



What The Earth Produces.

The earth has nourished us through unknown ages of human existence. Is it not true that the earth supplies us with everything that we really require for existence? Have you ever thought that it is probable that the earth supplies us with the means to keep our bodily vigor, our health, if we only knew it? The animals know by instinct what is good for them and will search until they find in some plant what they need for correcting indigestion or constipation, etc. Is it, therefore, not possible that there are roots and herbs supplied by nature which will cure the diseases that afflict human kind? That is why Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has such faith in his "Medical Discovery." Years ago, when he was in general and active practice, he found that a combination of certain herbs and roots made into an alterative extract, without the use of alcohol, would always put the stomach into a healthy condition, nourish the tissues, free the blood and nerves and put healthy tone into the whole system.

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"I was all run down, very nervous, and suffered terribly from stomach trouble, which the doctors pronounced indigestion," writes Mrs. Wm. Morey, of Marshall, Mich. "I doctored for a year without permanent relief. Was advised by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after the use of nine bottles I was cured. I can heartily recommend the 'Golden Medical Discovery' to any one suffering from stomach trouble. My husband was also greatly benefited by its use."

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INDIGESTION

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THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

More sickness is caused by constipation than by any other disease. Thedford's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but cures diarrhoea and dysentery and keeps the bowels regular.

All druggists sell 25-cent packages.

"Thedford's Black-Draught is the best medicine to regulate the bowels I have ever used."—MRS. A. M. GRANT, Sneads Ferry, N. C.

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HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

The Cabman's Vocabulary Was Puzzling to the Stranger.

He was a scholarly looking Englishman, with the abstracted appearance of a student about him, and he wanted to take a ride to a suburban locality and back. "What will be your charge?" he asked the cabman.

"Two plunks," replied cabbie.

"Two what?"

"Plunks—bones—cases. Ain't you?"

"On?" echoed the other in bewilderment. "Not until I know how much it is to cost me for the trip. That is what I am asking you."

"That's what I'm tellin' you. Two daddies. See?"

"I beg pardon. That is equally mystifying. Either I have failed to make you understand me or I am singularly deficient in apprehending the vocabulary of commerce. May I ask you to make one more effort to tell me what my fare will be for the proposed trip?"

"Told you five or six times. Two bucks; two cart wheels."

A light seemed to dawn upon the befogged mind of the scholarly person.

"Could you," he said, "by any possibility mean \$2?"

"Sure. That's what I've been tellin' you all along, but you don't seem to understand English."

A few moments later one might have seen a cab making its way toward the suburbs. On the driver's seat was a brisk looking personage with his "plug" hat tilted back on his head, and on the inside was a passenger who was industriously jotting down something in his notebook.—Youth's Companion.

A DEN OF DISORDER.

The Press Gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies.

The press gallery of the French chamber of deputies seems to enjoy special privileges. The reporters behave as they please—that is to say, very badly. They shout, laugh, interrupt the orators or discuss among themselves the topics treated on the floor. As their voices are drowned by the noise made by the house and their manifestations are not easily located, the president and his deputies affect to ignore them and very often let pass many boyish pranks in which that young and somewhat uneducated body is wont to indulge. When they are wearied by a speech they cry out "Cloture!" as the deputies do to shut off a speaker. They greet speakers whom they dislike with groans or laughter. They make at the top of their voices all sorts of disrespectful remarks about the lawmakers down below. There was one reporter in the press gallery of the senate who, as he entered, used to cry out the famous phrase of a speaker of the revolution, "President d'assassins, je demande la parole!" As a rule, however, the deputies by themselves are a spectacle interesting enough, and the noise they make is distracting enough to monopolize the whole attention of the galleries as well as of the speaker; consequently the din of the press gallery passes unheeded until once in awhile a journalist goes too far and has to be called to order or expelled.—Century.

Sugar of Milk.

Sugar of milk, which is made from whey, in itself has no medicinal qualities. Aside from its uses as a food for the young, it is known to the medical profession principally as a vehicle. Homeopathic physicians naturally use it more than the allopaths, but both allopaths and homeopaths nowadays are giving medicine in tablet form to a great extent, and the tablets are in most cases made palatable by sugar of milk.

Sugar of milk also forms the bulk of triturations, more commonly known to patients as powders. Only a small per cent of the average powder is medicine. By means of mixing sugar of milk the taking of moderate doses of powerful drugs is made possible. In the globule or pill form this is also true.

FEMINE INTUITION.

The Philosophy of the Girl at the Candy Counter.

The girl at the bonbon counter put up five large boxes of judiciously selected candy under the personal supervision of a nervous young man. He left a card for each of them, handed over a list of addresses for their delivery, paid his bill and walked out looking decidedly glum.

