And the cattle were a-lowing, And the world was made for two, dear. Oh, the days we spent a-roaming From the roseate break of day, dear, Till the shadows of the gloaming Led us down the homeward way, dear; And the birds were homeward flying

And the wind was softly sighing And the day was dying, dying; Oh, the things we used to say, dear, Oh, the looks we gave each other

When no other one was by dear: Never sister, never brother, Near enough to question why, dear: And the summer sun was sinking And night's first wee stars were blinking

The home-going and the drinking And your mother's homemade pie, dear -J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE RENUNCIATION

By MARTHA BENDERSON GRAY

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Rev. Philip Ware looked thoughtfully around the sitting-room of the tiny flat. It was very homelike; there were evidences of a woman's fingers in every little nook, and over all was the soft rose light from the lamp.

She had come into his parish six months before, and he had made his first call upon her in his capacity of sweet. minister. He had called many times -very many times, but these were not altogether in the capacity of minister.

This was noted by his devoted parish, and on this account the newcomer was promptly disliked by several. There was one girl who disliked her particularly; a tall dark girl, with beautiful hair, and the face of a saint. Hesides, the report had been spread abroad, started by some one who knew her before she came to M---, that she was separated from ner husband.

Rev. Philip Ware thought of all this as he waited.

It would be very simple, he reasoned. He would not stay long, they would have a pleasant, friendly chat at first, and then as he was going, he would tell her. She would understand; she was a woman of the world. and would know what he meant without his telling it all.

Then feeling that he was not alone. he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. She was looking at him with a peculiar intense expression in her eyes, and he caught the look before she had time to veil it behind her usual laughing manner.

At that look Rev. Philip Ware lost his wonderful self-control. Springing to his feet, he strode determinedly to the door and clasped the soft, womanly figure in his arms. She quivered a little and then was very still. Silently he laid her head against his shoulde and laid his lips upon hers. Somenow he had forgotten about the friendly chat and the little message just before he went

Suddenly the sound of a bell in the next flat brought them to consciousness. It was the woman who started back.

"Let me go, Philip," she said, quickly and firmly; "let me go."

But he made no motion except to clasp her more closely. There was a dogged look in his eyes which she did not like to see.

"Philip," she pleaded, and there was a ring almost of desperation in her voice, "for God's sake let me go."

At that name—the name of the King whose ambassador he was-some consciousness of what he was doing came to Rev Philip Ware, and for God's sake-for His only-he let her go.

"Listen to me, Marian," he cried. "My love for you is stronger than anything else, and-you must love me, you shall."

Rev. Philip Ware's voice rang out as firmly and powerfully as was its wont when he read, "Thou shalt not," in the Commandments. Perhaps the woman thought of this, for she shivered

"You know that to me." he went on. more quietly, "death alone has the power to separate those who have been joined together; but since in your eyes divorce is lawful, I will wait until you are freed. So now there can be nothing to keep us apart unless you say that you do not love me; but you do-is it not so, sweet?"

He bent nearer slowly, as if afraid of frightening her, but as he touched her hair she started back and, snatching away her hands, moved quickly to the other side of the room. Slowly she turned and faced him, and when she spoke her voice was calm and

"I think you must surely be forgetting yourself. I did not know that I had ever given you cause to think that I loved you-until, perhaps, just now: but that was because-because you surprised me so that I did not realize what you were saying and do-

Had she thought of it she would have been amused at herself for faltering-she to whom this was an old

But as she glanced at him there was something in his eyes that she could not bear to see-those eyes from whose depths she would have kept away the shadow of pain with her very life. She only knew that she loved him better than anything in the heavens above or the waters under the earth -the phrase came to her unbiddenand that she had given him his death blow. Why could she not go to him as he sat there, with his head buried in his hands, and tell him this-tell him that she would do what he asked. would go with him anywhere?

If she alone were to be considered, she would do it; but he must be kept safe: his honor must never be blemished, nor his career as a priest of God be spoiled. So this woman, of whom the world spoke so slightingly, nerved herself to begin the struggle against him and her other self.

"I have always been called heartless," she said in an unemotional tone, "and I must be if I have made you believe that I love you, for I do not; I never have: I never can."

