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VOL. XXVI

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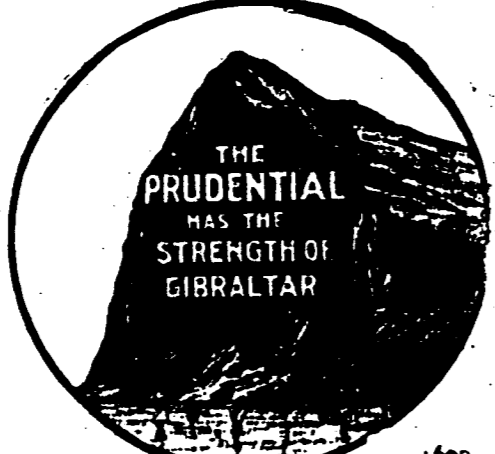
Who Will Give Your Boys

and girls a start? An Endowment policy in The Prudential will help start them in business or furnish the means with which to continue their education.

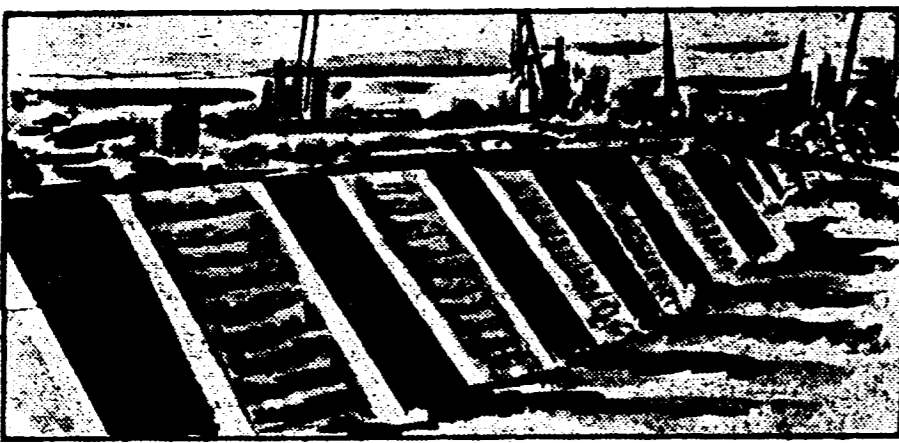
The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.
John F. Dryden, President;
Leslie D. Ward, Vice-President;
Edgar B. Ward, 2d Vice-President and Counsel;
Forrest F. Dryden, 3d Vice-President;
Edward Gray, Secretary.



COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NILE DAM.



THE ASSUAN DAM, SHOWING 5 OF THE 108 SLUICE GATES.

THE GREAT Assuan dam—built for Egypt and one of the most wonderful achievements of man—has been completed and dedicated. The Assuan dam and the Assout barrage are monuments to British engineering skill and progressive policy. These great works, which have cost between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000, will systematize irrigation, impart security to crops and stability to harvests, and widen the area of Nile lands under cultivation.

The Assuan dam is one and one-fourth miles long and will hold the water 347.6 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The dam is pierced by 180 openings, each twenty-three feet high and seven feet wide. Each sluice is fitted with steel gates, adjustable at will, so as to enable the water to go in and out. An idea of the immensity of the labor involved in the construction may be obtained from the fact that the foundations of some of the sluice gates are 100 feet thick at the base and the valley above it.

Comparison, calculate that the reservoir will hold full supply for every town and village in the neighboring valley also include an open water or barometer in the Nile, by which the distribution of the water secured over a large area.



SCENE ALONG THE NILE RIVER.

TOM OCHILTREE, BON VIVANT

The Celebrated Texas, of Picturesque Fame, No More.

A picturesque figure has gone from American public life. Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, warrior, statesman, journalist, diplomat, promoter, bon vivant and raconteur, known equally well in England and on the continent, in New York, Texas and Washington, is dead.

Ochiltree was a Texas by birth. His father was a member of the Texas republic, and the boy ever, he broke away from home and served with the Texas Rangers against the Comanches and Apaches. At 23 he was editing a Democratic paper and attending a national convention as a delegate. In the Civil War he was a messenger for Jefferson Davis and General Longstreet. After the war he became a Republican, and General Grant, when he became President, made him a United States marshal in Texas. After a time the President was disturbed by hearing of the colonel as nearly every race track in the country and demanded an explanation.

