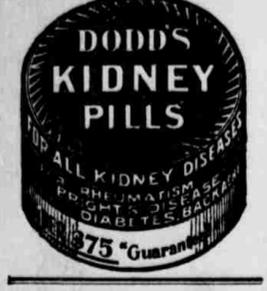


State Cures Lepers.
A remarkable medical report touching the cure of leprosy was presented to the Louisiana Assembly by the leper house of the State of Louisiana. Out of 91 lepers in the Louisiana Institution in the past two years six have been practically cured. A row of modern cottages constituted the leper quarters. A surgical building and a small Catholic church complete this group of leper buildings. For thirteen years four to six sisters of charity, practically alone, have cared for all the wants of the lepers. None of these sisters has ever become infected with the disease, and apparently none of them fears it.



Side Lights on History.
Cotton Mather was persecuting the New Salem witches.
"I'm going to make it still hotter for 'em!" he exclaimed, vindictively.
Misunderstanding this remark, some of the best citizens of the community, as we have every reason to believe, went ahead and built the fire.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietor has so much faith in its curative powers that he offers One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: W. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Extremely Unfashionable.
"Who are those people in that private box?"
"I don't know; mere nobodies, I guess. They are diverting their whole attention to the play."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.
6c.

Words of All.
Mr. Lane, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Meek had been off fishing the day before. They had gone unexpectedly from the post office where they met, and neither Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Hobart nor Mrs. Meek had been informed of their whereabouts until nightfall. "And it did beat all what poor luck we'd had!" said Mr. Lane, when the three friends met the next day.

"I tried to explain to Sadie that we kept staying in the hopes of fetching home something that would show why we'd stayed, but she said we'd acted like a parcel of yearlings, and it would be one while before she'd have a hot word for us for our dinner again, and dampings. She ran me uphill and downhill, I tell ye!"

"Maria spoke of my clothes," said Mr. Hobart, forlornly. "She pointed out the way the fatness had cocked that coat I had on. She said 'twouldn't ever be the same again, and if I knew of anybody that was going to spend summer days heating great irons and pressing out clothes for a man like me, she didn't!"

"Marthy never said a word," said Mr. Meek, as the other two turned to him, but as they remarked with out accord, "That's the kind of wife to have!" Mr. Meek looked much depressed.

"The only trouble is," he added, "she hasn't spoken yet, and I don't know when she will."

Calling a Skeptic.
Wayback Senior—The time I went to see Barnum's world-famous white elephant—
Wayback Junior (interrupting)—He never had a white elephant, dad. It was a fake.
Wayback Senior (bristling up)—A fake, was it? Gol darn ye! I s'pose arter ye go to college for another year or two ye'll be tellin' me I never seen a real live mermald in a tank w' water!—Brooklyn Life.

PRIZE FOOD.

Fatigable, Economical, Nourishing.
A woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes: "After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years."
"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods, but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all."
"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts, I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life."
"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day."
"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe stage of whooping cough, which could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed."

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Greenwood had given Alison strict injunctions that she was to keep her sister as quiet as possible, but it seemed impossible to check the storm of excited talk. Mabel's only relief was to accuse herself, and put all her conduct in its blackest light. A weight of intolerable misery lay on her mind; she felt her own pains were richly deserved, but the thought that she had risked her father's life by her disobedience was more than she could bear. Every hour she questioned Alison about his state. Would he recover? Was he in any danger? What did the doctor fear? Alison at last called Roger to her aid.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, half crying. "Missie will not get any sleep to-night; she is working herself into a fever, and Dr. Greenwood does not wish to give her an opiate. It breaks my heart to hear her going on about papa. I think if she could only see him she would be more contented."
"Shall I go to her?" he asked, hesitating a little, for Missie had expressed no wish to see him.

"Oh, yes, perhaps that will be best," she said, brightening a little. "I am so tired and harassed that I probably do not say the right thing."
"I will come presently; but, Allice, I am so sorry you are so tired. Miss Hardwick is downstairs, and she says she must see you; she seems very much upset. Do you think you could speak to her for a moment?"

