

Chronic Rheumatism.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The subject of this sketch is fifty-six years of age, and actively engaged in farming. Who, seven years ago, had his shoulder and a few years later, commenced to have rheumatism in it. On taking a slight cold or the least strain, sometimes without any apparent cause whatever, the trouble would start and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

He suffered for over thirty years, and the last decade has suffered so much that he was unable to do any work. To this the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells were added, making him almost a helpless invalid.



In all Sorts of Weather.

He tried the best physicians but without being benefited and has used several specific rheumatic cures, but was not helped. About one year and six months ago he read in this paper of a case somewhat similar to his which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and concluded to try this remedy.

After taking the first box he felt somewhat better, and after another three boxes, the pain entirely disappeared, the dizziness left him, and he has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former troubles and enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

He is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for Pale People and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His post office address is Lorenzo Seelye, Horton, Jackson County, Michigan.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are condensed in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

HOBSON'S LOVE ROMANCE.

Lieutenant Hobson has figured in a love romance, famous in naval circles. Once he loved a woman with all the strength of his singularly strong and earnest nature.

She was the only woman he ever loved. She rejected him and married a brother officer.

The fair woman of his dreams whom fun-loving cadets called "Hobson's choice," was Miss Collins, the daughter of Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, formerly of New Orleans, now of Washington. Mrs. Patti Collins has long been in the government employ as a postoffice clerk, where she is known as an expert "blind reader," or decipherer of illegible addresses. She was once a successful contributor to current magazines.

Miss Collins was one of the great belles of Washington. She dressed simply, but in perfect taste. She possessed a remarkable beauty of the dark southern type. She was tall and of statuesque carriage, with dark eyes and hair. She was a charming conversationalist.

Frank Baker Zahn and Richmond Pearson Hobson were rivals for her hand.

Hobson entered the Naval academy in 1885, and Zahn two years later. Both distinguished themselves as students. Each carried off "first honors," graduating at the head of his class. According to the regulations, the first three men in the graduating classes at Annapolis are permitted to make their own choice of the corps or branch of the naval service they shall enter. Both Hobson and Zahn chose the construction corps, because a man of that corps omits the grade of ensign and becomes a junior lieutenant at once. Hobson on graduating from the naval academy studied at the Ecole d'Application du Genie Maritime in Paris, being graduated at the head of his class. Zahn entered the university of Glasgow, from which he, too, was graduated at the head of his class.

The two men who had been rivals in their studies and rivals in success were rivals in love.

Both were men of exceptional strength of character, and both were terribly in earnest. They had courted the youthful beauty in their cadet days. They returned from their foreign studies mature in mind and body and prepared to pursue their rivalry to the bitter end.

It was a wonderful courtship. They say that Hobson, who rarely thinks of anything but his profession, used to mingle his conversation with exterior ballistics and protestations of deathless devotion. Little did she know how he could defy death.

In spite of the peculiarities of conversation, Hobson is a favorite with women, who sometimes like serious men. Nevertheless, he was fated to fail in this case. Zahn won the lady. It is no disparagement to that gallant officer to say that marriage notoriously goes more by favor than by merit.

After this, Hobson became more grimly devoted to his profession than ever. They say that he cares for no woman now except in a platonic way, but his attitude toward them is the perfection of chivalry and courtesy, like that of a true southerner.

Miss Collins was married to Frank Baker Zahn two years ago. Zahn and Hobson then sent to Port Royal, S. C., and Hobson to the Brooklyn Navy yard.

Mrs. Zahn is now celebrated as one of "the three beauties of the Naval Construction Corps." The other two are Mrs. Zahn and Miss Mar- chorn, daughter of Chief Constructor Hitchborn.

Vice Chancellor Reed heard testimony at Jersey City yesterday in a suit of William J. Wilson of 932 Avenue D, Bayonne, N. J., for divorce from his wife, Frederika. The respondent named is Edward L. Squires, of Newark. Wilson and his wife have not lived together for five years. Mrs. Wilson keeps a boarding house at 18 and 20, Haddon street, Newark.

