

Woman's Face.

PLEASANT FEATURES ADD TO HER ATTRACTIONS

This is Something all Women Can Have or Easily Acquire—Some Simple Rules to Observe.

From the Herald, New Hampton, Mo.

The look in a woman's face is expressive of what she is. One can easily tell whether she is healthy, wealthy, happy or sickly. Nothing adds more to a woman's attractions than a pleasant smile. It is something all can have or easily acquire. It is simply obtained by cleanliness, air, light, diet, exercise.

Many a woman is continually cross, nervous, weak, nervous, ailing; made so by the exertions of household cares, or the conditions incident to her sex. But lack of this and the cause of all the trouble, will be found that the system is out of order; the blood needs toning up. When this is done there follows buoyancy of feeling, and a merry household.

The preservation of a woman's grace and charm requires care and common sense, but none that is bestowed upon her fine face, bris-a-bras, etc. The good wife keeps the silver from tarnish, but neglects herself. Every woman desires to be a "picture of health" and she can be, for it is only a matter of health rather than regular features or perfect proportions, for without the vitality of good spirits which good health denotes, no woman is charming.

Many a woman is regretfully watching the growing pallor of her cheeks, the coming wrinkles, the thinness that becomes more distressing every day. The best way to overcome this and acquire the pleasant look in a woman's face is expressed in the following story told by Mrs. A. Fox, an excellent resident of New Hampton, Mo.

"Three years ago last April," she says, "I had stomach trouble and advanced female troubles set in. I had very little appetite, could not eat meats of any kind, and but few vegetables.

"I had severe backaches and was greatly debilitated. Having no strength my nervous system became so affected that I had nervous prostration. My kidneys did not act right and, in fact, my system was out of order and I became seriously ill.

"I tried two or three doctors without receiving any benefit. At last I went to Dr. R. D. King, of Bethany, Mo., and he gave me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took two boxes of the pills and immediately began to grow in strength, the stomach trouble became much better, the color came to my cheeks and in every respect I was considerably better. In three months I could eat anything I wanted, and had good appetite.

"I would like to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as the best remedy for women to take during the turn of life to keep them in health and to pass that age in safety. When women are passing beyond that age it is a crisis in her life. Then, if ever, proper attention to hygiene should be exercised. The mind suffers, the nerves will appear and buoyant health will follow. If Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are used.

"These pills exert a powerful influence in restoring the system to its proper condition. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood. Consequently many kinds of diseases are cured, as nearly all are the result of an impoverished condition of the blood. Druggists consider these pills to be most effective and best selling ones on the market.

"I wish," said the artist who had been so absorbed in his work as to neglect his car, "that you would send me and get a nice large head of cabbage."

"Certainly," replied his wife. "Have you an inspiration for a new still life?"

"No, I merely want it for a pot boiler."—Washington Star.

The Amazonian Cut.

First Amazon of Dahomey—I was completely humbled in by the enemy, but I cut my way out.

Second Amazon of Dahomey—That's what I said. It took nerve, but I did it. I just didn't notice them any more than if they weren't there at all.—Detroit Journal.

The Place to Pad.

Tailor (to mother who is having a suit made for her boy)—Do you want the shoulders padded?

Little Boy—No, mamma; tell him to pad the pants.—New York Sunday Journal.

His Explanation.

My partner (expecting), you see, was a lonely but wealthy Miss B. She wrote, "Have caught cold." Poor old girl—getting old. Is that why I love her? Well—no!

Now, the Pella helped me out of the plight with a girl who was "there for the night." Some cousin, I thought. Whose dot was a nuisance—Some cousin or niece (They've a dozen apiece)—I consented with thoughts impatient.

You'll excuse me just here if I swear—That girl had most glorious hair, and eyes of true blue, and her foot in a shoe No spirit e'er attempted to wear.

But beauty was not in my line. "Fuss gold that I wanted, in blue, and I acted the fool. As far as man dare When his partner is poor—Yes, I acted the fool. With that rose tinted beauty of mine.

And not till this moment, from you, have I learned what would make a saint blue—

That I danced that cotillon With a girl worth a million And thought that she had a son.—Tom Hall in New York Sunday World.

A whale of 50 tons weight exerts 145 horsepower in swimming 12 miles an hour.

