

Whether Common or Not.

Mr. Root.

They have caught you in the act,
Mr. Root.
They have flushed you for a fact,
Mr. Root.
Senators whom Miles addressed
On the army button pressed
And got papers you suppressed,
Mr. Root.

Thought you'd keep 'em in the dark,
Mr. Root.
But they made you toe the mark,
Mr. Root.
People will insist upon
Knowing what is going on
When they've got to raise the "spon,"
Mr. Root.

There are sad and lonely scenes,
Mr. Root.
In the far-off Philippines,
Mr. Root.

Though you say the trouble's done,
Seems that it's but just begun,
Spite of fairy tales you've spun,
Mr. Root.

Heard you say you were quite sure,
Mr. Root,
That there was no "water cure,"
Mr. Root.
Heard you say with accents clear
That your plans were not severe—
But we're onto you, my dear
Mr. Root.

You've an easy job to hold,
Mr. Root.
But the chances are, my bold
Mr. Root,
If you had to hike and fight,
Wade and sleep in swamps at night,
You'd declare it isn't right,
Mr. Root.

Don't you think it would be best,
Mr. Root,
If you stepped up and confessed,
Mr. Root,
That you've hidden things from sight,
Trying to make wrong look right,
Till you're in a pretty plight,
Mr. Root?

Uncle Joshua.

"Circumstances alter cases," re-
marked Uncle Joshua, pushing the
cat out of the rocking chair and seat-
ing himself with every evidence of
satisfaction. "When a man is about
to die he calls in the preacher, and
when he gets well he forgets the doc-
tor. Now that meat is so high I no-
tice that people ain't a makin' as
much fun o' th' vegetarians as they
used to."

Fortunate Man.

"Binks is a lucky dog."
"What makes you say that?"
"His wife furnishes all the cooking
recipes for the Ladies Home Sidepart-
ner, and it keeps her so busy she
can't find time to do the cooking, so
she keeps a cook."

All He Could Use.

There was a rich schemer in Perth
Who struggled to capture the earth,
But when the end came
All the earth he could claim
Was the 7 by 3 of his berth.

Business Sagacity.

For many years—yea, for many
centuries—we were told that women
had no business sagacity.
"My dear, I did not buy a new hat
this spring. I took the frame of my
old hat and trimmed it with some

flowers I purchased at the bargain
counter."

We were rejoiced upon receipt of
the good news, and said so in our
nicest tones.

"I think, dear, that I'm entitled to
some reward for my economy."

Naturally we assented to this propo-
sition.

"And I want that dream of a dress
pattern on exhibition in Catchem &
Cheatem's window. Made up en train,
decollette, trimmed with real old lace
and with eleven rows of insertion
around the bottom ruffle, made by
Madame Squeezem, who came direct
from Paree, it will look just too—"

At this point it was that we realized
the error of the wise men who de-
clared that women have no business
sagacity.

Recognized.

Surely we had met the man some-
where sometime, for his face was very
familiar. There was that well-remem-
bered breadth of brow, that easily
recognized smile of sweet content, that
mobile face.

But strive as we could we could not
place him.

Perhaps we will recall it all when he
speaks. Hark!

Useless. He has quite escaped our
memory.

On our way home we stopped at the
drug store for a spring tonic. When
the druggist handed us a bottle of Dr.
Fillup Allmen's Fluid Extract of Jimp-
son Weed and Carbonated Essence of
Burdock Roots our treacherous mem-
ory returned to duty.

We had seen his picture in the al-
manac.

Moving Day.

'Tis first of May and moving day,
And deepest woe is mine—
I've got to take the carpets up
And hang 'em on a line.
Then with a club I've got to drub
Those carpets for a while,
And though I think some red-hot
thoughts
I've got to wear a smile.*

With heating stove I madly strove,
With stovepipe wrestled, too;
I've lifted heavy furniture
Until I'm black and blue.
Wild chaos reigns. I'm full of pains;
I'm weary, worn and sore;
And here and now I make this vow:
I'll move again no more. **

*My wife is watching me.
**Unless they raise the rent.

Vain Search.

"Say, that fellow Chase A. Fan-
tom you introduced me to has a few
bricks loose in his chimney, hasn't
he?"
"Yes, poor fellow. Several years
ago he saw a picture in a fashion mag-
azine and ever since he's been looking
for the woman that resembles it."

Mother Goose, Revised.

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
Guess she's still in the sky,
Cause the price is so high,
And she's not coming down very soon.

Cinched.

"Miss Cutely, have you read 'The
Zebra's Stripes' or 'The Swipeus' or
'Monsiuer Take Care?'"
"No, Mr. Oldboy, I have been so busy
learning cooking recipes from mamma

that I have had no time to read the
latest novels."

