LUMBAGO SCIÂTICA



ST. JACOBS

Penetrates to the Spot Right on the dot.

Price 25c and 50c

(Suprocessessessessessesses) Lenky.

Little Margaret was to take her first bath in the river. A fine new bathing suit had been made for her and she donned it with great pride. Her mother, with Margaret's sisters, took her down. She was very timid about going in, until she say the others were perfectly safe in the water. Then she ventured in. The water suddenly grew deeper and came above her walst, much to the surprise of the little maid, who cried out in surprise:

"Oh, mother, my bathing suit leaks!" -Harper's Weekly.

Hiatus in the Engagement. "Our engagement will have to be temporarily suspended," announced the

summer girl, calmly. "Oh, impossible," the young man

vowed. "It will have to be. My husband writes that he is coming down for a

Nothing Lacking. "Is your new flat thoroughly up to

week."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes; it has all the modern inconven-

SAVED BABY LYON'S LIFE.

Awful Sight from that Dreadful Complaint, Infantile Eczema-Mother Praises Cuticura Remedies.

"Our baby had that dreadful com plaint, Infantile Eczema, which afflicted him for several months, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold and constant misery, in fact, there was nothing we would not have done to have given him relief. We finally procured a full set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about three or four days he began to show a brighter spirit and really laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was fully recovered. Praise for the Cuticura Remedies has always been our greatest pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could I hate such dreams because they always say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the most awful sight I ever beheld prior to the treatment of the Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Maebelle Lyon, 1826 Appleton Ave., Parsons, Kan., July 18, 1905.

Inherited.

Vincent was altogether too garrulouin school to please his teachers. Sucl punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy, until a last the head master decided to mention the lad's faults upon his monthly re port. So the next report to his father had

these words:

"Vincent talks a great deal." Back came the report by mail, duly signed, but with this written in red lak under the comment:

"You ought to hear his mother."

Marriage Failures.

Formerly a certain social ban, severe on the few but salutary on the many, rested on the man or woman whose marriage had turned out a failure. It has become the fashion to speak of breaking the bonds of marriage in as light a way as though one merely cut out from a bridge table.-The World and His Wife.

The German government profited last year over \$16,000,000 by its postal, tele graphic and telephone systems.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

A Scranton Woman Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Her

Well and Strong. Nervous debility is the common name for what the doctors term neurasthenia. It is characterized by mental depression. fits of the "blues," or melancholy, loss of energy and spirits. The patient's eyes become dull, the pink fades from the cheeks, the memory becomes defective so that it is difficult to recall dates and names at will. Some of these symptoms only may be present or all of them. The

remedy lies in toning up the nervous

system and there is no medicine better adapted for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Jane J. Davies, of No. 314 Warren street, Scranton, Fa., says: "Some years ago I became greatly reduced in health and strength and my nervous system became so debilitated that I felt wretched. I could not rest or sleep wel at night and woke up as weary and went to bed. My head ached in the morning and often there was a pain in my right side which was worse when I sat down. My nerves were on edge all

languid in the morning as I was when I the time, every little noise bothered me and I was generally miserable. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as my husband had taken them with good results, and they did wonders for me. Now I have no more pain in my side, no more headache sleep well and feel strong and able to

Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Davies and they can do just as much for other weak, pale, ailing men or women who are slipping into a hopeless decline. They strike straight at the root of all common diseases caused by poor

and impoverished blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, ou receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$3.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

PAPERS THE PEOPLE

SHREWD UNCLE SAM.

By Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous. Russia would like to borrow \$360,000,000. If Russia had held on to Alaska until now, and the world had become to know as much of its value as a Russian possession as it does now when it is an American possession, she could sell half of it for the loan she desires to make -\$360,000,000. Uncle Sam would not sell Alaska for \$1,000,000,000, yet he paid only \$7,200,000, less than forty years ago.

Your Uncle Sam has always driven a good bargain whenever he has gone into the real estate business. That was a good bargain when, more than 100 years ago, he took over the Northwest territory. That is worth quite a number of billions now, but he paid a small price. Then look at that bargain he made in 1803, when he closed the Louisiana Purchase. He paid \$15,000,000 for that, but would now refuse, with scorn, fifty billions for the same territory and what is on it. Then came the Alaska

A few years ago Uncle Sam had occasion to shove Spain out of the Philippines, but as he saw the old party hobbling away from the islands he felt sorry for her and dropped a few gold pieces, \$20,000,000 or such a matter, into her trembling hand. It was a mere act of kindness; Uncle Sam was under no obligations to give a penny, but he has done so well in previous land deals he felt be could show pity.