"Ought to bag a sweetheart out of that broadside," remarked the cashier. "Guess again," said the salesgirl. "It's caramels to car fare that he has a sweetheart and that he has quarreled with her, their first, probably. He is sending that candy to his ladylove's dearest friends, because he knows they will not fail to tell her about it."

"A candy counter is the horoscope of the human heart to girls who can read it. When a young man buys a pound of candy, any old thing handy, without looking twice at it, his affections are not very deep set. When he begins to get particular in his selections, Cupid is getting in his fine work. The lovers' quarrel inevitably ends in such a reckless display as you saw just now. When the reconciliation takes place, we shall have nothing in stock good enough for that fellow. When he's married, he'll stop coming."—New York Press.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

The Matter of Height Didn't Seem to Figure in the Scheme.

The young man considers himself a man of resources, although he is not as sure about it now as he was a few days ago. He has been very attentive to a certain young lady, and he was calling on her at the time that he partially lost confidence in his resourceful mind.

It is unnecessary to narrate what passed between them upon the occasion in question, but at the time the young lady's sister entered the room he was in the act of folding the young lady to his manly bosom.

Of course he desisted at once, as young men generally do under such circumstances, but he was not embarrassed—not a bit.

The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when his resourceful mind began to work. He felt that he ought to say something and say it right away.

"Don't go," he said; "we've just been measuring to see which one is the taller."

She paused in the doorway and looked at them intently.

"You're both about the same height," she said quietly, "but sister is much the redder."

Then she went out, and he was embarrassed—just a little.—New York Times.

SLEEPY WASHINGTON.

The Home Bound After Theater Crowd in the Capital.

"There is one peculiarity of Washington I have noticed," said a traveling man at an uptown hotel, "and that is the absence of after theater crowds on the streets and in the cafes. In many big cities the hours from 11 to 12:30 o'clock are among the gayest of the day, the streets are thronged with people hurrying to the cafes for a bite and a sup and emerging afterward to stroll slowly home or to the cars.

"These midnight cafe crowds are jolly folks. They seem to be less restrained than at other hours of the day, when bent upon the same mission of eating. Perhaps it is the music and the lights and the Bohemian atmosphere suggested by the midnight hour. I will not deny that it is in a measure demoralizing. I am sure I would not want my two sisters of eighteen and twenty years to be in the crowd.

"I notice in Washington that as soon as the theaters 'let out' the people make a break for home. They are anxious to get the first car that comes along and won't wait a moment, but would rather hang to a strap.

"Washington is a frightfully dull place at night. I hate to get hung up here overnight. But I suppose it's a good thing for the young folks that the town is a little slow."—Washington Star.

WHISTLING JUGS.

Curious Relics of a Very Ancient Drinking Custom.

Whistling jugs are curious relics of a very ancient drinking custom. All the northern nations set great stress upon a man's power to take off his liquor without putting down the glass or beaker, and in Saxon graves old ale buckets have been found made without foot or stand, so that the drinker could not rest them upon the board until they were emptied.

But even after that was accomplished the hardy drinker was expected still to have breath to spare, and the whistling jugs, a comparatively modern invention, were intended to indicate this. Many of them were made by German silversmiths—though they are also to be seen in earthenware—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their form was such that when the contents of the jug had been imbibed a whistle was uncovered through which the drinker might blow if he were able.

The most advanced type of all had a little windmill besides the whistle, which worked a dial showing the power of the blow. Sometimes an ordinary whistle was laid on the table and won by the last tosspot who could get a sound from it.—Pearson's.

Rejected With Scorn.

A certain social organization called the Young Woman's club found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named. Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club. Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title and also the fact that they were unmarried. Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club, "the Building and Lone association."

The Matinee Girl.

The matinee girl existed as early as the eighteenth century. In Japan girls in those days used to throw their fans and purses at the feet of the "leading man" as he minced along "the flower walk" to the stage. Pictures of these "heroes" were an early product of Japanese wood engraving, and these portraits were secret treasures of many maidens.

DISARMING THE GODS.

Low Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo Boys Prepare For School Life.

Among the eastern nations the beginning of school life is a critical time for the child. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea or chutze, a pig, or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag containing a brass tag with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and in a gray bag upon his arm is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betel nuts and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus he is entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.—Everybody's Magazine.

OMNIVOROUS MAN.

Reptiles Are Eaten With Eagerness All Over the World.

Reptiles are eaten with eagerness all over the world. Neither want of beauty nor abundance of venom protects them from omnivorous man. Although they suggest to us by form and motion all that is false and unfair, hideous and horrid, even God's curse of the serpent does not shield it, and from the humble frog of the pond to the colossal crocodile of Egypt they are all only so much food for men. Old Mexicans loved the speckled salamander and ate it with Spanish pepper. The Spaniards learned the odd fashion, and the habit has not entirely died out. Vipers are a favorite dish with Italians. The lizards of this continent are a most delicate dish, and the iguanas of the Antilles were carried to South Carolina in great numbers, the rice fields of that state being well suited to them.