But it may have been a carefully
baited trap to catch Mr. Oldboy.

Marriage is still the same old lot-
tery.

Brain Leaks.

A half loaf is better in the case of
some bread.

The truly good neighbor keeps his
chickens penned up.

People who live in glass houses
should stain the glass.

There are no cloudy days for the
man who wears sunshine in his heart.

As long as men only lie about you
there is no reason why you should not
smile.

Heaven will not be as badly crowded
as the epitaphs on tombstones would
indicate.

People who crowd the rear pews
of the churches will find that there
are no back seats in Hades.

A man deserves but scant sympathy
when he loses something precious be-
cause of his own carelessness.

What has become of the dear old
grandmother who used to smoke a
pipe and light it with a live coal?

There is no cure for the itching
nose of the young lady who is wear-
ing a diamond engagement ring.

The man who is right and knows it
never offers to compromise as long as
he is determined to remain right.

You never see "Closed for the sum-
mer; manager away on a vacation,"
on the doors of the devil's workshop.

We always have our doubts about
the liberality of the hostess who cuts
her pie into more than four pieces.

History repeats itself. Knowing
this we were prepared for the promo-
tion of Potts when we heard of the
promotion of Crowninshield.

—Will M. Maupin.



Dr. Pierce's GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY Restores LOST FLESH AND STRENGTH

"I was a total wreck—could not sleep or eat,"
writes Mr. J. C. Beers, of Berryman, Crawford
Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from
doctors but received very little benefit. I lost
flesh and strength, was not able to do a good
day's work. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and when I had
taken one bottle I could sleep and my appetite
was wonderfully improved. I have taken five
bottles and am still improving."

The sole motive for substitution is to
permit the dealer to make the little more
profit paid by the sale of less meritori-
ous medicines. He gains; you lose.
Therefore, accept no substitute for
"Golden Medical Discovery."

Let Me Tell You

How to Get Well.

Send no money; simply state the
book you want. It will tell you what
I spent a lifetime in learning.

With the book I will send an order
on your druggist for six bottles of Dr.
Shoop's Restorative; and he will let
you test it a month. If satisfied, the
cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay
your druggist myself.

I do just as I say. Over half a mil-
lion people have secured my treatment
in that way, and 39 out of each 40
have paid for it because they were
cured. Not a penny is accepted if
it fails.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can
cure you. No matter how difficult
your case, I take the entire risk, for
those half-million cases have proved
what my remedy can do.

My way is to strengthen the inside
nerves. I bring back the nerve power
which alone makes each vital organ
do its duty. No other remedy does
that; and in most chronic diseases
there is no other way to get well.
Don't let doubt or prejudice keep you
from asking about it.

Simply state which
book you want, and
address Dr. Shoop,
Box 515, Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA.
BOOK NO. 2 ON THE HEART.
BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEYS.
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN.
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN. (sealed.)
BOOK NO. 6 ON RHEUMATISM.

Mild cases - not chronic, are oftentimes cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

The Beef Trust.

The American people are a meat-
eating nation. Our workingmen feed
on better and stouter food than those
of any other country, and unques-
tionably their superiority over work-
ingmen abroad is due to some extent
to this fact. Their tables are spread
daily with food that would be con-
sidered an extravagant luxury in
Europe. When, therefore, the beef
trust of Chicago decrees an advance
of three or four cents a pound in
the price of beef, mutton and pork, it
strikes a blow at the well-being of
the great mass of our people.

The excuse for this extortion is
made that the shortage in the corn
crop of last year has caused farmers
and grazers to reduce the stock car-
ried by them over the winter, and
that we are now feeling the effect of
the scarcity. This excuse will not be
accepted. There is reason to believe
that the increase in the price of meats
is entirely arbitrary, as shown by the
fact that the trust is selling its pro-
ducts in England at lower rates than
here. And the beef trust is able to
do this for the same reason that the
steel trust can charge American con-
sumers \$11 a ton more than it sells
its product for to European buyers.
That is, the beef trust enjoys "pro-
tection" under the Dingley tariff.

Ordinarily, the tariff tax of two
cents a pound on meats would not
make much difference, our exports of
such products being enormous. But
with the business here in the hands
of a trust which dominates the situa-
tion absolutely, dictating the price
paid the ranchman and the price
charged the consumer, it becomes a
matter of much consequence that we
are forbidden to get in cattle and
meats from Canada in order to cheap-
en the necessities of life.

The beef trust does not need this
"protection," any more than the steel
trust needs the duty on iron and steel.
It ought to be abolished in the inter-
est of our workmen's dinner tables.
And so should the tariff tax on hides
be abolished, which puts in the pocket-
s of the same beef trust the extra
price our people have to pay for boots
and shoes.—Boston Post.