



That the North Pole is shifting and climate changing, making the northern part of this continent warmer and Northern Asia colder, is the theory of Moses B. Colworth, of York, England, who has been gathering evidence in Alaska to support it. This movement, Colworth believes, is caused by the immense accumulations of ice along the Canadian shore of the Arctic Ocean, and especially at Baffin's Land and Greenland. The incalculable weight of this mass is, by the force of gravity, slowly pushing the crust of the earth, and consequently the North Pole and the arctic circle, generally westward, over toward Siberia, where there are no immense accumulations of glacial ice to counteract the movement.



"I'd hate to be a June bride this year," remarked the stenographer boarder, with a little giggle.

"Why?" inquired the dental student.

"If the boy was all right and had the shokels coming in regular, why not June?"

"She didn't mean June, you it!" said the young woman employed in a downtown cloak department, with friendly freedom.

"She meant this year. Don't you know what year this is?"

"Oh-h-h!" said the dental student. "I catch on, Pardon me."

"What do you think of this thing of women proposing, Mr. Stimms?" asked the landlady of the old bachelor.

"Do you think they ought to?"

"Nobody would be safe if they did," replied that person.

"You would," said the young woman from the cloaks, with some asperity.

"Now, now!" said the dental student. "We mustn't have this. Sure, they've a right to propose if they want to."

"You'd better take care how you express yourself on that subject, with these fascinating young ladies around," said the bachelor boarder, warningly.

"I wish there was danger of it," said the dental student, with a glance at the stenographer, who cast down her eyes and blushed faintly.

"I never have any luck, though," he resumed. "I always manage to get in with a bunch that's such lookers they don't have to. They have to take a club to keep the fellows away from them."

"When you say a 'bunch' I presume you mean a galaxy," said the landlady, a note of reproof in her voice.

"I mean a bunch of daisies, ma'am," said the dental student.

The young woman employed in the downtown cloak department reached behind the poetic boarder to pat the student on the back. "You'll never lose a thing by that," she said.

"Woman," said the poetic boarder, seriously, "woman should be sought. Her nature is too timid, too delicate, too refined to take the initiative in such a matter. She is the goddess to whom we sue, not the suppliant, the devotee. If she takes pity on us rude, strong men it is out of her divine compassion. If she blesses us with her companionship it is a thing for which we should be humbly grateful and strive to repay with our unceasing care and devotion."

"Hear him!" cried the dental student. "Fine business! Good talk!"

"There's nothing slow about Mr. Dilley," said the young woman employed in the downtown cloak department.

"Come off!" said the bachelor boarder.

"If woman should propose," continued the poetic boarder, "it would inevitably destroy our high ideal of her. There might be exceptional circumstances that would justify it. Romantic history has some instances of it; but no doubt it would tend to lower her in the estimation of a manly man of the feelings."

"Fine fiddlesticks!" said the old

bachelor boarder. "Doesn't she propose all the time? She doesn't come right out and say, 'Will you be mine?' That would be too direct and too honest. No, but she'll get after him just the same, and once she does there's no hope for him. He might as well throw up his hands—unless he's on to their game. You let them begin making eyes at you, my friend, and see where you land. You may think that you're doing it, but you won't be. Pooh!"

Just here the young woman employed in the downtown cloak department violated the proprieties and the rules of the house. She threw a beaten biscuit at the bachelor boarder.—Chicago Daily News.

Optimism in the Philippines.

The Philippines are to-day nearer the realization of the doctrine of "The Philippines for the Filipino" than they ever have been. There is more English being spoken in the islands than Spanish at the present time. Important public enterprises are under way which have attracted the attention of careful students of insular affairs all over the world. Water works are being built under the most expert scientific advice, public schools are being built in large numbers, and of superior equipment, and splendid public roads, such as that to the summer capital of Manila, are being laid out and constructed. Plagues have been made practically impossible, the customary fever period has been largely robbed of its terror, and sanitary conditions and the health of the people have been made subjects of special attention.

While complete independence is the dream of the people of the islands, they are finding that with so large a number of their own people in charge of the local government, as officeholders, they are practically administering their own affairs. The Philippine Congress contains many of the brightest men in the islands, who are manifesting an enthusiastic interest in her new responsibilities. The speaker of the House, Senor Don Asmena, is a progressive and talented young man who believes in American ideas and is adapting them to his large field of usefulness. Hopefulness and optimism are the dominant notes in the Philippines to-day, and these are the qualities that make for success and progress.—From Secretary Taft's Own Story of His Tour Around the World in the National Magazine.

Instinct and Reason.

Instinct is the generic term for all those faculties of mind which lead to the performance of actions that are adaptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained. Reason refers to those actions that are adaptive in character and that are pursued with knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends aimed at. Such is the technical statement of the difference between instinct and reason, but the real, basic difference between the two faculties is unknown and probably unknowable.—New York American.

Most people don't become angels until they are so old and fat that it sounds ridiculous to call them angels.

But the woman with a history is never anxious to dispose of a copy.



St. Vitus' Dance.

This distressing affection, called in medical terms chorea, is a nervous malady of early life. It is most frequent in children 12 or 13 years old; before 5 and after 20 it is rare.

Girls are affected more frequently than boys, nearly in the proportion of three to one.

What the essence of the disease is physicians do not yet know. Some think it consists in an undue irritability of that portion of the nervous system which has to do with muscular contraction, others that it is due to fatigue or exhaustion of the nerves. The principal symptom of chorea is an involuntary contraction of certain muscles, commonly those of the face, neck and arms, giving rise to irregular movements of the head and arms, coupled with grimaces. In severe cases the muscles of the trunk and the legs are affected, so that the sufferer is unable to walk, and even rolls and tosses about in the bed.