The public schools teach all most every known branch of study and the most important branch of all. What does it profit your son or daughter if he has an intellect like a Newton, and is mentally an Admiral Crichton, if he has a weak and puny body and not the remotest idea of how to care for his health? A boy should be taught to start that his health is his most precious endowment. Without health all the genius, and all the ambition in the world are worthless. A boy should be taught that success in any walk of life, that happiness, and life itself are dependent upon his care of his health.

When a man feels that he is losing his health and vigor, when his cheeks no longer glow, his step is no longer elastic and the sparkle of health is no longer in his eyes, he should work less, rest more and resort to the right remedy to care his bodily vigor. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a natural medicine—a scientific medicine. It does no violence to nature. It works with and not against nature. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It imparts vitality and power to the whole system. It gives plumpness and color to the cheeks, sparkle to the eyes, steadiness to the nerves, strength to the muscles and the animation of health to the whole body. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. Medicine dealers sell it and have absolutely nothing else "just as good."

"I was afflicted with pimples and boils, and running sores on face and neck," writes Robert E. West, Esq., of No. 66 Galloway Ave., Columbus, Ohio. "I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, and was cured."

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.

Removing Rust From Iron.

The accumulation of rust on iron articles is so annoying that any simple process of removing it will be received with great satisfaction by a large number of persons. The following directions are given: Attach a piece of ordinary zinc to the articles and then let them lie in water to which a little sulphuric acid is added. They should be left immersed for several days or a week, until the rust has entirely disappeared, the time depending on how deeply they were rusted. If there is much rust, a little sulphuric acid should be added occasionally. The essential part of the process is that the zinc must be in good electrical contact with the iron. A good way is to twist an iron wire tightly around the object and connect this with the zinc, for which a remnant of a battery zinc is suitable, as it has a binding post.

Besides the simplicity of this process, it has the great advantage that the iron itself is not attacked in the least as long as the zinc is in good electrical contact with it. Delicate pieces of mechanism which have become badly rusted can be cleaned by wrapping a galvanized wire around them instead of the zinc, in which case the acid should not be too strong. When the rust is all out off, the articles will appear dark gray or black. They must then be thoroughly washed and oiled. It is well to warm them slightly when dry so that the oil may the more easily sink into the surface. Where there are sharp edges and fine work this process is said to be eminently satisfactory.—New York Ledger.

Grant's Court Suit.

"Just before Court started on his famous trip around the world—in fact, just three days before he left—he walked into a store in Philadelphia and very quietly, just as if he was asking nothing unusual, said that he wanted a full dress uniform of the general's grade finished for him before he left. As he expressed it, he couldn't appear in civilian's dress at the various courts which he would visit, and he didn't like the idea of the knickerbockers and silk stockings of the regulation court costume.

"It was a rush order," said the merchant who received it, "and we had to furnish everything except the sword, but we managed to finish it in time and made what Grant considered the best fitting uniform he ever wore. The epaulettes hadn't arrived when the day for trying on occurred, and our fitter told Grant, adding that he was sorry, but that he would have to come in again. Then Grant made a remark which showed his great good sense, one of his predominant characteristics. 'There must be somebody here,' he said, 'who is about my build. Just put the coat on him and let the epaulettes that way.' And so it was done."—New York Times.

Big Bets.

The late Mr. Davis, the biggest bookmaker of his time in England, probably laid the largest bet ever recorded when he wagered \$500,000 to \$5,000 against three horses owned by Mr. Clark and entered in the Derby of 1899.

There is also a bet recorded of \$150,000 to \$150,000, the big amount being laid by Lord Glasgow and the smaller by Lord George Bentinck, who lost.

In 1885 a young lordling bet \$15,000 to \$150 that St. Simon, a very celebrated race horse, would win a race in which but one other animal was to start. St. Simon was so hot a favorite that 100 to 1 was laid on his chance, such odds, of course, being very unusual and meaning that there is hardly any betting being done. That lord, however, actually bet his \$15,000 against a bookmaker's \$150 as coolly as if he had been accepting and not laying tremendous odds. St. Simon won in a canter.

A Finished Reckoning.

Hon. George Russell, in his "Recollections and Collections," tells the following story of Jewett, the famous master of Balliol college:

"The scene was the master's own dining room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The master winced with annoyance, and then, bending down the table toward the offender, said in his shrillest tone, 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating the decorum due from host to guest."

Gladstone and Ireland.

