

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

The dressmakers declare the sylph-like figure must go. The pad is the fad.

Selecting a bank president is as much of a lottery as selecting a wife these days.

One of the new fads is to get wet. With people who can't help getting wet it is no fad.

After wearing in public men's attire in Hamlet, Sarah Bernhardt now comes out and says it is ridiculous.

In New York it is found that the couple about to commit matrimony takes little interest in the gas question.

Maxim Gorky is the "tramp author" of Russia, but his bank account would reflect credit on any Weary Willie.

The statement that North Carolina has raised a "surplus of strawberries" is not believed by anybody up this way.

School authorities of Huron, S. D., want to secure some "unmarriageable" girls as teachers. There are no such girls.

Earl Grey has presented a canary to the Montreal jail to teach the inmates to be cheerful in imprisonment, perhaps.

"If you want to live long learn to love work," says an English professor, who probably never had to hunt for a job in his life.

"All a woman asks is to be loved," says the latest poet who has swept the lyre. But that was written after Easter had passed.

Overworked woman will have a holiday by and by. Some genius has invented a darning machine that even a mere man can work.

A fool with a pistol in his pocket and whisky in his insides can cause more trouble in five minutes than generations can outlive.

The most Christian act recorded this spring is that of the man who actually believed his friend's tale of a seven-pound brook trout.

The Klondike's output of gold for this year is estimated at \$22,000,000, a mere drop in the bucket that Mr. Rockefeller would never miss.

Boston is quoted as favoring the revival of the hoopskirt. That quaint old New England town is and always has been inordinately fond of spectacles.

Harry Lehr says his lawyers have advised him not to talk. If they really desire to do a good turn for Harry they should also advise him to quit acting.

Young swells at an eastern university have been ordered to give up their bulldogs. Sympathy for dumb animals is growing in this country all the time.

Somebody has started a report to the effect that the automobile is serving to spread brown tail moths. This has the appearance of downright maliciousness.

A Louisville man, it is said, not long ago drank thirty-five bottles of beer in four hours. The primary emphasis is on "Louisville." The secondary is on "beer."

That New Jersey man who claims to have committed a crime while under the spell of the devil must have known that he was taking risks by living in New Jersey.

The statisticians have estimated the average number of children in an American family to be two and three-eighths. No wonder there are so many fractious children.

Luther Burbank, the California wizard, has produced a yellow calla lily. When Mr. Burbank can produce an onion without a breath there is going to be genuine rejoicing in this country.

A woman in Jersey chose prison rather than live with her husband. This seems incredible until you have looked up the history of the Jersey husband in general; then you understand.

A New York Italian persisted in serenading another with an accordion and the latter serenaded the musician with a pistol. It has since been ascertained that the latter serenade was the more painful.

According to the Pittsburgh Gazette a young man of West Virginia aged 119, is going west to grow up with the country. We dislike being final, but it is incorrect to speak of him as a young man. He must be in his third childhood.

A bachelor says that the average young woman seems to think life is one grand waltz, with ice cream and new gowns in the breathing spells. After a man marries he is greatly embarrassed to explain the cynical remarks he made when a bachelor.

What the wife of Jacob Rlis was to him may be judged from the tribute that he paid to her in one of his published books. He says: "When I was a boy I thought women were angels. Now that I have been married nineteen years, I know that they are. Woman is man's guardian angel, truly and always his better half."

A Chicago woman got a divorce in one minute, but as this was an exceptional case, her husband being a convict, it can hardly be taken into account in the official speed records.

COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Money talks convincingly at times, and again there are times when it gets badly rattled.

Just Discrimination in Railway Rates.
All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern Railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjust discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which expert rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the International Railway Congress, published yesterday:

"Tariffs should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, the making of rates should as far as possible have all the elasticity necessary to permit the development of the traffic and to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposal is, as Mr. Walker D. Hines of Louisville showed in his remarkable testimony the other day before the Senate Committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and just discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to increase "the temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition."—New York Sun.

