George's Blunders.

From the Chicago News Above the stairway there flickered a candle, and then a deep voice called from the shadows:

"Katherine, Katherine! Who is that san papering the wall this hour of the

A long stillness, and then: "No one down here, father, dear. I guess

It must be next door. The candle vanished, and then from the gloom of the parlor: "George, you big goose, I told you never to call on me unless you had been shaved." "No: she's taking a year off."

It may be hard for a girl to love her nemies, but she invites them all to her wedding, anyhow.



Less Motion Than Emotion.

From the Denver Post.

Two men were coming into Denver from a nearby town on a local train the other day. The train stopped every five minutes, it seemed, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up steam the man's impatience overflowed.
"Now what do you think of this train?"
he said to the other.

'It isn't making much progress," replied

"Progress! I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a fierce job to take a moving picture of this train."

Mrs. Winslow's Scottling Strup for Children sething; softens the gums, reduces infismmation, al-

The Truffle Taster. The Englishman was eating toad-in-thehole, a famous British dish.

"I am a truffle taster by trade," he said. sort that most costly of all legumes,

"If a truffle has a putrid taste, like that of spoiled seaguil, I know it is of the Charpentier variety, and worth \$10 a ound.
"If it tastes like bad smoked cod, I

know it is the less expensive Perigord brand, worth \$5 a pound.

"If it is delicious, sweet and wholesome,
I put it down for English truffle, and
mark it at \$2 only."

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases
Ferre Restorer. Send for Free &2 trial bottle and treating
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CHINESE SEVEN AGES.

Unknown Philosopher Pictures the Course of the Life of Man.

A French officer, Louis de Chantilly, tells in Paris Gil Blas, of his discovery in a Buddhist convent in the mountains of Tonkin, of a dusty manuscript containing the Chinese version of the seven ages of man.

"At 10 years old," says the writer, whose name has long been forgotten, "the boy has a heart and a brain as soft as the tender shoots of a young bamboo. At 20 he is like a green ban-

he is fit for.
"At 70 he is just dry rice straw.
He has only one care; to husband the breath of life that is left to him, to preserve it, even by artificial means. His sons must assume the care of his estate and the performance of his duties."

Had Seen Prairies.
From the New York Weekly.
Fond Mother—Yes, the dear little fellow is just full of good impulses. Eddie, if you were rich, what would you do with

Eddie (who has traveled some)—I'd buy billion stones, and take 'em out to Iowa for the poor little boys out there to

DOCTOR'S FOOD TALK

Selection of Food One of the Most Important Acts in Life.

A Mass, doctor says: "Our health and physical and mental happiness are so largely under our personal control that the proper selection of food should be, and is one of the most important acts in life.

"On this subject, I may say that I know of no food equal in digestibility, and more powerful in point of nutriment, than the modern Grape-Nuts, four heaping teaspoons of which is sufficient for the cereal part of a meal, and experience demonstrates that the user is perfectly nourished from one meal to another.

"I am convinced that the extensive and general use of high class foods of this character would increase the term of human life, add to the sum total of happiness and very considerably improve society in general. I am free to mention the food, for I personally know

of its value." Grape-Nuts food can be used by babes in arms, or adults. It is ready cooked, can be served instantly, either cold with cream, or with hot water or hot milk poured over. All sorts of puddings and fancy dishes can be made Alth Grape-Nuts. The food is concentrated and very economical, for four beaping tenspoons are sufficient for the cereal part of a meal. Read the litthe book. "The Road to Wellville," in

p. .. "There's a Reason."

The Plunderers

'I knock off a bit of verse occasionally," said the skipper complacently, "when I'm in the mood, that is, It generally comes like this, when I've been tall twisting the hands and have spell of a real and have a shell of a real and have a real and hav a spell of a rest and a think after-

The outcome of vivid con-"I see. The outcome of vivid contrast," said Cambel. He imagined to himself that these boasted poems would be of the "heroric" order to the verge of melodrama. As it happened, he could not conveniently have made a worse guess. Kettle tugged from his pocket a doubled up exercise book reddened slightly under the tan and handed it across. His companion flattened out the crease, and from the light that came from a chartroom port dipped into the manuscript verses for himself. To his astonishment they were one and To his astonishment they were one and all sonnets and ballads which might well have been written by a sentimental school girl. They breathed of love and devotion and premature fading away, and at least three gushing adjectives qualified each tender noun.

