

BAN ON TOBACCO CHEWING

Edict Issued Nearly 200 Years Ago Against the Habit.

renton and other cities. From the various branches of the paper, the army has been able to "get the best of the best" waste paper. The general public is not only too glad to give its representatives the old papers when they call for them, but they also give them in a month. Why, on five days ago I sent to the Salvation Army at Brooklyn a check for more than \$1,000, which will bring their paper for the next year. I have been able to average from the sale of our old papers \$100,000 a year. It is nearly as clear money, too, for, unlike the other dealers, they get all the waste paper and none of the rest. They are entirely honest, too, because the same cannot be said for all the parties we deal with, for the assortment of articles we find in their bargain basins is not the same as in mine, but a tombstone. A ton of paper will hold almost a ton of waste without soiling it, and we have some very strong arguments to show that we are not being deceived. They have docked them for selling "waste paper."—Philadelphia Press.

He tiptoed up to the heavy bamboo partition separating the long room occupied by the prisoners from the small space in front where the guard

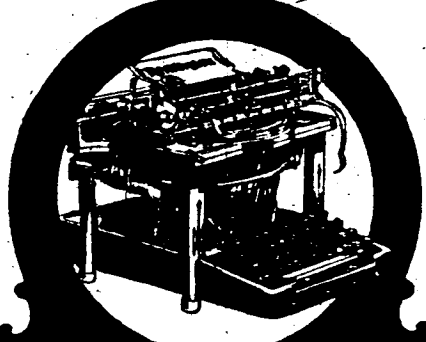
72

"No, he wor wurkja' in a steel rail mill."

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

It does good work when it is new,
and continues to do good work
when it is old.

Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York



CREATED FOR YOU.

I believe that the world was created for you.

Oh, baby, with brown eyes and baby with blue.

Oh, baby with gray eyes and baby with black.

It was made and whirled out on stardust's track.

To just make a playground all colors and gold.

All asphodel and green, and green, and green.

That we who are old are permitted to stay.

To help you, and guard you, and watch over your play.

For we who are old yesterday were as you.

We were babies with black eyes, and gray eyes, and blue.

We romped in the meadows, and laughed in the sun.

And at night, tired out with our frolics and fun.

We crept to our mother so loving and sweet.

And she in one hand held our two tiny feet.

And our arm held around us, and taught us to pray.

Ah, yes, we were babies like you yesterday!

Our papa stood by us as yours stands by you.

And he stooped, just like this, for a sweet kiss or two;

And his look as he held out his arms wide apart—

His look—why 'twas just like the throb in our heart.

When we stand by your mothers and watch while you pray.

We grow-up were babies like you yesterday!

And the Lord lets us stay here, and play here with you.

Because when you're weary we know what to do.

—Houston Post.

Mrs. Bluebeard

It is antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said, crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carvings. If you mean that sort of thing, why, Bess," she turned to the questioner with sudden energy, "I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this 'cat' all she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess, positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home, while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious—" She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested."

"It is kind of mysterious, Bob's not telling you a word about it, and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of view Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a delicate tilt to her chin, and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.

"Of course, you'd do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had my own locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of, I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilet of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago!"

Bess laughed.

"Good-by, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He is a dear, and if it were I, I'd hunt a locksmith all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dark. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semi-gloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft velvet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve, and Bob away. The heart-blinded her eyes. Of course, it was business, merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few hours.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself by rummaging while he was away. Barring that! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way she had always blamed her for the romance, and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and responses, then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thuston now—Copper Thuston, the boys called him. Perhaps, after all, Bob had been jealous of the copper-wedded millions, and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantle. It was a wedding gift—a Japanese bronze griffin, with outspread wings and gleaming scales.

As she took it she was just in light

was a small, old-fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's keys, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Half way there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "cat" all.

She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint antique affair of mahogany, a quarter Colonial in style. The main body was crescent-shaped, supported on hand-carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so, in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly and she held her breath.

The key turned easily and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her belief had been her unflinching belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet, at the first blow of suspicion, it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgments of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all, or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith, and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a corner's right to hold a post-mortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she unlocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was faint, far and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his gray eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I'm just down for to-night," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first New Year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said, brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe in you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue. He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyhow?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantle, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't want to know your private affairs," she tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear-wet face so that she could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said. "You blessed little Mrs. Sheldon, that desk is a present from your Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year one, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was as firm as adamant. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.—San Francisco Call.

Boys And Girls

When the Baby Starts to School.

When autumn comes and days are cool, and Bobbin starts to go to school, my old desk won't do for him. Nor slate that served big brother Jim; No, sir! the newest in the store. And father brings him three or four Gilt-edge slate pencils, what is more: For Bob's old baby.

