

ODDS AND ENDS.

SCENE AT THE HOSPITAL.

Experience of a Man Who Said Doctors Were Heartless.

An opinion was expressed by a professional man the other day that doctors were a heartless lot of people, and the man who expressed it backed it up, says the New York Sun, with an incident he had witnessed in a hospital. A patient was suffering from hydrophobia, and the professional man, who was looking at the sufferer, asked the doctor:

"Does the sight of water throw him into a spasm?"

"You can see for yourself," replied the doctor, and he produced a glass of water, the sight of which brought on a spasm horrible to witness.

Some time later, when the ward where the sufferer was lying was visited by two physicians, one of them asked the attending doctor:

"What is his condition? Has he got any chance of getting well?"

"He is very low," was the reply.

"He's likely to die any minute. You'll be at the autopsy to-morrow, won't you?"

"That shocked me," said the professional man. "It was all right, I know. The patient didn't understand, but the idea was shocking. It was cold-blooded. It doesn't seem to me that a human being should ever permit himself to become so callous. But they do. I want to say right now that if I am ever sick I shall protest against going to a hospital so long as there is breath in my body. I'll die at home or in the street, but no hospital ever gets me, remember that."

OUTGROWN FRIENDSHIPS.

And Changes in the Sunny Fields of Comradship.

Is there anything more distressing in life than a friendship outgrown? This doesn't mean one that has been broken off through some difference of opinion, some misunderstanding that a few words could have set right, or an estrangement the result of a hasty temper that prompted ugly words and untruthful, bitter sentiments; no, a friendship outgrown is the unhappy product of too much worldliness on one side or the other. Perhaps education would be the better word, or a knowledge of the world a more comely phrase, but whichever pleases most the outcome of the same never varies.

Take two girls at school, says the Philadelphia Times, chums they have been through all the years of study and fun they have passed together, they separate at graduation swearing eternal friendship, letters fly back and forth for a time, and then one pays the other a visit. Ah, how many illusions have been dispelled in that reunion! Life has changed one, perhaps, from the girl of a year ago into a woman, while it has left the other over the same. After the first good talk over old times they cannot help seeing that there is something different in the atmosphere that was once so thoroughly congenial. The visit over, a few more letters, then silence and another friendship lost in that great labyrinth of change that has grown up on the sunny fields of comradship.

THE MARINE BAND.

Formerly Made More Noise Than Music—The Hoop-Fish Horn.

"The Marine band, now the pride of the nation's capital," said an old musician to the Star writer, "had but few brass instruments except bugles when it was organized. Indeed, there were but few brass instruments in use in those days, for cornets, alto horns and tubas are comparatively new. I remember to have seen the Marine band marching through the streets of this city, led by six violinists, with two or three violas, a fiddle in size between the ordinary violin and the violoncello. Nearly all the other instruments were reed, flageolet and clarinet, with an occasional French horn. The big attraction of the band for street parades was a chime of bells, which were carried on a big stick above the player's head. He shook them as the band marched along, and made a great deal of noise if not music. Cymbals, drums, bass and snare, were more in evidence as features than they are now. The Marine band had the honor and credit of inventing what was called the hoop-fish horn. It was a horn of immense size. It was not intended so much for musical purposes as it was to carry off plunder. Whenever the band officiated at receptions, banquets and the like the bandmen packed it full of good things for the children at home."

AFRICAN TREE CRAB.

In Africa there exists a tree-crab which has a trick of crawling up a cocoon tree, biting off half a dozen bunches, and then creeping down again backwards. The theory is that the crabs are shattered by the fall, and the nuts which often ruin the cocoon crops, and take advantage of the crab in its lower portion of the tree is soft and sensitive. When they are heard in the tree the native climbs half way up the tree and drives in a circle of pikes made out of thorns. The consequence is when the crab comes down he encounters the thorns, and, supposing that he has reached the ground, he lets go, and is so crippled by the fall that he is easily dispatched and eaten in his turn.