Lawyer Isaac Goldenhorn, counsel for the petitioner, introduced a remarkable piece of testimony in the shape of a letter to the defendant, which, he said, was written when the defendant was Miss Fredo Meyer, Squires' youngest son and the father of his father. In the letter Squires begged Miss Meyer to come and live with him.

Wilson made a business trip to Oswego, N. Y., in 1897, and alleges that on his return he found his wife living with Squires. The defendant denied her husband's charge. The Vice Chancellor reserved decision.

Jessie Lowe, of Dayton, Wash., 14 years old, was awakened from a nap on a couch downstairs in her home by a dream that a certain room upstairs was on fire. She ran upstairs and found it just as the dream had pictured it, and she put out the fire.

THE QUEER END OF A GIRL'S ROMANCE.

She Married a Spaniard and Became a Spy--Seeks Revenge Against Her Native Land for the Death of Her Husband in Cuba.

A woman is the eyes, ears and brains of the Spanish spy system here. Interesting as has been some of the information published about the Montreal colony of Spanish officials, the most sensational story bearing upon the operations of the staff of the former Spanish minister to Washington has not hitherto got into print. Family influence has kept the story secret here.

The truth is, the most valuable spy of Spain is a beautiful woman, daughter of one of the best families. A year before the arrival of the caravels one of the most notable naval visitors to the port of Montreal was the French warship Minerve, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Vigne, commanding the French squadron in American waters. The vessel remained here a long time, and the officers enjoyed themselves immensely. One good mother has her hopes realized.

The day the Minerve left port to the tunes of Vive la Canadienne and the Marseillaise, La Patrie and La Monde announced the engagement of the stepdaughter of a prominent judge of the Court of Queen's Bench to Lieutenant de Poitras, the Admiral's flag officer. Before Christmas the marriage was solemnized in the Roman Catholic archiepiscopal palace.

The match appeared a splendid one, but the wedding brought bitter sorrow to one heart, that of Mlle. Josephine de Chappelle, the "woman" of this story and the long friend of the bride. The orange blossoms and the gaities were a mockery to her, for the marriage meant separation from the individual whom of all others she loved best. A motherless, sisterless girl herself, the bride had not only her friend, but her adviser in all things.

The intimate relationship between Miss de Chappelle and her friend consequently kept the former in a very prominent position in Canadian society, but after the marriage of her friend she appeared to lose interest in social engagements and society saw little of her.

Separation from her friend appeared destined to put a stop altogether to her participation in the doings of the society in which she had been hitherto so keenly interested. Her father, at first not altogether sorry at the change that had apparently come over his daughter, eventually became concerned.

At his seignior on the Ottawa river, living the peaceful, healthy life of the Canadian seignior, occupied in his timber limits, his horses and his parish church, M. Louis de Chappelle had little time and less inclination for social distinctions.

He was devoted to his daughter, and nothing was denied her. At her mother's dying request the bringing up of the girl was entrusted to the care of her sister, the accomplished wife of M. Lamoureux, one of the wealthiest merchants and bankers in Montreal.

M. Lamoureux is the brother of the mother of Mme. de Poitras. Josephine had been given a most thorough education, first taking a thorough course at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and following it at Vassar, in the United States. The latter course was probably the result of the advice of M. Lamoureux.

On her return from the states a visit to Mme. de Poitras was decided upon, and the whole of the next winter Josephine spent in Paris as her guest. Here she regained her old-time gaiety which had characterized her in her career in Canada. The following spring the young lady returned to Canada, apparently herself again.

A month before the caravels arrived in Montreal, on June 19, 1893, Josephine received a letter from her friend in Paris, which caused her some uneasiness. Shortly after she had left Paris, Mme. de Poitras wrote, the latter had had as a guest in her house an old friend of her husband, Lieutenant Concas, of the Spanish royal navy. The two officers had been educated together in a naval college on the Bay of Biscay, and after obtaining commissions in the fleets of their respective countries had seen more or less of one another as their sea duty happened to be on the same station. Friendly at school, their friendship became more firmly cemented during their service. When came the part of the communication, which especially interested Josephine.

Mme. de Poitras added that the first evening Concas stopped at her house he had his attention attracted to one of Josephine's photographs in her cabinet, and at once became very complimentary, insisting upon his hostess showing him all Josephine's pictures in the house.

