LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travel on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Reddy's Fake.

BY W. CALVER MOORE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Reddy was not popular. A little wizened, sour-looking runt, who could not shoot and could not or else would not drink, had but a poor chance of being well received in a Western boom town. He had come over the trail from Laramie a few weeks before, "looking for a likely ranch," and that was about all that was known of his past history but in those days a man seldom brought a reputation with him; he generally acquired it during his stay in any particular place. His fiery head and florid features and little brown eyes made him the butt of some not very friendly or gentle chafing. He was sworn at, pushed around, almost walked over, but no one could draw him into a fight. These things were all against him. But Reddy had one redeeming feature, he was a gambler, and what pleased better, an unlucky one. When there was a tarantula fight Reddy was sure to bet on the wrong spider; if he sat down to a game of draw, some other player was sure to have a better hand, and Reddy suffered accordingly. He took it all coolly and made a good loser, but the boys did not like him, and so he was a marked man.

Another stranger had come to town; a big rough man, who was ready to drink, gamble or quarrel with any one, and who joined the others in annoying Reddy till it looked as if the little fellow would have shot him if he had dared.

It was pay day and the cowboys were coming in from all the nearby ranches to buy whiskey and gamble; that meant drunken revelry, shooting affrays, and last but not least—races, and the right material for a good race seemed to have come into their midst that morning. Reddy's chief tormenter was the central figure of a group around a mare whose owner had just arrived riding on a mustang and carefully leading her with a lariat.

She was as sleek and nice a little yearling as the boys had seen in years. Her owner had stepped into the store for a drink, leaving her tethered to a post. Reddy's tormenter was fondling her and she nosed around him and rubbed against him just as if they were old friends, but it was noticeable that she seemed to be less affectionately inclined toward her other admirers.

"Looks like she might know you," said a short, dark man who was known as Good Graham.

"Know me? Course she does," answered the big fellow, "why I saw this here little girl break the crowd last week over in Big Medicine."

"What?" shouted Good Graham, "is this the animal you were telling us about yesterday? The one that beat sharp's big grey for a cold hundred?"

"Yes, and done it neat, too. She's a beaut, boys." Here he lowered his voice so that only those nearest could hear him, "if he lets her run here, you know how to bet your dust."

"What's your expert opinion, Reddy?" asked one.

"What's the 'perfesser" got to say about her?" asked another.

"Not much," answered Reddy.

"Say, give me a tip, pard. Do you think she can run?" This with mock solemnity from Good Graham.

"Run? That critter? Don't believe she can run worth a cuss."

"Glad you gave me the pointer. See anything around here that can beat her?"

"Yes. I'll take that there hoss of Jones's and beat her down to No. 40

"Can you talk to that?"

and back, if you can find a jockey for the critter."

The big stranger who had been extolling the virtues of the mare, seemed to lose control of himself with excitement. He pulled a roll of money out of his pocket and shook it in Reddy's face while he shouted:

"What do you think about it now, hey? Can you talk to that?" tapping Reddy squarely on the nose with his money. Reddy appeared to hesitate.

"Give you two to one on the mare," shouted the big fellow. "Now what do you think about her?"

"Guess I'll take a hundred of that," said Reddy, coolly producing a roll of bills that made the other's look small by contrast. The betting was rapid and reckless as soon as it was seen that Reddy had thrown caution to the winds and was going to give them a chance to win all his money.

The storekeeper was asked to hold the stakes and he had a large amount of money when the bets had all been made. Reddy had staked several hundred dollars, but he was getting the odds on the others were risking twice as much on the speed of the mare. The race was to be held just before sundown so as to allow time for the horses to be fed and watered and put into as fresh a condition as possible.

Good Graham had backed the mare heavily and on account of his light

"I guess I'll cash in."

weight had been chosen to ride her. He picked out the lightest saddle he could find among the crowd, took off his heavy boots and even put his belt and revolvers in the hands of the storekeeper.

As five o'clock approached the saloon was deserted and the cowboys collected in a group around the two horses chafing for the race to begin. Good Graham smiled confidently as he swung himself lightly into the saddle and asked if "Reddy was ready." During the laughter which followed this sally of wit, Reddy fumbled nervously at the saddle girth, tightened his own belt, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and finally crawled into the saddle as if each foot weighed a ton; he looked like a very unlikely jockey. The horses were walked up to the line, a big six-shooter barked—they were off.

The mare seemed to be living up to the reputation the big stranger had given her. The regular rise and fall of her rider was evidence of a clean, long stride, the kind that wins—sometimes Reddy and the mustang thundered beside her until a sudden glimpse of scenery showed that the mare was leading by at least a length.

