

Even the coffin trust thinks it can squeeze the unfortunate just a little harder.

An Irishman says that big hearts and big pocketbooks seldom travel hand in hand.

The public had grown to regard General Jimenez and General Woz y Gil as the limit; but now comes General Ma.

New rich gold fields have been discovered in Mexico. There's no use talking. That country will have to be Anglo-Saxonized.

A total of 241,000 laborers are needed in South Africa. Now is the time to run immigrant ships headed for American ports 'by sea-east.

The French government has a watchman stationed near Mount Pelée. Possibly the volcano's quietude is due to his holding his thumb tightly over the top.

If the Sultan dies of cancer the "peaceable" nations will like to select somebody else to yell "villain" at when they want to hide their own greediness.

Them who unloaded a lot of worthless skyscraper stocks onto John D. Rockefeller are heroes in New York now; but wait until J. D. gets his hooks into them.

If the wauwauishness of some of the members of Congress continues to develop the editor of the Congressional Record may be tempted to take to the colored supplement.

If those young Chicago outlaws were determined to lead lives of violence and bloodshed why didn't they join a football team and do their killing lawfully and honorably?

Apocryphal Mr. Carnegie's praise of the blessings of poverty, it is to be noted that the men who describe these in the most rosy terms are usually conspicuous for their success in dodging them.

At the bottom of this lawlessness, in Chicago and elsewhere, is the sinister fact that all law has fallen into contempt just in proportion as it has failed to be invoked against all offenders of whatever class.

If that panther which is poking around the Rockefeller estate doesn't find himself doing duty as a rug before long, he may boast of being the only critter that ever bothered John D. and didn't get skinned.

Politeness forbids the guest to eat the sweetest part of a sparerib, lamb chop or chicken, because it lies next to the bone, and the bone must not be taken in the fingers and gnawed. The servant, the cat and the dog are kinder than the master and his family.

It is announced that Chili has sold to Great Britain two big battle-ships which were being built on the Clyde. Manufacturing nations do not usually toy warships unless there seems a prospect that they may be needed in a hurry. Possibly there are events going on in European cabinets which the subtle little appreciates.

President Eliot is right when he says that girls and young women should be inculcated in athletic exercise and should not try to compete with young men in the more exacting forms of exercise. Now that President Eliot has given good advice to the girls, which they will doubtless heed, let him turn his attention to the boys and prescribe due limitations for them. Is it best for Harvard students to risk life and limb for the sake of a possible victory in football? Are there no limits beyond which even young men ought not to go?

The educational problem among the poor will be a step nearer solution if women's clubs, or men's, adopt a suggestion recently made by Miss Addams of Hull House. She proposes that each club establish as many public school "scholarships" as it can afford, pay to a widow, for example, the wages her child could earn in the factory, on condition that the boy or girl keeps out of the factory and goes to school. Many a struggling mother would bear her burden blithely if she could see such a way open to educate her children; and everything thus done to help her and them would be for the benefit, so, of the United States of to-morrow.

A Chicago business man committed suicide, leaving behind him a note saying, "I am tired of carrying burdens." What a mistake. All of us carry burdens. Some of us are heavy laden. Turn your head back and whither hair. Yes, I, what of it? If the burdens are not those of conscience, if they are the burdens of finance or of family or labor, far be it from us—Happy we! Did you ever see a woman of the Orient carry a great water vessel on her head? She up and moves easily. What grace, what nerve! It is the load! Gravity, instead of blathering her, helps the woman down. So of your burdens. They hold you down. You are careful of your

footing. Imagine yourself without responsibility. What fantastic tricks your feet might play. You need a pillow the very best you are carrying. I dare the weight your footing is from you had up your head as becomes a burden bearer and your eyes are in front where they ought to be. The man without a burden is like a vessel without ballast or a keel to hold it down. His boat pitches and tosses with every turn of the wind. He is lucky if he misses reef and shoal and wreckage. No. No. Our loads are proper. Let us take a new grip upon them. And hold up our chins.

Many corporations and large industrial concerns are able to devise checks and counterchecks to detect suspected employees, and even skillful bookkeepers who have "run things" for years have been entrapped, but when it comes to applying the money of the people to purposes in which every taxpayer should be interested there is not the same vigilance and care. Until a point is reached when every official doing work for a municipality is selected solely for his ability, integrity and industry, just as employees are picked out by men who have invested their own money in business, graft in some form may be expected to be found in American cities.

