

Opinion Was Unbiased

Mr. Nesbit, who has painted a picture of the noble redman in warpaint and feathers, wanted an unbiased opinion of his work. His wife said that the picture was the best thing of its kind that she had ever seen. His dearest friend, too, was decidedly enthusiastic. Both declared, in short, that anyone would know at a glance that it was intended for an Indian.

"To tell the truth," said Nesbit, looking somewhat doubtfully at the picture, "I haven't a great deal of confidence in either of you. You always praise everything I do. Now I'm going down to the street to see if I can find some person who can be depended upon to give me an absolutely unprejudiced opinion of this picture—a child, for instance. Children always tell the truth."

Five minutes later Nesbit returned with three small boys whom he had found playing marbles in the street.

"Now, boys," he said, "take a good look at this picture. I'll give each of you 10 cents if you'll tell me just exactly what you see."

"A rooster," shouted the three boys simultaneously.—Youth's Companion.

Nature's Defense

How are children so often able without injury to swallow such sharp things as pins, needles, tacks and bits of glass? The secret, as disclosed by Dr. Albert Exner of Vienna, lies in the fact that, when a pointed or sharp-edged body comes into contact with the lining of the stomach or intestine, the part touched contracts and puckers so as to thicken itself in that

Change Food

Some Very Fine Results Follow

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Mo. says:

"For 2 years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work.

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains.

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed and so finally I turned to food.

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required so I went to eating it.

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine for I haven't needed any.

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

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place. At the same time it withdraws itself in such a manner as to form a little pocket, and gradually twists the object around so as to turn the edge or point away, pushing the thing along.—New York Tribune.

Personal

Secretary of the Navy Morton will occupy the late Senator Quay's house in Washington this winter.

Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter are friends again and will act together this theatrical season.

Spain deeply deplores the retirement of Mazzantini, most famous of its bull fighters, who has 3,500 slain cattle to his credit.

Major Donald Ross, a well known authority on the mosquito theory of malaria, will go to Panama as the guest of the United States canal commissioners.

Judge Charles Field of Athol, Mass., 90 years old, is the oldest practicing lawyer in New England and the oldest judge in the United States at present exercising his judicial functions.

General Baden-Powell of the British army can write or draw with either hand. Recently while his right arm was useless because of a dog bite he wrote and illustrated his daily reports with his left hand.

Blasts From Ram's Horn

Laziness always lays the blame on luck.

God's designs promise us more than our desires.

Painting the pump doesn't purify the product.

Good cheer puts love's gifts into caskets of gold.

Where faith goes out soul famine comes in.

A good nature is not always a good character.

Gingerbread on the steeple can not feed the people.

Toe the devil's line and you must march to his time.

God's presence makes a desert a garden of paradise.

A tailor-made man will satisfy a trinket-hearted woman.

A swindle can not be sanctioned by calling it a church fair.

Nothing is more impractical than the neglect of the spiritual.

When you find one sharp as a needle he is all eye and no head.

When angels sing they do not have to wait for cultivated ears.

The least prayer that reaches God's throne shakes his footstool.

She Kept Still

A certain gushing lady took her 4-year-old daughter to a photographer. The little one could not be made still. The camera man was as nice and suave as he could be, called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wiggler keep still. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said:

"Madam, if you will leave your darling with me for a few minutes I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "If you don't thit sthill, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carcath." Then I that very sthill, mamma!"—New York Tribune.

Unparliamentary But Congressional

The Punkville Debating society was in regular session, and Mr. G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, that man's every act is the result of a selfish motive."

"I go further than that, Mr. President," he said. "About three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—"

Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.

"The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't parliamentary."

"It may not be parliamentary, Mr. President," vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but, by gum, it's congressional."—Chicago Tribune.

His Fears Were Realized

A Georgia statesman says that while he was in the shop of an optician in Atlanta he once heard an amusing conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged darkey, who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles.

As the old chap neared the door his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity, he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he said:

"What is it, boss?"

"That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner.

"Sho!" muttered the old man to himself as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious looking thing on the counter.

"Sho, dat's what I was afeared it was."—Youth's Companion.

Making The People Pay

One of New York's tailors, famous now for a score of years, made a fortune by his claim to being the most expensive man in the business. He always managed to charge more than any of his rivals and was proud of that distinction, which he never failed to impress on his customers, who presumably were indifferent to expense.

Now a new hotel is going to struggle for the same sort of reputation.

"I shall not charge more than from 10 to 15 per cent more than the other hotels of the same class as mine," the proprietor said, "and I don't think Americans will object to paying it. I have always found that the wealthy people are indifferent to price so long as they feel they are getting their money's worth. So I don't mind telling how much more than the other hotels I shall charge."—Exchange.

Lawyer and Judge Agreed

The Ninth district of Ohio was represented in congress by Judge Hall, and this good story is told of him while he was on the bench in the court of common pleas:

A case of some importance was reached on the docket and the parties and witnesses were on hand. The attorney for the plaintiff, Charles Brown, was considerably in his cups, a condition which seemed chronic with the really brilliant lawyer. He submitted motion after motion, and the court did not appear to humor his extravagant demands, realizing, too, that the attorney was not in a condition to proceed with the case. Brown was

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persistent, and Judge Hall, becoming somewhat irritated, said:

"It is the opinion of this court that the counsel for the plaintiff is peculiarly disqualified at this time for conducting this case before the court."

"What's that, your honor?" demanded the intoxicated lawyer.

"The court believes the counsel for the plaintiff entirely too drunk to continue with the case."

"That is the first correct decision I ever knew your honor to render."—Washington Post.

Just Dead

Since William A. Stone retired from the governor's chair in Pennsylvania, eighteen months ago, he seems to have lost all his political ambitions.

Happening into Philadelphia recently the ex-governor was approached by a newspaper reporter who couldn't understand why a man who once had an eye on the United States senatorship and who was regarded as a strong state leader should be so consistently quiet.

"What is your place in politics, Governor?" asked the reporter.

"I'll tell you a story," replied the ex-governor. "A friend of mine up in my county of Tioga was driving along a lonely road. Arriving in a small town he saw a group of men standing on a street corner talking. He drove to the curb and asked what was the trouble.

"Oh, nuthin'. Bill Jones is dead."

"My friend assumed a sad expression, said he was sorry, and continued:

"What's the complaint?"

"No complaint," responded one of the farmers, "everybody 'round here's satisfied." And I guess they are in my case."—New York Times.

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