If you think Uncle Sam didn't make a good bargain in the Philippines, drop around to his real estate office thirty-five years from now and make him a test offer for the islands. The prediction is made that he would say be now and then buys real estate but hasn't any to sell, And he might add that if he really wanted to sell the Philippines he might let them go at \$2,000,000,000. That is not a rash guess.

COUNTRY CHILD'S INHERITANCE.



By Juliet V. Strauss. There is something in the heart of a child that responds eestatically to the primitive. The animal kingdom seems to charm them. Perhaps this is the call of the wild still faintly heard in ears not yet quite used to the brazen clangor of civilization. It is the tree call, the wind call, all of the passionately beautiful signals, sounded from the myriad lips of nature like "the horns of elfland faintly blowing."

JULIET V. STRAUSS. We used to put a rope or chain around the haycock and hitch old "Pete" to it. Somebody rode old Pete, and the rest of us, just a tangle of yellow curls, fat, brown legs, sparkling blue eyes and maybe some garlands of "bouncing Bet and black-eyed Sue," rode on the haycocks. It wasn't at all a thrifty method of getting in hay, this stopping every now and then to pick up a youngster who had fallen off. There would have been fine picking for gleaners after we got through our work.

When I look at the old barn now it seems terribly open our eyes, but to prop them open afterwards.

small compared with the spaciousness it presented to us in those days. What a climb it seemed hand over hand up the chinks in the logs and into the mow! What a daring feat to coon across the middle bean, which seemed a mile above the floor! How little we must have been to accomplish two separate flops in a handspring from that beam into the sweet smelling hay freshly garnered in that old move!

Such an abundance of life was all about us, such beautiful little animal babies were there to be loved and cuddled, though to be sure the lambs we had so desperately loved were by this time too big to carry about and had been ruthlessly curtailed, though we had tearfully vowed they shouldn't be; the little old wobbly eatves were big and rough, and the colts losing their infantile gracelessness, for little colts have the awward age early

Life in the country is full of such adventures for happy children, full of fun and frolle and of idyllic pleasures to be remembered and appreciated in years of sober care and struggle. The rich farm with its vast corn fields never yielded me anything, but one poor little hilly homestead, with its scant crops, gave me an inheritance that nobody can take away. The memory of a happy childbood, free and untalated, is a talisman to carry torch-like into the shadows that are not really there, but are the creations of dimming eyes and falling senses.

ONLY ARTISTS HAVE A SENSE OF BEAUTY.

By E. F. Benson.

The eye, ear, and general perceptive faculty of the ordinary person is so dull that be cannot see, hear, or appreciate anything whatever until the beauties of it have been pointed out to him by one of those interpreters of color and sound who are called artists. As a general rule, in fact, we do not perceive beauty at all until we firmly and repeatedly are informed that the object in question is possessed of it. Sometimes it is artists themselves who show it us, sometimes it is that class of interpreter-artists who are called critics who point it out. But without such guiding hands the public never sees anything.

Who was it discovered Wagner? Not Wagner. for when he first blazed on the musical horizon be was undetected; he needed his interpreter. And, to put it broadly, the interpreter was Richter. Rossini and Verdl and Diabelli had been interpreted; the eye openers with regard to them were in every opera house. A new interprefer was wanted. Richter, in fact, was the interpreter to the ear as regards Wagner, just as Rembrandt was the interpreter to the eye as regarded the middle class in the low countries.

The ordinary ruck of mankind do not see or hear anything at all until they are held down to the object in question, until they acknowledge it is beautiful. But that artistic pressure being relaxed, they fall back again. It is not so long ago that sunsets were thought beautiful. But who looks at sunsets now? Nobody; because Ruskin's hold that collared us and made us look at Turner's pictures has been relaxed, and even the discovery of new and inimitable canvases aroused only a temporary enthusiasm. In fact, the eye openers have not only to

DREAMS.

I hate the dreams I sometimes have, in

I seem to be renowned or wise or rich. I have them, not because I do not sigh For wisdom and a station that is high,

make Me feel so humble when I have to wake.

I do not care to dream that I have found Where youth's sweet fountain bubbles from the ground, Because when such dreams come I always

E'en as I bend to quaff, that they will go And leave me with the years I carry now And with the graying locks upon my brow.

