

The truth that hits is the truth we hate.

The high livers do not reach the heights of life.

A sack of flour never hurt any poor family that is struggling to get through the winter.

Radium, you may have observed, is now guaranteed to do all those things that liquid air was going to do a few years ago.

Mme. Nordica doesn't get any alimony, but her case isn't so bad. She won't have to support the gentleman any more.

It appears that when a society woman writes a magazine article she furnishes a paragraph or two and the editor does the rest.

Possibly the reason so many men make fortunes on a thousand or two a year is because they do not let the left hand know what the right hand is doing.

The Hon. Bourke Cochran, who says the United States is the "hoodlum of the world," has no objections to being one of the hoodlum's hired hands at \$5,000 a year.

The outcome of this war is going to be disagreeable either way. Everybody hopes Russia will be whipped, but if Japan wins how will it be possible hereafter to hold the Jappies?

When it becomes established that radium will cure cancer it will then appear that about the only disease in the treatment of which medical science has made no progress since the Pharaohs is baldness.

A Chicago man wants a divorce because his wife insists on moving more than six times a year. Evidently that gentleman thinks there may be such a thing as running the breaking-homes business into the ground.

Sympathy for Whitaker Wright is now being aroused in England. Wright's great mistake was in not committing his sins over here, where he might, instead of taking poison, have taken advantage of a technicality of some kind.

"The king can do no wrong"—even in an automobile. The act of parliament requiring the registration and numbering of motor cars and the regulation of their speed does not apply to King Edward, nor does his majesty need a driving license.

Of the immigrants landing in the United States during the fiscal year, 511,302 had less than \$30, and 185,667 could neither read nor write. It is no sin to be poor, but it seems wicked that there are so many adults in the world who have never been to school. Something wrong somewhere.

According to the doctrine of chances, a boy who has no middle name is more than twice as likely to become President of the United States as one who has a middle name; and the boy who has more than three names has no chance at all. Of the twenty-five men who have filled the office of President, seventeen had two names each—for Van Buren is one name, and not two. Since 1880 no triple-named President has been elected except Mr. Cleveland, who gained a chance by dropping his first name.

Lieutenant General Young, the retiring chief of staff of the army, sent a package to General Chaffee, his successor, with this note: "Private Young, Company K, Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, presents his compliments to Private Chaffee, Troop K, Sixth United States Cavalry, and asks him to accept this pair of lieutenant general's shoulder straps." There never was a more significant illustration of the opportunities enjoyed by young men in this country than is given by this note to the new chief of staff from his predecessor.

It is a remarkable fact, when properly viewed, that a parent cannot bequeath his own experience to his child. A parent can give his child the example of right living, advice and money, but he cannot give his personal experience. Suppose I could bequeath my experience to my boy? And my boy to his boy? And so on. In a few generations we should have a perfected humanity. Why this plan of redeeming the race did not recommend itself to divine wisdom we cannot say. As a matter of fact, every person must become a pupil in the school of experience. The old adage says, "Experience is a dear teacher, but fools will learn in no other." That is not true. Experience is a dear school in which all men, wise and foolish, must learn.

But— One must distinguish between experience and wisdom. Wisdom is knowledge in action. Wisdom is applied experience. Many persons learn a lesson by experience and then fail to profit by it. Many persons suffer and then fall to get strength out of the suffering. This is true: The highest good will never come to you until you are prepared to receive it. The best gifts of life will never be yours until the way has been cleared for them by the applied lessons of experience.

Fear of the tomato, which arose from the fact that it was a cousin to henbane, belladonna and the deadly nightshade, is rapidly disappearing. Ten years ago a hundred and five million cans were put up in this country. Last year the output of the canners in the United States and Canada was two hundred and forty-two million cans, of which Maryland produced more than the total output of 1893. Indiana, West Virginia, Delaware, California and New Jersey, in that order, follow Maryland as the chief tomato States. Tomatoes are not the only fruit that grows in cans which appeals to the cultivated American taste. Green corn is about half as popular as tomatoes. Illinois is the chief corn-canning State, with a record of about twenty-five million cans. Iowa comes next, and New York third. It looks from these figures as if the vegetable-raisers amend the alleged practice of the fruit-growers in the West—can all they can and eat all they can. But it is not vegetables and fruit alone that are preserved in tin. No one need eat fresh food unless he prefers it, for the market contains canned roast beef, canned tongue, canned chicken, canned veal loaf, canned soups, canned pork and beans, canned beans, canned beets, canned peas and canned almost everything except canned digestion, and that is put up in glass bottles at the druggists, ready to be taken along with the things in tin.

A club lady in Chicago, in a meeting of matrons to discuss the great issues of life, when asked how to manage a husband so as to secure domestic tranquility, promptly answered "Feed the brute plenty of good, well-cooked food," and the club ladies all made a note of it, and it is believed the experiment is now on extensive trial in the windy city. This recipe for domestic happiness suggests a menagerie view of married life, and may furnish a reason for the tendency to board rather than keep house, that is so strong upon many married people. In this view it is complimentary to the sense of justice of the brute. For what dyspepsia he gets at a boarding-house table he does not blame his wife, but the landlady. She cares nothing for the growling of the animals at feeding time, provided they don't die in the house and will be buried from the undertaker's melancholy parlors. This new plan for peace foreshadows also the permanent disarming of the domestic forces, since young ladies about to assume the task of marrying one of the brutes will be impelled to acquire a knowledge of the mysteries of cooking in order to live happy ever after. When this art is generally attained the boarding-house landladies will be overtaken by lack of trade and will be punished for their many transgressions. So a beautiful vista opens in front of the American home and the dove is likely to build her nest in the stomach of that brute, the American husband.