Only a stern sense of duty induced Mr. Gladstone in his seventy-seventh year to endeavor to bring about the pacification of Ireland. "I shall win," he said when he appealed to the country, "or be hunted out of public life."

"What do you think of Mr. Gladstone now?" asked a Liberal M. P. of Mr. Healy at the close of Mr. Gladstone's speech introducing home rule. "I think," replied Mr. Healy, "that he has elected to be crucified for Ireland."—Birmingham (England) Post.

The Age of Niagara.

The truth of the adage about constant dripping wearing away a stone is strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Niagara river has been 30,000 years cutting its channel 300 feet deep, 2,000 feet wide and 7 miles long through solid rock. Evidence is conclusive that it falls were formerly at Queenstone, seven miles below the present situation. It has been proved that they have not receded more than one foot a year for the last half a century.

Eggs in.

Synnex—So you love Miss Sugar-knee? Sweet—No, I do.

Synnex—You love her because she loves you, and she loves you because you love her. Bahl! That amounts to the same thing as each of you being in love with yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Dawson City Prices.

Here is a recent bill of fare of a Dawson City restaurant: Coffee or tea, 75 cents a cup; pie, 75 cents a piece; porridge, \$1.75 a plate; soup, \$1 a plate; sandwiches, 75 cents each; steak, \$3; a portion of candied fruit, \$1; whiskey, 50 cents a glass; complete table d'hôte meal, half an ounce of gold.

Calvary Information.

Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as it can be.

New Cook—Yes, mamma, that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mamma.—Town and Country Journal.

Free Passes.

The legislative free pass is still universal in France. Every member of the chamber of deputies has free traveling on any railroad in the country and is furnished with a card of identification to make sure that he gets his privileges. In the matter of pay they are better off than the British members of parliament, though their indemnity of \$5 a day is small beside the \$5,000 a year of the United States congressman.

Tears were not sent to blind our eyes, but to wash them.—Sunday School Times.

HOW TO FIND A WIFE.

The man of vast learning and the man of equally vast ignorance, the man of sterling integrity and the man who is utterly lacking in that most essential quality, the man who is worth a million and the man who couldn't raise 50 cents before sundown if his life depended on it—all those, together with their wives and children, are alike in one significant particular.

Each individual has a hobby or, if you please, some pet idea, which, in the case of many people, is brought forth by the slightest possible provocation.

Alexander Dollenning belongs to this class, and the happiest moments of his life are when he is given an unobalanced opportunity to talk in public or in private on his favorite theme.

Down in Gage county, several winters ago, the young people of four neighboring towns combined in conducting a debating society. There was considerable talent in each district, with a degree of pride by no means small back of it, and then rivalry between the districts was sufficiently sharp to fill the large schoolhouse in which the meetings were held to its utmost capacity every Friday evening. In fact, it had become a matter of general regret that no building of still greater seating capacity could be obtained for the use of the society.

The programme for the first meeting in December was of unusual interest, and the house was packed until there was no standing room for another person. Each district was represented by its best man in the debate which constituted the main feature of the entertainment, and the discussion was an exciting one. The decision of the judges was to the winning side produced great merriment on the part of about half the audience, but the defeated disputants and their supporters took defeat good naturedly, and after a musical number had been rendered everybody was ready for the next thing on the programme, which, according to custom, would be an extemporaneous speech by some one selected at the time by the society on a subject given by the chairman.

So just at this moment a young man in the rear part of the house arose and was recognized by the chair, said: "I desire to make a motion. We are honored tonight by the presence of Mr. Alexander Dollenning, a gentleman of merited distinction in an adjoining state, who is spending a few days in this vicinity as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Robert Clevermate. I should like very much to hear from the gentleman, and I believe that I express the wish of this audience in moving, as I now do, that he be requested to make the extemporaneous speech which comes at this place on our programme."

Half a dozen members were on their feet at once to second the motion, and it was carried with such a volume of voices that Mr. Dollenning was justified in feeling flattered.

The chairman had been quietly informed that the motion would be made and was requested to give what the informant knew to be the visitor's pet idea as his subject. Being assured that no ill feeling would follow and that the society would hear something worth listening to, he consented, and as Mr. Dollenning came forward his subject was announced as "The Way to Find Anything Is to Quit Looking For It."

He had never been asked to speak on his favorite theme to such a large audience before, and a smile of genuine satisfaction played upon his face as he began.