But there are dreams from which I wake with clea.

The dreams in which wild beasts get after me. The dreams wherein I lose my job, and

In which I am deprived of all my clo's, And have to pass where people may be hold-To wake from these surpasses fame and

gold. -Chicago Record-Herald.

ALMOST A QUARREL

~~~~~~ HEY stood in front of a portrait in the Art Institute. No one else was in the gallery and the guard had kindly turned his back. She slipped her hand into his

"De yos remember what anniversary this is, dear?" she asked.

"Yes. Does it seem as long to you?" "Two whole weeks-and an hour! The rice isn't out of my hat yet. in all that time we've not had a single quarrel. Ned, do you think we shall ever quarrel?"

"Never. No one could quarrel with you, dear." "Oh, I'm sure it would be my fault if we ever disagreed and-and I should

throw my arms around your neck and beg your forgiveness." "Say, I wish that guard would stay with his back turned that way. That's

the trouble with guards; they are apt to look at the wrong time. "Ned, you could never have loved any

one else as you do me?" "Of course not." "But perhaps you have been on earth

sefore. Oh, Ned, you don't think you could have loved another in some preexistence, do you?" "Certainly not."

"Are you sure?" "I ought to know, if I was there." "Yes, that's true. Yet sometimes a doubt comes into my neart." "Never doubt my love for you, dear.

"It reminds me of some one I've "Yes, it looks just like Dalsy Flem

Look at this picture."

ing." "You are quick to see the likeness. No

doubt you knew her very well." "Yes, indeed. Daisy and I had some good times." "I suppose so," coldly.

"Now, don't get jealous. A man can like a girl and not want to-to marry ber, you know."

"Indeed! You speak as if you had thought about marrying her. Of course, it's nothing to me. Oh, Ned, tell me the worst. Did-did you ever kiss her?" "Now, dear, you are foolish."

"Tel lme the truth, Ned. I can bear he has kissed--"

"Edward, for shame! As if I didn't remember when you-" "So do I. You were sweet enough to

"Did you ever make love to her?" "Oh, a fellow is bound to be soft and

nooushiny sometimes---"You needn't say any more, I know

t all. A moonlight night-" "No, it wasn't. It was raining cats and dogs-"There, you have confessed!

"To what?" "To-to its raining and-and othe hlngs."

"I remember we were running for shelter and she slipped and fell right nto my arms-"They were ready for her, no doubt,

"Well, a fellow can't let a girl fail, it, she held to me-"The brazen thing! I never did like her."

"Oh, she was sweet and pretty as the dickens, I told her I'd a notion to kiss her."

"She was willing, I suppose. That kind usually are." "No, she wasn't. She said I didn't dare. Of course, after that-well, a fel-

pretty as Dalsy." "Oh, I knew it-I knew it. We have been too happy! If-if only it hadn't



happened on our anniversary! To think you might have married her!"

"Ned, how do you know that? Did you ask her?" "No-o, because she believed in platonic friendship-until she married an-

other fellow." "Then you never really loved her?" "Never."

ried any one but me, if I had never been born?" "Never."

"And you don't admire this picture?" of death

thing. It isn't one, two, three." "But you said-

looks like-like paint; and, darling, the 'How can a fellow remember whom guard has gone into the other room"-Chicago Daily News.

The London physician's discovery hat sears may be prevented or removed by cutting the skin slantwise relead of vertically is pronounced one of the most important of recent adances in surgery.

Caterpillars have been found to be reatly agitated by musical vibrations. scending from a tree in a shower at he sound of a cornet. This should suggest an effective means of fighting on a night like that. Come to think of the sypsy moth and other caterpillar

French geronautic authorities have given the name "aronef," or aviation apparatus, to a flying machine that is heavier than the air. The varieties include: (1) the helicopter, sustained and driven by one or several propellers; (2) the groplane, chiefly sustained by one or more flat or curved surfaces, and (3) the orthopter or mechanial bird. low can't take a dare from a girl-as sustained and propelled by beating

A growing evil reported by Dr. Abn Sztankay among the Slovaks of Upper Hungary is the babitual use of camphor internally. For fourteen years he has persistently questioned buyers of the drug, and he concludes that at least twenty-five per cent of the large and increasing amount sold is used by the camphor-eaters. An increase in epllepsy seems to be a result of this indulgence.

Flaming are lights have now become an established feature of downtown Chicago streets. They are new, comparatively, for such commercial pur poses, but their principle has long been known. The flaming ares thus far shown in this country produce a light yellow, red or vivid white light, according to the carbons used. The addition of the saits of fluoride, bromide and lodide of lime give the light the yellow tint, while other salts of lime give the flame a red color.

