

Some Tersey Toes

The Disappointed Sutor.
Admiral Evans, at a dinner at Narragansett, said, apropos of disappointment: "A young planter whom I knew in my youth in Virginia was in love with a girl of great beauty. She had many suitors, and to all of them she was more partial than to my friend. But he, though snubbed continually, remained faithful."
"One Sunday evening when he called, the girl's little brother admitted him. The youngster led him into the parlor, went upstairs to announce his name, and then, returning, said:
"Sit down, Mr. Sparker. She will see you in a few minutes."
"Sparker said, in a relieved and cheery voice:
"I am glad of that. I was afraid she might ask to be excused, as she has done so often before."
"No fear of that this time. I played a trick on her," said the little brother.
"How was that?" Sparker asked.
"Why," said the lad, "I pretended you were some one else."—New York Tribune.

Stupidity by Indorsement.
Before President Angell of the University of Michigan had declined to his present high position a young hopeful entering college was recommended to his consideration.
"Try the boy out, professor; criticize him and tell us both what you think," the parent said.
To facilitate acquaintance the professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence the youth ventured: "Fine day, professor."
"Yes," with a far away look.
Ten minutes more and the young man squirming all the time, ventured: "This is a pleasant walk, professor."
"Yes."
For another ten minutes the matriculate boiled to see the bones and then hurried out that he thought they might have rain.
"Yes." And this time the professor went on: "Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and dull."
"True," answered the boy, his wrath passing his modesty, "and you indorsed every word I said."
Then they laughingly shook hands, and went home from the professor that day with good friends.—Detroit Free Press.

How Bishop Williams Escaped.
The late Bishop Williams of the Episcopal diocese of Connecticut was a confirmed bachelor, and had a deep rooted antipathy for becoming entangled in Cupid's net. One afternoon he was visited by a rather effusive maiden lady of his acquaintance, who was also his ardent admirer.
"Well, Bishop," she remarked, after some unimportant preliminary skirmishing, "I have had a vision from the Lord that you and I are to be married."
The bishop looked at her, overcame with consternation and amazement at her presumption. But only for a short time was he at a loss; then, his wit coming to the rescue, he replied:
"Wait a moment, madam; I haven't had my vision yet."—Boston Herald.

In Bad Company.
A Glasgow holiday-maker was brought up on a charge of drunk and disorderly.
"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the magistrate. "You look respectable and ought to be ashamed to stand there."
"I'm verra sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Gleeca," humbly replied the prisoner.
"What sort of company?"
"A lot of teetotalers," was the startling response.
"What, sir?" cried the bailie (a teetotaler) in rage, "do you mean to say that abstainers are bad company; I think they are the best of company for such as you, sir."

The Old Surgeon Passed Him.
A bright, stalwart young man, who had just graduated from a medical college, applied for examination to enter the United States navy. He was directed to appear before a medical board composed of old naval surgeons.
After a cruel and lengthy examination Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the president of the board, asked, rather abruptly: "Doctor, suppose you were called to see a man who had just been blown up, what is the first thing you would do?"
With emphasis he replied: "Wait till he came down, sir."
Colonel Gorgas looked at him keenly and continued: "Suppose, for your impertinent answer, I should kick you, what muscles would I bring into play?"
"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down."
"You'll pass," said the colonel, with a smile.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Hustling the Clergy.
A western newspaper man once connected with a journal in Denver, was one day in conversation with his chief when a clerical-looking gentleman entered the office.
"Sir," said he gravely, "I intend next Sunday to preach a sermon upon your case, and it is our duty to that an enterprising paper like yours would be pleased to have my manuscript. I have no doubt that any number of your readers would be glad to read it, and—"
"All right, all right!" interrupted the busy editor, "but hurry up, hurry up! Get it in early—early, mind! Our sporting page is the first to close."—Harper's Weekly.