"Five years ago," said he, "my daughter Ada, who was a schoolgirl 12 years of age, came down to breakfast one morning without the glasses she finds it necessary to wear all the time when studying and remarked that she had evidently mislaid them, as they could not be found in her room.

"After breakfast she looked for them in the dining room, where the family had spent the previous evening. My wife soon joined in the search, and as the time approached for Ada to start to school I, too, began looking for the much wanted glasses.

"The kitchen and the parlor were also gone over carefully, and each one of us at different times went to the girl's room, thinking perhaps they were there in some obscure place, and every time one of us failed to find them in Ada's room or anywhere else the dining room was given another going over. Even the front porch and the back steps and the stairway were searched for the missing article, and the girl went to school firmly convinced that the house had been entered in some mysterious way by thieves during the night and that her glasses were stolen. My wife's sister, who has a reputation for finding things, was to arrive on a morning train, and I would soon discover the hiding place of the glasses.

"But she did not declare positively to me at noon that they were not in the dining room and said she had turned everything upside down in the girl's room, going so far as to unmake her bed, one piece at a time, and all in vain.

"It seemed useless to look more, and the search was abandoned, but as my wife was putting dinner on the table the dish of potatoes tilted a little to one side, and the glasses were found beneath the cloth, which it was then remembered had been turned back the night before for me to write on the table.

"I believe, my friends, that every person in this house tonight can recall one, but a number—perhaps many—instances similar to the case I have related, in which the most diligent search failed to locate a lost article, and no sooner was the search given up than the article appeared in the most unexpected way.

"I know of a business man named Brown who went to his office in haste one night on an errand, pulled his bunch of keys from the left hand pocket of his pantaloons, where he is in the habit of keeping it, unlocked his roller

top, self locking desk, attended to the errand, which included the writing of a letter, closed his desk, took the letter to the postoffice and started to an entertainment, where he was to meet his wife.

"Chancing to put his hand into his pocket, he noticed with a feeling slight akin to horror that his keys were not in their accustomed place. The loss of a bunch of keys is sometimes a serious matter to a business man and may result in great inconvenience, if nothing worse. Mr. Brown had been very careful for years always to put his keys in to the same pocket and to keep them there whenever they were out of his hands.

"Finding them gone, he hurriedly felt in the other pockets of his trousers and in those of his coat and overcoat, but to no avail. He then retraced his steps to the postoffice, and from there to his place of business, looking constantly in front of him and on either side, hoping against hope for the appearance of his keys. Reaching his office, he went back several times over the steps he remembered having taken there and was especially careful to look everywhere under and around his desk.

"It was now evident to Mr. Brown that he had only repeated a former piece of absentmindedness by dropping the keys in his desk and closing the top down, thus locking them up, and so, as on the former occasion, he borrowed a screwdriver and proceeded to take the desk apart. An hour was consumed in this way, for the desk was not made to be taken to pieces every few months, and the task was a difficult one, leaving the man engaged in it very red in the face when it was finished. But the keys had not been dropped there this time, and he was now at his wife's ends.

"After pacing up and down the room a little while to quiet his nerves and think of some means by which the lost treasure could possibly be found Mr. Brown searched through the same pockets again, made another trip to the postoffice, and thence to the place where he had discovered his loss, then went to the office of a morning newspaper and paid for the insertion of an advertisement offering a reward for the return of his keys.

"It was just in time to accompany Mrs. Brown home from the entertainment, and he told her that he should probably not be able to sleep a wink that night, but as he entered the house, feeling in his vest pocket for a match to light a lamp, his finger touched the missing keys. He had always thought of the bunch as being too large to fit in his vest pocket and so didn't look there for it. He had doubtless put it there unconsciously while in the act of taking a match from his pocket just after opening the desk.

"This case strikes you as something new only because you are not business men with self locking desks, but I am persuaded that while I spoke of keys you were reminded of small pieces of farm machinery or articles of household use whose disappearance was just as mysterious, the search for which was fully as long and disappointing, and the finding of which occurred in the most unlooked for fashion soon after the search was abandoned. Illustrations of the truth for which I stand tonight are of common occurrence in the life of every individual, and I rely upon your personal experience to clinch every point I make.