Alison made a gesture of repugnance. It was plain that she did not wish to see Miss Hardwick, but Roger was bent on carrying his point.
"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Hardwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Allice." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

Eva was pacing up and down the long drawing room, and came up to Alison quickly, holding out both her hands.
"Oh, Alison," she said, and the tears were running down her face unchecked, "I know you do not want to see me, but I begged so hard of Mr. Roger to send you. Of course, you hate the sight of me. You think I am the cause of this; but, indeed, I am not. I never knew Mr. Merle would be so angry!"

"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely, for her heart was hard against the girl. "You knew that she disapproved of Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"
"You must not speak against Anthony, Allice," returned Eva, in a subdued voice. "I am engaged to him; he is only my half-cousin. Mabel knew this, and she thought it would not matter coming with us. Mamma would have told you, only I did not wish it to be made public. All this has quite spoiled my happiness. Poor, dear Mabel; if I could only see her, and help you to nurse her. But Mr. Roger says it is quite impossible." And she wiped away some fresh tears.

There was so much feeling in Eva's words and manner that Alison's coldness relaxed a little.
"You must not see her," she said, gravely; "I believe papa has forbidden that for the present, but I can give her your love, and tell her that you asked after her."
"Tell her I shall come every evening to inquire; tell her, too, that I shall not have a moment's peace, thinking that I am partly to blame for this. It was wrong of us, Allice; I see that now. I deserve to have something to bear as well as she, poor darling! You and Mr. Roger must not be too hard on me, for, indeed, I am as unhappy as possible; Anna will tell you so."

"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, that evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not make things better to be hard and bitter against people. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about you." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

"Well!" observed Roger, interrogatively, as she came to his side.
"I am glad you told me to go down," was her reply; "there is good in every one, and Eva certainly appeared to advantage this evening. She is really fond of Missie, and she cried so about it all. She is not a bad-hearted girl."
"No; and all this will do her a great deal of good. 'Evel is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' Allice. Now let us go to poor Missie."
Missie flushed up very much when she saw Roger, but the next moment her face grew wan and pale.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her hot little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better to-night; Mrs. Merwick thought so, too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."
"Oh, Roger!" and Missie's eyes were filling in a moment. "Do you really think so?"
"Yes, dear, and Nurse Merwick said the same; he spoke more clear and articulately. Now," kissing her forehead, "you will be easy about him, and will try to sleep?"

"There is no sleep in my eyes," she returned, with a little of her old excitement.
"Oh, Roger, you don't know what it is to be harassed and battered all over, and not be able to turn without pain. If it were not for that I would go to him."
"Perhaps you will be able to go to-morrow," he returned, humoring her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to lie patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep to-night, and, indeed, we are all overtired and harassed."
"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, restlessly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"

"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again you shall see how proud I shall be of my two sisters, and what nice times we shall have."
"Oh, no," she returned, bursting into tears. "I never expected any one to be fond of me again. I have made your life miserable, Roger. I have tormented you just for love of teasing. If I were not so

wicked I should like to die, and then perhaps you would be sorry for me. If anything happens to papa, I could not live. Oh, if I could only see him, and ask him to forgive me!"
"My dear, he has forgiven you over and over again," returned Roger, in a rather husky voice, for he found all this very trying; "that is the best of it. One need never be afraid of losing a father's love, it is not to be lost, Mabel; the thing is against nature. If I sinned against father or ever so, I know he must forgive me, just because I am his son."

"I will arise and go to my father," murmured Alison, half to herself, but Missie heard it.
"Yes, read that to me; I have been repeating fragments of the verses all day; that is, if you are not too tired, Alison," with renewed thoughtfulness.

"Roger will read it," returned Alison, feeling the task would be good for her brother, and distrusting her own voice; and though Roger looked a little shy over it, he did not refuse.

Missie lay with closed eyes and listened, and he harassed expression passed from her face.
"Thank you; that was beautiful," she said, when he had finished. "How nicely you read, Roger! Now I will try to be good and not wake Alison. Perhaps when the light is shaded, I may drop off to sleep."
Alison was in sore need of rest by this time; her head ached as well as her limbs; but she had one more duty to perform before she laid down in the little bed that had been prepared for her in Missie's room, and that was to bid her father good-night.