Mme. de Poitras added that she feared her guest, a splendid young fellow in every way, and a member of one of the most eminent families in Spain, might be judged by his diplomatic appointments, had fallen head over ears in love with her through her portrait.

Other letters passed between the friends before the caravels arrived in Montreal, Mme. de Poitras never neglecting to mention Josephine's young admirer, and Josephine on her part became gradually interested.

It was, consequently, with considerable fluttering of her blitheome heart that she at last received a letter from Mme. de Poitras conveying the information that at his own request Concas had received an appointment to one of the caravels, then on their way across the Atlantic.

A few days later another letter came, explaining that Concas had made her promise that he should see Josephine in Montreal, and she begged her friend to do him the courtesy of securing him an invitation to Mme. Lamoureux's.

Josephine had become interested in the man who had shown himself so strangely attracted toward her, and she took the most certain way to secure an introduction.

She explained to the mayor, Hon. Alfonso de Jardines, M. P., whom she had known all her lifetime, as he was a personal friend and confidential banker of her father, that she desired an introduction to Lieutenant Concas as she had a communication for him from her old friend, Mme. de Poitras.

As the program laid down included the presentation of the party to the officers of the little ships, the request was not hard to comply with, though the mayor wondered somewhat at the girl's manner of making the request.

The introduction appeared agreeable to both, and the meeting was probably on both sides a case of love at first sight.

The two appeared suited to one another, and though the caravels remained only two days at Montreal, the circumstances had been generally remarked.

As soon as the caravels had received the deluge of official welcomes at Chicago, Concas obtained a week's leave and came to Montreal, and so intimate were the young couple that the announcement of the engagement was expected by every one immediately after the return of the young officer to his ship.

While the crews of the caravels remained in America the young people found many opportunities to meet. Finally Concas returned to his duties at Paris and the lovers found such consolation as they could in correspondence.

After leaving Montreal Concas had some duty at Washington, and delay keeping him there, Josephine seized the opportunity to pay a long-promised visit to some friends living on Fourteenth street, Northwest. Before separating to proceed respectively north and south, the pair were married.

Efforts have been made to throw discredit upon the story that there was a legal marriage, but the suspicion is wholly unfounded.

The ceremony was performed by a priest of the Roman Catholic church. An officer of the Spanish legation and a French Canadian physician practicing in Baltimore were the witnesses.

It is explained now that there were good reasons for Concas' part for keeping the marriage secret. Progress in the diplomatic service in Spain depends upon influential political backing. Concas being a native-born Spaniard, the influence of a man who was ambitious to give his family something of a flip in the social scale by an alliance with his daughter and Concas. At the moment of his marriage the young officer could not jeopardize his chances of advancement by antagonizing his influential patron, so the marriage had to be kept secret.

He hoped it would not be for long, as the successful accomplishment of his mission to Cuba would place him beyond the need of assistance outside his profession. It appears that the Spanish government had found it almost impossible to complete some important batteries on the Cuban coast, on account of some difficulty in providing a revetment suitable for the peculiar sand and the climate. Concas had kept his eyes open while in England, and had succeeded in procuring the materials and workmen required were placed at his command. He eventually got all he wanted.

Concas told his wife, on departure, that after a month's work in Cuba he felt sure he would be in a position to claim her openly without fear of the consequences, and he proceeded by the next steamer to his native land.

After Josephine returned to Canada she received several letters from her husband in Cuba, all complaining bitterly of the sympathy shown the Cuban rebels by the American people, and explaining several times that he could not secure a passport from the United States the revolt would easily be stamped out. At last came a letter from Concas warning Josephine that she could not hear from him for some time, as he had left for a part of the island cut off from communication with the rest of the country.

Then came a period of agonizing suspense for the unfortunate young wife. By this time she realized that she was about to become a mother, but she shrank from telling her story to her father, for he would feel hurt at her failure to take him into her confidence. She waited and waited, but every day would bring news of Concas or perhaps word from the husband himself. Explanations would then be so much more simple.

Weeks passed but no word of Concas came, months slipped by. Being content with the secret, she no longer Josephine made an excuse to go to New York. Thither was summoned some weeks later the old seignior of the Ottawa manoir.

