

Divorces in Japan.

Divorces in Japan, which can be obtained on the most trivial pretension, have somewhat diminished in number in recent years, but they still occur at the rate of one to every three marriages. In 1902 there were 349,489 marriages and 113,498 divorces.

Where He's Wrong.

A man has no right to give his wife away when she boasts before company, considering that she never gives him away by looking surprised when he offers her the rocking chair when company is present.—*Atchison Globe.*

Leave Mementoes of Visit.

According to a very old custom prevailing at the quaint old town of Oakham, England, every peer of the realm passing through the town is required to leave a horseshoe, or its equivalent, to be placed in the castle.

Australian Curiosity.

Australian geologists recently discovered a great curiosity in the shape of a fish of opal. The fish is about three and one-half feet long, and is of the shape of the dog-fish. It has distinct opal veinings.

River Skirts Lake.

One discovery made by an exploring party in Abyssinia recently is that the river Gelo skirts the southernmost extremity of Lake Tana instead of flowing into the lake, as was hitherto believed.

Opportunity.

When Opportunity knocks at your door, go and open it quick, and don't stand still sneering at her because she wasn't up to date enough to ring the electric bell.—*Somerville Journal.*

Women Know No Birthdays.

Among female Moors birthday celebrations are unknown. A Moorish woman considers it a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.

Water as Sound Conductor.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,200 feet through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

Oil for Locomotive Fuel.

Of the 1,350 locomotives owned and operated by the Southern Pacific, 789 are now using oil as fuel.

Tartar Alphabet.

The Tartar alphabet contains 203 letters, being the largest in the world.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Sept. 19 (Special).—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Weld, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Weld, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Undertaker's Thank Offering.

The bishop of London has received a subscription of \$25 from an undertaker who described the gift as a thank offering "because trade has been so brisk of late."

While we are sorry to learn that the attendance at St. Louis is not as large as was expected, still there is the happy thought that there will not be so many people who will want to talk all winter about their visit to the fair.

A man who removes his hat in the elevator of an office building always does it with an expression which indicates that he believes every woman in the elevator will write a note to the papers about his gallantry.

The nest embodies all that is greatest in a bird's life; and as most men are a good deal like birds, the same ought to be said of the home.—*New York Tribune.*

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Some people insist that while it is fane to have a 10 cent cigar named for you it is mere notoriety when a 5 cent cigar has your picture on the box.

The first step toward the elevation of the stage should be the incarceration of the big handed man who wants eight or ten encores of every song.

Classic music and woman are similar. Lots of people like them, but few understand them.

Some men admire a well-formed woman more than they do a well-informed one.

Many a man is willing to die for his country, but he wants to fix the date for himself.

A man who sits with his hands in his pockets usually hasn't much else there.

Every man knows how a wife should be managed, but few are able to do it.

The men who make a noise in this world are always the quiet ones.



Misses' Seven-Gored Kitted Skirt.

Skirts that are made flat over the hips and are so plaited as to mean generous fullness below that point increase in favor week by week, and are shown in many variations. This one is peculiarly attractive and suits young girls to a nicety, being made of plain cut bias and stitched with corticell silk. The plaits are turned backward and are so arranged as to conceal all seams, while the many gores do away with unnecessary bulk. All suiting and skirting materials are appropriate.

The skirt consists of seven gores and is closed invisibly at the center back. The plaits are laid on indicated lines and are pressed flat for their entire length, but stitched for a portion only.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 6 1/2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

Whole Cucumber Pickles.

Lay a hundred cucumbers in cold water for an hour. Drain, put into a



stone crock and cover with cold brine that is strong enough to bear up an egg. Set aside for three days, drain off the brine, and wipe the pickles dry. Wash out the crock, put in the cucumbers, cover with cold water and leave for twenty-four hours. Boil in vinegar two minced onions, twenty cloves, an ounce each of mustard and celery seed and a few blades of mace. Add a cup of sugar and fill the crock with this boiling mixture. Stir the cucumbers well, then cover closely and leave for a week. At the end of that time drain off the vinegar, boil it up again and again pour it over the pickles. Do not use for several months.

