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Wide was her smile, for triplets they be, She lays her good luck to Rocky Mountain Tea. (Great baby medicine) L. W. McConnell.

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of a woman's life is the name often given to "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. The change lasts three or four years, and causes much pain and suffering, which can, however, be cured, by taking

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"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH"
I suffered, writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., "until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it."

NELSON'S FIGHTING MEN.

Had Few Pleasures and Faced Death With a Jest.

Of the "wooden walls of England," the great sailing ships in which Admiral Nelson won his victories, and of the men who worked them, a critic writes: "Though beautiful to behold and terrible to fight with, those old men-of-war were more often than not abodes of tyranny and wretchedness. The violence of the press gangs, which seized men of all ages and occupations, was but a prelude to the oppression that followed. Decent men were herded indiscriminately with ruffians, the rights of free born Englishmen were rudely snatched from them—for them thenceforward there was no law save the will of the captain and the dread articles of war. Shore going leave was nonexistent, the food was atrocious and scanty, punishments were barbarous, and the only thing served out with any liberality was rum, on which the men got drunk and then were flogged for that offense at the gratings next morning.

"In Nelson's time the seaman had few pleasures save the prospect of a hot fight and his daily pint of rum. But to these must be added the vain-glorious satisfaction he took in his clothes. When rigged out in his best he frequently wore rings in his ears and silver buckles on his low shoes, his short blue jacket would be decorated with gold buttons and colored ribbons sewed down the seams to give an additional gayety, his waistcoat might be red or canary, and a black silk handkerchief would be knotted loosely round his throat. As the finishing touch his hair would be hanging in a cue down his back. The broad collars were first worn as a protection against the grease and pomatum used in dressing the pigtail.

"But all these fripperies were discarded when the guns were cast loose from their lashings and the linestocks were lighted. It was the custom of the men when going into action to strip to their waists. They took their black silk handkerchiefs and bound them very tightly round their heads over their ears, so that the roar of the guns might not deafen them for life. It was remarked that men going into action always wore a sullen frown, however merry they were in their talk.

"Methods followed in that day were curiously primitive and tollsome, but the results were undoubtedly satisfactory save to the nameless and numberless sailors who met grim death on the black and blood stained decks or in the dark horror of the cockpit. That those hardy and careless men often faced death or disablement with a jest or a cheer only renders their unconscious heroism the more impressive."—Chicago News.

Four Good Reasons.

An amusing incident happened the other day at a club which had hospitably thrown open its doors to two other clubs. A certain well known officer in the brigade of guards was guilty of the offense of smoking in the morning room. As a matter of fact, he was under the impression that it was the smoking room. A brother officer told him of his mistake. He went up to the only other occupant of the room, an old gentleman dozing in a corner, and apologized for having inadvertently broken one of the rules of the club. The old gentleman replied, without haste, as follows: "My dear sir, pray do not apologize. In the first place, I am sure you would not have smoked had you known that it was prohibited; in the second, I should be the last person to blame you if you had done so; in the third, I am not a member of the club, and in the fourth, I have just been smoking myself."—London Globe.

The Empire of Dollars.

Wall street is the capital of the empire of dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals and its camarillas, and, like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together at times in defense of the dollar and of property rights. The empire of dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those Venice bankers who "financed" the crusaders. We do not like to think of those Wall street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our civil war, when the nation needed gold.—Samuel Merwin in Success Magazine.

Time For a Change.

What shall we do with our parents? There is my father ruining himself and me by his willful ignorance and my mother ruining us by her extravagances. It is a great development of the times that the ordinary child who is past twenty is altogether better educated, more experienced and wiser than are his parents! It has occurred to me to suggest that after the eldest child reaches twenty the parents should therefore come under the control of the children.—Letter in London Graphic.

Belgium Shrimp Fishers.

Horses play an important part in shrimp fishing along the Belgian coast. A procession of weather beaten fishermen starts from the shore, each man mounted upon the back of a trained horse, dragging the triangular purse shaped net which scoops in the shrimp as it passes over the sands. These fishermen on horseback frequently make hauls of several hundredweight in a single trip.

"David Harum," the novel written by the late Edward Noyes Westcott, netted the author's estate about \$125,000, according to a statement made in the surrogate's court, Syracuse, N. Y.

JAPAN'S LITTLE MOTHERS.

They Are Quaint Features of Life in the Mikado's Empire.

Not the least interesting and picturesque feature of Japanese life is the "little mother," as the matron of fair Japan is sometimes called. Japanese women are so small, as a rule, that a group of them would often be taken by foreigners for girls of ten or twelve were it not for the babies on their backs. As is well known, the Japanese mamma ordinarily carries her little boy or girl "pickaback," and she calls the baby "treasure flower." Sometimes even girls of seven or eight carry baby brothers or sisters on their backs, and as soon as a little miss can toddle she has her doll and goes about with it slung over her shoulders as if it were a real baby.