He welcomed her with a smile. "I feel easier to-night," he said, and his voice was stronger. "My good nurse has made me very comfortable, and I dare say we shall both be able to sleep a little. How is Pussie?" the old name escaping from his unwariness.
"I do not think she is any worse," she replied, cautiously; "but she still suffers a great deal, and she is making herself so unhappy about you."

"Tell her not to do that," he replied, with a little effort. "He need not take the blame of the accident on herself; she has enough to bear without that."
"May I give her your love, papa?"
"Oh, yes," he said, as though surprised by the question, for he knew nothing of the child's misery. "Tell her I hope she will have a good night." And then, as he seemed weary, she left him.

Missie received the message in silence, and as the light was dim, Alison could not see her face. She fancied that just as she was dropping off to sleep there was a sound as though some one was crying; but her senses were too drowsy to take in the fact that it might be Missie sobbing in the darkness. Her last recollection thought was about Aunt Diana. Roger had promised to write a few lines from the office, and she had wondered if he had done so.

"How should Aunt Di will be," she thought, "and how sorry for us all!" The half-finished sentence was completed in her dream, for she dreamed that Greville was rowing them both among the water lilies, and Aunt Di was gathering roses and throwing them into her lap.

"Do not cry, child, it will all come right in time," Alison heard her say; "there are silver linings behind every cloud, you may be sure of that." And then she woke with a start. Something she did not know what, had disturbed her; she sat up and looked round in bewilderment. The moon was shining full into the room, and Missie's bed was empty.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Nurse Merwick was sleeping on a couch in the dressing room. It had been pined so near the door of communication that she had a full view of her patient. He had just sunk into a tranquil doze, and she had followed his example, when a faint sound, like an opening door, roused her, and a moment after she caught a glimpse of a white-robed figure with long, fair hair. A young girl in a hose, dressing gown and slippers, was standing by the bed. Nurse Merwick's quick eyes discerned that one arm was bandaged and in splints. It must be the young lady, she thought, who had been injured in the accident; perhaps she was light-headed. The next minute she touched her softly.

"Come, my dear, come," she said coaxingly; "you ought not to be out of your bed at this time of night; let me help you back, there's a dear young lady." For Missie's white, feverish eyes alarmed her.
"No, no," returned Missie, recoiling from the nurse's gentle touch. "I could not stay in bed, I could not sleep until I had seen papa. Let me stay and look at him; I will be good and not wake him. But the nurse shook her head at this.
"You must not stay," she whispered, not daring to raise her voice; "your feet are bare, and you look as bad as possible. Come, my dear, let me carry you back to your room; it will scare your father to see you standing there."
"No, no," returned Missie, shrinking still more; "I must stay with papa. Why should he look so pale, and lie so still? Is he dead? No one told me he was dead. Papa!" she cried out, for she was bewildered by the dim light and her own feverish fancies. "Speak to me only one word, just to tell me you are alive."

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed the nurse; but she was too late. Mr. Merle woke up; but in his weak condition, his daughter's presence did not strike him.
"My dear," he said, feebly; "I ought not to have allowed this. You will make yourself ill leaving your warm bed."
"But I could not sleep," she sobbed; "I could not rest. I thought they were hiding things from me. If you had died, and I had never told you I was sorry, I should have died, too. Oh, papa, it must have killed me!"

He smiled faintly, and gathered the hot little hand in his.
"You were sorry all the time, my pet, were you not?"
"Yes, I am sorry now," creeping still closer. "I could not ask God to forgive me until you had forgiven me. Oh, papa! why do you look so kindly at me, when you know it is all through my wickedness that you are lying here? Of course, no one can love me any more."
"Not love you, Pussie! Come, come my child, fathers are not like that. I forgive you freely; everything is right between us. But, my poor darling, you are ill and suffering, and if you care to please me, let nurse carry you back to bed."
"Will you let me kiss you first?"
His only answer was to stretch out his arms to her; but he wondered to see how slowly she came to him. How could he guess such movement was agony to the poor child? How she had ever managed to crawl from her bed and across the passage only she herself knew.

"I have only one arm to put round your neck," she whispered, as her long hair fell over her face. "Dear, dear papa, if I could only bear it all!" And as she felt her tears upon his cheek he understood how her young heart was wrung with remorse and sorrow, and holding her a moment tried to comfort her, and be- sought God to bless his pet.

