

GOOD? SURE IT IS

It's Good when the stomach is bad.
It's Good when the bowels are clogged.
It's Good when the liver is inactive.
It's Good in any malarial disorder.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

AVOID SUBSTITUTES.
TRY A BOTTLE TODAY.

Duck's Immunity to Snake Poison.
Experiments by MM. Billard and Maubiant, recorded in the "Comptes Rendus" of the Biological Society of Paris, shows that the common duck exhibits a remarkable indifference to the venom of the viper. They also find that the owl is similarly immune. Two of these, badly bitten on the feet, did not seem much worse. M. Billard also finds that the domestic cat has almost complete immunity as regards the viper.

Not So Bad as He Seemed.
A curious incident occurred at a children's matinee in a Moscow theater lately. The actor who played the villain of the piece was so distressed by the horror with which the little spectators viewed him that, notwithstanding the protests of the manager, he pulled off his wig and false beard, and begged the audience to believe that he was only pretending to be wicked.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Whistling Kettle.

A new whistling kettle has a long, narrow neck at the top, by which it is both filled and emptied. This is covered by a cap the length of the neck, and at the top of this is a whistle which acts directly the kettle boils by reason of the steam passing through it.

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CAP and BELLS



WHERE HE EXPECTED TO GO

Cheerful Grocer's Clerk Makes Witty Reply to Housewife Who Wanted Only Fresh Goods.

"Have you any country butter?" the young housewife asked.
"No'm," the grocer's clerk responded, "but we have some near-butter."
"Well, have you any fresh leaf lard?"
"Sorry, ma'am; but I can give you some of our finest near-lard and you can't tell the difference."
"Well, of all the stores! Could I get a glass of honey for the children?"
"Er—I'm afraid not, ma'am; but we have some excellent near-honey."
The housewife sighed.
"Dear me!" she said reproachfully. "You should be ashamed to sell so many adulterated foods! Where do you expect to go when you die, young man?"
"Near-heaven, ma'am," calmly responded the clerk, as he chased a fly away from the prunes.—Judge.

Presence of Mind.
The burglar, having pocketed all the loose jewelry in sight, which was not much, roughly awoke the sleepers.
"I want them diamond earbobs o' yours, ma'am," he said.
"Please don't tear them out of her ears," begged the husband; "I'll detach them and hand them to you myself."
"All right, sir. Quick, now!"
Subsequently the burglar learned that he had robbed the dwelling of Professor Presto, the magician, and that the professor had cleverly substituted a pair of glass imitations for the diamond earbobs.

Appropriate Comments.
There are times when the pun, much abused and poverty-stricken and aged as it generally is, seems to justify its appearance. One day, when Mr. Potter was trying to read a romance story to his matter-of-fact wife, he had recourse to a pun to save his temper.
"And so the evening wore on," read Mr. Potter, "and—"
"What did it wear?" inquired his wife in her driest tone.
"My dear," said Mr. Potter, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, "if you must know, it was the close of an autumn day."—Youth's Companion.

AN INSULTING QUESTION.



"Father has given me \$100 every birthday since I was 21, and I have saved every cent of it."
"How many thousand dollars have you got in the bank?"

Unconverted.
"Ibiths read a pamphlet this morning advocating the use of predigested food."
"Didn't he have anything better than that to do?"
"No. He was waiting to be served a breakfast order of pork chops, tomatoes and hot waffles."
"Was he frightened by what he read in the pamphlet?"
"No. He merely ordered some additional pork chops."

Where the Fighting Is.
"War with Japan seems imminent. These dreadful rumors alarm me."
"Too bad!"
"What would you do?"
"Well, I think I would switch magazines."

Good News.
"My dear, our landlord says he's going to raise our rent."
"Glad to hear he can do it. I can't."

CONQUEST OF THE GRAND CANYON



GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

HERE is a gigantic plan proposed to convert the Grand canyon of Arizona into a huge lake behind a dam 700 feet high. Over this dam will flow a constant stream of water at the rate of 30,000 or more cubic feet a second, sufficient to turn all the machinery in the United States, if not in the world. In addition to this, the water thus stored will provide constant and never-failing irrigation for 5,000,000 acres of land which is otherwise hopelessly waste. The plans are already on paper, and there is plenty of money behind the enterprise. All that is lacking is government consent to ruin in part the grandest work of nature in the world, the Grand canyon, and place at the bottom of the great abyss a lake 7 miles wide and 35 miles long. The canyon proper is 9 miles wide, 13 miles long and a mile deep, so all of its scenic beauty will by no means be destroyed. In fact, one standing upon the rim and looking at the water below, without previous knowledge, will be unable to tell that man has in any way tampered with nature's great display.

Three states, California, Nevada and Arizona are vitally interested in the project, and in these states there has already developed a sentiment which will tend to exclude the private construction of the dam and plant, and vest it entirely in the hands of the government. At the point in Arizona near the intersection of the Arizona, California and Nevada state lines, there is a point in the canyon which is only 150 feet wide. Here a wing dam can be constructed at comparatively low cost, which may be built as high as one pleases without fear of securing too much water pressure behind it. Once constructed, the water will back within the canyon for 35 miles. Most of this will be cared for by the smaller canyons leading off from the big canyon, which are not included in the measurement of its 13 miles of actual length. These small canyons are also walled by solid rock, and therefore there is no danger whatever from an overflow from any source.

In order to flood surrounding land the water would have to rise to the height of one mile, less 700 feet, and cover an area nine miles wide within the canyon. The dam will, therefore, be absolutely safe, for the retaining wall at the end of the reservoir, owing to the structure of the walls of the canyon at that point, will bear practically no weight of the water whatever.

The effect of the construction of this dam cannot well be grasped by persons unfamiliar with what has been done by way of development in the southwest during the last decade. The southwest, in the first place, is preparing for a vast increase of population from Europe once the Panama canal is finished, but it is recognized that without industries only a certain amount of increase will be accommodated. Arizona has shown a census increase of more than 60 per cent, since 1900. Since the census was taken boards of trade in the territory report heavier inquiries about the territory.

ern sky. And over all is the illusion of distance. One cannot conceive the vastness of it all and is met by a series of surprises, as it is borne in upon him that yonder gorge, or rock, or peak, or cape lies miles in the distance. At the bottom of the gorge the river, turbulent and picturesque, madly rushes on amid its rock environment, lashing itself into foam. About the mighty peaks soars the eagle, and struggling vegetation contends against fate for a foothold among the rocks. But the beasts of the forest and the flowers of the field rarely intrude upon these lonely solitudes.

It is conceded that the Grand canyon cannot be adequately painted in words, yet some comparisons may give an idea of its immensity. Its total length from the confluence of the Green river to its outlet in the Gulf of California is more than 700 miles. With its numerous laterals, some of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations, its length is more than 1,000 miles. The great scenic section commonly meant by the words, the Grand canyon of Arizona, with a depth of more than a mile from the rim of the river, is 217 miles long. It has been estimated that if all the earth and rock that has been and will be excavated for the building of the Panama canal, from the first inception of that great enterprise by the French company to its ultimate completion to sea level by the American government could be dumped into this great rift in the Arizona plateau, it would still require twenty thousand times as much more to fill it; and the surface area of the built up territory would be more than 16,000 square miles, or equal to the whole of Switzerland, or to Massachusetts, Delaware, Connecticut and Rhode Island, combined. If it were possible to take the whole chain of the Allegheny mountains, turn them upside down and dump them into the Grand canyon, there would still be a tremendous canyon left. If the tallest peak east of the Rockies could be planted at the level of the Colorado river, its summit would still be far below the feet of the observer standing on the rim. The greatest of the pyramids of Egypt is 485 feet high, the Washington monument is 555 feet tall, and the hat on the statue of William Penn that surmounts the City hall at Philadelphia is 557 feet above the level of the street. If one placed the Pyramid of Cheops upon the floor of the canyon, planted the Philadelphia City hall upon its apex, and then poised the Washington monument upon that their aggregate height would reach only a quarter of the way to the top.

It is 44 years since Maj. Powell, long the distinguished head of the United States Geological survey, signaled to his fellow countrymen that he had made the run of 1,000 miles of American canyons. The scientific world stood agape, for the feat was believed to be all but impossible. Up to Powell's time man thought of the canyon as something altogether forbidding and unapproachable—so little was it known, so much was it dreaded—and even now, when men have descended to the river by man-made trails and the telephoto lens has searched out the unreachable places, though tourists have confronted it with a battery of cameras, thought geologists have borne their testimony and artists have sketched and painted, and travelers have exhausted vocabularies to give expression to their wonder—still we have caught but a glimpse of this manifold mystery, for the particular view that enthralls us is but one of ten thousand views.

Thomas Moran, whose masterful painting of the canyon adorns the capitol at Washington, and who, above all other painters, has succeeded in depicting its illusive atmosphere, once said: "I can understand how a man can attempt to paint the canyon, but how can a man be foolish enough to attempt to describe it!"

REAL BOON TO ALL HUMANITY

Mrs. Hawgood Cannot Understand Why One Should Not Listen to Talk of Other People.

"I met a man today," said Harrison Hawgood, "who is working on a great invention—an invention that will be a real boon to humanity if he succeeds in perfecting it."
"What is it?" asked Mrs. Hawgood.
"A contrivance to put in one's ears so that one may ride in an elevated, a trolley car or in any other kind of a public conveyance and not have to listen to the conversation of people who sit next to one. It is so constructed—or will be when he gets it perfected—that it cannot possibly be seen, yet it will make it possible for the wearer to get along without hearing a word that is spoken even by people who sit beside him or in seats directly back or in front of him."
"Well, but why shouldn't one wish to hear the conversation of other people?"

One for the Clergy.
Somewhat Superior Young Minister of the Episcopal Church—No, dear lady, frankly, I cannot persuade myself that it would be safe to let women vote.
"And what, may I ask, is your reason for opposing it?"
"Well, dear lady, I cannot but think that if women were to vote it would make them, let us say—a little er—er masculine."
"Oh, I don't know. It has never had that effect upon the clergy."—Life.

A CHOICE OF TERMS.



Miss Rather—Have you congratulated our hostess on her birthday?
Miss Clever—No; I have condoled with her.

S. Holmes Jr.
"Hah!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes Jr.
"What is it, Sherlock?" asked Dr. Watson.
The great amateur detective and his friend were sitting in the private office of Billington T. Bullfinch, the financier, waiting for him to return from lunch.

"This man has a homely stenographer, for whom he has no affection," said Holmes.
"But I thought you told me you didn't know him?"
"I don't. Haven't you noticed that he keeps a picture of his middle-aged wife on his desk?"

No Place for Him.
"Call in our lawyer," said the president of the corporation.
"Yes, sir," replied the vice-president. "Has anything of importance happened?"

"No, I merely want to find out just how far we can go without being in danger of becoming liable to arrest."
"But it seems to me, if I may say so, we are going about as far as our conscience should let us."
"Conscience? Oh! Say, you'd better quit big business and go run a Sunday school somewhere."

On Ice.
"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple o' cow punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Buck's yesterday."

"It's wonderful how cool those fellows were under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.
"Yes, they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe, for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple o' days yet."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pointer for Housewives.
Subs—Well, I've just engaged two girls at the Intelligence office.
Urbano—Going to keep two maids now?
Subs—Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting Intelligence offices."—Judge.

A Hair-Raising Accident.
"What was the commotion at the theater the other night when the crowd gathered in the lobby?"
"A lady coming out had a head-on collision with an obtruding gas jet, and her elaborate coiffure was a perfect wreck."
"What was the cause of it?"
"I think, a misplaced switch."

The Straight of It.
"Is my hat on straight?"
"I can't tell."
"Can't tell when a woman's hat is on straight?"
"Well, it is hanging just above your left ear."
"Then it's on straight. Good-by."

Bad for the Boys.
During a spring thunderstorm in Orange county, N. Y., a flock of crows numbering 83 sought the same tree for shelter. It was struck by lightning and 79 of the birds killed. There are not more than a dozen crows left in the county, and what the boys are going to throw stones at this summer is a puzzle. They'll have to coax the crows in from some other county or give up the fun of pegging.

Important Question.
It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be: "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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