Intensely practical people are likely to exclaim against the proposition to make the anniversary of the day on which Columbus discovered America a national holiday. Such people will maintain that we already have too many holidays and that Congressman Martin's bill will merely establish another excuse for idling. There are two sides to the question, however, not only with respect to the proposed Columbus anniversary but in regard to holidays generally. The old aphorism about all work and no play being detrimental to Jack's intellectuals applies to grown-ups as well as to boys. Work is not an end but a means, and when people deem recreation a waste of time they misapprehend the primary meaning of the word. Recreation is to recreate, to renew, to create afresh, to repair the waste of vital force and energy caused by steady application to work. It is not mere idling. It is a process as necessary as the replenishing of the oil in a lamp, and if it is neglected the vital spark goes out just as surely as the lamp is extinguished.

We do not have too many holidays in this country. The trouble is that we do not even observe the holidays we have. Save on Independence Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's observance of holidays is confined in a great measure to the banks, the commercial exchanges and the public offices. Other institutions and other people pursue their usual activity regardless of the calendar. We begrudge ourselves the days of rest and recreation which we have through our legislators set apart for ourselves. There is even a growing disposition to utilize Sunday as a working day. Many lines of industry are necessarily seven-day occupations. The operation of railroads, telegraphs and various public and quasi-public institutions cannot be entirely interrupted on the first day of the week. Custom has rendered it necessary for newspapers to print Sunday editions. But aside from the industries named there are many factories, shops and institutions which now maintain operations regardless of Sundays or holidays. People appear to be growing more and more miserly in the matter of rest and recreation. This is burning the candle at both ends—a peculiarly American error. It is a perversion of the true meaning of the gospel of work. It is an unnatural, high-pressure method of life which has already manifested its evil effects on the nerves of our people and which bids fair if not amended to render us a nation of physical and mental wrecks. We may not need new holidays, but we need to take advantage of those we have already set aside. We need less work and more play. We need not go so far as to adopt the calendar of our South American neighbors, who make every other day a holiday, but we might very profitably imitate their habits of abjuring worry and letting to-morrow take care of itself. We should thus live longer and there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration among us.

Had Earned Their Help. Many years ago, when the revivalist, E. P. Hammond, converted nearly the whole population of Lawrence, there was an old shoe-maker in the town who was noted for his profligate habits. He came to grace in the course of the revival and regularly took a prominent place on the mourner's bench. One night Mr. Hammond invited him to lead in prayer. He responded with a prayer and said: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest what a wicked man I have been. Thou knowest that I have neglected my family and my business to travel the paths of sin. Thou knowest that I could not be counted on to do the work of my customers. But now, O Lord, by the power of Thy sanctification, I am turned from the paths of wickedness and walk uprightly before all. And Thou knowest, Lord, that under Thy mercy I will be at my bench from morning till night, ready to mend shoes as cheap as any man in town."—Kansas City Journal.

Fortune's Favor Sufficient. "What do we want with gold and precious stones?" said the proud mother, gazing fondly upon the baby. "This is fortune enough for us." "Huh," grunted the father, who had been walking the floor nearly all night. "I'm glad fortune didn't knock twice at our door."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WOMAN'S REALM

Newly Married Woman's Peace of Soul.

The basis of a newly married woman's peace of soul is trust. She feels that the responsibility is on her husband to make good the manly qualities with which she has endowed him, and because of which she has consented to become his mate. Occasionally during the first few months of her married life a woman is tempted to think that all her maidenly sagacity to solve the riddle of life brilliantly, and all her profound searching of the mysteries of the universe should have ended in her becoming an everyday housewife with dustpan and broom, and the wife of one who, to all outward appearances, was an every-day young man. But her laugh savored of gladness. She had given herself to him, and she had faith that his energy, self-reliance, fearless humor and sympathetic hatred of sham would distinguish him presently from the common herd of men, and vindicate her infatuation. She had given herself to him, besides, because he loved her—a delightful consciousness. Accordingly, she enclosed herself in the web of happiness which her confidence in him had spun about her, and took up her domestic duties with light-hearted devotion.

