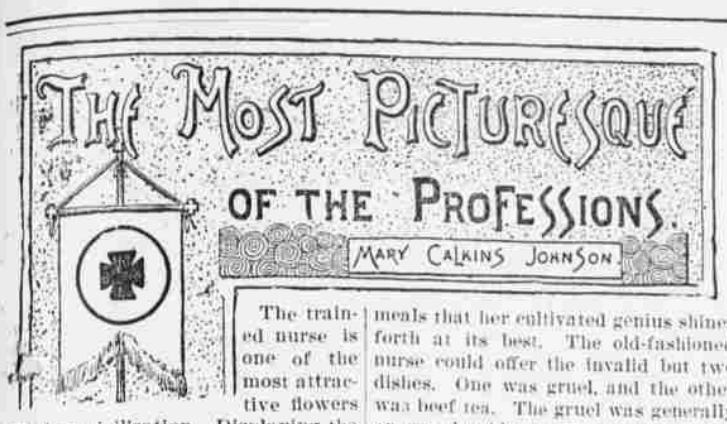


The trained nurse is one of the most attractive flowers of modern civilization. Displaying the dread Sairy Gamp of yesterday, with her inevitable whisky bottle and her unfailing stupidity, the trained nurse has come to comfort and to bless. She is fleet-footed and sure of hand; she is of unflinching courage and unbelievable endurance, and, heaven be praised, she is young, comely and cleanly.

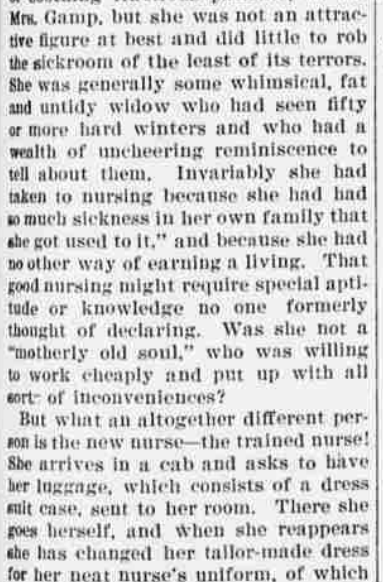
We all know the old nurse, her peculiarities and her limitations. She may not have been quite so frowsy as Mrs. Gamp, her weakness for "just putting the bottle to her lips when she was so

THE OLD-FASHIONED NURSE.

disposed" might not have been so marked, and perhaps she did not approve of Mrs. Prig's somewhat abrupt manner of soothing fractious patients, as did Mrs. Gamp, but she was not an attractive figure at best and did little to rob the sickroom of the least of its terrors. She was generally some whimsical, fat and untidy widow who had seen fifty or more hard winters and who had a wealth of uncheering reminiscence to tell about them. Invariably she had taken to nursing because she had had so much sickness in her own family that she got used to it," and because she had no other way of earning a living. That good nursing might require special aptitude or knowledge no one formerly thought of declaring. Was she not a "motherly old soul," who was willing to work cheaply and put up with all sorts of inconveniences?

But what an altogether different person is the new nurse—the trained nurse! She arrives in a cab and asks to have her luggage, which consists of a dress suit case, sent to her room. There she goes herself, and when she reappears she has changed her tailor-made dress for her neat nurse's uniform, of which the prominent features are the spotless white apron, with its crossed straps, the white muslin cap with its prim frills, and the immaculate collar and cuffs. Her trim figure, rosy cheeks and bright eyes make a picture that cannot help but brighten the dullest sick chamber. Thus arrayed she is ready to assume her position as the autocrat of the sickroom. She goes about her work in a prompt, decided, businesslike manner. Nursing as she understands and practices it means work. Instead of making herself comfortable she tries to do as much for the patient. And how many ways she finds of doing this! She arranges the bed so that the light can be let in without hurting his eyes. She hangs up her thermometer and does not rest until she has the temperature of the room just right. She calls for deodorizers and uses them scientifically. She moves about quietly and does her work without noise or confusion.

When the doctor comes, she has something more definite to tell him about her charge than that he has been "fairly comfortable." She hands him her



A TYPICAL NURSE.

chart, on which she has neatly recorded the patient's temperature, taken hourly or oftener, and a lot more of tabulated information—accurate, concise. From her written report and from such other facts as she is able to give him the physician knows as exactly what has been the condition of the patient during his absence as if he had been by the bedside the entire time. But it is in preparing the sick person's meals that her cultivated genius shines forth at its best. The old-fashioned nurse could offer the invalid but two dishes. One was gruel, and the other was beef tea. The gruel was generally an unpalatable, pasty beverage that even a hungry well man would grumble at, and the beef tea was usually little better. The new nurse, though, will take a chafing dish and prepare dozens of appetizing little dainties that are digestible and palatable. With milk and eggs she can make such combinations as would delight the soul of a gourmet. She knows how to sterilize milk so that every last germ in it is killed as dead as a door nail, or she can pasteurize it if the physician prefers a limited execution of microbes at 175 degrees F.

