

John G. Carlisle, who has a farm on Long Island, was discussing with his foreman the advisability of putting on a new man. "No," said the foreman, "I wouldn't bother to take on Frank. He wouldn't suit." "Why not?" "Well, because you couldn't place no dependence on his stickin' to the job. He's such a freckle-minded cuss he never stays at any one thing."

Some one asked President Jordan, of Stanford University, why it is that the two leading educational institutions of California have granted so few doctor of philosophy degrees—only twenty-five in seven years. Dr. Jordan reflected for a moment, and then said: "By wider introduction of the 'trading stamp' principle in higher education the number of degrees could be increased, but with no gains to science and art."

James McNeil Whistler once visited an artist in Paris who was not overburdened with this world's goods, and was surprised at the sumptuous lunch provided. On being asked how he managed to live so well, his host replied: "I have a pet monkey, which I let down from my window by a rope into that of my landlady, and trust to Providence. Sometimes Jacko returns with a loaf, sometimes with a ham. His visits are full of surprises—one never knows what may appear."

Bishop Potter tells of a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by a check, and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the paying teller's window. The official looked at it, and then passed it back. "It's perfectly good," he said, "but I will have to ask you to endorse it." The young clergyman took his pen and wrote across the face of the check: "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."

One of the most popular priests in Canada is Father O'Gorman, of Gananogue, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. His reverence is a keen judge of horses and dogs, never failing to have at least one Irish setter at every bench show in New York city. At the recent exhibition there his entry won the first prize, on hearing of which a friend said to him: "I suppose they will make you a bishop now." Father O'Gorman, who is not at all averse to a joke on himself, answered, readily: "My dear sir, if I knew as much about theology as I do about Irish setters, I'd be a cardinal this minute."

Joseph Jefferson says that during his long stage career he was never associated with anyone showing undue familiarity except one individual named Bagley, a property man for several seasons. The man was valuable in his way, and so Mr. Jefferson tolerated his disagreeable manners until one night in Baltimore. The property man got very drunk in the afternoon, and in the evening paid his way into a gallery seat. Mr. Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle." The angry Gretchen had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned, and with a world of pathos, asked: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theater was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response: "Only eighty per cent, Joe, old boy; only eighty per cent." He lost his job on the spot.

Wild Horses in the West.
The work of capturing the wild horses in the vicinity of Fox mountain and Madeline plains is in progress and several animals have been taken. The country is practically a wild, unbroken stretch of mountains in Western Nevada and Eastern California that is too rough for any purpose except grazing, and over which several thousand head of wild horses roam. The captured animals are invariably small, but well proportioned, and prove to be hardy, serviceable, and obedient after being broken.

For the Sake of Her Little Ones.
"Ah, yes, they need a father."
The pretty widow said;
She looked down at her children,
And sadly shook her head.

She stood before the altar,
And when she turned away
Her children had a father;
Ah, happy, happy day!

Oh, he was tall and handsome,
And she still young and fair;
Her children are at grandma's,
They've gone to settle there.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Harm.
Mamie—Tommy, you don't know how much harm that cigar is going to do you.
Tommy—Gee, Mamie, is me mudder comin'—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Many a young man who thinks he is a girl's intended is only her pre-tended.

WAS CURED RAPIDLY

RHEUMATISM IN TWO SEVERE CASES MASTERED IN FEW WEEKS.

The Remedy Used by Mr. Schroepel and by Captain Balfour in Great Demand in Vicinity of Their Homes.

In the winter of 1902-3 Mr. Schroepel was confined to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism. His doctor's treatment proved unsuccessful, but he subsequently regained his health by means which he describes with great enthusiasm.
"After five or six weeks of helplessness and pain," said he, "during which I was receiving regular visits from the doctor, I felt as bad as ever. Just then my mother, a woman eighty years of age, paid me a visit. She had received great benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she was confident they would help me. At her solicitation I gave up the doctor's treatment and took the pills in its place."

"And were you cured as the result of taking her advice?"

"Yes, quickly and thoroughly. Before the second box was finished I felt very manifest improvement, and within two weeks I was able to leave my bed and take up my neglected farm work. I continued to use the pills, however, until eight boxes had been taken, although long before that I felt that every vestige of the disease had been eradicated. "Are there no traces left?"

