A Great Scholar.

From Everybody's Magazine. The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister, "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' certainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Privileges.

From Exchange.
The doubt of a University of Chicago professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of 700 wives, is the best authority upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archibishop Magee. A Gloucester-shire lady was reading the old testament to an aged woman who lives at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household, "Had Solomon really 700 wives?" in-quired the old woman, after reflection.

Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the "Lor', mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"



When the Phrenologist Fell. From the Detroit Free Press.

Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia, the owner of the record-breaking trotter Ed Bryan, told at a dinner a horse

"A farmer visited a phrenologist," he sald. "He had heard that the phrenologist thought of buying a horse. He had his head examined and his bumps re-

his head examined and his bumps revealed surprising things.

"'Your tastes are the simple, homely and pure tastes of a farmer,' said the phrenologist, 'and a farmer I take you to be. Am I not right? Aha, I thought so. You are unready and faltering in speech; you find it difficult to express the simplest ideas. You are saidly deficient in judgment and have no knowledge of human nature. Your innocent and trustful disposition renders you an easy dupe to designing men, and your own perfect honesty prevents you from own perfect honesty prevents you from either suspecting or defrauding any

"The phrenologist the following week bought a horse from the farmer. The horse was knock-kneed, it was 25 years old, it had a bad temper, and it balked. Though the farmer had only paid \$15 for the animal, he secured without difflouity \$150 from the phrenologist for it.
"It's wonderful,' said the farmer to himself, as he hastened toward the bank to deposit the money—it's jest wonderful that a man should know so much about men and not know a thing about hosses!"—Detroit Free Press.

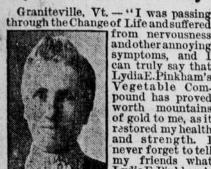
He Only Owned the House.

Two northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumbledown habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."

The London dancing teachers continue agitating for the introduction of various dances at state balls. They are urging against programs of dances which contain only two-steps and waltzes and are petitioning the king to give his attention to the matter, because if he sets the example of an elaborate program of dances, all London Markets and the contains the follow. don hostesses are sure to follow. They wish also the introduction of one new dance a year, so as to make constant dancing lessons necessary.

## WORTH **MOUNTAINS** OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay



from nervousness andotherannoying symptoms, and I can truly say that LydiaE.Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what LydiaE.Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffertrouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills

has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and peryons prostration and intervents. periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclaysays, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

## The House of the Black

By F. L. Pattee

Ring

Copyright, 1905

CHAPTER V-Continued. must go back instantly. Perhaps he's had a pretty hard time of it."

'A man that's fool enough to lick a horse when he's beat fair and square ought to be hurt," he burst out with

harshness.

"Oh, I hope he isn't harmed," she said weakly. "Here you take the reins. I'm afraid he's killed. Oh, it's all my fault."

"It isn't your fault any more than the man in the moon's," he burst out warmly. "The blame's all on his own head. He was a fool, and he's pay-head. He was a fool, and he's pay-head the horse nearly harnessed.

the man in the moon's," he burst out warmly, "The blame's all on his own head. He was a fool, and he's paying for it." She did not answer; she

nead. He was a fool, and he's paying for it." She did not answer; she was peering ahead with frightened eyes.

The revulsion came quickly. The instant they emerged from the bushes at the bend of the bridge they saw the man raging up and down the little structure, mad as the devil in holy water.

Dout when he arrived at the barn she had the horse nearly harnessed.

Look here, you don't mean to say that that little runt o' Jim's beat out that old slasher of Karl's, do yeh?"

He began to talk the moment he got within sight of her. "Say, tell us about it, dew."

"I was driving the mare myself, so she naturally couldn't do anything but

"Heigh, Farthing," he roared, "Till have you arrested for this inside o'

have you arrested for this inside o' two hours, and you'll pay for it to the very limit of the law. By God, you can't wammel over me like this!"

"Hurt yeh horse any?" asked Jim with provoking calmness.