"Oh," said the marshal, "I'm too Tom Ochiltree. He's a race horse John Chamberlain named after me." Ochiltree tired of the Federal job and became proprietor and editor of the Houston Telegraph. As a newspaper man he went to New York, where he became acquainted with August Belmont, who introduced him to many men of prominence. He went to Paris and formed the acquaintance of James Gordon Bennett. When Bennett closed 2,000 words the New York Herald on the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1889, Colonel Ochiltree stepped in.

The dispatch he duplicated to the Houston Telegraph. The Franchises were amazed at the man's evident high financial standing. They never learned the truth—that Ochiltree's paper was a success because he had the support of the colonel. The colonel's dispatch was too much for the paper's treasury. When he came home from Europe he ran for Congress in a Texas district covering 87,000 square miles. He made fifty-two speeches, covering the territory on horseback, muleback and on foot. He was elected, though the district was a Democratic stronghold. While at Washington a correspondent waded with a friend that he could make any member of Congress know from one end of the country to the other within a year, and he picked out Ochiltree, red-headed, a good storyteller and fond of notoriety, as the man. He began to send out stories of Ochiltree, many of which were true and others far from it, and Ochiltree became a personage to be quoted, interviewed and sought after. Rich men became his intimates. He traveled in Europe and attracted the attention of capitalists to the advantages which Texas offered men of means. In recent years he had spent his time around the fashionable hostesses of New York City.

Tall British Soldiers.
The standard of height in the British army is greater than in any other army in the world.
"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.
"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.
"Oh, do they have a money market?" she asked.
"Are there ever any bargains?"—London Press.

Capitulation of Cella

DID I tell you that I had asked Auntie to come here, Len? "You certainly did not," replied Leonard Vancourt, his forehead lowering into a frown, as he helped himself to a second piece of toast. "Might I inquire which of the two is going to afford us the delicious delight of her presence—Clarissa, the saturnine, or Amelia, the mangle imitator?" "Len!" The delicately traced eyebrows were raised in indignation. "I think that it is particularly unkind of you to speak in that manner of my relations. You used to say that Aunt Amelia was a shrewd business woman."

"I would be the last to deny her that qualification. It was positively a stroke of genius the way the old reptile—ahem—lady palmed off on me that property in Southwark. Fifteen houses, my dear, with only rudimentary drainage and a hungry County Council waiting to render the same effective. Aunt Amelia ought to have been a company promoter. Egad! she would have made her fortune at the game, my respected ancestor, had it not been for those Where's the Daily Express?" Cella's lips commenced to quiver.

"I think that you are horrid, Len," she vouchsafed at length, glancing reproachfully at her husband, who suddenly became immersed in the money market column of the paper which he had discovered under the table. "I must say that I think you are particularly unkind to speak of my relations in the way you always do. You should not forget, dear, that Aunt Clarissa has been more than a mother to me, and brought me up since I was a tiny tot; the first time you ever met me, Len, was at her house."

"I know," replied Vancourt casually. "But if it hadn't been for Gus Harrington taking me to Rutland Gate I should never have seen either of you. I remember the evening well. I took an instinctive dislike to your mother, more than to any other aunt! A feeling incidentally which has intensified ever since."

"You used to say that you were very fond of her—before we were married, Len."

"I was diplomatic, Len," he said, bitterly, a piece of toast. "You see, as I could only see you in her house, I was obliged, in a sort of way, to hold the candle to her. I was, of course, considered rather a decent match at the time I married you. His accent was irritatingly sarcastic."

"You mean to insinuate that Aunt Clarissa liked you because you were well off and had a house in Park Lane?" demanded Cella, her face flushing as angry pink.

"Aunt Amelia did, anyway," smiled Vancourt unfeelingly. "My spare-made her Southwick property boom in a manner which brought a smile to her face! She had me on toast, Cella."

She rapped her knife impatiently on the immaculate damask. "Leonard," she remarked, with dignity, "I would have a great deal to say to you if you were speaking of my relations."

"I have no desire to rob you of your ownership, dear," remarked Vancourt then added, as he commenced his breakfast in real earnest. "I wish to goodness that you would manage to see that we get bacon for breakfast that is not salty enough to skin the inside of one's mouth. I don't believe that the tradesmen would dare to sell such abominable meat to anybody else but us."

