

ATTRACTIVE UGLY MEN

Many Whose Faces Frightened Little Children Were Noted Lady Killers.

JOHN WILKES CAPTURED ALL

Married the Prettiest Heiress of His Time—Pair Labeled "Beauty and the Beast."

Many of the plainest men of whom we have any record have not only won pretty and well-dowered brides, but have been able to pick and choose among the fairest, to the confusion of their more well-favored rivals.

Was there ever a plainer wooer, we wonder, than John Wilkes, the famous champion of popular liberties and one of the most dissolute men of his day? asks Tit-Bits. "So ugly was Wilkes that the very children ran away shrieking at sight of him in the streets, and yet such was the spell he cast over women that 'ladies of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while men of handsome exterior and all courtly graces looked enviously on.'"

"Give me a quarter of an hour's start," he used to boast, "and I will win any lady's hand against the handsomest man in England." And he could have done it, too. There were few beauties, however fair or highly placed, whose hands could not have been his for the asking, and in the very early '20s he won for his wife one of the loveliest heiresses of the time—a lady who refused more than

were twisted backward and almost every member was out of joint."

In spite of these terrible physical drawbacks Hamilton easily outstripped all the gallants in his district in the favor of the ladies. "He might have married any of them for the asking—indeed, it is said several of them actually asked him," says a chronicler. But he remained proof against all their wiles until after his eightieth birthday, and then he married a girl of 20, himself being carried to the altar on men's shoulders.

JOHN ALDEN WAY IN CHINA.

Chinese Student Lovers Like Having a Middleman Propose for Them.

Dr. Isaac T. Headland, a resident of Pekin for many years, where he enjoyed the friendship of the late dowager empress, throws a new light on the relations between the sexes and especially the Chinese method of getting a wife, the Travel Magazine says, he repeats a conversation with a young Chinaman who had recently become engaged to a Chinese maiden with whom he had never spoken.

"We students have a very great advantage over the old Chinese method of finding a wife and getting engaged," said my celestial friend.

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "Well, you see, by the old Chinese method a man can never see his wife until she is brought to his home, unless he can bribe the middleman to allow him to stand on the street corner and see her pass by in a cart."

"And what advantage do you have?" "We see the girls in church," he answered. "They also can see us. We have sisters in the girls' school; they have brothers in the college, and when we go home during vacation we can learn all about each other."

"This is an advantage." "In my judgment," he continued,

HETTY GREEN.

She Will Turn Over All Business to Her Daughter.

Mrs. Hetty Green, celebrated for years as the richest and shrewdest business woman in the world, will soon retire from active business life and will turn over the handling of her immense fortune, estimated at \$50,000,000, to her daughter Sylvia, now Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks.

For months it has been rumored that Mrs. Green's health is failing, and these rumors have been partially substantiated during the last few weeks by the irregularity of the aged woman's visits to her office in the Chemical National Bank, and her feeble appearance when she does materialize there. Among the few persons in close touch with Mrs. Green it is understood that for years she has been quietly training her daughter to successfully manage her immense fortune, and that since her daughter's marriage to Mr. Wilks, with its accompanying possibility of an heir, this training has been increased. It is reported that the transfer of the active control of Mrs. Green's millions to her daughter for management is only a question of a few weeks at most.

Hetty Green is 73 years old. Her age, coupled with her monotonous business routine, has begun to tell upon her. She no longer is able to put the snap and dash into the handling of her affairs that characterized her in the past, although her shrewdness, it is said, is as keen as ever. One of Mrs. Green's greatest disappointments in life, it is said, has been the non-inclination of her son, Edward H. R. Green, who lives in Texas, to become as famous a financier as herself. At one time she put \$20,000,000 into southwestern railroads for her son, so that he might become a railroad magnate. The accumulation of wealth, however, is not a fad with Edward H. R. Green, who is content to live well and carry on sufficient business at the same time to keep his mind occupied. Sylvia, the daughter, takes more after her mother, and it is on this account that the control of her mother's enormous fortune will soon be turned over to her.—New York American.

METHODICAL MR. BLINXOM.

His Mysterious Gain of Two Minutes Made Clear to Him.

"I am, I have been all my life," said Mr. Blinxom, according to the New York Sun, "a very methodical man. I rise at a certain hour, take my breakfast at a certain time and start downtown daily always at a certain minute by the clock; but this day for some unaccountable reason I found myself starting two minutes early, and really it quite disturbed me. I couldn't understand how or where I had gained that two minutes."