Skirts Long and Full.

The newest skirts, in spite of all the prophecies to the contrary, are very long and full, and, when puffed and gaggings are not employed, there are many small frills, much tucked and ruffled, or inserted with lace. There is a general air of droopiness about all the smart toilettes of the moment, and one really cannot deny their graceful elegance. A lovely little linen gown seen the other day—it had been made in Paris for one of the smartest Parisiennes renowned for her perfect taste in dress—had the skirt cut very long, and decorated with four flounces of embroidery in graduating widths separated by nun's plaits. The plaited bodice had a little fichu fastened in front of either shoulder by a rosette of black velours mousseline, and the deep pointed belt was also of the velours mousseline.

Skirt Styles.

Styles are, in the main, very much what designers have been leading up to for a year or more. Skirts, instead of molding the form, spring light away from the waist line, though many still bear witness to the very natural fear of looking bunched and thick, which haunts most women no longer on the right side of twenty-five, by being set into cordings and gaggings. The plisse skirt and the box-plaited variety are both admirable, and likely to endure.

The short skirt has found its right place strictly as a walking skirt, for early morning wear, for shopping, or for country and sports; the most usual length is that which just touches the ground all around. Trains are reserved for evening gowns and ceremonious toilettes.

Shirt Waists Here to Stay.

"Shirt waists are too comfortable to ever go out of fashion," said a prominent modiste recently. "They are growing more dressy every season, and yet I doubt, too, if the real plain tailor-made shirt waist, worn with a white collar and black tie or a neat stock, will ever be superseded for certain occasions by the dressier affairs. I make up quantities of the white handkerchief linen waists, hand-embroidered, right through the summer and winter. They launder well, are extremely becoming, and cool."

French Finery.

Linen gowns, it should be explained, are the chic thing for morning wear at all the smart French holiday places just now, and when they are not possible, on a dull or rainy day, smart little coats and skirts of fine serge or some thin cravenetted cloth are in accordance with good

taste. But muslin dresses are a thing apart; they are for afternoon and garden party and semi-evening wear, dainty robes painted or printed with tiny pompadour designs of flowers, and commingled with cobwebby laces threaded with the very narrowest of velvet bebe ribbons that look as though fairy fingers alone had fashioned them. Roses, by the way, are the most modish of all flowers and the most admired for wear this season, and apropos of matters millinerical, all the newest hats have decidedly high crowns.

Artistic Fruit Centerpieces.

The English taste for fruit centerpieces for the dinner table has been stimulated by the beautiful designs in electroliers which goldsmiths and silversmiths are turning out.

The wiring is done through a hole in the center of the table and cleverly hidden by low bowls with tubes running through the center, from which rise and spread the electroliers.

In one design, a bowl of exquisite carved Italian marble is supported by six cupids and from the center spring the gold-plated electroliers in a spray of three, showing narcissi lights. This bowl may be filled with fruits according to the English fashion or, to meet the American taste, pink roses are preferred.

Another centerpiece has narcissi blooms at the base as well as on the upper electroliers, and cupids are posed reaching from the lower row of lights to the upper.

Elaboration in Gowns.

Modes of the moment seem as fussy as ever, and nearly all of them appertain to one or other of the Louis periods. There is simplicity in effect, but in reality how different it all is! Gaugings and puffings and festooned flounces, to say nothing of the flat bouillonnes now in vogue, spell end less handwork, and it is really true that dressmaking just now is neither more nor less than fine needlework. More especially is this the case with mousseline and taffetas frocks—the required lightness and daintiness of effect can only be produced by hand stitching, and as the newest skirts are gullies of lining it goes without saying that the very finest needlework is alone admissible. Taffeta is more and more in evidence, and its most serious rival is glace silk, softly ruffled with chiffon.