Nevertheless, no woman emerges from her honeymoon with exactly the same estimate of her lover as before. If nothing else, she has seen his mental and moral characteristics in their nakedness, so to speak, and become habituated to their sublimity. We may be no less fond of a person whose anecdotes have grown familiar to us, and analogously a wife does not weary of her husband's qualities merely because they have lost the glamour of novelty. On the contrary she is apt to continue to adore them because they are his. Still she feels free to scrutinize them closely and unconsciously at least—to submit them to the test of her own silent judgment. She discovers, too, of course, that he has ideas and idiosyncrasies the existence of which she never suspected. Ordinarily she finds to her surprise that his attitude in regard to this or that matter has shifted perceptibly since marriage, so that, instead of being lukewarm or ardent, as the case may be, he has become almost strenuous or indifferent in his attitude. Hence she divines that during their courtship some of his real opinions and tendencies have been kept in retreat.—From "The Undercurrent," by Robert Grant, in Scribner's.

Girls and Love Letters.

Girls, put a brake on your enthusiasm when it leads you into writing impassioned epistles to the men with whom you imagine you are in love.

When the right man comes write him as many letters as your love and discretion suggest, but don't put anything on paper that you will be ashamed to read in later years.

There is nothing sweeter than a genuine, tender, girlish love letter, but don't take the "gift of the gingerbread" by wasting your letters on the wrong man.

Do you know what he does with those letters? Very often he carries them about in his pocket for weeks, where they rub up against soiled bills and business letters, and every time he wants a certain letter he takes the whole bunch out and your pretty, loving little message gets sadly frayed and soiled.

And sometimes (and this is worst of all) I am sorry to say that this careless man lets your letters lie around the house where all who are curious may read them.

He does not do this because he loves your letter, but because you are not the right girl and he is not the right man, and the letter is valued accordingly.

When the right man gets a letter from you he will not carry it in his "general correspondence" pocket; he will have it tucked off by itself in a special pocket and if it looks worn and soiled it is because it has been taken out and tenderly perused many times and oft.

And so, don't you see, little girls, that when you scatter your letters too freely among your men friends you are not only wasting your precious thoughts, but that most precious of all womanly attributes—your dignity.—Seattle Times.

Man Who Boasts of Love Conquests.

Girls, I wonder if any of you number among your men friends one who boasts of his conquests among women and displays love letters which he has received from different girls.

If you do know such a man, my advice to you is to "drop him." He is not to be trusted, and he will treat you the same way he has treated others.

The man who reads a woman's letters to another woman or to his men friends is beneath contempt. He is a miserable wretch, who goes about the world making love to girls, and after he has won their love, and the poor, little things have committed their sentiments to paper, he makes a jest and a boast of the pathetic little effusions of all who will listen.

Girls, your own womanly intuition ought to warn you against such men; but as long as men and maidens and love-shells exist there will be deceiving on the one hand, guiltless trust on the other and much heartache all around.

However, even if you cannot detect the unworthiness of such a man at sight, when you once realize his pos-

sibility you owe it to womanhood in general to unveil his character. And last, but not by any means least, you are quite as much to blame as he if you listen when he offers to read you another woman's letter.

Remember that he will read yours to the next woman, and do your share toward discouraging and putting down his abominable conceit.—Spokane Review.

Have Few Clothes.

Have a few clothes and wear them; do not put them by and forget them, and spend a fortune on renovations when you call them to mind. Get the materials as good as possible, and the styles excellent if you can afford to pay for them. The difficulty in dress now is the various occasions, each demanding such very different clothes. Town and country would seem to be diametrically opposed to each other. A woman skilful with her needle can often buy for a very little a last year's garment or hat at the sale, which she can transmogrify, and it is worth while from economical motives. Women should always be dressed appropriately and never buy anything which is a marked fashion of the moment, because it grows old and must pass away. Clothes that attract the eye are a mistake; they should only be worn seldom, and require a large wardrobe. It is wise to keep as few colors as you can, so that hats, petticoats, gloves and shoes will suit all. Cheap fabrics are never worth buying; good fabrics reduced in price are quite another thing. A clever woman who must count "the dollar warily," adopts a certain style of her own, which she modifies according to the dictates of fashion.

The Care of the Hands.

A beautiful hand should be long, delicate and narrow. The skin covering it should be very fair or of a uniform pale color, with a slightly plump back, devoid of protuberant veins. The thumb should reach the middle articulation of the index finger, the latter just a little lower than the nail of the middle finger. The middle finger should be longer than the ring-finger by half the length of a nail, and the little finger should stop at the second articulation of the ring-finger.

