

A telegraphic instrument that sends 1000 words a minute is a recent mechanical wonder. A human operator transmits about forty words a minute in a rush.

A celebrated sculptor asserts that the human foot is becoming smaller. Several centuries ago the masculine foot was about twelve inches long, while the average man's foot of today is not more than ten and a half inches in length.

In a recent article advertising for alligator hunters Venezuela declares that the animals exist in untold numbers there. The hunting is good sport, the skins are valuable and the oil, which is valuable for medicinal purposes, brings a good price.

The public schools of London are visited by women inspectors who inspect the children and send those home that are not clean. Children who like to play hooky adopted the expedient of smearing themselves with mud before entering the school room in the hope that an inspector would call, but the little game was soon broken up.

Worth Remembering.

There are three entirely different kinds of ingredients used in making the three different varieties of baking powders on the market, viz.:—(1) Mineral-Acid or Alum, (2) Bone-Acid or Phosphate, and (3) Cream of Tartar made from grapes. It is important, from the standpoint of health, to know something about these ingredients, and which kind is used in your baking powder.

(1) *Mineral-Acid*, or Alum, is made from a kind of clay. This is mixed with diluted oil of vitriol and from this solution a product is obtained which is alum. Alum is cheap; costs about two cents a pound, and baking powder made with this Mineral-Acid sells from 10 to 25c a pound.

(2) *Bone-Acid*, or Phosphate, is the basis of phosphate baking powders and the process is fully described in the patents issued to a large manufacturer of a phosphate powder. The U. S. Patent Office Report gives a full and exact description, but the following extract is enough:

"Burned bones, after being ground, are put into freshly diluted oil of vitriol and with continual stirring and in the following proportion," etc.

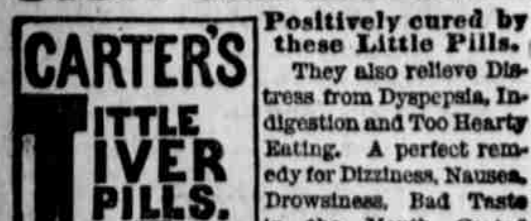
From this Bone-Acid phosphate baking powders are made; such powders sell from 20 to 30 cents a pound.

(3) *Cream of Tartar* exists in all ripe grapes, and flows with the juice from the press in the manufacture of wine. After the wine is drawn off the tartar is scraped from the cask, boiled with water, and crystals of Cream of Tartar, white and very pure, separate and are collected. It differs in no respect from the form in which it originally existed in the grape. Cream of Tartar, then, while the most expensive, is the only ingredient that should be used in a baking powder to act upon the soda, as its wholesomeness is beyond question. Cream of Tartar baking powders sell at about 40 to 50 cents a pound.

Such are the facts, and every one, careful of the health of the family, should remember this rule:—Baking powders selling from 10 to 25 cents a pound are made of Mineral-Acids; those selling from 20 to 30 cents of Bone-Acid; and those from 40 to 50 cents of Cream of Tartar made from grapes.

A deserted baby, three weeks old with a five-thousand franc note pinned to its clothing, was found on a country road near Corbell, France. The two workmen who discovered it saw the occupants of an automobile leave it near the roadside and then ride off. With the bank note was a letter, promising a similar amount each year, provided the child was well cared for.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

OLD Favorites

The Old House at Home,
O, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt;
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page
Which in infancy lisped is the solace of age,
My heart 'mid all changes, where'er I may roam,
Never loses its love for the old house at home.
For 'twas there at the feet of my mother I knelt,
In the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt.

Chorus—
O, the old house at home; O, the old house at home;
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

It was not for its splendor that dwelling was dear;
It was not that the gay and the noble were near,
O'er the porch the wild rose and the ivy entwined,
And the jessamine fragrantly waved in the wind,
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Is the home of my father, the old house at home.
For 'twas there, at the feet of my mother I knelt,
In the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt.

But the old house no more is a dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be,
And I never shall roam in its rooms as a guest—
Never roam through the fields that my father possessed;
But still in my dreams where'er I may roam,
Sweet visions will come of the old house at home.
For 'twas there at the feet of my mother I knelt,
In the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt.

There's the new house for me that is not made with hands;
Tis a mansion in heaven, eternal it stands;
By the river of life where the streets are of gold;
And the gates are of pearl—it can never be sold.
And soon I shall go to the land of the blest,
To meet with mother and the loved ones at rest.
And 'tis there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing—
In that "New House at Home," 'tis the home of a King!

Chorus—
O, the new house at home, O, the new house at home;
My soul now is longing for the new house at home.

TRAMP GOT SILVER DOLLAR.

Story Told by an Indiana Legislator Relating to School Days.

Representative Branch of the Indiana Legislature tells this: While attending as a cadet at the military school Branch was in the habit of taking early strolls through the neighborhoods, and on one of these he says: "I was 'touched' by an old fellow, whose tale of hard luck would have melted a stone.