Snakes find a ready market in many eastern countries. The giant of Java, which infests the pepper plantations and whose venom is fatal, is a favorite. The huge boa-constrictor furnishes an exceedingly fat meat, and the negroes of its native country prefer it to the daintiest food of the white man. The anaconda of Brazil supplies the table of the poor, though the Portuguese use only the rich fat it produces. South American natives eat almost every kind of snake, and the far west has taught many a fastidious palate from over the sea to relish the fatal rattlesnake of our own country. Snake eating is more common in the United States than one would imagine.

How the Indians Dun.

We have all heard the phrase, "After him with a sharp stick," but it may not have occurred to many of us that the stick referred to is the much feared yearly January bill. Such, however, is the meaning that the saying conveys to the Nushinan Indians of California, who have seen the disagreeable habit prevalent among us of sending gifts. When one Indian owes another, it is considered bad taste for the creditor to dun the debtor. He proceeds with more delicacy. He procures a certain number of sticks, according to the amount of the debt, and paints a ring around the end of each. These he carries and tosses into the debtor's wigwam and then goes away without a word. The debtor invariably pays the debt and destroys the sticks, as it is considered a reproach to have the January dunning stick thrown into the wigwam. Indeed the creditor never uses them except with hard customers.

Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

Explained.

"Our air mattresses," said the dealer, "are all filled in the months of April, May and June. That accounts for their remarkably resilient qualities." "Is the air of those months better than others?" "They are the spring months, you know."—Life.

INSECT MIMICS.

Clever Disguises That Save Them From Their Enemies.

A well known naturalist tells us of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Sclater noted in South America another insect, one of the membracidae, which not only mimicked the leaf cutting ant for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a dime.

Even more wonderful is the disguise of the mantis of Java, which turns itself into so exact a semblance of an orchid flower that the insects upon which it feeds visit it in hope of a feast, but remain to furnish one.

The heliconide butterflies, which are avoided by all insect eating creatures, are exactly imitated by another class, which are so good to eat that if they did not assume a protective disguise they would be extirpated, and they do so to such perfection that even expert naturalists sometimes cannot distinguish them. Another authority mentions a small beetle which turned itself into so good a copy of a wasp that he was afraid to touch it with his fingers.

Dr. Bartlett and Margaret Fuller.

In regard to brilliant Margaret Fuller the following story is told by Senator Hoar in his reminiscences: "Old Dr. Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old doctor, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her. About midnight one very dark, stormy night the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window and said: 'Who's there? What do you want?' He was answered by a voice in the darkness below, 'Doctor, how much camphor can anybody take by mistake without its killing them? to which the reply was, 'Who's taken it?' And the answer was, 'Margaret Fuller.' The doctor answered in great wrath, 'A peck.'"

Blue Mountain Tea.

The foliage and flowers of all the goldenrods, says the Philadelphia Press, are imbued with an astringent principle and are moderately stimulant, so that their suitability for the manufacture of a domestic tea was recognized by the American colonists as long ago as when George III, was king over them. One species, the fragrant leaved goldenrod, known sometimes as Blue Mountain tea, possesses in addition the favor of licorice. Drunk piping hot in the wilderness it makes a pleasant feature in the camper's limited menu. This especial kind of goldenrod begins to bloom quite early in the summer and is easy of recognition.

A Dig at the Satirists.

The instinct of mankind against satire is really a very sound instinct. Satire is always dishonest, for it is always the expression of hatred for a thing hopelessly coveted. Who satirizes humanity? None but he who, not having the common human advantages, is obsessed with admiration of them. Who satirizes plutocracy? The pauper, who is warmed by the notion of wealth. Who satirizes aristocracy? The man who wishes he had been born an aristocrat. Thackeray wished that, and the Marquis of Farintosh was one of the natural outcomes of his wish.—Max Beerbohm in Saturday Review.

How to Advertise.

The householder in glancing through his morning paper has his attention caught by the more attractive advertisements. Advertising is an essential factor in modern business methods, and to advertise wisely the business man must understand the workings of the minds of his customers and must know how to influence them effectively—he must know how to apply psychology to advertising.—Atlantic.

Instructions to the Cook.

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook. "I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—Chicago Post.

Nice, but Limited.

Frugal Aunt—Well, Tommy, haven't you anything to say after eating a nice dinner like that? Tommy—Yes'm; I hadn't had half enough.—Chicago Tribune.

The New Moon.

Dinah—How beautiful am de new moon tonight? Mose—Yes. It looks des' like a slice ob watermillon.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Will Was There.

He—So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that. She—Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will.—New Yorker.

Unnecessary Fear.

The Lawyer—I'm afraid I'm going blind. The Friend—Never mind, old man. So long as you retain your sense of touch you'll be all right.—Judge.

Worry, whatever its source, weakens, takes away courage and shortens life.