

Milliner made men do not add to the might of the church militant. Every cry of need is God's open door to some garden of paradise. Married people would be happier if they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

The pay of a New York policeman depends upon his term of service. For the first year a patrolman receives \$300; for the second, \$300; third, \$1,000; fourth, at the rate of \$1,150 per annum for the first six months; for the second six months of the fourth year, at the rate of \$1,250; and the end of five years he receives \$1,400 per annum.



A Berlin electrician has the smallest automobile in existence. It weighs only one-quarter of a ounce. Is worn as a scarf pin, and is kept running while being worn. A pocket battery supplies the current.

Three things to admire—power, gracefulness and dignity. Many men try to find the deserving poor by looking in a mirror.

He who does not fear the judge within must face the judge without. It is as bad to be too previous as too slow. It is sometimes better to let a plum get just a little over-ripe than to pick it too green.

The most effective explosive is that used by the Japanese in the recent war. It is called shimose, after its inventor, Doctor Gan Shimose, an educated chemist. He was born in 1858, in very humble circumstances in the province of Hiroshima. At that time railways and steamships were practically unknown in the island empire. Very early Shimose determined to win an education, make his way to Tokio borrowed books to study, and, though often on the verge of starvation, was graduated from the Imperial University with the highest honors. His first invention was a curious ink, now used in Japan for bank-notes. The secret of this composition is absolute, and counterfeits are instantly detected. Recognizing that the power in use in Japan was unsatisfactory, Doctor Shimose turned his attention to the completion of a new powder, and spent eleven years in perfecting it, often working entire days and nights in his laboratory. The ingredients of this explosive are a carefully guarded secret.

**A NECESSARY EVIL.**

**Experience of a Minister Who Tried to Think that of Coffee.**

"A descendant of the Danes, a nation of coffee drinkers, I used coffee freely till I was 20 years old," writes a clergyman from Iowa. "At that time I was a student at a Biblical Institute and suddenly became aware of the fact that my nerves had become demoralized, my brain dull and sluggish and that insomnia was fastening its hold upon me.

"I was loath to believe that these things came from the coffee I was drinking, but at last was forced to that conclusion, and quit it.

"I was so accustomed to a hot table beverage and felt the need of it so much, that after abstaining from coffee for a time and recovering my health, I went back to it. I did this several times, but always with disastrous results. I had about made up my mind that coffee was a necessary evil.

"About this time a friend told me that I would find Postum Food Coffee very fine and in many respects away ahead of coffee. So I bought some and making it very carefully according to the directions, we were delighted to find that he had not exaggerated in the least. From that day to this we have liked it better than the old kind of coffee or anything else in the way of a table drink.

"Its use gave me, in a very short time, an increase in strength, clearness of brain and steadiness of nerves; and sleep, restful and restoring, came back to me.

"I am thankful that we heard of Postum, and shall be glad to testify at any time to the good it has done me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in pags.

**SOLDIERS AT HOME.**

**THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.**

**How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.**

It was the first Christmas after the war. Appomattox had not been forgotten, and desolation still hung over the South like a great black shadow. The plenty of the past, the poverty of the present, the dark certainty of the future, haunted memories, and heartaches and tears were in the place of joyous feeling and glad smiles. The terrors of yesterday, the suffering of the to-day, and the forebodings of the morrow would form no background for a Christmas like those of the use-to-be.

The James flowed on to the sea, washing its muddy waters against the ice-bordered banks. A light snow on the hard, unyielding earth only added to the gloom. The wind moaned through the winter-swept pines. Fences strewed the dirt roads still marked by the heavy ruts of artillery. Here and there was the charred and blackened wreck of some bones of some faithful horse whose rider lay, perhaps, beneath an unmarked mound in the little burying ground about the shell-battered church, the spire of which just rose above the hills in the distance. What a picture of despair! And it was Christmas morning—Christmas morning! And the great world was echoing with the angelic melody, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With unbending figure he stood leaning against one of the heavy pillars that supported the portico to one of the historic mansions. A black slouch hat was pulled down over the long gray hair. The suit he wore was only part civilian. The coat was gray and tightly buttoned about the waist—the one relic, besides the sash, of the gallant cavalry that was no more. Was he thinking of the last Christmas in camp, of a forage before sunrise, a roasted pig held over the logs with bayonets, an interrupted feast, and a charge on Christmas evening that had written the names of heroes on the page of history? Was it that?

