

The Road to Content.

It is frequently said that a family can live for much less in England than in America, although the details are seldom given in support of the statement. A committee of representative English workmen, which visited America not long ago, has reported that there is practically no difference in the price of food in the two countries, and that in some parts of England provisions are more expensive than in New York. Rent is higher here than in Great Britain. But even with the greater rent the American workman is better off, for his wages are so much higher than those paid on the other side that, as the committee has reported, the American can save two dollars as easily as the Englishman 50 cents. The contented workman is the one who saves 50 cents or two dollars, rather than the one who complains that his wages are so small that he can save nothing. The newspapers noted the death the other day of a man in Scotland who had never earned more than eight dollars a week, yet had educated two of his five children well enough for them to enter the learned professions, and had a surplus of movable property worth \$2,000. There is in a New England town, relates the Youths' Companion, a shoe-worker who, when he was a young man, resolved that he would save enough out of his wages to be able to retire and live on his interest at the age of 60. He retired at the age of 68, with a home and a competency; yet he never received more than \$15 a week. It is men of this type the world over who are the bone and sinew of their respective countries. In democracies such as England and America they control in a real sense the national policies. The cost of living does not trouble them very much, for they have schooled themselves to adjusting their immediate wants to the necessity of providing for a future when they may rest from their labors.

Small sympathy need be expended on the New Yorkers who were taken in by fake pictures, which they imagined were works of art over which old masters had labored, whereas they were copies by art students. If a New Yorker or anyone else desires to spend his money for art rather than for art let him do so, but if he admires the pictures of the old masters for their great beauty and superior merit, where is the harm if he gets one of the same kind, only more beautiful and several hundred years fresher? Indeed, we have long thought that the printing presses should be started up, so that everybody who desired them could have the old masters. We do not see why a line of old masters should not be put on the market which would make the originals look as if they had been dragged from a second-hand store.

On the other hand, Canon Jephson, a member of the Mosely commission, which recently visited the United States, controverts the statement of Sir William Henry Preece that the American boy is mentally two years ahead of the European boy. According to Canon Jephson the American boy's progress is retarded by the American system of co-education and the preponderance of American women teachers. This is rather hard on the American schoolmarm, though we have lately heard the same idea expressed on this side of the water by some of our own educators. So, remarks the Boston Herald, the Jephson utterance can scarcely be termed a casus belli.

Benefits from the American rule in Cuba continue to be manifested. Dr. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, has just returned from a visit to the island, which he reports in exceptionally clean and healthful condition, so that certificates from the physicians in charge in Havana will be sufficient to admit passengers from that city to New York without inspection at the latter port. Cuba under present rules and regulations is no longer a standing alarm against serious and death-dealing disease.

The South Orange (N. J.) council has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for a dog to bark between midnight and sunrise. Isn't the South Orange council a little unreasonable? How can a dog be expected to watch the calendar with sufficient care to be able to determine what minute the sun will rise day after day?

If the inventor who claims to have discovered the secret of manufacturing gold expects to get people to accept his product as the real thing he will have to seek out some almost inaccessible and wholly desolate region in which to establish his plant.

The man who failed in his effort to predict an earthquake should not be discouraged. Earthquakes are mighty hard to predict, being notoriously large and unwieldy and difficult to tame.

The real joke of the Chesapeake flag incident seems to be on William Wallace Astor, after all, when it is recalled that at the auction he was bidding against several patriotic Englishmen who ran the price up because they believed him to be an American.

In her latest play Sarah Bernhardt is stoned to death in the last act. The scene is especially effective on occasions when the public leaves sufficient rocks at the box office.

LITTLE VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

(Copyright 1908, by Byron Williams.)

Like the Parrot.



An Indiana man killed his wife because she talked all the time. Instead of sulking and giving him a chance to read his newspaper in peace, she let her talker run wild like an automobile minus a steering gear. When he was shaving and just prepared for a long downward sweep across his jaws, she would insist on his answering a question. When she awoke in the night she would turn over and ask: "Are you asleep, John?" just to be saying something. When he tried to write, she discussed household expenses and when in the climax of a beautiful story, she could be counted on to butt in and spoil the effect. He couldn't take her to concerts because she persisted in talking like the good old woman who "fried hers in lard!" At last she began to talk in her sleep. This was the last straw; he killed her! He was undoubtedly ashamed to get a divorce and try another lest she, too, should remark. Being one who loved his fellow men he didn't have the heart to do it—he he took her life. This is a sad and a talkative world!