Free Theater Refreshments.
Manager Musgrove has commenced supplying patrons of the circle and front stalls of the Lyceum (Sydney) with refreshments free of charge. Another manager is said to be thinking of following his lead. It seems to be an unwise thing to begin; if managers don't look out it'll become as big a curse to them as counter lunches to publicans.—Sydney Bulletin.

How to Economize in Soap.
All soaps, toilet or laundry or household go much farther if kept for some time in a dry place before using. New soap lathers too freely to waste, therefore it is more economical to buy a quantity and keep the bars or cakes some time, instead of buying it as you actually want it.

Does Tobacco Cause Blindness?
A doctor stated in an English county court recently that he considered one and a half ounces of tobacco quite sufficient to impair the eyesight, and that he had known a case where a man of middle age was a sufferer from the effects of half an ounce a week.

But It Won't Be.
While looking in a draper's shop, a Clapham lady was injured by an electric light globe falling on her head. Her husband hopes that this will be a lesson to ladies not to look in drapers' shop windows.—London Answers.

FEED YOU MONEY.
Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly."
"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business."
"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet."
"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heart-burn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased, showing that those organs had been healed, and that my nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past."
"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I have begun to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Old Glory.
From islands asleep in the tropical deep, Past shores where the billows are beating, O'er hill capped with green and fair valleys between, Speed on when the dawn smiles her greeting; O'er broad, fertile plains where the god Plenty reigns, O'er mountains snow-crowned and hoary, Sweep westward, but know that wherever you go The sunrise illumines Old Glory.

Through Golden Gate fete to the isles of the sea, Its folds are still rippling before you; Wherever you roam that fair emblem of home, Lends light to the day that shines o'er you, It gleams on the seas as a promise of peace, 'Till flaps o'er the battle-field gory At Liberty's call, a protection for all; The sun ever shines on Old Glory.
Wherever it waves, there the shackles of slaves Must crumble and vanish forever; The country whose winds kiss its colors, It binds.
With ties that no foe can sever, Its blue and its stars tell of Liberty's wars.
And all men are learning its story; It floats 'round the world like a new hope unfurled.
The sun never sets on Old Glory.—J. A. Edgerton, in National Magazine.

Mementoes of the War.
"John Brown's soul goes marching on," and seems destined to until the end of American history. While rummaging through an attic the other day Judge Rufus G. Fairbanks came across some evidence from company E of Medway and a reference to the John Brown affair not previously published. The letter is dated Charlestown, Va., March 9, 1862, and is as follows:
"Friend Calvin: As you like to hear from me, no doubt, I now take this opportunity to drop you a few lines. Our troops are in this town, and company E is quartered in the court house and I now write this letter in the very room where John Brown received his sentence of death."
"Inclosed you will find one of the many letters found in the county clerk's office and a bond of a rebel soldier, and you think what you will of it. It was only one of the same sort which was found in the office of the County clerk."
"I am well and hearty, and we boys are getting tired of waiting for a brush with the rebels. Company E went out the other day with one Indian company and got 123 barrels of flour from the rebels and came home from it, but the rebel pickets were thick as grasshoppers in the hay time, but they ran like thunder when they see us fellows. Answer soon."
"A. A. B."

"P. S.: I did not know but you would like a keepsake of the John Brown affair, so I send in this letter a small brass plate I took from the jury door in the court house, also a sample letter."
"A. A. B."

The sample letter is as follows:
"To the Clerk of Court—Dear Sir: I have written you before, but I now take the liberty to write again. If John Brown be injured, he shall have vengeance. By the gods of war, he shall have vengeance. He may not live to see it, but he shall have it, sooner or later."
"He may be hung, but vengeance he shall have. Houses and barns shall be burned, and Gov. Wise shall have his neck rung round or later, and when he does he shall be put in mind of it, and before he dies I shall tell him what he dies for. I shall be happy to die in such a cause, and so shall John Brown."
"Please tell the people that it may not be right away they may look for me, for I shall come upon them unawares. Remember what I have said. This is the instrument I shall use." (A pen drawing of a pistol.)
Here is another letter of local interest:

"CULPEPPER, Va., Aug. 14, 1862.
"Mr. Calvin Fairbanks:
"Dear Sir—I am well and have a pretty hard time of it so far. Passed through without trouble. How do things go with you. Please give us all the news you know. We had a battle on Saturday, but we were not in the fighting front of the field, but were close enough to have shell scatter among us so we had to skeddadle."
"George H. Ide and Herman Sparrow were killed and seventeen wounded. Tom Casey, Hutch and Fitzsimons and Warren Cook are likely to lose their arms. Bert Clark is wounded in the thigh. Jim May is wounded. Dave Mock and Sid Allen are wounded in the hand with buckshot. Sam Matthews' leg is broke bad. Charles Whitney was hit with a spent ball. John Coombs is here."
"My respects to all your folks. Send us nine recruits if you can. Write right off. Respectfully yours,
"AARON BROWN, CUSHING, NEILL, ADAMS, OSGOOD, BATES, PICKERING, BERT, WILEY & CO."
"Direct to 2d regiment, M. V. M., care of Capt. Quincy, Col. Cordon's regiment, Washington, D. C."—Boston Herald.

Peculiar Mortal Wound.
"Speaking of what cannon balls were capable of doing, while seemingly harmless," said Dan R. Anderson, "brings to memory a strange case of an Ohio soldier at the battle of Missionary Ridge, Nov. 23 or 24, 1863. He was brought to the general field hospital, Army of the Cumberland, and was put in a tent near the commissary tent, so that I could hear him groan in his agony. His groaning was excessive and something altogether unusual—so much so that it caused me to go to him. I met one of the contract surgeons coming from the tent and asked him what was the cause. He said: "There's nothing the matter at all. He is playing off and I am going to send him to his regiment." I went in to the sufferer, asking him where he was wounded. He said all he knew about it was that as he was going up the ridge a shell from a rifle cannon had passed in front of him so close that it took him off his feet, knocking the breath out of him, and that when he came to his senses he experienced the most unusual pain in his bowels, and that there was no let-up to it."

"There was no visible discoloration. His pulse was normal and the only thing to indicate anything wrong was his respiration, which was like that in a case of lung fever. I called the doctor's attention to his way of breathing, and they all, except the major in charge, who was not present, said, 'Mallingerer' and one of them took hold of him in no gentle manner and tried to pull him off the bed, and said mean things to him. I can see now the agonizing look the poor fellow gave the doctor, pleading all the time that he was mortally hurt, and he died while yet the doctor was tugging at him, and in the presence of more than a dozen persons, one of whom was Mother Bickerdike. Was Mother Bickerdike indignant? Well, I should say she was! And there were others that were, and there is one who hasn't got over it yet and who spoke his piece at the time. In honor of Americans I will say that that assistant contract surgeon was a Canadian, and, further, that if he will call at my address, I will give him the best in the shop."
"The soldier was not long dead before the doctors had him on the amputating table holding a post-mortem. I was allowed to be present and saw one of the most unique cases on record brought to light. The man had sustained a complete disintegration of his small intestines—torn all to pieces—and yet there was no swelling of the abdomen to indicate any such condition. That Canadian got his walking papers that day. The facts in this case can be found in the official papers of the general field hospital, Army of the Cumberland, on file at Washington, and if this should meet the eye of any of those present at the time I would be pleased to hear from them. The commissary sergeant of that day is very much alive yet."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Reunion at Manassas, Va.
The thirty-sixth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, of which Gen. Horatio C. King is president, was held at Manassas, Va., on May 10 and 11. Forty years ago the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, on their last march from Appomattox, crossed Bull Run on their way to the grand review. At that time they were so impressed by memories of the field where they took their first lessons in actual war, that they marked two historic spots with rude monuments, which they solemnly dedicated with imposing ceremonies to the memory of their brothers who fell in the beginning of the conflict. It is an interesting fact that this battlefield, the nearest to the national capital, was the only one thus marked by the soldiers themselves before they went home.

