

A man is seldom as bad as he thinks his wife thinks he is.

Never judge a man's worth by what a woman values him at in a breach-of-promise suit.

Prosperity has ruined more men than adversity—but that kind of ruin is so much more delightful.

In tackling the railroad problem it is a good deal easier to say what shouldn't than what should be.

According to Dr. Hillis the people "spend too much in luxurious eating." Also in luxurious drinking, doctor.

One of Nan Patterson's lawyers says she is fitted only for the stage. Such attacks on the stage are uncalled for.

Lillian Russell might try some of her advice on "How to Keep Husbands" before offering it to the public.

Dowie is talking of issuing bonds. Zion City common and preferred may yet figure in the regular stock market tables.

When a girl has a corn that causes her to limp she always apologizes by saying that she must have twisted her ankle.

The only living ex-President got equally exciting sport by staying at home and writing an article about woman's clubs.

If Mr. Rockefeller's critics get him thoroughly roused, by the great horn spoon he will proceed to give away his wealth in million dollar chunks!

Leading Congregationalists deplore the talk that has been aroused by the question of tainted money. Mr. Rockefeller will agree with them on that point.

Nine out of every ten servant girls in Germany have money in the banks. We might say in passing that the servant girl has the only sure get-rich-quick scheme on earth.

President Elliot of Harvard thinks the long vacation of three or four months should be cut to two weeks and that football ought to be curbed. Why, the man wants to make the college course a serious matter!

Our old friend General Buller has got himself elected a member of a village council in England. Perhaps the general's experience in the Boer war convinced him that his forte lay in the civic rather than the military branch of the public service.

An official of the Egyptian government has been in Philadelphia looking at lightning rods. It seems the climate of the Nile Valley has so changed that lightning threatens the pyramids. The decoration of those ancient piles with lightning rods would certainly give them an odd appearance.

Even as a king may look at a cat, if the cat does not hide under the throne, so may a man look at a more diamond if it is lying round. A newspaper man who saw the great three-thousand-carat diamond found in the Premier mine says that it looks like a piece of washing soda. The description puts the diamond at once within the reach of any housewife.

Peace is an expensive thing to maintain. Thirty-one obsolete British warships, which cost fifteen million dollars to build, were recently sold for less than one-twentieth of that sum, to be broken up into junk. They were seaworthy, and in their time were powerful engines of war, and became obsolete only because progress in marine mechanics has enabled governments to build vessels against which these would be helpless. They have done their work, and the British have the consolation that it would cost less to rebuild their whole navy than to pay the bills for even a little war. So they were worth what they cost.

A slab from a royal palace in Nineveh, on which had been carved an inscription, which covered about half of it, and the rude picture of a king, recently arrived in the port of New York. The collector of customs assessed the slab as "a manufacture of limestone," subject to a duty of fifty per cent ad valorem. The importer insisted that it was a manuscript, and not liable to duty. The board of general appraisers decided that the carving was a manuscript. Another department of the government would be sure to overrule that decision promptly if the importer carried the slab, four by five feet in size, to the New York postoffice and asked to have it sent, say to Babylon, Long Island, at manuscript rates. The postal officials would

deny the request with scornful color.

"If you never do more than you are paid for, you will never get paid for more than you do." A good motto that! It is the motto which the girls of a trade training school in Boston have adopted as the principle which shall guide them in their work. It might well be the motto of every man and woman who toils. And who of us do not? Who is there to whom it does not apply? These young girls who are preparing themselves for a life of the highest social service—that of real usefulness in the work of the world—have hit upon the principle of true success. In fact, they have hit upon the only principle which can assure success that is worthy of the name. It is a safe guide—the only safe guide—for working girls and for working boys; for working men and for working women. It is a motto which may be expanded into a philosophy of life. It stands for honesty, for fidelity and for efficiency. It stands for purpose, for courage and for zeal. It recognizes the value of sincerity, of integrity, of worth. It places manhood and womanhood above everything else. It marks the way of success. The man who gives less than he receives will be left behind in the race of life. It is the fit who survive. The real failures are the men and women who have deceived themselves into thinking that they can succeed without being worthy of success. They give little and expect much. They are doomed to disappointment. They may accumulate money, but their lives are destitute of those achievements which mean success. They may wield power over their fellowmen, but their own souls are dwarfed by their thoughts and their deeds. The success worth struggling for is not to be attained in that way. These Boston girls have found the key which opens the door of true success. It is the key of merit. The servant must be worthy of his hire.