Sudden transition from cold to heat should be avoided for the hands, which should be washed only in tepid water, with a pure soap, not oftener than three washings a day. After washing with soap, rinse the hands thoroughly, always in tepid water to which has been added a teaspoonful of perfumed glycerine.

If the skin of the hands is rough, bathing in either bran-water or marsh-mallow-water will soften it and make it supple. Do not use fat substances to attain this same result, for although they are temporarily effective, they end by reddening the skin.

A woman desirous of keeping the beauty of her hands unimpaired should never go out without gloves.—Woman's Home Companion.

Why His Marriage Was a Failure.

He regarded children as a nuisance.

He never talked over his affairs with his wife.

He never had time to go anywhere with his wife.

He doled out money to his wife as if to a beggar.

He looked down upon his wife as an inferior being.

He never took time to get acquainted with his family.

He thought of his wife only for what she could bring to him.

He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.

He never dreamed that a wife needs praise or compliments.

He had one set of manners for home and another for society.

He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage.

He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws.

He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.

He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman.

He never dreamed that his wife needed a vacation, recreation or change.

He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.—Success.

For Corset Covers.

Women who like to make their own corset covers, yet dislike to overhand in as much lace insertion as is now modish on all new corset covers, will find in the embroidery departments a strip of fine lawn with the lace insertions for both the back and front woven in as well as the heading and lace that head the top of the corset cover and all for 98 cents. All one has to do is to sew a belt about the bottom, do a little hemming on the front and run in the ribbon-draw strings and, behold, there is one of the loveliest and daintiest of corset covers.

A Proud Woman.

The county officers at Abilene were astonished the other day at the appearance in the court house of a little, old woman who came to pay her husband's funeral expenses. The husband had been drowned so long ago as 1879. He was buried by the county. Ever since the woman said, she had been working and saving to relieve his spirit of the memory of a pauper burial. It was a pathetic story and one which touched its hearers mightily.—Kansas City Journal.

GREAT NAMES IN CONGRESS.

Men Whose Patronymics Mark Them for Other Men's Notice.

We cannot depend on the House of Representatives of the United States Congress for a great deal, but we can always trust it to supply a roll call that is interesting and diverting reading—the New York Mail and Express. Why is it that men of picturesque and even remarkable cognomens tend to drift into Congress, especially in the South and West? Is it that the very nature of their names seems to devolve upon them the duty to render these names illustrious? Perhaps it is.

The Fifty-eighth Congress is no exception to the rule. There are men here whose names ought to have made them famous even if they had never gone to Congress or done anything else. Not to speak of Prince Cupid Kalaniahale of Honolulu, whose name may be the Hawaiian Smith for all we know, we have the name of our country's fame the priceless name of the Hon. Swanger Sherley of Kentucky, that of Hon. Phanor Brazee of Louisiana and that of Hon. Justin D. Bowersock of Kansas. The Hon. Jefferson Brick is now absent from the councils of the nation, but the family is ably represented by the Hon. Abraham Brick of Indiana.

There are others. Let us pick out a few patronymic gems at random: Thomas W. Sims, Tennessee. Farish Carter Tate, Georgia. Olie James, Kentucky. Halvor Steenerson, Minnesota. Champ Clark, Missouri. Jack Beall, Texas. Carter Glass, Virginia. Arseno P. Pujo, Louisiana.

The names of Pau Spook, Moon Dick, Crumplecker, Mudd, Skiles, Shull, Snapp, Gosch, Lievermash, Klantz, Shober and Spight continue to decorate the roll. They surely were not born to die. But why, may we ask, is the name of "Bird" so popular among politicians? The present House has on its list Adam Byrd of Mississippi and H. Burd Cassell of Pennsylvania, and have we not our own Bird S. Cole and Asa Bird Gardiner always with us?

Many a congressional surname of decided commonplaceness is relieved from that fate by the given name. That of the Hon. Choice B. Randall of Texas is an instance, the Hon. Vespa-riano Warner another and the Hon. Ariosto Wiley another. But for the most part the Congressmen were con-demned by their parents to bear the plain names of John, James, William, Joseph and so on. These parents failed to realize that if a man couldn't get his name into the megaphone of fame in any other way it might be done for him with a quaint curious and mouth-filling baptismal designation.

The Wooden Indian.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who stands outside the door, And guards, with frown and hatcher, The old tobacco store. He never beat a grocery bill. He never told a lie. He never took a longing look At bourbon, fizz, or rye.

