The Scholar's Vacation. Unlike most of his colleagues, who were accustomed to more or less daily exercise out-of-doors, says the New York Sun. Senator Hoar was accustomed to find his recreation, as he did his work, in mental exercise. A change from one topic to another seemed to

rest him completely. On an adjournment of the Senate he told a friend that he had planned a most delightful vacation. With visions of Canadian woodlands and troutstreams, the other asked what it was to be.

"Rest in my library and read Greek," was Mr. Hoar's answer. It was his ideal of a good time.

Especially for Women.

Champion, Mich., July 24.—(Special.) A case of especial interest to women is that of Mrs. A. Wellett, wife of a well-known photographer here. It is best given in her own words.

"I could not sleep, my feet were cold and my limbs cramped," Mrs. Wellett states. "I had an awful hard pain across my kidneys. I had to get up three or four times in the night. I was

very nervous and fearfully despondent. "I had been troubled in this way for five years when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and what they caused to come from my kidneys will hardly stand description.

"By the time I had finished ofe box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was cured. Now I can sleep well, my limbs do not cramp, I do not get up in the night and I feel better than I have in years. I owe my health to Dodd's Kidney Pills." Women's ills are caused by Diseased Kidneys; that's why Dodd's Kidney

Pills always cure them. Fire Escape Wanted.

Stranger-Say, I want to get a di-

Lawyer-Very well, sir. On what grounds? Stranger-Arson.

Lawyer-Arson! Why, what do you Stranger-My wife fired me out of the

house last night. See? You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All

MILLET'S INFLUENCE.

Druggists and Shoe stores sell it. 25c.

A Host of Painters Followed Him in De-

picting Peasant Life on Canvas. In his own words, Millet tried to depict "the fundamental side of men and things." His subject was the peasant life: not the representation of it such as one sees in opera, nor the pretty, sentimental aspect of it; but the actual drama of labor continuously proceeding through the four seasons-the "cry of the soil," echoing in the hearts of the patient, plodding, God-fearing toilers. Everything was typical. We have spoken of his "Sower." Of another picture the critic Castagnary wrote: "Do you remember his 'Reaper'? He might have reaped the whole earth!"

Everything that Millet did was full of a deep seriousness and sincerity. He never was an "easy" painter, so that his greatness as an artist is perhaps more clear in the black-and-white than in the colored subjects. Certainly in his crayon drawings, lithographs and etchings he proved himself to be one of that limited number of artists who may be reckoned master-draftsmen. Moreover, the character that he expresses is of that grand and elemental quality which sometimes reminds us of Michelangelo.

Millet's influence produced a host of painters of the peasant, among whom the strongest are the Frenchman L'Hermitte and Israels, the Dutchman. These, like him, have represented their subject with sympathy and with understanding also .- St.

CHANGED HUSBAND.

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

A woman says:

"My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered he took her silence for consent. He got 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 tears. 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.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day; Others need its cheer and so do you-Need it most when outer sky's dull gray Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn: Give it, too, a touch of highest noon; Make the ones about you wonder why Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task; Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide-blue sky, Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope, Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day: Others need the cheer that comes through you-Need it most when outer sky's dull gray Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do. -Juniata Stafford.

TED'S WHIPPING.

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which he was developing from two tin | wait. cans and some copper wire, combined with a toy battery.

ant sensation.

must never happen again. He prom- had come. ised me faithfully it should not and the very next afternoon he was late. I don't want to restrict him too much, report at home and let me know what he intends to do. He promised me he would and then disobeyed me. I never knew Ted to be deliberately disobedient before," she lamented.

Ted's father listened with a frown of perplexity marking his brow. He was astonished to learn that Tedjoyous, sweet-tempered, ten years old Ted-should be turning unruly.

"What do you think we should do?" he asked after a moment's thought. His wife's voice was tremulous when she answered.

"I told him yesterday we should have to punish him. He would not explain what kept him and-and--she hesitated as if dreading to make the revelation. "Oh, Edward, he looked as though he had been fighting!"

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered at the enormity of Ted's

The boy's father with difficulty restrained a smile, remembering like experiences of his own boyhood.

"Oh, well," he said cheerfully, "that Is not such a terrible thing. Boys have to cool off with a fight once in a while." "Edward!" his wife exclaimed in a

voice filled with reproach, "that does not excuse his disobedience. For his own sake he must be held in control." "No, he should not have disobeyed you," Ted's father admitted. "I sup-

pose I shall have to whip him, but I'd rather take a beating myself. I believe that is what my father used to do to me when I kicked clear over the traces," he reflected.

