

Ricks Leopold, 173 Main street Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz.

years ago my system was in a down condition and I was at all over my body. I began mied about my condition and I to try anything which would

a was recommended to me as nd remedy and tonic, and I soon bat it was worthy of praise. bottles changed my condition and in a short time I was all

the

In-

ind

isly

at-

to Peruna my restoration to and strength. I am glad to en-

eru-na Restores Strength.

Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, "I had catarrh and felt hle. I began the use of Peruna gan to improve in every way. ad does not hurt me so much, my its is good and I am gaining in and strength."

A Luxury.

gentlemen dining in a New York mat were surprised to find on of fare, the item, "green blue-

ter." one asked, "what sort of are green bluefish?" sh-right from the water," said ulter, offhand.

ease!" said the man. "You well enough they do not take at this season.' waiter came up and looked at

uted item. that, sir!" he said, with an air

ghtenment. "That's hothouse

Ris Hard Luck. said Mrs. Herlihy, pressing a handkerchief to her eyes, "he's fort'nate man, me Cousin Cella's a If iver there's anny chanst od thing he's always a little uside. If it hadn't been for that be in his home now, instid of in

ospital, ma'am." by, I understood that Timothy ed backward off the staging and ar to the ground," said the disvisitor, sympathetic but puzzled. Be did," said Mrs. Herliby, with a burst of tears, "but if he'd fell more to the right, there was a pile o' bricks, an' it would have bis fall, annyway."

Why It Didn't Show.

as that new friend of yours any ess ability?" ell, it doesn't show on the sur-

he's an official of the under railway." - Cleveland Plain

No Trick at All. aby Dunn-Do you take any stock ory that a man engraved the alphabet on the head of a pin? nott-Certainly. He could have ed the ten commandments on it. ts a coupling pin. Ring off.

Danish colony of 500 families is that a location in Mexico. If the colprospers, it will receive large acces-

COULD NOT KEEP UP.

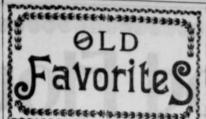
in Down, Like Many Another Woman, With Exhausting Kidney Troubles.

n. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J.,

pains in the side and destroy caterpillars at seasons when

my strength, ambition and general tigning, as in many districts not only tigning, as in many districts not only Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. do they pluck and bind the corn, but All that glitters can't be measured afterward carry the sheaves to the by the golden rule.

er-Milburn Co., Puffalo, N. Y.



We Have Drunk from the Same Canteen. There are bonds of all sorts in this world

of ours, Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers And true lovers' knots, I ween.

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss, But there's never a bond, old friend, like this-

We have drunk from the same canteen It was sometimes water and sometimes

milk And sometimes apple jack fine as silk; But, whatever the tipple has been, We shared it together in bane or bliss, And I warm to you, friend, when I think

We have drunk from the same canteen

The rich and the great sit down to dine, And they quaff to each other in sparkling

From glasses of crystal and green, But I guess in their golden potations they miss The warmth of regard to be found in

We have drunk from the same canteen

We have shared our blankets and tents together And have marched and fought in all kinds

of weather, And hungry and full we have been; Had days of battle and days of rest. But this memory I cling to and love the

We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope With my blood flowing fast and but little hope

Upon which my faint spirit could lean-Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my

And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died, We drank from the same canteen!

-Gen. C. G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Reilly).

Patriotism.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn' As home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well For him no minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentered all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung. -Sir Walter Scott.

THE FELLAH'S YOKEMATE.

Some Occupations of the Egyptian

Girl and Woman. Her lot has improved vastly since those dark days of superstition when, in order to propitiate Scrapis, the delty who presided over the waters of Father Nile, she was liable to be given as a sacrifice to the flood-custom which was until quite recently commemorated at the annual cutting of the Khaleeg at Cairo by the erection of an earthen "bride," which was swallowed up by the rushing waters, says the Fortnightly Review Albeit the fellow's lines have never been cast in pleasant places, very early in her existence does her round of drudgery begin, for while still a tiny child she is allotted a variety of tasks. In the clover season one sees peasant baby girls posted as sentinels over the horses and cattle tethered in the vividly green berseem fields; mere children, placed in authority near a harshly creaking water wheel, follow with toddling steps the wiry little donkey or gaunt, ugly buffalo harnessed to a wooden prop which is attached to the cogged wheel of the sakeeyeh. The little mites by voice and whip urge the weary blindfolded beasts to keep jogging along in the worn circular track, that the slowly revolving earthenware pots cease not to pour the fertilizing water into the trough.