A Hairy Boy.

The greatest curiosity of western France is a modern Esau, in the person of Leon Fernerd, the nine-year-old son of well-to-do parents living in the little village of Vindieg. The boy was born in May, 1856, and from the day of his birth has been covered with a heavy growth of curly, straw-colored hair. Several attempts have been made to remove this queer hair, but so far all such attempts have been in vain. The boy dislikes very much to be called "the hairy boy," and even his parents are said to be very sensitive on the subject.

WITH THE SIX HUNDRED.

An English Soldier Who Participated in Many Famous Battles.

The death but recently occurred at Chatam of William Henry Faulkner, one of the few survivors of the 600 who took part in the famous Balaclava charge, says the London Daily News.

Born in Inverness, Faulkner, at the age of 17, joined the Fourth Light Dragoons. In the course of a few months he was sent out to the Crimea, and his regiment was speedily under fire. In charging the Russian guns at Balaclava he received a bullet in his neck, where it remained until the day of his death, being deeply buried in the muscles. The young dragoon attacked the Russian who fired the shot and cut him through with his sabre from shoulder to side, severing his body completely. The horrors of the war were too much for a young fellow of Faulkner's age, and he was invalided home, suffering from mental aberration.

Upon his restoration to convalescence Faulkner joined the Royal Marines and again saw active service in the Indian mutiny. He was present at both the relief of Lucknow (November 17, 1857), and its recapture (March 12, 1858). He also fought at Cawpore in the battle of December 6, 1857, and was severely wounded by a blow from a club wielded by a giant sepoy. He had himself bayoneted three of the enemy previous to being rendered hors de combat.

FALSE ECONOMY.

Waste of Time More Than Delayed Price of Finished Article.

In an article in a recent number of Cassier Magazine Mr. H. Hansen gives an illustration of what he calls an example of false shop economy. Aside from its interest and the lesson it suggests, it reminds me of an instance which was related to me not long ago Mr. Hansen's article says:

Not long ago I was employed by a firm who considered to make a grinder themselves rather than purchase one. They had the draftsmen, pattern-makers, machinists and molders, with plenty of wood and pig iron in the background, so it entered their mind that there could not be much expense attached to converting this into whatever they saw fit. Owing to the ignorance of their foundry foreman, who was not accustomed to this class of work, the main casting or bed was cast three times before producing a passable piece of work. The smaller parts were the same way, and there was hardly a piece connected with it that was made on the first trial. In nearly every case success came only after some experience had been paid for. When it came to assembling, I have a distinct recollection of several pieces refusing to be put together. Parts which should have been cast separately were consolidated to make it easier for the pattern-maker and machinist.

FIGHTING PESTS BY STEAM.

How They Carry on the War Against Insects in Australia.

The somewhat novel system of employing steam with sulphur vapors and other chemicals for the purpose of destroying various kinds of insect pests is turning out quite a success, says the Australasian. By the pressure of steam the disinfecting vapors are forced to the very bottom of every hole and crack in the tree, and without any doubt reach the seat of the disease, thereby thoroughly destroying all insect life together with any larvae and eggs which may be at the bottom of the hole. Any loose bark is also penetrated, and if the codlin moth grub there its fate is sealed. It is claimed that nearly big, red spider and a host of other pests can be eradicated by the same method. The patentee, S. Love, has just finished stenciling and fumigating a number of orange and lemon trees in the northeastern district. The results being highly satisfactory. The government entomologist, in his valuable book on "Destructive Insects," refers to the great superiority of steam-power machines for the purpose of destroying insects over those worked by hand.

LION FARMING.

Little Cubs Given to a Dog for a Foster Mother.

The greater part of the lions exhibited to the public have, according to showmen, been born and reared in traveling menageries or circuses. Nowadays the breeding, training and rearing of wild beasts constitute a regular business, and is carried on systematically.