His wife did not answer at once and up from the table slowly and walked across the room, lingering on his steps. Mrs. Fuller, dreading the crisis she had precipitated, courted delay.

"Isn't there some other way?" she

asked, pleadingly. Ted's father shook his head. "As I remember," he said, "an interview with a switch was particularly effective. I was never hurt much, but it stung my pride so I was careful to avoid doing the things forbidden. We might as well have it over and I think, considering Ted's disposition, it is not likely to occur again."

By this time Ted's mother was in "Oh, Edward," she sobbed, "don's

hurt him!"

She heard Ted come bounding down the stairs in a cheery, "All right, I'm coming," in answer to his father's summons.

She did not wait to hear more, but fled to her room, where she shut and locked the door. She flung herself on the couch and buried her head in the pillows in fear of hearing Ted's cries. Knowing her boy as she did, it was foolish of her to think he might cry out, and knowing Ted's father as she did it was foolish of her to think he | the utmost gravity. would be too severe. After all it would be only a bit of mild discipline which Ruggels, that's the other fellow, held

never should be repeated. "Never!" she exclaimed fiercely, springing to her feet and clenching her hands. "Never!"

Ted was a tiny, soft baby whose ise, so when he wouldn't let me go I silken head fitted so snugly into the hit him. Then he hit me, and after curve of her neck. And Ted was such | that we kept a-hitting each other tili a "cuddly" baby; he never resisted her we had an awful fight. I guess Billy when she nestled him in her arms. He won't hold me up any more. You can fruit of his advice. was such a "cuddle doon" baby. The ask any of the fellows if I didn't lick memory wrung her heart; she could him. And he's bigger'n me, father, ously, "I bought a bicycle instead."

table when his father and moth- on that soft body and perhaps marring er were discussing his delinits sating smoothness. She would go quencies. It was Saturday morning to Ted's rescue; he must be punished and he was upstairs in a wide, sunny in some other way. She started to room at the back of the house called carry out her determination. Her hand the store room, though in reality it was on the door and then she rememwas given over to Ted as a work shop. | bered it would not be just to interfere He had taken his bread and milk with the boy's father and put him breakfast early that morning, as he wrong in Ted's eyes. She went back had an electrical device in his mind to the couch and sat on its edge to

follow him, led the way to the barn. Ted was Mr. and Mrs. Edward Full- His silence made Ted feel there was er's only child and in him rested the something amiss and he obeyed him in emphasis of their lives. He never had wonder. He saw him stop and cut a given them trouble before, and to slender switch from a tree, at first speak of severe discipline in connec- seeing nothing in this connected with tion with Ted was a new and unpleas- himself. He thought his father was angry about something and he search-"He came home from school late ed his mind to discover wherein he gain yesterday afternoon," his mother was the cause. Suddenly he recalled related, almost tearfully. "That was an event of yesterday and his mother's the third time it has occurred this warning that he should be punished. week. The time before I told him it He had forgotten, and now the hour

Ted had no idea of evading the penalty. "Always walk up and take your medicine like a man, Ted," his father but after school closes I want him to told him one day, and he was going to show him he could follow instructions. Mr. Fuller's heart was much weaker



"TED, TAKE OFF YOUR COAT."

than his son's. It seemed a brutal, unfair thing he was about to do. Ted's head scarcely reached his elbow. He was using his own superior size and strength to take advantage of his boy, but, according to his light, it must be done, and it were best to do it quickly. In the barn he faced his son, feeling like a towering giant.

"Ted," he said, "take off your coat, I'm going to whip you for disobeying your mother yesterday."

"Yes, sir," Ted answered, stripping off his jacket.

Under their linen covering the boy's shoulders looked childishly thin and narrow. The man could not strike that frail body even with so barmless a weapon as a slender switch. The boy waited. The man waited. He would question first.

"Ted," he asked, "why did you disobey your mother yesterday about coming home from school? You had given her your promise, you know."

The boy looked up and met his gaze fearlessly with his honest brown eyes. How clear his skin was and how clean his lips, his father thought.

"I was in a fight," Ted confessed. with flushed cheeks, "and it made me late. The other fellow was bigger'n me, father, 'siderably bigger."

