

RESTORED TO HEALTH.



Many weak, suffering women do not know that their kidneys are sick. Backache tells of sick kidneys, and so do urinary disorders. Sick kidneys make bad blood, and bad blood makes bad digestion, heart palpitation, dizzy headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, sciatica, rheumatic pains and constant depression.

Can't be restored to health until the kidneys are cured. Read how one woman was restored by using Doan's Kidney Pills:

Mrs. H. A. Var. Sickles, 311 6th Ave., S. W. Roanoke, Va., says: "Kidney trouble was hereditary in our family and I had been so continually afflicted with the disease that I began to despair of even temporary relief. Sometimes I suffered so severely that I was confined to my bed. The aching in my back was intense and the kidney disorder caused an excess of uric acid in my blood which impaired my digestion. I was compelled to deny myself of many of the little delicacies of diet. The doctors diagnosed my case as congestion of the kidneys. I had about given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but I took only a few doses when their curative powers were proven to my satisfaction. I have never been without them in the house since."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers; price 50 cents; or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for free trial.

Candor ever the brightest gem of true criticism.—Israëli.

A light heart is a lighthouse for hearts.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep DeLancey Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 15 oz. pkg. DeLancey Starch for same money.

Love is a great source of economy in a household.—Halvey.

When a woman gets into finances her sordid disposition shows up.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

The world likes to crawl at the feet of the man who never kicks.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Men take naturally to card games and speculation.

Reached the Limit.

When Herbert Spencer was in the habit of dining out with his scientific and literary friends, a lady of conspicuous mental ability and learning was generally one of the company and Spencer was invariably asked to take her down to dinner. His hosts thought they were paying him a compliment in giving him the most brilliant lady of the company, but he resented always being associated with the same lady. At last, when his host on one occasion said, "Mr. Spencer, will you take Miss—down to dinner?" the philosopher emphatically replied, "No, I will not," and another companion had to be found for him.

It Made Him Dizzy.

When Paul Meyer, the new sub-conductor of the Chicago orchestra, came from Rigi, Russia, he was not allowed to play until he had joined the musicians' union. The committee that examined him proposed to have some fun with him, so the most tangled piece of rag-time they could find was put on the music rack before him. Meyer took up his violin, studied the music, then essayed to play it. Then he took a long rest. Twice more he tried it, then exclaimed: "Was ist? If you have the menu of a Chinese restaurant bring it out and I'll play it, but this stuff makes me dizzy."

THIN DIET.

No Nourishment in It.

It's not easy to keep up when coffee has so ruined the stomach that food won't digest.

A Mo. woman says: "I had been an invalid for two years from stomach trouble caused by coffee, got so bad I couldn't digest food and for quite a while I lived on milk and lime water—nothing but that—a glass of milk and lime water six times a day. In this way I managed to live, but of course did not gain."

"It was about 5 months ago I began using Postum Food Coffee; I did not need the milk and lime water after that, for I gained rapidly and I can now eat a good meal and drink from 1 to 3 cups of Postum each meal and feel fine."

"I would not go back to coffee for any reasonable pay. I like Postum better than coffee now and make Postum by directions on box and it is just fine; never found a better way to make it than on box. Now this is all true and you can easily prove it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum is a brew from field grains with all the nourishment left in. It makes red blood and rebuilds particularly well where coffee has done damage as it does to nearly all who drink it.

A 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

"Twas a gloomy glade mid the lowering shade
Of a forest dank and dark;
And every decent creature slept,
For the gray of dawn had scarcely crept
O'er the morning sky. But hark—
Amid the silence there may be heard
The drowsy chirp of the Early Bird.

Lo, a twig that lies beneath his eyes
Of a sudden appears to squirm!
And there comes from under his very feet
A faint fine sound that I can't repeat—
The voice of the Early Worm!
And the glade is stiller than still can be,
At thought of the coming tragedy.

"It is up to me," sobbed the worm, "to flee.
Were I not such a sleepy thing,
But the bird was wobbly on his feet,
"I am far too drowsy," he sighed, "to eat."
And his head fell under his wing
And sweetly mingled, there soon were heard
The snores of the worm and the early bird.
—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Magazine for December.

THE COMPOSITE

By GRAHAM NORTH.

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John Patterson was in love. No unusual thing in the case of a good-looking young fellow of five and twenty. But strangely enough he had never yet seen the lady of his heart.