And then, when convalescence comes, how she can sharpen up the dull appetite with milk punches and eggnogs such as none but the most expert bartender could concoct! She can even give points to the doctor himself about the use of pepsin and lime water in milk, ventilation, the use of antiseptics and a dozen other little points in improved hygiene which he has not had the time to acquire. She can be trusted, too, to administer the medicines with regularity and accuracy. There is no likelihood that she will give the wrong liquid or an overdose, for she understands the nature of the medicines herself and their effects. Should an emergency arise, she can be relied upon to know what to do, and with her in the house the doctor can reduce the number of his visits sometimes one-half.

At first glance it seems that the trained nurse is an expensive luxury. Her

SHE IS COMELY AND CLEANLY.

salary is from $25 to $40 a week, the latter price being charged in cases of malignant and contagious diseases. But every physician will tell you that in most cases the trained nurse is an economical necessity. As for the life of the trained nurse herself it is not an especially atractive one, but the profession has its good points. To become a trained nurse she must enter a hospital training school at any age between 23 and 35. She must spend at least two years in study, attending lectures, working in wards and learning the details which go to make nursing an exact science. Her hospital life may be brightened by little flirtations with the young doctors, and she may eventually become a doctor's wife and not a nurse at all, but on the whole she takes her work too seriously to admit of a great deal of nonsense. And when she has finished she is not a Lucille or a Clara Barton, but she is a self-composed, self-reliant young woman, capable of making her own way in the world and ready to become a ministering angel at so much per week.

Crushed.

Once a poet wrote a sonnet
All about a pretty bonnet,
And a critic sat upon it,
On the sonnet,
Not the bonnet,
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were high treason,
Said: "Neither rhyme nor reason
Has it. And it's out of season!"
Which? The sonnet
Or the bonnet?
Maybe both.

'Tis a feeble imitation
Of a worthier creation;
An asthetic innovation
Of a sonnet
On a bonnet,
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
Harmonizing very sweetly,
But the critic crushed completely,
Not the bonnet,
Or the sonnet,
But the bard.

—Spare Moments.

The following advertisement is from an Australian paper: "Wanted, a young woman (the plainer the better), to help a small, genteel family in their domestic matters; one without ringlets preferred."

From Cuba to Kingsburg.

RAISIN CULTURE IN FRESNO

What Brought Success Out of Failure to Hon. Z. T. Maxwell.

From the Republican, Fresno, Cal.

The Hon. Z. T. Maxwell, in 1887, having just finished a term in the Missouri legislature, was compelled by ill health to seek change of climate, and after traveling for some months on the Pacific slope, settled in Kingsburg, Fresno county, California, and engaged in raisin culture.

The change from Cuba, Mo., Mr. Maxwell's old home, to the balmy air of Kingsburg, for a time seemed to benefit the invalid, and, for a while, in addition to his labors on the raisin farm, he began to take a prominent part in the county politics, and held several offices of trust in his new state. But ill health was the drawback which prevented him from arriving at the highest political honors, and his active mind chafed under the restraint of an impaired constitution, so that instead of improving he became worse. These facts concerning Mr. Maxwell's health were so well known among the people of Fresno county, that when he lately reappeared on the busy scenes in apparent health, he was warmly congratulated by his numerous acquaintances, and among others the writer of this article.

In response to a request to give the reporter particulars as to the course of his illness, symptoms, cure, and indeed all there was in it, he said:

"You have asked me for more than I could describe. Sometimes I have looked over an alphabetical index of diseases, and fancied I had them all, but general debility, weakness, insomnia, indigestion, constipation, partial atrophy of muscles, headaches, pain in the back and limbs, and general wretchedness was my lot.

"My horizon was contracting, and I supposed that the circle of my vision would never again have anything but my bed for a center, for on top of my previous ill health, in 1895, I caught la grippe, which brought me so low that I was very nigh the grim portal.

"New Year's day I was despondent and unhappy, not knowing there was such good fortune in store for me, for I had hardly ambition to read the newspaper that was brought me, and threw it on the bed in disgust. As I did so my eye caught the announcement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and half in anger and half in contempt I read what it said and again threw the paper down. But I could not get this announcement of Pink Pills out of my head, and at last I determined to try them, and I did so. I began to use the pills, following directions carefully, and by the time I had taken the first box my appetite had returned, and I was so invigorated that it almost seemed as if I were renewing my youth. I kept on taking the Pink Pills until I was thoroughly recovered, and now can do more work than for twenty years before.

"I will say that not only have they saved me much expense in doctors' bills, but my life, and I am only too glad to publish this testimonial to the virtues of Pink Pills.

(Signed) Z. T. MAXWELL."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Extras.

"Do you know," began the summer boarder, "that the pounding of the steak by your cook awakened me this morning at sunrise?"

"So?" said the placid landlord. "It was a real poster sunrise, but bein' as you didn't order it it won't cost you more'n $1 fer extra."—Indianapolis Journal.

Length of Europe's Armies.

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, 15 inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.