Cella's face grew tearful looking, as she poured herself out a cup of tea; then, glancing across the table at the somberly annoyed features of her husband, she said irritably: "I never met such a growling man as you are in my life! The moment anything puts you out you quarrel with your food. Goodness knows, I am fanciful enough, but I don't find this bacon a bit salty. It is quite sufficient for me to say that it is for you to declare the contrary," said Vancourt, angrily. "I never met such a contradictory woman as you are in the whole course of my existence. I am just about sick of it."

"And when she does I—I shall tell her that—how unkind you are—and ask her to take me away," continued Cella to a faltering voice, unheeding his interruption. "I never want to see you again—I hate you!" "Oh, very well, then," Vancourt rose with as much dignity as he could assume. "As such is the case, and since I am not allowed to be master of my own house, we had better separate amicably. For the small very pleased to be freed from a nagging woman."

"And I, from a—brute?" "That is a question of opinion," remarked Vancourt, who had been asked by Clarissa to go for a cruise, and as his yacht leaves Southampton the day after tomorrow I may as well go with him until I have decided what I will do. Of course, I shall leave you the house—I will clear out. It is opened it. There will be enough money paid into your account to satisfy your requirements." Then, without waiting a reply, he closed the door behind him, glancing half disconsolately, half defiantly, at the vacant chair on the other side of the table.

Vancourt had not been gone long before he returned, dressed in faultless attire, a bag slung over his arm and a bowler in his hand. "Well, I'll say good-by," he said lightly, extending his hand to his wife. "I've told Job to pack up my things and to bring them to me at the Carlton. I shall be stopping there till tomorrow morning when I shall leave for Southampton."

"We shall be cruising about the Mediterranean for about two months," he continued, crying his wife covertly as he spoke. "After which I may go to South Africa for a few months to do some big game shooting."

"You will enjoy yourself, I hope," said Cella, placing her hand on his arm. "Of course, if you ever meet in society we need not be dead ents, need we, Leonard?"

Her deep blue eyes were raised at most wistfully to his. "I shall be," he said with a strained laugh, as he pressed her cold hand in his, he went toward the door. "Addio, little woman—with 'wavy' don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is. Good-by," her voice faded into a whisper. "I shall be waiting for you at the door, closed behind her husband, 'he might have kissed me before he went. I don't think that the minded leaving her only half a minute, she cried angrily, dashed her hand to her forehead, and then she burst into a fit of sobbing. "If he had tried to kiss me, I'd have slapped his face for him! I hate Leonard, and now that I am free I shall be happy as a lark."

The war's class of the hall door below caused her to stop abruptly. For a moment Cella stood silent, then, sinking into a sofa, she buried her face in her hand and wept. "I shall be," she said, "I shall be waiting for you at the door, closed behind her husband, 'he might have kissed me before he went. I don't think that the minded leaving her only half a minute, she cried angrily, dashed her hand to her forehead, and then she burst into a fit of sobbing. "If he had tried to kiss me, I'd have slapped his face for him! I hate Leonard, and now that I am free I shall be happy as a lark."

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NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.

Squirrels Have Devised a Method of Getting the Best of an Enemy.

A new condition of animal life has developed on Indian Island in the State of Maine. At the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become a pest to the grasshoppers and an afraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with now and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks as their only food.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island, they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end. The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, passing in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for money Council between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one. The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes, and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a new way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and when a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somehow the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches and plugged the hole with the earth, carrying with earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession, and last summer there was hardly a large snake in the cemetery which had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indian depended for his living.

When digging among the graves to get at the holes to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks, the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been buried alive by the squirrels. The world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

Last Barter Game.
"Henry," said Mrs. Penstock, "you have not yet told me what good resolve you have made for the new year."

"Why, my dear," protested Henry, "you know that I have no small voice or bad habits at all. Don't you know that I have induced me to stop swearing and smoking and drinking and going out nights, and everything else that I need to think that I wanted to do?"

"Yes, love," answered Mrs. Penstock sweetly, "but you read the advertisements of liquors and cigars with a sinful satisfaction. It would be better for you, spiritually, if you should sternerly and firmly resolve to abstain hereafter."

And now Henry shook further and further into the nice new housecoat that she had made from her old doll-man—Judge.

