



It's Easy To Take

Thin, pale, anæmic girls need a fatty food to enrich their blood, give color to their cheeks and restore their health and strength. It is safe to say that they nearly all reject fat with their food.

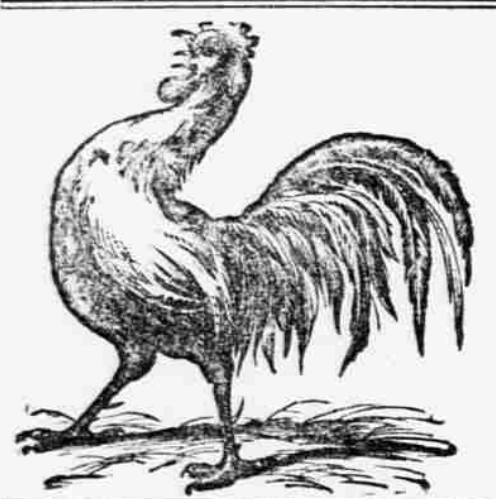
SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

is exactly what they require; it not only gives them the important element (cod-liver oil) in a palatable and easily digested form, but also the hypophosphites which are so valuable in nervous disorders that usually accompany anæmia.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is a fatty food that is more easily digested than any other form of fat. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health. You can get it in this way.

We have known persons to gain a pound a day while taking it.

See and hear all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



THE FIRST BABY.

Its Coming is Looked Forward to With Both Joy and Fear and its Safe Arrival is Hailed With Pride and Delight by All.

The arrival of the first baby in the household is the happiest and most important event of married life. The young wife who is to become a mother delights to think of the happiness in store for her when the little one shall nestle upon her breast and latterly she shall hear it hiss the sweet and holy name, "mother." But her happy anticipation quickly vanishes when she realizes the terrible pain and suffering through which she must pass while bringing the little one into the world. An indescribable fear of the danger attendant upon the ordeal soon dissipates her joyfulness.

Thousands of women have learned by experience that there is absolutely no necessity for the sufferings which attend child-birth; they know that by the use of "Mother's Friend"—a scientific liniment—for a few weeks before the trying hour, expectant mothers can so prepare themselves for the final hour that the pain and suffering of the dreaded event are entirely obviated and it is safely passed through with comparatively little discomfort.

All women are interested, and especially expectant mothers who for the first time have to undergo this trial, in such a remedy; for they know the pain and suffering, to say nothing of the danger, which is in store for them. "Mother's Friend" is woman's greatest blessing, for it takes her safely through the severest ordeal of her life. Every woman should be glad to read the little book "Before Baby is Born," which contains information of great value to all. It will be sent free to any one who sends their address to The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

AVERTED A SMASH UP

HIS SCHEME WAS SIMPLE AND THOROUGHLY EFFECTIVE.

A Safe Plan, Not Patented, That May Be Followed by Railroad Telegraph Operators Who Must Go to Sleep While on Duty.

"However tired or overworked he may be the railroad operator who allows trains to smash into each other while he pounds his ear is a brainless idiot," said William James, an old timer. "When I was a youngster I was in charge of a station down in Pennsylvania. I went to sleep on duty because I couldn't keep awake. Trains met there every hour or so, and I was the only person to run the business at that point. I went to sleep and slept six hours, and there wasn't any smash up or the slightest possibility of one so far as my station was concerned."

"I was 15 years old when I applied for a job to Superintendent Pitcairn of the Philadelphia and Erie. He took me on immediately and sent me out to Kane. That was the place where Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, once lived, and it was named for him. Kane is on top of a mountain, with Wilcox at the bottom on one side and Wetmore on the other. Oil is the great product there now, but in 1896 the traffic was in general freight. Big trains met at Kane, and for a small place the traffic was considerable."

"I was met at the station by a big, wild-eyed man, who said that he guessed I was the kid that was going to relieve him. He said he was glad to get out, but he guessed I'd like the work."

