

Society Women

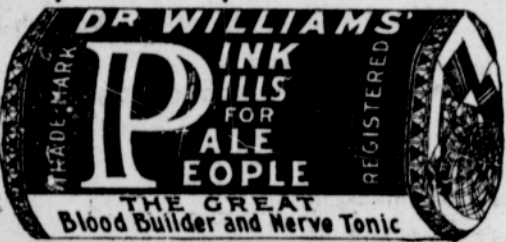
and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was downhearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong.—*Bushnell (Ill.) Record.*"

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution. Be



sure that the full name is on the package. For sale at all druggists, or sent postpaid by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE THE GREAT Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic

Have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called Malaria attacks coming on regularly. It was caused by low malarial fever. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I saw an advertisement for Ripans Tablets in all the papers and had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend insisted on my trying them. I bought a box of the small sized boxes of the Tablets and have had a testimonial for another box, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

I want to inform you, in words of the laudatory praise, of the Tablets. I have derived from Ripans Tablets a professional nurse and in this professional sphere head is a way needed. Ripans Tablets does it, after one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of the doctor, I took Ripans Tablets, and in a few days I was able to get up and go to work. I am now a healthy woman, and I can truly say that I am indebted to Ripans Tablets for my recovery.

ONE GIVES RELIEF. R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

Headache, some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets. I tried them, and they cured me. I had a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use that she had been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-nine years old, and I have never before used this testimonial.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business in the city and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary, \$100.00 per year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more or less salary. Monthly \$5. Reference, Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M, Chicago.

First Prize For Ugliness. This is the story of an ugly man, as told by a veteran of the late war: "My cousin was the ugliest man in the regiment," said the raconteur. "He was the ugliest man, in fact, I ever saw. A general saw him and offered a prize for the ugliest man in the army to encourage competition. A rival regiment had its ugly man. The two were brought together. The general was there to act as referee. My cousin came up smiling and looked contemptuously at his adversary. The other freak gave one look at my cousin. 'Take him away,' he shrieked, 'he ain't human.' Then he covered his face and fled. It is needless to say my cousin took the prize."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Providing For an Emergency. "What will you have?" inquired the waiter as Mr. Heyroob scanned the French bill of fare. "Waal," he answered, placing his finger over an item. "ye kin bring me some of that. But don't go away, 'cause if it tastes like it looks in print I'll have to try somethin' else."—Detroit Free Press.

At the School Plink. Lady Helper (to small boy)—Will you see some more bread and butter? Small Boy—No fear when there's no about. Lady Helper (trying to be kind)—Certainly! Will you have plum seed? Small Boy—Plum, in course. D'ys co me for a canary?—London Punch.

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HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

The Northern City Welcomes the Prosperous Southern Visitor. He came into town this morning fresh from Georgia. He smelled of magnolia and live oak and sweetest summer. He was long and fat, a peculiar combination, but his in truth. He was light and dark green in alternate stripes, the former the shade of new grass, the latter that of a baseball that has seen a season's usage on the diamond.

The passerby looked at him and smiled, and with his stripes twinkling he seemed to smile back at them and say, "See, I have come," and then the stripes would stretch into a grin, possibly sarcastic.

Little boys looked at him in awe and nudged each other and said, "Hully gee!" or something else equally expressive.

An old man going by remarked, "Pretty early for you to arrive, but you are looking well," whereat he simply grinned the broader. A little black newsboy, after inspecting him from all sides, backed away to the curb and said half to himself, "Dat am de real sign dat summer am came."

Beside him stood a man in an apron, but no one questioned the man concerning the stranger. "He is none of us," a matron said as she whisked by, and a kindly old gentleman touched him softly with reverence and so gently that he did not feel.

He sat there on Woodward avenue for hours gazing at the passerby with a smiling, as happy as a bird on a sunny morning. About 9 o'clock a man walked up to him and insolently thumped him and said, "Is he ripe?" whereat the fellow in the apron said, "Yes, but we haven't plugged him yet." Then the insolent man said, "How much?"

