

Ain't It the Truth?

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddles, "who are the city authorities?"

"The city authorities, my son," replied Toddles, Sr., "are officials who claim to have no authority when the dear public wants something done."

Unsympathetic.

Elvira—I understand Miss Neurich has disgraced her family by eloping with their coachman.

Mildred—Well, it serves them right. They should have employed a chauffeur.

Turning It to Account.

Scribbles—Would you—er—mind repeating your refusal of my offer of marriage?

Miss Chillem—Certainly not. But why?

Scribbles—Oh, I want to take it down in shorthand for use in my next novel.

Should Be Electrocutted.

"What do you think of that painting?" asked Mrs. Neurich, pointing to a recent art purchase.

"I think," rejoined the critical friend, "that hanging is too good for it."

Explained.

Juggsy (2 a. m.)—I shay, offisher, is this (hie) Blank street?

Policeman—Yes.

Juggsy—Wish you'd (hie) direct me to 411. Goin' t' (hie) tend lecture there.

Policeman—What! Attend a lecture at this hour of the morning?

Juggsy—Yesh; thush's where I (hie) live, an' I'm married. Shee?

Willing to Leave.

Mrs. Wabash—And did you lose your husband since you came to Chicago?

Mrs. Weeds—No; poor John died shile we were in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Wabash—Was he reconciled to go?

Mrs. Weeds—Of course he was. Didn't I just tell you we were in Cincinnati at the time?—Chicago News.

Modest.

Mr. Bragg—Miss Gushington? No! She's not for me. She told me the other day that her husband must be handsome rather than wealthy.

Miss Aseum—Well, you're not wealthy, but then—

Mr. Bragg—That's just it. She literally threw herself at my head, and I didn't like that sort of thing.—Catholic Standard.

The Idea!



Lady (stanch teetotaler)—Oh, please, would you mind fetching my little dog Fido out of that saloon?

Obliging Hostler—Why, certainly. Which saloon was you in?

Able to Eat.

"Are you still a vegetarian?"

"Nope. Got a better job. Can afford to buy meat now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Accounted For.

"It's strange," said the piano teacher; "that you can't learn to run the scales correctly."

"That is probably one of the traits I inherited from father," replied the young lady pupil. "He made his money in the grocery business, you know."

Concerning a Good Man.

"You can't keep a good man down," quoted the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "A good man is like a wet sheet in a wash tub—you no sooner push him down in one place than he bulges up in another."

Nothing to Lose.

Motorist's Friend—Oh, I say! Goodness gracious! we'll be smashed up in a minute!

Motorist—All right, my dear fellow, don't excite yourself. The firm I bought this motor from have agreed to keep it in repair for a year.—Tit-Bits.

Compared.

"I hope my vocal lessons do not disturb you, Mr. Singleton," said the young lady boarder.

"Oh, no," replied the old bachelor. "Your vocal practice isn't any more annoying than the practice of the alleged gaitless dentist next door."

WOMEN'S NEGLECT SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost Is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, or other female weakness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald of Woodbridge, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "Restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling about it for the sake of other suffering women."

"For a long time I suffered untold agony with a female trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is."

For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Every dog in France is taxed, and every dog is registered.

Blue eyes are rarely seen in people of the colored races. Their eyes are nearly always black, dark brown or brownish yellow.

A Kansas City iceman started with \$600 capital and in 12 months made \$45,000.

Clubs and sick friends who need sitting up with, are two strenuous problems of evil that must be settled by the women themselves. They must never expect help from the husbands who enjoy these liberties. Many a man will go to Heaven on a ticket which reads: "Mrs. John — and husband."

Tea adulteration has been advanced to a science by Chinamen. They scatter iron filings over the leaves while they are green and as the leaves curl up and dry they conceal the filling from sight.

The Bible does not state that "money is the root of all evil." In I Timothy, vi., 10, you may read: "For the love of money is the root of all evil." This plainly declares that it is the love of money from which the evil comes, not the money itself.

Persons predisposed toward erysipelas should avoid wines, strong tea and coffee, and highly spiced or seasoned foods. The more laxative and cooling the diet, the better.

WELL PEOPLE, TOO.

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee. I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results."

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice."

"In convalescence from pneumonia typhoid fever and other cases, I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

GOOD Short Stories

A Southern woman says that her colored woman surprised her one day with the announcement that she was soon to be married again. The servant explained that she had attended a funeral six weeks before and that she was to wed "the husband of the corpse." She added that the bereaved widower had noticed her at the funeral. "He said I was the life of the occasion."

Some years ago a faithful son of Indiana was enabled, by reason of an inheritance, to make a trip abroad. Upon his return the Evansville people were anxious to have his impressions of "furrin parts," a wish with which the traveler obligingly complied. "Tell us all about Paris," some one finally suggested. "Paris," observed the Evansville man, gravely, "is certainly a wonderful place, gents—all things considered, a wonderful place. But," he added, thoughtfully, "Evansville for pleasure."