Alison was just sitting up in a straight, looking around the empty room, when Nurse Merwick appeared, carrying Missie in her arms.
"Oh, Mabel, where have you been? You have frightened me so!"
"Go to sleep, Alison," returned Missie, in a happy voice. "I have only been to see papa; he has forgiven me, and now I can rest."
"She will be quiet now," whispered the nurse. "I have covered her up warm, and she will rest until morning." And she was right. Though Missie lay awake, feverish and full of pain, she gave no more trouble, and poor Alison was allowed to sleep undisturbed until morning.

For the next few days Missie was very ill. Her agitation of mind brought on a slight feverish attack, and when this had yielded to the doctor's remedies her weakness was excessive. Her nerves had been jarred and unstrung by the accident; and the least noise, the slamming of a door, or even a louder voice than usual, made her change color and burst into tears. It was impossible for her in her shattered state always to repress irritability. Again the old sharp tones and words recalled Missie's faulty temper. But there was this improvement—she struggled bravely against her besetting sin, and would ask pardon quite humbly of Alison. "I have been so cross to-day," she would say, with tears in her eyes; "I wish you would not be so sweet and patient with me."

"I will promise to scold when you are well enough," Alison would say, in her most cheerful manner, for she knew Missie must not be encouraged to be morbid. "Just now, darling, I can only remember you are ill, and that your poor arm is giving you trouble. I know I should be cross if I had so much to bear."
But in spite of Alison's assumed cheerfulness of tones and her pleasant and thin. Her close confinement, Missie's room tried her; no one but Alison suited the sick girl's fancy—no one else seemed to understand her little ways. Miss Leigh's gentle mournfulness irritated her; she had never cared much for Anna, and she had lost all desire for Eva's companionship, and though her father had generously withdrawn his prohibition, Eva had only once been admitted to her room. The latter had been a little embarrassing. Eva had cried and begged Missie to forgive her, and Missie had been kind and magnanimous in her answer; but after the first few agitating minutes their talk had drifted into silence; Missie was languid and out of spirits, and Eva did not possess the art of soothing—the bond of sympathy between them seemed broken.

Both of them had yet to learn that similarity of tastes and the homelike spirits of youth do not lay the foundation of a lasting friendship. While Alison and Anna seemed to cement their intimacy more every day, as the good qualities of each became more apparent, there were symptoms that Missie and Eva would drift still further apart.

(To be continued.)

NEVER MISSED A MAIL.
And Old Postman in the "Ghost Country" Never Saw a Wrath.
Few regions in Pennsylvania have more mysteries and ghost stories and thrilling traditions to the acre than the wild and stony country stretching along Swamp creek from Summerton to Finland, a few miles east of Pennsburg, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. Massive boulders are piled up and strewn about in weird confusion from the edge of the creek to the tops of the high hills on both sides. Here and there is a small tract of land where a Pennsylvania German farmer tries to eke out an existence by tilling the thin soil. The chief products, however, are spruce and cedar trees and blackberry and huckleberry thickets, among which snakes of fabulous dimensions have their habitat.

Almost the only outsiders who venture into the Swamp creek region are bass fishermen, who have been let into the secret that some of the biggest and wildest bass in the inland waters of Pennsylvania are in this stream. Parties of fishermen from distant points have been coming here year after year, camping for a week or more along the creek. For the summer boarder has not yet invaded this country, and hence there are no resorts for the entertainment of visitors. Therefore those who would enjoy the piscatorial delights and the scenic beauties of the Swamp creek valley must rough it.

The feature that attracts the most attention from visitors is the "Indian cave" near Finland. According to the tales of the natives, a spook of most forbidding mien guards this cave. Sometimes the apparition is in the form of a huge dog and sometimes it is the regulation ghost of the old-time story books. At any rate it is declared that this supernatural guardian watches over a chest of gold which robbers in the eighteenth century are supposed to have buried there.

Few of the natives venture near the cave. Several years ago a Pennsburg clergyman resolved to explore the cavern to prove the falsity of these superstitious beliefs. But when his intentions became known a vigorous protest was made by his friends against the proposed venture, on the ground that he would unnecessarily imperil his life, so he finally abandoned the attempt. Immediately, however, another clergyman, the Rev. J. A. P. Harris of Garvistown, Bucks county, undertook the task. He made a thorough exploration of the cavern and found that it was about fifty feet in depth, but contained little worth of mention and no traces whatever of anything supernatural.