As soon as a lioness has a litter of cubs they are taken away from her and given to a collie, Newfoundland or other canine foster-mother. As a rule, a woman looks after both nurse and cubs, the task usually falling to the lot of the mistress of the caravan.

When born the lions are like young cats. The little family is usually accommodated in a corner of the caravan, in their infancy the young lions are treated just like kittens.

When they are able to walk they have the run of the place, play about, and seem to look for and enjoy the caresses that are bestowed upon them. They recognize for a long time the authority, so to speak, of the foster-mother, and are obedient to her wishes, even after they have considerably outgrown her in size.

Dumas's Vanity.

Dumas the elder had a good deal of the African in his appearance, and he had to no small degree the love of show common to that race. Referring to the latter trait Alexander Dumas fits in the remark: "My father is so vain and so fond of display that he would ride behind his own coach to make people believe that he keeps a colored footman."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Mr. Skinner's Relatives.

On a highway leading across the Arkansas bottom I found a native sitting on a log with a shotgun across his knees, and after he had passed the time of day I asked him if there was much game in the swamps.

"No game right around yere," he replied.

"You are not shooting snakes?"

"No, sah. I don't waste powder on snakes."

"Just out looking around, eh?" I continued as I presented him with a new clay pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Stranger," he replied as he thawed out a little, "I'm waitin' right yere for Abe Skinner to cum along, and when he shows up sumpdy's goin' to git popped."

"So you've had trouble with Mr. Skinner?"

"Yes, sah. That Abe Skinner dun shot one of my hawks."

"But there's the law to get even with him. Why don't you bring him to trial?"

"Waal, sah, when I found that he'd shot that hawk, I went to the only constable around yere to see what I could do about it. That constable was a relation of his, and he said I orter be plum glad that Abe didn't shoot me as well."

"But you should have gone to a justice of the peace for a warrant."

"That's what I did, sah. That justice hurn was a relation of Abe's, and he said durn that hawk and me too."

"And you didn't see a lawyer?"

"I did, sah. Yes, sah, I went to Lawyer Shad and to Lawyer Peters and to Lawyer Davis, and every last one of 'em pounded on the table and dratted my hide becase they war related to Abe Skinner. If I should git that case into court, the judge would be ag'in me, the lawyer would be ag'in me, and the jury would all be related to Abe and bring in a verdict not guilty and put the costs on me."

"But haven't you sent word to Mr. Skinner that he must settle the damages?" I asked.

"Can't he bid, sah. I've bin to three or fo' men, but they all related to him and said he orter shot my hull drove of hawks."

"And so you are obliged to pop at him to get even?"

"Got to do it, sah, but I reckon it won't cum to doin any real shootin. Abe, he'll cum along yere on his ole mawl, and I'll jump out on him with a yell, and as soon as he git over his skcer he'll want to settle the case."

"That will be the best way."

"Yes, I reckon. I'll want fo' dollars fur that hawk, but bein as Abe is related to me he'll dun want to git off fur two, and arter awhile 'll take it."

"Mr. Skinner must have lots of relatives around here," I said as I moved on.

"Heaps of 'em, stranger—heaps. Yes, sah, that's the trouble, sah, and if you happen to be a cousin of his jest let him know that his brother-in-law is waitin' right yere with a gun and shoot 'em pay fur that hawk or he'll shoot!"

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WINNER OF FIRST McLEAN SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Girl Students at Home—Woman's Right to Be Ugly—A Famous Training Nurse, Tailor Made Costumes—Glass Hats and Bonnets.

Miss Louise Winthrop Kones, the winner of the first contest for the McLean scholarship in American history, offered by the New York city chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to the one of their members passing the best examination on the subject, has commenced her studies at Barnard college.