His daughter was in a very critical state of health, and if he wanted to see her he had to get over by the next train. There was no need to hurry the old gentleman; he did not have one wink of sleep between the receipt of the telegram and his arrival at the private hospital where his daughter was a patient.

A great improvement had taken place in the condition of the young mother, for she was a mother now, but for one moment the venerable seignior devoutly wished that he had seen his child dead before his face. There was an angry scene, but the old man became somewhat reconciled on hearing the daughter's story. A couple of months later M. de Chappelle returned with Josephine to the manoir.

The little child died in New York immediately before the return of the old seignior and his daughter to the manoir, and this accounts for the new little grave in the De Chappelle lot in the country cemetery, which set so many tongues wagging in the Ottawa valley at the time.

Still no word came from Concas. Josephine never doubted his fidelity, but her father, perhaps naturally, was not satisfied. If Concas were an honest man why did he not claim his wife and set her to work as she deserved to be? So the old gentleman argued.

At last news of her missing husband reached Josephine, and truly dreadful news it was. It came in a letter from Mme. de Poitras, of Paris. The official returns of the operations against the insurrection of Santiago de Cuba during the twelve months had just been published, and one of the first names among the killed had been that of Lieutenant Concas, of the navy. The report explained that the lieutenant and a number of military officers had lost their lives in the destruction of a transport train by dynamite.

The official report stated that the explosives were supplied from the United States, and that the laying and firing of the train was superintended by expert American engineers.

It is not surprising that a woman differing in nationality from her husband to sympathize with his country in an international dispute or actual war, desirous of her own country the other desirous; it is little wonder that Josephine's love for Concas and her close association with the Spanish diplomatic circle at Washington led her sympathies to the side of Spain.

Josephine's hatred of Americans became intensely bitter. She was ready to take official Spanish reports as fact, and doing so naturally blamed the president of the United States for her bereavement.

She said to her father, she repeated it in acknowledging a kind little letter of sympathy from the young officer of the Spanish legation at Washington who had acted as witness at her ill-starred marriage.

Meaning that reports about the internal affairs of the De Chappelle household got about. There was abundant theme for scandal in the little grave. The strain proved too much for the proud and honorable old seignior. His brain weakened, and he is now practically a prisoner in his own house.

The war in the position of affairs when the declaration of war between Spain and the United States put the world on tiptoe of excitement. The most pressing immediate need of Spain was an intelligence department in America. There was not so much as a framework to start with, but the staff of the Span-

ish legation at Washington came to Canada and at once set to work to bring the spy service into being.

As soon as the Spaniards reached Montreal Mme. Concas called upon the young officer, who had been the solitary survivor of her marriage. He introduced her to Lieutenant Carranza.

For some time the pride of Josephine revolted at the suggestion that she should become a spy, but wily arguments and her lately born hatred of the American people changed her mind, and a day or two afterward she left Montreal and the United States.

Just where she operated is not definitely known, but it is believed that she did secret work in Washington and New York. She has been regarded by the representatives of the United States government as a very dangerous spy.

When he related to the Spanish consul and French equally well, and without the least suspicion of an accent, and had while laying her plans the great advantage of a close acquaintance with influential people in some of the largest cities of the United States.

It is suspected that her special mission on her first trip was to operate through her friendships with the daughters of a cabinet minister, and of an official of the state department at Washington, who were her school-mates, both of the Sacred Heart convent at Vassar, to obtain some essential information.

About a week ago, when there were prospects of Carranza and his associates being expelled from the country, Josephine suddenly returned to Montreal, and has been there ever since, living in a private house near the historic Spanish headquarters on Tupper street. She has not been seen with the Spaniards, but doubtless has been in constant communication with them in an indirect way.

In the event of Du Bose and Carranza being expelled from the country, Josephine will be given even more latitude in her operations as a Spanish spy.

Qualities of a Perfect Lover. In all great matters he will be one with her; in trifles, if he can not think as she does, he will agree to differ.

In everything he will respect and look up to her; she will be to him the best and dearest woman in the whole world.

The ideal sweetheart will respect his beloved's moods, and perceive them instinctively. If she is silent he will not ask; should she sparkle with animation he will catch the intonation.