An important use has been found for the Cooper Hewlit mercury vapor lamp

#### THE PATH TO THE PASTURE.

The narrow path that we used to tread Led straight away from the farmyard gate. And down the lane to the pasture lot. Where for our coming the cows would wait. Between its borders of grass and weeds

It bore the prints of our restless feet, That stepped so blithe through the early dews, Or lagged along in the pulsing beat.

Above our heads curved a roof of blue, Where oft we saw the ghost of the moon D Go drifting by with the sun tipped clouds That sailed away to the port of noon.

From nodding thistle and mullein stalk The meadow larks through the summer sang Aud from the stubble of barvest fields The bob white's call through the stillness rang.

O little path of the long ago, I've wandered far from your beaten dust, And stumbled oft in my journeys wide, And lost the key to my childish trust;

I stand once more by the pasture wall, And hear again from the harvest fields The cheerful sound of the bob white's call.

But now and then in my waking dreams

# " ONLY A GOVERNESS "

NO MONTONIO M

N advertisement that appeared | night wondering why the universe was one day in the Morning Post in-uot run on a totally different plan. Mrs. Mandeville-Jones required a gov- new misfortune. Irene announced that erness for her younger daughter, aged her brother Bertle, aged 22, was coming 13, with the mention of a salary iden- back from a protracted tour on the con-

-New York Sun

ville-Jones paid her under housemaid. body, spotted the advertisement at pated, however, was that, finding a once, and in the smoking room of the Hookah Club, called the attention of the maternal roof, he felt it his duty one of his pals to its seductive offers.

"What! You don't know Mrs. Mandeplanted underneath the daisles, while she's got a house in Berkeley square and plenty of the needful! So there you are!"

Nevertheless, Mrs. Mandeville-Jones had plenty of answers to her advertisement from applicants to undertake the education of Miss Irene Mandeville all my time makin' eyes at her, don't Jones at £18 a year.

Among the rest was a dark girl of



PLEADING IDS SUIT.

ing, whose appearance attracted the mamma of Miss Irene, because she look ed meek and snubbable, and was neith-

for a "governess person." Mrs. Mandeville-Jones elicited the fact that her name was Una Carew; that her father, who had been rector of a remote Cornish village, had lately dled, leaving her mother and herself very badly off; and that she had decided to take a situation as governess while her mother went to live with her brother in the north of England, who could not take both of them in.

"And you have references?" inquired Mrs. Mandeville-Jones.

"I have a letter from Lady Chedgrave," said Una, timidly, handing it to the lady as she spoke.

"Lady Chedgrave!" said Mrs. Mandeville-Jones, suspiciously. "I thought the present earl was a widower!" "This is from the Dowager Lady

Chedgrave," explained Una, hastily, as you know, she refused me!" She lives in our village and has known me all my life." The handwriting of a dowager countess did not fail to impress Mrs. Jones' mind, and she decided to engage Miss

Carew as the instructress of her belov-

ed Irene, who was a finely developed specimen of the genus "spoiled child." Una Carew, who had always been used to being perfed and made much of to introduce a little sunshine into her at home, found her life in the Berkeley existence!" square mansion anything but a bed of roses. The ostentation and vulgarity of the whole establishment and its occupants jarred upon her.

But unfortunately there was another formed him that she was walking in thing which preyed upon her mind, Nearly a year before her father's death Lord Langley, the eldest son of the Earl of Chedgrave, whom she had known ever since they were boy and by the butler, who in due course laid girl together, had come to her and asked her to marry him.

But Una knew what a not-tempered and eccentric old man Lord Chedgrave was; and though he had always been extremely kind to her, and even made a sort of pet of her, she knew he would daughter-in-law. In fact, he had definitely said that his son must marry an and married a pauper they might sweep a crossing, for they would never get a penny of allowance out of him. And so she had told her ardent suitor

consequence he had gone off to the poor Una, having got rid of her lover. was bringing home an American heiress knew how, to plead his suit. as his bride she began to lie awake at | But Una was still firm in her refusal, than a good rain.

formed an interested world that | One day, however, there appeared a tical with the wages that Mrs. Mande- tinent. And he proved to be very much the sort of little bounder that she had Reggle Fulwarton, who knows every- expected. What Una had not antici-"doosld pretty girl" established under to start "spooning."