The last was uttered with difficulty. for he had lifted his eyes to her face, and she saw that they were haggard and drawn, even in the soft lamp-

"Marian," he said, "must you take all? I have given you my love, my honor; must you take my faith, too? For if you have deceived me there is no one whom I can ever trust. Pity me, Marian! have mercy! tell me that you did not deceive me, that you do love me-only that, dearest; only that. A man can live without love or hope; he can even die without them; but he can neither live nor die without faith."

Slowly she gathered her scattered

senses and looked up at him. "You are right, Philip," she said softly. "I-I thought I was doing it the best way, but I didn't know, for I'm-I'm not good, you know. It is not because I do not wish to-to do as you want me to do, but because 1 will not, and I will not because I love you, dear."

"Oh, Philip, my darling, my life, 1 love you so-more than anyone else could ever love you. Yet you will marry her-the girl who hates me so, the girl who has always been good How long would she love you if she knew of this, do you think? She loves you only because you are noble and reverent and good, while I"-her voice was harsh with pain-"oh, Philip, I would love you in heaven or earth of hell."

The man could bear no more. He caught her hands and pressed the palms passionately to his lips. His very touch seemed to soothe her, for she drew them gently away, and when she spoke her voice was low and

"I have never loved anyone, you know, dear, so perhaps that is what makes it so hard. I married because I had no home and he was good to me. Since then I have not cared whether men loved me or not. They were rather amusing, and I was not good enough for the women to care for me,' she added bitterly. "But when you came into my life I knew then what it would have been to have the love of a good man." She paused and looked at him longingly. "Philip," she said. pleadingly, yet with a note of shyness in her tone, "may I run my fingers through your hair? You must be very, very quiet and not touch me."

The man looked at her with mute eves that reminded her somehow of the eyes of a dog.

"I have always wanted to do this," she said. "You have such pretty hair, so thick, and black, and wavy. I believe that I love it best of all, but then

I love all of you best." She paused a moment and looked at him critically.

"If you were less good, Philip-if you had made no struggle against it- give the anthropologist a vague idea of perhaps I would have heard you, for I love you so. Now I will go back to civilization on the American continent. him, the one who the law says is my husband, and you will marry the beautiful girl who does not know what were, how they looked and lived, and wickedness means. I could never satisfy all of you, for I am not good enough." Her lip quivered a little. get to put a soul in me when I was



made? Perhaps he did give me one, but there was no one to help it to grow. Do you think," she asked suddenly, "that she would have loved you enough to give you up?"

But just then the clock chimed the hour. There were many strokes and each one seemed to beat upon their consciousness the fact that now they

"You must go, Philip," she said gently. The man rose. "This is the end?" he asked in hard, dry tone.

"This is the end," she repeated softly, and held out her hand. He drew a quick breath and looked

at her hand reproachfully. "Not that way; surely, not that way dear? May I not at least tell you good-by as I want?"

She wavered an instant, but looked up into his face with a brave smile. "No: it would do no good and only make it harder for both of us. I know a better way-the way your mother would tell you good-by. Lean down a minute, Philip."

She slipped her arms around his neck and rested her soft lips for an instant on his forchead. "Good-by, my life," she whispered.

so low that he scarcely heard it. "Keer good always." He took her hands and reverently

lifted them to his lips, kissing them in the pretty pink palms. "Just one thing, Philip." she said.

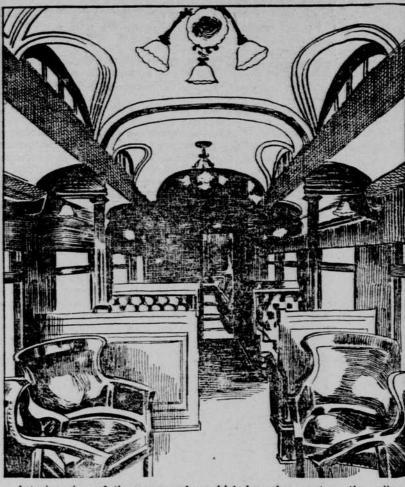
wis fully. "To you think hat I have harmed you murh? I would hae to harm the only one I have ever 1 ved, you kn w." she added with a pathetic little break in her voice.

Strong man as he was, this was too much or h.m. Tears choked his voic so that he could not answer, but he shook his head.

"Good-night." she whisp red, and watched him as he slowly descended the stairs without ever turning back Then she mechanically went to her own apartment. The pretty rose-colored lamp went out and left her in merciful darkness.

"When you awake in the morning and find the streets strewn with old shoes," remarked the observer of events and things, "you are not absolutely certain whether there was a wedding or a cat fight in the immediate neighborhood the night before."-Yonkers Statesman.