There was no word about the sea on which their author had spent his life or of the things of the sea with which ne had had all his dealings. He knew about these as few men did, but they seemed common to him and unclean. Consequently he had delivered himself to an ode of that spring which he had never witnessed ashore and love songs to ladies he had never met outside the covers of cheap fiction. It was all magination, and untutored, uninspired

magination at that.

As a result, Cambel found the poems too killingly funny for words and was consumed with a wiid desire for laughter, but that red bearded little savage, their maker, glaring anxiously at him from the opposite shadow, he does not let so much as the tail of a smile dance ap from the corner of his mouth. He

ap from the corner of his mouth. He had to enjoy and endure in silence, and with the exercise book thrust out to the yellow light, then he read on through the stanzas diligently.

In one, evidently autobiographical, the writer spoke of himself as a "timid, frail gazelle," in another he addressed his remarks from the mouthpiece of a "cov and cooing turtledove" to "sylphese". "coy and cooing turtledove" to "sylph-ike maiden of haughty mien" who at the time of narration was the "bewitching, entrancing, unparalleled queen" of thother gentleman's hearth. An "Ode to Excellence" which commenced "Hairy Alfred, brother bard," was evi-gently directed at a contemporary, but the past was cared for in "Cleopatra, a Lament," which a footnote stated could be sung to the tune of "Greenland's fcy Mountains." Probably as a collec-tion Captain Kettle's was unique in its slumsy, maudlin sentiment and its genral unexpectedness.

the auditor was fidgeting aervously. He had not got over that initial nervousness which publication gives. He hungered for a criticism—avorable if possible. At last he made bold to ask for it.

"You're a wonderful man, Kettle," re-

turned his companion, quite meaning what he said, "and unless I had seen those verses for myself I'd never have believed you capable of producing them, no matter what had been told me about your powers."

The poet gave a sign of relief, and was going to pursue the subject further when something fell upon his ear which

"At 10 years old," says the writer, whose name has long been forgotten, "the boy has a heart and a brain as soft as the tender shoots of a young bamboo. At 20 he is like a green banana; he is just beginning to ripen in warm rays of common sense.

"Thirty years see him developed into a buffalo. He is strong and lusty, full of bodily and mental vigor. This is the true age of love; the age for him to marry at.

"At 40 years the prosperous man has "At 40 years the prosperous man has "At 40 years the prosperous man has" him to marry at.

"At 40 years the prosperous man has grown to be a mandarin and wear a coral button. But it would be truly indiscreet to confide to him at this early age any functions calling for judicial intelligence or calm.

"When he reaches 50 years, however, although he has grown stout and fleshy, the is fit to hold any municipal or state office; he can administer a city or a province or perform any official duty.

"But at 60 years he is old. Handicrafts and all active bodily activities are beyond him. He gives his dependents and clients advice. That is all he is fit for.

of 'em, and we'll finish out top side.
Oh, don't you make any error. It'll be
red night's work for those dogs. But we'll rub the fear of death into them before we've done this time—into those that are left, that is. Get your pistol, quick, sir, and skin your eye for handy shooting.'

CHAPTER IX.

volvers. He gave one to the captain pecket, so that they had a brace apiece. From the other side of the bridge deck the clamor of the men rose high into the night, and the steamer's fore truck began to swing past the stars. Her had deserted the stream of the quart. began to swing past the stars. Her engines had stopped, the quartermaster had deserted the wheel, and the gulf stream was taking her as simple flot-sam whither it listed.

There was no starboard ladder to the upper bridge, but Kettle swung him-self lightly up by a funnel stay and a staunchion and climbed over the canvas dodger. Cambel followed as nim-bly. The mate of the watch received them with a frightened sidelong glance but no words, and then he vanished into the darkness.

Captain Owen Kettle stumped cheerfully across to the port side of the bridge and looked down. Beneath him, massed and moving, was apparently every man of his crew. The electric lamp from inside the head of the companionway blazed full upon them. daz-

spoke.