But something seemed to be wrong; the mare was getting "choppy," her long stride had given place to a nervous gait which showed painful effort. It was the mustang that was taking things coolly now, and, yes, actually leading! A shout of warning to Good Graham, he rained blows with the squirt on his mount. She put forth her remaining strength in a desperate spurt which gave her the lead for an instant, but Reddy and the mustang shot ahead again and the outcome of the race was no longer a matter of uncertainty.

Reddy dashed over the line a winner by fifty yards, reined up with a jerk and bounded to the ground. He had ridden well, a creditable thing among such men; he had won a great deal of money. He would have been treated like a hero, but all eyes were turned from the victor to the vanquished. The mare had stumbled, throwing her rider and falling on him, and in a cloud of dust Good Graham and his mount could be seen struggling and kicking with equal desperation and frenzy.

The storekeeper, who knew better than to leave his whiskey unguarded, and so had remained standing in the doorway while the race was being run, turned round to get some of the liquor for Graham, when he was suddenly confronted by Reddy, who said in a quiet but determined tone:

"I guess I'll cash in."

"Will you take it now or wait till—"

The rest of the question was cut off sharply at the sight of a big revolver which was drawn from some portion of Reddy's clothing.

"Better listen to the man with the gun; accidents with firearms are mighty frequent," said the big stranger stepping into view. This reinforcement of his enemy from so unexpected a quarter decided the thoroughly frightened storekeeper, who pulled the money from a box and laid it on the end of a barrel.

* * * * * * *

The moon was just rising over the tree tops and sending her pale rays through the dusk when three tired mustangs were brought to a halt by their respective riders near a clump of trees on the prairie.

One of them was a big rough-looking man who towered above a little fellow with red hair and face and brown eyes. The third bore a striking resemblance to a certain owner of a certain mare which was led into a certain boom town in Idaho that morning, and was last seen trying to extricate herself from a tangle of loose saddle and fallen rider. The little red-headed one was fingering a bunch of stuff which almost matched the young leaves in color, but seemed to possess some strong attraction for three men, who did not look like botanical students.

"What's the haul, Reddy?"

"About eleven hundred."

"Well, it wasn't a bad day's work, but it was a durn shame to leave Lizzie behind, worth her weight in gold, she was."

"Yes, you could depend on her wind giving out if she run hard about a mile; had to push that mustang for all that was in him, though; she war feeling pretty good and came near spoiling the fun. Lucky she took a fall and gave us time to slide; wouldn't want to be around when they find out her tricks."

THE VALUE OF TREES.

Time Gone By When War Upon Them Was Necessary.

Time changes all things, and time is changing the public and private estimate of trees in this country. When the pioneers came upon a vast wilderness the trees were as much opposed to their making comfortable livelihoods as were the copper-skinned savages. They made war upon the forest with more zeal than judgment; they slaughtered and laid waste. With such beginnings of the people their constituted authorities have been slow to make laws for protection of mere trees. Roughly gradually the worth of the latter have come to be understood by the many.

Old trees seem will be held, as they should be, to be sacred, and young trees as something to be encouraged fostered and trained in the way they should go. It is only a few years since Dr. Marshall of Pennsylvania astonished the public by bringing suit against a telephone company for hacking branches off some stately trees because they interfered with the strung wire of proper insulation of the wires. The courts sustained the doctor's contention that the ancient trees are treasures. The telephone company will not soon forget the fact, for it was compelled to pay smartly for the destruction it wrought.

DIDN'T BUY AN AUTO.

Admiral Evans Took Disinterested Advice of a Cabby.

A story is told of how Admiral (then captain) Evans was cured of his desire for an automobile. He was riding in one of these machines with a friend in New York. After the spin through Central park had become most displeasing the captain became talkative with the chauffeur.

"You are the man I want to talk to," he remarked. "I have been thinking for some time of buying one of these flying machines for myself and I want some expert advice as to what brand of wings to purchase.

"I've driven every kind of machine that there is," returned the affable engineer, "steam, gasoline, electric and all, and I guess I know 'em all from A to Izzard."

"Well, now, my man," returned the captain, warming up to the gentlemanly steerer, "if you were going to buy a machine for your own self what kind would you select?"

"Well, sir," replied rabby, "if I was to buy one, I'd save up my money and buy a hoss."

The admiral is still without an auto.

A David Harum Trade.

There is a citizen in New York who decided to treat himself to a horse and runabout in every case he insisted upon knowing the attitude of the prospective purchase in relation to automobiles. "I don't want my neck broken daily," he would say.

There was a horse that suited him. "I can warrant him on the automobile question," said the Jersey farmer who owned him. "I will guarantee that he will pass a dozen an hour all day long and never look at one of them."

