

WHY THEY ARE HAPPY

TWO NOTABLE RECOVERIES FROM EXTREME DEBILITY.

Husband's Strength Had Been Wanting for Three Years, Wife a Sufferer from Female Weakness.

"My strength had dwindled so that I couldn't apply myself to my business with any snap but was tired and listless all the time," said Mr. Goldstein.

"I went to bed completely used up by my day's work, and when I got up in the morning I didn't feel rested a bit. I had awful headaches too, and my kidneys got out of order and caused me to have severe pains in the back. At one time I became so feeble that I could not stir from bed for three weeks."

Mr. Goldstein is a young man and had then but recently established a home of his own. His anxieties were increased by the fact that his wife was far from being robust. Mrs. Goldstein says:

"For two years I had been ill most of the time. Sometimes I was confined to bed for weeks in succession under a physician's care. I had head-aches, kidney trouble, pain about the heart and many more uncomfortable symptoms connected with that weakness to which my sex is peculiarly subject."

Trouble had invaded this household and settled in it in just the years that ought to be the very happiest. Physicians could not tell them how to get rid of it. "I was utterly discouraged," said Mr. Goldstein. "Then the urgency of some friends led me to try a blood and nerve remedy which was said to be wonderfully successful. Within a month there were unmistakable signs of improvement in my condition, and within a year I was completely well. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have now as good health as I ever had in my life."

Mrs. Goldstein adds: "The wonderful effect that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had in the case of my husband led me to try them and they helped me even more quickly than they did him. One box made me decidedly better and a few months' treatment cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and regulator, they make pure, rich blood and when there is general weakness and disorder that is what the system needs. Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldstein live at 88 Gove Street, East Boston, Mass. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by druggists everywhere.

FREE! FOR HOT WEATHER

A BOTTLE OF

Mull's Grape Tonic

TO ALL WHO WRITE FOR IT NOW

It will protect you against the dangers of heat.

Constipation or Decaying Bowels Cause Diarrhea, Cholera, Etc.

Blood Disorders, Skin Eruptions, Bad Complexion, Sun Stroke, Heat Prostration, Etc., Etc.

Diarrhea, Cholera, Bowel Trouble, Etc., are symptoms of Constipation. Constipation means practically dead intestines and poisoning blood. Constipation is most dangerous during hot weather on account of sun strokes—heat debility—prostration, etc. You usually check dysentery—fatal blood poison may result—a physical weakness and does not remove the cause, makes you worse. Diarrhea, Cholera, Bowel Troubles, Etc., disappear when Constipation is cured.

Revive and strengthen the intestines or bowels whenever they decay from inactivity and contact with rotting food. Until MULL'S GRAPE TONIC was put on the American market there was no cure for constipation.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC will protect you against heat prostration and that it cures Constipation, Blood Disorders, Stomach and Bowel Trouble. It acts as food to the blood and intestines, cleanses the bowels and ejects the poison and decayed matter. MULL'S GRAPE TONIC is nearly 50 per cent. grape which renders it a splendid tonic for the system during hot weather.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOTTLE TODAY

Good for Ailing Children and Nursing Mothers

FREE COUPON

Send this coupon with your name and address to your druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic, Stomach Tonic and Constipation Cure.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 81 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois. Get Full Address and Write Plainly

The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50c size. At drug stores.

All Februarys.

The first life insurance policy of which the details are on record resulted in a lawsuit. William Gibbons insured himself on June 15, 1883, for \$233 against dying in twelve months. He died on May 18 of the next year—and the disgruntled underwriters (the company of those days) contested payment on the plea that he had lived twelve months of twenty-eight days each.

Wisconsin's soaring strays for children (which means the same, reduces infanticide, and cures wild mink). Sent a bottle.

Bullish.

Puck: Patient: But I thought your price for an appendicitis operation was only \$50?

Speech: Oh, that was yesterday's quotation. The market opened this morning at \$25 and advanced briskly to \$37 1/2.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Ching, Sweating Feet, and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, Etc. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Play About It.

Mamma: There! You have a black eye and a bloody nose, and your coat is torn to bits. How many times have I told you not to play with that bad Brown boy?

Bobby: Gee, ma! Do I look like we'd been a playin'—Philadelphia Press.

Almos: Human Intelligence.

Cleveland Leader: Mrs. McBride—John, I'm simply disgusted. While I was out this morning the cat got into the pantry and ate every single thing except a cake I had just baked.

Mr. McBride—What a wonderful thing animal instinct is to be sure!

Dried wood steeped in oil is used to incinerate departed members of the priesthood—a sight common in Ceylon.