Like the Indian mother, who carries her papoose slung over her back in a



A JAPANESE LITTLE MOTHER.

baby frame while she attends to the often arduous duties of her sphere, the Nippon woman who has a "treasure flower" does not allow it to interfere with the performance of household labors. She goes about her toil in the house or the garden or shop with the baby on her back, and young Japan learns early to take everything as it comes. One sees little girls in the streets of Japanese cities running and jumping about, playing at skipping the rope and such children's diversions, the infants on their backs all the time and not only making no protest, but sleeping peacefully through it all.

THE WAR LORD.

Emperor William and His Interest in Military Affairs.

The German emperor is as fond of martial display as President Roosevelt, and, like America's chief magistrate, he knows every detail of war preparation. He has made a very careful study of military matters, loves to ride at the head of his troops and would doubtless lead the German army into the field if his empire made war.

During military maneuvers he often talks with private soldiers. "What is your name?" he said recently. The question was addressed to a soldier of huge proportions and with a face that spoke of good humored simplicity and honesty.

"I am called Johann Andree, your majesty."

"Andree!" said the emperor. "Then



EMPEROR WILLIAM PLANNING A SHAM BATTLE.

you are the namesake of a very celebrated man. Did you know that?"

"Your majesty means Andree, the polar explorer?"

"Of course! How did you come to hear of him?"

"My captain told me that my name was the same as his, your majesty."

"And what else has your captain told you about him?"

"Very little, your majesty. He only said that he wished the other Andree had taken me with him."

"I don't think your captain meant that to be taken quite seriously," laughed the emperor, and slipping a coin into the man's hand, he went on his way. The point of the joke is, of course, that Explorer Andree never came back.

FEROCIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

An Incident in the Life of the Tragedian Macready.

Between Macready and my brother Charles existed a kind of ferocious friendship. Macready, whatever he may have been in private life, had at the theater a simply horrible temper and he was in the habit of using at rehearsals and even in an undertone when acting the most abusive language—language which my brother sometimes passed by with a smile, but which he occasionally hotly resented. He did not mind Macready constantly addressing him as "beast," but he objected to having his eyes, his limbs and his internal organs coupled with invective terms. Yet, oddly enough, the great tragedian, with whom he was constantly quarrelling, had a grim respect and liking for him. He knew him to be a gentleman and a scholar and one who was a competent judge of picturesque effect and an acute dramatic critic. On one occasion Macready having to play "Othello," and my brother not being included in the cast, the tragedian thus addressed him: "Beast, I want you to go in front tonight and give me afterward a full and candid opinion as to the merits of my acting. Omit nothing. Tell me how I played and how I looked. I have an idea that I shall surpass myself this evening." Now, the great actor used to go through a tremendous amount of realistic effort in the part of Othello and toward the close of the tragedy would get into such a disorganized physical condition that he was all perspiration and foaming at the mouth and presented a somewhat shocking spectacle.

My brother duly occupied a seat in the front row of the dress circle and narrowly watched the performance from beginning to end. Then he went behind the scenes and repaired to Macready's dressing room. The artist was being disrobed by his dresser and was panting with excitement in an armchair.

"Well, beast, what was it like?"

"My brother told him that he had derived the highest gratification from the performance and he had never seen him play Othello more superbly. He was magnificent in his speech to the Venetian senate, the jealousy scenes with Iago were splendid, the murder of Desdemona was superb, and he died indimitably. Macready's face lighted up more and more as my brother answered his many queries.

"'Tis well, beast," he observed at last. "'Tis well—very well, and now, what was my appearance—how did I look, beast?"

My brother cogitated for a moment and then, with perfect candor, replied, "Like a sweep, sir!"—G. A. Sala's Recollections.

Unloaded on the Editor.

Soon after arriving in London Justin McCarthy obtained an introduction to an editor who had started what was then the novel feature of publishing short stories in newspapers. Mr. McCarthy wrote a story for him and sent it in. A few days later he called at the office to learn its fate.

"I hope you can see your way to accept it," he said timidly.

"Yes, and sixty more like it," replied the editor.

Nothing more was heard of Mr. McCarthy for several months. When he eventually put in an appearance at the office he had a large parcel with him.

"What have you got there?" asked the editor, seeing him untie the cord.

"These are the sixty stories you asked me to write," answered his visitor. The editor gasped for breath.

"But I didn't ask you to write anything like that number!" he said.

"You expressed your willingness to accept sixty stories like the one I wrote on approval, and here they are. I merely took you at your word," quoth the young Irishman. The stories were not refused.

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1789) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up, without extinction for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

Dickens and Thackeray.

"I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth. He left the day of my arrival," writes Leveson-Gower in his memoirs. "Thackeray came that same afternoon and was anxious to hear about Dickens' visit. He wondered whether he had tumbled the duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another."

A Careful Wife.

Hubby (desperately)—Give me your clothesline. I'm going to hang myself. Wife (sweetly)—Oh, George, I'm so sorry. This clothesline is so rotten it won't hold you. You'll have to buy one, dear.—Cleveland Leader.

Sad Result of Experiment.

Aunt Ann—You think John no longer loves you? New Wife (sobbing)—I know it, auntie! I p-put on an ug-ugly old hat this morning and he never noticed the dif-dif-difference!—Chicago Tribune.

Most people think when they receive a favor that it is merely a sample, and that if the goods suit they can come back for more.

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