And mother says because I'm ten, and Bobbin's thirteen, I won't mention to use a satchel not quite new. And look that's had a rub or two; But Bobbin's satchel's shiny bright. He starts to school just lately right. With all his things in order quite. For Bob's old baby.

Then when we all go home at noon, it seems to Bobbin awful soon. But mother meets us at the gate, and says what makes us stay so late? And Bobbin cries a funny little. And kisses Bob, and says: "Oh, dear, The day's been very lonesome here. Without my baby."

—Augusta Kerkrecht.

Here is a pastime for a rainy day which will teach you a pretty little trick, besides showing you how to spend a very pleasant hour.

Make a small paper target and lean it against some books on the table. Now get some needles (three are best) and sew if you can throw them against the target so that their points will stick in it. Although you try many times and stand very near the target, you will not succeed for the needles will refuse to stick in the paper, but will fall to the table.

Now put a short piece of thread, say four or five inches long, in the eye of each needle and note the result. When this is done you can throw the needles ever so much farther and straighter than when they were without thread.

When you have accomplished this much you can have lots of fun seeing how close to the bull's eye you can come with your novel darts.

Don't House a Girl Can Make.

The little girl can make an inexpensive and elegant doll house from two orange boxes. Get two nice, clean orange boxes from the grocery. Clean them carefully and place one on top of the other. Don't fasten them together. See what possibilities this house has. It has two stories, with four rooms. Ask mamma for some pieces of wall paper, and carefully paper the rooms. Then little white muslin curtains can be tacked to the walls where the windows should be. Drawn back and tied with pretty ribbons, they look like real windows.

Now for the furniture. For a sofa for the parlor get a block of wood

Boys And Girls

about five inches long, 2½ inches wide and high. Cut a similar piece out of the back and two pieces of broom handle, saved 2 inches long, for arms. Cover the back and seat with a layer of cotton wadding and then with any scraps of plain green velvet or other suitable stuff for mamma's piece box. Put the covers on the arms. When all the pieces are neatly covered, tack the back on the seat and sew the arms into place.

Big easy chairs and small straight chairs without arms can be of brocade, satin or velvet, made in the same way. Dining-room furniture is the hardest to make, but a little thinker can plan a very attractive room. The bedrooms are easy. A block draped with flowered dimity answers for a bureau and dresser and a large and lower block well padded makes a hygienic bed. Pillows and chairs explain themselves, and cretons and dimities taking the place of satins for coverings.

And the Dog Laughed.

The proprietor of a store in New York City owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its paws, as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The dog, when he saw the kitten, trotted up to it and sniffed it. The kitten, in turn, sniffed the dog, and then, in an attitude of defiance, the contrast in size between the two was immensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitement, the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if anyone laughed at him, he would growl and snarl, but he never growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed in merriment.—New York Telegram.

Boys And Girls

THROWING THE NEEDLE DARTS.

will attack in it. Although you try many times and stand very near the target, you will not succeed for the needles will refuse to stick in the paper, but will fall to the table.

Now put a short piece of thread, say four or five inches long, in the eye of each needle and note the result. When this is done you can throw the needles ever so much farther and straighter than when they were without thread.

When you have accomplished this much you can have lots of fun seeing how close to the bull's eye you can come with your novel darts.

Don't House a Girl Can Make.

The little girl can make an inexpensive and elegant doll house from two orange boxes. Get two nice, clean orange boxes from the grocery. Clean them carefully and place one on top of the other. Don't fasten them together. See what possibilities this house has. It has two stories, with four rooms. Ask mamma for some pieces of wall paper, and carefully paper the rooms. Then little white muslin curtains can be tacked to the walls where the windows should be. Drawn back and tied with pretty ribbons, they look like real windows.

Now for the furniture. For a sofa for the parlor get a block of wood

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed into a kidney trouble. I was obliged to lay off work on account of the pain in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every make-shift I tried, and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped. Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

HE FOOLS HIS CHICKENS.

A Novel Way to Break a Hen from Sitting.

Timothy Varney, who lives three miles east of Le Sueur and keeps about 200 hens, has been greatly troubled, as have most people who keep hens, by the persistent desire manifested by the fowls to sit in season and out, on eggs, stones or doorknobs or anything else that comes handy, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. But he has got hold of a plan now, and he has acquired while this season, with perfect success, and which he warrants will cure the worst light brama cluck that ever vexed the heart of man of all desire to sit, and all in less than three hours.