The Upland Meadow.

With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sun-bathed air—The scent of grass in our nostrils, the wind at play with our hair. The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows chase o'er the plain, Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!

With canter, gallop, and head-toss, in we kick up the dust, and we stop and pluck at the flowers. We look far down to the valley and sigh for folk who must work—Then on—a race to the corner, and back, with the stop a jerk!

Or, limbs brown tired in the gallop, we browse where the clover grows; We steep ourselves in its sweetness, in beauty take our repose. The crack of whip and the sharp command—bride, check, and rein. Are far away. We are masters now. Ah, what is life to gain!

They can't know life who just labor, ne'er shaking the traces free. Nor trampling the upland meadows, with broader vision to see. How cramped the shadowy valley where the roads are narrow, while here There's life in the pasture to run, in where sun and the stars are near.

Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again! The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows are in the plain! With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sun-bathed air. The scent of grass in the nostrils, behind us a kick for care! —Charles Mulford Robinson in The Outlook.

SHE HAD THE PROOF.

Washington Star: When little Mrs. Mercynonus returned to Washington from her honeymoon she lost no time in hurrying around to the home of an old married woman friend for advice and consolation. The old married woman friend, that is to say, was all of twenty-three years of age, and she had been married for fully half a year. Little Mrs. Mercynonus looked very nervous and perturbed.

"What in the name of land sakes ails you, my dear?" inquired the old married woman friend and girlhood pal when she saw the distressed state of little Mrs. Mercynonus. "You are looking dreadful. What is it?"

"Well, I guess you would look dreadful too, if your husband made such a terrible uproar in his sleep that you couldn't sleep for five or six nights running," replied little Mrs. Mercynonus, poutingly.

"Oh, you mean that the poor man snores?" inquired the old married woman sympathetically, yet with a broad smile.

"Well, I suppose that is what it is called; but snoring seems too mild a term to denominate the—the—sounds that Jack makes," said Mrs. Mercynonus.

"But," eagerly asked the old married woman friend, "why in old times sakes don't you turn him over when he snores so that you can't sleep?"

"Turn him over?" repeated Mrs. Mercynonus, mystified. "Now, what on earth can the woman mean? Turn him over! That sounds as if he were a bug—or something!"

"Turn him over—that's exactly what I mean, and nothing else," impressively replied the old married woman of all of a half a year's experience with a husband creature.

"But, dear me," hopelessly remarked Mrs. Mercynonus, "the great hulking creature weighs 200 pounds. How in the wide world would I be able to turn him over?"

"Oh, you don't have to literally lift him up and turn him over," remarked the settled married woman of twenty-three. "No such thing. Of course not. All you've got to do is to give him a little push, you know—just sufficient to half awaken him—and tell him to turn over, and he'll do it without coming to his senses at all. Husband gets to do that quite automatically, you know, when they're trained that way. But you'd better begin training him that way immediately."

"But I don't want to wake Jack up, poking or shaking him," argued Mrs. Mercynonus. "He says that when once he wakes up at night it's so hard for him to get to sleep again."

"Now, you do as I tell you," peremptorily commanded the old married woman. "I know what I'm about. I had the same trouble with Edward. But now I have merely to touch him on the shoulder when he's snoring—and he does snore, too, something dreadful, although he denies it strenuously—and he turns right over on his side like a lamb, without ever waking up. And men can't—or, anyhow, they don't—snore when they're lying on their sides. It's only when they're lying on their backs, that poor helplessly old things, that they snore."

Mrs. Mercynonus decided to put the lesson to the test that very night, providing, of course, her husband was snoring hard enough to keep her awake. He did snore hard enough to keep her awake that night, and she rose on one elbow and noticed by the dim reflection of the electric light shining through the window, that he was sprawled out on the flat of his back.

So she reached out a very soft and gentle hand and touched him on the shoulder. Then she waited for him to turn over. It didn't happen. He went right on snoring harder than ever.

She touched him on the shoulder again, this time placing her lips close to his ear and murmuring, "Jack. Nothing doing. Jack was running the biggest saw mill south of Michigan, and he was snoring it for keeps."

"I'd just like to know what Minnie meant by telling me such nonsense," murmured little Mrs. Mercynonus to herself. "He has not even moved. Turn him over! I might just as well try to turn the house over, Jack!"

