

Disease causes almost as many wrinkles as fashion.

Farmers who raise good crops do not have to raise mortgages.

Did it ever occur to you that nearly all fireproof buildings are heavily insured?

As long as the newspapers continue to call the legislators solons, they'll think they are worth more money.

Marie Corelli is pleading hard for the simple life. Let's begin by not reading any more of Marie's writings.

Some men possess so much wisdom that they are unable to lay their hands on a certain brand in time to utilize it.

It is possible for any man to become a millionaire in this country—with the possible exception of yourself.

Why is it that the man whose love letters are published or about to be published or to be read in court is always an old man?

The Mikado appears to be so little disturbed over it that for half a year he would invite the Czar to his annual cherry garden party.

War has lost many of its horrors, but it will not be pleasing as long as Alfred Austin continues to write these awful poems about it.

Trust-busting has found its way into the South. The people of North Carolina propose to pitch in and knock the tar out of the turpentine octopus.

That New York doctor who thinks women are less graceful than men has probably been confining his observations to women who wear French heels.

A girl who has repeatedly declared for several years that she never would marry has just married, probably in order to exercise the womanly privilege of changing her mind.

Mormon apostles are now charged with using church funds for building homes for their plural wives. Even that is a less risky proposition than trying to keep the plural wives under one roof.

A Cambridge professor has discovered that alcohol is a paralyzing agent. How would we ever learn anything if it were not for the scientists? If you don't believe the Cambridge professor, make a few experiments.

Somebody has gone snooping around and discovered that one of the men who loudly protested against the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's money, on the ground that it was tainted, owns a building which is used partly for saloon purposes. How spiteful some people are.

That Kansas City boy who lengthened himself two inches by machinery in order to be eligible for a naval cadetship can do much better than to go into the navy. Let him start an "elongatory," and charge an adequate price for every inch he adds to the stature of undersized but ambitious masculinity.

Senor Manuel de Azpiroz, the Mexican ambassador at Washington, who recently died, was judge advocate of the military court which condemned the Emperor Maximilian to death. Maximilian was a brother of the present Emperor of Austria. The Austrian house never forgave Senor Azpiroz for his part in the trial, and his intercourse with the ambassador of Austria at Washington was restricted to an exchange of the barest official civilities.

It was because Carthage loved money more than it loved country that it was destroyed by Rome, where at that time wealth and personal advantage were but as dross compared with patriotism. And when capital prevailed and had done its perfect work and people came to rate money before all else Rome fell. It was the capitalists that ruined Rome. Their great success in amassing wealth finally corrupted the people and nothing was rated before the money. Then came the empire (which arrested for a time but could not cure the disease), and finally the rotten mass fell an easy prey to the barbarians.

Let not the plodding citizen who goes to his trade or profession every day and to church once on Sunday and takes a walk into the green fields Sunday afternoon, getting enough money to keep himself and his family fairly well fed, housed and clothed and able to keep the children well enough dressed to go to school, go into the "blues" every time he reads about a big opera-

tor making \$1,000,000 or so at a single turn of the market. Beloved brother, not all of these stories are true. Perhaps a large majority of them are fictions. Operating in Wall street causes much loss of sleep and denies a great many men the serenity and contentment of wholesome old age. And then the time is so short.

It has long been said that women are the more like children, but Dr. Havelock Ellis says that men are the more like apes. It may be gathered from this that Dr. Havelock Ellis is a man with views and worthy of close acquaintance. And so he is. He has written a book called "Men and Women," in which he shows that a man is a man down to his thumbs and a woman is a woman down to the tip of her toes. Dr. Ellis leaves little for the vanity of the male to feed upon. The fondly supposed superiority of man over woman is, according to this new statement of facts, a myth. The sexes are so widely different that comparisons, though odious, are irresistible. There is hardly a measurable quality of any sort which is not unlike in the two sexes. Women even button their garments on the other side from that adopted by men, and choose Sunday instead of Monday as their favorite day for making away with themselves. So far as laboratory tests go, Dr. Ellis says that women are unquestionably superior in general tactile sensibility and probably superior in the discrimination of tastes, with no advantage either way in the case of the other senses. Women have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover better from wounds and serious illness, are less changed by old age and live longer. Furthermore, according to the same authority, women have relatively larger brains—especially in the frontal region. The only thing left in which man is superior is muscular strength. And, of course, as long as he has that he will maintain his supremacy and remain complacent in his vanity. Where is the need of argument so long as might is all on one side? Women, in short, are more civilized than men, and civilization itself is but the process of making the world ladylike.