Parisian Creation.

One of the pretty American women in Paris recently appeared at a reception gown in a dress of black Chantilly, beautifully made over a lustrous satin foundation. The hat was a great wide-spreading black lace picture hat and she wore long black gloves. The note of color was found in a beautiful turquoise blue sash, in a great, long, blue ostrich plume and in a handsome turquoise brooch at the throat. The costume was by all odds the most attractive in the room.

Kimono Dressing Sacque.

No other form of dressing sacque is quite so comfortable and satisfactory as the kimono. This one is peculiarly attractive and is made of light weight wash fannel with bands of wash silk in plain color. As shown, the sleeves are pointed, but round ones can be substituted whenever preferred. Again, the yoke can match the band in place of the kimono when that combination is liked. In addition to the light weight wools Oriental cot



ton crepes and all washable materials are eminently appropriate and, in place of the bands being plain and the material figured, the material can be plain and the bands of any pretty figured silk or ribbon that may be chosen.

The kimono consists of full fronts and back which are joined to the yoke and is finished with a collar and band cut in one piece. The sleeves are in one piece each and slightly full at the shoulders.

The quantity of material required in the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 32 inches wide; with 1 1/2 yards in any width for bands.



The Mortgage Lifter.

Hail, to the hog! The American hog! The unrefined, wallowing stuffer of the bristle-backed, scurvy-skinned ignoble dog of a hog!

Ho, to the pig, the stop-eating pig! The unrefined, wallowing stuffer of the whig. The vulgar-mouthed, mental son-of-a-swig—"Woof," big pig!

Ho, to the sow, the fecundious sow! The tester-tit, flabby-chopped, old rowdy-dow. The sacky-shaped, rooty-nosed, old porker's frau—

Oh, thou sow! Here's to them all, the ignoble pen! The loathsomest hogos of pig-sty and fen. The muddy-nosed, tilted-eyed, saviours of men

On the farm! Sing ye a song of America hog! The dollar marked grunter that's built like a log. The gold weighted smooter that clears away fog.

From the farm! Warble of humming birds, lovers and lace. The poetic metre, the fair woman's face. Dame Symmetry's form that is fashioned in grace—

But the hog—Remember the hog, the squealing old hog That fattens himself on sour swill, in the bog. 'Tis he in our business is banker "in-cog"—

Fine fat pork!

The "Y" in the Railroad.

"Once upon a time" in an infantile metropolis of the West, there lived a grandiloquent real estate dealer and an air castle carpenter!

The sedulous real estate agent was not doing (anybody) very well, and the other fellow had tried everything else and failed, so they decided to start something!

As might be expected, they finally concluded that a nice little country paper would be about the easiest money going. Of course neither knew a shooting-stick from a tympan-sheet, but both were "born editors" and acquainted with the local publisher, who didn't know much anyhow—and was getting rich at it!

"Now, my deduction is," said Boomit, the real estate man, getting cheery, "that if Jobber, who almost has paresis, can successfully hood-wink the public into liquidating, we—you and I—can make Midas borrow a stack of blues in about six months and a fraction!"

The argument was philosophical and appealed to Dolittle, the fellow who wasn't very busy anyhow, and they set off enthusiastically for the town junk pile, where they unearthed a printing outfit in about two jerks of a mutton-chop's caudal appendage!

Then they bought two excursion tickets, rode as far as they had it printed on 'em, and disembarking, began a hot-foot up the railroad track toward Utopia—which is in the dictionary, but not on the map—carrying their "shirt-tail" outfit between them.

They didn't know exactly where they were, or whether they were going, but it was so easy to make money in the newspaper business wherever there were people and green grass, that it didn't matter much anyhow—and they trudged along joyously, practising on the use of the editorial "we" and "ye editor begs to acknowledge," etc.