A well-known Boston writer tells, with glee, of a neat sally on the part of his nine-year-old son, who is a pupil at a private school at the Hub. Apropos of something or other, the teacher had quoted the line, "In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as 'fail.'" At this point the lad mentioned arose and politely made known his desire to offer an observation with reference to the maxim. "It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that if such be the case, it might be advisable to bring the omission to the attention of the publishers of the lexicon."

At midnight in Chicago once an Irish policeman overhauled a sleep-walker who was promenadeing a principal thoroughfare clad only in his night robes. When the officer had awakened the unfortunate man, placed him under arrest, and was hustling him off to the station, the sleep-walker exclaimed with indignation: "Surely you are not going to lock me up?" "Surest thing you know!" airily responded the bluecoat. "Why, man, I can't be held responsible for the predicament you find me in! I am a somnambulist!" "Sure, it makes no difference what church ye belong to," sharply returned the officer; "ye can't parade the streets of Chicago in your nighty!"

There was a man whose wife had an Aberdeen terrier of extreme ferocity. It bit the man a number of times. He expressed great hatred for it. Finally the terrier bit a large piece out of the calf of the man's leg, and the next day it disappeared. The man advertised widely for the dog's return. He offered a reward of \$200 for it. His friends were amazed. "I thought," said a friend to him, "that you hated that dog?" "I do," the man admitted. "Why, then, do you offer such a large reward for its return?" "To please my wife." "But you're foolish," said the other. "Such a large reward will be sure to bring it back." "No, no," said the man, with a smile. "You see, it's dead."

IRON AGE GETTING OLD.

Over Three Billion Tons of Ore Now Used Sapping the Supply.

It is estimated that the iron ore used to date in the world's industries aggregates 3,300,000,000 tons, and that the consumption of raw iron has multiplied twenty-five times since the first ore was extracted and utilized, says the New York Tribune. In 1800 the world consumed 2,000,000 while at the end of the nineteenth century the figures were 50,000,000 tons. President Hattfield of the Iron and Steel Institute of England said, in May, 1905, that the demands of the century in cast iron, taking as a basis the production of the last thirty years, would amount to about 54,000,000,000 tons of ore. If this estimate is accepted, the stock of iron in the earth would be exhausted before the beginning of the twenty-first century.

In view of this fact many predictions have been made regarding the commodity which will take the place of iron when the supply is exhausted. When this happens recourse must be had to ores containing only a small part of iron, with the obvious result that iron would no longer be an article of ordinary use. One scientist has declared that the age of iron will be superseded by the use of aluminum. Another says that the world will still have access to 10,000,000,000 tons of iron ore, of which Germany will supply 2,200,000,000; Spain 500,000,000; Sweden, 1,000,000,000; the United States, 1,100,000,000, and England 1,000,000,000.

These predictions, however, would be nullified by the discovery of new fields and an improved method of extraction. Prof. A. E. Toernbohm, president of the Geological bureau of Sweden, in a report to the Swedish parliament says that it may be predicted with certainty that the iron layers in North America, Germany and England will be exhausted in one or two centuries, the richest

layers even sooner. The chief sufferer will be England, for the coal fields of Durham and Northumberland will have ceased to exist in from 250 to 300 years.

The coal supply in the United States and Germany will last longer, and it has been established that the iron ore usually follows the coal. Beyond the countries now sharing in the iron industry the awakening of China, with its rich ore and coal beds, will have an extensive influence. However, should the inventive genius accomplish the extraction of iron from the ore without the consumption of much coal, conditions will be materially changed. Some specialists draw attention to the coal fields in Russia, Algeria, China, Cuba, etc. Discoveries recently made at Auerbach show a considerable layer of iron ore which is said to extend more than a mile in length and is fifteen yards wide and twenty yards deep. This is said to be the most important deposit so far discovered in Germany.

A ROYAL SLEEPER.

King Edward VII., if there is any truth in a story which the New York Tribune repeats, should move to San Francisco. It seems a pity to waste a mind so far above earthly uncertainties in a steady-going country like old England. The story has to do with his experience in an earthquake at the time when he was still Prince of Wales.

About fifteen years ago there was quite a severe earthquake along the French and Italian Riviera, which bowled over a number of badly constructed buildings and created a good deal of alarm. Every room in the hotel where the prince was staying groaned and creaked and rattled. All the dogs howled, and the steps of hurrying guests were heard down the corridors.

At the first suggestion of danger the equerry of the prince, Sir Stanley Clarke, bounded out of bed and knocked at the prince's door.

"What's the matter?" asked a drowsy voice.

"There's an earthquake! Come, sir!"

"Then why don't you send it away?" was the royal answer.

"Won't you come outside, sir?"

"Outside? Certainly not, I'm in bed. Go away."

The equerry followed the crowd into the open air. After an hour of alarm died away, and every one was returning to the hotel when another shock occurred. Again the equerry's thoughts flew to the sleeping prince. The heir to the throne of Great Britain was in his special charge. He returned to the hotel and once more knocked on Edward's door. No answer. Again he knocked. Still no response. A third time, loud enough to rouse the seven sleepers. Still no sound from within.