It is possible that society will, sometime, wake up to the advisability and necessity of adding at least two more species of high crime to the list deserving of capital punishment. Society legally slays, more or less scientifically, the man who, premeditatedly and with malice aforethought, murders the most vicious and most useless member of society. It is done on the ground of vengeance, safety, penalty and deterrent to others. But the villain who wrecks a great bank, ruining families, making paupers, spoiling the lives of old and young, robbing honest toilers by the thousand, driving old men to suicide and young girls to shameful lives, deliberately and through months of secret rascality, gets a few years in prison. There is no adequate vengeance, or safety, or penalty or deterrent in this case, wherein the wretch perpetrates murder wholesale. But, before a just God, there can be no difference of culpability between one who murders with a bludgeon and one who murders with a gamble in wheat. So far as society is concerned, the difference is only such as that between the ravages of a mad dog and those of a contagion. Both slay, both are stamped out as soon as possible. Why not hang bank wreckers? The very life of our nation is the law—respect for, observance and impartial enforcement of it. The law must be the will of the majority, under our form of government. Yet how often is that will defeated by bribery and fraud at the elections! Election frauds are attempts upon national existence. Yet we are content to satisfy all considerations of vengeance, safety, penalty and deterrent in national murder by imposing a brief term in prison. It must seem to heathen—like the Chinese, for instance—that the highest crime, under our vaunted form of government must be assassination of the electoral purity. But we treat such murder as a petty offense. Why not hang those guilty of national murder?

Revolt of American Manhood. Some day there is going to be a terrible revolt in this country against the hotted shirt. We are not going to wear boards on our bosoms surmounted by picket fences when the laundryman feels cross and cuts a saw-edge on our collars. American manhood is going to rise in its might some day and carefully drop the starched shirt over into the next lot, where the tin cans are. To-day we haven't the nerve to do it. We are under the domination of social and commercial propriety to such an extent that we do not dare to arise and proclaim our freedom in the name of liberty of person and freedom of conscience. Some day we will wear soft shirts and flowing collars and the man who wears a starched board on his bosom and a sheet-iron ring around his neck will be known for the concealed and artificial ass that he really is.—Minneapolis Journal.

A man takes an interest in something all his life; when he is old, it is patent medicine.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Women Obtain Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Help.

She Has Guided Thousands to Health.—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Fred Seydel.



It is a great satisfaction for a woman to feel that she can write to another telling her the most private and confidential details about her illness, and know that her letter will be seen by a woman only, a woman full of sympathy for her sick sisters, and above all, a woman who has had more experience in treating female ills than any living person. Over one hundred thousand cases of female diseases come before Mrs. Pinkham every year, some personally, others by mail, and this has been going on for twenty years, day after day. Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman of such experience, especially when it is absolutely free. Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of women, and every testimonial letter published is done so with the written consent or request of the writer, in order that other sick women may be benefited as they have been. Mrs. Fred Seydel, of 412 North 54th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Over a year ago I wrote you a letter asking advice, as I had female ills and could not carry a child to maturity. I received your kind letter of instructions and followed your advice. I am not only a well woman in consequence, but have a beautiful baby girl. I wish every suffering woman in the land would write you for advice, as you have done so much for me. Just as surely as Mrs. Seydel was cured, will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman suffering from any form of female ills. No other medicine in all the world has such a record of cures of female troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Therefore no prudent woman will accept any substitute which a druggist may offer. If you are sick, write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helpful.

The hours that even the busy woman gives her children must not be the "fag ends" of the day. One cannot hope to gain a place in their lives unless one gives them the best of oneself. The chief point is never to be "fired" when you are with your children. It is a difficult task, but you will live to regret it in their merciless criticism if you grudge the time you give. And so one should never let anything interfere with certain hours of companionship rides or walks or evening talks. However busy one has to be one can fit these in somehow if one makes up one's mind to do so.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING Humors, Eczemas, Itchings, Inflammations, Eruptions, Scaldings and Chafings Cured by Cuticura. The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

One of the best and simplest shampoos is as follows: Dissolve half a cake of white floating soap in a quart of boiling water. Let it simmer half an hour over a slow fire. Dissolve a tablespoonful of washing soda in a quart of boiling water. Add it to the soap mixture. Stir together and let cool. Use as a shampoo, rinsing four or five times in clear water.

Your Children's Health IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE. A large part of their time is spent in the schoolroom and it becomes the duty of every parent and good citizen to see to it that the schoolrooms are free from disease breeding germs. Decorate the walls with Alabastine. Cleanly, sanitary, durable, artistic, and safeguards health. A Rock Cement in white and delicate tints. Does not rub or scale. Destroys disease germs and vermin. No washing of walls after once applied. Any one can brush it on—mix with cold water. The delicate tints are non-poisonous and are made with special reference to the protection of pupils' eyes. Beware of paper and germ-absorbing and disease-breeding kalsomines bearing fanciful names and mixed with hot water. Buy Alabastine only in five pound packages, properly labeled. Hint card, pretty wall and ceiling design. "Hints on Decorating" and our artists' services in making color plans, free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"How did you make such a rich bag from the man on the back platform?" asked the second-story man. "Why, I engaged him in conversation while I reached for his diamond pin," replied the pickpocket. "You did, eh?" "Yes, I made a Tie Pass." Provoked. "Upon my word," said the surprised barber, "I see this razor has lost its temper." "I don't blame it," growled the man in the chair. "With all your talking, I lost mine long ago."