The cure consists of a cheap watch, with a loud and clear tick to it, in-golden case that is white and shaped like an egg. When a hen manifests a desire to sit out of season he gently places this bogus egg under her sheltering breast and the egg does the rest. It ticks cheerfully away and soon she begins to show signs of uneasiness and stir the noisy egg around with her bill, thinking, perhaps, that it is already time for it to hatch and there is a chicken in it wanting to get out. She grows more and more nervous as the noise keeps up, and around a while to cool off, but returns again to her self-imposed duty. It gets worse and worse with her, and she wiggles about and cackles, ruffles her feathers and looks wild, until at last, with a frenzied squaw, she abandons the nest for good and all. The incubating fever is broken up completely.

Mr. Varney finds use for half a dozen of these noisy eggs, and claims that they pay for their cost over and over during the year, by keeping the hens at the business of laying and permitting them to waste the golden hours in useless incubating.

On the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Schiller (May 9, 1905), the Swiss Government intends to give every pupil in the public schools a copy of that poet's play, "William Tell." The sum of \$20,000 has been set aside for this purpose.

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 counteracting the cause. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and shuts off the passage. It can be taken out of the tube and restored to its normal condition, hearing will be restored. Write for literature to Dr. J. C. Winslow, 123 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

A man brought up at St. Albans an incorrigible rogue. He was proved to have married his aunt. His children are, therefore, his first cousins and he is his own uncle. His grandmother and his mother-in-law are the same person. Apparently the judge sympathized with him, for he was discharged.

ITS PERMANENTLY CURED. No cure or recovery after first day's use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by all druggists. Dr. J. C. Winslow, 123 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

There are places in Europe where women flow.

Pink Pills is the best medicine ever used for all affections of throat and lungs. Dr. J. C. Winslow, 123 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

There is said to be a shortage in the world's supply of water.

It is cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Peppermint Cure. Sold by all druggists. Dr. J. C. Winslow, 123 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Whale and Lion Said to Be of Identical Origin.

As everyone knows, or ought to know, the whale is not a fish, but a mammal, and zoologists have long been divided and disputed about the family tree of the whale. The whale's family mammals were beginning to take shape somewhat like those of to-day and to lose the grotesque features inherited from their reptilian progenitors. To be sure, animals were very different from those of to-day. Horses were no larger than dogs and five toes, while cattle, like tinnoceras, twice the size of an ox, with six horns, tusks like teeth and five toes, cropped the heritage of Wyoming. Along with these peculiar plant feeders there dwelt some very primitive flesh eaters, to which Professor Cape gave the name of crocodonts.

The scene shifts to modern times. Professor Shufeldt of Stuttgart, Germany, is delving in the rocks near Cairo, Egypt. He is getting near a new discovery that has been long expected. The bones are those of whales and the rocks near Cairo were, in Eocene times, the seashore. The professor has studied his whale jaws and compared their teeth with other teeth. Now he is in a new discovery. He has found that the teeth of ancient whales are like those of the ancient carnivorous crocodonts. From this he argues that in Eocene or earlier times some primitive flesh eaters took to an aquatic life. From these sea-eaters the present whales have descended.

It is hard to believe that the whale was a land animal, and that it was a mammal, and that it was a creature of the sea. But the professor's discovery is a new discovery. It is a new discovery. It is a new discovery.

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Just Like a Woman.

Wife (at supper)—What a disagreeable old gossip Mrs. Naggsby is! Husband—So? Have you seen her lately?

Wife—Yes; I spent the entire afternoon at her house.

Professional Courtesy.

The Doctor—You certainly handled me very gently during the cross-examination.

The Lawyer—Yes; you see, I didn't know how soon you might have me up for a post-mortem examination.

The Beginning of Love.

"Hello, Freckles!" "Hello, Smarty!"

—Chicago Chronicle.

Heard in the Book room.

"Our latest author is such a lovely fellow!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; his books are all bound in blue and gold and look so pretty in the parlor!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Always Betting.

Bills—Do you think the money question has been permanently settled?

Wills—No; it is a continuous performance at my house.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Consider Her Modesty.

"Yes," said Miss Prude, "that bedstead and chiffonier at Furnicher & Co. were just lovely. They would have been so nice for my room."

"When you don't you buy them?" asked her friend.

"Mercy! I couldn't think of using them now. Furnicher & Co. have had them in their window for days displayed to the vulgar gaze of the public!"

—Philadelphia Press.

Just Avoiding a Cuss Word.

Gaylee—War! War! War!

Gaylee—What on earth are you holding 'war' about?

Gaylee—I just struck my thumb with the hammer.

Gaylee—Well, what's war got to do with it?

Gaylee—Don't you know what war is?—Levi's & Co. Journal.

Modern Broad View.

I was informed a few weeks ago by a gentleman who owns a large flour mill that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extreme that many millers are putting in expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour, says a correspondent of the London Times.

This is being done by means of an artificial white bread and to enable grain to be used which would otherwise give a darker color to the loaf.