The citizens of Manassas invited the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at its Hartford meeting last year, to hold its reunion for 1905 on their historic plains. This invitation was unanimously accepted. The apprehension that Manassas could not properly accommodate the society was entirely removed by the erection of a new and beautiful hotel, which has recently been opened. The corps and society business meetings and the public exercises were held in the new court house on Grant avenue. Public exercises were held the first day, May 10, with a campfire at night. The next day, May 11, there was a drive over the battlefield, with a luncheon at the Henry House. The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, was the orator for the reunion.

Three Years Without Drink.
Benjamin McGraw, a civil war veteran, has no use whatever for water as a beverage, despite the statements of scientists that five pints of the fluid per day are required to lubricate the human system.
Mr. McGraw always thought pretty well of water until August, 1902. In fact, he consumed enormous quantities of it—drunk so much that people used to refer to him as the human tank, although he never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor in his life.
On that fateful day in 1902 McGraw took his last drink—of water. For some reason it did not taste good to him. The next day he tried to take another drink, but even the sight of water caused nausea. From that time to this he has not tasted water or any fluid.
Within the last week McGraw became ill and physicians were called in. After an examination they declared that his illness was caused by being off the water wagon for so long. Physicians declare that if he does not drink water soon he will die.—Dunbar (Penn.) correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

Marked Andersonville Stockade.
Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, past national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, and who has done such wonderfully good work in the matter of the Andersonville prison site, returned recently from a visit to Andersonville and reports everything there in excellent shape. Her visit this time was for the purpose of marking the lines of the stockades with white posts. There is a growing interest in the site of that old torture pen among the comrades and their auxiliaries.—New York Press.

Deserving of Recognition.
When Ex-Gov. Perham of Maine first suggested the granting of a pension of \$2 a month to soldiers' orphans, the objection was made that there were a large number of minors who would thus come in for a share of the pension fund. "Why," said one man, "I know of the widow of a private soldier who has ten children." "Well," said Mr. Perham, "if the widow of a private soldier has ten minor children she ought to have the extra \$20 per month. Let her, have it to aid in clothing and educating the children of a patriot."

Fine View from Gibraltar

"It is not a very hard climb to the signal station on the summit of Gibraltar," writes a traveler. "The height is no more than 1,350 feet. I visited the station with a friend on a fine November day. The path zigzags up the precipitous western face of the mighty rock; now and again we passed a sentry and had to show our passport. Once we had gained the summit we felt ourselves more than amply repaid. Whichever way one turns the views are truly superb. Westward, across the bay of Gibraltar, with its magnificent setting of hill and mountain, lay the extreme south of beautiful Andalusia. North and east stretched Malaga and Granada, with the splendid heights of the Sierra Nevada in the far distance. Eastward rolled the blue Mediterranean; the white canvas of a sailing bark showed right beneath us, and steamships piled, like gigantic water beetles, pushing steadily on their course. Southward, close at hand, the nearest point no more than about fifteen miles distant, the wild land of Morocco met our gaze, rugged chains of mountains corrugating its surface; while far away, in dimmest distance, rose a blue range, which was pointed out to us as the mighty Atlas itself. It was a fine, clear day, and the panorama, whichever way we looked, was

unspeakably grand. It seemed that one could never tire of feasting one's eyes on so sublime and so historic a prospect.
"No trees exist, but a good deal of bush and shrub clothes the parched surface. There still lingers about the upper portion of the rock the last remnant of the troops of Barbary apes, which once roamed freely about Gibraltar. No more than half a dozen now exist and modern fortifications and other necessary works are, I fear, making Gibraltar much too busy a place to shelter these shy creatures. Still, it is just possible that this feeble remnant of the only wild apes known to Europe may yet survive and increase. At one time, from much persecution, they had sunk to three individuals; yet in 1893 the numbers had risen again to at least thirty."
"These apes are baboonlike creatures exactly similar to the tailless Barbary ape found in Morocco. They are supposed by some to be clear evidences of the fact that Africa and Spain were once joined. It is by no means certain that they are indigenous to the rock. A large number were introduced in 1740 and in 1863 fresh blood was again imported. These apes have been known to scientists for long ages and Galen, the renowned Roman physician, in his day studied and even dissected them."