Busy. When the furnace fire goes out And th' winter's work is through, Then the grass needs cutting, bad, And there's other things to do; There don't seem to be no rest For a feller, try his best!

Wife wants a garden made And a rustic seat or two. Then she says: "Just build a rack For my mornin' glories—do!" Then, when you are settled down, She wants bulbs and seeds from town!

There are rookeries to fix And nasturtiums to sow; There are violets hard by— Won't I get transplant a few? Gee, this workin' stirs my bile— Can't I rest a little while?

Ain't there no time free from toll When a cuss like me kin snooze? Fixin' things th' hull year 'round, Gives me achy back—and blues! Ain't there no time—think of it— Made fer restin'—jest a bit?

Rag-Tag. Sometimes a man can go to sleep in church and get away with the goods if he doesn't snore.

One way to apologize to your wife is to think up something she owes you an apology for and tell her that evens the score.

Some girls who maintain that they never would make a good wife for a poor man, sometimes, that is occasionally, make a poor wife for a rich man.

Cheap Affection.



Love and affection are depreciating in value. A New York woman sued her recreant lover for \$25,000—breach of promise money. The jury awarded her six cents. Words are almost useless in a matter of this sort! Think of the waste—and all for six coppers! It is impossible, in English, to express one's feelings. Do it in Spanish or French or Hottentot!—and even then there is a deficit!

This woman poured out her femininity, made eyes, wore killing clothes, rubbed away sundry headaches, burned much gas and listened to "Lucille" read aloud—and she gets six cents! Less than half a shilling! "Whither are we drifting?" Whither indeed!

Plutocratic Illness.

Some maladies are to be afforded only by the rich. Of what use is gout to the poor man? What would a day laborer do with a case of appendicitis? And as for emuli, he hasn't time! Only the wealthy may walk in their sleep. The toiler is too busy snoozing off the weariness caused by service. Insomnia seldom comes to the man who has been using his muscle or his brain, or both, during the daylight hours. Few physically active people have indigestion. Moral—if you would be happy and healthy, be poor!

Beautiful Sympathy. Sympathy is one of the great secrets of life. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It disarms resistance, and melts the hardened heart, and develops the better part of human nature.—Mountford.

Five Generations Living. Five generations of the family of Mr. Pettit, boot dealer of Mexborough, England, are living, his own child being the youngest member. The great-great-grandmother is 90 and the child is 11 months old.

TALES OF LAKE AND LONGSHORE

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS BY GEORGE TICKELL



"Is He Sick?"

"When you'll do it, Bill, for the sake of old times?" queried Capt. Brundage anxiously.

"Yes," said the mate, "for old times' sake and the 25 bucks you promised. Partikery for the 25 bucks."

The captain eyed him disdainfully. "If 'twas me," he commented, "I'd be glad to help out a pal, even if I didn't get a cent. That's the kind of man I am."

"An' that's the kind I ain't," rejoined the mate tartly. "So maybe you'll stow this here moralisin' business an' hand over the coin, so as everything 'll be accordin' to agreement."

The skipper of the steamer Arklam muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, but producing a bulky pocketbook extracted several bills therefrom and passed them to the mate, who thrust them into his pocket and faced his superior with a satisfied smirk.

"Now that's settled, let's run over your scheme again, so as I can get my right bearings," he said pleasantly.

"When we get to Buffalo you fix yourself up with a phony beard an' wig, an' if Miss Antrim comes askin' for you I'm to tell her Capt. Brundage died werry sudden in Chicago, an' there's a new skipper in charge."

"Don't forget as I'm supposed to be deaf and dumb," warned the captain. "If she once heard my voice it 'ud queer the whole game."

"Oh, aw right," responded the mate. "Only she must be a bigger fat-head than she looks if she swallows that. Who'd ever believe as a company 'ud hire a deaf dummy for captain of a big steam freighter?"

"She's got to believe it," returned the captain. "Anyway, if she sees me at all, it'll be only for a few minutes, and the news of my death 'll upset her so that she won't stop to figure out them little details."

