

**NOT THE THROB OF LOVE.**

Dear One's Reminiscence Seemed Somehow to Lack Romance.

They sat on the sofa. They had just come to a mutual understanding, and he had measured her finger for the engagement ring, and they were in the first throes of tender reminiscence.

"You do not remember," he said, in a trembling voice, "you do not remember when you first saw me?"

"Yes, I do."  
"Did any thrill or throb tell your heart this happy moment would come? No; that could not be expected."

"Yes, something did seem to whisper that we might become man and wife."

"My darling." And he kissed her fondly.

"Yes; I remember I saw you from the window leaving the house, and I thought you were bandy-legged, and I thought how awful it would be to marry a bandy-legged man, but it was only the glass in the window that was uneven and made you look so."

**ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.**

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. A. G. Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

**LOVE'S SACRIFICE.**



"Wat's de matter, Reginald, have youse sworn off smokin'?"  
"Yes. You see, I'm engaged now, and my fiancée objects to a disagreeable breath."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

**Appearances.**

Little Margaret and her mother, while out walking, approached a particularly filthy and bearded organ-grinder with his monkey, and her mother gave her a penny to bestow on the unfortunate animal.

She hesitated a moment before presenting her alms, then gravely asked: "Shall I give it to the monkey or to his father?"—Lippincott's.

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA** a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the **Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.** In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**The Family Skeleton.**

Visitor—By George! But you've added a great many beautiful volumes to your library since I was here last. Must cost something, old man?  
Mr. Meeker—On the level, Bill, I'm on the verge of bankruptcy buying souvenir post card albums and book-case sections to hold them.—Puck.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

**Ponderous.**

"Do that orator's opinions carry any weight?" asked one statesman.  
"They ought to," answered the other. "They are heavy enough."

It is vain to be always looking towards the future and never acting toward it.—Boyes.

**JOHNNY WEEKES' LOVE AFFAIRS**

The Triumph of a Tactless Woman

(Copyright, Ford Pub. Co.)

"I often think," sighed Mrs. Berkeley Dexter, "how perfectly good I could be if there were no other women in the world." She leaned back in her chair and gazed thoughtfully into space.

I had my doubts as to the efficacy of solitude, and I expressed them. "If I remember rightly," I added, "there was only one woman in the Garden of Eden, and even she, poor, dear lady—"

Mrs. Dexter interrupted with characteristic disregard for any one's feelings but her own. "Don't be silly," she said, pleasantly. "I was really thinking of Lady Passay. She's such a dreadfully interfering old thing."

"Old?" Her ladyship's coiffure ever defied inspection, and my curiosity had always been almost feminine. "I wonder. Her figure is youthful, and her cheek is childlike, still, one never knows. And, after all, youth is merely comparative."

"Do you know Johnny Weeks?" Mrs. Dexter demanded, suddenly.

"Hardly," I ventured to interpose.

Mrs. Dexter was uncompromising in her candor as to the sum of her friend's years. "He is 42," she declared, impassively; "but I was the youngest of a very large family. Johnny was an affectionate soul, and made love to us all in turn, as we grew big enough; it was his way, and we expected it. But he was engaged to my sisters—to one of them—at least."

I sighed—I believe from envy. "To love one of you," I observed, "is a liberal education—to love the whole family—"

I paused—lost in my pursuit of adequate expression.

Mrs. Dexter said: "Yes, of course," in an absent sort of way.

"He is to be congratulated on his enterprise," I went on. "Did he—did he—so to speak, pursue the same tactics with you all, or did he allow for

know what people are when they get to her age?"

"Which is—?"

"So I determined to use my own discretion, and had the two—Johnny and his young woman—up to dinner. But, oh! my dear!"

Mrs. Dexter came to a sudden and horrified stop. I forgave the obscurity of her remark for the sake of the "my dear," and tried for a moment to pretend that the designation was rightfully bestowed. Fatuously I considered it, and believed myself to be in the seventh heaven. Mrs. Dexter's next words recalled me.

"—With neither looks, nor manners, nor style," she was saying—"perfectly shocking. After that I gave my whole mind to the business—there was no defying me—and in a week," she concluded, with a smile that would have been triumphant if it had not been so severely superior, "in a week the engagement was off—finished—done with."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I demanded, with some show of indignation.

"I told Lady Passay he wouldn't be amenable to bullying," was the only response, "but she hasn't any tact. The other way was far the best, and much more interesting."

I began to feel sorry for the disengaged girl, and said so. "Tact," I added, "is a very good word, but it's apt to be misplaced. And why did Lady Passay interfere? Was Johnny a friend of her childhood as well?"

Mrs. Berkeley Dexter did not respond directly. "It's not as if he cared two pins for the girl," she argued, "nor she for him. She tricked him into the engagement, and thought it would be a good match. Absurd!"

"On your own showing," I pursued, "the entire matter was most discredit-able, not to say improper!"

Mrs. Dexter made a variant effort to retain her dignity. "I beg your pardon," she said, coldly, "on my part, at any rate, quite properly improper."

"And, of course, you told Berkeley all about it?"

She turned on me with a counter question. "Why don't you get married yourself?" she asked, "or, at least, engaged?"

"With people like you and Lady Passay about?" I ejaculated, "heaven forbid!"

"I should be very kind to you," smiled Mrs. Berkeley Dexter.

"The time for that," said I, "is past." As I spoke, my eye fell and rested on a bowl of roses that stood on an adjacent table. I leaned forward. "It used to be your favorite flower," I murmured, as I selected a fine *Gloire de Dijon*, and laid it beside her hand.

"How well you remember!" Mrs. Dexter gave the suspicion of a sigh.