"The clerk whose first and constant aim is to find favor in the eyes of his employer falls in at least nine cases out of ten until he quits looking for favor and begins with self forgetful singleness of purpose and concentration of effort to bring about results in dollars and cents to his employer. The man most out of favor with his employer, and I ever knew was the one who exercised the greatest care to anticipate the every wish and thought of his employer, always endeavoring to please him, and the man with whom this same employer was at all times ready to intrust any interest, however great, rewarding him accordingly, was the one who was most thoroughly indifferent as to the showing he made in the presence of his employer.

"The same truth applies even with more emphatic force to finding happiness. Did it ever occur to you that the individual who makes the most direct effort to be happy usually wears the longest face in the community, while the one whose days are filled with usefulness and nights with sound sleep comes up smiling at every turn in the road which leads to the valley of contented old age?

"The man who spends \$30 a week in an effort to find happiness is, so far as my observation goes, exceedingly miserable in comparison with the man who has only 30 cents to spend in that way.

"The most unhappy woman that I ever knew was a Mrs. Smith, whose entire energy was devoted to having a good time. She was the child of wealthy parents, received a finished education and married a successful professional man, whom she loved intensely and who did all in his power to gratify her every fleeting fancy. She employed a housekeeper who took all responsibility pertaining to household affairs off her hands and hired a competent nurse who cared as an own mother for her baby. Mrs. Smith did no work. Her health was good, and she seldom found it necessary to deny herself any pleasure that she craved.

"The girl friends with whom she had been brought up considered her very fortunate indeed, but her heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness, and the more she surrendered herself to the pursuit of a good time the greater that bitterness became. Thus matters went on for a year, and she could stand it no longer.

"She saw plainly that her housekeeper and her nurse were getting more that was really desirable out of life than she was, and the cause was apparent. Her feeling was so strong that she wanted to become both housekeeper and nurse at once, and it required a determined remonstrance on the part of her

husband to keep her from discharging both servants the same day and doing all the work herself. Mr. Smith knew, however, that her new theory was the correct one and readily consented to a compromise plan by which his wife has since been of great usefulness in the home, where she is now a tireless worker and the happiest of mothers.

"Care burdened wives and mothers and daughters here tonight whose greatest happiness is found in contributing to the comfort of those you love, your lot is an enviable one, and I believe you consider it so. I urge you to be contented with it.

"The eccentric millionaire uncle of my college chum, Frank Benson, died during the young man's last year at school, leaving him, three years hence, provided he had married by that time, the snug sum of \$50,000. If the latter date young Benson remained single he was to receive only \$500, and another heir, who would then become of age, was to get the balance.

"Benson's worldly possessions amounted to less than \$4,000 when the uncle died, and the sum which was thus placed within his grasp looked very large indeed to him. The handling of vast amounts of money was right in line with his ambition, too, and he knew it would require a monster struggle on his part if it became necessary to let this fortune pass into another's hand. But he had never met the girl whom he would take as a life companion, even though this financial consideration was multiplied by ten—not because his lady friends were inferior creatures, far from it, but for the better reason that one of them had ever shown herself able to disturb his heart, and marriage with him, if it occurred at all, should be a matter of love rather than finance.

"The condition in his uncle's will seemed unreasonable in the extreme to him, but, after all, as a matter of fact, he did really want to get married if he could only find his true mate, and the plan took definite form in his mind during the remaining six months of his school life to devote as much of the next 2½ years as it required exclusively to hunting a wife.

"When graduation was over and he had received his degree Benson lost no time in undertaking his new self assigned task. He went about it deliberately, however, and communicated his purpose to no one.

"The first five weeks were spent as the guest of a cousin who was prominent in the legal and social circles of Des Moines. There he met a score or more of highly accomplished and thoroughly attractive young ladies, each of whom treated him with kindest courtesy. Several of them satisfied every demand of his intellect, and he tried to place his heart in as susceptible an attitude as possible, but it continued to be as inactive as ever, and he came to Richardson county, Neb., to visit a sister and, so far as he could, subject his heart for a month at least to the feminine charms of a rural district. As at Des Moines, his intellect was in several cases satisfied, but that was all.

"He next put in three weeks at the home of a boyhood friend in Denver, then two months visiting an aunt in San Francisco, from which place he came back to Atchison county, Mo., to mine a brother-in-law friend, went next to Minneapolis, thence to Chicago, paid an oft promised visit to an aged relative in Page county, Ia., made a trip to Boston, where he remained several months, spent nine weeks in Indiana and continued to go from place to place in this way, always making a most welcome visit to some special friend or relative and never forgetting the secret object of his travels until he had spent from two weeks to three months in 36 communications and formed the acquaintance—a very pleasant acquaintance, too—of 288 remarkable young ladies, 27 of whom he had really tried to love, but trying, time limit set, and now, nine days from the time limit set, his uncle's will, it was still true that he had never met the lady whom any financial consideration, however large, would induce him to wed.