Guest (in restaurant)—Here, boy! Waiter—Excuse me, sir, but I'm no boy. Guest—Well, you come as near being a boy as this mutton comes to being the spring lamb I ordered. Cause Enough. "Thought you were at the concert to-night?" "Just left." "What made you leave so early?" "The concert."—Cleveland Leader.

From Experience. "The time has come," shouted the agitator, "when the poor tramp will brush elbows with the millionaire." "Right yer are!" shouted Dusty Dennis from a back bench. "In a little Kansas town dey locked me in de same cell wid a millionaire chauffeur."

Migration. "In the spring," said the teacher "the bluebirds and robins come up from the south. Can you name any thing else?" "Hoboes," piped the lad whose parents live in the suburbs.

Detached. "High heels must go!" shouted the woman of prudish ideas. "And lots of them are going," replied the old bachelor. "I found two that got caught in the sidewalk yesterday."

Southern Philosopher. The tourist in the boat found the old planter sitting on the roof of his submerged home placidly puffing his corn cob. "Don't seem worried?" ventured the tourist. "Not at all, stranger," drawled the old man. "You see, I expect to sell this here house through an advertisement in a town paper."

"But gracious, man, the flood has ruined your chances of a quick sale." "Not at all, sah. I can say there is water on every floor."

Not What He Meant to Say.



"This is my Aunt Sarah. Folks say I look like she did at my age." "Yes, but she'll never look like you at your age."—Omaha Bee. Just Suits Him. Some one asked patient Job if he would like to have a job. "There is one that would suit me," smiled the meek and patient Job. "Which is that?" was asked. "Why, complaint clerk in a gas of vice." How He Looked. He—When I met you on the street yesterday I looked full at you, but you passed by without speaking. She—Naturally. I never recognize a man who looks full.

ATAXIA FOUR YEARS

FOLLOWS MALARIA CONTRACTED IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Victim Had Become Helpless When He Tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but Was Cured in Four Months.

Because he did not know that there is a remedy for ataxia, Mr. Ariel endured four years of weakness, pain and the misery of thinking his case incurable. "At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war," he says, "I went with Company E, Eighth Regiment, M. V. M., into camp at Chickamauga, and while there my system became thoroughly poisoned with malaria. When I was mustered out, I carried that disease home with me. After a while locomotor ataxia appeared." "How did the ataxia begin?" "I first noticed a pain in my ankles and knee joints. This was followed by a numb feeling in my legs. At times I had to drag myself around; my legs would shake or become perfectly dead. I had constant trouble in getting about in the dark. I kept a light burning in my room at night as I could not balance myself in the darkness. Even with the aid of a light I wobbled, and would reach out and catch hold of chairs to prevent myself from falling?" "How long were you a sufferer?" "Four years in all. During the last three years I was confined to bed, sometimes for a week, again for three or four weeks at a time. When I was lying down the pain in my back was frequently so severe that I had to be helped up and put in a chair to get a little relief. I had considerable pain in my bowels and no control over my kidneys. The worst of all was that the doctor could give me no hope of recovery." "How were you cured?" "I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured locomotor ataxia and one or two friends spoke to me about them. In the fall of 1903 I began to take them for myself and I had not used more than one box before I found that the pains in my knees and ankles were greatly relieved. Four months afterward I became a perfectly well man, and I am today enjoying the best of health." Mr. Edward H. Ariel lives at No. 49 Powow street, Amesbury, Mass. Every sufferer from locomotor ataxia should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. Any druggist can supply them.

If the eyebrows are thin and ill-formed much can be done to improve them by rubbing pure grease or vaseline on them at night, bathing them carefully in cold water in the morning and then putting on a little petroleum. Never brush nor rub them daily with a small eyebrow brush and you will find an improvement.

On the day of a Chinese marriage uninvited friends and neighbors or even perfect strangers are allowed to come in and see the bride and they may make any remark about her or to her they please. Sometimes things horribly rude and disgusting are said. To try her temper a man will say "Fetch your husband a cup of tea." If she does so all will say, jeeringly, "What an obedient wife you are." If she sulks and does not go as she is told they remark: "That is a pretty vixen with which to begin married life." We cannot congratulate you on that tartar, and other words to a similar effect. When the poor thing is made to stand upon an inverted cup to show how small are her feet.

WANTED TO SLEEP. Curious that a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire. A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him. "You will doubtless understand how the suffering with indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight. "I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me. "Six months have elapsed since I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table. I find that by eating a cup of it after my Sabbath work is done (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me. I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to complete the meal—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.