Actors as Wood Carvers

During the nine tranquil years that intervene between productions of the passion play at Oberammergau most of the actors in that wonderful drama support themselves through their remarkably developed art of wood carving, says the Boston Post. Almost exclusively they devote their skill to the production of sacred figures and objects.
A world-wide reputation is enjoyed by the "Christ carvers" of Oberammergau, as they are called. A popular play bears that name, and specimens of their wonderful handiwork may be found in nearly every city of the globe.

Many of the carvings are sold to such tourists, while others are sent to nearby cities and placed upon the market, drifting eventually all over the world.
Peter Rendl, the curly-haired performer of the part of St. John, is one of Guido Lang's ablest assistants and an enthusiastic as well as devout carver of the figures of Christ.
The entire family of Anton Lang engages in wood carving. It is typical

of the home industry that the old people and young children take part in the less difficult tasks.

A carving school is conducted, in which the boys are trained to follow the trade of their fathers. As a rule these pupils perfect themselves in the manufacture of toys before they attempt figures.

Men who take leading parts in the passion play direct the wood-carving industry. It is their pride that the reproductions of the characters they so devoutly represent on the stage shall be true to life.

In the workshop of Anton Lang, who in the passion play assumes the role of Christ, particularly may be seen the earnest artists at work, surrounded by all sorts of carved objects, including, in addition to the well-known figures for the sacred drama, ornaments for churches and altars.
Anton Lang and his brother, Guido, have practically a monopoly of the sale of carvings. They own studios and exhibition rooms and these are visited by hundreds of tourists annually.
The entire family of Anton Lang engages in wood carving. It is typical

He Didn't Know Jefferson

My agent had been a manager in Australia some years before, so he knew everybody, wrote Joseph Jefferson in his autobiography. We went to the theater, where he introduced me to the manager, and as I shall have some little business relations with this gentleman of an interesting sort, perhaps it will be as well to describe him, he being almost a historical character. He was an undersized, round-shouldered little cockney, named Rolamo. Where he got his remarkable Italian appellation I cannot say, but if his ancestors belonged to the land of song they must have strayed into the very heart of Whitechapel just previous to the birth of their son and heir, as his dialect was strongly impregnated with the drawling twang of that locality. It is recorded of him that he never was known to put an h in the right place, and his talent for reversing the w and v almost amounted to genius. He had originally been lamplighter in the theater, but by his industry and intelli-

gence he rose to be its manager, and he was in the zenith of his fame when I arrived in Australia. After my agent had introduced me to Mr. Rolamo as the coming man who was to make his (the manager's) fortune, that worthy cast a patronizing eye over me, but did not seem at all overwhelmed, taking my arrival with provoking coolness. This chilling atmosphere pervaded the office until my agent unrolled some highly inflammable printed matter, the novel character of which seemed to attract the great man's attention, and condescending to address me, he said: "You see, Mr. Jeffries—oh, I beg pardon, Jimmison, I mean—with all due respect to you, there 'as been so many blasted Yankee comers over 'ere that we are kind 'o sick on 'em. You may be a hextra good lot for all I know, but lately the queerest nummies we've 'ad 'ave come from Amerikie. This printed stuff you've got looks spiey—in fact, I don't know as I ever see spieker—but it don't prove nothing, does it?"

Opportunity Here for All

That no form of government yet adopted by civilized man is more beneficial to those who live under it than that of the United States is instanced in the daily life of every one. The opportunities for every man to make of himself what he will, providing nature has endowed him with the brain element of success, are greater in this country than anywhere else on earth. It has never been questioned by students of the constitution, yet seldom is such a striking case discovered as one in the pension bureau.
Some eighty years ago a French refugee landed on one of the islands of the West Indies, where he set himself up in business as a small planter. Success attended his diligence, and he acquired a competence and a number of slaves. A few years prior to the civil war he sold out his business and came to the United States to make his home.
One slave whom he brought with him he freed in Baltimore, securing for him an occupation. After the

death of the Frenchman, who left a small family, the negro continued to prosper along the lines he had set for himself, rearing a family and sending one son to the war for the Union. Two of the sons of his old master also fought for the flag in a Maryland regiment.