Miss Kones is a true daughter of America, if ancestors prominent in the early days of the country will count for anything. She is descended on her father's side from John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts; from Thomas Dudley, the second governor, and from Edward Hilton, the elder, the "father" of New Hampshire. On her mother's side she traces her ancestry back to Johannes de la Montague, commander in chief of Manhattan Island in 1624, a Huguenot ancestor; to the De Forests, and to the Bogert, Bancker, Codwise, Kingsland and other early New York families. Later, in Revolutionary times, her great-grandfather, Kones, from whom the family takes its name, was a member and secretary of the Brentwood (N. H.) "committee of

correspondence," February, 1775, and other ancestors distinguished themselves, and the descendants who followed after them, one of them being one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati.

It was in the fascinating study of family genealogy, seeing that her family tree grew straight and true, that Miss Kones became specially interested in American history and well posted in it. She became one of the competitors when the society decided to offer the scholarship to its members. The examination was conducted by Professor Herbert L. Osgood of Columbia university, who last June mailed a list of books, which would be the basis of the examination, to each member of the chapter. Nine questions were asked at the examination, and the answers, which were made in writing, were handed in at the end of three hours. The questions were searching, extending far back into the history of the course of study, and will receive a certificate at the close of the examination successfully passed. The course is equivalent to the junior and senior years in the same study at Columbia.

The scholarship was named for Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as it was founded at her suggestion. Her idea is that the scholarship is not only valuable for its general educational advantages, but that with the certificate given to each student at the close of the course, should she at any time wish to teach the subject, she should be enabled to do so, and the demand for teachers in American history is constantly increasing. The scholarship will practically be a making independent, and though she may wish to make practical use of it, the certificate, which is all powerful, will always give them the satisfaction of knowing they have capital to invest.

In a tiny new house in the northeastern section of the city a charming set of college girls have taken up their abode for the winter. They are all Johns Hopkins medical students, two having entered this year, the others having spent their first winter in Baltimore last year. Not caring for the homeless life of a boarding house, they decided to try the experiment of keeping house for themselves, and so far the experiment has been a most pleasing success.

The leading spirit of this little coterie is Miss Margaret Long, the oldest daughter of the secretary of the college. Her chum at Smith college, Miss Reed, is with her, and the other members of the quartet are Miss Stimpis of the class of '97 of Cornell and Miss Austin, a member of the class of '94 of the University of Minnesota. The girls are fortunate in having for their chaperon Mrs. Reed from Leyden, N. Y., and Miss Hawley, who relieve the students from planning how the house shall be carried on.

Each of the girls has her own room furnished in her own pet fashion. The most of the furniture in the house has some pleasant association connected with it through its having been part of one or another of the girls' rooms while at college. The Smith college flag has a prominent place in Miss Reed's room, and Miss Long enjoys an armchair and a tea table which were part of her room furniture at the same college.

The dining room, a bright, cherry

apartment, especially at mealtime, serves the double purpose of dining room and study. Its floor is stained and is covered with a heavy rug. There is a bookcase in one corner and a china chest in another. Miss Long and Miss Reed have contributed most of the children used in the establishment. Miss Long's home at Hingham, Mass., is closed for the winter, and so Miss Reed's in the Ailrounds at Leyden, N. Y. The home china closets have been robbed of some of their choicest contents to adorn the table of this delightful little home. The dainty china and the home cooking are two features which contribute very largely to the happiness of the girls.

The prevailing tones of the parlor draperies and furnishings are olive and dull reds and yellows. An inviting couch, piled high with pillows, awaits the girls when they come in from the hospital. A rosewood desk, a graceful bronze lamp, a tea table, an artistic screen and some comfortable chairs are some of the other furnishings. The pictures and ornaments are souvenirs of winters spent abroad. Miss Long has a pleasant reminder of a year in Germany in a copy of a Murillo Madonna and in a copy of a picture from the art gallery at Munich. Miss Reed's copy of Napoleon as a lieutenant hangs over the mantel. A little water color, a picture in a carved Florentine frame and a Tyroler rosette are other evidences of the artistic tastes of the girls.—Baltimore Sun.

Beauty and the Beast; or, A Woman's Right to Be Ugly. "Beauty and the Beast" was the title of a paper read by Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead before the Rainy Day club of New York recently.