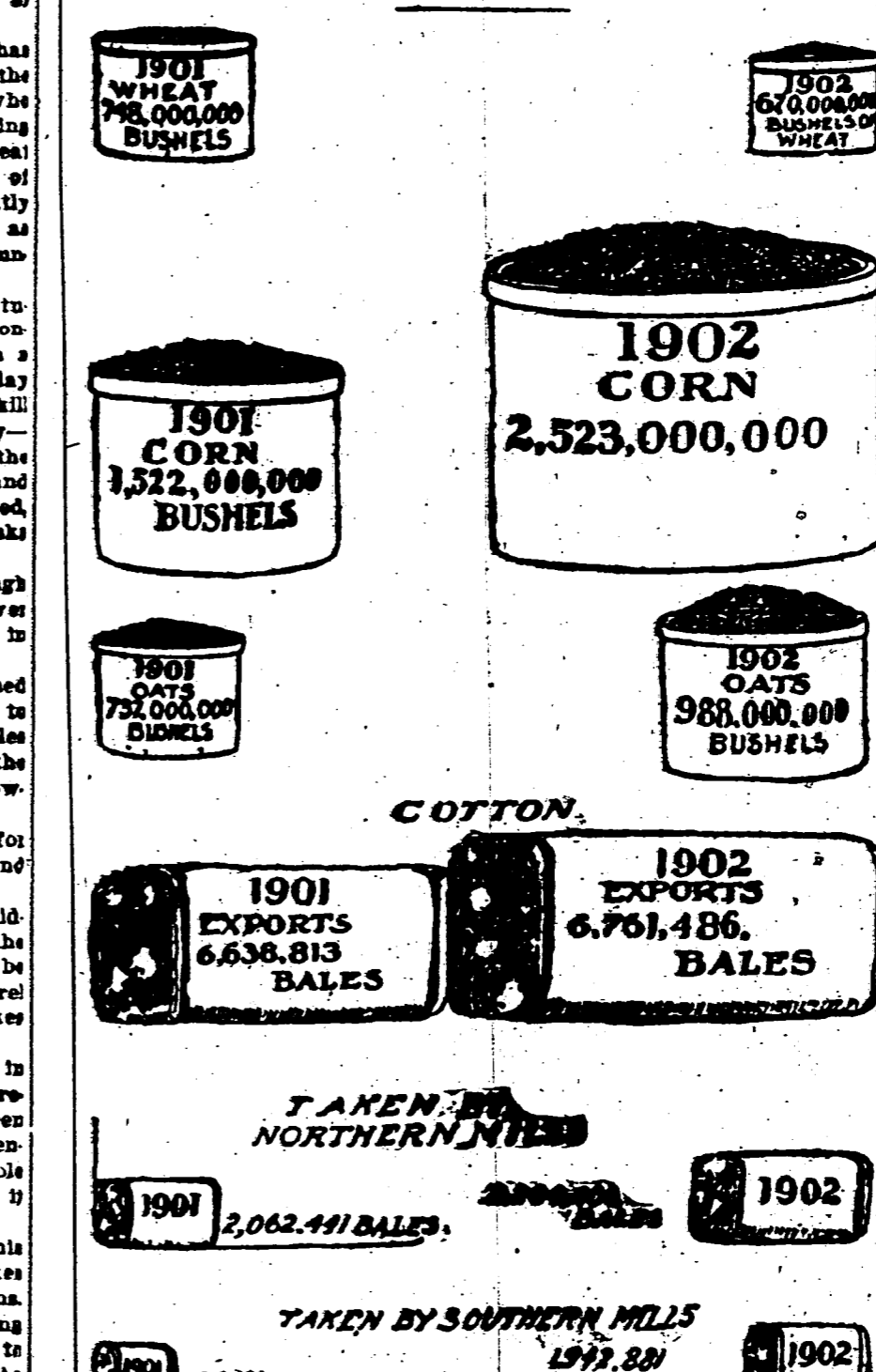
Two grades of cacao are found in Venezuela, the native criollo which grows wild in the valleys near the sea and the trinitario, imported from Trinidad. The latter is inferior in quality to the former, but grows more rapidly. The most important criollo plantations are found between La Guayana and Puerto Cabello. The cacao crop of Venezuela averages about 8,000 tons a year.

Tobacco is cultivated in the warm and temperate regions, being planted from August to November and gathered about the month of May. A German firm has successfully introduced the famous Cuban tobacco, Yuelta Abajo.

Rubber trees grow abundantly in Venezuela, especially in the Orinoco delta. German, American, French and English companies are exploiting this valuable natural product. Last year more than 1,000,000 kilograms were exported.