One evening he was carelessly turning the leaves of his sister's photograph album, scanning each face with the glance of a connoisseur. He stopped and gave his undivided attention to a page from which a pair of eyes looked straight into his own.

The picture was finished in a style unfamiliar to him. A soft, dreamy haze surrounded the features, making them doubly alluring; but what attracted him most was the clear eyes. They were not quite like any others he had seen before.

It was love at first sight, or, to be more exact, before first sight.

Naturally he wanted to learn all about the unknown girl without arousing suspicion. His sister, to whom his affectedly careless inquiries were addressed, with a woman's intuition in such matters, and with an equally feminine delight in tantalizing a man suspected of being in love, was most provokingly obtuse in his clumsy subterfuges and stratagems. And when at last, in sheer desperation, he openly asked the lady's name, she displayed an innocent surprise, and, after baiting him to her heart's content, left him with no better satisfaction than a vague promise of an introduction at some future time.

This was poor consolation to John, but it was the best he could get. And so, consumed with love and curiosity, he passed his days in suspense.

One thing, however, he secured, that was at the same time a joy and a vexation to him, namely the picture itself.

It was given the place of honor among his most cherished possessions, and she became at once the goal and the center of his thoughts.

And now began a season of misery for John Patterson.

He had confided his secret to his most intimate associate, Harry Follansbee. Harry prided himself on being a second Sherlock Holmes, and many were the clues that he laid with his friend to discover Her identity; but all came to naught. At the end of three months the unknown still remained obstinately unknown. They had not even been able to find out whether or not She was a resident of the city.

The strain began to tell on John. He lost his appetite and grew hollow-eyed, and when in Nan's presence he threw out hints of declining health.

Whether or not these tactics were instrumental in bringing matters to a crisis he could not tell; but one afternoon just as Harry Follansbee was leaving his bank, he met John in a high state of excitement. His sister had at last relented. She was to give a whist party that evening, at which, to his inexpressible joy, she assured



Carelessly turning the leaves of his sister's photograph album.

Six hours later, while Follansbee was dreaming over the adventures of his favorite detective, he heard a knock at the door, and John entered with a most woebegone and bewildered face.

"You can imagine that I dressed with extra care this evening, and so came down stairs a little late. Nan pounced on me and dragged me into a room full of young ladies. And then it began."

"Mrs White, let me present my brother, John."

"No, it wasn't Miss White; it was Her chin, but She didn't have a pug nose.

"Miss Black, my brother!"
"Nor Miss Black; though the curve of the eyebrows was like Hers."
"Miss Brown!"

"Nor Miss Brown; something in her features seemed familiar, but then Her hair couldn't be red.

"And so it went. In every one of those girls I saw something to remind me of the face above my mantel. But not one of them looked exactly like it. Not one had her eyes. I was expecting that She would be the next. But She wasn't there. At the end of the list I brought up with a mental jolt, and dropped into a chair beside a girl with glasses, who began to chatter about cards. In a few minutes the game began. You know I abhorinate whist. How intelligent people can



"That is not so," I said, "and you know it!"

waste hours on the spots and pictures on fifty-two gaudy squares of paste-board, is a mystery to me. The game is well enough for sick persons, children and idiots, but I don't see how anybody, whom nature has endowed with brains can waste his time over it.

"Well, I played like a dummy. My eyes were studying the faces of my partners, and my thoughts were trying to solve the riddle of that photograph. I led from a sneak, trumped my partner's ace, played second hand high and third hand low, and in short, I broke every rule of the game.

"At last the intermission gave me a respite. I took my sister aside, while the others were busy with the refreshments.

"See here, Nan," I said, "this nonsense has gone far enough. The chase you've led me for the past three months convinces me of that. I pity the man who marries you if you treat him as you've treated me. You pledged your word that a certain young lady would be here to-night. Now, unless you can give me some good reason for the way you've deceived me, I shall quit the house at once, and I shall be in a hurry to come back."

"I saw that what I said about deception had nettled her a bit, as I intended it should; for if you can get a woman to lose her temper, the truth is coming out.
"John," she said, looking me straight in the eyes, "what were the exact words of my promise to you?"

"You told me that the original of that picture would be here to-night. And she isn't here!"

"John," she said again, and her eyes snapped a little, "the original of that picture is in the room this minute."

"Now, I've studied that photograph so carefully for the last twelve weeks that every feature is printed on my memory, and I'm sorry to say I lost my own temper, and contradicted her flatly.