"I heard a man say the other day that woman's dress is as inartistic as it is undesirable," the speaker began, "and it is an indisputable fact that women are dissatisfied with the clothing imposed by fashion in civilized countries. The vast majority of women who are doing some useful work in the world are crying out more and more against it."

"Now, while there is little dissent from the statement that beauty is a desirable quality in women's clothing, it is true that if we have usefulness in dress it will blossom into beauty."

"The best would never have been beautiful if he had not first been accepted for his goodness, so it is my belief that woman's dress will never be beautiful until loved and accepted for its intrinsic merit."

"Shall not we, my dear Rainy Dayies, learn a lesson from the fable? Let us find a dress adapted to our wants and let the question of beauty remain unanswered until the more important and fundamental points have been attended to."

"But has woman a right to be ugly? Is beauty her transcendent duty, and is beauty a matter of dress?" Then with scorn: "What an ignoble scramble! J. G. Holland has set women by saying, 'No wife should allow her husband to appear better dressed in her husband's eyes than herself.' He didn't state by what means a wife should prevent the other woman. Think of the awful strain!"

"There is Judge Tourgee, too, who thinks about the same. He talked to the girls of Mount Holyoke on the immense influence personal adornment had toward the charm of a woman's manner. Both men emphasize that it is the duty of woman to be beautiful or beautifully dressed, but I firmly believe in woman's right to be ugly at certain times and places and under certain circumstances."

"I can't prove it, nor can I prove that a woman has a soul, but I believe both."

"For final advice: Let woman devise a dress that will not hinder her from becoming strong, wise, good and good. Let it be ever so much of a treat at first, but be well finally marry it, and they'll live happy ever after."

Nursed His Wrath. He was a Bath boy, who, when 13 or 14 years old, went to sea as cook on a fishing schooner. One morning he had the misfortune to burn some mackerel which he was frying, and the captain was so angered at this failure of his breakfast that he took one of the burned fish from the platter and slung it across the table into the boy's coat.

The boy nursed his wrath until with full fare the fisher boat was tied to her pier in the home dock, when he packed his kit, went ashore, and from the wharf made this little speech to the captain:

"Cap'n, you've insulted and abused me on this trip, and sure as I'm alive, when I grow up to be a man, I'll lay for you and lick you if I'm able!"

Years rolled on, and the boy cook became master of a ship and could thrash almost any man of his inches and weight. In Portland one day he was passing by the Falmouth hotel when he encountered, face to face, his former Grand Banks captain and accosted him by name. The captain, surprised, allowed he had not the pleasure of the other's acquaintance, but the former Bath boy refreshed his memory with the circumstances of that fishing trip and added:

"I told you after you had struck me with that fish, cap'n, that I'd whale you if I ever grew big enough, so look out for yourself. I'll keep that promise right off."

With these preliminaries the Bath boy "sailed in" right on the principal street of Portland, and, sure enough, satisfactorily to himself, redeemed his boyish threat.—Butte Independent.

A Thorough Job.

A Philadelphia housekeeper tells this story in the Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same to us through an intelligence (?) office she showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the chutes, which was stretched across a half dozen posts set up for that purpose. She was at the job for so long a time that we began to wonder what on earth was the matter with her. We went out to see what she was doing and there we found her working away vigorously with a spade. She had already dug up three of the posts and had almost completed the work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't stay with us long."

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fere lest when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Saadi.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retards the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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NEURALGIA.

A Disease of the Blood Resulting from some Constitutional Taint Inherited or Acquired—Caused by Impoverished Blood, which is Always Shown by the Afflicted One's Pallor and Emaciation—How it May be Cured.

From the Graphic, Nashville, Ind.

Miss Pearl Wood, a popular young lady of Arlington, Indiana. Two years ago Miss Wood became seriously afflicted with facial neuralgia and was not relieved of her suffering until about eight months ago.

