

COLE'S AIR TIGHT HEATERS

Fire is Nver Out. Air Tight Always



If you want to burn wood or lighter fuel, you will appreciate the advantages to be found in Cole's Original Air-Tight Wood Stove.

Wood, chips and even waste paper and rubbish make excellent fuel, and are burned with the greatest economy in our stove.

By reason of the absolutely air-tight construction of the stove, which gives a perfect control over the air supply through the one draft, all the gasses set free from the burning fuel are retained in the stove until burned. The saving of this gas nearly doubles the heat, and at the same time makes our stove the only clean and hygienic wood heater on the market.

The combustion of wood and lighter fuel is so perfect in this stove, and it requires so little fuel to do the work that it takes four weeks of constant use to form an average-sized hodful of ashes. If you have been using a leaky stove which forms ashes like a bonfire, you will appreciate the cleanliness and convenience of a stove from which ashes are removed only five or six times during the winter, and should arrange at once for the purchase of a Cole's Air-Tight Heater.

EVERY STOVE GUARANTEED TO REMAIN ABSOLUTELY AIR-TIGHT AS LONG AS USED.

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SALEM,

PUTS HER FEET ON PILLOW.

Madame Wade Introduces Novelty in Position for Sleep.

(New York Sun.)

Mrs. Wade gave the corset a complete rest yesterday at the corset demonstration in Masonic temple. Furthermore, she never once mentioned the diaphragm. She concerned herself merely with the matter of correct walking, sitting and sleeping.

But first, standing timidly—Mrs. Wade is occasionally timid—behind a large green chair all in her light blue negligee, she said in a hoarse whisper: "There's a man over there," at the same time pointing.

There was. With brushes, brooms and feather dusters they shooed him out. Then the show went on.

Mrs. Wade stood in her usual position in the center of the stage. She had the blue negligee buttoned at the top, but toward the nether extremity there appeared to be something or other lacking. The moment Mrs. Wade advances upon the stage she begins almost automatically to unbutton. It has become a second nature, apparently.

She had taken only one or two meditative steps forward when the negligee flew open at the top, then further

down, then further and further down until all eyes were opened in expectation of the same old corset, only to be disappointed.

She was clothed altogether differently, this time in white. At first it looked as if she had had her legs painted, but it was only her white stockings. A peculiar effect of pantaloons was revealed where the famous union suit left off a trifle previously. She wore white shoes. Her principal garment left off somewhat suddenly at the kneecap. There was no ruffle on it. Only a plain and genteel hem.

"Keep a straight line from the center of the bust down," began Mrs. Wade, "and you'll be all right no matter what happens." She indicated this line so that there would be no mistaking it. "Then walk on the balls of your feet."

"Keep the tendons of your legs perfectly firm," she added, and you will be equal to any emergency. Many of life's ills may be traced indirectly to a limber-leg tendon. Throw your chin well into the air, as if you owned the earth—it doesn't matter whether you do or not, so you seem to.

"Then walk straight ahead without caring whether anybody is looking at you or not, and everybody will look

at you. Don't turn your head to see whether your bustle is on straight or not. Wear one of our self-adjusting bustles and rest assured it will take care of itself. Fasten all your pads on firmly and let it go at that.

"Put on one of our corsets," she continued, "and wear it in the way I have taught you to wear it, and let the rest of the world take care of itself. Now, I am going to show you how to sit. No. Not on the balls of your feet. You arrange yourself gracefully with an arm thrown over something. What's that?"

"Yes. Or somebody, if you prefer. Hold your shoulders in the same position as in walking; never throw them forward, never telescope"—she showed how amid laughter—"then cross your feet if that suits you and you are in a position of perfect rest."

A mattress was brought in and stretched on a table, and some women occupied themselves in covering it with sheets, and putting two large, soft pillows into pillow slips. It was evident that Madame Wade was about to retire. It is generally supposed that she is descended from South Sea Islanders, she has so generous a disregard of clothing. All eyes gaped to see what garments she would discard next. Again they were destined to disappointment. She climbed on a chair at the foot of the improvised bed as she was in the modest little garment of the hem and her stocking feet.

"Now," said she, in the position of a swimmer about to dive, "I am going to teach you how to sleep; but first," to the assistants, "put one pillow at the foot and the other at the head. My feet always have a pillow to sleep on."

"Do you sleep on the balls of your feet?" asked a voice. Madame Wade is death on the balls of the feet.

"Practically," she replied. "Of course I understand that people have been sleeping for several thousand years, but they have been sleeping wrong. It remains for me to reveal the true method," and with that she flung herself headlong over the first pillow on to the second, and crumpling that up in a knot, rested her face on it and momentarily slept.

She awoke with a start.

"You see," lifting her head up slightly, "I am sleeping in exactly the same position in which I sit and stand. I am not really on the balls of my feet, but I am in the same position as if I were on them. I know what to do with my hands, too. I put them under the pillow. How many people know what to do with their hands when they are asleep! How many of you wake with numbbed hands from lying on them, one way out from under you sometimes, the other resting most uncomfortably on the hill of your hip!"

"You can see my chin is raised in the position I hold in walking, my chest is thrown out, there is the good straight line preserved from the center of the bust down, and I am so comfortable sleep the whole night through without dreaming a dream."

"That is the true test of a good night's sleep, not to dream. Now let me show you how most people sleep, especially in the very cold winter time," and she doubled herself up ludicrously, her knees meeting her chin, her arms and hands doubled under her, tucking the pillow into her left ear. She imitates very well. Everybody laughed.

Straightening herself, she assumed the old position. But, first:

"Look," taking the pillow and tucking it into her chest. "Here is the support for the bust. Of course," in-

haven't any, so it doesn't make any difference with me"—she was inter- ditionally, "according to the papers I raptured here by peals of laughter—"but those who have may protect them from numbness by folding the pillows as I have indicated and sleeping on that.

"You see, you sleep on your stomach, I should say your abdomen, so comfortably that, as I say, you lie dreamlessly the whole night long."

"You sleep in one position the whole night long?" repeated a voice from the audience.

"The whole night long," affirmed Madame Wade.

Then she got up.

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From the time the clay is dug out of its bed until it finds its permanent place in some building's walls as a brick it is handled not less than a score of different individuals.

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Once made, a brick is practically indestructible. Nearly every brick that has ever been made by man from the beginning of time is still in existence on this earth. The men who made and laid them and who directed these operations have long since been gathered into dust. Some of them have doubtless contributed in their bodies to the making of more bricks. But the steadfast and enduring square of baked clay persists and will until the heavens and earth are shriveled like a scroll.

Upon inscriptions in bricks our earliest knowledge of human history depends. Kings whose glory has passed so utterly that all but their names have perished still owe the perpetuation of these names to a mark in the perdurable brick.—Chicago Journal.

Startling Mortality.

Statistics show startling mortality, from appendicitis and peritonitis. To prevent and cure these awful diseases, there is just one reliable remedy, Dr. King's New Life Pills. M. Flannery, of 14 Custom House Place, Chicago, says: "They have no equal for constipation and biliousness." 25c at J. G. Perry's Drug Store.

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