THE NEW ENGLISH SMOKING CAR FOR WOMEN.



Interior view of the new coaches which have been put on the railroads in England for the accommodation of women passengers who smoke, and which startling innovation has caused such a sensation in this country.

NEW WORLD MUMMIES

SOME IN MUSEUMS TAKEN FROM CLIFF DWLLLER RUINS.

Remains of Aztecs and Toltecs Unearthed in Canyons of Arizona -Traces of Ancient Nobility.

Many persons who have an interest in archaeology will be surprised to know that not all the mummies to be seen in museums have been taken from faraway tombs in Egypt or other eastern lands. Well preserved mummies have occasionally been taken from the ruins of the cliff dwellers in the mountain canyons in Arizona, and also in New Mexico and southern California.

These mummies, states the Pittsburg Dispatch, though poor specimens of the mummifying art, are considered great treasures by scientists because they the strange people who had the earliest The best of them are almost entirely ignorant of who the Aztecs and Toltecs why they have been so entirely obliterated from the fact of the earth.

The reason for this ignorance is found "Philip," she cried, "why did God for- in the fact that no satisfactory remains of the dead Aztecs have been found. These people were cremationists, and they probably burned household effects with the dead, leaving little or nothing for the scientist to build a theory upon

Frequently a party of explorers in the valley of Arizona will come upon sealed jars of burned bone dust. But the mumprospectors in a lonely canyon along cylinder. the Gila river, in the heart of the coun-The hollow in the rocks was about seven feet deep and four feet high. It was evidently made for the purpose of burial of the body found there, for no other mummy has ever been found within 100 miles of this lonely sepulcher.

At the rear of the cave the miners found what appeared to be a chamber in the solid granite wall. The mouth of the chamber was sealed. When the cementlike substance was broken away and a flat stone lifted it was found that a human mummy was within. There was a smell of rosin and balsam when the miners raised the little body which had lain there for 500, perhaps 700 years. the offspring of prehistoric royalty. When the coverings had been removed it was found that the body was that of a girl about five years of age.

There was no doubt that she was of noble family and that her costly and elaborate burial, instead of cremation, had been for some extraordinary reason. Wrappings that filled five bushel baskets were unwound from the remains. As the hands were removed peanuts and mesquite beans rolled out. Both were in as good state of preservation as if they had been placed there a few months before. A child's plaything. a curious bone affair, was found placed between the arms. The little shriveled hands were clasped about bits of mesquite wood, and a thick mass of raven black hair, much finer than that of an Indian, covered the head. The legs were drawn up in the position of a child creeping. The finger nails were perfectand the teeth intact. The nose, ears and eyes were sone and the skin was broken on the right knee and on one of the wrists, exposing bones, sinews and dried

So fine a mummy had probably never been found before in the valleys of Arizona. It has been photographed more than 100 times. Many scientists and archaeologists have traveled long distances to see it, and say it is the most interesting and instructive of all things found in that part of the country in a decade. It has been made a gift to the Smithsonian institution.

Crown of Gold.

"The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet," said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. An odd incident happened though, at its end, an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us.

"Dunbar, toward the close of his re marks, said: "'And, my little frie-is, if you do

all these things some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown.' "A little chap in the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped:

"'My fader wears one now.' "'No!' said the poet. "Yes, he does on his toof,' said the little chap."

MARINE NOISE MAKERS.

Tin Horns, Mechanical Fog Horns and Other Modern Contrivances.

Tin horns, such as venders bring out by the wagon load in the city's streets on election night, are stock articles of sale the year around in the stores of dealers in marine supplies, says the New York Sun.

Thousands of tin horns of various sizes are annually sold to fishermen, oystermen and men using boats, in many waters, in various pursuits, and such horns are sold, as well, for boats used for pleasure. A big horn of this kind might be heard a mile.

For larger vessels, such as schooners sailing in open water and not equipped with power with which to blow whistles. there are provided mechanical fog horns that can be operated by hand and that can be heard three or four miles away.

With the multiplication everywhere within recent years of pleasure craft there have been introduced still other sorts of noise makers. One of these is a bellows horn, with the horn attached to the top board of a trimly-finished bellows of oblong shape, to the top board of which also is attached a handle This bellows horn can be put down anywhere and operated simply by pressure Though not as big as the mechanical fog horn it can be heard for a considerable

A still smaller bellows noise maker has in place of a horn an air whistle.

