NEW YORK WOMEN THIN.

A real prince from far off Syria has come to this country for the purpose of studying American women, and after a careful comparison with the women of other countries he has decided that the average woman, especially in New York is too thin.

The prince, who is distinguished, not only by his rank, but by a professional title as well, prefers them fat, and his advice to Americans is to take a little more time to living, rest occasionally and add 100 pounds or two at the same time to their weight. Prince Tewfik Bolama is more proud of his medical profession than he is of belonging to the nobility. He says in Syria women prefer brains to titles and he suggests that it might be wise if the American women would for an example to their eastern sisters, whose standards he considers much more worthy. He thinks it would be well for them to adopt also the fashions of the Syrian women. They have no wrinkles, he says, they have no worries. They spend their days in accordance to the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat."

"Fatness is a mark of beauty," Dr. Tewfik says, "and the most beautiful face is that which is round and full like the moon when she is in her glory. In America the women are forever steaming their faces, dieting, and performing all kinds of acrobatic stunts to get rid of a few pounds when if they only knew it every one they lose they are parting with just that amount of beauty. In Syria we think every woman who has any claim on beauty at all must weigh at least 175 pounds, and the woman who so rolls in fat that she is what you Americans call a regular "bunch of pork" would in our country be considered much better to look at than the one who is all bones and angles."

Black moles is another mark of beauty in Syria and the face that has too or three of these little blemishes are the ones that poets sing praises to and lovers shower with their adoration.

Obedient.

General Sherman once possessed an Irish servant whose forte was asking questions and trying to find out the why and wherefore of everything he was told to do. During a battle an orderly one day approached the general and told him that his favorite horse, Ross, had been struck by a cannon ball and killed.

Calling his Irish servant the general said, "Go skin Ross."

"Why, sir, is Ross dead?" began the man.

General Sherman rose up in his wrath, saying: "Never mind whether he is dead or not—I told you to go out and skin him."

The man returned about three hours later and Sherman hailed him with the words: "Where have you been? Does it take you three hours to skin a horse?"

"No," answered Mike, "but it took me about two hours to catch him."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

160 ACRE FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

New Wheat Lands IN THE Canadian West

5000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up a largely increased territory to the progressive farmers of Western Canada, and the Government of the Dominion continues to give 160 Acres Free to Every Settler.

The Country Has No Superior

Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low; climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevails everywhere.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Watertown, South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett Rox New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

25,000 ACRE
subdivision
TEXAS LAND

Write us at once for free illustrated booklet and pocket map of Texas. Booklet describes, in full, the lands we are subdividing into tracts of from 160 acres up. This fine body of land is one of the best in the great Southwest. Excellent soil, fine climate, abundance of pure water at from 3 to 30 feet deep. All kinds of crops grow to perfection. Write at once.

United States & Mexican Trust Co.

Room 101 Bryant Building,
Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Bargains in farm lands—raw or improved. Kiowa Co., Colo. On Mo. Pacific R. R., near Kansas line. Deep soil, tight loam, shallow water. No sand or rock. Splendid farming country, beautiful, level, rainfall ample, settling up fast. Write The King Hollenbeck Co., Creston, Ia.

Healed with Thompson's Eye Water
Sore Eyes, use

(Copyright, 1905, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

She gave me a look that was meant to scorch—and it did. But I showed at the surface no sign of how I was wincing and shrinking.

She drew farther into her corner, and out of its darkness came, in a low voice: "How I hate you!" like the whisper of a bullet.

XXIII

A HOUSEWARMING.

Joe's daughter staying on and on at Dawn Hill, was chief lieutenant, if not principal, in my conspiracy to drift Anita day by day further and further into the routine of the new life. Yet neither of us had shown by word or look that a thorough understanding existed between us. My part was to be unobtrusive, friendly, neither indifferent nor eager, and I held to it by taking care never to be left alone with Anita; Alva's part was to be herself—simple and natural and sensible, full of life and laughter, mocking at those moods that betray us into the absurdity of taking ourselves to seriously.