When he was told, he whistled long and low and then went across the street to a real estate office and bought a corner lot on Woodward avenue in front of the first watermelon of the season just as the old man grinned. And it's likely he'll be there tomorrow, too, for no one feels like investing a winter's savings in him, even though every one is interested and would like to own him.—Detroit Free Press.

An Essay on Nerve. "Say, pa, what is nerve?" said Johnnie. "There are several kinds of nerve, my son," answered Mr. Johnson. "If you eat candy with sensitive teeth, you will discover what nerve is. I call it nerve, too, for my neighbor Hodge likes to come over and ask me, as he did last night, if he can borrow my lawn mower for awhile, and then ask if my son Johnnie wouldn't like to take a little exercise and mow his lawn for him."—Lawrence Telegram.

When All Men Are Equal. The teacher of a juvenile Sunday school class had been talking to her pupils about death and finished by asking: "Now, who can tell me when all men are equal and there is absolutely no distinction between the rich man and the poor man?" "I can," replied one little fellow. "When is it, Freddie?" she asked. "When they go swimmin'," was the unexpected answer.—Nuggetta.

Wisdom. "Clements seems very fond of his wife." "Does he?" "Yes, always carries a lock of her hair with him." "Oh, that's only to compare with the locks of other ladies. If a tray hair of any other lady he may choose to know gets on his coat, then it does not matter."—Pick Me Up.

Still Lay Heavily on His Soul. Rivers—What are you looking so jaundiced and melancholy about? Have you lost your rabbit foot? Brooks—No. I haven't lost the foot or any other part of a rabbit. Wish I had. Got the whole rabbit with me yet. It's a Welsh one. Ate it last night.—Chicago Tribune.

She Got the Lion's Share. Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange. Johnny—Yes, ma. Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any. Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.—Stray Stories.

A Careful Man. "When I borrow anything, I take as good care of it as if it were my own." "That's right, of course." "Say, old man, I broke my wheel last night. Will you lend me yours?"—Chicago Record.

Greedy Old Beggar. "Why call for a footstool, gov'nor, when you haven't a tooth in your head?" "There's no extra charge, my boy, and I want all I can get for my money."—Ally Sloper.

Unlabeled. "The pen is mightier than the sword." "Like many maxims old when put to a decisive test. It doesn't always work." "The war would long ago have ceased had strategists displayed the swift precipitation of the post's light brigade." "What though their lines—that is to say, banners and such—were sadly broken there and there? They never mind it much. What though limbs feet be lamed and legs disabled? With waving flags! They still march on. The post's light brigade." "How oft they've 'downed the dastard foe!' How oft they've raised the flag of victory to float above." "The latest Spanish rag! They're really to the charge. With spirits undimmed. Like all the rest, they strive their best. The post's light brigade."—Washington Star.

Deceptive Appearance. "Appearances are so deceptive, unless one knows how to interpret them." "How, dear?" "I can always tell when my husband is going to be near with his money when I ask him for some by his assuming a faraway look."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Italy Needs. Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1866, Massimo d'Azeglio, statesman, orator, poet, the painter of "Orlando Furioso," but, above all, the trusty friend and valued counselor of Victor Emmanuel, was talking to a Frenchman, who congratulated him upon the unification of Italy. "Yes," was the reply, "we have made a new Italy; now we must endeavor to make new Italians."

The entire area of the United States is placed at 1,835,017,692 acres, of which 741,702,385 acres are now owned by individuals or by corporations or states or have passed out of the control of the general government.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A New Means of Sterilization. One of the simplest and most thorough methods of sterilizing when it can be used is by means of heat. One of the difficulties in the use of this means is that the articles may be spoiled, especially where the heat is long continued. Baking or placing articles in dry heat for any length of time is not only an unreliable method, but attended with the danger of fire if a degree of heat is sufficiently thorough to sterilize them. Boiling or steaming is objectionable because most things would be rendered useless from the contact with moisture. Experiments have proved that hot oil is one of the best sterilizers known, especially for instruments.

One of our most eminent surgeons has demonstrated the fact that the most complete sterilizing follows the dipping of surgical instruments into boiling olive oil. One may determine the temperature of the oil by a very simple process of dropping bread crumbs into the oil. When they turn brown and crisp, the oil is hot enough for the surgeon's use. This is much more convenient than using the thermometer, which may not always be at hand. The oil may be heated over a spirit lamp, and a few spoonfuls will be sufficient for sterilizing the instruments used in some of the more simple operations.—Exchange.

Ruined the Sale. A young lady from the city was trying her hand as an amateur saleswoman in a plantation store one morning last week when an old colored woman, gorgeously arrayed in her Sunday clothes, entered the store and, pointing to a bottle of German cologne on one of the highest shelves, asked: "What dat?" "That's cologne, auntie." "Well, I'll take it."

Delighted at having made a sale in such a short time the young lady bustled herself in getting down the bottle and dusting it for the customer's inspection, at the same time commenting upon the excellence with the volubility of an experienced auctioneer. "I believe, auntie," she continued, "that this is the finest perfume ever manufactured."

She was brought to a sudden pause, for the old negro had thrown up both hands in horrified protest. "Stop right dar! Youse done gib yourself away. Fust you said cologne, but now you done let out dat it's perfume, an I don't want it, for perfume neber holds its scent. I wanted cologne."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Valuable Ware. At the Saveton sale, in London, a few years ago, a service of old Sevres ware was set for \$5,000. The genuineness of this set was proved by certificates issued to the owners by the French government, writes F. Vizeletty in Godey's. But by far the most valuable service turned out at the Sevres pottery (in 1778) was made for the Czarina Catherine II of Russia and consisted of 745 pieces, which cost \$65,630.

The Sevres ware, old or modern, is created with flowers or figure subjects tastefully arranged. The porcelain itself, although of good texture, is inferior to that of the English potteries. Decorated pieces generally bear pictorial panels on white ground, surrounded by frames of gilt scrollwork. These, as well as the tableware, are quite in keeping with the national character. Although the Sevres works are still in operation, they are kept busy in copying ancient Chinese and Japanese models instead of increasing their reputation in the manufacture of the wares which made them famous.

Blow Off the Fly. "I was once speaking at a temperance meeting in Green Bay," says ex-Governor Peck of Milwaukee, "and in the course of my remarks I looked about for some water. A mug had been placed beside me, and how it could have happened at a temperance convention I do not know, but it was a beer mug filled with water. Well, it was a warm day and where there is convention food spread out on a warm day there are likely to be flies.

"There were flies, and one had lighted trustfully on the surface of the water in that mug. I saw him as I lifted it, and I did the most natural and humane thing I could think of—blew him off the water. Well, they cheered for five minutes. And to this day I suppose you can't persuade a Green Bay man that anybody from Milwaukee can drink a glass of water, even at a temperance convention, without first blowing off the foam.

A Real Gentle Horse. "I want a gentle horse for my wife to drive," said the prospective purchaser. "Can you recommend this one?" "Yes, indeed," replied the owner. "There is not a safer horse for a lady to be found anywhere, and there is but one thing he's afraid of."

"And what is that?" asked the other. "Whoa!" to him and he won't hear it," replied the conscientious owner.—New York World.

First Requisite. "Now," said the lawyer, "I cannot take your case unless you tell me the whole truth." "What shall I tell first?" asked the client, peering through the bars. "Well, you might let me know just how much money you've got."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A writer in a German periodical states that birds have been seen at a height of 15,000 yards. Their distance was estimated by the time it took them to cross the moon's disk.

The street decoration which takes place so often in St. Petersburg is never completed and frequently not even begun until the night preceding the event to be celebrated.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A HOME OF ONE'S OWN

THE VALUE IT POSSESSES FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION. The Peace and Happiness That Are Found Only Under One's Own Vine and Fig Tree—The Possibility of Attainment to Men of Small Incomes.

Napoleon said that the man who had a wife and children had "given hostages to fortune." In a yet stronger sense have the man and woman made a beginning toward permanent success who have found for themselves a home, for the possession of which they are both willing unwaveringly and steadfastly to use systematic self denial. When a young couple have ceased to roam about from one undesirable flat to another and need no longer talk of "when you lived in East—street or West—street," but can cozily speak of "our little place," they have risen 20 per cent in their own self esteem and are at least 100 per cent richer in the true joy of living. Inensibly my illustration takes a financial form, since money, the power to obtain this blessing, lies at the root of the matter.

Always a strong adherent to the advantages of country living, it is to me natural to associate the very idea of homemaking with rural surroundings. When God created our primal progenitors, we are told that he placed them in a garden as the best, the happiest, environment the divine wisdom could devise for their development. Amid things which have grown under their care, men and women still find a peculiar peacefulness that no one can define and a happiness impossible elsewhere.

That heart ownership which comes only to the man and wife who have won and made their home is oftenest found in suburban towns and villages, and rarely extends to the dimensions of an acre. The tree that shades the door, the vine that climbs over the porch, the pretty little garden in the rear, are loved not as inanimate things, but as part and parcel of their lives, and the falling of a leaf and the fading of a bud are a sorrow. It is quite a different homecoming to a man who sees his children standing at his pretty gate ready to run down the safe and quiet street and find his wife at the open door than when he is lifted by a creaking elevator to some unknown height, where danger threatens the young lives if the door is not left ajar, and he has to look for a number to tell whether he is on his own (rented) floor. From the hour a man and wife own their individual, personal home a thousand new interests enrich their lives, and the dwelling and its surroundings are so a part of themselves that a loose shingle or a stain on the doorstep is of serious importance.

However extreme the theories of some of the "land for the people" philanthropists may be there is a deep integral truth in the basis of their arguments. Men and women are happier, are morally elevated, are better citizens, for owning their share of God's earth. I have long believed that the happiest people now living in our country are the skilled mechanics of our rural cities and towns, whose ambitions are limited to the acquisition of an unincumbered home, well built, and set in a lot large enough to insure privacy and a garden.

While watching the long drawn out repairs of an old country house I came in contact with a notably intelligent and representative body of workmen. At dinner hour they grouped themselves under the trees, to the fruit of which they were made welcome, or found pleasant places to avoid the noontide heat. They were buoyant, heartily cheerful, with a quick readiness to laugh with sincere merriment. They discussed politics, town improvements, school taxes and general conditions of the country; they had enthusiasm and hope.

I talked much with these men. An engrossed possessed me to find a clew to the reasons for the wide difference in their view of life and that of my own circle of young friends. I was left in no doubt. They were, every one of them, already "freeholders" in every sense, either distinction. Their cottages sprang up in every direction where the large landholders left half an acre to spare. They slept under their own roofs, they lay down proudly, sure that wife and children were sheltered from the power of removal or ejection and that they were, personally, increasingly of value to the community in which they lived. The best of these workmen earned \$1,000 a year, a part of them from \$650 to \$700. It seemed to me incredible that they had been able to buy land in such a town and improve it, still less creditable that they could build and furnish such cottages as they lived in. They were more than ready to explain their system of saving through the various co-operative and building schemes of which the town had many.

It has ever since remained a problem to me, increasing in complexity and interest as the years go on, why young couples, with twice the income of these thrifty and happy mechanics, remain homeless and live in cramped flats and tiny apartments which, if they have children, are but enlarged cages, while the same opportunities these men use are open to them for obtaining the treasure of a home indelibly theirs, on which they can expend the taste and ingenuity which are inherent in most young Americans. Perhaps it is want of understanding of the case with which they can attain the result, a lack of comprehension of the responsibility and trustworthiness of associations of various sorts organized to this end.—New York Post.

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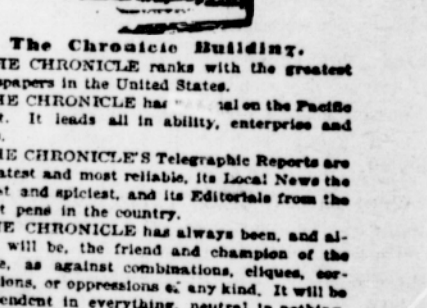


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