One of the worst evils in American public life is that which, in half-humorous satire, is known as "the Third House," in other words, the "lobby." The lobbyists have become so closely associated with legislative corruption that it is easy to forget their legitimate beginning and the original reasonableness of their existence. But the cloak of respectability with which they still cover themselves was once an honest garment, and in some senses is so still. A legislative body, being merely representative, cannot know all the wishes of all the people; consequently, when some special act is under consideration, it often happens that there are men outside the Legislature who know more of what the effect of the act will be than the members themselves. If these men are interested in the matter it is natural and right that they should present their views to the legislators. If they are not personally interested it is an easy step for them to intercede for those who are; and so a class of professional lobbyists has appeared. Not all attempts to influence the vote of a legislator are dishonest or wrong. On the contrary, it is perfectly just that a street-railway company or a shoe manufacturer or a group of farmers should seek the special legislation which will be for their interests; but the lawmakers must consider not one class alone, but all classes, and it is their duty not to allow their action to be controlled by any argument more potent than an appeal to justice and good sense. Private interests, which originated the lobby, have been its most helpless victims. But the "saw-bagging" policy—the introduction of bills drawn for the special purpose of inducing private interests to give bribes to have them dropped—has received a hard blow at the hands of Governor Folk of Missouri. He simply notified all the interests which had maintained lobbyists at the state-house that if they would keep their men away he would veto every "saw-bagging" measure. They did their part of the bargain and he did his, with the result that Missouri politics has never been cleaner or more effective than during the last winter's session of the Legislature.

Odd Names. Miss Death was brought to the German hospital in Philadelphia, says Fuel, to be operated upon for appendicitis. She was a daughter, she said, of an undertaker.

The name of the surgeon who was chosen to perform the operation was Dye—Dr. Frank Hackett Dye.

When the operation was over Miss Death was placed in charge of two nurses.

Miss Payne is the day nurse. Miss Grone is the night nurse. The patient recovered rapidly and in a short time bade good-by to Dr. Dye, Miss Payne and Miss Grone.—Philadelphia Record.

Why He Nodded. "Did the editor approve of your poem?" "Well, when I read it to him he nodded." "Indeed? And what did he say when you had finished?" "Oh, He was asleep then."—Philadelphia Press.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

The manufacturers of gloves say they make a No. 6 woman's glove larger than they did five years ago. Women have become more athletic and thin hands have grown larger, but they insist on wearing the same number of gloves.

A firm of tailors in the north of England has compared the measurements for clothing made two generations ago with those of today, the results going to show that chest and hip measurements are now three inches on the average more than they were sixty years ago.

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old. Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.



Sidney Justice, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the day time, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

Beautifully Your Walls and Ceilings! Alabastine

A Rock Cement in white and beautiful 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. Other finishes, bearing fanciful names and mixed with either hot or cold water, do not have the cementing property of Alabastine. They are streaked with glue, or other animal matter, which rots, feeding disease germs, rubbing, scaling and spoiling walls, clothing, etc. Such finishes must be washed off every year—expensive, filthy work. Buy Alabastine only in five pound packages, properly labeled. That card, pretty wall and ceiling design, "Hints on Decorating" and our artists' services in making color plans, free.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 125 Water St., N. Y.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Doctor," said the bride of a year, "I wish you would try to persuade my husband to lay aside the cares of business and take a few weeks' rest. I'm sure he is killing himself with over-work."

"Why do you think so?" asked the M. D.

"Because," she explained, "when we were first married he always got home from the office by 5 o'clock, but now he is often detained until after midnight."

Certainly. Katharine—The public is waging war against the milk trust.