"Absolutely none. For a year and three months there has never been the slightest return of the old trouble. For this happy result I and my family freely praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Within the bounds of China township, St. Clair county, Mich., there is no better known farmer than Mr. Henry Schroepel. His cure has therefore naturally attracted a great deal of attention. One of Mr. Schroepel's neighbors, Captain George Balfour, after hearing of the salutary results in Mr. Schroepel's case, decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for an attack of rheumatism from which he was himself suffering. He took eight or ten boxes and now declares himself free from the painful ailment."

It is little wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are much in favor in the community where Mr. Schroepel and Captain Balfour are so well and favorably known. They are sold by all druggists and are equally successful in curing neuralgia, sciatica and partial paralysis.

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KEEPING HOLD.

It was the tourist season in Washington, although for that matter it is tourist season there pretty steadily for nine months out of the twelve every year,—and the day being perfect. The Library of Congress was thronged with visitors. Enthusiastic groups were gathered in every corridor, weary sightseers filled the seats or dropped limply on the stairs, and the marble floors echoed with the constant passing of feet.

Suddenly from a group of gray-haired ladies, the youngest of whom must have been long past 50, an eager voice was heard:

"Oh, but girls, look at this picture!" People who were near glanced smilingly at each other; two schoolgirls giggled aloud, but a tired woman on the steps looked wistfully after the happy gray-haired "girls."

"Aren't they having a good time?" she said to the woman beside her. "I'll warrant they were schoolmates, and they've kept it up all their lives, and now they're having a regular lark together. It's nice to see them so, only it kind of makes you feel as if you might have kept hold of things in your own life that you've let go, don't it?" "Yes, it does," her friend agreed, soberly.

"I believe it one of the most happy things in the world, as we grow older." Lowell once wrote to a friend, "to have as many ties as possible with whatever is best in our own youth, and to be pledged as deeply as possible may be to our own youth." To be pledged deeply to one's youth, to "keep hold of things in your own life," surely there is no better secret for making the years yield rich harvests.—Youth's Companion.

Yankee Pumpkin Pie.
You may talk about your foreign cooks and all the things they make. The thousand dainty dishes that they stew and boil and bake; You may prate about their wondrous skill in culinary arts, How deftly they can manufacture puddings, pies and tarts; Go praise the French and German chefs, and the Italians, too, For making salads, sauces, soups and fancy dishes new— But for a toothsome morsel upon which I can rely, Just give to me a solid wedge of Yankee pumpkin pie.

Let those of fashionable tastes turn up the nose in pride, And think it quite plebeian to be simply satisfied; Let them eat their pate de foie gras, their truffes and such stuff With foreign names, suspicious looks and odors rank enough; Let them eat those airy pastry puffs they think so very nice, Because they've got outlandish names and cost a mighty price— But say, to curb your appetite, and your stomach satisfy There's nothing like a great big chunk of Yankee pumpkin pie!

Roast beef may have nutriment, more body-building worth; Veal, mutton, lamb, be nourishing, and stretching of your girth; Your chicken, duck or turkey may suit palates very fine— But these can take a back seat when I'm passing down the line. Fish, flesh and fowl may serve to stay the appetites of some; But you must treat me better when I to your table come. Leave out the high-toned viands, let each dainty dish go by— If I can get my face fast in a piece of pumpkin pie! —New York Tribune.

She Rebuked the Conductor.
It was on a League Island car going south, says the Philadelphia Press, the time was high noon, and as usual there was a variegated assortment of persons inside, while out on the front and rear platforms passengers stood huddled together like sheep. The conductor, a tall youth, who had evidently not been ringing up fares for many months, was in bad humor because people did not step lively enough when leaving or entering the car at the various stops.

At one of the street crossings the car stopped and an aged woman, careworn and feeble-looking, got up and slowly, with the aid of the backs of the chairs, started toward the rear to get off.