He will be a protector, able to defend his lady's cause to the uttermost. Should any dare to insult her they will suffer speedy vengeance; should they insult her, they will have to reckon with him.

He will be no trifling Lovelace, but a strong man, offering to the woman of his heart a man's quiet, constant homage. Not professing great things, but doing them. Placing her wishes before his own, and her welfare above all else. Not neglecting her work to trifle in her company, or putting her on one side for the sake of his career or his ambition.

Upon occasion he will be masterful and make up her mind for her; but as a general rule he will gladly do her pleasure. He will not be too ready to take "No" for an answer. He will take pains in remembering the story that for the sin of our first parent in saying "Yes" when she should have said "No," we, her daughters, are compelled to say "No" when we mean "Yes."

His sweetheart will feel that he is reliable and dependable, a man of deeds as well as of words. He will know that in the hour of trouble or need she has a strong arm to support her, and a strong heart ready to comfort and watch over her. In all her trials and difficulties she will turn to him and he will think for her, proving his eyesight, forethought in things small and great.

He will behave with courtliness and friendship to her friends and relatives; he will try to look at them with her eyes, while to her mother he will show affection and respect, remembering that it is to her he owes his dear life, and that she will once somebody else's sweetheart. He may also reflect that his love will in fulness of time be somebody's mother-in-law and be lenient with that much-maligned lady in consequence. As truly as any knight of old, he will be his lady's servant.

When his work is done, he will be ready to go anywhere with her, or do anything for her, from carrying a parcel to escorting her to a party or social function.

He will never worry or scold. If reproof is necessary he will be tender and patient, always making a respectful look serve instead of an angry word. Outward deference he will pay her as a matter of course, whether they are alone or not. He will adjust her cushion, open the door for her, take off his hat as to a stranger, button her gloves, carry her fan and hold her the services of a valet, that are so deservedly dear to the heart of every true woman.

He will not be an idler. He will have a trade, or business or profession upon which to expend his superfluous energy, for a lazy man is no woman's ideal. In public he will conceal the extent of his affection, but he will do it so delicately that no one else will notice it—a touch of the hand in passing her anything, a tiny pressure as he wraps a cloak around her shoulders, but nothing more, lest he cause the rest of the world to come to the face of those who watch covertly for signs of "softness" in the unfortunate couple. Jealousy will be far from him—his trust will be too entire, his confidence in himself too great for such a confession of weakness, distrust and inferiority to be possible.

The ideal lover will admire his sweetheart's clothes. He will not be one of those men who do not know one color from another, and can not distinguish between a toque and a hat. He will notice everything she has on, and express his opinion—very diffidently if he is unfavorable, but he will express it nevertheless, for only by so doing can his sweetheart learn how best to please him. He will not be of a painfully punctual turn of mind, and minute the time it takes to put on a hat and jacket. If he has to wait a few minutes for her he will do so patiently as a matter of course. Being ideal, not real, he will sometimes accompany her on a shopping expedition and give his verdict upon the color of her spring dress or the shape of a new hat.

There is something I have noticed about eyes, though I am not an oculist, that probably few people know," said Dr. Theodore Hig of St. Louis. "You have often seen a large, handsome eye, and no doubt admire it, but there is this disadvantage: A large eye is much more susceptible to the strain of use, and cannot stand half the wear and tear that a small eye can. There is a compensation, however; the eye is pretty and all right if taken care of, and the other not beautiful, but substantial."

PRISONERS OF WAR.

One of the least pleasant incidents for the individual during war with Spain would be to be taken prisoner. Still, as Spain makes claim to civilization, it would not be so bad as though she were an absolutely barbarous country. The usages of civilized nations regarding captives conform in a general way to these principles and rules: All members of an enemy nation are enemies, though all are not treated alike. The general rule obtains that "no use of force against an enemy is lawful unless it is necessary to accomplish the purposes of war," and the practical application of it, refined through centuries, has led to exempting many classes from capture.

According to Wheaton, the custom of nations exempts from capture the persons of the sovereign and his family, officers of the civil government, women and children, farmers, mechanics, artisans, laborers, men of science and letters, and generally all those engaged in ordinary civil pursuits, unless actually taken in arms.

