she always had been friendly, asked her to remain with them until Mr. and Mrs. Alexander could come home. Gladly she accepted the invitation. None of the family suspected what was on foot.

But they are "ma-a-ried now" and everybody seems happy. "The kids will live with us," said Millionaire Pilson, "until we can decide on a business career for the boy. Do I care? I should say not. They're happy—so am I!"

has better cooked food than you. And this is all the thanks I get—growlings and complaints, growlings and complaints, day after day. Why can't you praise me once in a while?" "Vigors looked at her in astonishment. "You are the most unreasonable woman I ever saw," he said coldly. "Many and many a time I've sat down to a meal and never said a word about it from start to finish. Wasn't that enough of a compliment for you? Don't you know perfectly well that if there had been the least little bit of a thing to find fault with, I'd have found it?"

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY



HERE is the town pig? Like the town cow, he is no more! He was wont to fatten behind the barn and wallow in cushioned beds of mud, but alas! no longer does he herald the approach of the noon hour. He has been relegated to the region beyond the town's environs. His municipal land and his grunts of satisfaction are far removed from the busy marts of trade.

Time's sands have run to pug dogs and a pig is no longer a pig! A pig which smells, and a porker would be a bunch of jacque roses if he didn't smell, is a nuisance. The neighbors who have pug dogs won't stand nuisances—hence, exit the pig!

Ab, you traveled men of action, Men who know the ways of men— You who drink at Pleasure's fountain Or who tread the sylvan den, Have you found in ancient land Or on any coral strand Bliss that equals that you knew In the boyhood's days, too few?

Or was boyland best of all, Boyland gone beyond recall? Tell me, ye who know the way, Where is bliss like that to-day?

The delicate touch of a retoucher is not always his most delicate touch. One has to be a friend of his to feel that.

When some men brag about how smart their wives are, we wonder how they ever happened to catch them.

In August always keep your ice skates hanging near the thermometer. It helps to prove that the weather was not always thus.

Fifty years from now the oldest inhabitant will tell about the time when a common laborer could earn enough in a day to buy a porterhouse steak.

I saw a small boy carrying a watermelon in a sack this morning and the expression on his face has made me cheerful all day. If I had the price, I would hire a continual string of newboys to carry watermelons past my office window all day.

Nothin' Much. Oh, this is a fiddle de riddle, 'Te-rumpety, bumpety boo— It doesn't mean nothin' pertickler. But I don't keep—do you?

The Man Who Smiles. Everybody loves the man who smiles. Everybody loves him truly— But nobody wants his wife to smile. Promiscuously unduly!

Nature Versus Science. As long as aviators consider the wind their enemy, their aeroplanes must be regarded as being scientifically defective. Birds utilize the wind when in the air and travel with out even flapping their wings.—Paris Eclair.

SHE WAS NO HASBEEN.

Smoking Car Just the One Old Woman Was Looking For.

"Madam," said the brakeman as the train stopped at a village station and a little old woman started to enter the smoking car, "the car back is the one you want."

"How do you know?" she tartly asked. "Because this is the smoking car." She pushed past him and climbed up the steps, and after taking a seat she pulled out and filled a pipe, struck a match on the sole of her shoe, and after drawing a few puffs she said to a man smoking a cigar across the aisle:

"That young feller out there don't know half as much as he thinks he does." "How so?" was asked. "He took me for an old woman that had never rode on the cars before, and told me this was the smoking car."

"And you wanted this car?" "Why, I never ride in any other—not unless my pipe is broke, my tobacco all out and none of you men-folks will lend me a cigar."

ECZEMA FOR 55 YEARS.

Suffered Torments from Birth—in Frightful Condition—Got No Help Until Cuticura Cured Him. "I had an itching, tormenting eczema ever since I came into the world, and I am now a man 55 years old. I tried all kinds of medicines I heard of, but found no relief. I was truly in a frightful condition. At last I broke out all over with red and white boils, which kept growing until they were as big as walnuts, causing great pain and misery, but I kept from scratching as well as I could. I was so run down that I could hardly do my work. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Resolvent, and Pills for about eight months, and I can truthfully say I am cured. Hale Bordwell, Tipton, Ia., Aug. 17, 1907."

"I cheerfully endorse the above testimonial. It is the truth. I know Mr. Bordwell and know the condition he was in. Nelson R. Burnett, Tipton, Ia."

QUITE SAFE WITH HER.

One Secret "Tootsie" Surely Never Would Pass Along.

"John, love," said the young wife, "you oughtn't to have any secrets from me." "Well, Tootsie?" "You go to lodge meetings, and you never tell me anything about them."

"Remember it's to be repeated only once and very rapidly." "I'll remember. What is it?" "Aldaborontiphosphorhisticos." "What? Please say it again, a little slower." "Have you forgotten the conditions already? I said 'only once and very rapidly.'" (Tearful pause.) "O, dear! I wish you hadn't told me!"

ONE EXCEPTION.



Easy Edmund—it's one uv de frailties uv our poor human nature dat no matter how much a man gits he wants more.

Drather Sitdown (thoughtfully)— Oh, I dunno 'bout dat. Not in a police court he don't.

Largest Rock Crusher in Operation. The largest rock crusher in the world was recently thrown into operation in a cement mill at South Pittsburg, Tenn., and it crushes all the rock used by a 4,000-barrel plant. The machine has an hourly capacity of 800 tons and 60 per cent. of the product is in pieces four inches or less and 30 per cent. in pieces two inches or less. The crusher is 19 feet in height and weighs 425,000 pounds. The hopper is 20 feet in diameter. The operation of this machine alone requires 29 horse power.

FRIENDLY TIP Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

An X. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says: "Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc. My appetite was ravenous, but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died."

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts, stop drinking coffee, and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them. "It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis. "My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Ever read the letter? A new one appears every week. They are genuine. 7 human interest.