President Harris' Bath.
"Nutsy," the janitor in a freshman dormitory at Amherst college, was in the habit of extinguishing the corridor lights at 11 o'clock each night. The freshmen planned a joke on "Nutsy," and arranged a pail of water over a door where a certain light was, in such a manner as to automatically tip over on the janitor on that auspicious night, and prepared to watch and catch.
Night came, and with it "Nutsy," and the freshmen all apparently asleep. "Nutsy" extinguished the light, with the desired result. He opened one of the dormitory doors and called out: "Well, boys, let's light up." And there, drenching wet to their consternation, stood George Harris, Dr. D. L. D., president of Amherst. "Nutsy" happened to be ill and the president himself had attended to the duty.—Boston Herald.

The Whole Thing.
When Professor Elliot of Harvard was touring on the Pacific coast he visited the University of Washington at Seattle. Professor O. E. Johnson was at that time one of the leading lights of the college and President Elliot became very much interested in him. During the course of a conversation the eastern president asked the western man what chair he held. "I am professor of biology, but I also give instructions in meteorology, botany, physiology, chemistry, entomology and a few others." "I should say that you occupied a whole settee, not a chair," replied Harvard's chief.

Honor of Rockefeller.
John D. Rockefeller is not generally credited with a sense of humor, but that he is not entirely lacking in it the following incident, which happened when he was last in Chicago and a guest of Dr. Harper of the University of Chicago, goes to prove. It occurred just after he had given \$10,000 to the Congregational church for some purpose.
Among the guests at a dinner given by Dr. Harper during the visit of Mr. Rockefeller, was Mrs. Cyrus McCormick of this city, whose deafness makes necessary the use of an ear trumpet. She was seated next to the head of the Standard Oil interests, and when the dinner was in full swing Mr. Rockefeller suddenly turned to the lady who sat at his side.
"Mrs. McCormick," he spoke into the trumpet.
"Yes."
"Do you know where I got that money—I gave—the Con—gre—ga—tion—alist?"
"Do I know?" replied Mrs. McCormick, "why, how could I know?"
"Well," Mrs. McCormick—nick—your—son—wanted—me—to—go—into—a—business—deal—and—I—went. I—made—two—hundred—thousand—dollars—and—I—gave—half—of—it—to—the—Con—gre—ga—tion—alist. Say, Mrs. McCormick—do—you—think—that—money—was—baited?"
The reply of Mrs. McCormick was lost in the laughter that followed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Number Seven at 90.
Ninety years old, six times married and

the father of forty-four children, with grandchildren galore. Jacob Kinney of Henrico county, Virginia, obtained a license to take a seventh bride. The woman of his choice is Ann Green, a widow, who admits having passed the sixtieth mile post. The old man, who has been a widower for some time, says he feels the need of a helpmate, although he is able to get about as well as he did twenty years ago and can do considerable work around his farm.

If All Wives Would Believe.
Chairman Shonts of the isthmian canal commission said the other day, in illustration of woman's credulity:
"A young man entered the drawing-room of the girl whom he was soon to marry."
"Oh, John," she said, "father say you this morning went into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle."
"John flushed. Then he said in a low voice:
"Yes; that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are frightfully hard up."
"Oh, John! Forgive me!" exclaimed the young girl. "How truly noble you are!"—New York Tribune.

Encouraging Matrimony.
Apparently the German town of Haschmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness.
Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed and the oldest women in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while \$50 is the reward for the one marrying the cripplé. All women over 40 who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses names which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town.
The average price paid is \$50 to each, unless they should be unusually numerous, when the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when in their judgment it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly unfortunate woman.

A Plague of Vermin.
In the town of Merivita in New South Wales a plague of mice is disturbing the people. Recently 10,000 mice were killed in four nights in one store. Upward of 500 were captured while a cricket net was unrolled. Four or five bushels of oats in a bag were appropriated by the mice in a night. A local well ceased to yield water, and on examination it was found to contain a solid mass of dead mice, several feet deep. Food, water and bedding are over-run, contaminated and injured. The townspeople are fighting the terrible little vermin's night and day, but at last accounts they had made little impression upon the swarms of vermin.

