Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Matrimony by mail has met with a setback because photography is too flattering.

A monkey broke up a girls' party down in Ohio. This monkey, however, was not invited.

Prince Louis of Battenberg gave proof that he is the possessor of a good set of digestive organs.

King George of Greece buys his wife a new gown every day. Wonder what he has been caught at.

High tides have been flooding the canals of Venice and the Venetian street department is in sore straits.

A land flowing with milk and honey wouldn't appeal so much to some people as a land flowing with beer and pretzels.

The shah of Persia is said to have an unconquerable aversion to lobsters. Teheran is no place for a musical comedy chorus.

Sir Tommy Lipton says he regrets never having been married. All right, girls; his address is "care of King Edward, England."

When a Russian workingman sees a new manifesto by the government his first impulse is not to take it home and try it on the piano.

The fact that a Philadelphia man committed suicide while his daughter was playing "Goodbye, Little Girl, Goodbye." is significant.

If it is true that music will cure crime it is on the homeopathic principle of similia similibus curantur, when rag-time is employed.

He is a reckless man who on leaving St. Petersburg pays out money for a return ticket in the hope that he may want to use it some time.

How much extra would you be willing to pay for that favored pair of horses at the New York show that was kissed by Mrs. Vanderbilt?

That celebrated English beauty doctor who is coming over to cure American women of homeliness should remain where she can do most good.

The telephone now is blamed for putting corns on the ear. But it has yet to encourage corns on the tongue of the impatient and irascible subscriber.

The Russian name for the League of Leagues is Obstchestvo Professionalnikh Obstchestv. Is it any wonder that this organization has terrorized the government?

The queen of Greece is the only woman admiral in the world, having received that distinction from the czar of Russia. Russian admirals are a miscellaneous lot.

Twelve rules for choosing a husband are formulated by a New York woman. The first one is, Choose one with money. The other eleven do not matter.—Chicago Journal.

One of the saddest figures in the world is the optimist who believes that human ingenuity will yet be able to frame a law that human ingenuity will not be able to evade.

Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, says he never reads what the newspapers publish about him. Even in his writings Alfred shows that he has little taste for humor.

A great deal of inventive talent is wasted on flying machines that might be useful to mankind if turned in the direction of making the frog in the railway switch track less deadly.

Somebody robbed the city of Buffalo of $50,000 four years ago, and it has just been found out. But that's nothing. Phiadelphia has been robbed of millions that never will be found out.

The Florida orange crop is reported to be small this year, but the oranges are said to be exceptionally good. These two rumors indicate that the orange trust is getting ready to raise prices.

To Lipton's two regrets, that he failed to "lift the cup" and that he never married, he will probably be able to add a third, that he ever mentioned the second, as soon as the returns come in.

Sir Thomas Lipton's regret at not having been able yet to lift the America's cup is more or less offset by the satisfaction of thinking that so many millions of his customers regularly lift the teacup.

There has not been such alarm, distress, perturbation, fear, and misery in Boston since Cervera's fleet nearly bombarded the city as there is now. Boston is threatened with a bean famine. Sacred Codfish! What is to be done?

A Springfield, Ohio, boy aged 9 years has composed a comic opera which is to be put on the stage. We suspect, however, that some of the recent musical productions were turned out by younger children than the Springfield prodigy.

Violinist Kubelik has had his fingers insured for $5,000 each, but he has decided to risk it as far as his toes are concerned. He must be one of the few violinists who can fiddle without keeping time by tapping on the floor with their feet.

At the state banquet in Windsor castle to King George of Greece King Edward took in Princess Helene Vladimirowna, wife of Princess Nicholas of Greece, and as a result of faithful practice he was unable to pronounce her name without a stutter

"In the Spotlight"

MADE CAHILL

Theatrical Globe Trotter.

Perhaps the most widely traveled of theatrical managers is John R. Rogers of "Yours Merrily" renown. According to his own reckoning he has been around the world six times and has made thirty-eight round trip journeys across the Atlantic.