Something was wrong. Had the prince perished? The equerry flung the door open and dashed into the ante-room. The curtains of the bedchamber were drawn close. With frenzied hand he seized them and drew them apart. As he did so something, he knew not what, struck him full in the face. In a momentary faintness he leaned against the door. The next moment a voice fell on his ear, grave and reproachful:

"Look here, Clarke, I won't have any more of this, and if you don't shut up making that beastly row and let me go to sleep, I'll shly the other boot at you."

Not in Mourning.

A New York man was talking about Opie Read, the brilliant author and journalist.

"Read, you know," he said, "founded the Arkansas Traveler. He edited that excellent paper for ten years or more, and made a great success of it."

"They say that in the spring of 1885 a reporter for the Traveler died. He was a fine young chap. A visitor to the office, the day after the funeral, found the editor and his staff talking about his loss disconsolately."

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said. "A sad loss indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

"Opie Read frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be darned," said Reed. "That isn't crape. It's the office towel."—Exchange.

Selecting a Good Motto.

"Now," said the prison visitor, "don't you think it would be helpful to you to take some good motto and try to live up to it?"

"Maybe," replied the convict; "now I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

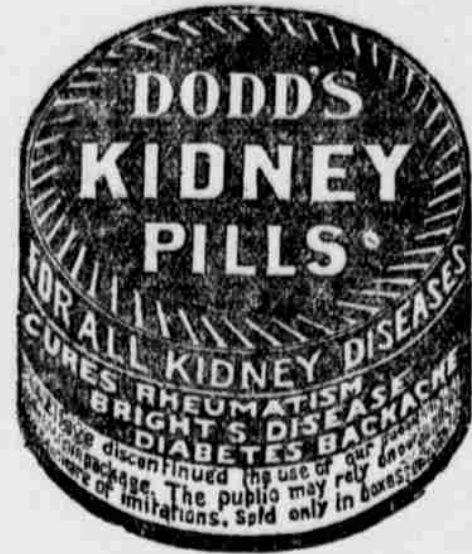
A Melancholy Impression.

"Why did you give up that new brand of prepared food?"

"I got to liking it," answered the habitual invalid. "My physician has about convinced me that anything I enjoy eating is necessarily injurious to me."—Washington Star.

The highest railroad in the world is in Peru. It is the Oroya line, which runs from Callao, on the coast, across the Maritime and Central Cordilleras of the Andes to Oroya, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles. The road starts at sea level and rises some five thousand feet in the first forty-six miles of the ascent. The Galera Tunnel penetrates a mountain at the highest point reached by any railroad, fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-five feet, or nearly three miles, above sea level.

Try changing the shoes worn in the morning for another pair in the afternoon; it will rest the feet wonderfully.



If the head is uncomfortably hot try deep breathing exercises to afford relief. Headaches may sometimes be relieved by it also.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, 16 Roy, N. Y.

About fifty years ago it was difficult to obtain a cup of tea in either Germany or France. Nowadays five o'clock tea is an established institution in both of these countries and the refreshing beverage can be obtained at all restaurants.

The young lady who has the nicest figure in Europe is Bertha Krupp, the heiress of the big gun man. Her figure is about one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Home made blackberry brandy prepared in this way will give satisfaction: Stew the blackberries until they are soft, then strain through a flannel bag. To each quart of juice allow a pound of sugar. Boil for a few minutes, and skim carefully. When cold mix with brandy in the proportion of one quart to four of juice. Spices may be added, if liked. When the blackberry brandy is about to be used, a little more clear brandy may be mixed with it.

A bucket shop is the name applied to a place where stocks and other securities, as well as grain and various agricultural products, are bought and sold, without any intention on the part of the buyer or seller to receive or deliver them. The patrons of the bucket shop in reality merely bet on the rise or fall of the market, and the current prices of the legitimate. Stock or Produce Exchange are recognized as the basis of their transactions.

A NERVOUS WRECK

Mrs. Green Gained 25 Pounds and Recovered Her Health by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

General debility is a term that covers a multitude of cases where there is no acute disease, yet the patient continues to lose strength and the doctor's medicines have no apparent effect. This is the decline that leads to death if means are not found to check it. In a great majority of cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will check it and restore health and strength because they actually make new blood and so send renewed vitality to every organ and tissue of the body.

Mrs. S. A. Green, whose address is Box 29, R. F. D. No. 4, Franklin, Ga., says: "For three and a half years I suffered with weakness and nervousness, complicated with stomach trouble. At times I was confined to my bed for periods ranging from three weeks to two months and was under the physician's care most of the time for three years. I do not know the cause of my trouble but I was prostrated with weakness and, although I took a great deal of medicine, nothing seemed to give me strength. At times my stomach hurt me something fearful and my head often troubled me. I was sleepless and what sleep I did get did not refresh me."

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I weighed but 104 pounds. I knew I was so bad that a few doses would not cure me and I gave patience. Soon the pills began to have an effect. My blood got in better condition, I could sleep well at night and help some with the housework. Now I weigh 130 pounds and think nothing of walking half a mile. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me and the neighbors all know this statement is true."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.