

How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out and now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KINSE, Elmfield, Conn.



Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

By the Hour. In these days the rich and the poor both appreciate the services of the trained nurse, but within a comparatively short time the more well-to-do member of society has not had the opportunity to enjoy one branch of her professional ministrations. Now, however, the hourly nurse is becoming an important member of society. Among the poor, says the Boston Transcript, the district nurse comes in by the day or hour, as the case demands, in the families of those in more comfortable circumstances, the ordinary trained nurse is usually engaged by the week, and she rarely cares to go for a shorter time.

The hourly nurse, who has had the same training, holds herself ready to answer calls at all times, for one, two, three or twenty-four hours, as the case may be. She assists doctors in minor operations, goes each day to change the dressings, and makes it easier for the family to care for the patient during the rest of the day.

Again, in these days of apartment-houses, there are many homes where it is inconvenient to have a nurse stay at the house. Here the hourly nurse is the right person in the right place. She comes for the necessary time, planning to meet the physician when he makes his visit, thus enabling the patient to have, at little expense, all requisite care, at not the luxury of constant attendance.

There are many aged people who are too feeble to take care of themselves. They do not need a trained nurse nor even an attendant all the time, but the assistance that a competent person can give them for an hour or two daily greatly adds to their comfort. New avenues of usefulness open for the hourly nurse in all directions.

Undoubtedly, "According to statistics," said the typewriter boarder, "women live about ten years longer than men do."

"Huh!" growled the scanty-haired bachelor, "they might live fifty years longer if they were not so all-fired slow about passing the 30 mark."

Not Desirable. He—They say a ghost appears at the parlor window of that old house at 12 o'clock every night.

She—Well, I don't think I should fancy that style of window shade.

In Italy the value of land is considered to be thirty-four times the annual rental.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.



MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Pe-ru-na the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I suffered with a run down constitution for several months and feared that I would have to give up my work."

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Pe-ru-na. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."—Ella Off.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.



GOOD Short Stories

Hume, the historian, found himself one day, at a social dinner, next to Lord John Russell. In the course of conversation, his lordship said: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number," was Hume's answer. "And what do you consider the greatest number?" continued Lord John Russell. "Number one, my lord," was the historian's prompt reply.

"A case with which I was connected a few years ago," said Frederick Trevor Hill, "involved some large corporate mortgages, and frequent references were made by the lawyers on both sides to the 'ten-million-dollar mortgage' and the 'twenty-million-dollar bond issue. Finally, one of the jurors, a little German barber, couldn't stand it any longer, and raised his hand. 'Mr. Judge,' he expostulated, 'if der lawyers will please say von dollar vend dey means a million dollars, dot would make me understands besser. Doose millions! Ach! Gott! dey confuses me!'"

Shortly after the introduction of the electric telegraph into Scotland, a West Highlander, who had been to Glasgow, and was, consequently, supposed to have got to the bottom of all mysteries, was asked to explain it. "Weel," said he, "it's no easy to explain what you will no be understanding. But I'll tell ye what it's like. If you could stretch my collar dog frae Oban to Tobermory, an' if you wass to clap its head in Oban, an' it waggit its tail in Tobermory, or of I wass to tread on its tail in Tobermory an' it squaked in Oban—that's what the telegraph is like."

In the "Autobiography of Andrew D. White" is a story of a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. Sobriety was not this gentleman's especial virtue, and this led to the resignation of his valet, who told as follows of the final quarrel: "This morning OI thought it was time to get his igallinity out of bed, for he had been drunk about a week and in bed most of the time, and so OI went to him and says, gentle loike, 'Would your igallinity have a cup of coffee?' when he rose up and struck me in the face. On that OI took him by the collar, lifted him out of bed, took him across the room, showed him his ugly face in the glass, and OI said to him, says OI: 'Is thim the eyes of an envoy extraor-r-dinary and minister plenipotentiary-r-r?'"