Behold the wooden Indian— A mass of oak and paint; He never made a crooked move. In faith, he is a saint. He never bought a stack of chips And sat into a game; He never rushed a chorus girl, Or flirted with a dame.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who, on the other hand, Was never known to help the poor. That fill our glorious land; Who never heard the piteous cry Of him who starved alone— Who never gave a hungry dog So much as one small bone.

Behold the wooden Indian (And clay is much like wood), Who never did a bit of harm. Nor yet a bit of good. His family is not extinct— In fact, one often meets A lot of wooden Indians. A walking on the streets!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

According to his Polly.

A young Japanese composer employed on a Japanese paper in New York was riding down-town in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper, and paid little attention to the other passengers.

But a fresh-looking young man who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly asked: "What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway? A Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied: "What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway? A monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?"

Insect Foes of Mankind.

When it comes to actual facts and figures of the financial losses caused by insect pests the published papers and reports of expert investigators connected with our agricultural department at Washington and our agricultural stations elsewhere furnish the chief and largest resource. The figures given here are truly staggering in their immensity. Thus we have it on the authority of Dr. Howard that the actual money loss occasioned by insect pests in this country every year is not less than \$35,000,000. According to Dr. Howard the grasshopper pest which visited large areas of the West in 1874-76 destroyed farm crops to the value of \$100,000,000 in a single season.

There are moments in every man's life when he imagines he's on the verge of insanity.



LASTING RELIEF. J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says: "My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and I was annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial." Foster-McMurray Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

A corner for octoroons will be established in London, near the bank of England. In a stylish restaurant there the waitresses are to be octoroons of the most approved chocolate cream tint. They are to be imported from Louisiana.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 in Michigan 240 bu. in Missouri 225 bu. in North Dakota 310 bu. and in 30 other States from 150 to 300 bu. per acre. Now this Oat if generally grown in 1904 will add millions of bushels to the yield and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse. Try it for 1904. Largest Seed Potatoes grown in America. Salzer's Spuds. Seedless Berries. Home Buller Corn, Macaroni Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Cane are money makers for you. Mr. Farmer. JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND WE will stamp to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Cheese, Wis., and receive in return their big catalogue and lots of farm seed samples. (C. N. U.)

ASTUTE BRITONS.

He had called at a house in the suburbs on business, and as he arose to go he said:

"I believe you were in the lake district last summer?" "Yes." "Go fishing?" "Yes." "Catch anything?" "One little perch."

When the caller had gone the wife said, indignantly:

"Richard, how can you sit there and tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds a piece, and that big jack weighed eleven pounds."

"My dear wife," returned the husband soothingly, "You don't know human nature. That man is now willing to take my word for \$500. If I had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the country."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, kills the pain, cures colic. Price 25 cents.

BROKEN CHINA.

Superintendent—We are likely to have a brisk sale of china-ware this year, Mr. Tiler.

Poorwalker—What makes you think that?

I see it stated that long flowing sleeves are coming into fashion.—Boston Transcript.

Poverty and pleasure are not disposed to go hand-in-hand.

To git better in sum arguments is more kredit to a man than to win. I prefer the gravity of the owl to the flippancy of the jaskaw it is better to look wize than to talk phoolish.

Karakter should furnish a man with biz habits, not habits with his karakter.

The grate mass of man kind has no karacters at all distinct from their habits. Such is the history of the goose.

DR. FED HIMSELF.

Found the Food that Saved His Life. A good old family physician with a lifetime experience in saving people finally found himself sick unto death.

Medicines failed and—but let him tell his own story: "For the first time in my life of 61 years I am impelled to publicly testify to the value of a largely advertised article and I certainly would not pen these lines except that, what seems to me a direct act of Providence, saved my life and I am impressed that it is a bounden duty to make it known.

"For 3 years I kept falling with stomach and liver disorders until I was reduced 70 lbs. from my normal weight. When I got too low to treat myself, 3 of my associate physicians advised me to 'put my house in order' for I would be quickly going the way of all mankind. Just about that time I was put on a diet of Grape-Nuts predigested food. Curiously enough it quickly began to build me up, appetite returned, and in 15 days I gained 6 lbs. That started my return to health and really saved my life.

"A physician is naturally prejudiced against writing such a letter, but in this case I am willing to declare it from the housetops that the multiplied thousands who are now suffering as I did can find relief and health as easily and promptly by Grape-Nuts. If they only knew what to do. Sincerely and fraternally yours," Name of this prominent physician furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."