Now Una Carew was by no means so ville-Jones? Why, old Jones was pro- desclent in spirit as Mrs. Jones had prietor of some patent medicine or oth- imagined; and when Mr. Bertle began er. Regular old bounder. And she's paying her his somewhat exaggerated too awful for words! But he's safely attentions, she had no hesitation in snubbing him heartily.

Bertie himself was surprised and disgusted to find that a mere governess was not prepared to accept him quite at his own valuation; and he took coun set with a bosom friend at the club. "Fact, I assure you, dear boy! Spend

you know; and don't get a bit forrader!" Fulwarton looked up. "Oh, the Balmy Bounder' relating his con-

quests! Rough on the girl, anyhow!" he sald to himself. "Why didn't you try her with gloves? "Just what I did! Hanged if she

lidn't tell me she had plenty of her wn, and didn't want any of mine!" 'And what did you say to that?" "Told her I should never have guess ed it from personal observation. Ha!

ha! ha!" "Infernal little cad! He wants kickmurmured Receie to his clear "Gad! You should have seen the way she blazed up! Thought she was going to hit me over the head with her parasol! Hang it all, she needn't give herself such airs, if her name is Una Carew! She's only a governess, after

ali!" A tolegram that Fulwarton wrote was addressed to Lord Langley at a hotel in Paris, and contained only two

words: "Wanted-Run." The fact that Lord Langley had been l'ulwarton's fag at Eton may possibly secount for the curious wording of the message. As soon as Langley arrived er too good looking nor too well dressed in London he went straight to Fulwarton's chambers to ask him what he meant by dragging him away from the Gay City with such a peremptory wire.

"First of all, old chap, about that American beiress whom we have seen darkly hinted at in various papers?" "A mere figment of the fertile journalistic imagination! I hope to heaven

you haven't dragged me all this way merely to hear me deny such an obvious 'duck' as that!" "Not exactly! The next question is

-What about Una Carew?" "My dear Reggle, after her father's death she went away somewhere as a governess. But all my efforts to trace her have falled!"

"And you are still-?" "You infernal idiot! Of course, I am still-as you gracefully put it. Only, "All right. Supposing I could tell

you where she is?" "You don't really mean it, Reggie?" "Well, look here. You know the Mandeville-Jones lot?" "I've heard of them."

"Very well. That's where Una Carew is doing the 'Jane Eyre' turn! And the 'Balmy Bounder' himself is trying The next day when Lord Langley

Hyde Park with Miss Irene. He jumped into a hansom and dashed off to see if he could find her there, but not before his card had been secured it before Mrs. Jones. Now it so hap pened that a friend of the latter lady caught sight of frome in the park, and ore her off to tea, leaving Una Carew

with the afternoon to herself. By a singular coincidence Mr. Bertle Jones happened to come upon her in a never dream of accepting her as a solitary portion of the park, and seized the opportunity of being more than usually pressing in his attentions. helress, and that if he disobeyed him Taings had actually got to the stage whe. Una had begun to raise her voice in alarm, when Mr. Bertle Jones suddenly found himself seated in a freshly watered flower bed, while a particularthat she would never marry him. In ly athletic looking young gentleman

tucked Una's trembling arm in his and him how thin-skinned you are!"-Stray Rockies in search of the grizzly. But marched her off in another direction. The next morning, however, Lord with feminine perversity longed for Langley, in spite of the protests of the him to come back; and when she saw butler, insisted on seeing Miss Carew. a paragraph stating that Lord Langley He then proceeded, as eloquently as he

being convinced that it would rain his prospects in the eyes of his father. Lord Langley was just beginning to wonder whether by any chance she cared for some one else, when the door was thrown open and the butler announced s

"The Earl of Chedgrave!" "Una, my dear," he began, "how d'ye do? Come and kiss me! Langley, you infernal young scoundrel, what are you dong here, sir? What's that? Do I understand you to say that you are making an offer of marriage to Miss Carew? You dare to tell me that to my very face?"

"But, father, she has refused me!" "Refused you? Then, by gad, sir, she is a sensible girl. She evidently knows you are a worthless young fool, or you would have proposed to her a year ago!"

"But I did, sir; and she refused me then, too!"

"Better and better! Hanged if I don't marry the girl myselft Una, my dear, will you marry me?"

Poor Una was thoroughly puzzled by this new aspect of the old man, but he went briskly on :

"Now, look here, my dear, you have got to choose between the old fool and the young fool. Which will you have? Don't mind saying that you prefer to have me as a father-in-law, if that's how you feel about it. Langley, you idiot, why don't you kiss the girt, while I do the heavy father in the background?"