Starting in 1869 with Barney Macauley, the following year he took up Joe Murphy of "Shaun Rhue" fame, and the following season brought to light McKee Rankin. Then came J. K. Emmet. For five years Rogers managed him, and a trip of the world was made during which Emmet's famous yodel was heard in every corner of the civilized world. Leaving Emmet, he took up Mary Anderson, and remained as her manager two years. Nellie Farren, and her co-star, Baker, next engaged his attention, and another trip of the world was made. After a few unimportant engagements Rogers sent out Minnie Palmer, and the globe was circled three times to tremendous business. Then a little later he took up Wilson Barrett and another tour of the world was started. Returning to this country in 1895, for three seasons he was with "Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" and then returned to Wilson Barrett and remained with him until his death.

Bellew's First Part.

On one occasion Kyrle Bellew returned to London from Australia. He was penniless and disheartened.

"Seated in the hotel coffee room," he says, "I came across an advertisement in the Daily Telegraph from a man named Charles Barrington, who wanted a light comedian in 'Clancarty' to act with Helen Barry. I went down to the Adelphi, and, curiously enough, Mr. Barrington never asked me directly if I had been on the stage.

"'Where have you come from?' said he.

"'Australia,' I said.

"'Pretty hard work there, isn't it? Change their bill pretty often? Lots of experience, eh?'

"'Heaps,' said I; 'every kind,' which was true enough.

"He engaged me at a salary of $10 a week, and I signed under my Christian name, 'Harold Kyrle.' That was my first appearance as an actor."

Personal Mention.

W. H. Crane has been on the stage for forty-three years.

Milbourne MacDowell will soon appear in a play entitled "That's John's Way."

Mrs. Julian Mitchell, who is better known perhaps to playgoers as Bessie Clayton, has gone into vaudeville.

Joseph Cawthorn has arrived at the full dignity of a star and is appearing in a piece entitled "Fritz in Tammany Hall."

Elfie Fay's first pronounced hit was made in the song, "The Belle of Avenue A." She will be seen as the belle of Avenue A shortly.

Bernard Shaw seem to be fond of "man" in the title of a play. First he wrote "Arms and the Man," and now he has "Man and Superman."

Julia Hanchett of "The Lion and the Mouse" company is a niece of the late William Warren, and is a cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson.

The Messrs. Schubert have obtained for America the rights to play "The Blue Moon," one of the current London musical comedy successes.

Helena Frederick, once of "The Prince of Pilsen," and later of vaudeville, has become prima donna at the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco.

There is some talk of having Thomas E. Shea join with three other Shakespearian players for a brief all-star tour in "Julius Caesar" next spring.

Miss Maxine Elliott, in "Her Great Match," is establishing new matinee records at the Criterion, New York. Hundreds have been turned away at every matinee.

Henry Bergman of "The Prodigal Son" company was one of the actors who made famous "The Senator," when it was produced in New York by William H. Crane.

Margaret Gray, whose Jane Deetle is one of the felicitous character sketches in "The Lion and the Mouse," has recently returned from Germany, where she has been studying dramatic art.

The action of "Miss Dolly Dollars" the musical comedy in which Miss Lulu Glaser is starring, is laid at the Henley regatta and in the garden and dining room of a Paris hotel.

W. A. Brady is looking for plays in which to star at least three different members of the "As Ye Sow" company—Miss MacGregor, Miss Chapman and Douglas Fairbanks.

Joe Weber will bring the road tour of his company to an end in New Orleans Dec. 9 and return to New York and begin rehearsals of the new Edgar Smith-Maurice Levi burlesque.

Alfred Sutro's play, "The Walls o Jericho," which Mr. Hackett and Mis Mannering are playing in this country has passed its 400th performance i London and is still running there t good business.

Virginia Harned is to appear in "La Belle Marsellaise," a French translation. Paul Berton, the author, and also recalled as the author of "Zaza," will come to America for the first presentation of the play.