I was getting ready a new house in town as a surprise to Anita, and I took Alva into my plot. "I wish Anita's part of the house to be exactly to her liking," said I. "Can you set her to dreaming aloud what kind of place she would like to live in, what she would like to open her eyes on in the morning, what surroundings she'd like to dress in and read in, and all that?"

Alva had no difficulty in carrying out the suggestions. And by harassing Westlake incessantly, I succeeded in realizing her report of Anita's dream to the exact shade of the draperies and the silk that covered the walls. By pushing the work, I got the house done just as Alva was warning me that she could not remain longer at Dawn Hill, but must go home and get ready for her wedding. When I went down to arrange with her the last details of the surprise, who should meet me at the station but Anita herself? I took one glance at her serious face and, much disquieted, seated myself beside her in the little trap. Instead of following the usual route to the house, she turned her horse into the bay shore road.

"Several days ago," she began, as the bend hid the station, "I got a letter from some lawyers saying that an uncle of mine had given me a large sum of money—a very large sum. I have been inquiring about it, and find it is mine absolutely."

I braced myself against the worst. "She is about to tell me that she is leaving," thought I. But I managed to say: "I'm glad to hear of your luck," though I fear my tone was not especially joyous.

"So," she went on, "I am in a position to pay back to you, I think, what my father and Sam took from you. It won't be enough I'm afraid to pay what you lost indirectly. But I have told the lawyers to make it all over to you."

I could have laughed aloud. It was too ridiculous, this situation into which I had got myself. I did not know what to say.

"Anita!" I said unsteadily. "Anita!"

The color flamed in her cheeks; we were silent for a long time.

"You—your people owe me nothing," I at length found voice to say. "Even if they did, I couldn't and wouldn't take your money. But, believe me, they owe me nothing."

"You cannot mislead me," she answered. "When they asked me to become engaged to you, they told me about it."

I had forgotten. The whole repulsive, rotten business came back to me. And, changed man that I had become in the last six months, I saw myself as I had been. I felt that she was looking at me, was reading the degrading confession in my telltale features.

But with all my love making and trouble at home, my financial plans matured. In fact, they were ripened to rottenness by the urgency of my enemies, open and hidden. However skillfully they plotted, my plans outran theirs. The suspicions that had been sown, the natural conditions of trade, the secret springs in currency, led to a great financial cataclysm.

There was a week of stress and storm, but with my sails reefed I ran before the wind, my assets all secure and clewed down like the sails of the good ship Luck in which I was running. The millions of others melted before their eyes, absorbing all that lay about, but nothing of mine run down.

However, it seemed advisable that I should leave New York. It was told to the chief of police that my presence might cause a riot. Personally, I had no feeling of fear. I was serene with my conscience. But as the storm beat about there was nothing for me to do, and I went off on my yacht to rest and think and give the skies time to clear.

My enemies caused it to be widely believed that "Wild Week" was my deliberate contrivance for the sole purpose of enriching myself. Thus they got me a reputation for almost superhuman daring, for satanic astuteness at cold-blooded calculation. I do not deserve the admiration and respect that my success-worshipping fellow countrymen lay at my feet. True, I did greatly enrich myself; but not until the Monday after Wild Week.

Not until I had pondered on men and events with the assistance of the newspapers and my detective protectors and jailers permitted to be brought aboard—not until the last hope of turning Wild Week to immediate public advantage had sputtered out like a lost man's last match, did I think of benefitting myself, of seizing the opportunity to strengthen myself for the future. On Monday morning I said to Sergeant Mulholland: "I want to go ashore at once and send some telegrams."