"It wouldn't upset me," retorted the mate. "Seems like she oughter be joyful to hear it, if she's got any sense."

"That'll be all from you," growled Brundage in high dudgeon. "Just hold your jaw and do as you're told."

Shortly after the Arklam tied up at the Buffalo docks she was boarded by a buxom young damsel with a determined chin and a pair of snappy black eyes. The watchful mate greeted her at the gang plank, and she acknowledged the salutation with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Prout," she said. "Is Capt. Brundage around?"

The mate twisted his features into a becoming semblance of grief. "I'm sorry to say that I've got bad news for you, Miss Antrim," was the response. He hesitated and shook his head sadly.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the girl, her face a shade paler at the sight of the mate's dolorous visage. "Is he sick?"

"Worse than that, miss," returned the mate in a hoarse whisper. "He's werry bad—that is, I mean he ain't now. He's gone, miss, gone forever."

The girl drew a sharp breath. "What!" she gasped, "you don't mean to say—"

"That he's dead, miss; yes, that's it, an' sorry I am to tell you."

Miss Antrim dabbed a handkerchief hastily across her eyes. "How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, he— he was all right when he left here on his last voyage."

"Sten into the cabin," requested the wily Mr. Prout, "an' I'll tell you all about it."

The girl followed him, and seating herself, prepared to listen to the mate's doleful narrative.

In accordance with the instructions of his chief, Mr. William Prout gave a very affecting sketch of the incidents relative to the former's sudden demise, due, as he declared, to a chill followed by an attack of pneumonia which had carried off the victim in record time.

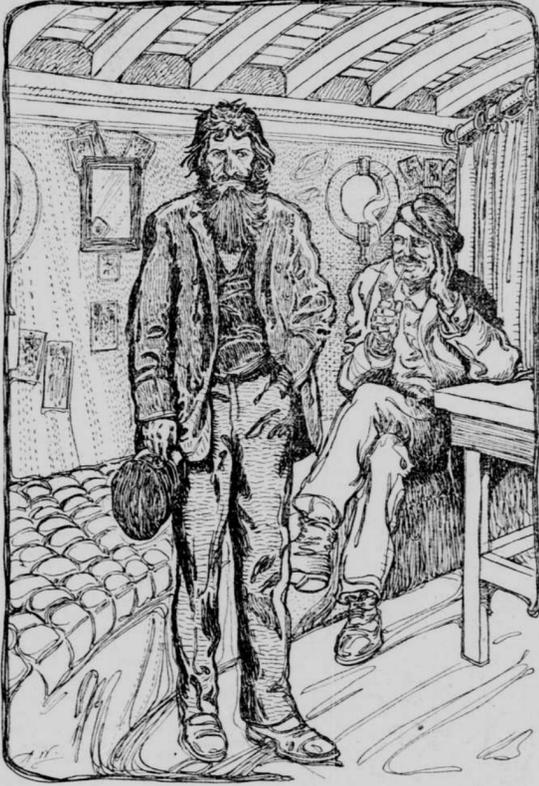
Miss Polly Antrim listened with an odd gleam in her intelligent eyes. "Wasn't there—that is—didn't he leave a message or anything of that kind for me?" she demanded, when the mate had finished his melancholy recital.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hurriedly. "The poor chap sent you his love, an'—an' hoped you'd meet him in heaven—" he concluded in a burst of inspiration.

THE DUPINGOF POLLY

"Capt. Chester," returned Prout. "Nothing like poor Brundage, though, he ain't." "I should like to see him," said Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell me something more about Jim." "Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an', anyways," he added as an afterthought, "this here Chester's deaf an' dumb; can't speak a word." A look of intense surprise deepened on his hearer's countenance. "Deaf and dumb!" she repeated. "Why, good gracious! how can a deaf mute be captain of a steamer?" The mate's face flushed. "It's this way," he explained. "His uncle's the main guy of the Sherlock Navigation Company, an' he gave Chester the

self as sole passenger on the Arklam, and the mate proceeded to map out a long and difficult course of deception for what promised to be a memorable voyage. Capt. Brundage, in the role of the silent Chester, passed muster before the girl's eyes in highly creditable fashion, and he reflected that the stage must have lost a shining light through his failing to perceive that nature had clearly intended him for an actor. To Mr. Prout fell the agreeable task of entertaining the fair passenger, who exhibited a liveliness of spirit not wholly in keeping with the sorrow of a maiden whom death had deprived of a lover. In fact, the mate, being a single man in the early thirties, found



"She'll Never Know Me in This Rig."

job. He ain't much of a sailor, an' all the work falls on me." The girl eyed him steadily. "All the same," she remarked calmly, "I'm bound to see him, for I've made up my mind to go to Chicago on the Arklam."