"But my good fellow," I said, "I haven't a cent with me this morning. I spent my last penny last night and my check from home won't reach me until to-morrow."

"The old man wasn't satisfied. "Look through your pockets," he begged, "maybe you'll find something."

"Well, if I've got any money in these clothes you can have every cent of it," I said to him, and I began turning my pockets inside out just to show him that I was "strapped."

"Well, would you believe it, a silver dollar dropped out of one of my pockets and rolled on the sidewalk.

"Delighted, the old man quickly grabbed it up and said "Thanks."

"He was much bigger than I and I said: "Certainly; I am glad I can help you, but really I didn't know it was there."

"All the way back to school I wondered how the dollar came to be in my trousers."

"And did you ever find out?" asked another legislator.

"Oh, yes; when I got back to my room my roommate told me that I was wearing his pants."—Indianapolis Star.

Red Shamrocks.

The superintendent of a department store in Brooklyn tells the story of a woman who came to the store the other day and admired a large basket of shamrocks which were on sale. She stared at them for a long time, and finally asked the saleswoman what they were.

"Shamrocks," replied the saleswoman.

"They are very pretty," replied the woman, "but haven't you got them in red?"

in propagating his "race suicide" theory the President has given prizes to several fathers and mothers of large families, but if he wants his theory to become a general practice he will have to interest the rich men and women in some other way, for they don't need the money.

It is noticed that the distinguished woman who remarked a few years ago that anyone of her sex should be able to dress on \$300 a year paid about \$900 for a single gown a few weeks ago. Dressing is still largely a matter of income.

In Record Time.

Piney Flats, Tenn., May 29.—(Special.)—Cured in two days of Rheumatism that had made his life a torture for two years, D. S. Hilton of this place naturally wants every other sufferer from rheumatism to know what cured him. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the grandest pill on earth," says Mr. Hilton, "I would not take any sum of money for what they did for me. For two years I had what the doctors called rheumatism. I could hardly walk around in the house. It seemed to be in my back and hip and legs. I tried everything, but nothing helped me till I got Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Two days after I took the first dose all pain left me and it has never come back since. I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. Healthy kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys.

In society's mad rush there are two classes of women, those have nerves and those who merely have nerve.

Skill in the art of murder is supposed to indicate real civilization, according to the estimate of Europeans. When they bought the beautiful embroidery and lacquer work of Japan they said the Japanese were "artistic" but uncivilized. When the Japs killed about 70,000 Russians, the Europeans wondered at the high degree of civilization they manifested.

Fourteen years ago Castienne Garelton died in Oakland, Cal., leaving \$750,000 for the founding of a hospital for incurables. Litigation delayed the work. Now the trustees have received permission to proceed with the execution of the trust. The buildings are to cost \$250,000 and \$500,000 are to be kept as a fund for the maintenance of the hospital.

The most careful chemical analysis have demonstrated that rice possesses more nutriment than wheat, oats or barley. It will sustain life longer than any other starch-producing plant. The Chinese live upon it, endure great fatigue, and work harder than the the people of any other nation.

BOOK OF BOOKS.

Over 30,000,000 Published.

An Oakland lady who has a taste for good literature tells what a happy time she had on "The Road to Wellville."

She says: "I drank coffee freely for eight years before I began to perceive any evil effects from it. Then I noticed that I was becoming very nervous, and that my stomach was gradually losing the power to properly assimilate my food. In time I got so weak that I dreaded to leave the house—for no reason whatever but because of the miserable condition of my nerves and stomach. I attributed the trouble to anything in the world but coffee, of course. I dosed myself with medicines, which in the end would leave me in a worse condition than at first. I was most wretched and discouraged—not 30 years old and feeling that life was a failure!

"I had given up all hope of ever enjoying myself like other people, till one day I read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." It opened my eyes, and taught me a lesson I shall never forget and cannot value too highly. I immediately quit the use of the old kind of coffee and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. I noticed the beginning of an improvement in the whole tone of my system, after only two days' use of the new drink, and in a very short time realized that I could go about like other people without the least return of the nervous dread that formerly gave me so much trouble. In fact, my nervousness disappeared entirely and has never returned, although it is now a year that I have been drinking Postum Food Coffee. And my stomach is now like iron—nothing can upset it!

"Last week, during the big Conclave in San Francisco, I was on the go day and night without the slightest fatigue; and as I stood in the immense crowd watching the great parade that lasted for hours, I thought to myself, 'This strength is what Postum Food Coffee has given me.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

The little book, "The Road to Wellville," may be found in every pkg.

THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

PE-RU-NA CURED.



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

The average man is willing to admit that his wife is his better half but he objects to his mother-in-law being the whole thing.