The men's words were not conciliatory. He addressed his hearers as dogs and wished to know in the name of the pit why they had dared to leave their duties and their kennel and come to sully his bridge deck. The harangue was brief and beautifully to the point. An ordinary seaman stood out into the niddle of the circle of light and made niddle of the circle of light and made it in no longer. Dis grew tenants its rechts."

"You gall us togs, und you dreat us as togs, und ve're nod going to schtandt it no longer. Dis grew tenants its rechts."

"Hello," said Kettle, "got a blooming Dutchman to speak for you! Well, you must be a hard up crowd. See here, now, if you do want to talk, he see he

"What-you-you're a poet?" rapped | Understand that and don't waste my

The German seemed inclined to bluster and hold his ground, but he had no backers. "I told you how it would be if we put the Dutchman up," said one "Why, I can't hardly understand the beggar myself," said another.
"If you're widerlied," suggested Can "If you're undecided," suggested Cap-

tain Kettle, "you've got a nigger among you. Why not set him on to taik? If you were men, I wouldn't say talk? If you were men, I wouldn't say it, but as it is he's as much a man as any of you, and perhaps he'll throw in a sand dance to enliven proceedings."

The negro from somewhere on the cutskirts of the crowd broke into a loud guffaw till some one kicked him on the shins and sent him away yelping diminuendo into the farther darkness. An angry growl went up from hees. ness. An angry growl went up from the white men at the taunt, and one of them, a whiskered quartermaster in a cardigan jacket, stepped out and spat into the circle of light. He looked round to catch the encouraging glances

of his mates and then lifted up his face toward the upper bridge. face toward the upper bridge.

"See here, Captain Kettle, you'd better not try us too far. This isn't a slave ship you're commanding. It's an ordinary, common, low down British tramp, and the law looks after the deckhands and all the rest of us."

"Now, that's fair speaking." said Kettle. "I've a profound respect for the merchant shipping act and all the rest of the laws. My lad, if you fancy you've anything to complain of, a sea lawyer like you must know the rem-

lawyer like you must know the remedy. Get your witnesses and go with them before the British comsul in New Orleans

"A fat lot of good that would do," retorted the man. "What consul ever believed an old sailor against the skipper? No, sir, we'd only get penitentiary for our pains. Besides, what we want—and what we intend to have—is an alteration in things, beginning now."

"Ah, I see! And what would you like? Shall I have a hold cleared out and fit up with four post beds for you and fit up with four post beds for you to make a drawing room of? Shall I order my steward to hand iced pop round to the gentlemen who are heaving coals in the stokehold? Come, now, out with it!"

The little captain was deliberately irritating the men, and Cambel marveled at his recklessness. Once let an outbreak start, and he and Kettle stood

outbreak start, and he and Kettle stood not one chance in a million of living through it. But Kettle knew his game and was playing it well.

Only one man laughed, and his laugh closed up again in a moment like the snap of a watch. Some scowled, a few swore; the quartermaster in the cardigan jacket alone remained unmoved. Of Kettle's outrageous raillery he took no notice whatever, but conhe took no notice whatever, but con-tinued his plaint in a solid monotone, as though he had been reading it from

"In the first instance, it's the grub we complains of, perticularly the sugar. It ain't sugar at all. It's just slumph of molasses." "That," said Kettle, "is due to yo

said Kettle, "is due to your own laziness. The bottom of a sugar barrel's always that way unless you turn it end for end every day or so. The molasses'd settle through the queen's sugar at Windsor and spoil half of it unless the barrel was looked to. So that knocks in the head your first complaint. By James," he continued, with a first show of fury, "is it, for this you dogs have turned your-selves into a howling pack of mu-tineers and let my ship drift like a hen-

coop toward Newfoundland?"
The quartermaster was obviously disconcerted by the attack, so much so, in fact, that he missed the next few counts of his indictment and came at once to the main head, which he had hoped to lead up to more gently. "It's a rise of wages that we insist on prin-cipally," he said. "We take it we've been signed on for this run to New Orbeen signed on for this run to New Or-leans under false pretenses. Nothing was said about the sort of cargo we was to carry, which naturally incites them anarchist chaps to violence. We're suffering undue risks. There's been one devil machine found already, and one devil machine found already, and as like as not there is others besides. The blooming ole tramp may go up any minute, and because we're standing that risk we say we ought to be paid according. The cargo can stand the pull, and if you aren't willing the hands here has made up their minds to broach it for themselves."