Miss Viola Allen has found it necessary to strengthen her company and has engaged Robert Drouet to play the leading man's part in "The Toast of the Town." Ferdinand Gottschalk also has been engaged.

Carolyn Elberts, who is one of the comedy hits of "The Lion and the Mouse" was until her present engagement identified with emotional work. Henry B. Harris finally persuaded her that comedy was her forte.

Frank Gillmore, who has the role of the Rev. John St. John in "As Ye Sow," is presenting the second impersonation of a clergyman in his stage career. The first was that of the Rev. Noel Bryce in "The Hobby Horse."

Before sailing for home Henry Arthur Jones, the noted English dramatist, plaintively declared that although he had visited sixteen American cities during his stay, he did not hear of any of his works being played

Charles Frohman will present "The Little Father of the Wilderness" in London at the Comedy theater. Huntley Wright, a comedian much in vogue in England, will have the role of Pere Marlotte, which Francis Wilson assumes in this country.

Baroness Ray Von Wrede, grand daughter of the late Gov. Beveridge o Illinois, has gone into vaudeville and is playing a sketch called "Alone I did It," written for her by her mother. The chief character is a millionaire horse man of Chicago.

Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, who was operated on for appendicitis last week, is said to be recovering safely Miss Hopper fainted in her dressing room during a performance of "The Heart of Maryland" and was taken from the theater to the hospital.

Henry B. Harris has secured from Charles Klein the English rights o "The Lion and the Mouse," which is now running in Boston. Mr. Harris has arranged with Charles Frohman to produce the play at one of his London theaters in the immediate future

Frank L. Perley denies the report that "The Girl and the Bandit" is to close its season, and says that it will continue its tour without interruption as planned. It is said the receipts have been very large and that the entertainment is fully as popular this year as it ever was.

Lloyd Bingham, husband of Miss Amelia Bingham, who has been starring under his wife's management in "Ireland, 1798," has decided not to continue his tour, although his play has been one of the legitimate successes of the year. He was unable to obtain satisfactory booking.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern, who are devoting themselves to "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night" this season, will be seen next year in "King Lear," "Cymbeline" and "As You Like It." Mr. Sothern will play Touchstone instead of Orlando in "As You Like It."

Mrs. Langtry is now in South Africa, where she will remain until the end of March. She is presenting repertory, among other pieces being "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Walls of Jericho." She announces her intention of coming to the United States for a ten weeks' professional stay next season.

George Ade has rewritten "The Bad Samaritan," and it will be tried again this season, with Raymond Hitchcock in place of Richard Golden, in the leading role. Four or five names are under consideration for the new version, but those most likely to be chosen are "Uncle Ike" and "Fifty-Two Years Young." Mr. Hitchcock's tour in "Easy Dawson" has come to an end.

Edna May will sail for London on March 6, to begin her starring season at the Vaudeville theater, under the management of Charles Frohman and A. and S. Gatti. She will appear in a new piece, with music by Leslie Stuart, author of "The School Girl" and "Florodora," the book by Captain Basil Hood and Charles Brookfield. Miss May will act the part of a modern Juliet.

Marie Cahill is losing no time in getting her "Mary Anderson Home" for the women of the stage under way and has decided on a beautiful estate at Stamford, Conn., which adjoins the property of Havemeyer, the sugar king. It is known as "Blythewood," and is on Palmer Hill. Miss Cahill plans to put the settlement on a basis of caring for about fifty young women at the most the first summer, and to let it serve as a school of experience for all concerned.

WITH THE HUNGARIAN GYPSIES

Down in some grassy valley about an open wagon the family has its camp and here the mother sews and putters over the cooking while father and sons fell the giant Lombardy poplars that make beautiful this section of gypsy land, says Felix J. Koch in the Pilgrim. These trees, be it said to the shame of Croatia, the government is now selling to the gypsies at an average price of $2 apiece, for the nomads to fell and cut up into timber, to be sold to manufacturers of wooden wares.

Picturesque, indeed, are these men with their long hair braided across the top of the head, so that approaching them from the rear, as they repose for a moment from their labors, it is difficult to tell the men from the women. Others are horse trading, as are most of their kin in Turkey proper (not a few are itinerant smiths besides), whom one meets traveling the roads with long trains of steeds that take one back in fancy to the Arabs of the desert, or with a portable bellows like those seen on the New England pikes. Now and then the women come into the villages to beg or barter, or, as the village folk hint, to steal; telling fortunes to those who may harken, as incentive to other business.

Seated on one of the crude rock walls that hem in the flats of corn land in the shadows of the Lombardy poplars, these gypsies, men and women, smoking their pipes and chattering in their curious lingo, ever tempt the much-abused camera. For background there will be some old Magyar castle, its turrets peeping through the aisle of trees, and with the sentinel at its gate—a soldier in uniform but a gypsy at heart, for while they pay no taxes in Hungary, they are forced to do military service, much as they rebel against it.

Less and less each year grow the number of the gypsies, less and less frequent their visits, until it will doubtless not be long before, like the Arabs, they will have folded their tents for all time and silently stolen away.

DISPOSING OF ADIPOSE TISSUE

A man has actually appeared upon the scene who says that he has hammered off his adipose tissue with a mallet and at the same time hardened his flesh to the proverbial consistency of nails. It is rather difficult to feel convinced of the truth of this statement, in view of the fact that a similar kind of xylophone gymnastics is daily practised upon all beefsteaks of the boarding house variety for the purpose of rendering them juicy and tender. Though the mosquito may seem entirely irrelevant to the foregoing, it rather obviously pops up and into the argument, and in so doing suggests the question as to whether or not this winged auger could penetrate the leathern envelope of a subject so hammered into the pink of cast iron perfection; and also if an expert with a pair of antifat mallets could not, while discoursing impromptu moonlight fantasies on his anatomy with the same, hit the mosquitoes as they light upon him, and thereby cause them to explode and scatter to the misty realm of otherwhere. It is rather a difficult question to answer satisfactorily on the fly and without a considerable investment of thought. In fact it may be regarded somewhat in the light of a recondite proposition in view of its importance from both a physical and a hygienic point of view; for when the performer gracefully carroms on himself and the persistent pest he rids himself of worthless fat and destroys a natural conservator of malaria, thus killing two birds with one stone, or rather two mosquitoes with one hammer. It only remains to add that there is a colossal fortune awaiting the man who can find in the above a suggestion upon which to produce a hammer which shall prove to all lovers of good government an instrument with which the fat can be ruthlessly whacked off a political sinecure while it flattens the skulls of the human mosquitoes that would convert the body politic into a fountain of unadulterated financial joy.—Exchange.

HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH

"Spatters's" father was to deliver a stump speech at San Diego in his own behalf as a candidate for governor of California. While practicing the speech, mounted on a hogshead, he fell in and broke his leg.

Spatters had been a rapt listener to his father's eloquence and in the evening the little boy appeared before the meeting to deliver the speech from memory:

"Gentlemen, I know the speech and it's a corker. This is it: 'Friends, San Diegans, behind us lies the past; before us lies the future.'" His freckled little right hand stretched to the future while the left pushed back the past. "'It has been nobly said that we shall reap as we have sown; in many cases, therefore, we must reap the fruit of poisonous seeds. But each year brings its new sowing; what do we now choose to plant?'"

The crowd was surging toward the platform in its enthusiasm, but Eary and Bill held it back and motioned to the child to proceed.

"'The choice is worthy of consideration,'" the speech flowed on, every word, every gesture as he had heard and seen. "'The whole country will hail the day,'" he cried, and finally, "'Arise, San Diegans; I stand here before you to emphasize—to emphasize—'"

He turned cold with fear. He could not remember what came next. He struck the platform savagely with his right foot, struck it over and over, but the gesture did not bring the words. Then he remembered why, "Oh, I didn't hear no more," he said, forgetting the paternal warning. "That was where dad fell into the hogshead." Big tears began to streak his cheeks. "Oh, if I could only say the rest I could make you vote for us sure," he burst out, "but won't you do it anyway? I'll be an all-right governor's son and he'll make the best governor you ever had 'cause he's an A No. 1 dad."—Sarah Comstock in Lippincott's Magazine.

OUTLAW HORSES DYING OUT

The outlaw horse, for years past the hero of broncho busting in the South and West, says the Denver News, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and in ten years will be more scarce than the fast-dying buffalo and the old-time cowboy, according to John M. Kuykendall, who makes a specialty of collecting the wildest horses that can be procured for bucking contests.

"Ten years ago the outlaw was as plentiful as jack rabbits," said Mr. Kuykendall, "but I have only been able to get about thirty real buckers that will put up a good fight out of 50,000 horses that I have looked at during the past year.

"The outlaw horse comes from the poorest blooded that roam the ranges of the West," he continued. "He is a criminal among horses, just as surely as men who go wrong have bad blood in their veins. His parents are in nearly every case mustangs, and the stock is the same as that which roamed the plains of the West in the early days and the stock has simply degenerated through uselessness.

"Nearly every horse will buck," he declared, "if you turn him loose in a pasture for several months and then try to ride him, but he will only kick up a few times and then quit. The outlaw will buck, though, after he has been ridden successfully, just as soon as another man gets on his back. It takes years to break him of the habit, and he is never safe. If he ever gets gets a chance he will start out bucking again, and he is always dangerous.

"You rarely hear of a famous bucker now, although ten or twenty years ago every large range had several outlaws that nobody could ride. The cowboys can ride as well as the old time boys, and they are not degenerating.

"The breed of horses throughout the country is improving steadily, and this is the death knell of the outlaw. It will take away some of the most picturesque Western life when they go entirely, but that is going rapidly anyway, and horse owners will be the gainers."

DOHERTY DECLINED THE MONEY

An East Bridgewater coal dealer a few years ago employed an Irishman by the name of John Doherty. Doherty had occasion to deliver a load of coal at the Taunton insane asylum. While waiting to have the slip signed he was accidentally locked into a ward with some of the inmates.

Doherty went to the keeper in charge of the ward and told him he would like to get out, as he was the man that brought the coal. The keeper, thinking him one of the inmates, tried to humor him, said he knew it, but to keep quiet and he would be all right. This, of course, enraged Doherty, and a heated argument ensued.

In the meantime the horse, which had been left outside had become nervous and walked home to the coal office. The coal dealer, finding the horse without the driver, immediately telephoned the asylum, and Doherty was released.

Of course the story leaked out, and Doherty became the butt of all the boys, who, every time they saw him, would call out: "Are you the man who brought the coal?"

One day a load of coal had been delivered at a house in East Bridgewater, and the man who delivered it had gone without collecting his money. Finding this had happened, the lady of the house came out, and saw Doherty coming down the street. Thinking he was the man who had been at her house a few minutes before, and wishing to pay him, she called out: "Are you the man who brought the coal?"

Doherty looked at her a minute, and then replied: "Oh, go to a warm place."—Boston Herald.

CONVERSION OF JOHN TEMPLIN

Once upon a time in Tennessee there lived a man named John Templin. He seldom did any work, not even chores. He was called the laziest man in Bledsoe county. He had no pride, and would rather beg than work.

Now there was an exhorter preacher named Fentress who occasionally filled various pulpits, and on one occasion he filled the pulpit where John Templin worshiped, when he was not too lazy to worship. Rev. Fentress opened the Bible and began reading the 36th chapter of Exodus. When he came to the 19th verse, he stopped and looked hard at Templin, until everybody saw by his demeanor that he was going to say something unusual, and then he read that verse:

"And he made a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red; and a covering of badgers' skins above that."

"There, brethren," shouted Fentress. "I was sure that it was in the Old Testament somewheres. You see what they did to beggars in those wise old days. They skinned 'em. Now, I ain't namin' no names. Now, then, I ain't makin' no 'sinuations. But I'm just thinkin' that in this neighborhood there's at least one that goes about beggin' 'stid o' workin'. An' I'm ony thinkin' that mebbe a good skinnin' on a moonlight night mought be a good thing for this neighborhood. That kind o' folks ought to be skinned, and stuck up on a pole, too."

John Templin went to work the next day. He never begged afterward.—Los Angeles Times.

LIFE PARTNER OF PLAYWRIGHT.

Little Girl Who Started Him Toward Fame Shares Royalties.

Augustus Thomas, a playwright who enjoys a very great and very well deserved vogue at the present time, invariably shares his royalties with the person who first persuaded him to take up his profession, says Munsey's Magazine. Many years ago, in St. Louis, while sitting on his knee, a little girl told Mr. Thomas that she had just read a perfectly beautiful story in St. Nicholas. Mr. Thomas, very much interested, asked her to lend him the magazine. The story was Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's "Editha's Burglar." Mr. Thomas dramatized it—or, rather, he used the characters of the little girl and the burglar, and out of the situation evolved a very sweet and charming little play of his own.

When "The Burglar," as he called it, was put upon the stage, its success was instantaneous. It proved the cornerstone of his artistic career, which has since produced such fine comedies as "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "The Other Girl." Of course he has not been wholly exempt from failure. The prestige of "Alabama" and "Arizona" did not save him when he went a little farther down the list of states and wrote "Colorado," but few playwrights have been consistent in the quality of their work.

The little girl who unconsciously started him on the road to fame is now Mrs. Augustus Thomas.

"THIRD DEGREE" AN OUTRAGE.

Cleveland Journal Denounces Abuse of Power by Police.

The report that Cunliffe, the express company employe who stole $101,000 in cash from his employers has been put through what the police call the "third degree" in order to extort a confession from him again raises the question why the police are permitted to resort to such coercive measures whenever they see fit. To hear that Cunliffe, for example, was not permitted to rest, eat or sleep until he made the disclosures required of him suggests a Pekin prison rather than a Pittsburg police station. It is worthy of remark, too, that the victim of this savagery is invariably a prisoner without money or friends. None of the "aristocracy of crime" is ever subjected to the "third degree.' If the "third degree" should be applied to a thieving bank president the whole country would be made to ring with the outrage and the "third degree" would become on the instant as extinct as the "boot" or the rack.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Thing That Troubled Him.

Rev. W. L. Hood of Bristol, R. I., caused a good deal of discussion recently with the statement that his two children, both under ten years, had never sinned.

A Bristol churchman, in commenting on Mr. Hood's claim, said the other day with a humerous smile:

"Those two children must have consciences as clear as the conscience of an old colored man down one of our back streets.

"The old man—Romulus by name—took sick one day and in a little while it looked as if his end was near. The minister was sent for and came promptly—a stout man, done up in one of those religious waistcoats without any buttons down the front or any opening at the neck.

"The minister said to Uncle Romulus:

"'Is your mind at ease, brother?'

"'Yes, sah,' answered the old man.

"'Are you sure there's nothing troubling you?' the minister went on. 'If there is speak up. Don't be afraid. I am here to help and comfort you.'

"'Dey is one fing, jes' one, sah,' said Romulus, 'dat 'plexes me.'

"'What is it, my brother?' the minister murmured.

"'Ah kain't fo' de life o' me make out, sah,' said the old man, 'how yo' gits yo'se'f inter dat dere vest.'"

He Was Excused.

The question went 'round. "What is a boss?" and each man present tried to give an epigrammatic definition.

Finally the question reached Slimmer. He flushed slightly and shook his head.

"You'll have to excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "The only boss with whom I am acquainted is at the head of my modest household, and politeness to a lady prevents me from commenting upon her characteristics."

They excused him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not in His Line.

Euclid was busy working out a mathematical problem when his helper entered, saying:

"There's a life insurance president outside who wants to hire you as the company's actuary."