Across the field the smoke floated upward from the mud-smear'd chimneys of a hut—several huts. It was where the negroes lived. Two tottering old men, two boys, big enough to work in the field, and one old woman—that was all. The rest had gone. One of the boys was bringing the horse from water. As it followed its ragged groom along the road it made a strange contrast with the surroundings; for, fat and sleek, it seemed as if there must be plenty everywhere—yet the barn, like everything else, was almost depleted. How closely he had watched the animal! From the call to arms until the bugle sounded for the final taps it had been his constant companion. And then, after all was over, they had come back through Richmond and then to the old home. He smiled when he remembered how he and the boy had hooked up the old charger and a solitary mule to a plow and worked until the faithful mule had died. There was not enough in the field or the stable for two.

The old men and the boys had joined each other and were coming across to the house. In the kitchen "Auntie" was making corn bread and frying bacon. Christmas morning in a mansion on the James and corn bread and bacon for breakfast! In the dining room she—she who had borne so much—was setting the plates (two plates). How she thought of the faces that had gathered three years ago, some that were no more! She finished, and, going up stairs, brought down a gingham apron. She made it herself—made it over from an old one she had worn. With eyes full of tears she handed it to the dear old "Auntie" and whispered "Merry Christmas." She could say no more. Memory was bringing up visions of the old days. The Christmas days in servants' quarters—an apron for each woman, a dress for each child, with a coin in each pocket. But those days were gone and the slaves had vanished.

The four colored men had stopped in the road and were talking. He came in from the porch and said a word to her, and they sat down by the window. He gazed over the river, and she laid her head on his arm and cried softly to herself. Both were looking into the past, and both saw the same pictures. It was Christmas morning on the plantation. The house was full of young people. In the parlor a log fire crackled on the hearth, and there were laughter and shouts of merriment. And such a breakfast! What stores were brought from the smokehouse, how proud were all the negro women as they bore them along the board walk that led from the great old-fashioned kitchen to the dining

room in the mansion! Then after the breakfast all had gathered on the front porch. On the steps were all the negro men. How they bowed and scraped as "Marse" Arthur came out of the door with "Missus" on his arm! Then came the black boys with great waiters of hot coffee. How the eyes of the men grew big as the cups were handed to them! How each drank it down until a coin at the bottom of the cup struck against his teeth! And then a "Thanks, Marse Arthur; Gawd bless yo' an' Missus." And then they would go off for a holiday. He looked at her and sighed.

"Oh, Arthur!" she said. He stroked her head and then arose and walked to the cupboard. He took down a coffee jar and held it to the window. It was scarcely half filled. Then, turning, he called: "Fannie!" "Auntie" came tottering in. "Yes, sah," she said, with a low bow.

"Make four cups of coffee and bring them to me on a wafter," he said. She took the jar and went to the kitchen. From the window the woman arose and threw her arms about his neck, and they stood by the mantel silent.

Presently Fannie came in the door with the waiter and the cups filled with hot coffee. He pulled from his trousers pocket a purse, and, stretching it open, four coins fell to the table. He picked them up and threw the old pocketbook into the fireplace. Then he dropped a coin in each cup and motioned for Fannie to follow him.

Just as she had done years before the war, "Missus" took his arm, and they walked through the broad hall to the porch, followed by "Auntie," who proudly carried the waiter above her head. The men were on the steps. They pulled off their hats and bowed low to the ground.

"Good mawnin', boys," he said, and there was no quiver in his voice. She still held his arm. "I want you all to have a holiday to-day and remember that it's Christmas."

And then Fannie passed down the steps with the waiter and handed around the hot coffee. The men dropped their hats on the ground and drank, and then broad smiles came over the black faces as the coins struck their teeth.

"Gawd bless yo', Marse Arthur and Missus!" came a chorus, and then they turned to go—all except the oldest.

"I can't tuk it dis time, Marse Arthur," he said.

He, standing on the porch, waved his hand, and the oldest of the faithful walked away grumbling to himself. Fannie had gone back to the kitchen. They were in the doorway alone. She looked up at him and he kissed her, and then she turned. It was too much to bear. He took her in his arms and kissed her again and then she went. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and, looking into the hall, cried out:

"Guess I'll go over to the stable and feed 'Bob'."

