

Bathe in Scanty Suits.
A party of much-traveled men were returning one hot night last week from Manhattan beach when the conversation turned to the salt water bathing customs of the countries they had visited.

An Englishman told how the women of his native land took their dip apart from the men and clothed in hideous garments resembling nightgowns.

A Frenchman described the bare-legged frolics of the gay Parisian women sunbathing by the sea.

An American explained how the sexes, absolutely unclothed, enter the waters of Japan, with nothing but bamboo rods to mark the more or less imaginary line dividing the men from the women.

"Ah," interposed the Englishman, "how immodest!"

"Yes, perhaps," observed a Christianized Turk, who was of the party, "but in my country men and women do the same, except that each man and woman preserves modesty by wearing a white mask."

"Suppose," said the American, "you should wish to bathe without the mask?"

"Ah," replied the Turk, "you must wear the mask—it is the bathing costume!"—Philadelphia Record.

A QUICK RECOVERY.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a Rebecca Lender, Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills for It.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a local officer of the Rebeccas of Topeka, Kan., Room 10, 812 Kansas avenue, writes: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills during the past year for kidney trouble and kindred ailments. I was suffering from pains in the back and head, but found after the use of one box of the remedy that the troubles gradually disappeared so that before I had finished a second package I was well. I therefore heartily endorse your remedy." (Signed) MRS. C. E. BUMGARDNER.

A FREE TRIAL. —Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

Gaining a Little.
The discouraged artist stood off from his latest work and viewed it with a gloomy face.
"There's no use talking about it," he said, morosely. "I can't paint as well as I did ten years ago."
"Oh, yes, you can," said the tired and honest friend to whom he made the confession. "It's only that your taste is improving."

An engraver of Odessa has engraved the entire Russian National Hymn upon a grain of corn, and recently he presented the curiosity to the czar. His majesty has now forwarded to him through the civil governor of Odessa a gold watch and chain, with his thanks for carrying out such a laborious undertaking.

\$85,500 in Gold Coin
Will be paid in prizes to those coming nearest at estimating the paid attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The above amount is deposited with the Missouri Trust Company, as per the official receipt of the treasurer of that financial institution and published in the schedule of prizes announced elsewhere in this paper. The World's Fair Contest Company, Delmar and Adelaide avenues, St. Louis, Mo., are offering these prizes and there is no doubt of the cash being in bank to pay the lucky winners. The contest closes October 15th.

Tracing the Records.
Joe—So your engagement with Miss Overton is off, eh?
Fred—You have said it.

Joe—What was the trouble?
Fred—She came into the parlor one evening as I was looking through the family Bible, and she got the idea into her cranium that I was rubbering to find out how old she was.

To Boston and New England
Via Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." Through sleepers to "The Hub of the Universe," Chicago City Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street; Central Station, 12th Street and Park Row; W. L. Wyand, N. W. Pass, Agent, Pioneer Press building, St. Paul.

Before the Brawl.
"Just you wait until your father comes home," said an irate mother to her naughty offspring. "He'll make you dance."
"Well," rejoined the incorrigible youth, "I suppose I'll see you at the brawl."

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children

No Doubt True.
Scribbles—Say, I wonder who originated that ancient joke about the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket?
Driddles—Oh, I guess it must have been some poor jay who married an heiress.

BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything at any price to compare with your Fish Brand for protection from all kinds of weather."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had upon application.)

A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish
Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

NOT TILL DAY IS OVER.

Thou shalt not praise the day till night is falling,
However fair its dawn and noon may be;
Ofttimes at eventide come storms appalling,
Setting the lightning and the thunder free.

Thou shalt not blame the day till it is ending,
Though it has brought thee flood and hurricane;
Full oft at nightfall comes deep peace, descending
In sunset gold and roses, glorious gain.

Praise each fair morn that calls thee up from sleeping,
And through the hot day work with all thy might;
Then leave the evening hour in heaven's keeping,
Which sent both winter cloud and summer light.

—Westminster Gazette, From German.

How the Old Man Outwitted Them.

