

The unconfirmed war rumor generally remains that way.

No man is ready for his work until he has learned to wait.

A dressmaker says that fitting a dress is a mere matter of form.

Fish may be all right as brain food if a man isn't born a fool to eat with.

The men with the smallest stock of religion are likely to put out the biggest sign.

The voice of the Missouri mule is awakening the orient from its age-long sleep.

In Japan people who have curly or wavy hair are despised. That will not be profitable field for our crimp manufacturers.

It would be nice if the Red Cross could do something for the alphabet, which has suffered severely in the war in the far East.

Inasmuch as there are no swear words in the Japanese language, the Japs can hardly expect to receive sympathy from "Fighting Bob" Evans.

Isn't it about time the United States was made singular in official proclamations? It is many years since this nation could be referred to as "are."

The microbe bogie has lost its terrors. Most people now actually yearn for microbes—those that make a specialty of roosting on bank bills.

Cuba should bear in mind that whenever self-government becomes monotonous or otherwise unsatisfactory there is a good orphan's home ready to receive her.

Medical experts are reported to have discovered that appendicitis is caused by a germ. Now we may expect to hear at any time that the broken leg is due to microbes.

A railway train was wrecked in Colorado a few days since by a terrific gale. In these little affairs in the elements should not disturb themselves. If there is anything on earth in which we have displayed extreme proficiency and success long past the degree of most alarming desire it is in wrecking railroad trains. We need no contributory violence from nature.

Swearing has always been supposed to be a necessary accomplishment of the soldier. Now it appears that in the Japanese language there are no swear words. Just how the Japanese soldier expresses his warlike anger, just how a little Jap officer addresses his men in tight places, we are not told. Sheridan, history records, swore roundly when he finished his ride from twenty miles away; and even George Washington, father of the country, resorted to profanity in the field at times. If we can guess by the first of the war news the Japs are about to prove that one does not have to swear to fight.

An able scientist is authority for the statement that a horse's ears are exceedingly sensitive. He says shouting at a horse is unnecessary. And it will spoil the animal for intelligent direction. The more one shouts at a horse the more is expected by the horse and he will not make an extra effort save by an extra effort of his driver. The low word spoken in kindness is all-sufficient. You can make an intelligent companion of your horse or you can make him a driven slave. A Kentucky gentleman who owns a large string of thoroughbreds, and who has won many races with the fine animals, permits no unkind word to be spoken to them either at his ranch or on the race course. The driver who yells at his horse as if the animal were deaf is a poor horseman. The driver who employs loud imprecations and curses is a tyrant. The driver who jerks the rein or beats his horse upon the slightest provocation is brutal. Who in any way abuses one of the greatest gifts God has given to man does not deserve to own a horse. One sometimes wishes the doctrine of the transmigration of souls were true. It would be the irony of fate to turn a brutal driver into a horse, compel him to wear an iron bit in his tender mouth, to assail his delicate ears with abusive cursing and to make him feel upon his back the sting of the cruel lash. Exceeding firmness and exceeding kindness will conquer and control any horse.

When informed by his physician that his wife would die, a young married man in Philadelphia picked up a revolver, exclaimed, "If she goes, I'm going, too," and shot himself through the head. The worst of it is that he leaves a boy—for whose life the mother gave up her own and a 4-year-old