"None of yeh blamed business," he bellowed, stamping up and down the bridge, the living image of wrath. Then they saw the horse head down and panting. He had evidently escaped serious injury, but the new sleigh was a mass of kindling wood.

"Can we help you any?" asked Jim with velvet voice,

"To hell with yeh help, you mis-s-ser-

with velvet voice.

"To hell with yeh help, you mis-s-serable skunk! You hain't seen the end of this yet. You can't come a game on me like this and not pay for it. You untied that horse up there in the shed; you know you did; and I've got a good mind to pitch yeh into the river." He made two or three quick steps toward made two or three quick

made two or three quick steps toward the sleigh, but he thought better of it.

"I'll talk with you when your cool, Mr. Keichline." Jim's voice had a provoking drawl. "But I can give you some advice now. I think if I was you I'd wait here a spell or two fer that bobsled. It'll give yeh time to cool off, and then you can lead that horse of yours behind—if they don't drive too fast."

"Here, Jim Farthing!" The way.

"Here, Jim Farthing!" The man was actually foaming in his wrath. You'll crow a different tune fore long, I'll tell you that! You—jest—wait! I'll get even with yeh for this if it takes 50

"Good night, Mr. Keichline." Jim had turned his horse and was driving away.
"Be careful you don't catch cold." A
sudden turn in the road smothered all

echoes of the man's wrath.

For a long time neither of them spoke. A strange embarrassment had fallen over them. He tried several times to break the awkward silence, but she seemed like one in a brown study. Down the narrow valleys they sped, through the gaps and gullies, in and out of the rhododendron and scrub, while the moon sent down its redtered. while the moon sent down its radiance and the long ridges thrust out their ragged shadows. At last they passed through Bald Eagle Gap and were in the Squire's front yard. Jim sprang out to help her alight, but the girl was on her feet as soon as he.

"I'm sorry if I've been rude to you."

him straight through, "did you untile that horse?"

"No, I didn't," he said, with an honest ring, looking full into her eyes. She held her gaze upon him a cold instant, but he did not flinch or cringe.

"I believe you are telling the truth," she said slowly. "I am glad of it." Then suddenly she turned and tripped toward the house.

"Good night," she flung back over her shoulder.

"Good night," he echoed. Then, as he drove slowly home, he wondered if she expected him to keep the appointment for tomorrow. For on Thursday they were to try the little colt on the Gum

"Good night," he echoed. Then, as he grown as he drove slowly home, he wondered if she expected him to keep the appointment for tomorrow. For on Thursday they were to try the little colt on the Gum Stump nike.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WINDY SIDE OF THE LAW. During the ride from Moon Run Rose had done some rapid thinking. How was Karl to get back to Sugar Valley? The bobsled would go no further than Dan Tressler's, and there he would be, stranded in the middle of the night, afoot, 10 miles from home. It would never do to have him stay at Tressler's; the Squire would never forgive that. He must stay at the Hall if anywhere in the valley, yet how could she manage it? It would be a hazardous thing to arouse her father at dead of night, and then bring him in contact with the wrathful man. That would never do at all.

"It's an outrage to Karl and me and—all of us," he roared, drawing nearer to Rose and swinging his arm up and down like a pump handle.

"But it was a clean race, Pap" she went on serenely. "It was fair and square, and the best horse won. Say, I'd give ten dollars in a minute, Pap, if you could have seen it. It was a thiller. That little mare certainly beats anything that ever stepped in this valley. Say, I want you to buy her for me. Will you, Pap?" Somehow the old man's wrath began to wilt a little; was impossible to withstand her sunny enthusiasm.

"But it was a clean race, Pap" she went on serenely. "It was fair and the best horse won. Say, I'd give ten dollars in a minute, Pap, if you could have seen it. It was a thiller. That little mare certainly beats anything that ever stepped in this valley. Say, I want you to buy her for me. Will you, Pap?" Somehow the old man's wrath began to wilt a little; it was impossible to withstand her sunny enthusiasm.