Count Bismarck never maintained in 1870 that the crews of merchant vessels could not be made prisoners. As early as 1806 Mr. Madison contended that a French decree that "every foreigner found on board the vessels of war or commerce of the enemy is to be treated as a prisoner of war," was in contravention of the law of nations.

The Geneva or Red Cross convention, to which the United States acceded, but to which Spain has not, we believe, given her assent, exempted hospital and ambulance attendants and chaplains attached to hospitals and ambulances from capture, when taken in war, were killed. They may be killed today in case of absolute necessity—for example, if prisoners impede the movements of an army necessary to its preservation. Later, captives were made slaves. After that the custom of holding them for ransom came into vogue. During the seventeenth century exchanges of prisoners became frequent, but exchanging prisoners is not obligatory if the captors prefer to hold for ransom or to leave their own comrades in the enemy's hands.

Prisoners are frequently allowed to return to their own country on promise not to engage again in hostilities against the captors.

Perhaps the world will some day acknowledge the nobility of the spy, but it is doubtful if contending forces will ever cease to hang or shoot him when he is taken and convicted. Spying lacks the moral element of crime, but it is just as sternly necessary that people be deterred by the great risk of death from engaging in it.

"Well, I wonder what our next important move will be?" "Great Scott! Don't you know that?" "No." "Then you're no yellow journalist. Not if you admit it."—Chicago Post.

Write the Doctor. There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor freely; tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive his best medical advice. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

PAINT YOUR WALLS AND CEILINGS.

MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS. Purchase a package of MURALO from your grocer or druggist. The Muralo is to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as cement. Milled in twenty-four tins and works equally as well with cold or hot water.

FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK

KIPLING'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Two English schoolboys who run a school newspaper have drawn a letter from Rudyard Kipling, which the London Mail reprints: "Cape Town, Easter Monday, 1898.—To the Editors of the School Budget: Gentlemen—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with a copy of the School Budget, February 14, and you seem to be in possession of all the check that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed, and in what county of England Horns-monden is situated.

"On the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your hints on 'Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as follows: "1. If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save your being asked to 'get it again!'"

"2. The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favorite problem, (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N. B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b) in imposta in return for this service."

"3. A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning. "4. Never shrink a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for some one else."

"5. When pursued by the native farmer always take to the nearest plowed land. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over."

"6. If it is necessary to take other people's apples do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to put them into a tight 'Eton.'"

"You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal order for 6d at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page. Faithfully yours, RUDYARD KIPLING."

A clergyman who made a study of antiquities was riding on the outside of a coach in the west of England, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin giv' to me today 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes; I have one myself 2,000 years old." "Ah!" said the driver, "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the clergyman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said: "I told ye as we druv' along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes." "And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old." "So I have." "That's not true." "What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why, it's only 1598 now."—Tit-Bits.

The only soap which the Hindoos of the orthodox type employ is made entirely of vegetable products. But soap is little used in India, being almost an unknown luxury with the natives.

BILIOUSNESS

Do you get up with a headache? Is there a bad taste in your mouth? Then you have a poor appetite and a weak digestion. You are frequently dizzy, always feel dull and drowsy. You have cold hands and feet. You get but little benefit from your food. You have no ambition to work and the sharp pains of neuralgia dart through your body.

What is the cause of all this trouble? Constipated bowels.

Ayer's PILLS

will give you prompt relief and certain cure. Keep Your Blood Pure. If you have neglected your case a long time, you had better take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

also. It will remove all impurities that have been accumulating in your blood and will greatly strengthen your nerves.

Write the Doctor. There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor freely; tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive his best medical advice. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

where it is always sunny, yet never hot—where rain falls but seldom, yet the landscape is perennially green—where the air is as light as a feather, yet strong enough to restore the flush of youth to the cheek of the aged.

An expensive outing? Not at all. The summer tourist rates offered by the Burlington Route bring a trip to this most wonderful of states within reach of every man and woman who knows how necessary vacations are—and acts in accordance with that knowledge.

J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb. P. S.—If you go west through Omaha, you can stop off and see the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

Burlington Route Spend the Summer in Colorado.

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