And she gave him a little harder shake on the shoulder this time, and placed her lips still closer to his ear. The only noticeable effect was that he struck a knot of lignum vitae hardness and resistance, that Mrs. Mercynonus actually fancied that the dishes in the pantry rattled with the sound.

couldn't get some sleep after working like a dog all day, and he'd like to know if he was expected to sleep on the roof or in the sink, and be—ugly-gr-r—um—and away he went to sleep again, but this time without the snoring accompaniment.

"Say," he inquired at the breakfast table on the following morning, "what was all that rough house that you were pulling off in the middle of the night—handing me uppercuts and shooting cylinders at me?"

"Jack," she replied, solemnly—for she had never mentioned it before—"Jack, you were snoring just something disgraceful!"

He looked surprised and cut up some. "Why, me? Snore? Why, the—idea! You've got another guess. Never did such a grossly respectable thing in all my bright young life—that's a vile accusation, it sure is. Me snore! Not guilty! Bet you a new hat I never snored in my life. Bet you two hats! Shocking thing to say to a man! I'm surprised at you!"

The next day was Sunday. He corked off on one of the couches for an after dinner nap. Three minutes after lying down he was snoring like a cat—leaving the room to the mercy of the wind. She remembered his refusal to believe her declaration that he snored. So she slipped a fresh cylinder onto the phonograph, placed it softly alongside the couch on which he was lying, started it going, and got a cylinder full of his gargantuan snoring. She put the cylinder away, meaning to spring it on him the very first time he should again deny his snoring habit.

But that evening a number of friends who hadn't seen the Mercynonuses since their return from the honeymoon called upon them. While Mrs. Mercynonus was out in the dining room fixing up a lemonade and cake reception for the callers Mr. Mercynonus decided to entertain them with the phonograph. The first cylinder he put on was a snoring record which his wife had surreptitiously taken that afternoon, and the flat was filled with the most extraordinary bunch of sounds that ever came out of a talking machine, until Mr. Mercynonus jumped forward and stopped it, not, however, before all the callers were in a roar.

Then Mrs. Mercynonus had to come forward and make a blushing explanation, while her husband glared and looked foolishly.

Snoring is a tabooed subject in the Mercynonus flat now.

EXTENSION OF THE CAPITOL.

America Will Have Most Perfect Public Building in the World.

Baltimore American: Every patriotic American citizen will hope that no obstacle will intrude in the path of an extension of the east front of the capitol at Washington in accord with the plans which have been reported favorably by a joint commission of the senate and house. For several generations this has been a project dear to the heart of almost every congress, and always dear to the heart of every lover of art in architecture, and who could not look at the grand building with its airy, light, airy feeling of profound regret that so imposing a pile should be conspicuous in one great defect, that the magnificent dome should seem from the eastern point of view to be tipping over for lack of a proper and harmonious pedestal.

Regardless of its defects the capitol is a splendor of piecemeal construction. No other architectural pile in the whole world, erected in such vicissitudes, has been permitted to retain such thorough integrity. It stands singular in architectural form and situation, the most imposing of all houses of parliament. Not one in any foreign land approaches it in tremendous dignity. Only in the ruins of structures of ancient days can we find a semblance of the chaste design of its meeting place. The architects for more than 80,000,000 of population—those ruins from which were drawn to a large extent the noble features of the capitol, the treasury and the building of the department of the interior.

It is not complimentary to the congress nor to the people that the defects of the capitol have gone so long unremedied. When the "terrace" was added to the western front to give mass to the appearance of the building, an absurd mistake was made in placing slabs of black slate amid the white marble which everywhere else prevailed. To the most uneducated taste this was offensive, and architectural artists of every land would be astonished that such a crime could be committed in the name of architecture. In connection with the remedial movement at the east facade this mistake upon the west is to be corrected, and when that is accomplished the entire section of the east front is extended to the same level as the country of America will have the most perfect building of public use in all the world.

The British house of parliament is not only offensively ornate, but it is placed on the banks of the Thames, and can be properly seen only from the Surrey side. The chamber of deputies in Paris, although of classic design and having a curious sentimental outlook in facing the great church of the Madeleine, is placed in a similar situation, but far across the Seine, and is beheld of the Place de la Concorde, is dwarfed and obscured upon the bank of the river.

So the changes might be rung upon houses of parliament of all the great states of the world, other stands forth with such prodigious other stands dignity of proportion and such commanding situation as this white pile at Washington, and again let the hope be expressed that congress will leave nothing undone to fully correct the mistakes in art which have been always recognized and which are solely due to the patchwork manner in which the wonderful structure has been produced.

Belt of Calm at Pacific End of Canal.

National Geographic Magazine: At the eastern extremity of the canal the difficulties which a sailing vessel may expect to encounter will arise from a superabundance of wind rather than a lack of it. At the western extremity, on the other hand, these conditions will be completely reversed.