Large numbers of bananas are produced for domestic consumption, but few are exported. Out of 48,482 farms in Venezuela, 11,220 are devoted to the raising of sugar cane. In central Venezuela the sugar mill companies are exploiting the cane. Most of the sugar is eaten unrefined, but a small amount is refined for the use of the wealthier classes.

BIGGEST CROPS IN HISTORY.



RECORD COTTON AND GRAIN CROPS.

ACCORDING to figures compiled by Uncle Sam farmers in the United States have taken from the soil the past year crops having a value of \$2,827,806,418. The crops are the largest ever garnered in the history of this country, according to the experts, and their value is unprecedented in the annals of trade. To the tillers of the soil the year 1902 will go down in history as the most prosperous in their lives. It is said to be a fair estimate that the farm value of wheat, for which the farmers have disposed of half their holdings, is 65 cents a bushel. Oats have netted the farmer about 27 cents, and the balance, it is estimated, will be sold at that figure. Corn averaged 32 cents at its nearest market town about 30 cents a bushel, and estimates the value of the crop is not the current market quotations in Chicago, but the farm value or price at which the producer sells his goods.

Final returns to the statisticians of the Department of Agriculture, showing the regular and special correspondents, supplemented by reports of special field agents, show the acreage, production and value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1902 to have been as follows:

Crops	Average	Production	Farm Value
Wheat	2,000,000 bushels	41,788,000 bushels	\$1,027,072,248
Spring wheat	1,000,000 bushels	21,374,000 bushels	536,494,642
Winter wheat	1,000,000 bushels	20,414,000 bushels	500,577,606
Barley	4,000,000 bushels	14,877,000 bushels	31,898,824
Rye	1,000,000 bushels	6,628,000 bushels	17,090,728
Oats	2,000,000 bushels	14,770,000 bushels	3,695,720
Feedstuffs	3,000,000 bushels	30,000,000 bushels	124,113,480
Soybeans	1,000,000 bushels	10,000,000 bushels	242,000,204
Alfalfa	1,000,000 tons	10,000,000 tons	100,000,000
Hay	1,000,000 tons	10,000,000 tons	100,000,000
Total value			\$2,827,806,418

THE INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL CONDITION OF VENEZUELA.

WING to its lack of transportation systems and its average of a revolution every nine months Venezuela is a very backward country. In no respect is it developed anywhere near up to its possibilities. The principal agricultural industries are the raising of coffee, sugar and cocoa. The area of the coffee plantations is estimated at 470,000 hectares and the product 850,000 bags of 100 Venezuelan pounds. The yield of Venezuelan coffee trees is very small. There has always been the great market for the coffee of Venezuela, but that port has been closed to it for several months by a prohibitive tariff. The coffee is now sent to New York and Hamburg. The discontinuation of the trade and the general crisis prevailing in Venezuela have led to a considerable decrease in price. The country consumes about 200,000 bags of its own coffee.

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Venezuela has vast forests of tropical woods. She has 50,000 to 60,000 head of cattle to Cuba yearly. There is only one packing house in Venezuela. The cigarette industry, highly protected, is very flourishing. Chocolate making is an important industry. There are two breweries in Venezuela, and they do a very profitable business.

Venezuela has only one important telephone company. Caracas and Valencia are the only cities having street car lines.

Labor World

Iron and steel workers at Wheeling, Del., have organized a union. South Wales engineers have been conceded an advance of 5s. a week. Pittsburgh, Pa., river employes are to be combined in one big organization. Belgian miners have resolved to recommend an agitation for an advance of 15 per cent. Cleveland, England, miners have been granted an increase in wages of three per cent. The Russian government has instituted an eight-hour day in all the State workshops. The Brotherhood of Submarine Divers of the United States and Canada is a new organization. Engineers in South Africa average 12s. 4d. per day, and the hours of labor vary from forty-eight to fifty-four a week. Union iron molders of Indianapolis, Ind., have united in an effort to unionize all the "light work" iron men in the city. The membership of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union throughout the country has doubled in the past six months. Fishermen on the Pacific coast and in Alaska are to be organized under the leadership of the Fishermen's Protective Union of the Pacific Coast and Alaska. The French government has made a provisional order for the partial adoption of an eight-hour day in certain State industries. If successful, the order is to be general.

