

PREVENTING PAINT TROUBLES.

It's easy enough to recognize the symptoms of poor paint, after it has been on awhile—after its inherent tendency to crack and peel and scale and blister, etc., has developed into trouble. You know these paint "diseases" usually indicate adulteration or substitution in the paint materials. And you know the only remedy is re-painting.

A little knowledge of paint and painting requirements, and how to make sure of the purity and quality of materials, would prevent all trouble, and save the big extra expense of re-painting; just as a proper knowledge of simple health-laws, and observance of them, prevents sickness.

A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, specifications for all kinds of painting work, and an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials, with directions for using it, can be had free by writing National Lead Co., 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

A very simple guide in the purchase of white lead (the only sure and safe paint material) is the famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark; that trademark is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality.

INADEQUATE.



Doctor Monk—Did those mustard plasters that I left seem to relieve the pains in your chest to any considerable degree?

Ostrich—Well, no; I can't say that they have; but (apologetically) I've eaten only five of them!

Piecing Out the Prayer.

Of curious prayers a writer says: "I have heard a layman utter this petition during the prayer: 'O Lord, be thou with us in our upliftings and our downfallings—A variant of the text in the psalms. "Thou knowest my downfallings and mine upliftings." A minister occasionally introduced a Latin sentence into his prayer, and forthwith proceeded to translate it. Another minister in his early days experienced considerable difficulty with the long prayer before the sermon. In nonconformist churches this usually occupies a quarter of an hour, but long before this period had been reached he was wound up. On one occasion, while in this dilemma, he started his hearers with the words: 'And now, O Lord, I will relate unto thee a little anecdote!'"

Why She Shut Down.

"A charming gentleman, about four years old, used to pass my house every day on his way to kindergarten," said a lady, "and in course of time I made his acquaintance and gave a penny to him each morning when we parted. "Eventually his mother requested me not to give any more money to him. The next morning I did not present the usual penny. He did not seem to notice the omission. The succeeding day, when the penny was not given to him he said nothing. But on the morning of the third day, when the penny was not forthcoming, he sidled up to me and whispered: 'What's the matter. Ain't your husband working?'"

Some Resemblance.

A little girl in a California public school complained to her teacher that a Mexican boy had struck her. The teacher took Joe, the only Mexican boy in the school, sharply to task for the offense, but the boy denied it. "Mary," said the teacher, "Joe says he didn't strike you."

"Oh, no," said Mary, "twan't Joe; twuz that tother boy over there," and she pointed to the blackest of negro boys in the school. "But, Mary, that boy isn't a Mexican," said the teacher. "Well, anyhow," said Mary, "he's very much tanned."

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for a family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y. man "I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food."

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the \$500.00 worth of medicine I had taken before."

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts."

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

The Months of the Year

By W. J. Lampton.

There are 12 months in every year. If you do not believe it you may count them without its costing you a cent. Every almanac contains a complete set. Almanacs may be had at all drug stores free. There is nothing else free at drug stores except the atmosphere, though that ought to be worth at least a quarter for it never has less than 25 cents in it. Phew!

January, the first month, has 31 days. It has so many because being first on the ground it has opportunities to grab all it can, and it does. January is a very human month. There is no telling what sort of a record some of the other months would have if they had the chance January does. Anyway, none of them gets any more than January.

February, the second month, is the smallest and modestest month in the entire collection. While all the others take from 30 to 31 days as their share, little February takes but 28, except once in four years when an extra day is forced upon it.

March is the third month of the year and the first month of spring. March is the bluest month of all.

April, the fourth month, contains 30 days and is the first month of that size in the year. April showers are the chief ingredient of this month, and they are usually quite wet. They have to be wet in order to supply the incipient vegetation with growing water. In desert regions where there is no incipient vegetation the April showers are not wet. They are not anything except absent.

June, the first month of summer, contains the longest day in the year. Though it has more long days than any other month it is not the longest months, several having 31 days to its 29.

July, the seventh month, has 31 days, most of them dog. It has been proposed tentatively to change the name of the month to D'August, because it is the dogdest of the year, but it will be a long time getting here because the almanac is proverbially slow and conservative and the moon is about the only thing in it that changes much.