Abbreviated Courtship.

Dan Cupid shotte atte my sweteherthe's herte,  
Butte shee dodged, and ye arrowe Mr.  
Soe I tooke ayme atte hyr swete redde lippe  
And, in spyte of hyr dodgoyng, Kr.

Ye dere lytel soule was quyte dysmayd;  
Butte, explaining I was ye Dr.,  
I quyeck applyde more two-lyppe salve,  
And in my armes' craydel RR.

Shee whyspered that shee'd a syster bee,  
And "woldent I bee juste a Bro?"  
"Notte muche, pette!" I sayd, "trie thys  
instedde—  
Heir I jentlie gayve hyr Ano.

"My trewe love, canst thou notte bee my  
bryde?"  
I questioned—and pressed for ye Ans.  
A softe voyce behynde myne eare replyde,  
"You're soe pressyng, perhappes I  
Cans."

Nowe, "faynte herte never wonne laydie  
fayr"—  
Noe, nor ever chayedng Miss to Mrs.—  
An ye love a mayde, bee notte afrayde,  
Butte, when arrowes fle wyde, trie  
Krs.  
—Harper's Magazine.

They Favor the Other Sort.  
"I suppose you and your daughters  
agree pretty well?"  
"Agree perfectly, except on just one  
point."  
"What's that?"  
"I'd prefer self-supporting sons-in-  
law."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not for Sale.  
"Lots for sale," read the thought-  
ful man as he passed along the street.  
"Yes, I suppose that's true, but, thank  
goodness, there are a few of us yet  
that money won't buy."—Boston  
Transcript.

SEIL A CHILD

Old Man—"What! Marry that child?"

Suiter—"Your daughter is no longer a child, sir; she is a woman."

Old Man—"Nonsense! Why, she isn't a bit bossy yet."

SMALL BILLS

Friend—"If your washer woman charges by the piece it must be rather expensive."

Young Housekeeper—"Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high."

In the Spring.

Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. M. C. Hart, of this place, says:—

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used."

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Hart is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

Truth witnesses in vain where malice is the judge.—Ram's Horn.

Fruit acids will not stain goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

A woman likes to be suspicious so she can feel so confident afterwards.

We use Piso's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine. Mrs. S. E. Burden, 442 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

LOVELY WOMANS' AMIABILITY

Mrs. Jinks—"If you are so fond of playing poker, why don't you teach me, and spend your evenings at home?"

Jinks—"Um—suppose I should win?"

Mrs. Jinks—"I have plenty of money. Sit right down!"

Mr. Jinks (the next day)—"No man can understand women. They are mysterious. Why, sir, my wife insisted on my playing poker with her last night. Of course, I won a pile from her. Well, sir, she paid over the money with a smile on her face—didn't mind it a bit."

Caller—"Beg pardon, but I am Mr. Houseowners' gent, and have called for the rent."

Mr. Jinks—"Why don't you go to the house as usual? I left the rent money there for you a week ago."

Caller—"I just came from there. Mrs. Jinks said she gave the money to you last night!"

Samuel Ball of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the holder for the present year of the fellowship in gas engineering supported at the University of Michigan by the Michigan Gas Association.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years," says a lady of Columbus, Ohio, "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum, and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me, for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble, although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me, and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly, for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful rebuild-er. There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK

Tourist (in Utah)—"Polygamy is no longer practiced, I am told."

Ex-Mormon (dejectedly)—"No and it's a shame. Only one wife! What good is one wife? Just a trial, that's all."

"How so?"

"Everything is at sixes and sevens. Nothing ever done. Buttons off, meals half cooked everything wrong. In the good old days we had one wife to sew on buttons, another to darn stockings, another to boss the servants, another to do the shopping, and another to attend to the duties of society. A man had some comfort then."

HE WOULDN'T DO

Railroad Superintendent—"Yes, I have decided to open a bureau of information, for the accommodation of passengers who wish to know about trains, and I am looking for a good man to run it."

Applicant—"Well, sir, I have been a railroad ticket agent for a good many years."


Superintendent—"Then you won't do. I want a man who is accustomed to giving information."

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE

Cholly—"What's the matter with Algy. He's cutting all his friends dead."

Chappie—"He has to, poor fellow. He can't master the new English handshake, don't eber know."

Reach the Spot.



To cure an aching back, The pains of rheumatism, The tired-out feelings, You must reach the spot—get at the cause. In most cases 'tis the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys. Charles Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 2625 Chestnut street, Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism, but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner." A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me"?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain if I had known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a few months sooner, for I tried many remedies without finding anything which helped me before I tried the Vegetable Compound. I dreaded the approach of the menstrual period every month, as it meant much suffering and pain. Some months the flow was very scanty and others it was profuse, but after I had used the Compound for two months I became regular and natural, and so I continued until I felt perfectly well, and the parts were strengthened to perform the work without assistance and pain. I am like a different woman now, where before I did not care to live, and I am pleased to testify as to the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me." Sincerely yours, MRS. TILLIE HART, Larimore, N.D.

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.