"Will you give me a written statement to that effect?"

"I will."

"The sale was made. For once a Jersey man had told the truth in a horse trade. The horse was blind.

Ought to Take Warning.

Fond mother—Now, look here, George! I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty and all that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why, she knows no more about housekeeping than I do about Greek—not a bit."

George—Perhaps not, but she can learn.

Mother—After marriage is rather late for that, George.

George—But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married.

Mother—Very true, George—and your poor father died of dyspepsia twenty years ago.—Stray Stories.

How the Stairs Ran.

Judge Martin J. Keogh of the supreme court, Winchester county, New York, while presiding at the trial of a landlord in failing to keep a certain stairway in proper repair, took occasion to question one of the defendant's witnesses for the purpose of obtaining an accurate description of the location of the stairs. Judge Keogh asked the witness, who in this instance was the janitress of the house:

"Madame, kindly explain to the jury how the stairs run."

The janitress answered, in a loud voice: "Well, yer Honor, when yer up stairs they run down, and when yer down stairs they run up."

The Impossible.

"This young man," said the city editor, "won't do, I'm afraid."

"Why not?" asked the desk man. "He brought a good report of that convention in to-day."

"Yes, but in one place I see he writes, 'Silence reigned for ten minutes.'"

"Well, what's wrong?"

"Great Scott, man! It was a woman's convention."

FINEST WARSHIPS EVER BUILT.

Louisiana and Connecticut to Be Real Terrors of the Sea.

It is the opinion of competent judges that in the newly designed ships the Louisiana and the Connecticut the United States will have two of the greatest warships ever built. Together with the British ships—the Edward VII, the Commonwealth and the Dominion—they will comprise the five largest warships in the world. The Oregon and its sister ships had batteries of four thirteen-inch and eight eight-inch guns, but the Connecticut and Louisiana will mount a battery which is so heavy as to place these vessels practically in a class by themselves. Each carries four twelve-inch, eight eight-inch, twelve seven-inch and twenty three-inch guns. The next most powerfully armed vessel is probably the Edward VII. She also carries four twelve-inch, but instead of the eight eight-inch she is armed with four 9.2-inch guns. This, of course, is a much more powerful weapon than the eight eight-inch, that is to say, will be much greater that there will be far more likelihood of getting in an effective blow.

It is the broadside battery of twelve-inch guns, however, that is believed to render the Connecticut so much more powerful than the Edward VII, which carries only ten six-inch against the greater number of seven-inch. An increase of an inch in caliber, when you get to the size of a six-inch, means a great increase in power. Furthermore, the Connecticut will carry twenty of the three-inch guns as against ten or twelve of the same caliber carried by the latest British battleship.

ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS SONG.

How World-Famous Tune Came to Be Written.

Bizet, the composer of the world-famous opera "Carmen" and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. All who knew Bizet had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who solicited it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit and he and Halevy themselves he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant toreador after a successful bull fight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it is too good. It lacks movement—it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular?" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want me to write for the climbs?" He went out as a huff, but soon relented, and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he; "there is my toreador idea written down to your popular level." It was, indeed, the song of the toreador, and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from its torpor.

Yankee Drummers in Orient.

The experience of two young Americans who recently spent six months traveling through Japan, China and the Philippines for the purpose of soliciting trade for a Chicago firm goes to show that there is much commerce to be secured by Americans if it is properly sought. These young men studied the Chinese language in San Francisco and acquired a sufficient knowledge of it to make themselves understood. They thought before the great advantage of being able to do business directly with their Chinese customers. As it was their first trip to the Orient they did not bring a large variety of samples, but the results have been so encouraging that they propose to return equipped with an ample outfit. The method pursued by these young men is worthy the attention of our manufacturers. If two young Americans can learn the language in San Francisco sufficiently to enable them to deal with the Chinese in their own country, others can do the same.

In the Dining Car.

With a complacent smile she dragged her small son into a seat in the dining car and made a ferocious grab for the engraved bill of fare. Her clothes and her manner suggested rural districts, but the arrogant gaze that she leveled at the indefensible bill of fare was intended to denote high breeding. Then the black waiter bent obsequiously over her shoulder.

"Bring us two helpings of chicken," she ordered.

The black man took up the bill of fare, and, with furrowed brow, read over each word.

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied at last, "but we ain't got chicken that way. We has 'em fried and roasted, and I guess the cook might broil 'em, air I—"

"No, no. No!" cried the woman. "I mean plates of chicken—prepared any way you have it."

"Oh!" bowed the waiter, "you mean poultons."—New York Press.

He Changed His Mind.