"He gave up, allowed the other heir to come into possession of the money which might have been his, and cheerfully applied himself to business, finally resolving that if he ever married he should meet the woman by chance or Providence and not by going out to find her.

"Just 15 days after the fortune passed to the other heir Benson was driving across the country on a matter of business when he was caught in a severe windstorm ten miles from the town in which he had settled and turned into a farmhouse for shelter. There he met a Miss Nettie Rosebud, who strangely stirred up a veritable windstorm in his heart before he had known her an hour, and she wasn't dressed in her Sunday best either, as the other 288 girls had been. He arranged to continue the acquaintance, which soon became a courtship, and one year from that stormy Wednesday, with the loveliest of sunshine outside and the prettiest of flowers within, having a heart as strangely peaceful now as it was turbulent on the former occasion, Frank Benson led Nettie Rosebud to the marriage altar. That was 11 years ago. Last month I was a guest at their home, and a happily one I never visited. Frank declares so much as one moment at any time since he met Nettie the loss of that sum of money, and I am sure he doesn't need it now.

"Young man, the way to find anything, even a wife, is to quit looking for it."

Mr. Dollenning took his seat and round after round of applause.—Hubert Burruss in Omaha World-Herald.

Smart.

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He—Certainly.

She—I always stick it on the envelope.—London Judy.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

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"It was just in time to accompany Mrs. Brown home from the entertainment, and he told her that he should probably not be able to sleep a wink that night, but as he entered the house, feeling in his vest pocket for a match to light a lamp, his finger touched the missing keys. He had always thought of the bunch as being too large to fit in his vest pocket and so didn't look there for it. He had doubtless put it there unconsciously while in the act of taking a match from his pocket just after opening the desk.

"This case strikes you as something new only because you are not business men with self locking desks, but I am persuaded that while I spoke of keys you were reminded of small pieces of farm machinery or articles of household use whose disappearance was just as mysterious, the search for which was fully as long and disappointing, and the finding of which occurred in the most unlooked for fashion soon after the search was abandoned. Illustrations of the truth for which I stand tonight are of common occurrence in the life of every individual, and I rely upon your personal experience to clinch every point I make.

"The clerk whose first and constant aim is to find favor in the eyes of his employer falls in at least nine cases out of ten until he quits looking for favor and begins with self forgetful singleness of purpose and concentration of effort to bring about results in dollars and cents to his employer. The man most out of favor with his employer, and I ever knew was the one who exercised the greatest care to anticipate the every wish and thought of his employer, always endeavoring to please him, and the man with whom this same employer was at all times ready to intrust any interest, however great, rewarding him accordingly, was the one who was most thoroughly indifferent as to the showing he made in the presence of his employer.

"The same truth applies even with more emphatic force to finding happiness. Did it ever occur to you that the individual who makes the most direct effort to be happy usually wears the longest face in the community, while the one whose days are filled with usefulness and nights with sound sleep comes up smiling at every turn in the road which leads to the valley of contented old age?

"The man who spends \$30 a week in an effort to find happiness is, so far as my observation goes, exceedingly miserable in comparison with the man who has only 30 cents to spend in that way.

"The most unhappy woman that I ever knew was a Mrs. Smith, whose entire energy was devoted to having a good time. She was the child of wealthy parents, received a finished education and married a successful professional man, whom she loved intensely and who did all in his power to gratify her every fleeting fancy. She employed a housekeeper who took all responsibility pertaining to household affairs off her hands and hired a competent nurse who cared as an own mother for her baby. Mrs. Smith did no work. Her health was good, and she seldom found it necessary to deny herself any pleasure that she craved.

"The girl friends with whom she had been brought up considered her very fortunate indeed, but her heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness, and the more she surrendered herself to the pursuit of a good time the greater that bitterness became. Thus matters went on for a year, and she could stand it no longer.

"She saw plainly that her housekeeper and her nurse were getting more that was really desirable out of life than she was, and the cause was apparent. Her feeling was so strong that she wanted to become both housekeeper and nurse at once, and it required a determined remonstrance on the part of her