She says, "I had fairly good health until two years ago when the facial neuralgia developed. It started with occasional pains in my jaws and I did not know what the trouble was. I went to a dentist, thinking my teeth needed treating, but the dentist said such was not the case as it was facial neuralgia. Our physician said the same thing and he gave me medicine which relieved the pain for awhile.

"A few weeks later I woke up one night with a fearful pain in my head. I could not sleep. I managed to pull through, however, until morning, when the doctor was sent for. He said it was another attack of the neuralgia, and he was not able to give me any relief. His prophecy proved true. I suffered severely from this disease for many weeks. The pains often came in the night, and so severe that it was impossible to sleep.

"We tried a different doctor, but he did me no good. I had read articles in the newspapers concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I had never heard of a cure of any trouble similar to mine then, somehow I felt that the pills might benefit me. Some of our neighbors had used them with successful results, and I decided to try them. I sent to Nashville for a dozen boxes. I concluded if they were worth trying, they were worth a thorough trial; but all the medicine was never used. I took box I found I was growing better. I don't think I was ever more happy in my life than over the fact I was getting well. After taking the third box, the pain which had made life a misery, had left me, and when I had finished the fifth box I was well."

Neuralgia is the result of some constitutional taint which has been inherited or acquired. It is the direct result of an impoverished condition of the blood which always shown by the afflicted one's pallor and emaciation. Any part of the body which sensitive nerves may become affected.

Among the many forms of this disease are headache, nervousness, paralysis, epilepsy and locomotor ataxia. Some of these are considered incurable until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were formulated. Today thousands testify to having been cured of such diseases by these pills.

No discovery of modern times has done so much good to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves invigorating the body, and have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. They are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

RULES FOR CANDY MAKING.

Mrs. Rorer Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home in "The Ladies' Home Journal" and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucapan. Do not shake or move the saucapan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains, use it for old fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large metal plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucapan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it stand by placing the saucapan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

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Miss Pearl Wood, a popular young lady of Arlington, Indiana. Two years ago Miss Wood became seriously afflicted with facial neuralgia and was not relieved of her suffering until about eight months ago.

She says, "I had fairly good health until two years ago when the facial neuralgia developed. It started with occasional pains in my jaws and I did not know what the trouble was. I went to a dentist, thinking my teeth needed treating, but the dentist said such was not the case as it was facial neuralgia. Our physician said the same thing and he gave me medicine which relieved the pain for awhile.

"A few weeks later I woke up one night with a fearful pain in my head. I could not sleep. I managed to pull through, however, until morning, when the doctor was sent for. He said it was another attack of the neuralgia, and he was not able to give me any relief. His prophecy proved true. I suffered severely from this disease for many weeks. The pains often came in the night, and so severe that it was impossible to sleep.

"We tried a different doctor, but he did me no good. I had read articles in the newspapers concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I had never heard of a cure of any trouble similar to mine then, somehow I felt that the pills might benefit me. Some of our neighbors had used them with successful results, and I decided to try them. I sent to Nashville for a dozen boxes. I concluded if they were worth trying, they were worth a thorough trial; but all the medicine was never used. I took box I found I was growing better. I don't think I was ever more happy in my life than over the fact I was getting well. After taking the third box, the pain which had made life a misery, had left me, and when I had finished the fifth box I was well."

Neuralgia is the result of some constitutional taint which has been inherited or acquired. It is the direct result of an impoverished condition of the blood which always shown by the afflicted one's pallor and emaciation. Any part of the body which sensitive nerves may become affected.

Among the many forms of this disease are headache, nervousness, paralysis, epilepsy and locomotor ataxia. Some of these are considered incurable until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were formulated. Today thousands testify to having been cured of such diseases by these pills.

No discovery of modern times has done so much good to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves invigorating the body, and have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. They are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

RULES FOR CANDY MAKING.

Mrs. Rorer Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home in "The Ladies' Home Journal" and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucapan. Do not shake or move the saucapan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains, use it for old fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large metal plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucapan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it stand by placing the saucapan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

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