daughter. That man was a coward. One can respect and admire his love for his wife, but not the brutal desertion of the two babies. The trouble with that man was selfishness. He was thinking of the effect of his wife's death upon him. He may have loved her to distraction, and in his grief foolishly imagined that life without her was not worth living. But what of the babies? Could he show any greater love for the dead mother than to live and be a good father to the children? That mother probably loved the father of her children, but she loved the children with a different kind of love—a sweeter, holier love. Women don't like to tell men that, but it's true just the same. There is no love like a mother's love. The best wife in the world is the one who is the best mother—and she loves her children best. That's natural. The supreme moment in her life was the moment the first one came into the world. Of all the joys she ever knew as child, sweetheart, bride or wife, there was no joy to compare with that sweet and holy joy—that joy that connects the joy of earth and the joy of heaven—the joy of motherhood. She gave her life for that of her baby—this Philadelphia mother—and no doubt her consolation in death was the hope that the father of her babies could live and lavish on them the love he had given her. But the selfish man abandoned those innocent babes, usurped the functions of God and hurled himself down to hell, if there is such a place. Anyhow he left two babes to make their own way in the world, somehow or other, without father or mother. Let us hope they will find good friends and lovers in the world, who will lavish upon them the love and tender care they had a right to have from their father. It is not always true that our blood relations are our best friends.

A recent novel written by an Englishwoman contains an attack upon two agencies at work in English society. One of them is the degrading influence of rich German financiers, who seem to have carried to London a certain brutal standard by which everything is judged according to the money it costs. The other is the effect of the marriage of American women to English noblemen. The author intimates that these young women, who are usually children of wealthy fathers, are also usually delicate in body and exacting in temper. She believes them to be also cold, calculating and pleasure seeking. They regard man as a mere machine for the production of money, or the establishment of social position. Their bringing up has been luxurious beyond the dreams of Rome, and they have neither public spirit nor public interest. The writer contrasts this warped and narrow character with the character of the English girl of wealth and position. She is trained to a much more quiet life in an old country house, with brief seasons in London. She is early identified with local sports, local politics and local charities. The country is her home, and London is regarded as a temporary and fascinating distraction, but not as an ultimate goal to be reached through marriage. The English girl may be less amusing than the American, but for the responsibilities of ordinary life, in the opinion of this novelist, she is immeasurably superior. The arraignment is doubtless too sweeping. Fiction intended to remedy an abuse is always exaggerated. But that there is some ground for the charges no one can deny who has observed the conduct of certain rich young girls in America. Especially are they lacking in the sense of responsibility which is the first duty and the highest privilege of women. But the class of girls of wealth as well as of moderate means who are serving nobly in charities of all sorts, in working girls' clubs, in social settlements, in day nurseries, and in the smaller but less important benevolences of villages and country places is surely increasing. To them the country looks to redeem the reputation of American womanhood, which has suffered through the reckless, selfish pleasure-seeking of a few unrepresentative women.

No Excitement

In Panama under the Columbian regime, one could get up a "revolution" almost at a moment's notice. Such slight matters, says the New York Times, scarcely interrupted the routine of business.

One day a number of American travelers had taken their seats at breakfast when they were startled by loud shouts in the street. They hastened to the window, and saw a crowd of men in greasy, ragged clothes, rushing along, brandishing machetes.

"What is the trouble?" one of them asked their Colombian host.

"Why," he said, apologetically, "I am afraid it is a revolution."

The travelers began to be excited, but were calmed by the sweet voice of the hostess, addressing her husband in ordinary tones:

"Did I put enough sugar in your coffee, Gabriel?"

Laugh when a friend tells a joke; it is one of the taxes you must pay.

BOY SOMNAMBULIST'S FEAT.

With Arms Incumbered He Climbs a Tall Palm in Hawaii.

A peculiar case of somnambulism occurred lately near Hanalei, on the island of Kauai, Hawaii. William Williams, aged 12 years, disappeared from his home one morning early. When he did not return for breakfast, nor later in the forenoon, his parents became anxious, and search was made for him. After some time a native found him lying in the shadow of a great boulder in a place very difficult of access.

When the native saw him he gave a shout, partly to announce to the other searchers that the boy was found and partly to awaken the boy, who seemed fast asleep. The shout woke the boy suddenly, and seeing the native's black eyes staring at him, as he afterward explained, he thought a wild pig, numbers of which are found in the region was about to attack him.