"But it was a clean race, Pap" she went on serenely. During the ride from Moon Run Rose

with the wrathful man. That would never do at all.

There was but one way.

At the end of the main walk she wheeled sharply, and, darting across the lawn and the end of the barnyard, came to the house of Amos Harding.

Amos was a Yankee, a native of Connecticut, who, years before, had drifted into the valley as a school teacher, had married one of the valley girls, and after a time had worked into the position of head farmer of the Hartswick estate. He was a long-limbed, sandy-haired, active little man of 50, shrewd and worldly wise, and very valuable to the old Squire in many ways. To Rose he was almost a father, He had been her right-hand man, counsellor and confidant ever since she could remember, and she in turn had been to him like one of his own children.

She did not go to the door but the west on the question at all, Rose. It was a disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that farthing. You'd no business riding with that the disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that farthing. You'd no business riding with that the disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that the disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that the disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that the disgraceful thing. You'd no business riding with that the house riding with that the farthing. You'd no business riding with that the farthing. You'd no business riding with that the t

own children.
She did not go to the door, but slipped around the corner and tapped lightly on a window. There was a lightly on a window. slipped around the corner and tapped lightly on a window. There was a quick movement inside, then a fumbling at the sash, then a tousled head thrust out into the night air.

"Heigh, there! Who is it?"

"It's me, Uncle Amos."

"Sho! Is that you, Rosie? Why, what in tarnation's happened?"

"Accident. Karl smashed his sleigh, and—"

"Sho! You don't mean it!
"No."

"Course it didn't. Jest like a cat, I swann! I'll bate 15 cents, if I dropped yeh into the well head down you'd land on your feet. But how in time did you smash 'er?"

on your feet. But how in time did you smash 'er?"

"Karl ran into the Moon Run bridge. You see—"

"Heigh? Ran into the bridge? In broad moonlight? On that wide road, dead straight? Say, sis, he must o' been awful taken up with somethin' or other. He, he, he!"

He was racing, Uncle Amos. I'll tell you ubout it tomorrow. I rode down with Jim Farthing, and Karl's coming leading his horse behind the bobsled. I want you to hitch up Tussey Boy into the green sleigh and drive up till you meet him. Then let him

"Mr. Farthing's no such man, father."

By a curious perversity she said nothing about her having been constrained by young Jim, though the mere mention of it might have altered the complexion of things considerably. No one knew of the affair save the two concerned.

"Heigh? So that's your game! So you're going to throw Karl over for that miserable puppy, are yeh? Then you let—"

"Stop, father—stop!" There was authority in her voice. Her eyes had a flash in them that was seldom there, but he paid no heed.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Here! whoa! whoa! there!" She pulled the little mare down by main strength and turned him about. We for cuts, and blanket him warm? He's

"But who in time-nation was he rac-ing with?"
"Jim Farthing's little mare." "Sho! You don't mean it! And Jim run yeh into the bridge?"

she naturally couldn't do anything but win. See?" She laughed up into his face mischlevously. His perplexity was

"Every man's that struck the store this morning's been full of it! It's town's talk. And now Karl's phoned up, raving mad. I never knew him so mad. It's damnable, damnable!" His face

His fac was fairly livid.
"Why, Ira, what do you mean?what's happened?" Mrs. Hartswich

what's happened?" Mrs. Hartswick dropped her dish and spoon and fluttered over to him in a tremor.
"Oh, it's nothing. Come, Pap, it isn't so bad's you think, not half." Rose looked up at him with a twinkle in her cases. eyes. "There wouldn't have been a bit of trouble if Karl hadn't lost his head. Really, that man gets rattled as easy as an old woman." She laughed up into his face, but the old man, when he was angry, was wholly animal in his

rage.

"Stop!" he roared. "Don't you talk to me like that! Don't—you—do—it!"