Chief Clerk John McDermott, of the Hotel St. Francis was a Thebanian once, although, according to his story, his roles were mostly silent ones, involving such acting as holding up a greenwood tree in a performance of "As You Like It," or being "horses' footsteps off right," or the Roman mob. "I never had a speaking part, though," he said, "until I appeared at the Grand Opera House in an amateur production of 'Hamlet' for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church. I was the ghost. The fellow who was coaching us gave me very accurate instructions. He said, 'When you come on, you say, 'Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost,' in a loud and sonorous tone.' It would have been all right, but for the fact that I misunderstood him. The night of the performance I went on at the proper moment, and said, 'Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost in a loud and sonorous tone.' When they got through saying things to me that night I decided to retire permanently from the stage."

NEW BROOMS AND OLD.

New Ones Sweep Clean, but Old Ones Find the Corners. For ten years Mrs. Fendall had been secretary of the Granby Home Missionary Society. During that time the society had accomplished much valuable work and become a powerful influence in the community, but now many of the original members were growing old, and in order to maintain efficiency in the work some young women were brought in.

It was not easy for some of the older workers, for the new members had their own ideas, many of which were strange and disquieting. It was evident that their day—the day of the older ones—was over. When elections came, although the former president was re-elected, the younger women elected a secretary from their own number.

If Mrs. Fendall felt hurt she did not show it. After the meeting she went up to the new secretary with frank and generous friendliness. "I will give you the books to-morrow, my dear," she said, "and if there is ever any way in which I can help you, it will be a great pleasure to me."

The new secretary thanked her, but did not accept the offered help. To herself she smiled at the idea of this old-fashioned secretary helping her with her up-to-date ideas!

But somehow there were all sorts of unexpected complications. Finally one day she swallowed her pride and went to Mrs. Fendall's. "I can't understand it at all," she said. "Here's such an aggrieved letter from a Mrs. Blanding, and another from a missionary's wife in Dakota, and three or four others have written that they cannot do anything this year, yet I can't get hold of the reason. Can you help me?"

"Why, of course," Mrs. Fendall replied. "Don't be discouraged. You can't be expected to know everything at once. Mrs. Blanding is an invalid back in the hills. She has very little in her life, so I tell into the habit of mailing her a leaflet every week or so. It took only a minute, and meant a great deal to her."

"Mrs. Parsons in Dakota used to live here as a girl, and likes a bit of village news tucked in with business, and old Mrs. Morton—did you call upon her in the morning? I thought so. She is mortified because you caught her in her working dress. Drop in some afternoon, and you can make it all right. Miss Mullin is probably hurt because you didn't ask

about her spine. I found that the way to her heart is through her spine." The new secretary drew a long breath. "The other day," she said, "I heard my cook grumbling over the new waitress. 'Talk about new brooms sweeping clean! Mebbe they do, but it takes old brooms to find the corners.' Dear Mrs. Fendall, will you help a very ignorant 'new broom' to find her 'corners'?"—Youth's Companion.

THE LAST CORNER.

"It was refreshing, too," writes Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the Atlantic Monthly of a child who was traveling eastward from the far West, and persisted in asking all kinds of questions of a pallid and exhausted mother. Says Mr. Higginson: "I never saw a woman more completely exhausted, while the child seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. The through trains on the Boston & Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous confidence the name of that station. After a pause the child exclaimed as vigorously, 'Mother!' to which the mother responded, perhaps for the two hundredth time that day, in a feeble voice, 'What, dear?'"

"What did that man say, mother?" "He said 'West Newton.'" "A pause for reflection; then again, 'Mother?'" "What?" "What did that man say 'West Newton' for, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur, "I don't know."

This was too well-tried an evasion, and the unflinching answer came: "Don't you know what he said 'West Newton' for, mother?" Thus demanded came the vague answer: "Said it for the fun of it, I guess."

By this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. Then came the inevitable "Mother!" and the more hopeless "What?"