In the third century, in Greece women were not allowed to wear silk. The husbands of those who violated this law were heavily fined, on the theory that a husband ought to be able to control his wife's taste for finery.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. All Drug Stores and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The man who insists on home made music before and after meal shouldn't kick if the home-made biscuits don't taste exactly right.

MERCILESS ITCHING

Another Speedy Cure of an Itching Humor with Loss of Hair by the Cuticura Remedies.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the soreness inflammation, and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after a few applications the torment subsided, to my great joy. The sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend the Cuticura Remedies. (Signed) Harry J. Spalding, 104 West 104th street, New York City."

It wouldn't seem entirely unnatural if the present order of things was reversed and men should become stenographers and women dictators.

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

Haste makes waste, but taste makes waist too.

Found Gold in Nebraska.

Investors in Nebraska Real Estate will find this true. Now is the time to get in on the ground floor. We have some choice investments. Write us for further information. Schumacher & James, Orleans, Neb.

The library of a really literary man seldom includes a check book.

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

"It takes two to make a quarrel"—but almost any two will do.

"I had Inflammatory Rheumatism, but I am well now, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It's my best friend." Garrett Lansing Troy, N. Y.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a fine violin player.

HOMES IN OLD MISSION STYLE.

A Renaissance of Spanish Architecture in Southern California.

All who visited the World's Fair in St. Louis were impressed with the California section, which at previous expositions has been noticeable for its architecture. It is a type distinctively Californian, and the same idea has been carried out in many of the prominent houses in this State. Whatever may be said of the architecture of this part of the country, says a writer in the Housekeeper, it is not commonplace, as evidenced in the Spanish type copied from the old Spanish missions.

To-day there is a Spanish renaissance which has been carried on with such vigor that the architecture of southern California is undoubtedly the most characteristic of civilized America.

Generally speaking, there are certain characteristics common to all these buildings. There is the tile roof, the low, plastered, buff-colored walls, the arched doorway, an arcade and possibly a beffy with bells in imitation of the old missions.

The new houses, however, though they are reminders of early buildings, are constructed more substantially than the early missions. The modern house, built in mission style, is generally of wood, in rare cases of brick. If the house is of wood, there is an outside protection of iron or lath, which holds the plaster covering. This lath is either rough or smooth, as taste dictates, and left gray or tinted a pale buff that contrasts harmoniously with the palms, vines and flowers.

Many of the best of these mission style houses are built around courts which contain palms, trees, ferns and fountains. Sometimes this court is roofed with glass and when the pillars to the arches of the patio simulate palms tapering to the top, the effect is charming.

In Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside and Santa Barbara the mission house predominates and the overhanging roofs of modern red tiles, with the creamy walls, cast shadows of exquisite softness of color. In particular Orange Grove avenue in Pasadena has many fine houses in this style, placed in green lawns, and they create a pretty picture with the purple hills in the background.

He Was a True Wit.

Some entertaining impromptu witticisms of the English dramatist, Douglas Jerrold, are recalled by "T. P.'s" Weekly.

On one occasion, on being asked to contribute to a subscription fund for "a needy author," he impatiently inquired the sum needed for relief.

"Well," was the response, "I think just four and two naughts will put him straight."

"Put me down for one of the naughts," was the reply.

A lawyer, replying to the toast of his health drunk at a dinner of artists, stammered out that he did not expect the honor as law could hardly be considered one of the arts; whereupon Jerrold interjected one word only—"Black."

"There's one song in—" remarked a musical bore to Jerrold speaking of a popular opera, "which always carries me away."

"Would that I could sing it!" ejaculated Jerrold.

It is related that on another occasion a long-winded friend stopped Jerrold, who was hurrying on urgent business along Regent street, with the question, "Well, Jerrold, my boy, what is going on?"

"I am," retorted Jerrold, shooting by without further response.

A Bit of Japan.

Later that day, at a hamlet which could boast no officials and no societies, yet where our train stopped ten minutes, there stood a typical country schoolmaster, with his female assistant and their twenty elementary pupils. In very broken English he bashfully told me he had been teaching his pupils about benevolence and charity, and how these virtues were exemplified by our coming so great a distance to aid the people of another land. To impress the lesson more deeply on their memories, he said, he had brought them to see and greet us. An incident like this throws a vivid light on the Japanese mind and ideas of education. One of the most remarkable things in the Japanese character is the combination of that fiery heroism in battle, of which all have read, with the gentleness, courtesy and simplicity, almost childlike frankness which was shown to us.—From Anita Newcomb McGree's "The American Nurses in Japan," in the Century.

A Life Preserver.

Tom—I tell you, old man, when Miss Coldcash refused me I was tempted to throw myself out of the window.

Jack—Well, why didn't you? Tom—Too high up. You see, we were in the third story at the time.

Sarcastic Realism.

Green (about to cross the pond)—What do you take for seasickness? Brown—An ocean voyage.

There are a few rising young men in this world, but the majority keep their seats in a crowded car.