GATHERING INDIA RUBBER. An Account of the Manner of Harvesting a Valuable Crop. With the increase of pneumatic-tired vehicles rubber has become one of the chief exports of some South American countries. In his book "Climbing and Exploration in the Bolivian Andes," Sir Martin Conway gives an interesting account of the way in which the gum is procured and prepared. The workman, starting out early in the morning—when the sun is high the trees cease to bleed—carries with him a number of little tin cups. Having arrived at the tree, he makes one or more incisions in the bark, and cuts by pressing it into the soft bark. The number of incisions that can safely be made in the tree is a matter upon which there is more or less disagreement. It seems to be settled, however, that a strip of bark all down the tree, one-third of the circumference in width, must be left unbroken or the tree will bleed to death.

The cup collects the drops of sap that exude from the wound in the bark. Ultimately the wound becomes covered with a film of dried sap, which also is afterwards removed and utilized.

The working proceeds from tree to tree, attacking his cups, till he has tapped from 75 to 100 trees. After the hour when the sap ceases to run the man goes round again, carrying a tin vessel with a cover, into which he pours the "milk" that has run into the cups.

When he has brought the day's gathering to his hut he lights a fire of palm wood. He places a funnel over it to collect the smoke, and then, taking a kind of small wooden paddle, dips the blade into the liquid, which covers it with a thin coating. He now holds the paddle over the fire in the smoke turning its faces alternately to the heat.

The coating of milk-like sap is thus rapidly smoked and coagulated into solid, cured rubber. The paddle is then dipped again, and the process repeated until a large bulb or ball has been formed. When this has reached a convenient size it is slit down the sides and strips of gum are cut from it. The lumps thus formed are ready for export, and are the pure rubber of commerce.

The Business End. Emma was a talkative little girl. She was very fond of asking questions, although most of her questions were funny ones.

One day her father took her for a walk along the road, and, seeing a mule passing her, she said to her father: "Father, look at that funny horse."

"He's a mule, my dear," said her father. "It's not a horse, but a mule. Then she asked what a mule was. He said to her: "A mule is half a horse and half a donkey."

"Which half is the donkey?" she asked.—Spare Moments.

"Oh, said the chauffeur to a job on the force, as he told me to go chase me!"

"What did you reply?" "Oh, told him O! refused to chase anybody unless O! was on the pay list," said Mr. Whitcomb.

"And did you get it?" "That O! did. A shrewt was—just as O! jumped out—'v' the dure.'—Kansas City Journal.

"What Would You Answer?" "The lady yesterday," said the pedestrian who had just been halted. "Well, why don't you go to work?" "Because I'm afraid that would make my appetite more troublesome than ever," said the tramp. A dignified manner.—Episcopus Herald.

Sally. Mr. Crimshaw—see a Brooklyn woman has discovered a way of preventing her looking her hair. Mrs. Crimshaw—Indeed! And what does she do? "Looks it in the sun."—Yonkers Freeman.



EASY STREET.
Where, oh, where is Easy street?
Over there and way beyond,
Where content and pleasure meet
In an everlasting bond.
Way beyond, ah, ma, and still
Way beyond, until it seems
So far distant that we will
Reach it only in our dream.
Easy street—the place, my boy,
Where our cares and worries cease,
Where our hearts are full of joy,
And our lives are full of peace.
In our history complete,
Since old Father Time began,
Such a street as Easy street
N'er was known to mortal man.
Life is full of ups and downs—
Wealth and poverty the same;
Calico and silken gowns
Differ only in the name.
Providence has made it so—
We must each a burden bear,
Pleasure, sorrow, joy and we
Meet in here and everywhere.
At the close of life's brief day
When we rest our weary feet,
Somewhere, somewhere, than we may,
We may find our Easy street.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

AMMA, mamma, what do you think?" cried Lydia Stuart, as she rushed into the room where her mother sat with flushed cheeks and disheveled hair. "I have found two tickets for the ball to-morrow night—no name or anything on them by which I could trace the owner—and oh, mamma, I want to use them; I want to go!" "But, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Stuart, as Lydia paused breathlessly, "how—"

"Why, you kept one or two of my evening gowns, you know, mother, and you sent the white one out to beauty, and Tom is still coming to see me in his dress suit, even if it is too tight—and here are the tickets, so why not? The only thing is that I want you to go to, darling," with an emphatic plea on her mother's check.

"Oh, I know I shall be in it, and not of it, but that does not matter. I shall enjoy just watching it all, and hearing the music. I may combine business with pleasure, by the way, by getting some new ideas for my sketches."