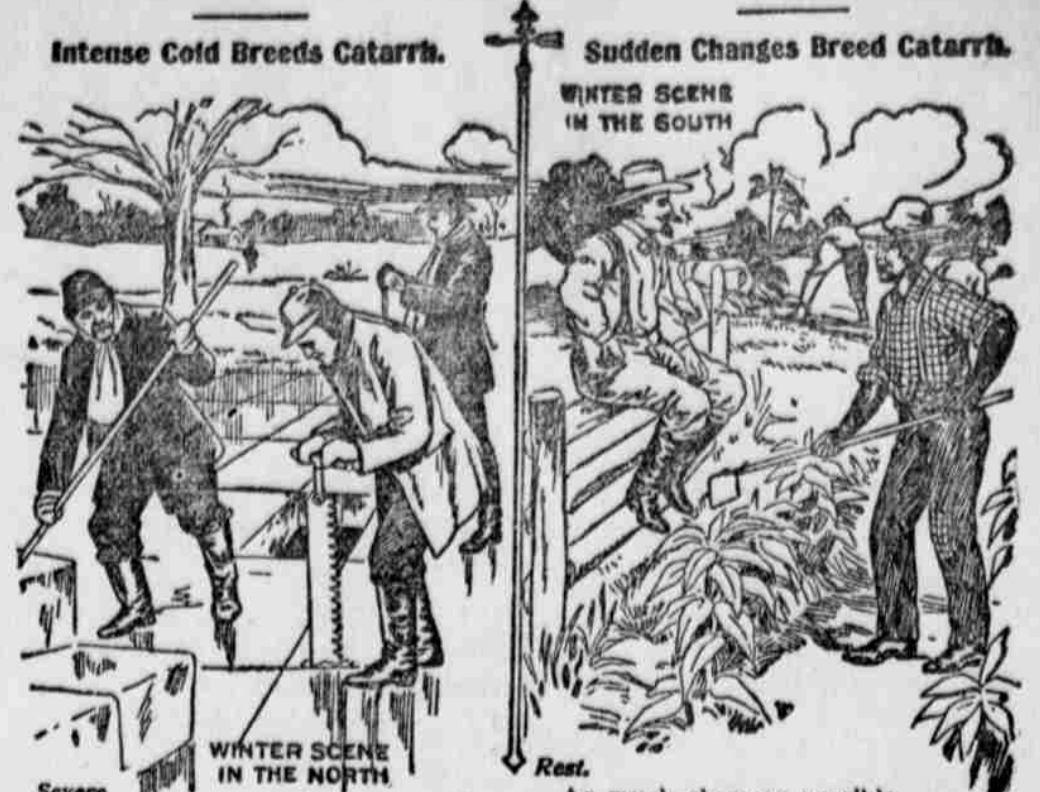
"Come, come, there, lady, step lively; we can't wait here all day," impatiently shouted the conductor. The old lady glanced up at the tall youth in a kindly manner as she passed him and in a low but pathetic voice replied: "I am moving as fast as I can, my boy, and would step livelier, but I have been sick all summer, and this is the first time I have been out since last May. Didn't you ever have a mother, lad?"

It is needless to say the conductor was humility itself for the rest of the trip.

Slight Difference.
He—If I were suddenly to lose all my money would you marry me just the same?

She—Not quite the same, dear. We should have to invite a few hundred more of the rabble to bring us presents.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED IN FEBRUARY.



Severe Weather. February is a month of severe storms and intense cold. Even in the South, where the prevailing temperature is much above wintry latitudes, February brings sudden changes of temperature. Mercury sometimes drops 20 degrees in a single night. Therefore, the following health hints are applicable to the whole of North America:

Ventilation.
The sleeping rooms should be well ventilated, but so as to avoid direct currents of air.

Bathing.
Those in vigorous health should take a cold water towel bath every morning before breakfast. Those in feeble health should take a brisk dry-towel-rub every morning.

Diet.
The diet should be a generous one, including meat, and occasionally fresh vegetables.

Sunshine.
The nights being long and the days short, as much sunshine as possible should be let into the house during the day.

Clothing.
The head should be kept cool at all times. The feet should be kept warm and dry, day and night.

Precaution.
When seized with a chill, or even slight chilliness, a dose of Peruna should be taken at once.

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