Dolittle, long, lank and cadaverous, was carrying a bucket of ink in one hand, a planer in the other, and about his neck dangled ten feet of press-tape. From his pocket the editorial scissors protruded at an angle of 45 degrees Fahrenheit—or about that height!

Boomit, short, fat and oleaginous, was staggering along under the weight of a mallet, a press-roller and a grip-full of type-lead!

Thus they proceeded toward the Land of the Long Felt Wank, where people were lying awake nights worrying about the light crop of newspapers and praying for more rain!

The day was torrid, and despite their inner buoyancy, the literary itinerants began to lather a little at the turn of the road—and other places!

Great globules of perspiration rolled down Boomit's body—for he was greasy and built like a keg of nails!

Every few steps Dolittle would stop and fan the front of his throbbing undershirt, and suggest starting a newspaper "on the spot!"

"There's plenty of green grass around here," he argued, waving his long arm in a semi-circle, "and won't the people come in omnibuses when we get 'er started?"

But better judgment prevailed, and after a time they sighted a village church spire! Then, abruptly rounding a curve, they came face to face with a "Y" in the road!

On each side of the "Y" was a sign-board. One read:

8
MILES
to
WHISTLE CRICK.
and the other one:
12
MILES
to
HICK'RY HOLLER.

—and they went to Whistle Crick. The entire populace of the Crick turned out en masse to greet the new editors!

Both Squire Dingem and Ol' Man Binker said they'd subscribe. The boy with a stone-bruise on his heel struck them for a job, and the seven

yellow dogs wagged their tails as encouragingly as could be expected by utter strangers!

Well, Dolittle and Boomit announced that they would begin with a wri-e-up of the town, and the corner groceryman, who was going to begin business soon, said maybe he'd advertise after the first year, if the paper showed evidence of stability!

With light hearts Boomit and Dolittle went to work. They set a neat editorial card that read like this:

THE WHISTLE CRICK MOCKING-BIRD

Subscription Price 50c a Year (Garden Truck Accepted.)
Published Every Thursday Evening.
Alexander Bing Boomit—Manager.
Al. Simpson Dolittle—Editor.
Now is the Time to Subscribe!

Then they went out where the green grass was growing and started to do business. Whenever they met anybody, they got the glad hand, and the yellow dogs barked hospitably—but there didn't seem to be any big contracts! That night the "literary gents" dug a few greens, and went to sleep alongside the railroad track! They were weary and somewhat surprised—but not discouraged!

And here, oh, gentle reader, begins the tear-splashed part of this narrative!

About midnight, the fast mail train, sweeping like a demon through Whistle Crick, threw out a huge sample-copy bundle of Chicago papers. The massive roll went hurtling through the right-of-way like a torpedo through a Russian cheese!

And Boomit, slumbering with Morpheus and Dolittle beside the iron rail, was struck and telescoped!

He lived but a fleeting moment and his last words were:

"Partner—don't—give—up—our editorial—ship!"

"Alas! Poor Boomit!" wailed Dolittle, standing aloft, while tears of woe fell with sudden thud upon the dead man's flannel shirt—"Poor, poor Boomit! And we just getting such a good start!"

Then the chief mourner ran uptown and spread the direful news!

Squire Dingem shook his head sadly, and the corner groceryman said he had felt all along the town wasn't big enough to support a newspaper.

Dolittle, dazed and weeping, hung around all next day, slobbering softly to himself, but when the evening shadows fell asiant the cottonwoods and painted silhouettes on the bosom of Whistle Crick, he mournfully withdrew up the railroad track, chanting a requiem of sorrow as he went!

The next day, a Russian junk peddler swooped down upon Whistle Crick and his print shop with a writ of replevin, the current issue of the trade paper said: "The Whistle Crick Mockingbird has ceased to mock!"—and the people lived happily ever afterward!

Moral—Most any gazabo can start something!