After the war these young soldiers settled down to retrieve their fortunes, reduced by the conflict and enforced neglect. It was a hard struggle, but they did fairly well. The sequel of the story is this: To-day at the same work, in the same office, a grandson of the French refugee and a grandson of the slave whom he freed in Baltimore years ago are employed by the government they helped to save, and the story of their lives is known to few, even of the clerks who work with them. They are both rated as good clerks, and the fact of their original statement of equal opportunities for all men born under the banner of the great republic.—Washington Star.

Incident of Naval Battle

This strange incident of a great naval battle is told by Commander McGiffin of one of the Chinese warships in the battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and the Japanese fleets in 1894. "About this time the Chih Yuen boldly, if somewhat foolishly, bore down on the Japanese squadron's line. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water line by a heavy shell—either a ten-inch or a thirteen inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list and thus fatally injured her commander, Tang Shi Chea, a most courageous, albeit a most obstinate, officer, resolved at least to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest of the enemy's ships, intending to ram.
"A hurricane of projectiles swept down upon his ship. The list became more pronounced and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged,

bows first, into the depths. She righted herself as she sunk, her screws whirling in the air and carrying down all hands, including her chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, shut up in the engine room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life buoys kept on the bridge and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk.
"Stories told by these men vary so much as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident: Capt. Tang had a large dog of most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sunk Capt. Tang, who could not swim, managed to get an oar or some small piece of wood. This would have been enough to support him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp. The dog miserably drowned and the brute shared his fate—perhaps the only case on record of a man being drowned by his dog."



Health

Calumet makes light, digestible wholesome food.

Economy

Only one heaping teaspoonful is needed for one quart of flour.

Rehearsal Before Performance.
A real, bona-fide engagement is nothing more or less than a dress rehearsal for matrimony. Sometimes the original rehearsing company are nagged at once, but generally the leading man and leading lady are changed several times before you find the two who just fit the opposing roles.—Helen Rowland's "Digressions of Polly."

Man's First Weapon.
Man's first weapon seems to have been the sword. When the Spaniards came to Mexico they found the native Indians armed with wooden swords, and this was probably the most primitive form of the weapon, but, after the discovery of medals, bronze swords were introduced, of which many have at different times have been found.

As to Love and War.
A fine old soldier passed by. "There goes Gen. —," said a man about town who knows everybody by sight. The visitor stared at the veteran. "Great fighter," he remarked. "Yes," returned the other, "but though his daughter has been through more engagements than the old man."—New York Press.

Thought She Couldn't Live.
Moravia, N. Y., June 5.—Mr. Benjamin Wilson, a highly respected resident of this place, came very near losing his wife and now that she is cured and restored to good health his gratitude knows no bounds. He says:

"My wife has suffered everything with Sugar Diabetes. She has been sick four years. She doctored with two good doctors, but kept growing worse. The doctors said she could not live. She failed from 200 pounds down to 130 pounds. This was her weight when she began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now she weighs 190, is well and feeling stronger every day."
"She used to have rheumatism so bad that it would raise great bumps all over her body and this is all gone too."
"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a God-send to those who suffer as my wife did. They are all that saved her. We can't praise them enough."

It is pretty hard to make some people understand why there should be old bachelor uncles in this world if they don't know enough to get rich.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALTON, KINMAN & MARTIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces, acting system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The more hat a man can buy for \$2 the less bonnet a woman can buy for \$20; yet people still harp on the eternal fitness of things.

To Launder Delicate Muslins.
Many muslin dresses may be successfully laundered at home, which, if put in the ordinary wash, would be hopelessly ruined. Wash quickly through warm Ivory Soap suds; rinse, dip in rice water, and dry in-doors, as the air will frequently fade delicate colors. Iron with a moderately hot iron.—Eleanor R. Parker.

It's usually the alimony he has to pay that causes a man to figure in a divorce suit.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Japan has very few millionaires and practically no multi-millionaires.

Try One Package.
If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

A dollar in your hand is worth twice in the other chap's pocket.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Hold fast to an opinion until something better is found to supplant it.