"Did that man say 'West Newton' for the fun of it, mother?" "Yes," said the poor sufferer, with an ever-increasing audience listening to her vain evasion. The child paused an atom longer, and then continued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the very last corner, as she had, "What was the fun of it, mother?"

POURING INTO CANADA.

More Settlers Going to the Great Northwest Than Ever Before. There is no longer any doubt that this is to be the best year for immigration that western Canada has ever had. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been having the greatest difficulty, with all of its immense equipment, in providing cars for the scores of thousands of immigrants now pouring in from Europe. The other day it made an emergency call for 122 passenger coaches, and as a consequence the remarkable sight was witnessed of two trains of 40 empty coaches each, eastward bound, to receive the immigrants expected at Halifax and St. Johns.

The streets of Winnipeg are growled with a hodge-podge of all the nationalities of Europe, and the Dominion immigration officers are having all they can do to look after the wants of these people. It is not only from Europe that the immigrants are coming in. A great many more have come from the States than last year. It is no uncommon thing for the Soo train to arrive at Portia, Assiniboia, from Minneapolis, with from 11 to 13 coaches, and sometimes with as many as 400 to 500 Americans on board, bound for new homes in western Canada. The Soo railway passenger department reports that its settlers' business into western Canada is considerably larger this year than last.

Another excellent sign of the prosperity of western Canada is to be found in the land business, which was a little dull a year ago. Land men now report the briskest business they have ever had.

FORCED LIBERTY.

It is not often misliberty gets such a straight-forward rebuke as in the case quoted by the Montclair Times. In the early days of Primitive Methodism there traveled in England an eccentric minister named Neale, who was famous for his plain talking. On one occasion he was preaching missionary sermons at a village so noted for its small collections that he determined to pass the plate himself.

On his round he came to a farmer who was, as Mr. Neale well knew, the richest man in the place. This individual placed a penny on the plate. Mr. Neale stopped immediately and said in a loud voice: "Take your penny out, man, take it out! Don't you see you've covered up your laborer's six-pence?" The rebuke was effectual, and a much more valuable coin was placed on the plate.

AT THE DANGEROUS END.

After the collapse of the Confederacy ex-Senator Wigfall, a member of the Confederate Congress from Texas, fell in with a party of Union soldiers in that State. Being well disguised, he entered freely into conversation with the soldiers of the guard, in the course of which he asked what they would do with "old Wigfall" if they were to catch him. "We would hang him, sure," was the prompt reply. "Serve him right," exclaimed Wigfall. "If I were with you I'd be pulling at one end of the rope myself!"

SEVERELY WAS ON.

The Leading Lady (not young)—Ah! how dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood! The Comedian (sotto voce)—I knew this scenery was old, but I didn't think it dated back that far.—Brooklyn Ensign.

RECHAU!

First Cabby—I hear you made a rich haul yesterday. Second Cabby—Yes; I drove J. P. Morgan from his office to the club.—Judge.



"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

Hewitt—How many meals did you have on the voyage, Jewett—Gross of net?—Brooklyn Life.

"It seems Woodly has discovered that he has a family tree." "Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."

"So the lawyers got most all the estate. Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."—Judge.

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon. Office boy—Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—Scraps.

Magistrate—You say your machine was beyond your control, Chauffeur—Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it the cop wouldn't have caught me.—New York Mail.

Poet—I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other. Editor—Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public.—Ex.

"George certainly is a man of action." "What has he done?" "Why, the very next day after the hearse accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry Club."

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood." "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."—Ex.

Kind lady—You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house. Homeless Holmes—Thanks, mum. I might bump right into it if you hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum.—Cleveland Leader.

Jones (to Brown, who has been relating his wonderful adventures in Russia)—And I suppose you visited the great steppes of Russia? Brown—I should rather think so. And walked up every blessed one of them on my hands and knees.

Office boy—Miss Keyes, please let me look at your face? Miss Keyes—What for? Office boy—Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine.—Chicago News.