"You great tools!" cried Kettle, "this isn't an ordinary cargo that you can help yourselves out of and let the underwriters stand treat. You bet the tallyman won't wink at any yarn about damaged in transit over the stuff we're bringing them. If there's so much as a miserable half sovereign missing, the whole crowd here, cook and captain's dog, stay in a New Orleans calaboose till it's found and then come out with their tickets dirtied. Oh, you one-eyed, mutton headed fools!"

against his ribs.

From some mouth in the blacker shadow came a deep, derisive laugh. Then a voice, presumably from the laughter, said "Wno wants to go to New Orleans? Who wants to go nearer than the next key or reef or sand bank or whatever it may be? Let's pile up the blaging old tramp on that and then the blazing old tramp on that and then boat cruise across to Cuba. There's nice snug bays in Cuba where the guarda costas con't ask questions. Or, if they did, a bit of yellow ballast out of the boats would stop their jaw quick

The voice laughed again and ceased. "Who spoke there?" Captain Kettle de-Out rolled into the bright circle the

the massive body of the donkeyman, him, "You!" donkeyman knuckled his greasy cap in assent, but added that he was no mutineer. "I'm your man, captain," he said, "but I'd be pleaseder to help amp from inside the head of the companionway blazed full upon them daz-zling some of the group and blinding the others with dense black shadow. With folded arms he looked down on them for a full minute with a silent sneering laugh till the upturned faces which had been quiet in expectation began to grow clamorous again. Then he waved them to noiselessness and spoke.

The electric cap in assent, but added that he was no mutineer. "Tim your man, captain, he said, "but I'd be pleaseder to help going agin them. Ye'll be dealt by honestly, captain—liberally, yes, better than ye ever have been in this world yet or ever will be again. It's a chance that won't come of six years of Sundays—au—the steamer will be lost at say. Blowed to rivuts an ould iron by a conspirator's bomb. It's a most a conspirator's bomb. It's a most

******** Tsnap; his fists slid to his jacket pockets

and gripped there.
"You painted Dutchman!" The words came snarled through clinched teeth.

came snarled through clinched teeth.

The crew rustled uneasily.

'Do I live to hear a set of dogs like you dictating to me? Does any man here think he's going to have an inch of his own way aboard of me?"

"Côme, Catpain Kettle," said the quartermaster who had talked before, "don't he unreseased. "don't be unreasonable. The Dutch-man means well, though he didn't put man means well, though he didn't put it Bristol fashion. And besides we've made up our minds to share in that gold, and you'd better chip in and share, too, without a dust. It'll be a deal comfortable for all hands, and besides it's got to be done anyway. We're all determined, and we're too many for you, even if Mr. Cambel does stand in on your side."

Kettle's face lit up with joy of bat-

Kettle's face lit up with joy of bat-le. "Are you, by James?" he snapped. We'll see about that. I'd handle twice your number to my own cheek and day. I've done it before on a dashed sight uglier lot than you and came out topside and I'm going to do it again now. Mr. Cambel's with me, too, this time, and we've got 20 bullets among us that'll all go home in somebody's ribs before any of you get at hand grips with us. Now, just play on that,

you scum. There's not a one of you got a pistol."
"Oh, haven't we?" commented a nasal voice on the outskirts of the crowd. guess you're out there, mister. I'm heeled for one."

"Crack! The man shrieked and fell in a limp heap on the deck. His weapon clat-tered down beside him. Kettle kept his smoking pistol muzzle raised steady as an iron wrist could hold it. The others instinctively drew at first

away from the fallen man, but one ordinary seaman, younger and more plucky than the rest, darted forward fingers closed over it his eyes instinctively sought the bridge. Cambel had his revolver sighted over the crook of an elbow, Kettle his at arm's length. Both were covering him.

"Fling that thing overboard, or you'll be dead before you can wink!"

The crew's only revolver spun through the air and hit the water with a tinkling splash.

"Now, stand forward, the two fools who have been your spokemen."

who have been your spokesmen."
The crowd stood like men petrified.
"Quick, or I'll make practice into the

brown of you!"