As the Fall approaches, nearer and nearer come the rehearsal echoes of the altitque campaigner from his practice stump in the forest primeval. Rhetorical bombast reverberates from afar off, like harbingers of the storm that sweeps in fury later on. In the inimitable parlance of the slangist, "We're up ag'in it!"—this is campaign year!

A man old "geezer" down in New Jersey is using his first girl's picture to scare the rats from his hen house. He probably has forgotten when father's shotgun couldn't scare him away from the original—which proves he either didn't have even rat sense in those days or is a complete mental deformity at the present time!

This is the season of the year when the erubescens maiden and the awkward swain get married at the county fair, or the town carnival, amid the plaudits of gathered thousands. In after life it must be sweet music to their ears to be known as "that there couple that got tied at the Berrien county fair."

About the hardest luck extant was that of the young man who, married but three days, was drawn on the jury and accepted in a case that lasted three weeks with two days and nights for a verdict. A man is entitled to a pension for such service to his country.

The graminivorous bovine in the pasture is just about now getting an adjunct of corn meal and bran to stimulate a lacteal flow. To even things, the kid that drives her is hitting the apple barrel in the cellar regularly. We, of the city, don't get all the good things of life.

Many a man that kicks another when he is down refrains from kicking a dog when it has a tin can tied to its tail. Our sympathy for misused brutes is frequently more marked than our pity for human beings.

When a young married couple with their first baby go visiting and the young husband carries a package under his arm, all the old married folks know what's in the bundle without looking.

Many a woman that could not cook has made a noble mother and none of her sons in after life was in a position to make his wife unhappy by reference to the biscuits mother used to make.

If you haven't anything to say, let the other fellow say it and make a monkey of himself.

The envious man misses his own blessings in coveting those of others.



WASH BLUE

Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other kind of bluing. Won't Freeze, Spill, Break

Nor Spot Clothes

DIRECTIONS FOR USE



ground in the water. At all wise Grocers.

The Germ Scare in France.

It has been recommended by the French health authorities of Paris that laundry articles be conveyed in closed bags, and that all clothes be first disinfected before they are washed. The washerwomen are to use rubber gloves for their own protection.

Chinese Name for Fort Arthur.

The Chinese name for Fort Arthur was Lushunkow; the town had, twenty years ago, only a few thousand inhabitants, and was used as a place for the deportation of criminals.

Death From Slight Accident.

While carrying a keg of beer intended for a picnic in Reading, Pa., Elmer Kerchoff stumbled over a wire. The keg slipped so suddenly that the jar dislocated his neck.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Most people eat their sorrows and drink their disappointments.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy.

"Have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy.—Mrs. N. M. Gullford, New Orleans, La."

Most Active Volcano.

Mount Sanguay is the most active volcano in the world. It is in Ecuador, is 17,120 feet in height, and has been in constant activity since 1728. The sounds of its eruptions are sometimes heard in Quito, 150 miles distant, and 267 reports were once counted in one hour.

Pathetic Appeal for Sympathy.

Did you ever carry two suit cases, a hat box and a bag of fruit onto a train that was just starting, for a woman, and then have her walk past seven empty seats looking for one that might be a little better?—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Midnight Sun.

"The mighty glad," said the old colored 'rhoubant, "dat de worl' only turns 'rout' once in a day. Kaze ef ever hit turned in de nighttime hit would er kotched me at many a ben-roos."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Laughter a Health-Tonic.

There is nothing better established among physicians than that cheerfulness prolongs life, and also enriches and enlarges it. Whole-souled, joyous laughter is a powerful health-tonic.

Fungus on Corks.

It has been found that some of the cork imported in this country from Algeria is affected by a fungus growth, which, unless the corks are sterilized, gives bottled liquids an unpleasant taste.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Mo. says:

"For 2 years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work."

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains."

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed and so finally I turned to food."

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required so I went to eating it."

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine for I haven't needed any."

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."