"But that wasn't the only bewildering thing that was to happen to me this morning. At the office when I took off my hat the office boy, before he could check himself, started back from me with a look of astonishment. A man who came in to see me five minutes later looked at me for a moment with what was clearly amazement, and another man who came in a little later still started back a step when he saw me with 'Er-r-r—hm—m—ha—' before he collected himself and got down to business."

"Then, at a later time yet, when I sent for my stenographer, who is commonly very calm and sedate, why, when she came in she all but laughed at me this morning, and she seemed to be quivering with merriment over something all through my dictation. What could it all mean? Really, I was lost in wonderment over it all until it came time to go out to lunch, when, as I was drying my hands, I happened to see myself in a mirror. Then I was ready to laugh after I had got over my amazement."

"My head looked like that of the wild man of Borneo, my hair was so mixed up and twisted and tousled. I had somehow forgotten to comb my hair this morning, and no wonder I had created a commotion. But I was glad of one thing. This made it all clear to me how I had come to gain that two minutes in starting away from home, and that was a satisfaction to me, anyway, for I am very methodical."

A Byron Statue.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Chantrey was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1838 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth, in his left a book, inscribed "Child Harold." He is dressed in a frock coat and cloak. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is, of course, posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born November 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844.

If you ran a shoe store, would you like it if your clerks bought shoes of an opposition dealer?



"The Coward Cat."

This is my little Maltese cat. She sits all day around the house. But those I like most 'specially Are they who catch the rats and mice.

My cat is 'fraid, I really think; She sits all day around the house And sleeps so hard she doesn't wink. Yet she has never caught a mouse.

Of course she bathes, 'cause cats is neat, And for a sponge she takes her paw; Then drinks her milk and eats her meat And digs the garden with her claw.



She never walks the fence at night To meet more cats—she seems to fear it. Sometimes I'd like to see her fight, And know my kitty had some spirit.

One time my little yellow Dick Flew from his cage around her head, She raised her back and ran as quick As lightning 'way beneath the bed.

I'm sure the rats and mice at night Run past her back and forth with glee. They know that she's a "coward cat" And I'm as 'shamed as I can be. —Irene Elliott Benson.

Doughnuts.

A story is told somewhere of an excellently brought up child. He was guarded with the utmost care from everything that could possibly harm him. His toys were carefully sterilized and so was his mouth several times a day. The nursery was built with rounded corners, where no germladen dust could lie, and with a solid floor and composition walls that could be washed with an antiseptic solution daily.

Especially was his food looked after with the greatest care. Nothing passed his lips that was not down in the diet books as most innocuous—no pork, no pie, no beans even, but only the blandest, the most nutritious, and the most digestible of foods.

He grew apace and seemed to thrive, but one fatal day he was allowed to go alone to see his grandmother. This old lady was of the former generation, which knew not germs, and which apprehended no tragedy from a good, healthy stomach-ache in an active boy, so she fed her visitor with pie and jam and two or three big firm doughnuts.

The surprise was too much for the little one's stomach, so abused with mistaken kindness, and it was only after many days of anxious watching that the doctor could say with assurance that the child would live.

One need not inquire too closely into the truth of this story, but true or not, it points a moral, for it is with the stomach as it is with the system as a whole—it can thrive only by exercise. If the stomach is guarded against everything that demands of it a little hard work, it will never learn to take care of the food that will inevitably get into it some way and somehow at some time.

To the perfectly healthy stomach a well-cooked doughnut is not even a challenge, but to the overconditioned sensitive organ it may be as much a danger as would be a rock.

In this sense the very air is filled with doughnuts. It is not desirable to advocate any Spartan system of hardening, but in the physical as well as in the moral world it is due to the young to prepare and toughen them for the world they are in. Every part of the system calls for toil to strengthen it. As the mind needs problems, so does the stomach need doughnuts, or their equivalent. They need not be fed to babies, neither do people set sums to infants or give them chops, but those who are wise will recognize the hour when it is best that all of these should be ventured.

Horseshoes.

Horseshoes are lucky hung up over a door because they keep the devil out of the house. It happened in this way: Good St. Dunstan was a famous blacksmith, and the king of evil, who used to travel around the world in person before he became so busy; stopped at the saint's forge one day and asked the blacksmith to put a shoe on his hoof. St. Dunstan knew the person he had to handle. He took the ropes that he used to tie the horses with and bound the devil so lightly that that gentleman could not move. Then the saint set to work. The devil roared and screamed as St. Dunstan put a red-hot iron shoe over the hoof and pounded it in with long nails. He pleaded with his captor to let him go, promising anything in return.