The quartermaster in the cardigan jacket stepped out of his own accord, undefiant now and white. The German was hustled to his side. 'Have you got a coin, quartermas-

'Have you-sausage?"

"Yes, herr."
"Then spin it out, and do you, quartermaster, call to him. And mind you call right, because I'm going to shoot the loser, and perhaps you're the least useless of the two. Spin confound you. Spin, sausage, or, by James, I'll shoot you where you stand and settle it that

The German put something between his dished palms and shook it violently, then clinched one hand and thrust it out into the full blaze of the lamp light. The quartermaster cried heads. The other unwrapped his grimy fingers with slow jerks and showed. The coin was a halfpenny, Epitannia uppermost. The eyes lost their stare and glinted unquartermaster, buttoned, bits graduare. quartermaster buttoned his cardigan jacket and drew himslef up to face

the upper bridge. "Hold up your hand!"

It shot up to the full lenght, fingers splayed out. Then, crack, and a bullet ripped through the middle of the palm. The fellow let out a short yelp of surprise and clasped the wounded member tightly under his armous. The party of the party of the state of tightly under his armpit. The men around him, utterly cowed, stood in frozen silence, and Captain Owen Kettle from the bridge, waved slow pat-terns over them with a revolver muzzle. Then he crammed both weapons into his jacket pockets again and gave or-

ders sharply and with crispness.

"Watch below, get forward and turn in. Watch on duty, go to your posts, Quartermaster of the watch, tumble up here. Southwest and by sou." A quartermaster ran briskly up the

S'west and sou', it is, sir," he re-ed. It was the only comment any plied. one of the crew made to Captain Kettle on his method.

(Continued Next Week.) Planning the "Round the World Railroad.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.
M. de Lobel promises that we shall have trains running through from New York to Paris within five years. The highest summit level, instead of 18,000 feet, will be scarcely more than 2,400 if the proposed new Grand Trunk Trans-Canadian route is made a part of the system. In Denver, Colo., however, a number of capitalists have raised some \$50,000,000 for the purpose of building a railway along the coast from Seattle to Skagway; they propose to har-ness the tides that rush into the various inlets with waves thirty feet high, make electricity the motive power. A the plains of upper Alaska this becomes the Trans-Alaska-Siberian rallway. It will run almost entirely through a country much resembling Norway in climate and products. Wheat, it is claimed, will be raised in abundance during the long sum-mer days when the sunshine lasts twentytwo hours on a stretch, and the country is ready to blossom with every kind of fruit. No part of the railway will closs the Arctic circle—not even at the straits, where M. de Lobel proposes to lay a tunnel; tunnel being the correct expression in this Instance, for after spending a winter and a summer at the straits with his wife and daughters, the French engineer has de-cided to sink a great sheathed tube into the sand at the bottom of the shallow The entire 'ength of the tunnel will be nineteen miles, but it will come to the surface each six miles of its length. as the straits are broken by two large

Quite Natural.

From the New York Evening Mail. Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly got his wit from his maternal grandfather, Rev. George B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan clergy-man, says an English writer. It is related of this gentleman that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law-to-be -an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties injudicious enough on one enter the parlor without giving warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I courted Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on

Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done i. I had been court-

Where It Came From.

During the course of a geography lesson recently, the teacher asked the following

"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"
"Whale bone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?" "Sealing wax!" shouted a little giri. A Berlin scientist has made 70,000 examinations to get to the conclusion that woman's brain is undoubted.

FARMERS SHOULD PROTECT SWALLOWS

The Department of Agriculture Points Out Good Work of These Birds.

FOOD IS MOSTLY INSECTS

The Damage They Are Supposed to D Crops More Than Offset by Dectruction of Pests-Foe of Boll Weevil.

The biological survey of the United States department of agriculture has hit upon a somewhat novel method of aiding the southern cotton planter in his war against the boll weevil. As is well known, this insect invaded the state of Texas several years ago and has damaged the cotton crop to the extent of millions of dollars annually. Despite efforts to stay its increase, it is spreading at the rate of about fifty miles a year, and unquestionably in time will extend its ravages into all the

cotton states.