Mr. Prout uttered a horrified exclamation. "Back on the Arklam!" he repeated. "What for?"

"To visit Jim's grave," responded the artless Miss Antrim. "It's the least I can do under the circumstances. And it'll be a sort of consolation to sail on the boat he used to command, poor fellow."

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just now," declared the mate, desperately. "That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going home now to pack my things and get ready."

Much aghast at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout sought the presence of his chief, who had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resplendent in a false beard and wig of inky blackness, assumed to deceive his lady love's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental profanity.

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swab!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever lands in Chicago and finds out I'm alive and have a wife and four kids, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Tain't my fault," protested the mate, sullenly. "What business had you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

"I wasn't all to blame, Bill," asserted the captain. "It beats all the shine so many of these girls take to me. Can't understand why they do it."

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'll swear. Maybe it's the lies you tell 'em. Some women go darty over a sack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned Brundage, sourly. "There's only one way to square it. We don't carry passengers as a rule, and she'll likely be the only one aboard. What you've got to do now is pass the word to the crew to keep their mouths shut, and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb racket. She'll never know me in this rig, specially if I only show up after dark."

"And who's to stand your watches?" demanded the mate. "Think I'm a blasted horse to be doing the work of two men? Anyhow, she'll be put wise when she reaches Chicago."

"Well, it'll give me time to think the matter over," said Brundage, hopefully. "You can stand the day watches and I'll come on at night."

Mr. Prout entered a vigorous protest, but in the end his superior's argument prevailed, and he hastened to give the necessary instructions to the members of the crew. True to her word Miss Polly Antrim installed her-

met fate had thrown around him, looked up in surprise as Miss Polly entered and closed the door behind her with an emphatic slam. That done, she sat down and surveyed her quondam suitor with malicious eyes. Brundage stared back with a sickly smile, wondering inwardly what her visit might portend. He was not left long in doubt.

She suddenly stretched forth a slim, white hand, and tore the black beard from his face. Then she set her little foot upon it and spoke with much unctious.

"What an awful silly you are, Jim Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes."

The captain wagged his head dismally. "All right, Polly," he said, "you've got me beat. What do you reckon to do?"

"If I was a man," said the girl, scornfully, "I'd thrash you well, but I suppose I must get satisfaction another way. What hurts me most isn't your falseness, but the idea that you considered me such a fool. I've found out all about you, and unless you want your wife to know everything, you'll do as I say."

"When you passed yourself off as a single man you showed me your bankbook and calculated that \$500 would start us nicely in housekeeping. Now, when we reach Chicago, Jimmy dear, you'll go straight to the bank, draw \$250, and hand it over to me. Then I'll say good-by and you can thank your stars for getting off so easily."

The unmasked conspirator swore bitterly and protested fervently, but Miss Polly was adamant and he finally agreed to her terms. His disclosure to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon which he had surrendered was received by that unfeeling seaman with a hoarse laugh, which was distinctly aggravating to his commander's troubled mind.

The Arklam lay at the Clark street dock with Miss Antrim seated in the captain's cabin placidly awaiting his return from the bank. Beside her laughed Mr. William Prout, smoking the pipe of peace. Brundage entered with a look of intense gloom overshadowing his countenance, and signaled the mate to retire. Miss Polly waved her hand in dissent.

"Stay where you are," she said, generally. "Count out the money, Jim, and hurry up."

The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

"That's a good boy, Jim," she said, sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore happy. By the way, it may interest you to know that Mr. Prout and I mean to set up housekeeping on the strength of your kind gift."

The captain's emotion was too deep for mere words to express. He rose to his feet, still staring helplessly, as Miss Antrim, leaning on the arm of the gratified mate, tripped merrily along the gang plank to the wharf. (Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)



"That Done—"

himself yielding to the witchery of her black eyes, and inwardly congratulated himself upon the happy chance which had thrown them together.