Another whistle contrivance has small upright metal cylinder in which air is compressed by means of a handle worked like a plunger. The whistle, which may be one of a single tone or a ny which was found by two gold mine | chime, is attached to the outside of the

Still another modern noise maker is try once occupied by the Aztecs and an air-blown whistle with a light con-Toltecs, has excited much attention. trivance attached. When the whistle cord is pulled the light shows as the whistle blows. Obviously the light attachment is for use at night to locate the

boat from which the whistle is blowing. While these later sound producers, designed more especially for yachts and launches and tenders and other pleasure craft, are rather more elaborate they are used for precisely the same purposes as the old tin horn, namely, to give warning in case of fog, for signaling in crowded waterways, for blowing for landings or for bridges.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE. The body was evidently that of a child. Result of a Growing Inclination to

Evade the Cares of a Household.

Considering the tremendous fashion -for it really can be called nothing else-of the apartment house, it come like a cold douche to hear its neighbors would curb its vaulting ambitions, if not seriously objecting to its near presence, says the Boston Herald. The erection of apartment houses is the re sult of a growing taste for immunity from household cares; not that the demon worry can be excluded from them, but the burden of living is mitigated by degrees when one occupies a teacup of a flat or suite in an apartment house. It is painful, then, to hear that owners of "whole houses" are resenting the invasion of their neighborhood by these popular human hives, for it bode ill for the social community if antagon ism is aroused by living according to our

Everybody can't live in a "colonial mansion," nor does he want to. He may prefer a chalet or a villa, and he may even like the fifth floor, with elevator attachments, better than the imposing establishment where servants never dease from troubling. Therefore, it behooves the apartment house to keep up choice and agreeable as possible to any neighbor it may have to overshadow.

There are citizens who should retire to desert islands for comfort and contentment, but as long as the world's spaces continue to shrink, let us try to make the best of the apartment house's proximity. Who knows but you'll have to live in it yourself one of these days?

First Woman Voter.

Plurality in the Future.

Beatrice Sacchi, a professor at Mantua and the holder of a doctor's degree, is the first woman to vote in Italy. It seems that there is no law there to prevent a woman from voting. Miss Sacchi discovered this and went to the polls and voted.

"Really," said the callow youth, "I am no longer a mere youth. "I've got a little hair on my lip now." "Yes," replied Miss Peppry, "and perhaps in a few weeks you may have another one."-Philadelphia Press.

THE FOREGROUND.

Children Are Wont to Blurt Out Tactless Bits of Truth-Parents Are Often Loath to Check These Intopportune Speeches-Well-Bred Children Must Be Taught Not to Interrupt Conversation - American ground - Impertinent Questions Should Never Be Allowed-Hotel-Bred Children Likely to Be Frecocious.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Everybody is familiar with the en-

cimen of childhood is not necessarily to the criminal court. A less hateful disagreeable or spoiled. He simply at but not less unwelcome specimen is his best state has a habit of appearing the child with a passion for hacking on the scene when he is not wanted, and destroying whatever comes in his and of blurting out bits of truth that path. He tears books, breaks furnimore tactful elders know enough to ture, uproots flowers and leaves the suppress. A child of this variety was mark of his little hatchet wherever he one day sent by his mother to carry goes. Happily, his energy being only an extremely beautiful pair of slip- misdirected, may be turned into safer pers to a gentleman living in the channels; for him manual training is neighborhood. She wrapped the gift a boon, and he will probably emerge in tissue paper and placed it in a box, from his present state of vandalism inwith her card, addressing it carefully, to useful and attractive boyhood later but she forgot to tell her little mes- on. senger to leave the box at the door, and return directly. The boy had his the only way that will appeal to him: own friendliness toward the neighbor, if need be, he must suffer in his own and waited to see how he would re- person that he may learn what sufceive the gift. "Your mother is won- fering means. No parent is without derfully good," said the gentleman. blame who does not take the enfant "These slippers are just what I wanted terrible in hand and reduce him as most. It was lovely in her to make soon as possible to good order. them for me."

"Oh," exclaime 1 the child, "mother didn't make them for you; she made them for my father, and as they did not fit him she was so vexed she did Slender Figure Must Make Use of the not know what to do. At last she thought she would send them over here, and she wouldn't need to bother about buying you a Christmas gift.' This rather dulled the edge of pleasure in the case, and made the recipient's thanks a triffe perfunctory.