"We will see what your brother says, dear," Mrs. Stuart answered. She would have been loath indeed to speculate this daughter of hers of any pleasure that might come in her way for in the reverses that had fallen on the family since Mr. Stuart's death his wife's greatest grief had been for Lydia. The disaster had come on the very day when she was about to go since they left their beautiful English home and came to this big, seething, lonely American city, Lydia had worked steadily at illustrating.

Now she was making a success at it, and there was also beginning to be quite a demand for her dainty water-color work. When Tom came home Lydia immediately pounced upon him and related her wonderful news. He readily agreed to take her, but he wanted her to be sure they would not be likely to meet any of their few acquaintances, and that, therefore, she would have to be satisfied to dance with him or to simply accompany him to the ball.

The next day they examined the papers for some mention of the tickets, but none appeared, so they felt justified in using them. That night Lydia was all excitement. The white gown had required very little attention, and as Mrs. Stuart put the finishing touches to her daughter's toilet she felt very pardonable motherly pride in her.

"How do you like me, Tom?" Lydia asked as she entered the little sitting-room. Tom whistled. "By Jove!" he ejaculated as he gazed at the picture framed in the doorway. She laughed happily, taking innocent pleasure in his astonished admiration.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she questioned, anxiously, noting his pallor. "Such Tom had stopped said, wishing devoutly that Tom had not appeared quite so soon. Of course, he was glad that the sister's anxiety was relieved, but he very much wanted to know who she was.

"It was rather, but it's no matter; I am so sorry you are ill; why didn't you say so, and we could have gone home sooner?" This gentleman—nodding towards Thurston—"had just offered to go in search of you.

Thurston turned to Thurston and thanked him briefly, explaining his own delay. Lydia bowed a slight acknowledgment as they passed, but something in his eyes as they met hers made her heart give a sudden bound and brought a deeper flush to her cheeks.

"Who on earth can she be?" Thurston wondered. Evidently they had not come in a carriage, for she wore a hat and a dark ulster hid her hair gown, and he knew from her accent that she was English.

Looking down, he saw a little gold pin lying in the corner where she had stood while waiting for her brother. Picking it up, he hurried downstairs and searched the corners for her, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Thurston started to take the pin to the desk, but he changed his mind and tucked it away in his card case. Then he went back to the ballroom—and tried to find out who she was. But no one seemed to recognize the description. In such a crowd, in fact, there were many who might have answered to it, so Thurston was forced to leave without obtaining any clue to her identity.

He marveled at the depth of the impression which the girl's face had made upon him. His wealth and good looks won him so much favor among women that he had come to regard them with great indifference. He inserted an advertisement concerning the girl, but it was answered by her rival, and she strove to forget the owner, but many times the blue eyes seemed to look at him through the smoke rings, or come unbidden between him and a printed page.

The day after the ball, poor Tom had a severe cold, and the fever which followed were anxious ones indeed in the Stuaris' little home, for Tom had had a case of typhoid. Their small savings dwindled rapidly, and Lydia worked incessantly to renew her mother's wardrobe, but she was worn by her vigil at the sick boy's side, that the doctor feared that she, too, would be attacked by the disease.

Lydia, worrying about her mother, grieving because she thought that she had aggravated Tom's illness by taking him to the ball, and working even harder than usual, had grown thin and pale, and there were heavy circles under the blue eyes.



Mind This.
It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory.

Rheumatism.
of the muscles or joints.

St. Jacobs Oil
cures and cures promptly.
Price, 25c. and 50c.

Not Good Enough.
An American actor tells a story of an adventure that enlivened a "barnstorming" tour in the West. In a little town where the company was to appear, the actor went to the theater for a band rehearsal, but instead of band he found only a solitary man with a cornet under his arm.

"What time is the band rehearsal?" asked the actor.
"Right now, sir," answered the cornet player.
"But where is the band?"
"I am here, sir; the rest are playing at a dance. You will have to get along with me."

"Ah," said the actor, sarcastically, "I suppose you are the best cornet player in the State."
"No, sir," said the musician, sadly, "not by a long way. If I were any I'd be playing at the dance with the rest of them."

Balancing the Book.
Young mothers naturally feel anxious about the baby's bath. It is best to begin at six weeks to put the little one in the water, first holding the head in the bottom of the basin. Use only Ivory Soap, as many of the highly colored and perfumed soaps are very injurious to the tender skin of an infant.—ELEANOR H. PARKER.