"Oh, don't, Ira, dont—please." The mother came pleadingly between the two as if to avert a tragedy.

"You don't know anything about it!

Stand out of the way!" he bellowed.

"But, Ira, Rose didn't mean anything. She meant it all right, Ira."
There was a tired, pleading tone in

thing. She meant it all right, Ira."
There was a tired, pleading tone in
the woman's voice that was almost like a whine. She was a gentle, laughing little body, but her husband had dominated her until she was cowed and shrinking. Of all things she detested out to help her alight, but the girl was on her feet as soon as he.

"I'm sorry if I've been rude to you," he said awkwardly, as she took a step away.

"Mr. Farthing," there was a cold ring in her voice, and her eyes looked him straight through, "did you untie that horse?"

"No, I didn't," he said, with an hon-"

"No, I didn't," he said, with an hon-"

fully, but he was implacable.
"Stop, Rose! Stop right where you are," he ordered. are," he ordered.
"Don't anger your father, Rosie. He knows best," Mrs. Hartswick joined in with soothing tone.
"It's an outrage to Karl and me and —all of us," he roared, drawing nearer to Rose and swinging his arm up and

ny enthusiasm.
"But that's not the question at all

the man like a blow across the eyes.

"So you stand up for him, do yeh?"
He wheeled upon her instantly. "Think he's about right, do yeh? And Karl's all wrong? So that's the way things are running!—so that's it, is it?
Heigh? Well—we'll—see! We'll find what the law is on that point; we'll put him where he belongs mighty quick, and his whole damned family with him!"

"Oh, Ira, don't," protested Mrs. Hartswick in a half frightened voice.

"But how are you going to prove

"But how are you going to prove anything, father?" Rose turned to him with a trace of gathering anger. There

was no fun in her eyes now.

"Prove it? Prove it? Look here,
Rose, you're going too far! And so
you're going to stand up for that low
lived scamp, are yeh?"

"Mr. Farthing's no such man, father."

By a curious pervestty she said

"Oh, Rose! Don't, Rosie, please!" The voice was near to tears. "I never have dictated to you, Rose, who you should keep company with or who you shouldn't, but I'll say one thing now flat and square: you—shan't—go—with—that—Jim Farthing. No, sir! There shan't no Farthing ever sten into this, house while I live in step into this house while I live in it. I put my foot down on that flat and heavy, and you know what that means.

heavy, and you know what that means. You—know—what—that—means!" He paused in sheer breathlessness.

"Stop, father; you'e going too far." She stood straight and tall and looked him full in the eyes. "You're not yourself, or you wouldn't talk like that to me. I have spoken to this Mr. Farthing at just three different times. I hardly know him. And you say that to me? That affair last night was a prank,—a mere prank. You've got no right to speak to me like that. It's ungentlemanly." Her eyes were flashing with outraged dignity.

"Oh, I wouldn't Rosie. Please don't. There, there!" Her mother put her

"Oh I wouldn't Rosie. Please don't. There, there!" Her mother put her hand soothingly on her arm, and half whispered the words.
"But, Rose, think how it looks. Think

what a caper that was. Look at it as other people do. It was fearfully in-discreet. Just think—" "Oh. bother what people think! What do I care what people think?"
"But you must, Rose. It gives you a

name to be seen cutting shines with a man like that Farthing."
"And what of that? Does that change me any?"

change me any?"
"But, Rose, what do you know about those people? There's something wrong about them. You know that. I could tell you something about them if I wanted to. It's risky to encourage a man like that, fearfully risky, Rose. And it isn't treating Karl right."
"Oh, Rose didn't think, Ira. She didn't mean anything, Ira."
"Why isn't it treating Karl right?"
She stood straight and rigid, facing her father. He had never seen her eyes

father. He had never seen her eyes so black before. They looked straight through him. "You know as well as I do, Rose."
"I asked why."
"W'y, Rose, he's—your regular com-

pany."
"Am I obliged to have 'regular company?" Did I ever invite him or en-courage him? Did he ever ask my permission?" There, there, Rosie; please, do.i't,

"But, Rose, you've known right along how he's felt toward you. Surely--"
"How have I known? He's never said anything to me, or even hinted at any-

But, Rose, you've known it. You've surely known why he has come way up here every Sunday." His giance somehow fell beneath her clear eyes. "But how have I had anything to do about it? What if he has come, does that make me in any way beholden to him! I haven't wanted him to come. I haven't encouraged him."