The same little maidens, their hair generally plaited and the wisps and braids decked with coins, are often seen tending small serds of goats. At times, too, they are sent to forage for rare windfalls of firewood (rare, because in the delta wood of any sort is scarce), which, if they find, they carry homeward across the fields on their heads, the strings of beads and glass bracelets on their fat little necks and arms glistening in the bright sunshine; while those who dwell in woodless provinces are employed to collect manure, which, mixed with chopped straw, is pounded into round cakes and when painful and severe form, and the dried in the sun forms the staple native fuel called "gelleh." Active little maidnow seems to have ens carry diminutive hods or baskets been almost unbeara of mortar or bricks when building opble. I had backache, erations are in progress, or are set to

loins, dizzy spells and these pests threaten destruction to the feverish head- maize or other crops. Should their village be within easy bearing down pains, distance of a ratiway, girls of tender and the kidney secre age are sent to hawk goolahs of cold tions passed too fre water, hard-boiled eggs or fresh dates, y, and with a burning sensation. figs or oranges, up and down the coun-I showed sediment. I became distryside stations; and these bright, ed, weak, lanquid and depressed, clamoring, smiling, pearly teethed At doctors the doc As doctors did not cure me I defigures to all travelers throughout the to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and Delta. The bigger girls in time of fices dental parlors?" asked Smith of such success that the process that th such success that my troubles wheat harvest will join with the older his friend. all gone after using eight boxes, wheat harvest will job which is very fado they pluck and bind the corn, but

bery of women laborers who have the lelsure will proceed at harvest time from village to village, and so add a few more shillings to the modest family chest.

Few Egyptian village scenes appeal more forcibly to the cultivated taste or artistic sense than that of the village maiden fetching water from the river or the well. The lithe, elastic, welldeveloped figure of the peasant damsel seems singularly noble in its homely simplicity, draped in its loose dark blue garment, the beautifully molded earthenware pitcher poised upon her shapely head. Her long veil of coarse crepe, it is true, is half drawn to conceal her face from prying eyes, or, when she wears no vell-and often, owing to the exigencies of field labor, the burko (face vell) is dispensed with-its office is performed by gathering a fold of her head covering into a corner of her mouth. Yet the very poor are not always punctilious about keeping their faces hidden from strangers, and so sometimes one sees the indigo or greenish-blue tattoo designs on the forehead or below the under llp. On reaching the river, where her shadow seems to kiss the ripples, the modern Rebekah tucks the skirts of her raiment between her knees, enters the water to cleanse and fill her water jar (balass), and then, with a last feminine touch of adjustment to the folds of her dress, she raises the heavy burden into position and bears it away, spilling nothing of its limpid contents. She never loses her balance, having made a practice from early childhood of carrying all newcomer. burdens on her head and having thus and statuesque galt.

***************** A CUP OF TEA.

Buying a cup of tea may be a tragedy or a comedy. Much depends on be sex of the buyer. This is the way a man buys it, says a writer in the London Sketch. He slides sheepishly into the shop, takes the seat in the draft of the door that everybody else has avoided, and says to the waitress

with a diffident smile: "Oh, would you bring me a cup of tea?"

The waitress, who returns the smile or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment in regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a check and sails away.

The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill and hurries away from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea.

She marches into the shop with a little boy on one side of her and a little girl on the other.

"I want a table for three," she says, in the manner of one about to order a dinner at ten guineas a head.

"Yes, madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way." "Mummy," says the little boy, when packed in your father's esophagus."

at last the party is seated and the attendant is waiting to take the twopenny order, "mummy, why has that lady got a turned-upj nose?" mplains t

my," "and would you mind bringing an cassian beauty.

extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?" "One tea and one milk?" asks the at-

"No, thank you. I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one and an extra cup. bill of hers, That's all." "Yes, madam," says the meek at-

tendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, let the stage be what it may. "Just one moment," says "mummy," when the ten is brought. "I should

like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a pitcher of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk." Half an hour later she marches

proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful, and who sat in a draft.

Gen. Grant's Joke.

Secretary Taft, in discussing a certain hoax, said:

"It reminds me of the story about Sir Richard Owen, the famous English scientist. A footman came to Pembroke lodge, Sir Richard's residence, one morning, with a large bone wrap-

ped in a cloth, and with a note from his master, Lord John Russell, asking if Sir Richard would please say what animal the bone belonged to. "It required but a glance from the scientist to convince him that the bone

was nothing but a ham bone from an ordinary pig. He sent a message back to that effect, and, meeting Lord John the next day, said:

"'Why on earth Cld you send me a pig's ham bone yesterday?'

"'I'll tell you,' said the other. 'General Grant, you know, is a great joker. He made me a present of what purported to be that rare delicacy, a grizzly bear's ham, but, as I had my doubts, I sent you the bone,"

Out at Last.