**Two Little War Stories.**

"Here is a story worth the telling," said the Captain. "The men of General Sickle's old division will remember Joseph Hopkins Twichell, who came from Andover Theological Seminary in 1861 to serve as chaplain in the army. General Sickle became very much attached to Chaplain Twichell, and once, when he inquired for Joe and was told that he was feeling blue because there were no converts in the division, while in another division seventeen men had been converted and baptized, said: 'H—! Is that all? Detail forty men at once for baptism. I won't let Joe be left behind.'

"That is not the story in my mind, however. A Connecticut friend reminds me of Twichell as he was in 1864, a soldier and a comforter of soldiers. A Colonel commanding one of Sickle's regiments had been killed while he was swearing at his men, holding them to the line against the charge of the enemy. The question in Sickle's mind was how Joe, an Andover man, would treat a case in which a brave officer not a professing Christian had died with an oath upon his lips. The same question troubled a good many others when the whole division had been formed for the funeral and the young chaplain had taken his place by the flag-draped coffin.

"It was an impressive scene when Chaplain Twichell said in his clear voice: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' The argument was that as the Colonel had laid his life on the altar of his country's need and had literally lost his life in serving his friends and comrades in his own command, they could say truly of him, 'He that loatheth his life shall find it.' Not many men present will ever forget the scene or the look on General Sickle's face as he regarded with new pride and affection his Chaplain Joe. No wonder all Hartford, in later years, loved the Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, for forty years pastor of Asylum Hill Congregational Church."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**'Backache, "The Blues"'**

**Both Symptoms of Organic Derangement in Women—Thousands of Sufferers Find Relief.**



How often do we hear women say: "It seems as though my back would break," or "Don't speak to me, I am all out of sorts"? These significant remarks prove that the system requires attention.

Backache and "the blues" are direct symptoms of an inward trouble which will sooner or later declare itself. It may be caused by diseased kidneys or some derangement of the organs. Nature requires assistance and at once, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the best judges agree that it is the most universally successful remedy for woman's ills known to medicine.

Read the convincing testimonials of Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Cotrely.

Mrs. J. C. Holmes, of Larimore, North Dakota, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I have suffered everything with backache and female trouble—I let the trouble run on until my system was in such a condition that I was unable to be out, and then it was I commenced to use Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If I had only known how much suffering I would have saved I should have taken it months sooner—for a few weeks' treatment made me well and strong. My backaches and headaches are all gone and I suffer no pain at my monthly periods, whereas before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered intense pain."

Mrs. Emma Cotrely, 109 East 12th Street, New York City, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women of the relief I have found in Lydia E. Pink-

ham's Vegetable Compound. When I commenced taking the Compound I suffered everything with backaches, headaches, and female troubles. I am completely cured and enjoy the best of health, and I owe it all to you."

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacements or ulceration, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the female organs, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. No other medicine in the world has received this widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse to buy any substitute.

**FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN.**

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice and medicine have restored to health innumerable women. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Levi P. Morton, former Vice-President of the United States, believes that an honest debt is never outlawed. Several years ago he failed, owing hundreds of thousands of dollars. These debts became outlawed by the expiration of time; but Mr. Morton paid every cent of indebtedness, with interest. He has just given to Rhinecliff, N. Y., near which his country residence is situated, an industrial home and reading room to cost fifty thousand dollars.

**DAZED WITH PAIN.**

**The Sufferings of a Citizen of Olympia, Wash.**

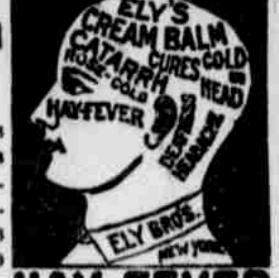
L. S. Gorham, of 516 East 4th street, Olympia, Wash., says: "Six years ago I got wet and took cold, and was soon flat in bed, suffering tortures with my back. Every movement caused an agonizing pain, and the persistence of it exhausted me, so that for a time I was dazed and stupid. On the advice of a friend I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed a change for the better. The kidney secretions had been disordered and irregular, and contained a heavy sediment, but in a week's time the urine was clear and natural again and the passages regular. Gradually the aching and soreness left my back and then the lameness. I used six boxes to make sure of a cure, and the trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



**A Positive CATARRH CURE**

**Ely's Cream Balm** is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.



It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-gists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Ants in Uganda, Africa, devour the covers of books. To prevent this destruction, nearly all the Bibles sent there are first bound in tin.

**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** 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.

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