"Ask your father," said Bobby's to the library and see dear Aunt Fanny, who is soon going away." about coming in to see Aunt Fanny, though many women do not think so. He says she is an old cat." When a little later, with an air of gentle bon- still too severe should always wear a homie, Aunt Fannie's nephew by mar- loose ; cket of lace or embroidery. riage presented himself, the situation ner a little strained.

At a table where several friends of the family were gathered, a young lady but you can also get them in the remarked to little Percy, eight years cheaper makes. old, "If you won't play games with me I shall not come again."

answered the child. "I don't like you, embroidery, here is your chance to use and I shall be glad when you go them. They are nothing more or less

There lives in a southern family a always have called zouaves. tradition that soon after his famous a good deal of comment of an un- was a dominant fashion many years kindly nature followed Burr after that ago. fatal ending of his duel with the popentering the drawing room abruptly needed on summer evenings. inquired: "Is this the pistol, Col. Burr, with which you killed Gen. Hamil-

ton? dismay of the older people at the innocent and inopportune temark.

Conscientious parents are often puzzled what to do with the enfant terrible. He would be less formidable if they remembered two time-worn and homely adages, namely, Little pitchers have big ears and, Children should be seen and not heard.

Well-bred children do not interrupt conversation, say disagreeable things, or repeat what they should early learn will wound the feelings of others. American children are far too much in the foreground. Their place is not where it should be in the happy privacy of the home, for foolish parents trot them out and make them show their paces until they are puffed up with vanity and importance. The pendulum in its swing from the severity of an earlier time, has gone too far in an opposite direction. Children are not happier for having unlimited stitches running through. It is suitliberty of speech. Unless a child be able for marking house linen, and exceptionally stupid, and the enfant should be worked with flax thread, terrible as a rule is exceptionally washing-silk, or ingrain cotton. clever, he does not put himself in evidence when he ought to be silent.

The parent in whose eyes truth is to be cultivated at any cost, rather prides ties in the 11 states that once secedherself on the candor of her offspring, ed from the union have risen in value when he tells a visitor that she has a wart on her nose or asks her why she wears such a queer bonnet. "Do your of these little terrors, to the annoy- in the preceding six years. ance of a bashful man, who does not its highest standard and make itself as wish attention called to his looks. And the child goes unreproved, because his mother is afraid that reproof may tend of Turkish tobacco and paper manuto make him deceitful.

The fact is that virtues and good qualities are relative and that in training children we must not lay the emphasis on one point more strongly than on another. What we need to do is to teach children the art of speaking only the truth at all times, while at the same time they must learn the lesson that all truck s not always to be spoken. Neither has anybody, child or adult, the right to ask imper tinent questions or make impertinent comments. Truth is one item in home training, a foun tation-stone in character. Charity and courtesy are foundation-stones equally as indispensable in preparation for the intercourse of

One of the greatest misfortunes that can occur in a child's life is the loss ried?" of a sweet and simple home-life. When "O, no! I'm not allowed to be sorry

A CHILD'S REMARKS boarding houses, are more or less noticed by strangers, and accustomed to publicity, or when they are very much ticed by strangers, and accustomed to left to the care of servants, they are likely to develop the traits that make YOUNG AMERICA TOO MUCH IN childhood unlovely. We say of such children that they know too much, that too soon the exquisite veils of childish innocence have been torn bring their children up in the glare instead of in the shade, in hotels instead of in quiet homes, extra pains should be taken to keep them modest, shy, and silent in company. Certainly they should never be permitted to push Children Too Much in the Fore- themselves and their affairs to the front, while their parents and friends await their convenience before going on with their own proceedings.

Another specimen of the enfant ter-

rible seems to have inherited the traits of the savage. This child is far worse than the other, for he is cruel fant terrible. Du Maurier occasional- to cats and dogs and takes a barbarly drew him for our amusement, and ous delight in killing or maining he figures in many jests and anec- squirrels and birds. This child is a degenerate, and is taking the initia This sometimes uncomfortable spe- step on the road that leads downward

The cruel child must be taught in (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

FASHIONABLE PRINCESS.

Little Fancy Coats Designed for Princess Gowns.