"But, Rose—"
"Why have I got to have 'regular company?' Why can't I be let alone? Can't I speak to a man without his thinking I'm his regular company? Oh, I'm sick of this whole thing. I want to be let alone. I'll mind my own husiness

I'm sick of this whole thing. I want to be let alone. I'll mind my own business if other people will mind theirs."

"But Rose," there was a pleading note in his voice now, "I want you to be civil to Karl. I want you to like him. It's my wish. Rose. I've set my heart on you're having him, Rose. You know that, It's the dearest wish of my heart."

"Rose means all right, Ira. It'll come out all right. She's just a little girl,

"But I don't want to have anybody," "But I don't want to have anybody," she burst out petulantly. "Why have I got to have anybody? I want to be let alone. I want to be just myself and do what I want to without any man trailing around after me and tormenting me. I hate him. There! I do. I hate the whole lot of 'em." She snapped around and went to rolling her dough figurally.

"Don't say that, Rose." The anger "Don't say that, Rose." The anger was all out of the man's voice now, "Karl's a good fellow, Rose—a glorious good fellow. He'll make you happy; I know it. We're getting old, your mother and I. I can't handle this business the way I could once. It's getting too much for me. I'm a broken old man, Rose; I'm not what I was once." There was almost a choke in his voice.

"Oh, Ira, Rose means all right. She'll "Oh, Ira, Rose means all right. She'll

do right—"
"Oh, don't, pap. Don't say that. Let me help you. I can do it. I can run this business just as well as any man." She took a quick step and laid her

She took a quick step and laid her hand on his arm.

"No Rose. This ain't any woman's work. This business needs a man, and a good one. I don't know a soul that could swing it but Karl. You know how I feel about it. The old place has been handed down to us for more'n a hundred years. Nobody every really owned it but just us, and I can't bear having it go out of the family. If little Arthur had lived it would have been all right, but he didn't, and you are all I've got. Rose, and I want you to marry all right, but he didn't, and you are all I've got, Rose, and I want you to marry Karl. Won't you, Rose? He likes you; I know that. He worships you like a dog; you can see that. He'll be good to you. Say, Rose, you'll not oppose us, will you? Your mother and I have set our hearts on it. It would bill me if our hearts on it. It would kill me if you should disappoint us. You won't, will you, Rose?" There was a quiver in his voice and he wiped his eyes

hastily.
"Oh, Rose is a good girl, Ira. You "Oh, Rose?" won't disappoint us; will you, Rose?'
(Continued Next Week.)

Willing to Suffer.
A little Washington girl had for a long time wanted a Boston bull terrier. One day during her convalescence from an attack of pneumonia, the youngster broached the subject to her mother, begging that she induce the father to procure

such a dog.

Her mother's response was to the effect that as daddy did not like dogs the chances were that he would be unwilling to buy one. Then, perceiving the expres-sion of disappointment that came to the face of the little invalid, the mother's

eart melted, and she said:
"Wait till you get well, dear; then we "Oh, no," answered the child. "The sicker I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."



A SLOW ONE 'Am I the first man who ever asked you for a kiss?"
"Yes. The others showed more nerve. MATINEE GOWN OF VELVET AND SABLE



Violet Valvet.

One of the best dressed women at a recent matinee opera party was gowned in velvet of a deep violet shade. Silk soutache in same shade was put on in effective design on round yoke and at bust line. Cream lace formed the hand finish of long sleeves and the bottom of trained skirt was trimmed with two narrow bands of sable.