September, the first month of autumn, has 30 days, one of which is of

the same length as the night that goes with it. March is the only other month that makes a similar showing. In March this is because the constant winds blow the long end off of the nights, but in September it is because the melancholy days have become desperate and are ready and willing to get even with anything, even the nights.

October contains 31 days and more settled weather than any month of the year. One might suppose that the weather would naturally settle toward the end of the year, but why it settles in October, rather than in December, is not stated by weather sharps. May be there's a reason, but who stops to know why when the weather is fine and dandy?

November, the last month of autumn has but 30 days and most of us wish it didn't have that many, they are so drear and dismal. Just where November found such a punk lot of days nobody knows and wouldn't tell if he did. It would be incriminating. We are commanded by law to give thanks in this month. Otherwise we would pick some other month. Indian summer comes in this month; Angel summer couldn't.

December is the last month of the year and the first of winter. December 21st is the shortest day of the year. December has to have 31 days to balance the year out because it has more short days than any other month. It seems like it ought to be the shortest month, but it isn't. Christmas is one of December's, and more money is spent on its celebration than on any other day, or all of them in the year. Nobody knows just how much it amounts to, but everybody feels like he had given up every cent he had on earth. Christmas really ought to fall on the 29th of February, and we think some time it will. The old year goes out in December, but nobody knows where it goes.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

and gave it to his aunt, and the aunt took it to the tailor, who was still drunk. Then they found that it was the wrong key. The tailor had the right key in his hand and was trying to wind his watch with it. They got the right key at last and opened the store and got the bishop's garment.

The Tailor's Dilemma

By H. M. Egbert.

A little boy came in and deposited a suit of clothes on the tailor's table. "Father says, please will you press this suit and bring it to him at the Hotel Willoughby by nine o'clock tomorrow morning," said the boy. "Father says, see you don't make no mistake, because he's staying in New York for the week and it's the only suit he's got."

"Don't you call that tempting fate?" asked one of the loungers who made the tailor's shop his place of diversion. "Nah!" said the tailor, lighting the fire under his irons. "That can't go wrong, unless my place is broken into during the night and all the goods stolen. You got to take some risks everywhere."

"That reminds me of something that happened to a friend of mine," said

another man. "He was the metropolitan bishop of Pittsburgh, in the Greek church, so when the consul's son got married to a girl of the Greek Catholic persuasion of course they had to send for the bishop to perform the ceremony."

"The bishop was a simple old man, and he came from Pittsburgh in his full ecclesiastical outfit, which was full of creases when he arrived, so he arranged to do what your friend did here; he would go to bed at his hotel and have the tailor call for his clothes and bring them back neatly pressed first thing in the morning."

"Yes!" said the tailor, folding the trousers and taking up the second iron to press them on the other side.

"All would have gone well, but for one thing. The tailor was an Old Believer, one of a sect which the Russian church has always persecuted. He recognized the garments at a glance, and saw his chance to get back at the bishop. So he sent back the coat all neatly pressed, but instead of sending back the lower portion of the voluminous robes he sent a skirt, as it accidentally."

"Yes!" said the tailor, ironing vigorously.

"The bishop had to put it on, because it was all he had. He hired a

cab and drove round to the tailor's shop. The tailor had expected him and had put up his shutters and gone away for a day's jaunt in the country. The bishop telephoned to the consul, and the consul telephoned for the police. But they couldn't break open the shop, so they went after the tailor."

"Yes?" said the tailor, pressing down hard on the creases.

"They found the tailor, but he was drunk and had mislaid his key. At last they learned that he had given it to his wife, who had gone to visit her sister in Hoboken. They got the wife, but she had given the key to her sister's baby to play with, and the child was supposed to have swallowed it. The doctor X-rayed the child and found that it wasn't there. He had thrown it down a grating into a sewer."

"Ha! ha!" said the tailor, pausing in his ironing to look round and smile appreciatively.

"They took the sewer up and found the key. The baby recognized the key

and gave it to his aunt, and the aunt took it to the tailor, who was still drunk. Then they found that it was the wrong key. The tailor had the right key in his hand and was trying to wind his watch with it. They got the right key at last and opened the store and got the bishop's garment."

"And they were happily married?" asked a listener.