"If I let you go," said St. Dunstan, "will you promise never to enter a house that has a horseshoe over the door?"

"On my honor as a gentleman I promise," said the devil solemnly, and then St. Dunstan let him go. And

from that day to this, so they say, the devil has never entered a house so protected. The devil is a man of his word, whatever else people may think of him.

Thoughts on a New Rug.

The rug that's lying in the hall, Was never meant for me at all, And yet it doesn't seem to be A grown-up rug at all, to me.

It's colored red, and yellow, too, With bits of brown and bits of blue. And things that are so bright and gay Are meant for children, I should say.

And then, besides, it has some queer Small animals, like little deer, A-walking round it in a string— And children like that sort of thing

And yet it's by the parlor door Instead of on the nursery floor— Perhaps the grown folks like to see Those funny things as well as we. —Chicago News.

Sour Milk.

There was trouble up in the sky the other day. Halley's comet came so close to the Milky Way that all the milk was soured, and the Heavenly Twins had to go without their breakfast.

Two Cats and a Dog.

Two cat-tails started in to fight, One pleasant summer day. A sun-dog jumped down from the sky And scared them both away.

A SMUGGLER'S HEROISM.

A Girl Who Held Her Fallen Brother on Alps Thirteen Hours.

The heroic effort of a girl smuggler to save the life of her elder brother after holding him thirteen hours on a rope over a precipice is reported from Bellinzona, Mila. Poretti, aged 18, and her brother, aged 23, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldico Pass, carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm—which raged throughout Southern Switzerland—and were soon in deep snow.

The Porettis roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poretti fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister, who, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers, and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family, and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poretti family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident, and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes, and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued.

WESLEY IN HIS GEORGIA WORK.

Great Methodist's Motto, "Be Diligent," Was His Rule of Action.

One of the Wesley rules, inherited from early Oxford days and handed down to his "helpers" in later days, was this: "Be diligent; never be triflingly employed." His own output of solid work in Georgia was extraordinary, according to "The Journal of John Wesley," by Nehemiah Curdock, in Harper's Magazine. He mastered at least three languages and taught two. He built a house, fenced and planted a garden, felled trees and helped to make roads. He compiled and published the first hymn book ever used in the English church, and prepared a second, translating hymns, composing others and selecting from the best sources. He had a long, wide and difficult parish. In the library of the London Colonial Office I found a map, drawn probably by an early eighteenth century survey officer, which reproduces Wesley's American circuit, bounded by the Savannah river and extending south to the frontiers of Florida—a territory of pathless woods, swamps and savannahs; a seacoast studded with a perfect labyrinth of islands and indented by river estuaries and creeks. On foot or in pettiawags and scoutboats he worked his parish, traveling in all winds and weathers and feeding sparsely.

Wrapped in his cloak, he slept on the ground or on deck, drenched with rain and night dews, his clothes sometimes frozen to the earth, fording rivers, losing his way in swamps, reading prayers and preaching to planters and Indian traders and boatmen, singing and reading and praying as he went, observing all his rules, wasting no time, evangelizing every man, woman or child he met with, caring with infinite tenderness for the sick—the bond slave or Jesus Christ, the friend and pastor of lonely colonists,

As He Went on His Way.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you are thinkin' right now dat if I'll chop some wood or cut de grass you'll give me some lunch."

"Correct! You can go right to work."

"Oh, I ain't choppin' or cuttin'. I'm a mind reader an' was practicin' a little."—Washington Star.

When it comes to an argument a woman gives in only when she gives out.

TRIALS of the NEEDLEMS

WHAT A LOT OF RUBBISH THESE COMIC SKETCHES OF THE NEWS-PAPERS ARE! THERE IS NOT A FUNNY THING IN THEM!

WHY EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO ENJOY THEM, YOU ASK? WHY NOT FEELING WELL, TAKE A PAW-PAW FILL TO-NIGHT!



HA! HA! THESE CARTOONS ARE CERTAINLY FUNNY! BUT THE FELLOWS WHO DRAW THEM MUST ALWAYS BE IN A GOOD HUMOR! WONDER IF THEY TAKE PAWPAW PILLS!