The sergeant is one of the detective bureau's "dress-suit men." He is by nature phlegmatic and cynical. His experience has put over that a veneer of weary politeness. We had become great friends during our enforced inseparable companionship. For Joe, who looked on me somewhat as a mother looks on a brilliant but erratic son, had, as I soon discovered, elaborated a wonderful program for me. It included a watch on me day and night, lest, through rage or despondency, I should try to do violence to myself. A fine character, that Joe! But, to return, Mulholland answered my request for shore leave with a soothing smile. "Can't do it, Mr. Blacklock," he said. "Our orders are positive. But when we put in at New London and send ashore for further instructions, and for the papers, you can send in your messages."

"As you please,'" said I. And I gave him a cipher telegram to Joe—an order to invest my store of cash, which meant practically my whole fortune, in the gilt edged securities that were to be had for cash at a small fraction of their value.

And I did not go over to the bandits; I simply resumed my own neglected personal affairs and made Wild Week at least a personal triumph.

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Causes are not won—and in my humble opinion never have been won—in the graveyards. Alive and afoot and armed, and true to my cause, I am the dreaded menace to systematic and respectable robbery. What possible good could have come of mobs killing me and the bandits dividing my estate?

But why should I seek to justify myself? I care not a rap for the opinion of my fellowmen. They sought my life when they should have been hailing me as a deliverer; now they look up to me because they falsely believe me guilty of an infamy.

My guards expected to be recalled on Tuesday. But Melville heard what Crawford had done about me, and straightway used his influence to have me detained until the new grip of the old gang was secure. Saturday afternoon we put in at Newport for the daily communication with the shore. When the launch returned Mulholland brought the papers to me, lounging aft in a mass of cushions under the awning. "We are going ashore," said he. "The order has come."

I had a sudden sense of loneliness. "I'll take you down to New York," said I. "I prefer to land my guests where I shipped them."

As the Albatross steamed into the little harbor I saw Mowbray Langon's Indolence at anchor. I glanced toward Steuben Point—where his cousins, the Vivians, lived—and thought I recognized his launch at their pier. We saluted the Indolence; the Indolence saluted us. My launch was piped away and took me ashore. I strolled along the path that wound round the base of the hill toward the kennels. At the crossing of the path down from the house, I paused and lingered on the glimpse of one of the corner towers of the great showy palace. I was muttering something—I listened to myself. It was: "Mulholland, Mrs. Mulholland and the four little Mulhollands." And I felt like laughing aloud, such a joke was it that I should be envying a policeman his potato patch and his fat wife and four little brats, and that he should be in a position to pity me.

You may be imagining that, through all, Anita had been dominating my mind. That is the way it is in the romances; but not in life. No doubt there are men who brood upon the impossible, and moon and maunder away their lives over the grave of a dead love; no doubt there are people who will say that because I did not shoot Langdon or her, or myself, or fly to a desert or pose in the crowded places of the world as the last scene of a tragedy, I therefore cared little about her. I offered them this suggestion: A man strong enough to give a love worth a woman's while is strong enough to live on without her when he finds he may not live with her.

As I stood there that summer day, looking toward the crest of the hill, at the mocking mausoleum of my dead dream, I realized what the incessant battle of the street had meant to me. "There is peace for me only in the storm," said I. "But thank God, there is peace for me somewhere."

Through the foliage I had glimpses of some one coming slowly down the zigzag path. Presently, at one of the turnings half way up the hill, appeared Mowbray Langdon. "What is he doing here?" thought I, scarcely able to believe my eyes. "Here of all places!" And then I forgot the strangeness of his being at Dawn Hill in the strangeness of his expression. For it was apparent, even at the distance which separated us, that he was suffering from some great and recent blow. He looked old and haggard; he walked like a man who neither knows nor cares where he is going.

He fought hard to keep his eyes steadily on mine; but they would waver and shift. Not, however, before I had found deep down in them the beginnings of fear. "You see, you were mistaken," said I. "You have nothing to say to me—or I to you."

He knew that I had looked straight to the bottom of his real self, and had seen the coward that is in every man who has been bred to appearances only. Up rose his vanity, the coward's substitute for courage.

