Family Secrets.

"Those people in front of our cage say they are descended from us," observed the First Monkey.

"Well," commented the Second Monkey, "we are about the only ones of their ancestors that they will pay admission to see."—Baltimore Sun.

Swallowed His False Teeth.

A man recently swallowed his false teeth and it drove him mad. Stomachs will stand a great deal, but not everything. If yours is weak try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver troubles, as well as malaria and fever and ague. It is particularly effective in all nervous affections, and is strongly recommended at this season of the year when the system is run down and most susceptible to disease. All druggists keep it.

Immersion.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said I.

The man bowed his head and went his way. That night I came upon him drinking heavily.

"Is this the way you bury your sorrow?" I said.

"Hush! this is a burial at sea!" said the man, with a bitter, haunting smile.

I felt much pity for him, thereupon, and would have had something had he asked me.—Detroit Journal.

ALUM BAKING POWDER.

Declared by the Court to be Unwholesome, and Its Sale in Violation of the Pure Food Laws.

A case in the courts of Davenport, Iowa, the other day appears to have fixed the status of the alum baking powders as an illicit article of trade.

It seems that The Pure Food Co., of Chicago, sold to a firm of grocers in Davenport a quantity of baking powder called "Pure Food Baking Powder." The grocers sold some of it, ascertained that it was an alum powder, returned the powder unsold to the manufacturers and refused to pay for it. The manufacturers sued to collect.

The case was tried before Judge Bollinger and a jury. Attorneys Neal & Neal, and S. A. Finger defended the grocers. It was shown that the powder contained alum. The defence claimed, consequently, that it was injurious to health and that traffic in it was against public policy. Expert testimony was introduced to show that alum when taken into the stomach would influence the gastric juices to the detriment of the person using it.

The jury rendered a verdict for the defendants, which means that alum baking powders are deleterious to health, their sale illegal in the state. The pure food laws of the state are upheld.

A Case of Contagion.

She—Do you believe in this theory about spreading disease by kissing?

He—Well, they say there's something in it.

"Did you ever catch anything by kissing a girl?"

"Yes, once; my father saw me at it."—Yonkers Statesman.

GRIP CAUSED IT

THE AFTER EFFECTS MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR A YEAR.

One of the Peculiarities of a Disease That Will Not Stay Cured—How It Was Driven Out.

From Reporter-Journal, Gardiner, Me.

Grip often leads to pneumonia. More frequently it will appear to be cured but leaves the patient broken in health, short of breath after slight exertion and affected by every change of weather—a fit subject for the many diseases induced by the inclemency of early spring.

How this may be avoided, how the system may be cleansed of the lingering after-effects of grip and put in condition to ward off disease is best told in the words of one who is able to speak from experience. Mr. Sumner Cross, of 80 Mechanic street, Gardiner, Me., says:

"A severe attack of the grip, about five years ago, left me in a very bad state. I could not sleep and I had no appetite. My head felt heavy, and I was rather dizzy at times. Changes of the weather seemed to have a bad effect upon me and I was miserable most of the time.

"I had been like this for a year when a lady, who had heard me complain, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Shortly after this I had occasion to go to Bangor and there I bought six boxes of the pills. While taking the second box I began to feel benefited. When I had taken them all I felt so much better that I bought six boxes more, and I have always considered the money I paid for them well spent. I would not be without them.

"I shall always speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in words of praise, for they are an honest medicine. I recommend them because I know that they are all they are claimed to be."

(Signed) SUMNER CROSS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Z. F. LITTLE,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Sold by all dealers, or sent direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

For the Occasion.

"Please look pleasant," remarked the photographer.

Snap went the camera.

"And now, ma'am," he continued, "you may resume your natural expression."—Philadelphia Times.

A Fortunate Reminder.

"Do you expect to have a pair of samples of every living creature in that ark?" asked one of the jeering spectators.

"From A to Izzard!" emphatically responded Noah. "Ah! that reminds me," he exclaimed. "The zebra!"

And he instantly dispatched a corps of hunters to South Africa.—Chicago Tribune.

WHY THE TWAIN DISPUTED.

John Bull Thought of Bill, the Clerk of Baby.

"How much?" asked Arthur P. Raglan of Leeds, England, offering to pay his bill.

"Nine pounds," answered Clerk Howard L. Dailey of the St. James Hotel, smiling and bowing.

The eyes of Mr. Raglan, which had shone pleasantly, now glared, and his yellow mustache curled up perceptibly as astonishment contracted his upper lip. "Why, it was only lahst night—"

"No," corrected Mr. Dailey, still beaming proudly over his desk at Mr. Raglan, "yesterday morning at 1 o'clock."

"But I tell you it was lahst night at supper time," persisted the Briton, his voice rising into a roar.