THERE IS HOPE! THE PILL THAT WILL



RESOLVED: THAT WHEN A MAN'S STOMACH OR LIVER ARE OUT OF ORDER HE CAN'T SEE FUN IN GOING HOME! MUMFORD'S, MUNYON'S, AND ACTIVE PILLS KEEP YOU RIGHT!

Mumyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Mumyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUMYON'S, 284 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Send 10c for trial package.

Just a Chance.

"Yes, you offer the property low enough, Mr. Yipsley," said the real estate agent, "but it will be best for you to give me a satisfactory reason for wanting to sell."

"The reason why I want to sell is that the property is all run down. It doesn't bring me 2 per cent on the money invested in it. I'm not offering it at a sacrifice. I don't need the money. I want to get rid of it, but I am asking all it's worth."

"Um—well, I'll list it for you, Mr. Yipsley," said the real estate agent. "It's barely possible that the novelty of the thing may attract some equally 'ranky purchaser.'"

Grandmotherly Pride.

Old Rooster (with some irritation)—What are you doing all that strutting and cackling about?

Old Hen—My eldest pullet has just hatched out her first brood of chicks, you mean old thing!

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

SWEDISH SANITARIUM



Our method of treating diseases is not a new one but an old and well tested one, worthy of a trial to any discouraged and hopeless sufferer. Being graduates of Sweden and employing all the European methods the results in curing are marvellous to which hundreds of patients in all nations of life will testify. Our methods are not entirely drugless but we adhere to the use of physical methods as much as possible such as Electricity, Chiropractic, Herbaria, Hot-cups, Balneation, Manipulations, Baths of all kinds, Physical Culture, and the famous Nauheim treatment prescribed so much in Europe for heart trouble and asthma. Our Sanitarium is especially equipped with a modern surgery and a staff of Surgeons and Physicians of wide experience and high repute. We cure Rheumatism, Diseases peculiar to Women, Chronic Constipation, Kidney, Bladder, Liver and Stomach Trouble, Blood and Skin Diseases, Paralysis, Habits of various vices, and all chronic and acute diseases. Testimonials on file from patients cured whom you can write to. Write or call for particulars. Consultation free. All questions confidential. Charges moderate. Address Mrs. Nisbeth, Swedish Sanitarium, 433 Market St., Cor. 12th, Portland, Ore.

Elderly Depravity.

The professor regarded with an eye of suspicion the small yellow cube the waiter had brought him.

"I take thee," he murmured, "for butter—or worse."—Chicago Tribune.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floor of the cars.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, a new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

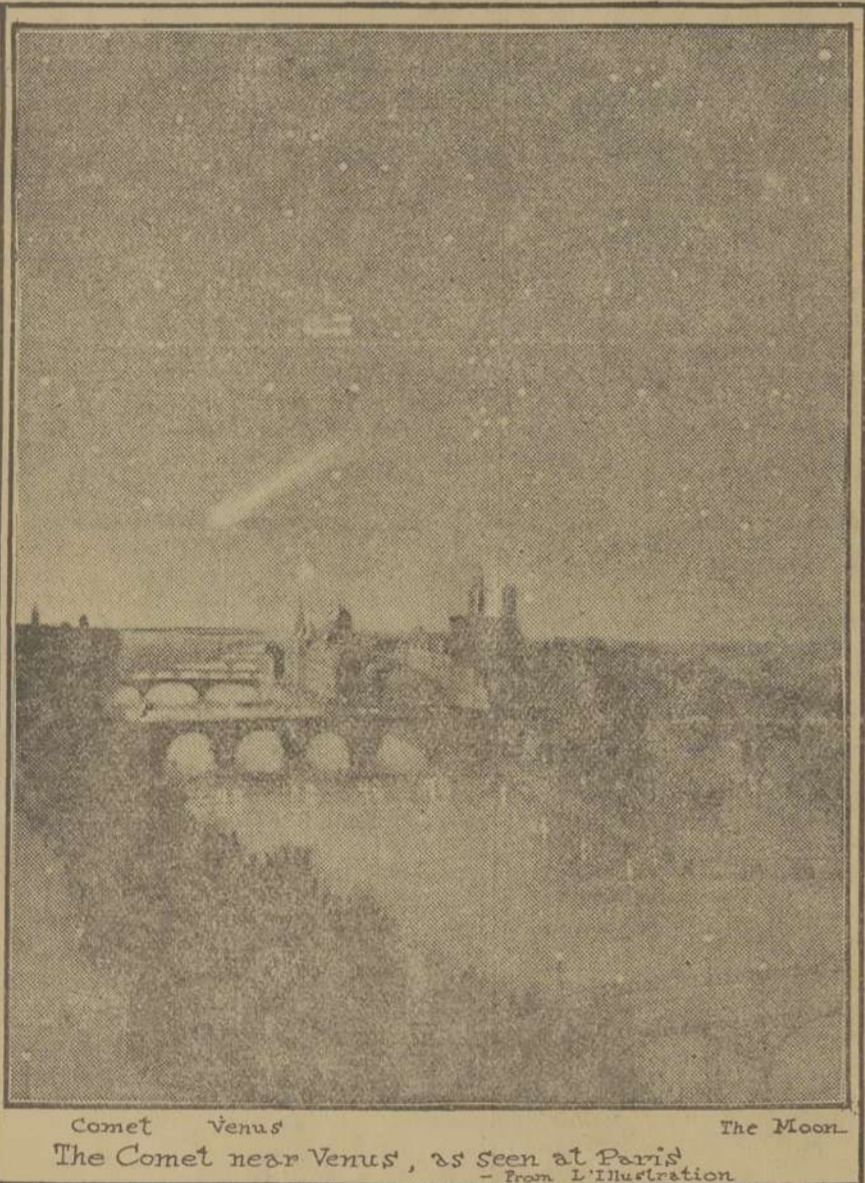
Formula with each bottle Show it to your doctor