The three-year-old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

"What did you discuss at your li-brary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."—Ex.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "OI want to tek out a pavalicy." "Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "Al three, O'im thbinkin'," retorted the applicant; "O'im goin' for a stoker in th' navy."—Puck.

Mrs. Younglove—Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient. Grocer—Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'. Mrs. Younglove—Oh, to be sure. Of course, I hadn't thought of that.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEW ENGLAND JUSTICE.

Ebenezer Snell, the grandfather of the poet William Cullen Bryant, is described as a good type of the New England farmer, in whose nature Puritanism, with its stern rigors of conduct and conscience, was overlaid with many of the amenities of Yankee humor. Bryant preserved several anecdotes of his grandfather, one of which, quoted by W. A. Bradley, in his biography of the poet, may serve to indicate the way in which he exercised his humor, and also to show the patriarchal conception of justice that was held in a remote New England community at the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, said Bryant, once found that certain pieces of lumber, intended by him for the runners of a sled, and called in that part of the country sled-crooks, had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. These timbers were valuable, being made from a tree the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curve required in the runners.

The delinquent received notice that his offense was known, and that if he wished to escape a prosecution he must carry a bushel of rye to each of three poor widows living in the neighborhood, and tell them why he brought it.

He was only too glad to comply with this condition.

The people down in their hearts admire the father who refuses to sit on the back porch for any daughter's beau.

A fortune awaits the genius who will invent a borrowless umbrella.

AN ETIONIAN OF 1776.

Eton has done much toward furnishing the world with famous men, but it will be news to many that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was educated there. "It was no uncommon practice in the eighteenth century," says Mr. Austen Leigh in a letter to the Eton College Chronicle, for Americans to send their sons to England for their education." An almost complete absence of any Etonian records makes it difficult to find the names of such pupils. Mr. Austen-Leigh has discovered several, the most important of which is that of "Lynch, Thomas, son of Thomas Lynch, Esq., of Prince George's Parish, Winyah, South Carolina; born August 5, 1749; School, Eton. Admitted Fellow Commoner at Caius College, Cambridge, 1767; admitted at Middle Temple, 1767."

Thomas Lynch's father was a man of note in South Carolina. He was a representative in Congress at New York, and so valuable were his services considered that on his return to Charleston the town asked for his portrait to be hung in Assembly Hall as a testimony of esteem.

Like many other of the well-to-do colonial gentlemen, Mr. Lynch sent his son to England to be educated. The boy thus grew to manhood on foreign soil, but when the American troubles broke out his heart was with his country. He had just begun his legal career, but full of youthful enthusiasm, he left everything and hurried home to bear his part in the coming struggle. His first public appearance was at a town meeting in Charleston, where he made a speech, following his venerable father in a debate. He was immediately made a member of the provincial Congress and a captain in the "Regulars," a regiment of Rangers, or mounted infantry, under the command of Colonel Gadsden.

The elder Lynch was sent to Philadelphia as a representative in the Continental Congress. Suddenly he was stricken with paralysis, and his son applied for leave to join him. Colonel Gadsden, with true Spartan spirit, refused the request, but Thomas gained his point by being elected by the Assembly as sixth delegate to the Congress. Harrying to Philadelphia, he remained with his father, and was one of the youngest signers of the great Declaration.

The delegates from South Carolina were for the most part youthful, and Thomas Lynch, senior, signed, on his sick-bed, a letter to the Provincial Assembly to countenance and support the action of the young man. It was not until the second day of August that Charleston received the news of "a very important Declaration which the King of Great Britain has at last reduced us to the necessity of making." The receipt of the news was celebrated with great rejoicings.

PRACTICES SURGERY AT 92.

Straight as a Young Sapling Is Aged Ex-Governor of Maine. Ninety-two years young, together with being still accounted as the most experienced and among the highly skillful surgeons of the old Pine Tree State, Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, ex-Governor, a former State Representative, Senator, and since the time of the birth of the Democratic party in the nation and his State one of its most pronounced adherents, is accounted to be the "grand old man" of the State of Maine.