His voice quavered away in a zig-

"Let's sit down, Ted, and talk it over," his father suggested.

There were no chairs in the place. so they sat down side by side on the floor and leaned their backs against the wall. The boy was a miniature copy of his father in looks and action, and when the man encircled his knees with his arms and clasped his hands together Ted took the same position with

"You see, father," Ted began, "Billy me up Tuesday after school and wouldn't let me come home, so I was late. Thursday he made me late again, arv. and Friday he tried it over, but I'd It seemed to her but yesterday that given mother a cross-my-heart prom-

'siderably bigger," Ted repated in selfextenuation.

His father's lips twitched with

smile. "But why didn't you explain to your mother, Ted," he questioned.

"Well, you see, father." Ted returned, "mother's just a girl and girls get so nervous about fights. I didn't want to scare her." "Oh, yes, I see," his father said.

gravely.

"Did you get hurt, old man?" he

"A piece of skin is skunned off my arm," Ted owned, turning back his sleeve to display his brand of war.

· His father inspected it with interest. "That's not so bad; no battle worth the name is without its scar," he said, speaking as man to man.

"Yes, sir," responded Ted. There was a moment's embarrassed silence between them while Mr. Fuller surreptitiously bent and broke the switch and threw it out of the door. He got up from the floor. Ted immediately followed his example and they stood facing each other, the big man and the little man, eyes meeting eyes with love and perfect understanding.

"Shake, Ted," invited his father, holding out his hand.

"Yes, sir," agreed Ted heartily. In her room, Ted's mother, wonder-ED was not at the breakfas. not endure to think of blows falling ing at the length of time which had elapsed, was at the window waiting and watching. Presently she saw her boy and his father coming across the lawn. They were holding amicable converse together and Ted was stretching his short legs in absurdly long strides to keep pace with his father's steps. Ted saw his mother and called to her to come down. She hastened to join them, and over their son's head the father and mother ex-Ted's father, commanding his son to changed glances which asked and answered a question.

"Is it right with Ted?" the woman's eyes said.

"Everything is right with the boy," the man's eyes gave answer .- Toledo

WAKING IN THE WILDERNESS. Hard to Get Out of Bed When the Mercury Is 40 Below Zero.

You are awakened in the bitter darkness of the early morning by the sound of the camp dogs moving among the frozen pails of refuse. You hear their padding footsteps passing this way and that outside of the tents and the brushing of their bodies against the canvas walls. Then you hear the sound of chopping wood where some one is at work in the starlight. One of the men stirs and rises in the darkness. The tent is bitter cold, with everything frozen as hard as iron. You hear the man fumbling around in the darkness for the matches, and presently he strikes one and lights a candle.

Presently he begins chopping the wood for the stove, and his big, round shadow moves uncouthly and grotesquely about the walls as the flame of the candle wavers in the draught of cold air. He makes a fire, and in a moment the flame is roaring up the stovepipe, which gradually becomes a dull red with the gushing heat. He stands with his back to the stove and presently the other man rises and joins

Then you yourself move reluctantly in your warm swaddling of furs, and with some effort crawl out into the bitter cold and join the others around the stove. None of you speak, but each absorbs the scanty heat in silence. But by and by, warmed to some return of life, you peep out of the tent; the sky is like black crystal, the stars shining with an incredible effulgence. From the stovepipes of the other tents rockets of flame are gushing up into the air; showers of sparks rise up into the night high overhead-hover, waver and then sink dwindling upon the tent and the surrounding snow.

You look at the thermometer hanging against a tree and see by the light of a match that it is 40 degrees below zero. By this time the smell of cooking is filling the silent frozen spaces of the darkness and you re-enter the tent to hug again the warmth of the stove, with a huge appetite for the rude breakfast of melted grease and gillettes .- Scribner's.

Got a Running Mate, Anyway.

A city missionary in Lowell, Mass., has had some queer experiences as the result of his interest in young men and his efforts to induce them to follow good advice. One of the things he tries to do, says the Boston Globe. is to dissuade young people from marrying before they can maintain a

A young man who had not yet attained voting age called at the missionary's office one morning. He had been "keeping company" with a girl for several weeks, he said, and wanted to marry her at once.

The clergyman asked some questions, found that the young man's wages left him only three dollars a week over the cost of his board, and advised him to wait a year and try to earn more money before he resorted to matrimony. The youth was not convinced, but finally agreed to wait six months.