"You'll have the night trick," said he, "and you'll only have to be here from 6 p. m. to 7 a. m."

"I looked up with dismay, but he was striding ahead into the station. He instructed me in my duties, told me of a country tavern about two miles away and then swung on to the train that had been waiting 20 minutes for lunch and was gone."

"When the day man relieved me the next morning, I put for the hotel and found it after tramping about for two hours and made arrangements to stay there. The proprietor's wife seemed to take a motherly interest in me, and that afternoon when I started for work she had a bang up lunch of fried chicken and jam and things."

"Well, that night about 11 o'clock I got hungry for that chicken and hauled out my lunch basket. I had just got things nicely spread out on the instrument table when in came a fat engineer."

"Hello, kid!" said he. "That's too good a feed for you. It'll give you bellyache, sure's the world."

"Whereupon he put me on a bench, sat on my legs and ate my supper. Then he got up, sucking his teeth, and said:

"See them woods over there? pointing across the track. There wasn't anything else in sight. Well, them woods is 40 miles long an 15 miles wide an chuck full o' berries. Go'n eat 'yuself t' death."

"He walked leisurely out to his engine, and I went to the lunch shanty just below the station and ate up two days' salary before I discovered how determined the keeper was to have plenty of money to support his old age."

"The next day I didn't go to the hotel, but staid near the station and plotted revenge. It was the custom to telegraph up from Wilcox the number of passengers who wanted meals at the Kane lunch shanty, and when I got the first message that night after vainly scheming all day an idea struck me. The message read, 'Six suppers on 27.' I made it read 26 and carried it to the lunch keeper, who fairly danced with glee at the unexpected rush. He undoubtedly saw a Fifth Avenue mansion for his old age. Just as 27 pulled in I rushed into the shanty with a message purporting to have come from Wilcox saying that at the last moment 20 passengers had decided to stay there overnight to take part in a local political celebration. Flynn was furious and went to the conductor for corroboration. The latter heard with a grin the story of the 26 prepared suppers and, remembering his own experiences with Flynn's prices on two or three occasions, simply shrugged his shoulders and said:

"How c'n I help it?"

"Well, the loss of sleep that day and the excitement did me up, and about 11 o'clock I found I couldn't keep my eyes open. I took the red lantern and nailed the tin bottom to a tie in the middle of the track and went to the edge of the woods and lay down. When I awoke, the day operator, who had been dragged out of bed two hours ahead of time, was getting the Philadelphia and Erie railroad system into operation again after a six hour suspension of service."

"But there wasn't any smash up, and no lives had been lost, and I got a job two days afterward at Titusville."—New York Sun.

Gilbert's Satire.

W. S. Gilbert meeting the editor of Punch one day remarked as he was leaving him:

"By the bye, Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnand, "thousands."

"Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert as he put out his hand to say goodbye.

Chinese Riddles.

What is the fire that has no smoke and the water that has no fish?

A glowworm's fire has no smoke, and well water has no fish.

Mention the name of an object with two mouths which travels by night and not by day.

A lantern.—Chicago News.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Peculiar Ways in Which It Causes a Young Woman to Act.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly acquired engagement ring?

It feels so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream and awakes clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, on the following day, she wears it only in secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket at table and when in the company of intimates, but place her among strangers or among casual acquaintances who cannot be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flaunt the token before their eyes, as one who should say:

"I may not be the loveliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I have landed my fish."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its significance and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand and suffer in consequence a dozen violent attacks of palpitation of the heart until it is recovered.—London Answers.

THEY DYE THEIR SCALPS.

For Beauty After the Head Has Been Shaved Perfectly Smooth.

A French explorer has discovered the vainest people in the world. By a curious coincidence they happen to be also the ugliest. They are the Pahouins, a savage tribe of the western coast of Africa. The main occupation of these people is the adornment of their persons. As the Pahouin's clothing is of so light a character as not to incommode him he bestows a good share of his thought upon the adornment of his body, which he tattoos in elaborate designs done in red or blue. Or a more fanciful effect is obtained by tattooing in relief by injecting underneath the skin the juice of a plant which produces a permanent swelling. Sometimes the face and body are also tinted with a dye, red being the color most in demand.