The one man who knows every nook and cranny of this region is John Heitz, who for twenty-two years has carried the mail between Finland and McLean station, on the Perkiomen railroad, without missing a trip, no matter how bad the roads or how deep the snow. He has lived on a farm about two miles from Finland for nearly fifty years and "Paradise" is the name he has bestowed on his farm, in the midst of surroundings that hardly recall the customary descriptions of paradise.

A Bad Hinderer.
She—Cook has given notice.
He—Why?
She—She says you spoke in a brutal manner to her on the telephone yesterday.
He—Yesterday? I thought I was speaking to you!—London Opinion.

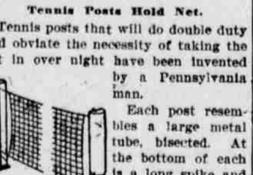
Although the sea has washed away 319 acres from the British Isles in the last quarter of a century, it has added more than 30,000, which will become productive in time.



Basket for Clothes.
An excellent device that would be of great assistance to the housewife is the combined clothes and clothespin receptacle shown in the illustration. Ordinarily the wet clothes are carried from the wash tub to the yard in an ordinary wicker basket for attachment to the clothesline. The dripping water collects in the bottom of the basket, soon rotting and destroying it. The basket shown here is made of galvanized wire to prevent rusting. The mesh being wide, the water from the wet clothes readily drains off. At one end is a receptacle for the reception of clothespins, while suitable straps are secured to the back by which it can be supported at some convenient point. These straps are also used to carry the receptacle.



Tennis Posts Hold Net.
Tennis posts that would do double duty and obviate the necessity of taking the net in over night have been invented by a Pennsylvania man.



Each post resembles a large metal tube, bisected. At the bottom of each is a long spike and inside is a rod which turns like a reel. The ends of the net are fastened to these rods and is rolled on one of them. When in position the posts stand firm and hold the net taut during hard usage, and when the games are over one of the posts can be pulled from the ground and the net rolled up inside the other. When the two posts are brought together they make a round, waterproof case for the net, which can be left outdoors not only over night, but in the severest weather.

Another advantage of such a device is that the court can be laid out wherever desired, as the posts need only be pressed into the ground. Any person who has had a costly tennis net ruined

by moisture when it was forgotten and left out in the rain will appreciate the merits of this invention.

Trims and Crimps Pies.
When anyone mentions that great American institution, the pie, many millions of people at once sit up and take notice. Consequently, it is not only housewives and bakers who will be interested in learning of the invention of a New York man by which the making of pies can be expedited.

This device is known as a "trimmer and crimper," and consists of two rotary disks, lying one against the other, and with a handle by which they can be trundled along. Both disks are provided with teeth along their edges, but one is smaller than the other and acts as a flange.

When this utensil is run in a circle over a flat strip of dough it cuts out a round piece and "crimps" it at the same time. This crimping process causes the crust to bake with the cunning little puckers around the edge, that used to be made by pinching the dough. Another use for the device is to perforate the dough so the steam can escape while the pie is baking.

Lamp Most Adjustable.
The most servicable and the most practical desk lamp designed up to the present time is that patented by a Florida inventor. In addition to being adjustable to every possible position, it is of pleasing appearance and occupies but little space.

The huge joint at the base and the ball and socket joint near the shade afford the utmost freedom of adjustment for use on either a roll or flat-top desk. It is also equally adaptable for library or piano. The parabolic shade with its aluminum reflecting surface diffuses and localizes the light, relieving the strain on the eyes caused by unshielded or poorly directed light.

QUEER STORIES.
The dolphin can travel forty miles an hour.
The Bible is printed in five hundred languages.
Thimbles of lava are used by the women of Italy.
The total postal savings in Japan have reached the large sum of \$52,150,030.

A union of the 18,000 milk producers who supply Chicago is in contemplation. It is hoped to form a close organization to regulate the price of milk and to buy feed and supplies on a co-operative plan.
Sir Isaac Newton experimented with the thermometer but his scale was not accepted. He also proposed to use "linseed" oil instead of alcohol, melting snow and the heat of the human body to be the extremes of heat and cold.