To escape, the boy climbed a tall coconut tree growing a hundred yards away, and as he did not respond nor come down when called to, the native climbed up after him, but was kept at bay by the boy with a twelve-inch knife. Finally his father came and spoke to him, and then he came down still in a dazed condition, nor did he fully recover consciousness until he had been taken home and put to bed.

He then had but a very dim consciousness of his experience. All the circumstances indicate that he had risen from bed early in the morning put on his working clothes, taken three books which had been presented to him under his arm and a long knife used in cutting ferns, and started for the woods, where he cut a quantity of ferns and carried them to where he was found by the native. When startled by the shout of the latter he still kept his books under his arm and his knife in his hand and climbed the coconut palm to the very top, a distance of forty or fifty feet, a most difficult feat to perform, even to the natives with their hands empty and their arms free.

The boy was never known to walk in his sleep before, but is supposed to have been suffering from nervousness following an attack of dengue fever. The boy had never climbed a coconut palm before.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Wish Congregation Didn't Share

One of the local churches was heavily in debt, and in order that the debt might be cleared it was suggested and agreed that one of the best money raisers in New York State be brought here and by his efforts secure the amount needed to reduce the debt. The pastor came and began his work with the effort which was characteristic of him. When the allotted time had arrived for him to have secured the amount, a discouraging moment faced him when he discovered he needed but \$600 to wipe out the long standing debt. Telling of the discouraging circumstances under which he labored, he concluded by asking if there was in one of the congregation who would donate the amount. After vainly bringing into play every word in his vocabulary one member of the congregation arose and said: "Rather than see you plans defeated, I will give you \$500 of the amount."

Jubilant at his success and wishing to pay a flattering compliment to the donor, the pastor said: "Bless you brother; may your business increase many fold during the coming year."

At that a smile crept over the face of every one present, for the donor was no less than one of the city's well-known undertakers.—Wilkesbarre Leader.

Corn, Corn, Corn.

Were the corn of the seven corn States loaded on wagons, forty bushels to the load, and placed so the heads of the horses would come just to the rear-end-board of the preceding wagon, and it were possible for this line of march to cover the land and sea, an average year's crop from these seven corn growing States would make a complete belt of corn wagons six times around the world.

Place the crop of 1902 in cars holding 500 bushels each, and allow forty feet for car and coupling, and we would have a continuous freight train 38,371 miles long.

After considering these figures one readily believes that, in the list of cereals, corn stands first in point of acreage, yield and value.—Four-Tract News.

Without Provocation.

Gardener (who has given notice to his master)—The fact is, sir, I can't stand the way in which folks in the village talk about I.

Parson—But, my good man, you mustn't mind that; it's a way people have all the world over. Why, now, I dare say they talk about me, too.

Gardener (hastily)—Oh, lor' sir, that they do; but I ain't as bad as that, sir. Collapse of parson.—Spare Moments

Explained

"Jenks seems to be pretty prosperous now. He says his income is out a sight."

"I should think it would be. It lives so far beyond it."—Philadelphia Press.

No one member of a family should be allowed to be unselfish for all the rest of the family. Unselfishness is a beautiful flower which all should try to wear.—Farmer's Voice.

Victorian Sardon and an enterprising group of academicians continue to make researches with view of clearing the mystery surrounding the death of the son of Louis XVI.

J. A. Dawson, who has lived in Morocco for years and has already published some interesting writings on that subject, is presently to bring out volume dealing with the country.

An Easy Way to Do It.

Mineral, Idaho, April 11.—Mr. D. S. Colson of this place has something to say which will be of interest to many men. Mr. Colson claims to have found a simple way to get rid of pains in the back, Sciatica or Rheumatism. He has cured himself and so claims personal experience in proof of his method.

Mr. Colson says: "I had awful pains in my hip. They got so bad at last that I could hardly walk. I tried several things, but got no relief till I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I had taken but a few of these pills till the pain left me entirely."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly did me lots of good, and I consider them a great medicine."