"Remembrance isn't taxed," I told her, "except perhaps with regret, and sometimes, perhaps, with a little surprise. We are growing old gradually, but surely."

"And we ought to use our experience for the benefit of our friends, oughtn't we?" was Mrs. Dexter's sweet rejoinder. "Which was precisely what I thought when I heard that poor Johnny was so unhappily engaged. Lady Passay said he was most awfully miserable."

I rose to take my leave.

"It's very sorry," I remarked, as I held out my hand, "but, after all, the lady is to be congratulated—on her escape. She would have been wretched."

"You don't really think so?"  
"I'm convinced of it. And what are you going to do now?"

"I'm not quite sure," hesitated Mrs. Dexter, "there are just the usual things going on, and I'm really rather popular as a hostess, with always a spare place for an old friend. Why not consider an early week-end? Berkeley would be delighted."

"And Johnny?"

"Oh, Johnny." Mrs. Dexter's tone consigned Johnny to everlasting oblivion. "Didn't I tell you just now how perfectly good I could be if there were no other women in the world? Well, I could. But when you have a lot of worry, and go out of your way to be kind to a childhood's friend, and then wake up one day to find you've merely been made a cat's-paw of, it's hard—very hard. I've had a letter from Johnny to say that next week he's going to marry Lady Passay, and they've had the audacity to invite me to the wedding. Me! And they'll be awfully disappointed if I don't go, they say. I always said that woman hadn't any tact!"

The opportunity was irresistible. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," I murmured. "Did you want him yourself?"

**EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM PITY.**

Wealthy Man, Forced to Go Hungry, New Feels for Unfortunates.

"I've been in a good many tight places," said the New York broker, "but only once in a position which caused me to cinch up my belt, as the Indian does when his stomach begins to clamor for food."

"My wife and I recently took a trip up into Canada and out west, returning by way of Buffalo. When we reached that historic city I found myself suddenly and unexpectedly broke, owing to a combination of circumstances which it is not necessary to relate. Of course we had our tickets home and I was anxious to get back at once. I had a few cents in change, so we took coffee and rolls before boarding the train, to avoid a dollar breakfast on the car. This sustained us satisfactorily and we regarded the matter as a good joke, which would furnish us a laugh all the way home. We took our seats in the car with just ten cents in my pocket as an available asset. When I am at home and busy my income is anywhere from nothing a day to a hundred thousand dollars a year, and we are rather good livers. As the day wore on, our habits began to assert themselves, especially when other people began eating. We thought about broiled quails, French artichokes, mushrooms au beurre noir, asparagus salad, and other little luncheon items of which we are fond. Nothing doing."

"Would it be possible to get anything for ten cents at a station?" asked my wife. "I know there are people who spend only a few cents a day for their food. What are the necessities of life, anyway?"

"I decided to investigate, so at Albany I got off the train and made for the poorest looking lunch stand I could see. I wanted the largest quantity for the least money—a luncheon for two people. Meat, fruit, butter, eggs or coffee was out of the question. I confided in the proprietor. After considering deeply, he dragged forth from under the counter a basket of antique and decrepit soda biscuits and sold me six of them for a nickel. These, he assured me, would be filling. He supplemented them with two apples for the other nickel."

"Since that experience I have been contributing rather freely to all the societies that make a specialty of feeding people."

**Foreigners in American Colleges.**

It is estimated that more than twelve hundred young men and women from foreign countries are this year studying in American colleges and universities. This is more by some hundreds than ever before and has been generally commented on, particularly in the east, as indicating the widening influence of American teaching.

It is not chiefly scholastic teaching, however, that these welcome visitors from the countries of the world will absorb and take back with them to their distant homes. However assiduously they keep to their text books and however much they may try not to imitate the ideals of government, of liberty, of conscience and of conduct, they are bound to be influenced by them. Returning to their homes after completing their courses of study, they will become traveling advertisements of what America has to offer to the people of the earth. They will, whether they intend to or not, be the means of spreading Americanism over the earth. The colleges of the United States are doing missionary work of lasting value in encouraging and welcoming this foreign patronage.

**Charm of Paris Society.**

The charm of society life in Paris lies in its great diversity. We love even its painful duties. We attend with equal eagerness—I had almost said equal satisfaction—a state funeral or a first presentation. This is a form of worldly politeness in its higher sense.—Ladies' Field.

**Explaining It.**

"Although my father is an invalid," said Miss Howell, "he takes a deep interest in my musical education. He always encourages me to practice my singing at home, even when he's in greatest pain."

"Well," replied Miss Cutting, "they do say that one may be made to forget a great pain by a greater one."

**The Tally.**

"What are these notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Sam, "who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz."

"A good idea! I'll have to notch my parosol handle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Envy.**

"Julius Caesar's literary attainments were truly wonderful," said the student.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the discontented youth with inky fingers. "Anybody could get his stuff published with a pull like Julius Caesar's."

**Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used.**

In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

**Disease Damages Tea Crops.**

A curious disease which has done much damage to the tea crops of northeast India is known as "red rust." An account of the species of alga (*Cepaleuros virescens*), which causes it, is given by C. M. Hutchinson in the "Memoirs of the Agricultural Department of India." It attacks the leaves and stems of the tea plant, forming yellow patches. It is propagated by two kinds of spores, one carried by water and the other by air.

**STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the mucous and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Rather Dubious.**

"I hear Goddrox bought a doubtful piece of property lately that he paid several millions for. Did he get a good title?"  
"I don't know, I am sure. He bought a duke for his daughter."

**Kept Him Busy.**

Carrie—I made Arthur apologize for kissing me.  
Lena—When?  
Carrie—Between kisses. — Smart Set.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

**FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.**

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Discomfort 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.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Genuine Must Bear Fau-Simile Signature. *Brewer's* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.