When this had been duly carried out, Langley, who was still lost in astonishment, remarked, "But I thought, sir, you always said I must marry

helress?" "So I did. Because I knew what an infernally obstinate young fool you were! But I meant you all along to marry Una! So now it is all settled!" At this point the door was again thrown open, and this time Mrs. Mandeville-Jones stalked in and at once be-

"My dear Lord Chedgrave-" "Pardon me, madam, for interrupting rou!" said his lordship, who was now fairly bubbling over with excitement. You were good enough to write to me about my son's movements. Allow me to say that my son is quite capable of taking care of himself. And in the future he will have the assistance of the lady to whom hitherto you have entrusted the education of your doubtless

#### charming daughter!"-Modera Society. SECRET STORE CODE.

Warnings Used to Signal Presence of Shoplifters in Big Emportums. There was a crowd of customers before the woman's hosiery counter. The salesgirl who said "Two on ten" to the clerk next to her had been busy for twenty minutes with a customer, a handsomely dressed young woman, to whom she had been showing expen-

sive silk hoslery. The young woman had been more than ordinarily difficult to please, and the space in front of her was strewn with boxes. She did not seem satisfled with any that were shown her, and described several designs, each of which necessitated more or less search rough the stock on the part of clerk.

rently dissatisfied, the handsomely dressed young woman examined them indifferently, thanking the clerk, and said she would look farther. Just as she rose to go Miss Brown reminded Miss Smith of the new lot

It was perhaps three minutes before

the salesgirl again faced the customer

with several more boxes. Still appa-

that had just been received, but which had not yet been placed in stock. "Are you sure?" asked Miss Smith. "Yes, I saw them," replied Miss Brown. "Just wait a moment; I'll ask the floor walker to show them to

"Two on ten, Miss Brown? Sure? Very well. This way, madam," said the floor walker, beckoning Miss Brown to follow them.

"I see her finish," remarked another of the women customers to her companion, nodding her head in the direction the handsomely dressed young woman had gone. "I used to work in a dry goods store before I got married. and it seems kind of good to hear that familiar expression, 'two on ten' again.

"What does it mean? Why, two eyes on ten fingers. That woman was a shoplifter. The girl suspected her, and gave the signal and had her dead to rights in no time."-New York Post.

Strictly Germ-Proof.

The antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic

Were playing in the garden when the

Bunny gamboled up:

They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised-It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Ster-They said it was a Microbe and a Hothed of Disease,

They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees; They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope, And washed it in permanganate with carcalled in Berkeley square and asked to bolated soap. see Miss Carew, the pompous butler in-

In sulfureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly cars; They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a a pair of hard-boiled shears; They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play; They swim in pure iodoform a dozen

times a day; And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienie Cup-The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

Woman's Home Companion.

Stories.

Proving His Proverb. "He makes me so angry," remarked Miss Bute; "he's forever remarking to me that 'beauty is only skin deen.' "And when you get angry." re-

Listen to two women tulk, and one will say within five minutes that her hair comes out by the handsful.

marked Miss Chellus, "it just shows

In a dry time there is nothing better

"JUST LIKE DAISY FLEMING."

"No, I couldn't."

"Do you think you would have mar-

"Not a bit. It doesn't look like any

"Oh, at first glance. But now it just

wings.

in scientific investigation. In optical experiments in the laboratory it is often important to have at command a monochromatic light. Formerly the mercury are light was employed for this purpose, but after being used for a short time the elliciency of this source of light seriously falls off. It has been found, however, that the Cooper Hewitt lamp gives the same monochromatic fight, with very fine rays, so that it is admirably suited for the study of interference phenomeun, and it posesses the great advantage of being steady and trustworthy in its output. Moreover, being a commercial apparates, it is easily obtained, and can be used at a comparatively small expense.

Not Every Bullet Found Its Billet. Of the 45.000,000 bullets fired by the Russians during the Crimean war 44. 952,000 failed to fulf II their errand