Stay of Proceedings.
Justice Giegerich of the New York supreme court is fond of sailing, and a few days ago he invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go down the bay with him. At the start the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale and made the little craft toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions. Justice Giegerich, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the other's shoulder and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?"
"Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones. "You will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion."—New York Times.

The Handy Retort.
Many women resent the familiarity practiced by street car conductors in boistering them against a jerk of the car. In preventing their alighting from a car or in requesting them to get lively," etc. Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, tells of a woman of this class who was rather morbid on the subject. One day, when the motorman was putting on brakes and slowing up, she arose, and the conductor shouted, "Wait, lady, until the car stops."
"Don't address me, sir, as lady," she indignantly replied. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, replied the conductor, "but all of us is liable to make mistakes."
A Scotch laboring man who had married a rich widow remarkable for her plainness was accused by his employer. "Well, Thomas," he said, "I hear you are married. What sort of a wife have you got?"
"Weel, sir," was the response, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I canna say she's His masterpiece."—New York Tribune.

NO LONGER Baffles MEDICAL SKILL



MRS. B. F. SMITH, Columbia, Mo.
Of the discoveries and advance of science made in the nineteenth century, none is of more vital importance to the human family than the discovery by Dr. Eys, the celebrated Cancer Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., of a successful Combination Oil Treatment for Cancer and other Malignant Diseases. By this discovery Dr. Eys has made a great advance for medical science, and those afflicted with this terrible disease need no longer suffer a living death. While it is statistically true that the number of Cancer cases is increasing, the fact is much less alarming in view of this wonderful discovery.
Without knife or other painful treatment, Dr. Eys has permanently cured more than 5,000 cases with his Combination Soothing Balm Oil. Before his discovery the surgeon's knife or the burning plaster were applied only because nothing better was known. Instead of driving the cancerous poison out of the system, these remedies drove it throughout the system, where it thoroughly envenomed the body. The percentage of cases after a short interval, it would reappear, and the patient would be obliged to undergo a new course of treatment, and finally die.
Dr. Eys' Combination Oil and internal alterative effectually cure the cancerous poison from the body, heal the cancerous sore and effect a complete and permanent cure. The expense of taking the treatment is light, as in nearly all cases the treatment can be taken at your home, and a cure effected in a few weeks.
(From the Florida Christian Advocate.)
White Springs, Fla.,
November 18, 1904.

To the Florida Christian Advocate, Tallahassee, Fla.: Dear Editor—If it will be too great a trouble on your valuable space, I beg that you give publication in the columns of the Advocate, my own experience with that dread disease, Cancer. And if perchance this letter should be the means of directing some poor, abandoned sufferer in the road to a restored health, my full object in writing it will have been obtained.
About four years ago a small lump appeared in my left breast, which soon began to grow; slowly at first, but more rapidly as it increased in size. Being convinced almost from the first appearance of the lump that it was afflicted with cancer, and believing that, owing to the very much shattered condition of my whole nervous system and the sluggish and irregular action of the heart, that I could not survive a surgical operation, I began to give attention to the numerous advertised "Cancer Cures," some of which I tried without benefit. In the meantime the lump had grown until it was about six inches across and fully three inches deep. Sharp pains had begun to dart through it, and a purple spot appeared on the apex, indicating that the cancer was getting ready to break down, and while I did not cease praying Almighty God to direct me to some remedy that would cure me, I felt as one condemned to die, and was, with all the fortitude at my command, simply waiting for the end to come.
This was my condition, when some time in last December, I saw advertised in the Advocate, "The Eys Combination Oil Cure," by Dr. W. O. Eys, P. O. box 1111, Kansas City, Mo. This advertisement, and some causes, gave me renewed hope, and I lost no time in putting myself under the treatment, with the result that I am cured of cancer, but the cavity left by its removal rapidly filled and healed over so that there is not now much sign left to tell the story. The heart responded quickly to the constitutional part of the treatment, with the result that my circulation is now good and my general health better than it has been in many years.
The Combination Oil Cure may not be infallible, but, judging from my personal experience with it, I do believe, if persistently used before any vital part is attacked, that it will effect a cure, and I feel it my Christian duty to make known to suffering humanity what I have done for me.

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Dr. Eys is anxious that every one afflicted with Cancer, Tumor, Flatula, Piles, Eczema, Womb Disease, or any malignant disease, know of his cure, and his recovery, and will send his illustrated book on these diseases free on request. Write DR. EYS, 908 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

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Many disastrous and fatal accidents have been directly caused through Epilepsy or Fits. Not long ago a prominent business man, and recently a New York paper published an account of a young lady who, while sitting at a table in the third floor of a building, sustaining fatal injuries, but it is not the only case. I, J. T., who has the most extensive experience on record, in the writing of this book, suddenly came on the point of a seizure, and I suddenly

uttered a heart-rending yell and fell from his perch, his feet still in the stirrups. The pony became frightened and started to run. Bill, his boy, who was next to me, saw the pony start, and he saw the pony and saved Chasman's life. Chasman had been warned not to ride, as he was subject to terrible attacks of epilepsy, since his boy, Dr. Fred E. Grant's cure for Epilepsy, and to quite his life. He has prepared a remedy, which is a vegetable compound and he emphatically states that this preparation will permanently and positively cure him in all his forms, no matter from what cause he wishes to continue otherwise. His statement is a fact, he therefore has every reason in the United States suffering with Epilepsy or Fits to send their names and address to Dr. Fred E. Grant, 811 New Ridge Road, Kansas City, Mo., and receive free of charge a full 16-ounce bottle. Remember, it is not a simple bottle, it is a large full 16-ounce bottle and it costs you nothing. It can be positively stated that every case will be permanently cured by the use of this treatment. Our advice is write today and take advantage of this generous offer.

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Gossip and Stories About Noted People

Mayor Collins' Quick Wit.
The quick wit and sparkling humor of the late Mayor Collins of Boston, were not the least among his engaging qualities. His "sayings" and epigrams would make a brilliant chapter in his biography. There was, for example, that sally at a Jackson dinner in Boston some years ago, the frequent repetition of which has not lessened its favor. Collins was at that time a congressman, and had come on from Washington to attend the dinner. A neighbor at the table—a guest from abroad—expressing his intention to visit the capital on the occasion of the dedication of the Washington monument, Gen. Collins courteously remarked that he might be able to show him some special courtesies there since he represented on the committee one of the thirteen original states. Thereupon an austere neighbor, overhearing, observed: "That's a new departure, Collins. Are you posing as a Puritan or a son of a Pilgrim?"
"Son of a Pilgrim" was the quick retort, "not at all. I'm an original Pilgrim. I came over!"
And there it was that other classic—his retort courteous to Dr. A. A. Miner—the apostle of prohibition, when the two were opposing counsel upon a Massachusetts legislative committee on a proposed license law. Collins had been pressing the doctor pretty close, and the good man, hard fighter though he was, at length appealed to the chair for respect for the work he had done in the temperance cause. Then Collins, with a gesture of apology and his winning smile, arose and remarked: "I think, Mr. Chairman, we are prepared to admit all that Dr. Miner wants to claim for himself. In fact, I should be willing to agree that Dr. Miner would be a very worthy citizen if he would only let run alone!"

A Generous Giver.
Senator Knox is sometimes a generous giver to worthy causes. Shortly after the blizzard of 1898 a woman representing a charitable organization called on him at his office and asked him for a contribution to a fund for buying coal for the poor. Mr. Knox promptly wrote his name on her paper and opposite it a sum so large that the fair caller almost gasped. "What special disposition of this money do you wish made," Mr. Knox inquired the woman, looking in his face. "I don't care," was the reply. "Whether the cases are worthy or unworthy, all are cold."