The survey has been investigating the pest in Texas for several years and finds that no fewer than thirty-eight species of birds feed upon the insect, It is not claimed that birds alone car check the spread of the weevil, but it has been demonstrated that they are an important help which the farmer cannot afford to ignore. Hence an ap-propriation might profitably be made to propriation might profitably be made to can not afford to ignore. Hence an apaid in the work on the ground that the insect enemy of the farmer of every district is the common enemy of the country, and that a full measure of success is to be obtained only through co-operation. The importance to the cotton planter also of colonies of swallows is emphasized, and the best means lows is emphasized, and the best means of increasing their numbers in the southern states is again set forth.

Enemy of Boll Weevil. Among the foremost of the useful allies against the boll weevil are swallows. As is well known, the food of these birds consists almost exclusively of insects, and hence to the agriculturof insects, and hence to the agriculturist they are among the most useful of birds. They have been described as "the light cavairy of the avian army." Specially adapted for flight they have no rivals in the art of capturing insects in midair, and it is to the fact that they take their prey on the wing that their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due.

their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due.

Other insectivorous birds adopt different methods when in pursuit of prey, Orioles alight on the cotton bolls and carefully inspect them for weevils. Blackbirds, wrens and flycatchers contribute to the good work, each in its own sphere, but when swallows are migrating over the cotton fields they find weevils flying in the open and wage weevils flying in the open and we active war against them. As many forty-seven boll weevils have be wage ny as found in the stomach of a single cliff

The idea is to increase the number of The idea is to increase the number of swallows both at the north and the south. The colonies nesting in the south will destroy a greater or less number of weevils during the summer; while in the fall, after the local birds have migrated, northern bred birds, as they pass through the southern states on their way to the tropics, will keep up the war. up the war.

Becoming Less Numerous.

Swallows are not as numerous in the north as they used to be. The tree swallow, for instance, formerly abound-ed, but of late years its numbers have greatly diminished, owing to persecu-tion by the English sparrow. This unscrupulous foreigner turns the swallow out of its nest in order to have a place for its own eggs. When swallow nests contains eggs or young, the murderous sparrow kills the helpless nestlings or

throws out the eggs.

The barn swallow also is diminishing in numbers, owing partly to the enmity of the sparrow, but more, perhaps, to the fact that the modern tightly built barn denies it friendly shelter, and it finds no substitute places in which to nest. The cliff swallow, whose peculiar pouch-shaped mud nest used to be a common sight under the eaves of barns and outbuildings, throughout the north-ern states, has now been entirely ban-fshed from many localities, under the mistaken impression that they are un-desirable neighbors because of certain parasites which infest their nests. These have been supposed to be bed-bugs, and hence their nests have been destroyed and the birds driven away. This is an error, for, although related to the above objectionable insect, these swallow parasites are peculiar to birds and not to be feared by man.

Martin the Most Important. Of all the swallows the martin is con sidered the most important to the farmer, and suggestions are given for increasing its numbers by the erection of additional boxes and of increasing its range by the transportation to new localities of boxes containing old birds and half-grown young, in the belief that the old birds will be induced by the presence of their young to remain and fee them. If they do not the only alternative is bringing the young up by hand, which has been successfully done by feeding them meal, worms, grasshoppers and the like. Migratory birds—and most American hand, which has been successfully

birds are migratory—are the property of the nation rather than of individual states, and co-operation between the several states for the preservation and increase of insectivorous birds is a principle worthy of universal adoption. Circulars of the survey treating of this subject (No. 56, "Value of Swallows as Insect Destroyers," and No. 57, "Birds Useful in the War Against the Cotton Boll Weevil") will be furnished upon application to the United States department of agriculture.

What the Rolling Stone Does Get.

After an absence of five or six years
Ephraim returned to the little town in Maryland where he had been born and reared. From his brown derby hat to his patent leather shoes he was dressed in the tiptop of fashion. His first call was made on his brother Bill, a slow plodding kind of darky, who had never been to Baltimore.

Ephraim told with great enthusiasm his

Ephraim told with great enthusiasm his experiences in Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and other places in which he had plied his calling of barber. He wound up rather softly with:

"Say, Bill, kin you len' me \$2?"