On the second day Capt. Brundage saw fit to take the amorous Mr. Prout aside and expostulate with him on the too evident partiality he displayed for Miss Polly's society. The mate listened to his remonstrances and then indulged in a fine burst of longshore rhetoric, liberally flavored with harsh epithets.

"A nice party you are," he concluded, "to come givin' me advice. Wot is it to you if the girl's took a fancy to me? Reg'lar dog in the manger, that's wot you are. Don't want her yourself an' can't bear to see anybody else get her. For two pins I'd blow the whole game, an' then where'd you be?"

"I was speakin' for your good, Bill," pleaded the crestfallen captain. "You don't know wot an artful dame she is."

"An' how about yourself?" queried the mate. "You're a fine honest-hearted innocent to preach about artfulness. Anyway the jig 'll be up when we make port an' she goes huntin' for your grave."

"That's so," agreed Brundage, dejectedly. "We got to think that over, Bill."

"Think it over yourself," retorted the aggrieved Mr. Prout; "but don't come any nonsense over me, for I won't stand it."

The Arklam was nearing Chicago when Capt. Brundage, sitting alone in his cabin and figuring desperately on some means of escape from the

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



EXPANSIVE RECEPTACLE. "Dear me! what an awful toothache you must have!" Kid (thickly)—Toothache nuthin'! I ain't got no pockets in dis suit of clothes, an' have to carry me baseball in me mouth!

BAD ITCHING HUMOR. Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken—Cured in 2 Days by Cuticura.

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

Labor-Saving Device. "Yes, sree," said the freckled lad proudly, "my dad's a genius, he is."

"That so?" responded the weary coffee-mill agent.

"Wall, I should say so. Dad noticed that every time the old hound came around Sunday mornings he began wagging his stumpy tail."

"Anything unusual in that, sonny?"

"No, not for the hound, mister, but dad got up the idea of attaching a shoe brush and a whisk broom to Bowser's tail. Now when dad is ready to go to meetin' his shoes are shined and the legs of his trousers are dusted without his moving a finger. By gosh! Dad's got as much brains as a furrin' diplomat."

That Woman Next Door. "That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband. "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the fence."

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

People never help a man blow his horn because they like the music.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, hoarseness.

Gentleness is invincible.—Marcus Aurelius.

TRUSTING IN THE DOCTOR

The New and Safer Method of Medical Practice.

All the apparatus of mystery, external and internal, have been dropped by the physician, as he advanced in real knowledge, says American Medicine. "There still remains, however, a definite tendency to consider it better for the patient that he should not know too much about his ailment or about the treatment of it. It is true that the writing of prescriptions in Latin is not maintained entirely for the sake of the supposed secrecy which it secures, but this is still one of the main reasons. Patients, as a rule, even when some confidence is extended to them in regard to the details of their illness, are usually not told much about the method by which the physician hopes to secure the amelioration of symptoms and the ultimate cure of the disease. There is a large group of modern physicians who consider it quite inadvisable to extend any such confidence to patients since, as a rule, the appeal to a patient's reason has not so much good effect on him as the appeal to his faith and confidence in his physician has in securing the more indefinite mental effect which is an important factor in therapeutics. There are many physi-

icians who, when ill themselves, prefer not to know the exact details of their treatment, but choose to leave these to the attending physicians without confiding in them.

Mr. Wu on Gambling. After Wu Ting Fang had delivered an address in Chinese to the residents of New York's Chinatown on the evils of gambling, Police Inspector Russell corralled the minister and naturally requested him to suggest an effective method for closing the gambling places in Chinatown.

"Do you give licenses for gambling?" asked Mr. Wu.

"No certainly not, Gambling is against the law," replied the inspector.

"Then I guess it's up to you to suppress it," said Mr. Wu.

Relation of Weight Tables. The common standard by which the relative values of the various weight tables are compared is the grain, which for this purpose may be regarded as the unit of weight. The pound Troy and the apothecaries' pound have each 5,760 grains; the pound avoirdupois has 7,000 grains. There are scales used which give weights according to various systems, but they are not used to any extent commercially.



SICK HEADACHE. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsies, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.