The constant movements give rise to an intense and painful fatigue. Sometimes the spasmodic twitching of the tongue and the muscles concerned in the act of swallowing interferes with the taking of food, and the patient suffers from semistarvation. Sleep is prevented or disturbed, although when sleep does occur the movements usually cease. In the milder forms there may be only slight twitchings of the muscles of the face, the patient seeming only to be "making faces" at people.

The disease often, although not always, follows an attack of rheumatism, or it may be occasioned by a fright or some other shock to the nervous system. Eye-strain is believed to be a cause in some cases. It is sometimes imitative in character, being excited by the sight of another child who has St. Vitus' dance, and in this way the disease may spread, as by contagion, through a school. The strain of school life, with long hours of study and insufficient playtime, seems to be an occasional cause, or at least to predispose to an attack.

The treatment of chorea by drugs is unsatisfactory. Some have been extolled as curative, but a further trial has usually shown that the recovery was in large measure due to other things. Much good can be done by absolute rest in bed in a darkened and well-ventilated room, or better yet, in a room with all windows open, or actually in the open air, darkness being secured by a hood drawn over the eyes. Reading and visitors should be prohibited. The food should be nourishing and digestible.

Sedative medicines are undoubtedly useful, but they must of course be taken only under the physician's supervision. The eyes should always be examined and proper glasses fitted before the child is allowed to return to study after recovery from an attack of chorea.

In a French Chateau in Winter.

It is not all bliss to be invited to a French chateau in midwinter, no matter how distinguished the host or how romantic and artistic the domicile. At least it isn't for the steam heated Bostonian, lapped in the luxury of summer warmth. A visitor to a distractingly lovely abode near Fontainebleau says he put in twenty-four hours of physical anguish there and simply came away wondering how his hosts endured the arctic temperature of the rooms. "If I meant to live in foreign lands," says this shivering person, "I would go through the chilling process which injures human flesh and blood in France. What do these people do to render the blood in their veins to course like fire and act like an eternal furnace?" That's a question Americans abroad might well like to have answered.—Boston Herald.

Now and Then.

She—You love me, then?
He—I love you now.
She—Ah, well! I suppose if a woman can get a man to love her now and then she should be contented!—Fair Journal.

Awful Effects.

Acrid Ike—Dey say dat steady drip-pin' o' water'll wear away a stone.
Dreamy Pete—Jes' t'ink, den, wot'd happen t' a man's stomach by pourin' glassfuls inter it.—Bohemian.

Quite Useful.

"She has a very useful husband."
"How do you make that out?"
"He can always suggest something that he wants for dinner."—Detroit Free Press.

About the first thing a child learns in this strenuous old world is how not to behave.

The Page Between.

A New Orleans woman, well known for her work for charity, recently accepted an invitation to speak at an anti-tuberculosis meeting. On the platform she found herself seated between a bishop and a rabbi, and the tone of the meeting seemed to be rendered extremely solemn by the combination.

In order to lighten the solemnity, she said, turning to the rabbi: "Do you know, I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testaments."

The rabbi turned a sad-eyed gaze upon her.

"Yes, madam," he said, "and, if you will recall, that page is usually a blank one."

Sam Weller.

It was Sam Weller who made Dickens famous. "Pickwick Papers" were a complete failure financially until this unique character was introduced. The press was all but unanimous in praising Samival as an entirely original character whom none but a great genius could have created. Dickens received over \$16,000 for "Pickwick Papers," and at the age of twenty-six he was incomparably the most popular author of his day.—London Standard.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Real Thing.

"Do you think that unconscious spell which Miss Sharp had at the ball was a swoon?"

"No; I am sure it was a feint."

"What do you mean?"

"She had declared her intention of making a sensation at the ball, and I think she was like her intention—she wanted to be carried out."

The Old Flame.

Eva—Yes, she used to keep his love letters under her pillow.

Edna—And now?

Eva—Oh, she keeps them over her pillow now.

Edna—Over?

Eva—Yes, she uses them as curl papers.

No Opening.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the prosperous citizen sharply.

"G'wan," retorted the mendicant, "you're fellows that have all the so't snaps have a nerve."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Mere Fancy.

"When I saw him last he was getting to be a regular grouch. He imagined everybody disliked him."

"Oh, all that's changed."

"Yes?"

"Yes, he knows it now."—Philadelphia Press.

A Chance to Get Rich.

A fortune awaits the tailor who can invent a secret pocket in a coat where a man may carry his cigars without exposing them to the many friends who help themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.



The Best Part.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

"Yesum. I gave him the seeds. He can plant them and have a whole orchard."

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

A Dreadful Secret.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you, either.

Husband—Have you secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Husband (hoarsely)—Go on!

Wife—For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for my birthday.

That fetched him.—Tatler.

Extremes.

"Pardon me," said the dowager with the mole on her chin, "but there is hardly room for two of us here if you are going to keep that thing on your head."

"O, I guess there's room enough, madam," answered the sharp featured young woman with the umbrageous hat, who occupied the adjoining seat. "I'm not making any kick about the space your feet take up."—Chicago Tribune.

Knocked Out.

The pugilist a moment dropped his guard. A stiff right-hander laid him on the floor and sent him into dreamland. When he woke

His dream of immortality was o'er.

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