"That is not so," I said, "and you know it!"

"This was, of course, extremely impolite, even considering the plain speech our customs allow among members of the same family. But instead of being very angry, as I expected she would, and while I was feeling sorry for my rudeness, Nan began to laugh.

"John," she said, "I presume you've looked at that picture once or twice since I let you take it. Didn't you ever notice anything peculiar about the finish? I told you I'd introduce you to its original to-night, and I've kept my word. That is a photograph of the 'Idlers' Whist Club; it's a COMPOSITE!"

"Well, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I was in a daze the rest of the evening, and as soon as I could get away, I came here.

"Now, what in the name of common sense am I to do?"

"Well," said Harry, "I see just two ways out of it for you. Marry them all, and emigrate to some Oriental country."

"Boah!" exclaimed John.

"Or," continued his mentor, "you might pick out the girl who comes nearest to the picture, and see if you can't get her to look at the matter in the same light that you do."

"By Jove!" shouted John, "I'll do it."

And he did.

NOVEL THEORY ABOUT STONES.

Newsboy's Explanation as to Why They Had Stopped Growing.

Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg capitalist, who died recently, took a profound interest in the children of the poor. Hence his gift to Pittsburg of a magnificent public bath, and hence his frequent and friendly conversations with newsboys, bootblacks and messenger boys.

It is said of Mr. Oliver that one day, after buying a paper from a very little chap, he thought he would test the lad's intelligence by putting a few questions to him. Accordingly he pointed to a pile of paving stones and said:

"How were these stones made, son?"

"They wasn't made; they grewed," replied the boy.

"Growed?" How do you mean 'growed'?" said Mr. Oliver.

"They grewed the same as potatoes grow," the boy explained.

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my lad, you are wrong," he said. "Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years, or ten years, or twenty years from now, they would still be the same size."

"Of course," said the little newsboy, sneering. "They've been taken out o' the ground now and have stopped growin', same as potatoes would."

Laughter Reveals Character.

"If" said a gentleman whose forte is the delineation of character, "if I could not gain a clue to the true nature of a man in any other way, I should wait until I heard him laugh.

"He might alter his expression, his voice, and his manner, but his laugh would infallibly betray his inner self. Laughter, in fact, gives a marvelous insight into character. If there is anything false, weak or malicious in a man it always discloses itself in this direction, and we have the laane 'tee-hee' of the feeble-minded, the harsh, grating laugh of the coarse, sordid nature, and the half-suppressed chuckle of the plottier.

"It is the more curious, because crafty people often laugh to cover their real feelings, but to the acute ear the false note is readily apparent, whether the laugh be real or assumed. Frank, honest laughter is a sign of sterling character, and can be confidently relied upon."

Futility of Corporal Punishment.

Flogging is still allowed in English prisons as a punishment for mutiny or violence, but recently published statistics make it doubtful whether even in these extreme cases corporal punishment serves the purpose for which it is intended. It is shown that since the number of prison offenses for which flogging was allowed was reduced in 1898, the number of offenses against prison discipline has decreased from 147 to 131 per 1,000 prisoners, while there has been an increase in the number of those offenses for which the "cat" is still the penalty.

Schools in Russia.

According to the latest statistics, there are 84,544 public schools in the empire of Russia, out of which number 40,131 are under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Public Education, 42,588 under the jurisdiction of the holy synod, and the remainder under other departments. Of the pupils, 73,167 were adults, 3,291,694 boys and 1,203,902 girls. The teachers number 172,000. The maintenance of all these schools costs more than \$25,000,000. The average school tax for city schools is \$9.50 and for village schools \$5 a pupil.

The Night Voyage.

Silent we sailed the phosphorescent seas,
Our ship a craft with shadowy masts
and spars,
While gloomed above, in glorious gal-
axies,
The phosphorescent stars.

The breeze that breathed about us bore
Of coral cove and long land-locked lagoon.
While glistened o'er the tall, hannaed
helm
The Caribbean moon.

A distant pharos from its hidden height
Across the waters flung its beckoning
beam,
And so we glided through the violet
night,
Bound for the bourn of dream.
—Clinton Scollard, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

New Ways to Whiten Teeth.

Up-to-date dentists have several new wrinkles for whitening and polishing the teeth.

One of these is to first dip the brush into salty water and then apply the powder, which should be of the finest quality. After three or four minutes' brushing rub a little dry salt over the teeth, and in time they will become perceptibly whiter. If you want to have teeth like polished ivory, take a piece of charcoal stick, dip it in lemon juice and rub the teeth until they are hot to the touch.