BE quiet, brats! Don't disturb grandpa," shouted Mrs. Owen to a company of boisterous youngsters, who were evidently celebrating for a festive occasion with tarts and frolics.

"Let them enjoy their childish pranks to-day," said the kind-hearted grandpa, smiling.

"But they trample together the whole carpet, the beasts!" screamed Mrs. Owen, on her uppermost trouble, showing and beating the youthful group out of the room.

"What's the matter? I've never before seen you so angry with the children," said the old man.

"Don't mind the cunts. I know well enough how to manage them, if you'd only not interfere."

"Humph!" muttered he, reflectively.

Mr. Owen, who has here been introduced as an old man living with his daughter-in-law, had recently been a wealthy dealer in real estate. Feeling, however, that the strain and turmoil of commercial life was acting injuriously on his superannuated nerves, he let himself be persuaded by Mr. William Owen, his son, and Mrs. Amelia Bay, his daughter, to retire from business and make them a donation of all his property. On the very morning of

help you may have given us? You ought to feel thankful to my kind husband for taking off your lazy shoulders the burden of conducting your affairs, for which you are mighty unfit, and enabling you to loaf about here to your heart's content—you should be thankful, I tell you, instead of grumbling and sulking all day long like an unnatural parent that you are. An old man like you, already smelling of grave-lilies, should have more sense than that!" and with this she rushed out of the chamber.

For full five minutes after her exit Mr. Owen stood motionless; then he sank down upon a sofa. As if struck by a thunderbolt, his nerves protracted the vision of a furious woman ejecting flaming lava from his trembling heart. For a time—he knew not how long, but it seemed an age—he kept staring at the spot which she had occupied and his mind was utterly bewildered; but gradually and slowly he collected himself and commenced to sift his confused ideas. If he remained passive, he feared he would soon be shown out of the house, even as King Lear was. Yes; his catastrophe was remarkably parallel to that of the King of Britain. His children were exactly Goneril and Regan; but, missed

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From that time the Owens and the Bays vied with each other in obtaining the good-will and, withal, the good possessions of old Mr. Owen. They deluged him with rare and precious presents, which he would put away nobody knew where; but before long the sagacious Mrs. Owen guessed that he was placing them where he kept his treasure, and that ultimately it would all return to them. They consequently began to bestow attentions on him with greater and greater frequency, waiting for their restoration with more than compound interest. One day he asked for a sum of money which amounted to a moderate fortune. They hesitated, but Mrs. Owen affirmed that she observed he was waning from day to day, and as this was probably his last probatation of them, they would forfeit all by declining to comply with the present request. Still Mr. Bay faltered, but the Owens agreeing to give three-fourths of the sum, the father at last received the money, which went, as Mrs. Owen asserted, to the mysterious place where he hoarded his vast treasures.

Eight months have worn on since the incidents related above, when Mr. Owen's family are gathered near his death-bed. A gloomy hush reigns in the chamber, while all eyes are fixed on the cadaverous, grizzled head on the pillow, whose heavy, irregular inhalation, like the tolling of a funeral knell, heralds the proximity of death. For some time previous, his unrest, together with brief, indistinct exclamations, has shown that his memory has been hovering amid the scenes of his past life. At length his countenance assumes a more placid aspect, his feverish tossing ceases, his inspiration becomes nearly inaudible, and it is evident that the worn man is lingeringly dying. Softly hearing the bedside, Mrs. Owen, having caught his lusterless eye, lisps in her gentlest tones:

"Dearest papa, haven't you, perhaps, something on your mind that you'd like to impart on such a moment, that your undoubted hopes of coming comfort and bliss have made you forget—something, for instance, touching a will?"

The half-dead features suddenly gleam up, the emigrant from the temporal world, forcibly struggling a few steps back from the boundaries of dissolution, raises himself in bed, and even something very like a sad smile crosses his withered lips.

"Tes—ta—ment," stammers he, with his last breath, "testament at— at Mr. Du—Duban's."

Mrs. Owen, highly displeased that the testament should be in a stranger's hands, although Mr. Duban is an old friend of the Owens, makes a wry face; but it is of no use protesting, for old Mr. Owen is dead.