"Well, I reckon I ought to know," retorted Mr. Dailey indignantly.

"Indeed. And dayon't you think I ought to knayow something abayout it?"

"You? Why, what the devil have you got to do with it? It's my baby and it's a girl, and it weighs nine pounds," came back the clerk, his own "dander" rising higher.

"Nayow, did anybody ayver hear the like?" exclaimed the Englishman, apostrophizing the world at large. "Here I come and put up ayover night. I'm ready to start and I ahsk the amount of me bill and this fayllow charges me nine payounds—$45—and when I tel him I've been here since lahst night and he disputes me wayord, tells me I've been here since yesterday morning, and, when I tell him I knayow better, he begins to talk abayout girl babies instead of me bill."

"Who said anything about a bill?" demanded Mr. Dailey.

"Why, I did, you blockhead—I'm endeavoring to talk abayout it nayow."

"But I'm speaking of my baby, my little girl, first, you know——"

"Oh, blow your baby!" cut in the Britisher. "I want to pay me bill."

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, blushing furiously. "All right," he added, anger rising in him again, "pay your bill, but don't tell me to blow my baby. I won't stand that from any man."

"Nor will I stand a charge of £9 for a night's lodging and a breakfast," returned Mr. Raglan.

The new and deeply injured father said no more, but collected $1.50 and the Englishman went out huffily.

"I haven't got any prejudice against Englishmen," remarked Mr. Dailey bitterly to the sympathetic bellboy who came to answer a ring for hot water, "but if ever I saw a more heartless and unfeeling wretch than that it was in a dream."—Denver Post.

THIS BRIDE WAS WON AT THE SIEGE OF PEKIN

Cupid braved the dangers at Pekin, where Mary Conger Pierce, niece of Minister Conger, lost her heart to Lieut. Harold Hammond, of the Ninth Infan-

MISS MARY CONGER PIERCE.

ry, during the siege. In the midst of war and disaster the courage displayed by Miss Pierce and the witchery of her lovely face completely captivated the brave lieutenant. Before the Congers left China a betrothal dinner was given in their honor. Miss Pierce is an orphan, and comes from Rushville, Ill.

Spending Is Sometimes Saving.

The true end of statesmanship is to promote the greatest public welfare, whether this means saving dollars or spending dollars. When economy will contribute to this welfare economy is good, but where it will cripple some important branch of public service then economy is bad; and the public official who tries to make a record in defiance of this fact is no real friend to public welfare. Where sinecures exist, or useless political "job" commissions, or where waste occurs by poor organization of the service, then economy and reorganization are in order; but where important work would be less effectively done by arbitrarily abolishing offices and reducing the number of employes, then the path of statesmanship is to point out the grounds for distinguishing between the two cases and shape policies accordingly.—Gunton's Magazine.

Lasting Qualities of Wood.

The navy department recently concluded some tests for the purpose of demonstrating the lasting qualities of wood used in warships treated with the fireproofing process. Samples taken from the torpedo-boat Winslow were employed in the tests. They had been in use for five years. The report showed that the wood had lost none of its anti-fire qualities.

Their Taste Goes Wrong.

Even the best judges of tobacco can't always be depended on. Sometimes their taste goes back on them, so to speak, and remains blunted for a week at a stretch. Professional samplers of tobacco take a week off every few months and never look at the weed until they return to duty. In that way they keep in condition.

Infantile Pessimism.

Aunt Emma—Well, Mary, I haven't seen you for a long time. I hear that you have a little sister at your house. I suppose she cries sometimes.

Little Mary—Cries? I should say she does! Why, I never saw anyone that appeared to look on the dark side of things as she does!—Puck.

Many a man is toasted who needs to be roasted.

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

A Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON GIVES PE-RU-NA A HIGH ENDORSEMENT.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own state, but throughout America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as mayor of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank, of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the fifty-fifth congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the state.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Pe-ru-na came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be able to fully eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing. Yours truly,

"DAVID MEEKISON."

Many people can tolerate slight catarrhal affections. A little hoarseness, a slight cough, a sold in the head, or a trifling derangement of the digestive organs do not much disturb the average person in his business. But this is not true of the public speaker or stage artist. His voice must always be clear, lungs perfect, digestion undisturbed. Hence the popularity of Pe-ru-na among the leading actors and actresses of this country. They have come to regard Pe-ru-na as indespensable to their success. Their profession is so exacting that it requires perfect health in every particular. They regard Pe-ru-na as their friend and safeguard. Many letters are received from this class of pople. Miss Carrie Thomas, in speaking of Pe-ru-na, says: "I have used Pe-ru-na with splendid results. Would not be without it. No money would hire me to have a settled cold or chronic cough, or hoarseness. Catarrh is the most dreadful thing that could happen to one of my profession. Pe-ru-na is my shield and protector against this most undesirable disease." Carrie Thomas.