On his 92d birthday, celebrated on May 9, says the Boston Post, the ex-governor, who is still practicing among his old patients of Lewiston and Auburn, did not dream that it was of enough importance to allow his fellow citizens to make any note of it.

Straight and supple as a young sapling of his native State, this remarkable and age-venerable former governor of times when the creed of democracy was not the most popular in the State, goes about the twin cities of Lewiston and Auburn, showing an activity and youthfulness of spirit that would generally be considered wonderful in a man of good health, fully twenty years his junior.

Attired in a greentone of the old-fashioned cut and style, smooth shaven and wearing the stock and high collars of our grandfathers, the ex-governor and surgeon of fast approaching centennial age, is to be seen winter and summer in this garb while driving about the city and also to and from his Sabbath road home, in one of the old-time chaises of the pattern used by the hero of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The One-Horse Shay."

Cutting the corners of the city streets with his Morgan mare, Kitty, who speeds over the Lewiston roads and pavements like a 2-year-old, the sight of the old gentleman sitting well forward in the wonderful old chaise, as he guides the blooded animal, is one of the strangest that visitors to the city can view.

Strange, because of the very fact that without the slightest apparent fear of danger to himself or to the fabric and shaly build of the ancient chaise, the nonagenarian governor guides the sprightly and mettlesome Kitty with such an unerring hand.

As a traveler the ex-governor is said to have covered more routes of globe traveling than almost any other man in the State of Maine and even to-day would take the chance of traveling to the other end of the country if an old and dear friend or patient should call for his services.

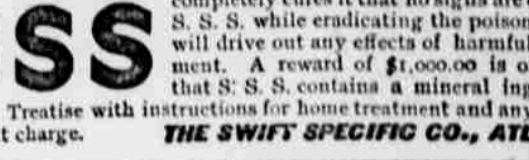
An illustration of this occurred only a few weeks ago, when a former patient of his sent him a summons from Troy, N. Y., asking that he come for a consultation in relation to the amputation of a leg. Speaking of this journey the governor said:

"He was an old friend and although most men thought I was foolish to go such a distance, why wouldn't I, when it was thought to be a case of need? I felt that I was needed, if only to comfort my friend, and went."

It is a mistaken policy for a woman to wash the supper dishes when by "stalking" them she gets out on the porch that much earlier to nag her husband into mowing the lawn.

A HOPELESS FIGHT

It is as impossible to conquer the king of diseases—Contagious Blood Poison—with Mercury and Potash as it would be to conquer the king of the forest in a hand-to-hand encounter, as thousands who have had their health ruined and lives blighted through the use of these minerals will testify. They took the treatment faithfully, only to find when it was left off, the disease returned with more power, combined with the awful effects of these minerals, such as mercurial rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, salivation, inflammation of the stomach and bowels, etc. When the virus of Contagious Blood Poison enters the blood it quickly contaminates every drop of that vital fluid, and every muscle, nerve, tissue and bone becomes affected, and soon the foul symptoms of sore mouth and throat, copper-colored blotches, falling hair and eyebrows, swollen glands, sores, etc., make their appearance. Mercury and Potash can only cover up these evidences for awhile; they cannot cure the disease. S. S. S. has for many years been recognized as a specific for Contagious Blood Poison—a perfect antidote for the deadly virus that is so far-reaching in its effects on the system. S. S. S. does not hide or mask the disease, but so thoroughly and completely cures it that no signs are ever seen again. S. S. S. while eradicating the poison of the disease will drive out any effects of harmful mineral treatment. A reward of \$1,000.00 is offered for proof that S. S. S. contains a mineral ingredient of any kind. Treatise with instructions for home treatment and any advice without charge.



THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Pilgrims to Mecca.