Hardly, however, had the corpse grown cold, when both pious couples hurried away to Mr. Duban's.

"To what happy luck," met them that gentleman, "am I indebted for the pleasure of receiving such worthy guests? I hope my good old conrade is better?"

"We have come for his will," vociferated the flushed Mrs. Owen.

"Our loved father has departed this morning," said Mrs. Bay.

"Mr. Owen dead! And you here about the will so soon!"



HE WAS DRESSED IN A COSTLY NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

the day on which the foregoing eulogy was held a notary public had acknowledged the deed which Mr. Owen, as he was now complacently rocking his armchair, thought had freed him, once and for all, from the apparently endless, exhausting labor attendant on maintaining and advancing the repute of a modern large businesshouse. Having ever been treated by his children with high deference, and reposing entire reliance in their sincere magnanimity, and, as he fancied, their repeatedly tried filial devotion, he was certain of living henceforth as unconcerned and happily as a dove, until, like the noisy river which may be traced to the tranquil rillet, his dizzy, restless life should expire in calm felicity and undisturbed meditation.

These were his anticipations when the sudden, arrogant tones of his daughter-in-law's replies, contrasting with her former gentleness and lovingness, surprised him disagreeably, and all at once he recollected the story of King Lear. His fanciful day-dreams vanished instantaneously, and, notwithstanding his severe efforts to the contrary, the appalling tale of that hapless monarch haunted him so dimly that he went and took from the household library that famous drama of the bard of Avon. His perusal was scarcely calculated to serve as a soothing balm in his present situation, and he wished that it were yet morning and a certain act undone.

Nor were his apprehensions to be unfulfilled. Day after day his children's behavior became more and more gruff and imperious, while their conversations reached an alarming degree. Coming one afternoon to the library for King Lear, which, recognizing the masterly insight of its author, he now read almost daily, he found the door locked. He inquired of Mrs. Owen what was the matter, saying he desired the tragedy of King Lear. She returned crustily, "that she did not care to have the books dog-eared and sturred; besides," she continued sarcastically, "he might spill his eyes, if not also his mind, by reading so much."

"My mind must have been in disorder for quite a time," rejoined he, bitterly, "since I made a certain deed of gift."

"What! Ingrate!" Mrs. Owen burst out in a terrible rage. "Is this the way you reward me for tending your troublesome old person? Is not our taking you into the house and feeding you ample repayment for any paltry

NERVES CURED ON THE SEA.

Work That Helps the Sufferer on Board the Small Cruiser.

For nervous people or people who suffer from nervous dyspepsia or exhaustion there is no other kind of life which compares with that aboard the small cruiser, where the sufferer must do some of the work about deck. But there must be real work, not just lending a hand on a line here and there.

Many things are to be borne in mind by the amateur sailor when he decides to live for a time aboard a vessel as "owner and master." First of all, he must be philosophical. He must not take a birdlike life too seriously. Accidents and maritime dangers, such as storms and collisions, must be looked out for, but not made into a nightmare to worry him. He must carry away gear and perhaps a stick or two now and then without getting on his nerves. There is little danger in bad weather if he uses ordinary judgment in shortening sail and he must remember that only lunatics or worse carry much sail in heavy squalls. His craft, will be quite uncapsizable under the conditions she was designed to undergo. If he wishes to have a craft that will carry all sail in a black squall or a topsail in a gale he should get ashore and join the rocking chair fleet. There he may indulge in problems of metacentric height to his heart's content without danger to himself or companions.

Neither should he be too particular in regard to his personal habits. He should board the craft with the spirit he had when he went on his first picnic and be ready to live in plain style. This warning will be appreciated after an expensive steward brings him in his first meal or two.

Canned goods need not be served aboard yachts cruising in the waters along the coast. He is a poor steward who cannot furnish fresh beef, chops and steaks, to say nothing of all kinds of fish, at a moderate expense. Then, with rice, macaroni, hominy and some of the numerous prepared foods, he will have a necessary variety without opening his tins. They should be reserved for necessity when the market has failed. With proper stowing a vast amount of good food may be taken aboard and kept out of sight, yet always easy of access.—Boston Journal.



Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, MISS EASY WHITTAKER, 604 39th St., W. Savannah, Ga. —\$500 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuine and correct for the sake of the testimonial which we are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

FOOT SALE. Fine farm, 100 acres, price \$500; cash \$100. Estimates good lands, E. F. Murphy, Goodland, Kansas.

OLD VIRGINIA FARMS (good lands, low prices. Very reliable). Hockaday, Casselman & Co., Richmond, Va.

If afflicted with **Thompson's Eye Water** sore eyes, use

S. C. N. U. — No. 22—1904

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Chas. H. Stearns*

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 15th

Will pay \$85,500.00 in prizes to those who come nearest to the total paid attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair. The Fair opened April 30, 1904, and will close December 1, 1904. The paid attendance on opening day was 105,744 people, during the paid attendance was 642,028, during June 1,386,963, during July 1,314,757. Can you estimate the number of people who will pay admissions during the entire fair?

\$85,500 in GOLD COME NEAREST

FIRST PRIZE \$25,000.00 SECOND PRIZE \$10,000.00 THIRD PRIZE \$5,000.00

Our prizes are the largest ever offered in any contest, and are divided as follows:

To the nearest estimate, \$85,500.00	2,000.00
To the next 20 nearest estimates, \$100 each	2,000.00
To the next 50 nearest estimates, \$50 each	2,500.00
To the next 100 nearest estimates, \$25 each	2,500.00
To the next 200 nearest estimates, \$10 each	2,000.00
To the next 400 nearest estimates, \$5 each	2,000.00
To the next 600 nearest estimates, \$3 each	1,800.00
To the next 800 nearest estimates, \$2 each	1,600.00
To the next 10 nearest estimates, \$50 each	2,000.00
Supplementary prizes, 20,000.00	
Total	\$85,500.00

SEND IN YOUR ESTIMATES AT ONCE. Not an estimate will be considered that is received in our office after October 15, 1904. For each estimate we send you a separate engraved and numbered certificate with your estimate thereon. The corresponding coupons of these certificates are deposited at the time your estimates are made, and can be handed only by the committee on awards, after the contest closes.

1 Certificate will cost, 15 cents.
2 Certificates will cost, 30 cents.
3 Certificates will cost, 45 cents.
4 Certificates will cost, 60 cents.
5 Certificates will cost, 75 cents.
100 Certificates will cost, 15.00

Each certificate entitles you to an estimate. You can estimate as often as you wish. **SEND IN YOUR ESTIMATES WITH YOUR CERTIFICATES.** As soon as received, we will immediately make out your certificates and send them to you to be returned by you until the Fair is over.

MISSOURI TRUST COMPANY, CAPITAL \$2,000,000. St. Louis, Mo., May 20, 1904.
This certifies that The World's Fair Contest Company, Incorporated, has this day deposited with this company \$85,500.00 in gold, for the purposes of the award in its contest.

MONEY NOW DEPOSITED

October 15th (Friday) LAST DAY. Not a penny will be accepted or an estimate counted after that date. ONLY A FEW DAYS REMAIN. Don't let your opportunity slip. If you are unable to enter the contest, only a small amount invested in our estimating certificate may mean that an independent fortune is yours. Write today. Remit by express order, postal note or registered letter. Don't send personal checks.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST CO., Delmar and Adelaide Aves., ST. LOUIS, MO.
OCTOBER 15TH LAST DAY. Don't forget that you must enter the contest before that date or not at all.

HARD WORK MAKES STIFF JOINTS
RUB WITH **MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**
GOOD FOR A CHEASE OF INJURY TO MAN OR BEAST
THAT IS CURABLE BY A LINIMENT
RUB IT IN HARD

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.
THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE
Caracets
CANDY CATHARTIC
10c, 25c, 50c. **THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP**
ALL DRUGGISTS
BEST FOR THE BOWELS