"You think I am afraid of you?" he sneered, bluffing and blustering like the school bully.

"I don't in the least care whether you are or not," replied I. "What are you doing here, anyhow?"

It was as if I had thrown off the cover of a furnace. "I came to get the woman I love," he cried. "You stole her from me! You tricked me! But, by God, Blacklock, I'll never pause until I get her back and punish you!" He was brave enough now, drunk with the fumes from his brave words. All my life," he raged arrogantly on, "I've had whatever I wanted. I've let nothing interfere—nothing and nobody. I've been too forebearing with you—first, because I knew she would never care for you, and, then, because I rather admired your pluck and impudence. I like to see fellows kick their way up among us from the common people."

I put my hand on his shoulder. No doubt the fiend that rose within me, as from the dead looked at him from my eyes. He has great physical strength, but he winced under that weight and grip, and across his face flitted the terror that must come to any man at first sense of being in the angry clutch of one stronger than he. I slowly released him—I had tested and realized my physical superiority; to use it would be cheap and cowardly.

"You can't provoke me to descend to your level," said I, with the easy philosophy of him, who clearly has the better of the argument.

He was staring at me with a dazed expression. I rather expected him to show some of that amused contempt with which men of his sort always receive a new idea that is beyond the range of their narrow, conventional minds. For I did not expect him to understand why I was not only willing, but even eager to relinquish a woman whom I could only hold by asserting a property right in her. And I do not think he did understand me, though his manner changed to a sort of grudging respect. He was, I believe, about to make some impulsive, generous speech, when we heard the quick strokes of iron-shod hoofs on the path from the kennels and the stables—is there any sound more arresting? Past us at a gallop swept a horse, on his back—Anita. She was not in riding-habit; the wind fluttered the sleeves of her blouse, blew her uncovered hair this way and that about her beautiful face. She sped on toward the landing, though I fancied she had seen us.

Anita at Dawn Hill—Langdon in a furious temper, descending from the house toward the landing—Anita presently riding like mad—"to overtake him," thought I. And I read confirmation in his triumphant eyes. In another mood, I suppose my fury would have been beyond my power to restrain it. Just then—the day grew dark for me, and I wanted to hide away somewhere. Heart-sick I was ashamed for her, hated myself for having blundered into surprising her.

She reappeared at the turn round which she had vanished. I now noted that she was riding without saddle or bridle, with only a halter around the horse's neck— then she had seen us, had stopped and come back as soon as she could. She dropped from the horse, looked swiftly at me, at him, at me again, with intense anxiety.

"I saw your yacht in the harbor only a moment ago," she said to me. She was almost panting. " I feared you might meet him. So I came."

"As you see, he is quite—intact," said I. "I must ask that you and he leave the place at once. "And I went rapidly along the path toward the kennels.

An exclamation from Langdon forced me to turn in spite of myself. He was half-kneeling, was holding her in his arms. At that sight, the savage in me shook himself free. I dashed toward them with I knew not what curses bursting from me. Langdon, intent upon her, did not realize until I sent him reeling backward to the earth and snatched her up. Her white face, her closed eyes, her limp form made my fury instantly collapse. In my confusion I thought that she was dead. I laid her gently on the grass and supported her head, so small, so gloriously crowned, the face so still and sweet and white, like the stainless entrance to a stainless shrine. How that horrible fear changed my whole way of looking at her, at him, at her and him, at everything!

Her eyelids were quivering her eyes were opening—her bosom was rising and falling slowly as she drew long, uncertain breaths. She shuddered, sat up, started up. "Go! go!" she cried. "Bring him back! Bring him back! Bring him——"

Then she recognized me. "Oh, she said and gave a great sigh of relief. She leaned against a tree and looked at Langdon. "You are still here? Then tell him."