LOOSE CLOTHES HEALTHFUL. One of the chief requisites in hygienic winter clothing is looseness. Anything so tight that it cramps muscles and stops circulation is a disease breeder. Not only will pressure make one feel the cold more quickly, but makes us peculiarly susceptible when that cold strikes in.

Don't overbundle; on the other hand, do not construe overbundling as reckless exposure to cold winds and dampness, improperly clothed to withstand them. Dress warmly but lightly. Be comfortable.

Personal comfort is the safest guide for winter clothing, for what is ade-quate protection for the warm blooded person would congeal her sister of less vigorous circulation.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

The sorry condition into which old photograph frames fall means the scrap basket to most women. One girl has given her old frames a new lease of life by a clever arrangement of ribbon.

She had a number of passe partout She had a number of passe partout frames whose edges had become loose and ragged. Instead of reframing or throwing them out, the girl took lengths of ribbon and pasted them neatly over the passe partout, leaving several loops at the corners, which she caught into tiny rosettes with gilt thread

Each frame took but a few minutes' work, the cost was slight and the results artistic.

PERFUMING THE HAIR.

There is a difference of opinion as to perfume hair; some women, nice ones, too, think a faint, elusive, indi-vidual fragrance to the hair correct, while other women are strong in their condemnation of scented tresses.

If you are not one of the women who

think perfumed hair vulgar, you may like to know how to impart an odor to it instead of paying to have it done

by the hairdresser.

The best time is immediately after the hair is shampooed, while it is still them. slightly damp. Pour five or six drops of oil of lavender, oil of jasmine or oil of violet in the palm of your hand and

Steamed Chocolate Pudding. Three tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup of sugar, one egg, one cup milk two and one-quarter cups flour, one-quarter teaspoon salt, four and one-hab level teaspoons baking powder, two and one-half squares bitter chocolate Cream butter and sugar and well beaten egg. Mix and sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add chocolate melted and steam in covered mold for two hours. Serve with cream sauce: One-quarter cup butter, one-half teamer to the constant of the const spoon vanilla, one cup powdered sugar one-quarter cup thick cream. Cream butter well, add sugar gradually, va-nilla and cream whipped stiff.

Apricot Whip.

Wash well one-half pound dried apri-cots and stew slowly until the water has all evaporated from them. Ther. has all evaporated from them. Then chop or put through a colander and add one-half cup sugar and set over fire until the sugar melts. Stir well and ther set to cool. When cool add this to the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Turn into a well buttered cake mold and bake in a moderate oven for about one-half hour. Turn out on a plate and allow to cool and serve with either low to cool and serve with either whipped cream or a thin custard flav-ored with vanilla. Prune whip is made same manner, substituting prunes for apricots.

Novel Sandwiches.

Trim off crust from the sides of s brown and white loaf of bread and cu' into slices lengthwise. Take a white slice of bread for lower layer and spread with moist cream cheese, then a layer of brown bread with thinly sided pickles and mayonnaise, another of white bread and cheese, followed by one of brown bread with pickles and mayonnaise, and the last slice being white bread. Press layers together and slice across as you would a layer cake.

Macaroni Omelet.

Fry a piece of bacon until almost crisp and into this put an equal proportion of boiled macaroni and canned to-matoes; season with chopped onion, red pepper, and salt. Fry until brown and then turn and fry the other side. Serve on toasted bread sprinkled with grated

Sirloin Steak a la Soyer. Remove flank and fat from a sirloin steak cut about one inch and a quarter thick. Baste with butter and sprinkle with grated bread and crumbs mixed with

with grated bread and crumos mixed with fine chopped parsel and olives. Flatten with a broad bladed knife wet in cold water and broil over a fire that is not too hot about 12 minutes. Remove to a hot dish, sprinkle with salt, spread with three tablespoonfuls of creamed butter mixed with 1 teaspoonful of lemon julca, a teaspoonful of parsley, and a table-spoonful of fresh horse radish.