Last year about 200,000 pilgrims went to Mecca, representing a Moslem population of about 200,000,000 in Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Soudan, Zanzibar, Barbary states, South Africa, Afghanistan, Persia, Malaccas, India, the East Indian and Philippine islands, China, and Russia in Asia. The governments of Turkey and Egypt pay toll (blackmail) to the Bedouin tribes, through whose territory the pilgrims pass, but the system is not entirely effective. Last year some 20 per cent of the pilgrims were reported ill-treated, wounded or killed, and it is estimated that during the pilgrimage season travelers to Mecca were robbed of more than \$1,000,000. Caravans of 3,000 to 5,000 camels are no rare occurrence.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children during the teething period.

Prose vs. Poetry.

The poet raves of the beautiful hair that crowns his fair idol's head and calls the man a prosy old bear who ignores it. The splendor instead. Yes, the poet of it makes a fool of his gloried in verse he will group; but, like other men, he gets mad if a strand of it gets in his soup.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher.

Rhymed All Right.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492. "Now, John," he said, "I will tell you the date in rhyme so that you won't forget it. 'In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue.' Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

Next day the teacher said, "John, when did Columbus discover America?" "In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark blue sea!"

A New Kipling Story.

It is nearly a year since any American magazine has been fortunate enough to secure a story from Kipling; but the August Century prints a tale, "An Habitation Enforced," which gives us Kipling at his best. Someone, in comparing Kipling with the old, three-volume novelist, has said that he gives us "the Liebig extract of those cattle lolling on a thousand hills," so here, where two Americans, a nervously broken millionaire and his wife, take up an enforced habitation in an enchanted corner of England, he contrives to give a quintessence of American and British civilization—a commentary, in brief, with vistas such as only a Kipling can open up. A delightful vein of satire crops out wherever the British way and the American way meet, a vein which will charm readers on both sides the Atlantic. Most readers, too, will find in this latest story of the greatest of living English story writers the spiritual touch which was so strongly manifest in "They" seemingly marking a new and higher phase of development in man and writer.

Defends Chinese Rotten-Egg Food

A German epistle comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like hard butter, and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted that he would starve, but he had a good time and gained weight—more than he wanted to.

No Pension Yet.

"Well, to be honest with you," said the tramp, "I can't exactly say that I'm a veteran and have witnessed the horrors of war, but I think I deserve a pension, though."

"For what?"

"Well, I was once locked in a freight car for a week, with the weather at zero and nothing but a frozen turnip to eat, and nothing but blocks of building stones to keep me warm, and if I am not entitled to a pension nobody else ought to have one. The horrors of that old turnip beat me horrors of a battlefield all to pieces."



Didn't Know His Man.

"I saw our Congressman this morning," said the secretary of the corporation, "and he gave me to understand that under no circumstances would he lend his vote to further our scheme."

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyway?" queried the president. "Any school boy ought to know better than to expect a Congressman to lend his vote, to do and hunt him up again and give him the combination of the safe."

For bronchial troubles, try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Bliss That Blisters.

"The bliss indeed to stroll beneath the maple boughs so green accompanied by the girl you love and to squeeze her hand unseen, but, oh, the queer sensation when her ruby lips smack just as a measly, woolly worm goes crawling down your back."

Excessive Politeness.

Customer—I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until I return? Druggist—Certainly, Mr. DeLonez. Customer—But suppose I should get killed, or— Druggist—Oh, that's all right. The loss would be but a trifle.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Patent, lightest and strongest stump puller on the market. It has power on the stump with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

RUSSIAN MACHINERY CO. Portland, Oregon

ST. HELEN'S HALL

A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS equipped with teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalog.

Term Opens September 18, 1904

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED

EVERYWHERE SEND THEM IN MERCHANTS PROTECTIVE ASSN. 200 N. 2nd St. S. E. UTAH

CURE HEAVY COUGHS

Disaster! All troubles that cause heavy coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough,