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Clean Sponge.

If a sponge has become slimy the condition may be remedied by soaking it in strong borax water. Wring it out, place a fresh supply of borax water, and continue the process until the sponge is clean.

Really the Whole Thing.

All one woman cares in her criticism of another is that she looks well. —Manchester Union.

St. Helens Hall
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In charge of Sisters of St. John Baptist (Episcopal) Collegiate, Academic and Elementary Departments, Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium. For catalog address—
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Queer Find on Golf Links.

While "approaching" one of the greens on Athy, County Kildare, Ireland, golf links during a recent week, a lady who cut into the turf with her club unearthed a set of false teeth.

Her Wonder.

A woman never ceases to wonder what her husband did with the $3 he had last week.—Philadephia Ledger.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Discipline.

If thou would'st be happy and easie in thy family, above all things observe discipline. Everyone in it should know their duty; and there should be a time and place for everything; and whatever else is done or omitted, be sure to begin and end with God.—William Penn.

Chafing Hives.

This troublesome skin affection is difficult to diagnose at the outset. Be on the safe side, therefore, and whenever the skin is irritated use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder immediately and avoid further trouble. 25c. at druggists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Lie Always More Active.

Strange the truth never gets the wide circulation a lie does.—Florida Times-Union.

Cleans Blood Through Kidneys

A Most Important Function and One to be Carefully Guarded.

The purpose of the kidneys being to filter the blood the question of treating supposed kidney weakness should be considered carefully. Instead of drugs and alleged kidney stimulants the better plan is to purify the blood with an antidotal effect such as you get from S. S. S.

It should be remembered that the kidneys are made up of a fine net work of blood vessels, and it is to stimulate the functional activity of kidney tissue through this capillary net work that S. S. S. shows one of its most remarkable effects.

The medicinal value of the components of S. S. S. are relatively just as vital to healthy kidney action as the nutriment obtained from grain, meat, fats, sugars, or any other part of our daily food is to the natural reconstructive requirements of the tissues. And there is one component of S. S. S. which serves the active purpose of stimulating the cellular tissues of the kidneys to a healthy and judicious selection of its own essential nutriment. Thus, in cases of rheumatism, cystitis, chronic sore throat, huskiness of voice, bronchitis, asthma, and the myriad of other reflex indications of weak kidney action, first purify your blood with S. S. S. so it will enable the tissues to rebuild their cellular strength and regain their normal health.

You can get S. S. S. at any drug store, but take no other so-called blood purifier.

S. S. S. is purely a botanical product, and you will make a great mistake to have some enthusiast palm off a mercury, arsenic or iodide of potash preparation that may do you irreparable harm.

S. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 160 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and if you have any deep-seated or obstinate blood trouble write to their Medical Department for free advice. It will be worth your while to do so.

HOW TO ATTRACT BLUEBIRDS

Pennsylvania Lad Explains How He Induced Little Songsters to Build Their Nests.

I have attracted bluebirds by simply making a one-roomed bird-house. To make this bird-house I took boards that were of dull color so as to more closely resemble the trunk of a tree, writes Ruple J. Mitchell of Pennsylvania in the National Stockman and Farmer. I made the house 8 inches high and gave it five inches square of floor space, and put on a slanting roof. The roof projected over the edge in front so as to prevent the rain from entering. I made the bird-house to lean in the direction of the opening, which should face the southeast. The entrance was a round hole 2 inches in diameter and 2¼ inches from the top. I made a small hole 1 inch below the entrance and put in it a small perch

Bluebirds' Home.

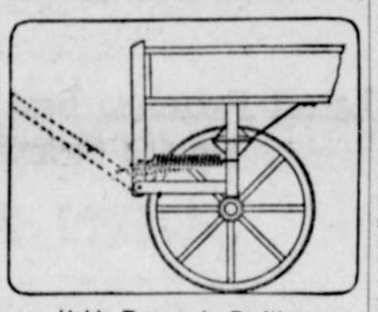
5 inches long. On the bottom I nailed another limb of a tree one-half inch in diameter and 6 inches long. I put it in an apple tree 10 feet above the ground in the apple orchard. The birds began their nest on Friday, April 11, 1913. I hung on the tree bits of string, yarn, flax, etc., for the birds to make their nest with. The bluebirds came about the last of March.

I now have six bird-house, and four of them were not up two weeks until the birds had nested in them. There were 18 barn-swallow nests in the barn last year.

TONGUE HOLDER FOR WAGONS

Method Illustrated and Explained for Preventing Accidents While Coasting a Hill.

To prevent any mishap when coasting in a boy's play wagon, fasten the tongue with a coil spring so that it will be kept in a vertical position. The tongue is always out of the way when it is not used for drawing the wagon, writes William F. Benson of Brockton,



Holds Tongue in Position.

Mass., in the Popular Mechanics. The spring is only strong enough to hold the tongue, so that when this is used for pulling there is little or no tendency of the spring to draw the tongue upward. The coil spring is fastened with one screweye in the tongue and one in the front axle.

RIDDLES.

When does a tailor serve his customers both well and ill?
When he gives them fits.

• • •

What is that which never uses its teeth for eating purposes?
A comb.

• • •

Why is the letter E like death?
Because it is at the end of life.

• • •

Why is a lady in a cotton dress like anything published?
Because she appears in print.

• • •

What herb is most injurious to a lady's beauty?
Thyme.

• • •

When is a man like the letter B?
When he is in bed.

• • •

What grows less tired the more it is worked?
A carriage wheel.

• • •

When is a sailor like a corpse?
When he is in the shrouds.

• • •

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up?
When he takes a roll in bed.

• • •

What is more foolish than sending coal to Newcastle?
Sending milk to Cowes.

• • •

How do bees dispose of their honey?
They cell it.

• • •

What chasm often separates friends?
Sar-casm.

• • •

Why are all duels short affairs?
Because it only requires two seconds to arrange them.

• • •

Why is a beggar mending his clothes like a rich man?
Because he is making up his rents.

Why is love like a duck's foot?
Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

ON A BRANCH ROAD

His Sweetheart of Boyhood Days Taken From Him in Disastrous Wreck.

By CAROLINE HUNTER.

Rand made his last change of cars and boarded the single passenger coach on the absurd little train. It was a branch road running out into the country, a road managed by a few rustic officials who ran their trains with a fine disregard of schedule, and would gladly slow down to exchange items of local gossip with a farmer at a crossing.

It was, nevertheless, the home road and Rand had not come home since he had gone away to the city ten years before, a lad of seventeen. He recognized the old brakeman and the conductor, but they eyed him as a stranger. It was small wonder. Ten years had dealt kindly with his big, clumsy boy whose green crocheted tie and ill-made coat one scarcely saw because his face was so sincere and strong. The conductor of the little train beheld now a successful business man, "a city fellow," yet one, if he had looked more closely, whose eyes were still frank and true.

Rand did not make himself known to them. He caught himself wishing that they had known him, but was aware at the same time that he was unreasonable to expect it. To them the years had no doubt seemed longer than to him. He had worked hard not pausing to observe the flight of time. And since he had met Helen, how short the months had been, sweet little Helen who was soon to be his wife.

There were only a few other passengers in the car. Rand scrutinized each one imagining that he might find in them some old friends of his youth. A few seats ahead of him sat a young woman to whom his eyes reverted questioningly several times. There was something about the wave of her black hair or the low coil of it against her neck that haunted him with a vague familiarity. Once she turned a little and he caught a glimpse of her cheek. Ruth Hayes! The name unthought of for so many years flashed into his mind. Ruth, the pretty little tom-boy playmate of those early days! But was this surely Ruth? Suddenly she rose to put some package into the rack overhead and in so doing faced him squarely. Her eyes met his for a second uncertainly and then a smile of happy recognition lighted her face. She extended her hand. Rand hastened to grasp it with many assurances of delight at his god fortune. The girl was silent at first, but her glad eyes welcomed him.

They sat down together and soon fell to recalling old times. One recollection led to another in swift succession. Did he remember the Sunday school picnic when they ate so much ice cream, or would they ever forget the time it poured so on the straw ride to Weaver's Valley? Ruth, he soon noticed, could supply many little details that he had forgotten, things even that he had said or what he had worn on some particular occasion. She recounted joyously many of their old escapades. He became silent listening and studying her. Her face had lost some of its old mirthfulness; it was very sweet, but just a little sad. Her voice was low and clear.

"It was you," she was saying, "who suggested going there by moonlight. You said that the moonpath across the water was the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Did I say that?" he laughed. "How could you ever remember?"

"How could I ever forget?" she corrected and her voice was low with a little tremor in it.

Rand became suddenly uncomfortable. He was sorry that she had not forgotten, and wished that old times did not seem so important to her. He hastened to change the subject.

"You've been away on a visit?" he asked.

"Yes," she said simply, "and I intended to stay until Thursday, but something seemed to tell me I must come today. It was a premonition, don't you think?" and she smiled into his eyes."

Rand's embarrassment increased. He glanced out of the window nervously wishing the ride was at an end. Could it be possible that she had been remembering him, caring for him all these years?"

"Why did you not write?" she continued after a pause. "You stopped writing before you had been gone a year. I wanted to hear so much, and you promised."

Rand offered some confused explanation, and racked his brains for a safe topic of conversation. Never had he been placed in so trying a position. Here was a woman who had obviously cherished his memory for ten years and expected that he had done the same for her. How foolish he thought her to cling to those childish promises. A business man had no time for writing letters to playmates of his boyhood. Helen, he thought, would not betray herself like this. Yet there seemed to be nothing coarse about Ruth's betrayal; she was very self-forgetful, very sweet.

The windows of the train were open and the evening air blew in laden with the old familiar fragrance of the hayfields. The sun had just set behind the hills that he knew so well. How beautiful it was, and he had been away so long. Ruth turned to him again from the peaceful scene and there were tears on her lashes.

"Your native hills and meadows have missed you, John. We have all missed you so."

Rand could not meet the beautiful light of her eyes. A hot flush swept over his face. He must stop her, must tell her of Helen and go away at once. She laid a hand gently on his arm.

"You know, John," she whispered, "you are very, very welcome home."

Rand's agony at the girl's tone and gesture was annihilated by a thunderous crash. Darkness came upon them with the shivering of glass, the cracking of strained timbers. The long shiftlessness in the management of the road had borne fruit in a fearful collision.

Rand lay stunned for a few seconds and then by powerful wrenchings freed himself from the debris. He stood dazed as a realization of the disaster forced itself upon his numbed senses.

"Ruth," he cried, "Ruth, where are you?" Frantically he tugged at the splintering beams. A few men had rushed to the wreck and were attempting to rescue the passengers. The mass had taken fire from the engines and the men bent every energy to outstrip the flames. Rand worked alone at that end of the car near which they had been sitting. From time to time he called Ruth's name and once he thought a faint cry answered him. He bent down and peered into the wreck in the fading twilight.

"John." The word came to him scarcely audible as he stooped. She was held beneath a beam that it took his mightiest effort to remove. He raised her tenderly and carried her to the little grassy bank beside the tracks. Very gently he held her with great bitterness in his heart for he knew that she was dying and that she had given him a love which he could not return. At last her eyes unclosed and he bent to catch the words that her lips were struggling to form.

"I don't mind, John—because you came." She hesitated.

"Oh, Ruth," he began in an agonized voice half intending to tell her all. A faint smile crossed her face and she interrupted.

"I always knew you would come, John, for you promised, but it has been so long."

The man was completely unnerved. He could not let her die without one kind word—this girl who had found the years so long. He had promised nothing at parting more than a boy's thoughtless "I'll come back."

"Ruth," he said unsteadily. Her eyes opened again very slowly. Looking into those eyes, all words failed him, and, stooping, he kissed her brow.

Later they found him there in the starlight, with the dead girl in his arms. He was wondering if she knew all.

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QUEER NAMES IN CALIFORNIA

Early Settlers Gave Odd Designations to Streams and Lakes in Golden State.

The Gazetter of the Surface Waters of California, just issued, shows many curious similarities in nomenclature, common and favorite names having been given to different streams and lakes by the early settlers, who christen most of the natural features in new countries.

Such characteristic pioneer names as Deadman creek and Deadman Canyon creek are applied to five different streams; in the area covered by the report there are ten Dry creeks, two Humbug creeks, two Jackass creeks, five Lion and Lion Canyon creeks, five Lost streams and two Mad rivers. Bear canyon and Bear Trap are applied to 36 different water bodies and there are five Grizzly creeks.

There are 15 Coyote water bodies, two Wildcat, one Cat and two Gatos (cat, Spanish) creeks, one Skunk creek, nine Deer creeks, one Rabbit, two Quail, two Dog and one Scorpion creek.

There are also ten Devil and two Diablo creeks, but the saints, male and female (san and santa), cover a dozen pages of the gazetter. There is also a Poison creek and a dozen Snake and Rattlesnake creeks. The fish are represented in a full page of Eel rivers, several Fish creeks and one Sardine creek.

This Hen Lays Flat Eggs.

If in the days of Columbus all the eggs had been like those laid by one of six black Minorcas owned by Hugh J. Lettimore of 41 Clinton street, Newton, N. J., the great discoverer would never have been able to do that famous egg trick.

And the reason is that one of Lettimore's six Minorcas lays an egg that is perfectly flat at one end and may easily be set upright. Except for this the egg is like any other bit of hen fruit.

But which one of the sextet contributes the flat-ended egg is a mystery. The first egg was found a week ago. Lettimore, who says no one has access to the coop except himself, has watched very closely to see which of the hens produces the freak, but his vigil is in vain. Even using a trap nest has failed, as the hen makes her nest after the manner of the ostrich. The freak is attracting much attention from the poultrymen of Newton.—New York World.

Would Know Him There.

A former friend, who met Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, in London, is said to have accosted him with the remark: "Don't you remember me? I used to know you in Australia," and to have met with the rebuff, "Yes, and when I meet you again in Australia I shall be happy to

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and beauty—to prevent wrinkles and "crow's feet" and deep black circles under the eyes—nothing is as good as
Dr. Pierce's **FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION**
Give it a fair trial for banishing those distressing pains or drains on one's vitality. This prescription of Dr. Pierce's regulates all the womanly functions. It eradicates and destroys "Female Complaints" and weaknesses that make women miserable and old before their time. Every girl needs it before womanhood. Every mother needs it. It is an invigorating tonic for the female system. All medicine dealers have sold it with satisfaction, to customers for the past 40 years. It is now obtainable in liquid or tablet form at drug stores—or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box, to R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.
DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS
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Write for samples or order direct from this ad. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J. E. BERKHEIMER MFG. CO., Tacoma, Wash.

Very Many Like Him.

Sometimes children are more observant than they are credited with being. Little Rob's mother, for instance, was telling a visitor how "masterful" another neighbor was in his home life when Rob, unnoticed beside her, put in his little oar. "I don't think Mr. Tate is so awful bossy, mamma," he remarked, suddenly. "'Course he does a lot of talking, but he never makes Mrs. Tate do a thing she doesn't wanter, I've noticed that."

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

Shock Was Too Great.

Policeman—"Do you know this sick man?" Interested Bystander—"No; I only jest met him. He seemed a nice sort of a feller; he shook my hand and we chatted a while, an' I told 'im I was Seth Pinewood from Pennsylvania, an' that I'd come on with one thousand in cash to see this here town. I ast him if he knew of some young feller as could show me around; an' then he threw up his hands an' fell down!"—Puck.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Criminals Have Low Temperatures.

Cold-bloodedness is a physical characteristic of the habitual criminal and the temperature of murderers is strikingly below normal, according to statistics published by the American Medical association. General physical degeneracy is found to stigmatize the criminal. The average convict is three inches below the normal in stature, light in weight and with small chest expansion.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Wonderful Peroration.

A lawyer, more fluent in his speech than careful in his metaphors, was once guilty of the following peroration: "Gentlemen, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Rearranged.

The choir wished to sing a hymn, the first verse of which ended: "The night is falling. Heaven help us as we're calling." But as they wished it for morning service, the leader suggested that they change the wording of it a bit. A young man dutifully proposed the following amendment: "The morn is dawning. Heaven help us as we're yawning."

WORMS
cause much annoyance to children and great anxiety to parents.
The presence of worms is recognized by these common symptoms: itching nose, unsatisfied appetite, offensive breath and colic pains.
DR. PEERY'S VERMIFUGE "DEAD SHOT"
Cleanses the system of worms in a very few hours

Jesting and Dancing.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The earl of Leicester, knowing Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of the dancing school to dance before her. "Pish," said the queen, "it is his profession. I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.—Thomas Fuller.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

Wellness.

It is more valuable to be well than to mean well.—Tatler.

"BE GAME"
Don't allow a weak stomach, lazy liver and clogged bowels to put you "in bad." Always be game, and help nature overcome such trouble by taking
Hostetter's STOMACH BITTERS
It strengthens the entire "inner man" and drives out all Stomach, Liver and Bowel Ailments. Make the start today.

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