Upon emerging from the canal into the Pacific ocean a vessel will enter an extensive belt of calms and light airs, which render navigation by sail more tedious than in any other frequented portion of the sea. The width of this region varies—at some points wide, at others narrow. In that portion of the north Pacific included between the American coast and the meridian of 129 degrees west it reaches a maximum, extending in latitude from a point one or two degrees north of the equator to Cape San Lucas, the southern extremity of lower California. In both approaching and leaving Panama, irrespective of the port from which or toward which bound, a sailing vessel must of necessity navigate a water or less width of the belt of calms, and in estimating for a given voyage the saving of the time effected by the use of the canal the delay arising from the cause must not be neglected.

Politics Pickin' Up.

Atlanta Constitution: "Politics is pickin' up," said the old colored campaigner, "but do votin' hours is so short, en de laws is so strict, you can't vote 'nough to make a good livin'!"



FEEDING COOP FOR CHICKS.

The stronger chicks always eat the food of the weaker and younger chicks, as well as their own, several feeding coops should be provided and the slats placed at different distances apart on the different coops so that the larger chicks will be forced to feed separately. The slats on the coops for the smaller chicks should be about 2 inches apart and for the larger and stronger chicks 3 or 3 1/2 inches apart. The half grown chicks, though they may roost on the coops, should be fed in an enclosure or in pens where the slats are 4 or 5 inches apart. The slat sides of the feeding pens are covered at the top by wide boards to keep out the rain and the hot sun and the rear end covered with



wire netting or slats, as preferred. A feeding board should also be provided on which the mash is fed; this board to be taken out at night after the last feeding for the day and thoroughly cleaned with scalding water. This will do much toward keeping the chicks in good health. The front end of the coop should be arranged so that it may be removed; this is readily done by holding it in place at the top with a cord and nail and at the bottom with two stakes. Such a coop as described is readily constructed and at comparatively small cost. The illustration shows the shape of the coop ready for the feeding board with the place in front cut so as to the more easily grasp the board in taking it out. The small end view at right shows how this portion is secured by the two stakes and the X at the lower end of coop shows where the stakes are to be driven.

FOOD FOR THE GROWING PIGS.

To turn the growing pigs of from four to six months old in with the older animals and expect them to do well is a decided mistake. They will be unable to get their share of the food, even though it were of the proper kind for them, which it is not. Shouts of fat as mentioned do best on a ration consisting of one pound of corn and oats mixed to two pounds of middlings. Given this as a regular ration and then from three to five hours daily on the range the youngsters ought to take on a fine growth of bone and muscle, and be in good shape at a year's age.

FRUITING THE STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

If, after the crop of the present season is gone the plantation is carefully gone over and examined, it is not hard to tell if it will pay to crop it another year. Surely if it has given but one full crop it ought to produce a profitable crop the next year and it will if properly taken care of. Of course it is presupposed that the soil is strong and capable of doing its share. This being the case the plot should be cultivated during the remainder of the season, care taken that only the first plant on the runner was allowed to root and then, after the middle of August, unless in cases of a drought, a light mulch may be placed between the rows and the cultivation stop until later. Cultivation should be done in the fall so that the beds will not go into the winter weeds, but in the full strength of the vigor gained during the summer. Surely it will pay to attempt the saving of the plantation for a second fruiting when one considers what it costs to set a new field even though one grows his own plants.

CONDIMENT STOCK FOODS.

Much is claimed for the stock foods on the market and without doubt many of them are valuable; it is well known, however, that some of them are badly adulterated and the others are heavily charged with condiments. These latter are quite as dangerous as the former for they excite an appetite which is not normal and when the reaction comes the animal is worse off than if it had not eaten the preparation. That animals need an appetite beyond the best and the best way of feeding these stock foods which contain condiments is in small quantities and only until the normal appetite begins to show again when the animal should be tempted with small and frequent rations of regular foods in considerable variety. Under this plan there will be little or no danger as the stock food that is partly composed of chemicals.

DOES CARE OF ORCHARDS PAY?

An apple grower in Ohio recently made the statement before a gathering of fruit growers that the net return from his ten-acre apple orchard prior to the time when he began to give it intelligent care, was aged less than \$100 a year. Since it has had the proper care the profit has increased yearly until the end of the ninth year of good care showed a profit that season of \$1,800. As this particular man has been an expert in the fruiting of the land for a thirty years the success of the past year cannot be charged to added knowledge or experience except, perhaps, only as he learned to spray and cultivate more correctly. This experience is only one of thousands and any good orchardist can duplicate it if he will bear in mind that an orchard needs intelligent care. The ravages of insects and disease make spraying imperative. The growth of the tree make it necessary that the fertility of the soil be kept up. Look into these things thoroughly and make a business of fruit growing if you engage in it at all. If you do not think there is anything in the much idea then be guided by the ex-

An Old Goldsmith Volume.

Atlanta Constitution: An old volume which an Atlanta booklover prizes was found in an old bookshop recently. It is "The History of Rome," by Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith's name takes one back to the literary fellows of that day—the hawk work they did to keep life in them; for when Goldsmith was at work writing that history he was doing twenty different things besides—little odds and ends that brought money for his daily bread, with a scolding landlady laying down the law to him; for it was the time when the great Dr. Johnson "thought himself lucky when he could dine in a cellar on sixpence worth of tripe and a penny worth of bread, and wipe his fingers on the back of a Newfoundland dog after his greasy meal!" And to think of the growing that is done by the little authors of the present day!

Of Wide Interest.

Breed, Wis., June 28.—(Special.)—Chas. Y. Peterson, Justice of the Peace for Oconto Co., has delivered a judgment that is of interest to the whole United States. Put briefly, that judgment is, "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best Kidney medicine on the market to-day."

And Mr. Peterson gives his reason for this judgment. He says: "Last winter I had an aching pain in my back which troubled me very much. In the morning I could hardly straighten my back. I did not know what it was, but an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking one box I can only say they have done more for me than expected, as I feel as well now as ever I did before."

Pain in the back is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. If not cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills it may develop into Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism or some of the other deadly forms of Kidney Disease.

Good Advice to New Writers.

If you would like to write as about it in a practical way. Read a great deal of the work of the masters of short-story writing. I might refer you to Boccaccio and Chaucer, but to modern men let us first give modern examples. Read the short stories of Stevenson, Bret Harte and H. C. Meyer, the best of modern, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Janvier. Not only so, but study them. And all the while practice on stories of your own. What you write one week tear up the next. It is not likely that any masterpiece will be lost. Square your work with the work of these writers. Fill yourself so full of good examples that you will have the short-story "feeling." Thus you will unconsciously become a judge of what you do.—Woman's Home Companion for June.

Isn't This Absolutely True?

Nothing ever became popular—here or in any other country—without a reason. Popular men have merit of some kind, MUST have, or they would not be popular. They must have EXCEPTIONAL MERIT and wonderful character if their popularity INCREASES WITH TIME.

As with men, SO WITH GOODS. So with any article that is on the market, IT CANNOT INCREASE ITS SALES, it cannot be adopted as a STANDARD article, it cannot survive generations unless it have real, inherent merit. Millions of dollars spent in advertising any article without merit are just wasted, so far as continued sales are concerned. Intelligent housekeepers cannot be compelled to buy what they do not approve of.

That much is a self-evident fact. It cannot be gained. But it tells its own story of LION COFFEE and its quality—a coffee that has been the leader of all package coffees for more than a quarter of a century, that has steadily grown in the affections of millions of American homes since its first introduction, long ago.

Its unexcelled flavor, perfect purity and uniform quality; its absolute cleanliness and neat appearance, have endeared it to the hearts of the people.

Good grocers will tell you this, but those who drink coffee ought to know much more about quality than they who simply SLLIT.

Insist on LION COFFEE; buy no loose coffee (in bulk)—you don't know what you get. How can you grocer?

They Are Needed Now.

A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, great faith and hands. Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will. Men who love honor, men who will not lie, Strong men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog. In public duty and in private thinking. —Lowell.

CUTICURA SOAP

The World's Greatest Skin Soap—The Standard of Every Nation of the Earth.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the purest and sweetest of emollient skin cures, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Eggs in Potato Nests.

Cold mashed potatoes may be used for this dish. They should be well seasoned, then add a little hot cream and the yolk of one egg to each cupful of potatoes to soften them. Whip the very light whites of a egg, add the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs, and heap in a mound in a well-buttered baking dish. Take a clean egg and make little cup-shaped hollows in the potato mound, drop a raw egg in each, dust with salt and white pepper and cover with little bits of butter and cook in a hot oven until the eggs are like poached. Serve at once. These are very nice.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

His Invention.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Mrs. McFlur—Your husband seems to be quite versatile. Has he ever invented anything?

Mrs. Sleeth—Oh, yes. One of the finest lines of midnight excuses you ever listened to.

Brazil now has 143 cotton mills.