"Why do they call these dentists' of-

"Why, parlor is an old-fashioned name from drawing-room."

threshing place. Not infrequently a by the golden rule.

The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with question is put by a London paper in Europeans, says the author of "Burma, discussing the use of the expression by Painted and Described," they have lost the Vienna correspondent of the Times some of their traditional politeness; but in connection with the dismissal of the in the country districts old-school cour- American embassador to Austria-Huntesy is still the custom.

bought a new pony was trying him out but in this case, as in so many others of on a Burman road, when the animal a similar nature, it is shown that the bolted, and ran at top speed down a phrase can be found imbedded in the narrow road.

In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday-making.

The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merrymakers, and severely injured the Burman who was driving.

Before the Englishman had an opporslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low,

"My lord, my lord," he said, apologetically, 'the cart should not have been there."

Found He Was a Cannibal.

A new arrival in the town entered a restaurant and ordered his dinner. He had just been served when a large, rotund person entered and seated himself at the same table, and finally reached over and helped himself to his neighbor's bread; seeing that the other man's bolled potato had not been touched he took that and ate it without removing

the skin. A piece of chicken followed. and handed the bill of fare to the

"Roast beef; roast pork. Which shall acquired a naturally upright carriage I take?" said he. "Well, I guess you can bring me roast beef, a double order.

> "Thank heaven," said the man opposite.

"Eh? What did you say, sir?" "I said 'Thank Heaven!' I was afraid you were a cannibal."-Pittsburg Press.

Reciprocity.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I shall certainly have to punish the children!" says a writer in Life. "What have they been up to now?" inquired her husband.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls, everything I have has been poked away into the most unexpected corners. It is perfectly exasperating." Mr. Duzzit surveyed his wife with a benignant air.

"That wasn't the children, dear," he said. "I did that."

"What possessed you?" "It was kindness of heart. After you straightened up the papers and books on my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in order. So I did."

The Books All Right. The steamer was to leave in an hour, and Mrs. Lapsling was in a flurry of preparation.

"Mother," asked one of the children "where are the books we want to read while we're on the boat?"

"Never mind the books," she said, with her mouth full of hairpins. "They're all

"Where's the bon constrictor forty feet long that you've got painted on the sign out in front?" demanded the visitor at

the dime museum. "This is wash day, and we're using "A pot of tea for one," orders "mum- him for a clothes line," explained the Cir- and Scotch Reviewers."

> How He Knew. Wedderly-That milliner of yours

must be a bird. Mrs. Wedderly-Nonsense! She has neither wings nor feathers.

Wedderly-Yes, but just look at this

Is "fired out" an Americanism? This gary. Anything that seems slangy is An English gentleman who had generally stamped as an Americanism, classics of the English language. "Fired out" an Americanism? Well, in one of Shakspeare's sonnets, as one of the London papers says, you may read: Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in

doubt. Till my bad angel fire my good one out. An American school teacher-and this is another illustration that comes tunity to explain his unexpected on to mind-decided that his pupils should drop the word "say" because it was inelegant. The tendency to begin a remark or a question with "say" may certainly be overdone, but, as a bright pupil pointed out, if "say" is vulgar, how should we regard the use of it in the first line of "The Star-Spangled

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By this time the waiter reappeared Do you know him?" asked Madge, in surprise.

> "Yes," said her chum. "He walked over me so many times getting out between acts at the theater last night that we got real well acquainted."-Detroit Free Press.

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

In Confidence.

"I knew," he declared, "that we were meant for each other from the very mo-ment I first saw you." "I knew it," she replied, "long before

that.' "You did?"
"Yes. I may tell you now in confi-

tention of abandoning detective work.

"Those Philadelphia detectives have made me look like a bungling amateur."

Shooting another charge of dope into his arm, he assumed a William Gillette pose and stared moodily into the fire.

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"They'll find I'm no Keats!" he exheadwaters of Bitter creek, and I can hit back-darn 'em!"

a real club, so he could use it on them, he dipped his pen in the vitriol again and confided some more of his burning

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"Not yet. I've put in all my time flat-ting the flats."—Chicago Tribune. "Why are you bowing to that man?

dence, since we're engaged and it's all settled, that mamma had been mapping out our accidental meeting for three months."-Judge.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases serve Restorer. Send for FREE 22 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kilne, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

Sherloc's Holmes had announced his in-"My dear Holmes," said Dr. Watson,

'Quite sq, my dear doctor," he said.

Byron was writing his "English Bards

Regretting that his lame foot was not thoughts to the sheet of paper before him.