The development of the grading process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned staples have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure.

The germ and other most nutritious constituents of the wheat are thus to a great extent abstracted and the valuable character of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being as nutritious as the "staff of life," has become to a great degree an indigestible non-nutritive food, and that it is responsible among other causes, for the vast number of cases of indigestion and other ailments in the children of the present generation.

It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compensates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of nutritive food; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man, if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided and that "seconds" flour, now almost unobtainable, should only be used either for bread or pastry.

The word "disease" signifies the absence of ease, and that want of ease is generally caused by thinking too much of one's self or one's own concerns. Nervousness is generally at the bottom of it. Now, if the doctors, when they find their patients all eaten up with too much thinking of themselves or their "indigestion," were to prescribe a course of Oranvates or Mollies or Balaams, or as strictly enjoined throughout in this course as they would if the treatment were a matter of diet or medicine, many of these wretched beings would find the first moment that these magicians had given them for a forgetfulness of self. Half of the sickness in this world is born of a forgetfulness of the fact that one's own troubles are one's own troubles. A dose of Oranvates will often prove the best remedy.

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Note Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

OUR HANDS seldom glaze. Kneen thought need not be cutting. The graveyard is a great place for uniformity. Our own acts permanently seal our hearts. Apling the rich brings nothing but pain to the poor. The Christian race is not going to be won by a jog-trot. None smile in summer like those who wept in winter. A man has to forget his name before he finds true fame. It's a poor collection that has to be taken with a corker. Heavenly music is set for a congregation rather than a choir. Perseverance in prayer is one secret of consistency in practice. The church loses her grip as soon as she gets a cold in the heart. There can be no health of heart where there is no happiness. It's hard for a man with corns to feel sure of his conversion. The church that lives for figures is apt to have a figurative faith. If God has a work for every man He has a man for every work. Satan is the only one who makes anything out of sinful pleasures. Greater is the man who climbs an inch than he who slides a mile. Christ is more than an exponent of truth; He is an impulse to truth. When the parents are converted the children are early converted. If you can bind your Bible within its covers you might as well bury it. When a child can trust his father on earth he can trust his Father in Heaven. The man who does what he feels like doing usually feels like doing nothing. A lot of smoke may come out of the temple of the Holy Ghost when there is no fire on the altar. If our sins are behind His back it is certain we cannot get to them and see His face at the same time. There are too men talking about Christian work who think they are too big for the Almighty to handle. When the preacher is worrying over what the people think of him he will not lead the people to think of His Lord. Why She Quit. Lady—And you cooked for Mr. and Mrs. De Jones for two years; you say? Applicant—Yes, ma'am. Lady—Why did you leave them? Applicant—Oh! I didn't love them; ma'am; they weren't having any fun. Th' both say thim doled av dyspepsia, ma'am. No Chance to Resist. picture peddler caught me yesterday. Well, you are getting feeble-minded. "He was peddling know scenes."

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

WEBSTER'S LILLYDALE, N.Y., GRAND WORTHY WISE TEMPLAR, and MEMBER W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can testify to the fact that it has saved my life. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe headache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well and reading of the cure you Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built up my system entirely, and I am now a healthy, happy woman. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female troubles, and an entire family your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PROTECTION Investment

At the same time whole business world says "Yes" to it. Our little "How and Why" (free booklet) is used in the commercial colleges for teaching first principles. Get it. It tells of the safety and profit.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

211-215 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WINSLOW ICE SKATES

On the Skate! Winslow's Ice Skates are the best in the world. They are made of the finest materials and are of the latest design. They are sold by all dealers in skating equipment.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For Children and the Sick. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is sold by all druggists.

DROPSY REMEDY

For the Cure of Dropsy. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the heart and lungs. It is sold by all druggists.

TALKING MACHINES AND RECORDS AT HALF PRICE

\$15 Talking Machines, \$8. \$20 " " 10. \$30 " " 15. \$40 " " 20.

THE KEEN TALKING MACHINE CO.

154 N. 4th Street and 228 N. 9th St., Phila.

W. L. DOUGLAS

W. L. Douglas makes and sells shoes in the United States. He is a most successful shoemaker and his shoes are sold by all dealers in shoes.

SUPERIOR FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR

W. L. Douglas shoes are the best in the world. They are made of the finest materials and are of the latest design. They are sold by all dealers in shoes.

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

Rheumatism

And its awful twinges of pain make many people unfit for labor or rest. The most effective remedy for the relief of any and all pain is

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Used with benefit in thousands of cases of headache, neuralgia, sciatica, backache, etc. Prevents all kinds of pain.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Used with benefit in thousands of cases of headache, neuralgia, sciatica, backache, etc. Prevents all kinds of pain.