Several months elapsed before the missionary saw the young fellow again. He seemed to have disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Finally, however, the two men met.

"Well, John, how are you getting along in the mill?" asked the mission-

"All right. I've got a steady fob and am doing well." "And how about the marriage?"

"Oh, I gave that up." "What was the matter?" asked the clergyman, seeing, as he thought, the

"Well," replied the young man, seri-

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."-Judge.

Hewitt-How many meals did you have on the voyage. Jewett-Gross or net?-Brooklyn Life.

"It seems Woodby has discovered that he has a family tree." "Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant." "So the lawyers got most all the

estate. Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."-Judge. Employer (to new office boy)-Has

the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon. Office boy-Yes. sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.-Scraps. Magistrate-You say your machine

was beyond your control. Chauffeur-Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled if the cop wouldn't have caught me.-New York Mail.

Poet-I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other. Editor -Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public.-Ex. "George certainly is a man of ac-

tion." "What has he done?" "Why, the very next day after the heiress accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry Club."

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood-" "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."-Ex.

Kind lady-You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house. Homeless Holmes -Thanks, mum. I mighter bumped right inter it if youse hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum-Cleveland Leader.

Jones (to Brown, who has been relating his wonderful adventures in Russia)-And I suppose you visited the great steppes of Russia? Brown-I should rather think so. And walked up every blessed one of them on my hands and knees. Office boy-Miss Keyes, please let

me look at your face? Miss Keyes-What for? Office boy-Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine.-Chicago News. The three-year-old daughter of a

leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap." Mabel (not in her first youth)-First

of all he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie-Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling-

"What did you discuss at your library club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."-Ex.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oi want to tek out a pawlicy." "Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "Al three, O'im thinkin'," retorted the applicant; "Oi'm goin' fer a stoker in th' navy." -Puck.

Mrs. Younglove-Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient. Grocer-Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the lavin'. Mrs. Younglove-Oh, to be sure. Of course. I hadn't thought of that.-Chicago Record-Herald.

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he exclaimed:

"O mamma, it hasn't any teeth! O mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried, "Somebody has cheated us!

Geehaw and Giddap Farmer Geehaw-Sim Walton has got forty gals comin' to board with

It's an old baby."

him this summer. Farmer Giddap-Dew tell! How did he manage to git so many? Farmer Geehaw - He advertised

that nuthin' but college students wuz employed on the farm.-Philadelphia Bulletin. The people down in their hearts admire the father who refuses to sit on

the back porch for any daughter's When a young man asks for the hand of an heiress he means the one

in which she carries her purse.

MR. BAYSSON PUBLISHES RESULTS OF VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

Former Pronounced Dyspeptic He Now Rejoices in Perfect Freedom from

Miserles 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 Larkin 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.

On the Wrong Man.

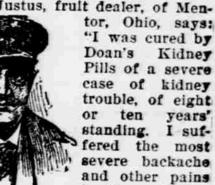
Bret Harte was so frequently complimented on being the author of "Little Breeches" that he was almost as sorry it was ever written as is Secretary John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes said to him

"Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.' "

"I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old. Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering. Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by



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

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

Shutting Him Off.

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began the mean man at the breakfast table, as he picked up one of his wife's biscuits, "then-"Oh, if you only were," interrupted the

patient better half of the combine, "then

I might get a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for three or four seasons." Visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition Portland, Oregon, go via the beautiful Columbia River, and return through California. You will regret it if you miss Mt. Shasta and Sacramento Valley. San Francisco and Golden Gate, Yosemite Valley and Big Trees, Santa Cruz and Paso Robles, Del Monte and Monterey Bay, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and the Lucin "Cut Off" across Great Salt Lake. Low rates via Union

Pacific. Inquire of A. K. Curts, T. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Real Unkind. "I've-aw-got a conundwum for you. Miss Biffkins," sald young Saphead. "What is the-aw-diffahance between me and a-aw-donkey?"

"I suppose," replied Miss Biffkins. "that my ignorance is unpardonable, but really I don't know." Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best

and colds.-Mrs. Oscar Tripp, Big Rock, Ill., March 20, 1901. If a girl is unable to win her own ideal she has to content herself with marrying

medicine I have ever found for coughs

Mrs. Winslow's Scotting Strup for Children sething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, al lays pain, cures wind colic. E cants a bottle.

some other girl's.

If you carve your name on the heart of a friend it will be far more lasting than if carved on a marble siah.