Miss Carrie Thomas

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Her Strenuous Way.

"You didn't seem to get on with that Boston girl?"

"No; she sat on the edge of her chair, ready to run and look up my pronunciation in the dictionary."—Chicago Record.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Over-Anxious.

He—Who knows but when I come back from the Philippines you may be engaged to some other man?

She—Nonsense! As if you were coming back without sending me word!—Harper's Bazar.

How Strange.

"Well, I suppose that young Goodfellow is married?"

"You don't say so! I'm surprised!"

"Why, I supposed everybody knew he was engaged."

"To be sure—but that's different."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Clever Salesman.

"I wish to see a bonnet," said Miss Passee, aged 40.

"For yourself, miss?" inquired the French milliner.

"Yes."

"Marie, run down stairs and get me hats between 18 and 25." Bonnet sold.—Tid-Bits.

Well Posted.

McJigger—He's pretty well posted in social institutions, isn't he?

Thingumbob—Yes, I believe he is posted for non-payment of dues at all the clubs, if that's what you mean.—Philadelphia Press.

Knightly Warfare of Old.

Medieval knights often took a voluntary oath that they would never spare the life of an enemy.

Sugar Cane.

The sugar cane grows from six to twenty feet high.

A Good Reason.

Papa—You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting—still it is gratifying to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him?

James—'E said I looked like you, dad.—Moonshine.

Sayings of Little Folks.

Mother—Don't boil those canned peas, Bridget; they only want to be warmed.

Little Tommy—Mammy, peas can't talk, can they?

Mother—Of course not, dear, why?

Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want?—Motherhood.

In Old Kentucky.

The parson came out and remonstrated with the major for being too hasty with his gun.

"After he said that," said the parson, "you should have forgiven him."

"And didn't I?" spoke up the major. "Why, parson, I was one of the pall-bearers."

Not Entirely Disinterested.

Little Bessie—I like you better than sister's other beau.

The Beau—I'm glad to hear that. Why do you like me?

Little Bessie—'Cause sister never eats any of the cheap candy you bring, and I get all of it.—New York Journal.

His Name.

The teacher of the Sabbath school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short, but my maiden name is James."—Christian Register.

A Literary Note.

Mrs. Meddergrass—We'd, if I was them Boers, I'd just go without readin' before I'd do it.

Mr. Meddergrass—Do what?

"Why, the papers say they've been takin' a lot o' British magazines."—Baltimore American.

Sizing Her Up.

Mrs. Witherby—Do you know, John, that chorus girl on the left looked at you tonight as if she actually knew you?

Witherby—Umph! That's just about as much sense as she has got.—Harper's Bazar.

Not the Same.

D'Auber—I was certainly gratified at what Mr. Critteck said about me.

Dabster—What was that?

D'Auber—Why, you heard him. He said I was unquestionably a deft colorist.

Dabster—I understood him to say "daft."—Philadelphia Press.

The Difficulty Overcome.

Brooks—I wish you would pay me that $10 you owe me, old fellow.

Borrowit—I couldn't think of it.

"But I'm here to remind you of it."—Smart Set.

Changed His Mind.

Friend—But I thought you were going to commit suicide in case she rejected you.

Rejected Suitor—So I was; but after I made the threat to her and left, I came back and peeked in the window and saw her reading a novel.—Ohio State Journal.

Mail Bags for Petticoats.

The empty mailbags not having been returned from the Congo for some time, it was found on inquiry that the sacks were regularly being stolen by the natives for presentation to their wives, who used them as petticoats.

Not a Good Player.

Hodd—Hang it all! Do you suppose I'll ever make a good golf player?

Todd (pityingly)—Never, old man. You think too much of your family and your business.—Harper's Bazar.

In the Poetry "Business."

A correspondent, writing from Texarkana, says:

"I have two sons in the poetry business. They can write it by the yard, or foot—just as needed. I don't know how you measure it, but what would you give for five or six yards? My boys are hard-working fellows, and they need the money."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dan-

MRS. JENNIE NOBLE.

gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flushes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

Manifestations of Gray Matter.

"Am I as intelligent as your other young man, Dolly?"

"Well, you quote more poetry than he does, but I think he beats you on neckties."—Chicago Record.

To Spell Shakespeare's Name.

It has been shown that Shakespeare's name has been spelled, by responsible writers, in 1906 different ways. In his own time, his contemporaries spelled his name in thirty-two different ways.

The Ruling Passion.

First Enthusiastic Golfer—I say, will you play another round with me on Thursday?

Second Enthusiastic Golfer—Well, I am booked to be married on that day—but it can be postponed—Punch.

Naturalists say the lobster will soon follow the buffalo and diamond-back terrapin.