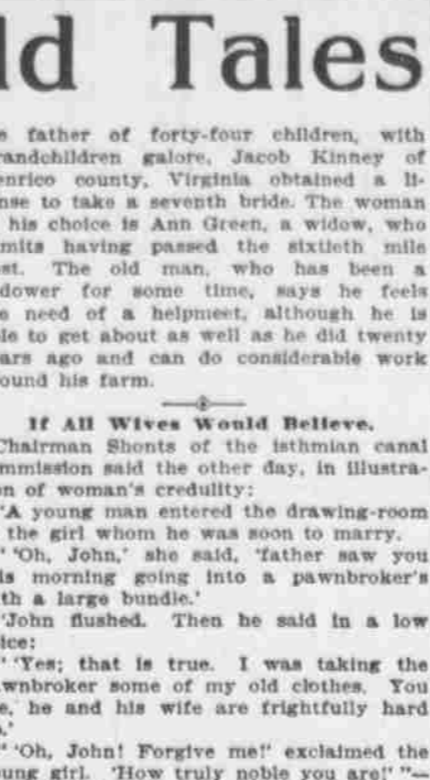
An Unsuccessful Interview.
Senator Daniel of Virginia was being interviewed in a Philadelphia hotel by a reporter. The reporter with great ingenuity was giving what he regarded as the reasons that brought the senator to the Quaker city. The youth's deductions caused the older man to smile and shake his head.

Traits of Lord Kitchener.
Lord Kitchener, whose recent appointment as military autocrat in India caused Lord Curzon to resign his position as viceroy, is thus described by G. W. Stevens, the famous war correspondent: "He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit; he seems built for tireless, steady endurance rather than for power or agility. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by delicate brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache beneath which his divine air is immovable motion; his face is harsh and neither appeals for affection nor attracts dislike. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and will so perfect in their workings that in the face of extreme difficulty they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the stride otherwise than as seeing the right thing and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring he is more like a machine than a man."

Roosevelt's Debt to Senator Murphy.
When the name of Theodore Roosevelt came before the senate for confirmation as assistant secretary of the navy, relates Harper's Weekly, there developed a lack of enthusiasm most perplexing to Senator Lodge. Several leading republican senators were suspiciously absent and there seemed to be a quiet understanding among the democrats most disconcerting to the nominee's friend. Hasty inquiry elicited the information that Senator Gorman had effected a combination sure to result in rejection, unless some democratic votes could be won over. Mr. Lodge happened to know that personally Senator Murphy of New York was not unfriendly to Mr. Roosevelt, and going over to his desk, stated the case to him and sought his assistance. Senator Murphy inquired, went over to Senator Gorman and asked his reasons for opposing the confirmation.
"First," was the answer, "because he is wholly unpositioned by temperament for any executive position; secondly, because he cannot help making reckless assertions that are certain to get the government into trouble; finally, because he stood up before

an audience in Maryland and called Senator Gorman a liar. Those reasons seemed to me sufficient. I have him beaten. I assume, of course, that you are with me."
Senator Murphy thought a moment and replied: "Senator, your first two reasons do not seem to me sufficiently important. The third does not seem to me at all vital, for the simple reason that the people of Maryland know that Senator Gorman is not a liar. Still, I should be with you in that if he came from any other state. But he comes from my state and my wishes should be considered. I have no particular interest in him, but he is a square fellow, and once he did something that he could do properly, but needn't have done, because I asked him to do it. I am sorry, senator, to disappoint you, but I shall have to do what I can for him, and I shall insist, with the others, upon my prerogative as the only democratic senator from the state he comes from."
In the unwritten code of the senate there was no gainsaying the argument and the confirmation was confirmed, to the accompaniment of Senator Gorman's bitter reflection that every man voting in the affirmative would live to regret his action. How closely the prophecy has been fulfilled would constitute the basis of an interesting inquiry.

Income of Japan's Ruler.
The yearly allowance of the mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides, he has the yearly incomes of \$600,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, of \$50,000 from his private estate, which amounts to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests covering an area of 5,154,873 acres and valued at \$12,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,550,000. Thus his yearly net income amounts to \$1,750,000. There are in all sixty members in the imperial family, inclusive of eleven married and four widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth.



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