Kidder—Yes, and the public will be forced to take water, as usual.—San Francisco Call.

Both Necessary.



The Watchman—What are you looking for?

The Seeker—I just lost two licenses—a dog and a marriage license.

The Watchman—Well, here's the marriage license. I found it in the hall.

The Seeker—It ain't no good with out the dog license. She agreed to marry me providing I also got a license for her dog.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perfectly Safe.

Weary Walker—Say, yer a disgrace ter de profess. I heard yer tellin' dat woman yer'd saw some wood for her if she gey yer a meal.

Ragson Tatters—G'on! Don't yer s'pose I made sure foist dat she didn't have no wood ter saw?—Philadelphia Press.

What Papa Said.

The young wife had just returned from making a duty call. "There," she exclaimed, as she removed a new \$27.98 hat from her head, "a great load has been lifted from my mind."

"I suppose so," rejoined her husband with a large, open-faced sigh, as he glanced at the hat, "and there will be a greater load lifted from mine when I get square with your milliner."

An Early Start.

Brown—I see by the papers that Ardupp has just celebrated his golden wedding.

Green—His golden wedding! Why, he was only married yesterday.

Brown—Yes, but he married an heirless.

As a Result.



"Did you hear that the Ollenbys have separated?"

"No. What was the trouble?"

"He wanted her to move to their country place, and she wouldn't think of leaving town."

"And where are they now?"

"She has gone to her mother out on the farm, and he is living with his parents in town."—Chicago Tribune.

Farely a Question of Speed.

"What is the greater—the general who wins the battle or the general who successfully brings his army through a dangerous retreat?"

"That is a hard question to answer without knowing which war correspondent got the wire first."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

NAMES BEST DOCTOR

MR. BAYSSON PUBLISHES RESULTS OF VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

A Former Pronounced Dyspeptic He Now Rejoices in Perfect Freedom from Miseries of Indigestion.

Thousands of sufferers know that the reason why they are irritable and depressed and nervous and sleepless is because their food does not digest, but how to get rid of the difficulty is the puzzling question.

Good digestion calls for strong digestive organs, and strength comes from a supply of good rich blood. For this reason Mr. Baysson took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of indigestion.

"They have been my best doctor," he says. "I was suffering from dyspepsia. The pains in my stomach after meals were almost unbearable. My sleep was very irregular and my complexion was sallow. As the result of using eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, about the merits of which I learned from friends in France, I have escaped all these troubles, and am able again to take pleasure in eating."

A very simple story, but if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills it might have been a tragic one. When discomfort begins with eating, fills up the intervals between meals with pain, and prevents sleep at night, there certainly cannot be much pleasure in living. A final general breaking down must be merely a question of time.

Mr. Joseph Baysson is a native of Aix-les-Bains, France, but now resides at No. 2439 Larkia street, San Francisco, Cal. He is one of a great number who can testify to the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of obstinate disorders of the stomach.

If you would get rid of nausea, pain or burning in the stomach, vertigo, nervousness, insomnia, or any of the other miseries of a dyspeptic, get rid of the weakness of the digestive organs by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are sold by druggists everywhere.

Proper diet is, of course, a great aid in forwarding recovery once begun, and a little book, "What to Eat and How to Eat," may be obtained by any one who makes a request for it by writing to the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Schenectady, N. Y. This valuable diet book contains an important chapter on the simplest means for the cure of constipation.

Say what you please about false teeth there is this in their favor: You do not have to cut them in the first place or have them pulled in the end.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Few men acquire the habit of throwing the cloak of charity over the faults of others by the practice of hiding their own sins.—Chicago Tribune.

A young man started in the livery business and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself holding a rule by the handle. He was particularly proud of this stroke of business enterprise and asked of his wife: "Is that not a good likeness of me?" "Yes," she replied "it is a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding the handle?"—N. Y. Globe.

CHANGED HUSBAND.

Wife Made Wise Change in Food. Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says: "My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results."

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning, his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured."

"My friend, Mrs. _____, of Vicksburg (my former home) had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it."

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was 2 months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is 2 years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape Nuts would do her."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.