A man can live in excellent style in Japan for \$20 a month

A Poor Memory for Names.

From Success Magazine. The teacher was trying to explain the word "transfiguration." "Don't you remember the transfiguration on the Mount?" she said. "Who was it who was transfigured and changed in appearance on that occasion?" she asked hopefully. After a moment of the work to the contract of the contract o thoughtful silence, Barker hesitatingly raised his hand.

"I can't just remember his name," he said, "but he was up there hunting and he went to sleep and slept 24



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obstinate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.

Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumstism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured.

If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy.

Munyon's Vitalizer makes weak menstrong and restores lost powers.

To Return to the Flat.

The moths are in the parlor rugs
In spite of camphor balls,
And mildew spots the furniture
And cobwebs drape the walls.
The mice have gnawed the portieres
Of gobelin tapestry,
But we have spent the heated term
At Hencoop by-the-Sea.

The grand piano's wires, I find,
Are just a bunch of rust;
The bric-a-brac in every room
Is gray with weeks of dust.
I left the bathroom gas turned on,
The bill will bankrupt me,
But we have spent the summer months
At Hencoop-by-the-Sea.

The cat is dead-we locked her in The cat is dead—we locked her in
The day we went away—
And burglars forced the kitchen door
With none to say them nay,
They took our winter clothes and set
Of silver filagree
We left behind us when we went
To Hencoop-by-the-Sea.

We did not have a joyous time—
The truth must be confessed.
The folks we met were richer far
Than we, and better dressed.
They snubbed us, too, and left us out
Of tennis, talk, and tea,
But we have spent the season, though,
At Hencoop-by-the-Sea.
—Minna irving in New York Times.

French Cave Dwellers.

From the Chicago Dally News. "There are no fewer than 2,000,000 cave dwellers in France," writes a traveler. "Whether you travel north, south, east or west, you will find these curious imitations of the homes of primitive man. They stretch for fully 70 miles along the valley of the Loiri, from Blois to Saumur, and as the train proceeds you can catch a glimpse from time to time of their picturesque entrances, surrounded by flowers and verdure. As likely as not you will see the inhabitants standing or sitting in front of their mysterious looking caverns, and unless you have learned the contrary, you will be inclined to imagine that they possess some of the characteristics of the troglodytes of old, and that their homes are mere dena "There are no fewer than 2,000,000 and that their homes are mere dens. Not so, as you will find on visiting

of oil of lavender, oil of jasmine or oil of violet in the palm of your hand and rub it over the bristles of a clean, rather stiff hair brush.

Brush the hair thoroughly for five or 10 minutes and you will carry around for a week a faint, delicate fragrance being in the least damp, while in winter they can be warmed much more easily and better than ordinary apartments. The health of the modern troglodyte is, as a rule, excellent, and it is not uncommon to find centenarians among them. This, however, is by no means surprising when we comsider that their homes are not only healthful to live in, but are also comfortably furnished and fitted up.

"In the majority of cases these rock houses were not excavated for the special purpose of being inhabited, but with the object of obtaining stone for the building of houses. At Rochecorbon there is a rock dwelling carved out of a single block of stone, and the ingenious owner, in addition to making a two-story villa therefrom, has provided himself with a roof garden from vided himself with a roof garden from

a two-story villa therefrom, has pro-vided himself with a roof garden, from which a fine view of the valley can be obtained. A similar house exists at Bourre, in which locality the dis-used quarries are said to date from the days of the Romans."

Professor Arthur Korn, of Berlin, has perfected an invention which proves the theories of gravitation. He fills a metal globe with water and imparts rapid viglobe with water and imparts rapid vibrations to the contents with an electric motor. He has thus found it possible to construct an exact working model of the solar system in water, in which the planets all move in their appointed paths without any visible support or externally applied power.

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proper efforts and right living generally to get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

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