"No," replied the great man, "tell him I can't take the job. My figures work out the same when an annual report is to be published as they do in the hot weather of July and August."

Then he again became so deeply interested that he forgot his luncheon.

The Same Old Excuse.

The children had been playing "store" in the back yard. Sandy came in to luncheon, brimful of triumph.

"Oh, mama," he cried, "Dick and I have had such fun, cheating the others; and they never found it out!"

"Cheating? Why, Sandy!" and the mother looked stern.

"Oh, but mama, this was business, you know!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Louis Knight to Exhibit Pictures.

Louis Aston Knight, son of the well-known American artist, Ridgway Knight, and himself an artist of remarkable power and originality, has sailed from Paris for his first visit to this country. He brings with him a number of pictures for exhibition.

New York Birth Statistics.

The number of babies born on Manhattan island in 1904 was 59,196. Only 11,903 were born of native American parents. Italians furnished 11,298 of the births, Polish and Russian Hebrews 9,688, Austrian Hebrews 6,922, German 2,396, Irish 3,880, French 121

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered 20 years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

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

Noserings as Aid to Beauty.

In New Guinea the ladies wear nose rings, piercing the nose in the same way that civilized women pierce the ears.

MILK CRUST ON BABY.

Lost All His Hair—Scratched Till Blood Ran—Grateful Mother Tells of His Cure by Cuticura for 75c.

"When our baby boy was three months old he had the milk crust very badly on his head, so that all the hair came out, and it itched so bad he would scratch until the blood ran. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I applied the Cuticura and put a thin cap on his head, and before I had used half of the box it was entirely cured, his hair commenced to grow out nicely again, and he has had no return of the trouble. (Signed) Mrs. H. P. Holmes, Ashland, Or."

Convert Dogs into Lamb.

Stolen dogs are said to be sold in Paris to butchers, who sell the meat, particularly the hind legs, as "lamb."

FROM PLANT TO CIGAR.

Frank P. Lewis has recently returned from a trip through the best tobacco sections, looking over the growing fields. He noted the best crops and engaged them, and will go later to watch the curing and packing of same. He also, while there, examined some of his large holdings of old tobacco and found this to be growing richer in quality every day. The Lewis Single Binder factory probably controls more fancy graded tobacco than any other cigar factory in the United States. Smokers of Single Binders have evidently learned this fact which accounts for the ever increasing demand. In spite of the fact that the factory sends out no traveling salesman to boom its good quality to the trade, the Single Binder Sales reached seven million last year and will exceed eight million in 1905. The Single Binder sells itself. For twenty-three months this factory has been behind in its orders.—*Herald-Transcript.*

No Place for Her.

Mrs. Grundy is out of place anywhere east of Suez. The extravagance and eccentricities of social life would outrage her fabled dignity. No one asks questions if you use a latchkey or play billiards on Sundays or countenance the Macao lottery by taking a $10 chance. They are not scandalized if you attend a wedding in a Panama hat or a funeral in a white suit.—South China Post, Hongkong.

Eighteenth Century Earrings.

The eighteenth century saw the glorification of the earring, fashionable beauties outvying each other with the rarest and most beautiful jewels. There is no doubt that the earring is one of the prettiest feminine adorements and as such well deserves its present popularity.

Worth More Than a Smile.

A generous stork visited a certain home uptown and left a pair of babies. A few days afterward the father and a friend who congratulated him and said: "I hear the Lord has smiled upon you." "Indeed!" exclaimed the proud parent; "He laughed aloud sir!"

A Lost Opportunity.

"Woman just dropped dead in the bargain crush at the ribbon counter!" cried the floorwalker excitedly. "How inopportune!" exclaimed the head of the firm. "Our undertaking department won't be open until next Monday!"—Catholic Standard.

THE "COFFEE HEART."

It Is as Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whisky Heart.

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run 30 or 40 yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon:

"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy.

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum Food Coffee.

"I gave up the old coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was six months ago, and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rickety heart action, have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system.

"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.