Bill looked with just a touch of scorn at the fine clothes of the wanderer and drew a small roll of bills from his pocket. He pelled off two ones, handed them to

e pelled off two ones, handed them to is brother and said: "It's the old story, I see, Eph. A roll-

stone gathers no moss. Ephraim drew himself up, adjusted his coat by the lapels, flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his sleeve and replied: "Yes, Bill, but he gits a mighty sight o' polish." Atchison Globe Sights.

A scolding woman is bad enough, but the limit is a scolding man. Nothing is so often overestimated as the information given "confidentially."

Theoretically, every man knows how to make a lot of money in a hurry. Opportunity rarely comes to the man who spends all his time waiting

for it. As a rule, what a man calls his "rights," represents merely desired privileges.

You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short horse Telling fortunes may not be a very good business, but it pays better than

good business, but it pays better than having yours told.

What has become of the old fashioned girl who said to the boys: "Sir, keep your distance!"

What has become of the old fashioned man who said of his enemy: "He is a fool for lack of sense?"

ioned man who said of his enemy: "He is a fool for lack of sense?"

Every married woman hopes that when she gets sick the doctor recommend a change of climate.

A woman with children never runs out of work, or patience, although the letter gets pretty low at times.

latter gets pretty low at times While men make sport of the sacrifices of women to vanity, they continue to wear coats during hot

weather.

When there are as many as four girls with a man, each one is thinking that the other three are chaperons.

A book is being advertised entitled "How Fortunes Are Made." Enough

suckers investing in this book is one easy way. There are many kinds of fools but it

There are many kinds of fools but it is hard to believe that enough of one variety ever got together to organize a suicide club.

Women will excuse a man for crying over the woes of a stage heroine, but condemn him heartily if he should ween over his own trouble. weep over his own trouble.

The old man who marries a young woman in order to have some one to "take care of him," is more in need of

a guardian for the same purpose.

If a man must brag on his own good qualities, he should choose some subject other than his great honesty: much talk on that subject arouses

suspicion. The Young Thing in the hammock on the front porch thinks she knows a good deal about it, but the superla-tive joy of hand holding is only learned by having the best one in a poker If you want to hear a strong anti-

trust speech, get an agricultural implement dealer started who handles anti-trust goods. A plug of chewing tobacco is a pretty hard hill for Love's Young Dream to get over, but it is usually

equal to the climb. Some children, when whipped, scream so that the neighbors may hear them, with very little provocation. We used to do it

OFTEN PREVENTED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Taken When the First Warning Symptoms Are Noticed Much Needless

Suffering May Be Saved. Are you troubled with pallor, loss of spirits, waves of heat passing over the body, shortness of breath after slight' exertion, a peculiar skipping of the heart beat, poor digestion, cold extremities or a feeling of weight and fullness? Do not make the mistake of thinking that these are diseases in themselves and be satisfied with temporary relief.

This is the way the nerves give warning that they are breaking down. It simply means that the blood has become impure and cannot carry enough nourishment to the nerves to keep them healthy and able to do their work.

Rest, alone, will sometimes give the needed relief. The tonic treatment by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, however, prevents the final breakdown of the nerves and the more serious diseases which follow, because the pills act directly upon the impure blood, making it rich,

red and pure.

Mrs. E. C. Bradley, of 103 Parsells avenue, Rochester, N. Y., says:

"I was never very healthy and some years ago, when in a run-down condition, I suffered a nervous shock, caused

by a misfortune to a friend. It was so great that I was unfitted for work "1 was just weak, low-spirited and nervous. I could hardly walk and could not bear the least noise. My appetite was poor and I did not care for food. I couldn't sleep well and once for two weeks got scarcely an hour's sleep. I had severe headaches most of the time and pains in the back and spine.

"I was treated by two doctors, being under the care of one of them for six months. I got no relief and then decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon began to feel better and the improvement was general. My appetite became hearty and my sleep better. The headaches all left and also the pains in my back. A few more boxes entirely cured me and I was able to go back to work. I felt splendid and as though I had never been sick."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in such diseases as rheumatism, aftereffects of the grip and fevers, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

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

SIGK HEADACHE



CARTERS

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem-edy for Dizziness, Nausea. Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER. They

Fac-Simile Signature

regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear



