WATERS OF LETHE.

It is a dangerous thing to tamper with the self-esteem of a woman. If you hurt a man's pride he will probably go off and sulk for a greater or less time, or it may be, if the case is very bad, that he will kill himself.

But a woman will have revenge.

You may think she has forgotten, you may fancy she is impotent, but there is still much of the Oriental in every woman—that she can, Gaul! Break her heart and she will still put it be in the dust for you to trample upon, and she will find the pain pleasant; yet beware how you so much as scratch her pride: from the wound will trickle a stream of poison, that may flow slowly, but will reach you in the end.

James Dudley's case went to prove this. Very few know why he came to the end he did, but this was the way of it:

When he was very young and just out from the Point, he was sent to a post miles from any town, and there he became engaged to marry the 14-year-old daughter of Major Gorschkov. She was beautiful beyond the dreams of her—far too gorgeous for a mere little girl. She should have been historical! Such as Semiamis, or the Queen of Sheba, or Zemolia must have been, she was; therefore it was natural enough that Dudley should have thought himself in love with her. But he was a clever fellow, with a very fair share of brains, and she was an average child who was not old enough to return his love, but was mightily pleased in an innocent fashion at the importance the engagement gave her.

At the end of a year Dudley was ordered away. Absence opened his eyes to the fact that beauty alone was not enough to make him happy in his wife. And he wrote to Esther and asked her to release him, and to her parents he sent an explanation of his conduct. The mail orderly put both letters into Esther's hands. She read her own first. She was 16 years old now, and very proud. She had also grown to care, in a vague sort of a way, for the memory of the lover of her childhood. The letter cut her through the Russian down to the Tartar, and she hated the man whom she chose to think had humbled her. She tore it and the one to her father into small pieces. There was one sentence in the former that she did not understand. The lieutenant had said, "In time you will drink of the waters of Lethe, and forget me as utterly as I deserve to be forgotten."

A few days later she told her father that she was not going to marry James Dudley.

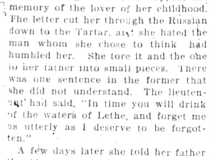
"Does he know it?" asked the major.

"Yes."

"What is your reason?"

"Nothing in particular. I simply won't want to."

"Perhaps that won't satisfy him. However, it is just as well. I never



HE DIED OF DRINK.

supposed a childish affair of the sort would amount to much. You are old enough to act for yourself now."

In fact, Major Gorschkov had ambitions that soared above a mere lieutenant for his superb daughter. Esther was thankful to escape so easily. Presently she asked: "Papa—what does it mean to drink of the waters of L-e-t-h-e?"

The major explained.

"Oh," she said, "I see," and her long eyes narrowed cruelly.

Now it might have happened in civil life that Dudley and Esther Gorschkov would never be meet again, but parlings can only be temporary in the service. Some years later Lieutenant Dudley walked into a San Francisco theater one night after the curtain had gone up. The house was dark, and he kept his eyes on the stage. At the close of the act he looked about him, and the first thing he saw was a woman whose beauty startled him. And then he realized that she was the one he might have married. She was in a box with an older woman whom he knew. Dudley was seized with a nervous dread of meeting those wonderful dark-gray eyes. He would go at once before he should do so.

But as he rose, the older woman saw him, and smiled, and beckoned to an empty chair beside her. There was nothing for it now but to go to the box. He was cold with fear of the low-browed, black-gowned girl with the magnificent neck and shoulders.

She would not have forgotten him. He knew that; and he doubted if she would have forgiven. If she had been less beautiful, he might have felt less culpable, for such is the nature of man. She smiled when they met with a regally indifferent smile that had been hers even in childhood.

"Oh! I knew Mr. Dudley years ago," she said. "I was a little girl and was very fond of him because he used to buy me sutler's store candy and ribbons."

If that was her view of the past, Dudley resented it. A man does not want a beautiful girl to treat him as an old friend of infancy.

"You might suppose, Mrs. Graves," he told the other woman, "that she had been a toddling child and I a crusty bachelor in whose pockets she felt for sweetmeats."

"I shall suppose nothing at all just at present. I will observe for a time and draw my conclusions from the past by the future. Sit down here and talk over those candy-and-ribbon days. One of my men disappointed me at the last moment. You can more than take his place, if you will consent. If I had known you were here I should have sent for you. When did you come?"

"At noon. I brought some prisoners from Alcatraz. I meant to call on you tomorrow."

Then Esther questioned him in her deep, sweet voice. "How long shall you stop here?"

"For a fortnight, possibly."

"Where are you stationed now?" She knew well enough.

"At Apache. So you can imagine what a treat civilization is to me. How does it happen that I find you here?"

"We are stationed at the Presidio. You must come to see us."

"I will," he answered. He would have done anything those red lips might ask him to do. The receding tide of his love for her had swept back with a higher flood.

"How beautiful you are, Esther," he said, after a moment.

"I always was."

"You have no more false modesty than of yore."

"Why should I have? I didn't make myself, and I'm not praising my own handiwork. And I frankly admit that if I were to have made myself, I think I should have chosen my present model."

"But there is more than mere beauty of feature, now."

"Character. I suppose which I lacked as a child. It is odd that character, even if it happens to be bad, can so improve a face."

Then she turned her head and bestowed the light of her countenance on the civilian beside her, whose infatuation was obvious.

"Every man in the post and the city will hate you with a deadly hatred if Miss Gorschkov happens to take a fancy to you for old Jake's sake," Mrs. Graves warned him.

"Even if her fancy would be cheaply purchased that—that—"

"Perhaps [illegible] of her beauty is not born [illegible] could once in a cycle, certainly."

And Miss Gorschkov was pleased to fancy him. She advertised the fact. She was not sure to feel sure enough that would gain her ends. She threw away her pride and came at his call. She forgave him the past and met him more than half way.

But Dudley was too much in love to despise or mistrust her for this. He applied for a two months' leave and spent every available moment of it with her. Mrs. Graves, in her quality of school chum of his mother's and an old friend of himself, warned him. "Esther has done the same thing before, James. Take care. She is as beautiful as Cleopatra, and there are many who say she is as bad at heart. Make love to her, if you chose, Caesar, but let your wife be a woman who is above suspicion."

Dudley never spoke to her again. And he continued his fanatical cult of his goddess.

His leave came to an end, and he went back to Apache. He who had been a light mocker and a philosopher of life saw the bottom drop out of his universe when he had to go from her. She wrote to him twice a day, for a time, then once a day, then once a week, and finally the mail orderly handed him a letter from Esther that was almost a verbatim copy of the one he had sent to her six years before, even to the closing phrase, "In time you will drink of the waters of Lethe and will forget me as utterly as I deserve."

A light of memory broke, harsh and crude, through the rosy clouds that had enwrapped him. But he said to himself that Esther had been incited out to him, stern and unforgiven. And he made no appeal.

Something more than a twelvemonth later, Esther Gorschkov sat at dinner beside the man with whom she was then playing fast and loose, and would not be warned by the fate of the many whose bodies were strewn upon the shores where this Cythera had trod.

"You promised, you know," he said to her, "that you would answer my question tonight."

"What question?"

"Don't banter, please. I am in earnest."

"You appear to be. And everybody can see it, too. Go on and eat, and look as though you were discussing the dynamite gun or something."

"I will do whatever you choose, if you will tell me if you will marry me."

"Oh! is that what you mean? I couldn't remember whether it was you or Mr. Clayton who had asked me. Maybe it was both of you. But I can't see why you should bother about that, sort of thing at dinner. Why don't you wait until the dance. It would be so much better form. Fancy saying 'no' to a man and then putting a piece of a harmless little lamb into one's mouth."

"Are you going to say 'no?'"

"Gracious! but we are insistent. How should I know what I am going to say? Go on and eat, and stop hanging on my words, or I won't answer you at all. It is so fearfully conspicuous."

Even in his suspense the man could not but return. "Whence this newfound dislike of being conspicuous?"

Miss Gorschkov smiled slowly and started to answer, but a voice from across the table stopped her.

"What is it, Captain Lawrence?" she asked.

"Have you heard of Lieutenant Dudley's death?"

"No. Is he dead?"

"He died at Apache a week ago."

"I'm so sorry; but, frankly, I don't think a dinner table the place for funeral notices," she rebuked him. He disliked her, and she saw the purport of his announcement. Her dead-white skin could turn no whiter, and her smiling red lips were painted.

"Cold-hearted devil," the captain muttered, as she turned back to the man at her side.

"So you want me to marry you? I will. But I want you to understand why. It is because I have just been told that the only man I have ever loved or ever will love is dead. Do you want me—knowing that?"

"Even knowing that—yes."

"Very well."

She spoke across the table again. "Captain Lawrence, do you happen to know how Mr. Dudley died? We might as well have the coroner's verdict, since you have given us the other notices."

"He died of drink," he told her, mercilessly.

"I never knew that he drank."

"He never did until he went back from here a year ago. He took to it furiously after that, and would have been dismissed if he had not died," probably. Can you account for it?"

Miss Gorschkov smiled. "Perhaps he fancied he was quaffing the waters of Lethe," she said.—Argonaut.

AN AFFRONT RESENTED.

The Belle of the Rival Town Got Even.

"There was the most intense rivalry between two towns in Colorado and I was a resident of one of them," said the retired business man to the Detroit Free Press reporter. "It was not altogether a generous rivalry, and within certain limits the disputed superiority generally led to muscular discussion. Business men vied for trade in debatable territory, the doctors, the lawyers, even the ministers, said harsh things against the other town, but it was in merchandising that the rivalry was apparent at its height. People who could not afford it would go in for display, and, when the two places had a function in common the toilets were chosen with special reference to showing that they were very expensive or to eating reflection upon the rival city. At a mask ball held in the other place I had the hardihood and impudence to perpetrate what I thought a telling joke. I was dressed as a courtier of the period and appeared in the literary character of The Queen and the Dead. Gradually it dawned upon the residents that the papers of my own town represented the 'quick,' while the pages of their town represented the 'dead.' It was an unpardonable insult. Indignation ran so high that I began to wish I had not been so brilliant. The sensational denouement came when a belle of the rival city took a little promenade with me, and, having touched a lighted match to my costume. In an instant I was all quick and no dead. I rolled in the snow, and in due time the conflagration was extinguished, but you can see the mark yet."

The ingenuity of the other town matched that of my rivals. I do not record even more thoroughly than if I had been running for office and made some remote locality look so inhabitable that I left."

Why They Take It.

"I didn't know your folks took the Howler, Johnnie." "Yes, ma'am we've been takin' it ever since the Pooders moved away." "Did you subscribe for it then?" "No, ma'am; the Pooders forgot to stop it."—Washington Star.

Convenient Handle.

The original idea of the Chinaman's pigtail was that it formed a convenient handle by which one day, he would be lifted to paradise. The curious belief is still to be found among the natives.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A handy pan for use in washing dishes has two separate compartments and movable trays to hold the soap and dishcloths.

Cigar holders are being made with an outlet pipe in the side and two automatic valves by means of which smoke rings can be blown through the side tube.

Foot tables are being made with inclined tracks connected with the bottom of each pocket to return the balls to the head of the table as they fall into the pockets.

A bowl self which is designed to stir the food while it is being cooked is attached to the back and is set into a series of holes by which buttons or backs can be attached.

A fly-killing device just placed on the market has a rotary wheel of rubber faced on a wooden handle and revolved by pulling a cord as it is pressed against the surface to be cleaned.

To do away with odors from cooking food, a metal hood is provided which is placed over the cooking utensils after the cover lid is removed, so that all vapors will pass into the chimney.

To assist in setting and sharpening circular saws, an adjustable arm is mounted on the shaft to support a steel frame which guides the file and determines the position of the teeth.

Flower pots for orchids, ferns and similar plants are made of tubes of porous earthenware so that they can be filled with water, which will gradually percolate through to the roots of the plants.

To assist in stopping runaway horses a new device consists of a ring of spring steel to be thrown over the horse's head and provided with a rod which ends in a spiral spring, to which the bridle is attached.

A new mechanical stringed instrument has a roller set with pins to operate a series of spring hammers, which strike the wire strings and produce the music, the roller being turned by a clock-work mechanism.

A current motor, for use in running streams, consists of two flanged cylinders, pivoted end to end in a floating frame, with a cogwheel mounted on a shaft and meshing into circular-toothed gears on the inner ends of the cylinders. The flanges are mounted in opposite directions on the cylinders, so as to act on both sides of the cogwheel.

Filter beds can be cleaned without the necessity of shutting off the water supply, by a patented apparatus which has a pump for continuously lifting successive portions of the filter bed, a screen for separating the water and impurities from the filtering material, a conduit to carry off the former and another conduit to deliver the latter to the bed again.

A Massachusetts man has patented an X-ray machine for examining jewels consisting of means for producing the rays, a support for the jewel operated by a clock work mechanism, a screen for separating the rays and prisms for examining the reflected image.

HOLY CITY OF LHASA.

ALL THAT IS KNOWN OF A REMARKABLE PLACE.

Mr. Landor's Thibetan Experience—Was of the Kind That Deters—Grand Lama Supposed to Be the Most Opulent Person in the World.

(Special Letter.)

Most readers will recall that a few weeks ago they read that Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the well-known explorer, had just returned to India after a terrible experience in Thibet. Thibet is a principality of Asia, and a part of the Chinese empire. It contains the mysterious city of Lhasa, which for centuries has declined to open its portals to explorers. Mr. Landor realized the twofold difficulties of Thibetan exploration. He knew that the peculiar geographical position of the country, well nigh inaccessible from the north, west and south, presented great dangers. He also knew of the policy of exclusion followed by the Chinese, a policy so ably aimed at and enforced against representatives of the white race. He knew, he wanted to see for himself. He knew that every other accessible portion of the globe was the legitimate field of the explorer, and he wanted to go where he wasn't wanted—and where he knew he would not be tolerated. Other explorers had set their faces toward the city of Lhasa and been forced to turn back. Only three white men, so far as is known, have ever entered its sacred portals. No eyes other than theirs and those of the Mongolian have ever witnessed the splendors of the Temple of Buddha, in which lives the great Dalai Lama, reputed in Asia to be the most opulent person in the world.

Mr. Landor's followers also knew the dangers that beset them. His retinue dwindled down little by little until but two coolies remained to share his privations without appreciating his triumph. Details of his experiences, received only since his return to Bombay, are meagre to a degree. But it is natural to infer that he had accomplished his purpose, that he had entered the city of Lhasa, and that he had barely escaped with his life. It is said that he was arrested as a spy, after reaching the inner gates of the city of Lhasa, for the dispatches set forth that the Grand Lama was implicated in his torture. We are told that he was first sentenced to death, and after having been burned with red hot irons, was actually carried to the place of execution. Almost at the last moment the execution was stopped by the Grand Lama, who commuted the sentence to torture by the stretching log, a barbarous machine in the form of a rack. How he escaped after eight days of untold agony has not been made public, but he finally made his way back to Bombay, showing twenty-two wounds as the result of his torture.

The inhabitants of Thibet are said to be peacefully inclined, although suspicious of strangers. It is not until the destination of the traveler is known to be the city of Lhasa that they rise up in vicious protest. The personal habits of the people are filthy in the extreme, and their morals are greatly in need of reformation. The scarcity of women has led to polyandry, a marriage institution where one woman has several husbands, which has flourished for centuries. One of their social laws is that hospitality includes the placing at the disposal of his guest by the host of wife, daughter, or other female member of the household. Secure in their isolation, cut off from the rest of the world by the enormous mountain wall of the Himalayas, the Thibetans have lived for ages and have developed characteristics to be found in no other race on the globe. They are short and squat of figure, and the utter absence of a bridge to the nose gives them a most grotesque and apelike appearance. What nature has denied them in noses she has more than atoned for in her generous distribution of ears. And to think that in the midst of this people should exist the cherished ideal of the explorer, the beautiful city of Lhasa, about which hovers such a halo of splendid mystery! And to think that here, in a temple consecrated to Buddha, surrounded by a dome of pure gold, should exist the most autocratic, most opulent, and most feared ruler on the face of the globe! The Grand Lama, although his country is subject to Chinese rule, is a power unto himself. Lamaism is a hybrid Buddhism, just as Mohammedanism is a hybrid Christianity. The utter exclusion of all foreigners from this strange land has been and is undoubtedly due to the fear of the Thibetan priests, that this religion might be speedily overthrown by Christians; they are afraid the wealth of the monasteries would be revealed. At present the priests own Thibet as absolutely as though they held the fee simple to every foot of its ground.

THE YOUNGEST ELK.

A NURSING ELK.

Presumed to Be the Youngest of His Kind in the World.

Charles Thomas Wilson, born Oct. 5, 1896, the son of Mr. George W. Wilson, No. 15 Northy Boyle avenue, St. Louis, is the youngest Elk in the world. His father has been a prominent member of the local lodge of Elks for many years. When Charles was 7 months old Messrs. Walter P. Kennedy and Lee S. Hartman, prominent Elks, heading a contingent from the Elks' lodge without any notice, marched to Mr. Wilson's residence and initiated the son and heir in the mysteries of the order. Mrs. Wilson being excluded during the ceremonies, can not testify through what ordeal little Charles Thomas passed. The Elks are silent on the question and as the baby cannot tell the world will be kept in ignorance. The baby weighs eighteen pounds and has a voice that is said to be a deep baritone. He is the grandson of Mr. Louis Lodge of Elks and his father's constant fortunate indeed.

COALING A BIG STEAMER.

Very Crude Methods Are Prevail—Cost of the Work.

All the ships of the trans-Atlantic lines are coaled by practically the same crude method. Barges of about 250 tons capacity are brought along side of the ship, lowers are placed on the tackle controlled by a donkey engine, steel buckets are lowered to the barge, filled by four men with shovels and hoisted to a projecting platform where two more dump the buckets and shovel the coal into the bunkers. Coal is then taken by other men and at work away in the bunkers. There are a half of the buckets is equal to a ton, and tasks in excess of the ton load is the only way to show those men at the end of the day how much coal they have put in. Paul of the American line is man employed inside the ship. The average amount of coal bunkered is from 1,000 to 1,200 tons per hour, and the time taken to complete the work is 8 hours. Those figures varying only with the coal consumption of the ship, will apply to the vessels of other trans-Atlantic lines. Efforts to reduce the expense have been unproductive. Many schemes of mechanical devices, and the inquiry is often raised why none of these is in general use. The answer is given in the statement by a representative of one of the trans-Atlantic lines: "We have had many offers to deliver coal to our steamers at the rate of anywhere from 50 to 500 tons per hour, but what is the use when we cannot take care of it inside any faster than we do now?" In a modern ship fuel must be stored wherever room can be found that is not required or available for other purposes. Coal cannot be received on board faster than it can be stored away in bunkers, which, in the case of a modern liner, is at the rate of about one and one-half tons per day. More primitive methods prevail in ports of less importance than those at either end of the Atlantic lines. In the West Indies coaling is almost exclusively done by negro women, who pour in a ceaseless stream over the gang planks each carrying about 100 pounds of coal in a basket poised on her head. In Mediterranean ports the work is done by men instead of women, but for the most part with the same primitive instruments—shovel and basket.

TIBETAN PRIESTS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

Saved the Girl's Life.

Two men saved the life of a little girl in New York a few days ago by clasping hands and making a cradle of their arms, into which she fell from a third-story window. The child had been left alone in the room and had crawled out on the window ledge, where she was seen from the street. While a policeman ran up the stairs to warn the mother the two members of the Volunteer Life Saving Corps of New York got under the window and prepared to catch the child. It fell before anyone could get to it, but was caught by the two men and returned to the negligent mother, uninjured.

Speaking of the disappearance of James Fogg remarks that even partridges are among the things that whirr.

CHILDREN'S COLONY.

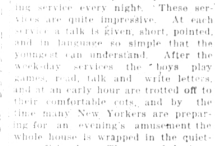
STREET ARABS FROM NEW YORK MAKE THINGS HUM.

One Chap Who Trusted in Luck for Food and Raiment but Was Right to the Front When There Was Fun or Mischief.

(Special Letter.)

An industrial colony has been in active progress at Gardiner, N. Y., during the late summer months. Its managers strive by every possible means to make those in their care understand the principles of the republic under which they live and the ultimate purpose being to develop honorable and serviceable citizens. The institution is known as the Industrial Colony Association. It is a New York city organization, and the inhabitants are chiefly from New York, and they are 250 boys of the street, brought up with no knowledge of the home save that afforded in the most miserable tenements, and with still less knowledge, perhaps, of anything existing in life save the streets. About 25 of these boys there, typical street lads, their language and manners show, ten weeks' practical education on a farm has smoothed out many of the sharp edges, and in transforming the ethereal tough little Arabs into well-behaved young citizens.

The farm lies 100 acres. The farmhouse is a typical old Dutch building, but it makes no pretense to the big chimneys, or the enormous fireplaces, or the massive rafters, or the old door knocker, signed Klaas Hardenbergh, to be found in the rows of little cots lining the four sides of the spacious, sharp-roofed attic, the dormitory rooms down stairs, the hickory where the boys keep their meager possessions and the rosy, round-cheeked girls supplies the hungry urchins and their teachers with three square meals a day. In the main room, which probably was kept dark as the company parlor in the good old days, are several rows of benches facing the yawning fireplace, and here Sunday school, week-day study and evening service every night. These services are quite impressive. At each service a talk is given, short, pointed, and in language so simple that the youngest can understand. After the week's work is over the boys play games, read, talk and write letters, and at an early hour are trotted off to their comfortable cots, and by the time many New Yorkers are preparing for an evening's amusement the whole house is wrapped in the quietness of slumber. The ages of the boys run from ten to fourteen years. While the lads have plenty of time for fun, they are taught the seriousness of life. Four hours' work a day is required from each boy, and for that he receives 25 cents in colony money. He is not



GETTING READY FOR BREAKFAST.

absolutely compelled to work, but he is compelled to pay five cents for his lodging and for each of his three meals, leaving a profit of five cents for his day's labor. Experienced laborers and mechanics, including [illegible] and that dignified personage the sheriff, receive more. If the boy does not want to work he loafs, and if he is not provided supper, unless he can borrow from some of his more thrifty brethren, but this is not easy to do, for the boys soon come to respect industry. The work consists of farm labor, carpentry, housework, such as scrubbing floors and dishwashing, and the care of the stable and horses. The boys are justly proud of their farm, for they have as fine crops of sweet corn, potatoes, beans, peas, and rye as any of the farmers around. One of the most interesting as well as laziest boys on the farm is a diminutive youngster known as "Little Po'kipsie." His brother is "Big Po'kipsie," and they are about the only ones who do not hail from New York. "Little Po'kipsie" is one of those precociously lazy boys who never has tired. For nearly a week he refused to do his four hours' work, living upon the munificent generosity of his brother, until the full force and finances began to suffer, and the "Little Po'kipsie" had to hustle for his living. But still, when he is interested, "Little Po'kipsie" can be as energetic as any one, for, during the raising of a fine flagpole in front of the house, he was the first one to hurl a shovelful into the hole dug for the pole, and then was the first to climb it. One of the objects of the colony is to bring out the good qualities of just such boyish natures as this. It would take too long to tell of all the interesting features of this instructive colony, the military drills, the good order at the table, with two or three of the boys as waiters; the fine country walks which the teachers give them, and the surprise of these city urchins at many of the country customs. One of the boys who used to go to a neighboring farmhouse for milk said he had never drank cow's milk until he came to Gardiner, and another ambitious lad was very anxious to close the barn doors early one evening so that the fireflies might not fly in and set fire to the hay. The summer's work has just closed for this season. The colony has just been incorporated at Albany, and its managers look forward to a more successful season next year.

London Since 1849.

Since the year 1849 there have been built in London 660,852 new houses and 1,833 miles of new streets and squares have been formed. This gives an average of 10,017 new houses and about 36½ miles of new streets, etc., per annum for the last fifty years.

Free from Catarrh

Surprised at the Wonderful Curative Power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh and bronchial trouble and have been surprised at its wonderful curative properties. I am now entirely free from both these complaints, and am heartily recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh."
A. G. SAMAN, Clark Mills, Wisconsin.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills act easily, effectively. 25c.

"Wonder of Wangen."

The house of the Berlin electrician, Dr. Siemens, is shown in Germany as the "wonder of Wangen." The dining room, kitchen and cellar are connected by a miniature electric railway, which, by pressing a button, conveys articles almost instantaneously from one apartment to the other.

A Search Watchman.

Searchlights are now used to illuminate at night the grounds of the Jersey state prison to prevent the escape of prisoners. It is reported to have been effective in preventing the escape of prisoners in several instances.

Delightful Relief from Catarrh—Here is one of a thousand such testimonies. The Rev. D. D. Pratt, of Hartford, Conn., wish to let it be known what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been to his congregation. It was invented with this disease for years, but the first time I used it relief came, nicely thirty minutes relief. I know, for and myself entirely, except after using it for two months."

It takes 7,200 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed to cure habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c. at all druggists.

The lord mayor of London wears a badge [illegible] which is valued at thousands of dollars.

GOT THE BACKACHE?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches many people are worn out and tired all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The kidneys do the work of filtering the blood. Their aches and pains tell of the blood [illegible] This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous matter. Depending on many a disorder which, if neglected, means disease perhaps incurable. And how about the cure. Don't take our word for it, read what other folks say.

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 220 East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Mr. Oaks has suffered a great deal from kidney ailments, he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad, lame back which I suppose was caused by my kidneys; was confined to bed during bad attacks. I might say, from time to time, I have been in that condition for years. The urinary secretions was affected in such a being scanty, highly colored, and difficult in passage. 'I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. There was a marked improvement right from the first, and in it has continued right along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place."

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

A friend without enthusiasm is a very [illegible] friend, but he takes good care of himself.

Salt Rheum Cured Quick.—Dr. Agnew's ointment will cure any case of itching skin disease in a day. One application gives almost instant relief. For Pimples, Blind, Bleeding Piles it stands without a peer. Cures in three to six nights. 35 cents.

Why did Noah let mosquitoes aboard the ark? Did he have a spite against people?

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

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"Bathene" is not a medicine. It is Nature's pure antiseptics, prepared in tablet form to be dissolved in the bath or washbowl. It assists Nature in cleansing the skin and keeping it healthy and sweet. It deodorizes perspiration. Send five 2-cent stamps and we will send you two dozen tablets. HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY CO., New York City.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide

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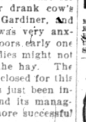

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