"No," said the man. "By that time the bride had got tired of waiting and thought she preferred the single state. So she jilted the bridegroom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the tailor, resting his iron upon the cloth and doubling himself up in inextinguishable laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared his companions, rocking themselves in their chairs.

It was several moments before the tailor recovered his self-possession. Then he took up his iron and raised the cloth. He uttered a scream and began tearing his hair.

"Look, look!" he shrieked, pointing to the ironing board.

He had let the iron stand and it had burned an enormous smouldering hole in the trousers.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Sermons of a Sinner

By Roy L. McCordell.

Text—The Wisdom of Being Worthless.

Since time began, Dearly Beloved, the men who have lived by telling others how to work, and therefore have tolled not themselves, have cried aloud the sure rewards that awaited an honest endeavor.

"He has hard work who has nothing to do" has ever been the burden of their plaint.

We doubt this, Dearly Beloved. The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and yet they are well dressed and popular.

The prodigal son always gets the best of it. It is the family loafer who is always mamma's pet; and where is there a family that hasn't its ornamental loafer, its lily of the field, as well as its humble, hard-working, ill-clad potato that the family subsists on?

How well do we know the drunken genius who could do such wonderful things if he only stopped drinking, except the wonderful thing of stopping drinking.

Sometimes papa is the potato, a neatly, full-flavored, honest old potato, that does his best for everybody else and his worst for himself.

Sometimes it is a son potato; sometimes it is a daughter potato. It is the good daughter of the family who, while the rest are abroad pleasuring, stays home to care for the sick because she does it so well.

The other daughters are the lilies, and in the little vegetable kingdom of home the potato girl vegetates while the lilies who are clothed well and look so sweet are the flowers of the family.

The hard work is never thrust upon the worthless. It is added to the burdens that the worthy have already endured.

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Arvona Perry, 11 Laugdon Street.

London, Ind.—Mrs. May Spry.

A TRAIN LOAD OF TOBACCO.

Twenty-four Carloads Purchased for Lewis' Single Binder Cigar Factory.

What is probably the biggest lot of all fancy grade tobacco held by any factory in the United States has just been purchased by Frank P. Lewis, of Peoria, for the manufacture of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars. The lot will make twenty-four carloads, and is selected from what is considered by experts to be the finest crop raised in many years. The purchase of tobacco is sufficient to last the factory more than two years. An extra price was paid for the selection. Smokers of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars will appreciate this tobacco.

—Peoria Star, January 16, 1909.

She Earned It.

Mabel liked candy. However, she was not allowed nearly as much as she would like. One day her father told her that she could have three pieces if she would kiss a visitor who was coming to dinner. As soon as the front door was opened she rushed up and implanted the kiss with much gusto, and then turned to her father.

"Now, papa, give me the candy for kissing her."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Bellance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Breaking the News Gently.

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

What a Woman Will Not Do.

There is nothing a woman would not do to retain her beauty, but she ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient and in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the face to its natural beauty. At all druggists and dealers, 2c.

The assistance we get is seldom satisfactory. The best way is not to need it.

A pessimist needs Garfield Tea, the Herb Laxative which regulates the liver, corrects constipation and brings good health and good spirits.

A good sermon is often spoiled by a bad dinner.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The professional tramp never punctures his tire.

It is what it is "cracked up to be," if it is too.

Quaint Oath Taken in Court.

What is regarded as the quaintest oath still in use is that taken by the high court judges in the Isle of Man, the terms of which are as follows: "By this book and the contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heaven above and the earth beneath in six days and six nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the hering backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish. So help me God, and the contents of this book."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will destroy the sense of smell and memory, damage the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such ointments should never be used except on prescription from reliable physicians. As the disease they will do is too bad to be good you can possibly derive from them. Bell's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Bell's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., 200 Madison Street.

And It Was Overruled. Judge Hoar and Gen. Butler were opponents in a case of a new trial. Gen. Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yes, all that a man hath, will be given for his life." To which Judge Hoar replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE.

DISPATCHED: If you own OIL or MINING SHARES that you will sell for cash, without cost, write to W. H. HARRIS & CO., 305 Hibernia Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Arvona Perry, 11 Laugdon Street.

London, Ind.—Mrs. May Spry.

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