The same methods are used in adorning the face, especial attention being given to the nose. Many of the Pahouins after tattooing or painting their noses pierce them with long, slender bones. Others after piercing the nose attach to it a string of colored pearls. Both men and women concentrate their efforts on their hair. Their ingenuity, which is shown in the construction of scores of different headdresses of bone and metal for the men of the tribe, chiefly the warriors, is illustrated in a far greater degree by the coiffures of the women.

The extreme of simplicity in the Pahouin women's method in making themselves beautiful is to shave the head till it is smooth and round as a ball and then to color it with a dye.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Addressed the Jury.

A man who had never seen the inside of a courtroom until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scottish courts, on being sworn took a position with his back to the jury and began telling the story to the judge.

The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said:

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative.

The judge was then more explicit and said to him: "Speak to the jury, sir, the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned around and making an awkward bow said with perfect gravity:

"Good morning, gentlemen."—Buffalo Courier.

A Catalogue.

"Miss Mary," said the sable maiden, "we 'spect to have an entertainment at our chuch nex' week, and I got to speak a piece. I was jest goin to ast you if you had a book with some ob them pieces in?"

"Why, yes, Dora, I have a book of recitations. What kind of a piece do you want?"

"Well, I was thinkin ob somep'n in de nature ob a catalogue."

"A what?"

"A catalogue—you know, a piece with one person a-talkin and 'nother one answerin 'em back. Has you got a piece like dat? I'd like it fust rate."—New York Tribune.

A Secret of Youth.

One night at a reception which Senator Beveridge and I attended soon after his election the hostess said in mock surprise:

"Are you Senator Beveridge, the senator from Indiana?"

The senator bowed modestly.

"It hardly seems possible. Why, you are a mere beardless youth!"

"Madam," replied Mr. Beveridge without a smile, "I shave."—Saturday Evening Post.

Paraguay Tea.

When the yerba mate, or native tea of Paraguay, is cultivated, the seeds are treated to an acid bath before planting. This softens the hard shell which surrounds the kernel of the seeds and enables them to sprout in three or four months. If planted in their natural state, it requires three or four years for the seeds to germinate.

A SLEEPY GUEST.

Why the Lady of the House Was Indignant Over His Conduct.

There is a well known legal light of Chicago who is in deep disgrace without the shadow of an excuse for himself to bolster up his shuffling spirits. He went out to Hyde Park the other night to dine informally with some friends, and his hostess, who had been married but a short time, put herself out to entertain him. The dinner was excellent, and the judge did full justice to it. They had coffee in the library, and the biggest, most padded leather chair was put at the guest's disposal. With a sigh he sank into its cavernous depths and prepared for a luxurious evening with a good cigar ahead of him. Brilliantly his hostess rambled on. She told stories that were witty, and she gently deferred to his views, but presently he left her to do all the talking. In the midst of a striking account of a theater party she stopped with a jerk. There was no response and a dead silence punctuated only by a gentle and regular breathing. The judge was fast asleep in his big chair. There was no doubt of it. Nothing could conceal the fact. With one indignant and comprehensive glance at her plainly delighted husband she arose and majestically swept up stairs. And she did not go down again.

It was some time later when her husband apologetically came up after her. He had not expected her wrath to last. "Did you think you were badly treated?" he asked.

"How long did he sleep?" asked the still insulted wife.

Again the grin overspread her husband's face, but he spoke in a sad tone, as befitted the occasion. "Nearly an hour," he breathed. "I wouldn't mind," pacifically.

Then it was the worm turned. "Mind!" she stormed. "Of course I wouldn't, only you have grounds now for the rest of your life for saying I talk so much it puts people to sleep!" And she wept.—Chicago News.

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