No slight figure should attempt a princess with a voke that covers the entire top of the shoulders. If she wears a princess skirt only, that is a different matter, but a full frock should mother, "if he does not want to come have the fabric carried well into the shoulder seams. This gives a chance of to fill the ugly hollows at the side of rushed the child, to be back in a min- the arms, which are far more fatal to ute, saying: "Father does not care a good figure than a lack of bust, The women for whom the princess is

These are the last smart things in was awkward and the old lady's man- clothes. They can be made at home or bought at the shops. Some are in pre-

cious Irish weaves, or even duchess, The trouble is that one is apt to get them too ratchy when made at home. "I hope you never will." frankly Still if you have fine bits of lace or

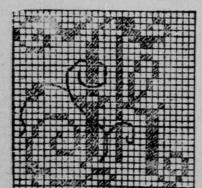
than shortened pelerines-just what we The sleeves make them different duel with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron from a bolero. These are wide and Burr was a guest beneath its hospita- short, usually cut circular. They are ble roof. Duelling was not in those made in chiffon velvet, by the way days regarded in southern households which seems a queer choice for spring as necessarily disgraceful, if prelimi- unless one sees the remarkable amount the affair of honor had been conducted gowns are heaped with it. But there is according to the code. Nevertheless, nothing new in clothes, really, for this

These little jackets are worn over so ular Hamilton. The survivor was less | many various kinds of frocks that one fortunate than the victim. A child of would be a good investment for any the house wandered into the guest's woman. Over all white and pastel colroom and, seeing there a silver-mount- ored lingevie frocks they are charming ed pistol, possessed himself of it and, and afford just that amount of warmth

PRETTY INITIAL LETTER.

One may imagine the confusion and Every Good Housewife Likes Her Linen Nicely Marked and We Show an Attractive Model.

> The initial K shown here is worked in cross-stitch with a scroll of long



ATTRACTIVE LETTERING.

Southern Farm Values. It is computed that farm proper more than \$1,000,000,000 in two The average yield of these years. lands since this century began is teeth come out at night?" inquires one \$200,000,000 a year greater than it was

> Sweet-Scented Smoke. The "Egyption" cigarette is made factured in France or Austria and is rolled by Greeks.

REDUCED TO ZERO.



the family, of business, and of society. | to smoke, and I can't drink wine or beer, and I can't leave the house evenings ' "I suppose then you're sorry you mar-

children are brought up in hotels and for anything!"-Fliegende Blaetter.

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuralgia Case Cured to Stay Cured by Dr. Williams'

Neuralgia in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart it is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of away. When parents are forced to a form that affected the vital organ it threatened serious consequences in an instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. L. Graves, of Pleasanthill, La., who tells of his trouble and care as

> "I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness, at any rate, in May, 1905, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good o ctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die. "I had smothering spells that it is

> awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to cease beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could cause every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is only through the blood that any medicine can reach

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Nearly Even on Measles.

An English journal notes the curiously even sex distribution of measles in twenty years at Aberdeen. There were 20.287 males and 20.087 females.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

Dearness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure dearness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbiling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by (attarth, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the inneous surfaces.

We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarth) that cannot be cured by Hail's Catarth Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F.J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Never try to appear what you are

not.-Chicago American. Important to Wothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chart Hitchers In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Choolate in Spain. The Spaniard's usual breakfast is a cup (as small as an after-dinner cun) of chocolate, a small roll, and a rollshaped piece of sweet, white substance like the outside of a meringue. The nourishment is in the cup of chocolate, which is so thick that it is eaten instead of sipped from a spoon.

To the one cup goes an ounce of

sweetened and cinnamon flavored

chocolate mested over the fire with

just enough water to stir it smooth

Village in Crater. About 20,000 people live in the crater of an extinct volcano, thirty miles from Kumamotu, Japan. They dwell in this pit-like town, surrounded by a vertical wall 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, and practically they form a little community all by them-

selves.. Coffee Shows Coming Weather.

A naturalist is said to use his morn ing cup of coffee as a barometer. If the sugar be dissolved undisturbed, air bubbles rise and remain on the surface. If they form a frothy mass, he reckons on clear, fine weather. If the froth collects in a ring round the edge of the cup he expects showers ...

Cruelty to Animals.

For swinging a monek round his head by its tail, George Brown, a showman, was sentenced to twentyeight days' imprisonment in Liverpool.

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of New York, writes: "I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I

owe to Grape-Nuts food. "It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and leranged my stomach and nerves so hat I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would do so.

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no reliefnothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals.

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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