Splendid Spelling Record.

Miss Beatrice Gordon, aged 12, of North Sullivan, Me., has just won a prize for not missing a word in spelling for a ten weeks' term at school.

Prepare for Future Event.

At the birth of a child in Cyprus a vessel of wine is buried, to be served up afterward at its marriage.

KEEP WHEAT MARKET

MATTER OF SERIOUS MOMENT TO AMERICAN FARMERS.

Chamberlain's Idea Is to Have Canada Furnish the Food Products for the Home Country—Would Be Serious Blow to Western Wheat Growers.

On Feb. 5 the Manitoba Legislature unanimously adopted a resolution strongly indorsing Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme. This appears to be the first formal legislative indorsement of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. It was given because that policy would give Canadian wheat growers a better British market than American wheat growers would have.

The United Kingdom is the largest customer of American wheat growers. It takes now practically one-half of all our wheat exports. Moreover, this process, spasmodically applied as it is, is not limited to the American merchant or manufacturer. His English and German competitors, take their occasional fling at it, just as he does, and even our own market is occasionally subjected to the needs of the foreigner for a little ready cash or the relief of an overstocked warehouse.—New York Sun.

Military Work in the Philippines. Reports like that received concerning the wiping out of a band of Moros prove that the pacification of the Philippines requires a constant military watchfulness such as England has practiced in her long course of colonial expansion. It is a fact, however, that the need for the employment of force is steadily diminishing. There have of late been very few disturbances in the more civilized islands of the north, where our earlier campaigns were conducted, and there has been nothing at all resembling a concerted general effort at rebellion against the American authorities.

So far as we may judge from the dispatches, it would seem that the races who followed the leadership of Aguinaldo or acted in co-operation with him have given up the struggle. If there is still an aspiration for independence it does not express itself in the appeal to arms. Instead of anything resembling a national movement there is only the occasional outbreak of some few disaffected persons who are commonly classed as lads.

Canal Treaty Is Ratified. The senate ratified by a vote of 66 to 14 the Hay-Varela, or Panama canal, treaty.

The ratification of the treaty means

One is to reduce our tariff on manu-
factures to such an extent that the

WILL THE SEA SERPENT BE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR?



British people, being able to exchange their manufactures for our wheat, might prefer to reject Mr. Chamberlain's plan and go on as they are. But to do that would injure our manufactures and derange our whole fiscal system. That plan is impracticable.

The other course is to make it worth while for Canada to reject Mr. Chamberlain's plan and refuse to become merely the farm feeding England's mills, by opening to Canada's minerals, timber, and other raw materials a better market in the United States.

Since our own wheat production has practically reached the limits of our new lands, and can be greatly increased hereafter not by increase of area, but only by better culture, we might also open our markets to Canada's wheat, and induce her to send it here instead of to England to be ground.

By reasonable reciprocity concessions to Canada, promptly made, we can, without material injury to ourselves, prevent her economic alliance with Great Britain, bring her into economic alliance with the United States, and prevent the threatened curtailment of our best wheat market.

We can make Canada the farm feeding our mills rather than the farm feeding England's mills. The benefits that such an arrangement would be to us on both sides of the Atlantic are certainly worth consideration.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Slaughtering" Surplus Products.

If a particular British industry, or a particular British establishment, suffers a loss of trade, there are those who raise the cry that the loss is due to slaughter prices on goods from the United States. The cry was recently heard in Canada when American steel rails, on some very large orders, were quoted at \$5 to \$6 per ton below the rates maintained in the United States.

It may be admitted that at certain times and in certain lines American goods have been, are being and will be sold in foreign markets at prices which are below the rates prevailing at the same time in this country. But the argument, as an argument, carries a strong flavor of absurdity. Taken

broadly, there is little warrant for any fear that England's thousands of millions of dollars' worth of manufactured wares, represented by her home consumption and by her exports, stand in any serious peril from the competition of a few millions of dollars' worth of American surplus products sold at low rates for special reasons.

The American business man does not "hanker after" any market which permanently represents only a loss or at best no profit. Moreover, this process, spasmodically applied as it is, is not limited to the American merchant or manufacturer. His English and German competitors, take their occasional fling at it, just as he does, and even our own market is occasionally subjected to the needs of the foreigner for a little ready cash or the relief of an overstocked warehouse.—New York Sun.

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