The new ferryboat at Gullibouf, near the mouth of the Seine, has two paddlewheels, which are driven at thirty revolutions a minute by two electric motors making 540 revolutions. Current for each motor is supplied by a De Dion gasoline engine and dynamo of seventy horse power.

A traveling exposition, taking a ten months' cruise around the world for the purpose of exhibiting in all the principal ports of the world Spanish manufactures and agricultural products, is a project which a number of the influential merchants of Barcelona, Spain, are contemplating, according to a report to the Bureau of Manufactures.

The platinum output of Colombia is second only to that of Russia. This precious metal, washed from the gravels of the Choco, is always found mixed with gold, sometimes one or the other metal greatly predominating. Although platinum occurs to a small extent in other parts of the Choco, the main sources are the Platina and Condoto rivers.

A month-old baby with a full set of small but perfectly developed teeth caused a sensation at a recent meeting of the Vienna Medical Society. The premature appearance of teeth has been known before, but in this case the child is normal in the development of bones and hair and in nutrition, a healthy boy of normal parentage, and the doctors are at a loss to explain the twenty fine teeth.

An Idle Question.
Pollitidan—Congratulations, my dear; I've won the nomination.
His wife (in surprise)—Honesty?
Pollitidan—Now what in thunder did you want to bring that point up for?
—The Globe.

When a man can't remember the name of a pretty girl, that is a sign the gray hairs are here.
American railroad shooks employ 350,000 men earning \$200,000,000 a year.



GRIP.
Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Croup and whooping Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.
Have your stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured.
If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy. Munyon's Whittier makes weak men strong and restores lost powers.

HE OBLIGED A LADY.
Little Billy saw to it That Polly Had a Cracker.
Parrot stories are many, but new ones are rarer. Here is one which may be accurately dated July 4, 1908.
Little Billy had been sent to spend the Fourth with an aunt at her new country cottage, where she kept several pets, among them a parrot—a bird he had never yet seen.

He arrived late on the third, and was at once sent to bed. The next morning, very early, he woke and stole downstairs to explore, taking his fire-crackers with him. Not long after there was a terrible commotion, and his aunt ran down in her wrapper to investigate.

Mingled sounds of sobs, squawks and screeches, following the explosion which had roused her, led her to a screened porch, where she found Billy, weeping and shaking his fingers, while the parrot flapped and fluttered at the end of its tether, scolding frantically at the curl of smoke which still rose lazily from a bunch of exploded crackers at the foot of the stand-peak to which it was fastened.

"Why, Billy!" cried the lady, reproachfully. "You're almost blown poor Polly up, and frightened her quite out of her wits—and you know you're not allowed to set off crackers all alone by yourself, anyway. How could you?"
"I wasn't alone!" protested Billy, tearfully. "She was here, and she asked me to. Mean old thing, to make such a fuss when I only tried to please her! They wouldn't have all gone off at once if she hadn't screamed at me so I dropped the match on 'em, either. I think she's horrid!"

"Asked you to?" echoed the maligned parrot's owner, shocked at the apparent truth.
"Why, Billy!"
"Well, she did," Billy insisted; and just then Polly, cheered by the presence of her mistress, spoke up and confirmed him.
"Pretty Polly," she croaked, genially. "Polly wants a cracker. Crack—err! Pretty Polly!"

"There!" said Billy. "And I didn't give it to her for ever so long, 'cause I knew I'd have to fire it for her, if she can talk. But she kept right on, and father always says to oblige a lady."
Billy's aunt sat down suddenly and began to laugh.

"Whenever you can, Billy," she agreed. "Only be quite sure what the lady wants. There are crackers and crackers."
"Oh!" said Billy. "Why— But, aunty, you see it was the Fourth."—Youth's Companion.

Earthquake Carpenters.
The term "earthquake carpenter" at first glance might give the impression of a person capable of doing a job in fast time, regularly shaking the work together. To some persons it might convey the idea of a man whose work was so poor that it was likely to drop to pieces at any moment. Actually it is a Jamaican term, and was used a great deal in Kingston after the disaster there. It really means a man whose work in wrecking, a man who takes apart the fallen houses and sorts out the timbers.

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