The potato may not be particularly appetizing, and yet it is always succulent to the mother.
Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the use of Searles' Deafness Cure. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing cannot be recovered. Nine cases out of ten are cured by Searles' Deafness Cure, which is nothing but a mild, natural condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. We will give you \$100.00 for any case of Deafness (caused by colds) that cannot be cured by Searles' Deafness Cure. Sold by Druggists, J. C. Cassano & Co., Toledo, O. Searles' Family Pills are the best.

IT IS A HABIT, AND A BAD ONE.
Constipation dulls body, nerve and brain, and if not corrected, will surely undermine your health by deranging your stomach. It is not a disease, but a habit. Remove the poison of clogged bowels from your system. Searles' Deafness Cure is sold free from cathartics. Searles' Deafness Cure is sold free from cathartics. Searles' Deafness Cure is sold free from cathartics.

FOR SIXTY YEARS
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Has been used for generations for the relief of children's ailments. It is a safe and effective remedy for colic, diarrhea, and other stomach troubles. It is sold by all druggists.

TO WORKING GIRLS
These are some of the things a boy can do.
He can row on the lake, or on the beach; He can make all kinds of bread and butter; And a thousand more they never heard of.
He can row on the lake, or on the beach; He can make all kinds of bread and butter; And a thousand more they never heard of.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE
Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.
"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said it must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was gone, I could not sleep, and my menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and in a few days it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful to you for what you have done for me."—Miss JANE PAINE, 350 West 125th St., New York City.—\$1.00 per bottle. (See letter proving genuine copy on product.)

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

MASSON'S HEALTH DEFENDERS.
Yellow Tablets Cure Dyspepsia. Brown Tablets Cure Constipation. Red Tablets Cure Coughs. White Tablets Cure Sore Throat. Sold by Druggists, 700 Broadway, New York City.

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A VENERABLE PASTOR CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

Per-ru-na is a Catarrhal Tonic
Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

The Oldest Man in America
Attributes His Long Life and Good Health to Per-ru-na.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan County, Texas, has attained the great age of 114 years. He is an ardent friend of Per-ru-na, and speaks of it in the following terms: "After having lived in the world as long as I have, I have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have decided upon the following: 'One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is that Per-ru-na has cured me of all my ailments.'"

"I RELY UPON PE-RU-NA FOR ALL CATARRHAL DISEASES."
For 14 years I have withstood the changes of climate, and I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, and diarrhoea, but I have always supposed these ailments to be different diseases. For the last ten or twelve years I have been troubled with a catarrhal disease of the lungs, and I have learned from them one thing in particular, that these ailments are the same, and that they are properly called catarrhs.

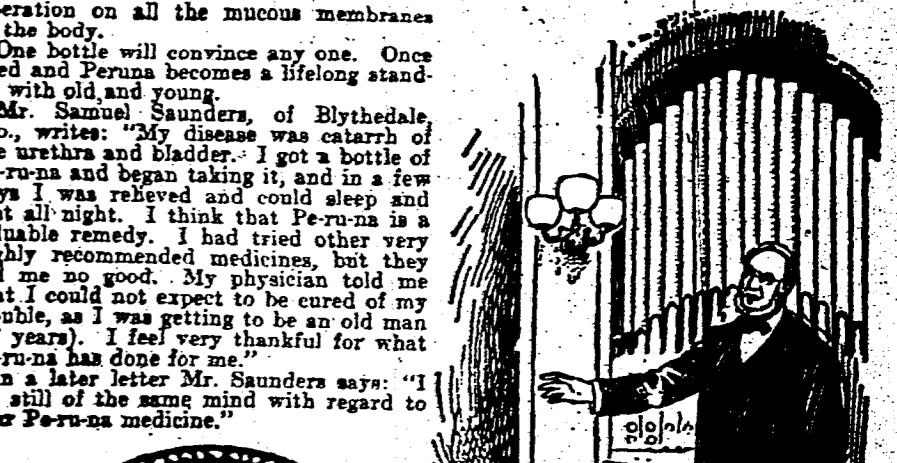
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Rev. J. N. Parker, Utica, N. Y., writes:
"In June, 1901, I lost my hearing of hearing entirely. My hearing had been somewhat impaired for several years, but not so much as to prevent me from attending to my duties. I had been advised to see a specialist, but I had no success. I then read of Per-ru-na, and I decided to try it. I had no success. I then read of Per-ru-na, and I decided to try it. I had no success. I then read of Per-ru-na, and I decided to try it."

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