Fifteen mice in one day is the record of a cat in a bookstore at Hallowell, Me.

Your tea-trade for the next ten years is worth having. We want it.

Try all five flavors of *Schilling's Best* tea, and get your money back (of your grocer) on those that you don't like.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 498

Good Roads in the East.

If the League of American Wheelmen as a whole will work for good roads this coming year as will the New York division of that rapidly growing organization, then cyclists generally will rise up and praise the L. A. W., and give it their dollars and their material aid. Highway improvement is acknowledged to be the greatest work the League has before it. And good, or even fair, roads are in such small proportion to the bad ones in this country that a small beginning in this direction will give the League a prestige that it just now lacks. Chief Consul Potter of the New York division has framed a road improvement bill with the approval and co-operation of the State Grange officials, and with the combined influence of the wheelmen and the farmers it is confidently believed favorable legislation will be secured. The work will be pushed vigorously and no doubt will be aided much by the good roads congress to be held at Albany in February in conjunction with the National Assembly of the L. A. W. This will be an event of widespread importance, since gentlemen prominently identified with highway improvement in all sections of the United States will be in attendance.

Possible Cure for Cancer.

A Russian physician, Doctor Denisenko, has been experimenting with the sap of the "wartwort," a plant of the spurge family, as a possible cure for cancer. In a St. Petersburg medical journal he gives particulars of seven cases in which he has applied the treatment with apparent success. The sap of the wartwort is of a poisonous nature, and can be used only under careful medical supervision.

THE SEARCHER.

The searcher after truth is generally rewarded, although it is said that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We need something when we are afflicted with neuralgia to search out the seat of the pain, or the pain spot, and as St. Jacobs Oil's mission for good is to penetrate and search out the hidden misery, it goes through like an "X" ray, and conquers and subdues the pain. All pain trouble of a nervous nature needs careful treatment and patience. The afflicted nerves must be soothed into submission, and stimulated into healthful action, so as to restore. This is the virtue of the great remedy for pain, and it is, therefore, well known as the best. It may be called the searchlight after the truth of our bodily ailments.

A scientist claims that there are only seventy-two different kinds of venomous snakes in this country.

THE STRONGEST FORTIFICATION

Against disease, one which enable us to undergo unscathed risks from hurtful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

Smokeless powder, made of ammonia and two forms of potasium, has been invented by a Californian.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 1895.

HELPS IN ECONOMY.

HOW TO MAKE A FEW DIMES SAVE A GREAT MANY DOLLARS.

Stylish Gowns of Handsome Color at Small Cost—New Clothes for the Whole Family—No Need of Looking Shabby Even in These Hard Times.

"I hope to help many who are trying to economize," says a writer in the Ladies' Journal. "With a few packages of diamond dyes wonders can be done in making old dresses look like new. In my own family we actually did not buy a single new dress or cloak last fall, yet we dressed comfortably and in style, by dyeing over clothes that had been cast aside."

Diamond dyes come in convenient packages which color from one to ten pounds of goods for ten cents. Full directions make it impossible for one to have "poor luck" with the diamond, and they are so simple to use that perfect, non-fading colors are obtained without any experience in dyeing.

A book of free directions for home dyeing will be sent to any one by the proprietors, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Everybody Wants Good Roads.

The good roads movement away back in the beginning of the agitation was something akin to a real joke. Just because a few bicyclers wished smoother highways whereon to indulge their new-found hobby of wheeling, it seemed absurd that they should ask to have the highways of the land improved.

For a time the movement didn't move worth a cent. People looked upon bicycling as a passing fad or craze, and they considered the good roads movement a companion-piece to it.

But the bicycle "fad" doesn't pass away. It seems to be here "for keeps," and so the demand for good roads on the part of wheelmen is a fixed and lasting one; but beyond this is a stronger, broader demand for improved highways. A road that is good for the bicycle is good for all people, and were the bicycle to pass away, the lesson it has taught would remain in the minds of thinking people. Good roads are a logical, happy necessity for all—not a luxury for the few.

Procyon's Companion.

Many years ago the great German mathematician, Bessel, announced that both Sirius and Procyon—popularly known as the dog-stars—possessed invisible companions revolving around them. He was led to this conclusion by studying the motions of those stars. In 1862 the companion of Sirius was discovered with the telescope, and during the present year it has reappeared, after being invisible for six years through too close proximity to its brilliant comrade. Quickly following the reappearance of Sirius' companion has also come the discovery of the companion of Procyon, which had never been seen until Professor Schaeberle caught sight of it with the great telescope of the Lick Observatory a few weeks ago. It is a very minute star, of only the thirteenth magnitude.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

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2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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When you plant seeds, plant FERRY'S Always the best. For sale everywhere. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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INDISPENSABLE TO ANY PIPE SMOKER. "AWAY WITH BAKESHIPTS." Dealers' Best Seller. SAMPLE, 10c. ONE DOZEN, 80c. ECLIPSE MFG. CO. By Mail. Agents Wanted. Portland, Or., U. S. A.

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