The remedy that cured Mr. Colson is the same that has been making such sensational cures of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy and Rheumatism all over the country. The name of the Medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A Revelation.

If there are doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fail would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the world. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a Black-head or Pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

AN UP-TO-DATE PHYSICIAN

Doctor—"Dyspepsia is what ails you."

Patient—"What do you advise?"

Doctor—"Fee the waiter."

A SURE SIGN

Jimson—"Is Jackson making money?"

Billson—"I guess so. He has begun calling his customers his clientele."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE

Mother—"I don't know what in the world to do with my son. He is a born rover."

Neighbor—"Why not make a Methodist minister of him?"

FULLY OCCUPIED

She—"Papa's chief objection to you is that you have no occupation."

He—"No occupation! Good gracious! Doesn't he know that I am waising a mustache?"

ARMY TRIALS.

An Infantryman's Long Siege. This soldier's tale of food is interesting.

During his term of service in the 17th Infantry in Cuba and Philippines, an Ohio soldier boy contracted a disease of the stomach and bowels which all army doctors who treated him pronounced incurable, but which Grape-Nuts food alone cured:

"In October, 1899, when my enlistment expired, I was discharged from the army at Calauate, Philippines, and returned to the States on the first available steamer that left Manila. When I got home I was a total wreck physically and my doctor put me to bed, saying he considered me the worst broken-down man of my age he ever saw, and after treating me six months he considered my case beyond medical aid.

"During the fall and winter of 1900 and '01 I was admitted to the Barnes Hospital in Washington, D. C., for treatment for chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels, but after five months returned home as bad as ever.

"I continued taking medicine until February, 1902, when reading a newspaper one day I read about Grape-Nuts and was so impressed I sent out for a package right away.

"The result is quickly told, for I have used Grape-Nuts continually ever since with the best results, my health is so I can do a fair day's hard work, stomach and bowels are in good condition, have gained 40 pounds in weight and I feel like a new man altogether.

"I owe my present good health to Grape-Nuts beyond all doubt, for medicinal science was exhausted." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Had he consulted any one of several hundred physicians we know of they would have prescribed Grape-Nuts immediately.

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

**\$500 Given Away**  
Write us or ask an Alabastine dealer for particulars and free sample card of

**Alabastine**  
The Sanitary Wall Coating  
Destroys disease germs and vermin. Never peels or scales. You can apply it—mix with cold water. Beautiful effects in white and delicate tints. Not a disease-breeding, out-of-date hot-water glue preparation. Buy Alabastine in 5 lb. packages, properly labeled, of paint, hardware and drug dealers. "Kills on Decorating," and our Artists' Ideas free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16 ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Nebr., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

The widow's recovery from her grief depends upon the promptness of the life insurance company.

There is hardly enny person but haz twice az much larning and philosophy az he haz common sense.

Beware ov the man who haz a grate sekret to tell yu; he haz told the same thing to a hundred others already, just to have it well cirkulated.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Paupers suffer less than mizers do. The man who don't know where he iz going to git hiz next dinner suffers less than one who iz anxious to know how much it iz a going to kost him.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment

cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

"Let us not be shamed if our lives seem to perform only sing-post duty. A dead-sure sign-post is a thousand times more useful and helpful than an uncertain guide."

Carpets can be colored on the floor with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The man who doesn't look beyond his work to see what it leads to is liable to become sidetracked before he has gone very far down the road to success.—Jed Scarborough.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

Daddy's are a work o'art; natu never made one. If natu ever made a fop, she haz refused to indorn him.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Cough cured me of a terrible cough.—Fred Hermann, 209 Box avenue, Buffalo N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

It is only necessary to boil a corl for five minutes to make it fit any bottle.

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THE ORIGINAL WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING FISH BRAND  
Made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work. On sale everywhere. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name TOWER on the buttons.  
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SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS, TORONTO, CAN.