Ayer's Ask him about it, then do as he says

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

HALLEY'S COMET IN THE EUROPEAN SKY.



one coronet—to be his bride. "Beauty and the Beast," they call us," Wilkes once said to a friend, "and really I cannot find fault with the description."

Brougham, the great lord chancellor, was a man of almost repellent ugliness, without a solitary compensating grace of speech or manner. When anyone asked, "Where is Brougham?" the invariable answer was, "Where the ladies are thickest." And, sure enough, there he was; and the more he repelled his fair persecutors, the more they clustered round him.

Another famous "lady killer" was Jean Paul Marat, one of the leading and most infamous figures in the French revolution. "Beyond any question," wrote a contemporary, "M. Marat is the ugliest man in the whole of France—and not merely ugly, but positively repulsive in person, habits and manners."

Even while hiding in the sewers of Paris, he was devotedly nursed by one of the loveliest of his admirers, whom he "married one fine day in the presence of the sun."

If possible, a still more repulsive man was Potemkin, the ex-private soldier who enslaved the fancy of Catherine the Great, and by her favor was made virtually Czar of Russia. "Dreadful and repulsive" was the description of him by one who knew him. "He has an unwieldy figure and knock-knees, is swarthy of skin, coarse in feature and has lost one eye. He often passes whole days in his room half dressed, uncombed, unwashed, biting his nails and scratching his untidy head."

But perhaps the most remarkable of all these cases of woman's infatuation for ugly men was that of W. Hamilton, a Scotsman of a century and a half ago. Hamilton was not only preternaturally ugly, but he was terribly deformed. "His legs," we are told, "were drawn up to his ears, his arms

"we have a better method than even you foreigners have."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see," he continued, "after we have selected the lady we want, we can have a middleman go and ask her for us, while you have to go and ask the lady yourself."

"But," I objected, "we can get so much better acquainted by our method."

"Yes, that's true," he admitted, "but doesn't it make you awfully angry if you ask a girl to marry you and she refuses?"

It was necessary to admit that there were advantages in the middleman method which had never occurred to me, and, while I was not ready to acknowledge that his new-found method was better than mine, I could still see that the force which brought it about was bringing woman out of her seclusion and placing her on a level with her brother and her future husband.

A Compliment for the Senator.

When the young teacher of a small Western New York charity kindergarten asked a new boy his name, she was rather taken aback to have him answer, "It's Chauncey Depew, ma'am."

A few days later, having heard that Chauncey was ill, she went to inquire for him.

The door was opened by a neat-looking Irish woman, who, on being asked, "Is this Mrs. Depew?" replied: "No, ma'am, that's not my name."

"But," said the nonplussed teacher, "Chauncey told me his name was Chauncey Depew."

"Sure, it is," promptly answered the proud mother. "I named him for the senator meself. My name is Mrs. Pugh, an' his is Chauncey D.—Chauncey D. Pugh."

If we were a girl, we would insist on being named Roberts