Langdon gazed sullenly at the ground. "I can't he answered. "I don't believe it. Besides—he has given you to me. Let us go. Let me take you to the Vivians." He threw out his arms in a wild, passionate gesture; he was utterly unlike himself. His emotion burst through and shattered like the exploding powder bursting the shell. "I can't give you up, Anita!" he exclaimed in a tone of utter desperation. "I can't! I can't!"

But her gaze was all this time steadfastly on me, as if she feared I would go, should she look away. "I will tell you myself," she said rapidly to me. "We—Uncle Howard and I—read in the papers how they had all turned against you, and he brought me over here. He has been telegraphing for you. This morning he went down to search for you. About an hour ago Langdon came, I refused to see him, as I have ever since the time I told you about at Alva's. He persisted, until at last I had the servant request him to leave the house."

"But now there's no longer any reason for your staying, Anita" he pleaded. "He has said you are free. Why stay when you would really no more be here than if you were to go, leaving one of your empty dresses?"

She had not for an instant taken her gaze from me; and so strange were her eyes, so compelling, that I seemed unable to move or speak. But now she released me to blaze upon him—and never shall I forget any detail of her face or voice as she said to him: "That is false, Mowbray Langdon. I told you the truth when I told you I loved him!"

So violent was her motion that she had to pause for self control. And I? I was overwhelmed, dazed, stunned. When she went on she was looking at neither of us. "Yes, I loved him almost from the first—from the day he came to the box at the races. I was ashamed, poor creature that my parents had made me! I was ashamed of it. And I tried to hate him and thought I did. And when he showed me that he no longer cared, my pride goaded me into the folly of trying to listen to you. But I loved him more than ever. And as you and he stand here, I am ashamed again—ashamed that I was ever so blind and ignorant and prejudiced as to compare him with"—she looked at Langdon—"with you. Do you believe me now—now that I humble myself before him here in your presence?"

I should have had no heart at all if I had not felt pity for him. His face was gray, and on it were those signs of age that strong emotion brings to the surface after 40. "You could have convinced me in no other way," he replied, after a silence, and in a voice I should not have recognized.

Silence again. Presently he raised his head, and with something of his old cynicism bowed to her.

"You have avenged much and many," said he "I have often had a presentiment that my day of wrath would come."

He lifted his hat, bowed to me without looking at me, and drawing the tatters of his pose still further over his wounds, moved away toward the landing.

I, still in a stupor, watched him until he had disappeared. When I turned to her, she drooped her eyes. "Uncle Howard will be back this afternoon," said she. "If I may I'll stay at the house until he comes to take me."

A weary, half suppressed sigh escaped from her. I knew how she must be reading my silence, but I was still unable to speak. She went to the horse, browsing near by; she stroked his muzzle. Lingeringly she twined her fingers in his mane, as if about to spring to his back! That reminded me of a thousand and one changes in her—little changes, each a trifle in itself, yet, taken altogether, making a complete transformation.

"Let me help you," I managed to say. And I bent, and made a step of my hand.

She touched her fingers to my shoulder, set her narrow, graceful foot upon my palm. But she did not rise. I glanced up; she was gazing wistfully down at me.

"Women have to learn by experience just as do men," said she forlornly. "Yet men will not tolerate it."

I suppose I must suddenly have looked what I was unable to put into words—for her eyes grew very wide, and, with a cry that was a sigh and a sob, and a laugh and a caress all in one, she slid into my arms and her face was burning against mine.

"Do you remember the night at the theater," she murmured, "when your lips almost touched my neck?—I loved you then—Black Matt—Black Matt!

And I found voice; and the horse wandered away.

What more?

How Langdon eased his pain and soothed his vanity? Whenever an old Babylonian nobleman had a misfortune, he used to order all his slaves to be lashed, that their shrieks and moans might join his in appeasing the god who was punishing him. Langdon went back to Wall street, and for months he made all within his power to suffer; in his fury he smashed fortunes, lowered wages, raised prices, reveled in the blasts of a storm of impotent curses. But you do not care to hear about that.

As for myself, what could I tell that you do not know or guess? Now that all men, even the rich, even the parasites of the bandits, groan under their tyranny and their taxes, is it strange that the resentment against me has disappeared, that my warnings are remembered, that I am popular? I might forecast what I purpose to do when the time is ripe. But I am not given to prophecy. I will only say that I think I shall, in due season, go into action again—profiting by my experience in the futility of trying to hasten evolution by revolution. Meanwhile—

As I write I can look up from the paper, and out upon the lawn, at a woman—what a woman!—teaching a baby to walk. And, assisting her, there is a boy, himself not yet an expert at walking. I doubt if you'd have to glance twice at the boy to know he is my son. Well—I have borrowed a leaf from Mulholland's philosophy. I commend it to you.

[THE END.]

APPLES PROPAGATE MOTHS.

Germans Give Warnings Against Keeping the Fruit in Dwellings.

Germany has found a peril in apples. They are the principal medium for the propagation and spread of the destructive house moth (Glycyphagus domesticus) according to observations recently made.

The discovery was the result of a plague of moths at Gries and the villages surrounding it. The larvae were traced to the stores of apples kept in the houses and thence to the trees themselves.

The larvae are found first of all in the apple blossoms. As the fruit grows they cluster in the conical depression about the stem of the apple.

When the fruit is taken into the house it is laden with the eggs. The propagation of the eggs is said to be prodigious.

When the fruit is taken into the house the eggs find their way into clothing, hangings, carpets and upholstered furniture and the insect is hatched out, with the well known ruinous results. The eggs are also said to be the cause of the white mottling that is so often noticed on dried fruit.

As a result of the discoveries it is urged that apples never be taken into dwellings without careful cleansing, and even then they should never be kept in living rooms, and the peelings should be promptly removed.

Who Remembers Bill?

From the New York Evening Sun.

There lived a hundred and fifty year. ago (much as they might have lived today) one Bill Spragetts and his wife, Ann.

All day long Bill Spragetts dreamed great dreams and at night he proved to his and to her satisfaction that Ann was a fool.

Every night when the things were cleared away Ann Spragetts sat down in her chair before the fire, put her feet on her hassock and labored at her needlework.

And every night Bill Spragetts sat in the chimney corner and proved what a wonderful man he was.

"If I were the governor," said Bill one night, "I would have this town ordered differently."

"Dear heart," said she, "'tis not so bad."

"What?" said Bill, taking his pipe out of mouth. "Not so bad?"

"No," said Ann. "Is it?"

For reply he gave her a look that said as plain as print: : "You're an awful fool."

And she, looking up at him with all humility as she bit off her thread, responded, "I known I am, Bill. Aye, dear me."

"Some day I shall invent a morning awakener. I have the idea for it in my head now. 'The Rouser' I shall call it, and of bright brass and bell metal will it be made. Over every bed it will be placed, and at the appointed hour in the morning the bell will be rung. Hah," he exclaimed, making a tracing in the ashes on the earth. "A wire here. And a catch here. Hah! And a lever there."

"And what will ring the bell?" asked Ann.

"A spring," said Bill.

"The clapper," said Bill.

"And what will make the clapper go?"

"And what will make the spring go?"

"A wire," said Bill.

"And what will pull the wire?"

"Another spring, you fool."

"Aye, dear me," said Ann. "Aye, dear me."

Dear souls, they have been buried now these hundred and thirty years; he with all his knowledge and she in all her foolishness; and the other day when a bit of old hand-made lace was being passed around a rhapsodical circle of ladies they whispered one to another:

"A bit of genuine old Ann Spragetts."

One of the rhapsodists, rosy and inquisitive beneath her years, said: :

"Who was Ann Spragetts?"

And they answered:

"She was an old maid who made the first real lace ever made in New York. At least, it is supposed she was an old maid, for no one ever seems to have heard of her husband."

Globe Sights.

From the Atchison Globe.

Down at Coolidge, recently, a drinking man and a good templar failed in business on the same day. "Where do we find the moral?" the Enterprise asks.

If a woman has a dollar left the day after Christmas, somehow it gets on her conscience and she feels that she has not been as generous as she should have been.

When a farmer comes to town on a rainy Saturday, he gets no credit for his effort; store keepers look at him as if they would say: "Why didn't more of you come?"

After a woman reaches 40, her hats all look alike, except in summer they are trimmed with ribbons and flowers and in winter they are trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Ever notice that when a woman tells a man she is tired of him he is willing to get out of the way, but when a man tells a woman he is tired of her, she can give an ivy cards and spades in clinging?

When a man chooses to be industrious, honest, temperate and reliable, and amount to something, how the drunkards and loafers hate him, and say he is a wolf, and steals everything in sight.

We do not know how it is in big cities, but in small towns the society women can be distinguished from the women who are not in society by the fact that society women do not wear union suits and the other women do.

There is a great deal in the theory of heredity, but people are inclined to believe that a man who says he drinks because his father did, isn't trying very hard to swear off. More than that, it shows mighty little regard for his paternal ancestor.

Has the Earth.

Some months ago excavations were being made for new tracks on the line of a certain famous railway. At one point a nearby resident obtained permission to remove a quantity of turf to resod his premises, the section boss being instructed to notify the excavating "gang" when the resident should have secured all he desired. The Hibernian's report is as follows:

"The man that wanted the earth has got it."

NERVOUS HEADACHES

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Most Cases and Should Interest Every Sufferer.

Nobody who has not endured the suffering caused by nervous headache can realize the awful agony of its victims. Worst of all, the ordinary treatment cannot be relied upon to cure nor even to give relief. Some doctors will say that if a person is subject to these headaches there is nothing that can be done to prevent their recurrence.

Nervous headaches, as well as neuralgia, are caused by lack of nutrition—the nerves are starved. The only way to feed the nerves is through the blood and it is in this way that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished so many remarkable cures.

Mrs. Addie Merrill, of 39 Union Street, Auburn, Me., says: "For years I suffered from nervous headaches, which would come on me every five or six weeks and continue for several days. The pain was so severe that I would be obliged to go to bed for three or four days each time. It was particularly intense over my right eye. I tried medicines but got no relief. I had no appetite and when the headache passed away I felt as if I had been sick for a month. My blood was thin and I was pale, weak and reduced in weight.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a paper and decided to try them. I first noticed that they began to give me an appetite and I commenced to gain in weight and color. My headaches stopped and have not returned and I have never felt so well as I do now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

New System of Making Wine.

From the Consular Reports.

Wine germs, which make it possible to duplicate the famous wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy or the Rhine, are among the latest experiments of scientists. The germs are obtained from the dregs of casks which have contained genuine old wine, and those for each particular brand are placed for safekeeping in a substance prepared from Japanese isinglass and fruit juice. In the jelly-like mass the germs soon establish a colony. When needed, sufficient germs may be placed in a tube of sterilized fruit juice. After two or three days the juice will be in full fermentation with plentiful effervescence. This process is said to impart to the wine the exact bouquet and characteristics of the wine from which the germs originally came.

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Bailey Doxology.

From the New York World.

Every anti-Bailey meeting in Texas is now closed with the following doxology:

Praise Joe, to whom oil blessings flow;
Praise him, oil flunkies here below.
Praise him above, ye Standard hosts;
Praise Rogers and John D., but Joe the most.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it became. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard downstairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold, and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now 12 years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Ave., Broklyn, N. Y., Apr. 16, '05."

Those Fool Songs.

"So you are the author of the popular song, 'When the Flowers Are Gently Blooming'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad to know you. I'm much interested in your song. I want to ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Did you ever see the flowers blooming roughly?"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

If our good intentions could only be used for paving material in this world what a saving it would be for the taxpayers.