"I'm going away," he said, "to make my fortune.

This seemed to him the romantic thing to do, and he was loaded up with romance.

"In a year," he went on, "I will come back to claim you, but in the meantime you—"

"Yes?" she said inquiringly.

"You will be left to pine alone."

"Oh, no, I won't," she retorted.

"You won't?"

"Not any. Do you think you're the only thing on the trees?"

"You won't be here alone?"

"Well, hardly."

"Then I'll be darned if I'll go."

Fertile Fields of Africa.

Proof of the great grain-producing capabilities of the Zoutpansberg is afforded by the fact that 40,000 bags of mealies have been sent since October last to the military authorities in Pretoria and Johannesburg

The dog catcher's labors should be curtailed.

POPULAR SCIENCE

New Forces Suggested.

A novel experiment lately shown the London Royal society by Mr. T. C. Porter was performed with a little water in a beaker having nearly vertical sides. When the water was rotated about a vertical axis, the pressure was least in the center and increased outward, and when near boiling point and heat was applied, steam formed only in the region of least pressure, producing a gaseous core. The rotation was set up by stirring with a rubber covered glass rod. Curious phenomena were shown by the column of steam when the water was first stirred and then allowed to come to rest while still being heated, the water at first having a concave surface and the core of steam being distinctly continuous from bottom to top. This was followed by a stage of perplexing pulsations. Some forms of the steam columns resembled solar prominences, and it was suggested that the latter might be due to diminished pressure near the center of cyclones in the sun's atmosphere.

Novel Top-Spinning Device.

To spin a top well, as every boy knows, care must be used in winding the string, as well as in throwing the top, the tension of the cord having considerable to do with the speed of revolution. Now a western inventor comes forward with a top which, while it makes use of the string, does not have it wound on the top as is necessary with the old kind. The illustration gives an idea of the device which is used in connection with the cord to give the top its rotary motion and also shows the manner of applying the string and spinning wire. The latter is formed with a loop at one end in which one finger of the left hand is inserted, while the opposite end of the

wire has a curved nose which surrounds the spindle on the top. At the point of the long loop is a guide through which the string feeds to the top. To put the top in motion the cord is given a single turn around the spindle, the free long end is inserted in the guide, and the hook of the spinning wire is placed over the spindle underneath the cord. It is obvious that a sudden and strong pull on the cord and an equal resistance with the other hand will hold the top stationary in a vertical plane, while the rapidly moving cord will give motion to the spindle to rotate the top as the cord is drawn through the guide. When the string has passed through the guide there is no further resistance and the top drops of its own accord to the floor, maintaining its motion for a great length of time. Frederick W. Kranz of Minneapolis, Minn., is the patentee.

The Nature of Electricity.

Prof. de Heen of the University of Liege concludes that all electrical phenomena are to be attributed to vortex motions of the ether, and proposes three fundamental hypotheses: (1) All bodies are surrounded by an atmosphere of vortex elements, which constitute what we call electricity. (2) Each electron represents a small conical vortex whose energy of motion is undissipable. (3) The direction of motion of the superficial electrons is always the same. When a body is electrified the vortices that are located at the surface are disturbed and disappear. The hypotheses can be expressed and discussed mathematically and we may look for further developments of these ideas.

Fountain Marking Brush.

A very necessary portion of the labor of shipping goods from large factories and stores is the marking of each package with the name and address of the party to whom it is to be sent, and the pot and marking brush are common articles in the shipping department of every large establishment. There is, of course, danger of the pot being tipped over and depositing its contents on the floor or boxes, if not on the goods themselves, and the marking brush is likely to drip in

transferring it from the pot to the surface to be marked, and altogether the arrangement is neither cleanly nor saving in time. We present herewith an illustration of a marking brush complete in itself, showing a decided improvement over the old brush and pot. It has the ink inclosed in a reservoir forming the handle, and there is an arrangement by which the flow to the brush is limited or prevented altogether, this being accomplished by turning the screw cap at the end of the handle to bring a stop into the path of the central rod in the opening leading to the bristles. To clean the reservoir the cap and brush are both detached from the handle, leaving the latter open from end to end for the passage of a stream of water or other cleaning fluid. Jesse A. Crandall of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the inventor.

A Wholesale Lemon Squeezer.

As many thousands of lemons are used in large restaurants and drug stores in making lemonades which the customers quench their thirst during the heated term, and as these are usually squeezed separately, with consequent loss of time to the drink-mixer, it has occurred to Joseph C. Bulloch of Cherokee, N. C., that a machine for squeezing the lemons by the dozen might prove of some value as a labor and time saver. The machine he has designed for this work, and which is illustrated herewith, has a flat base to rest on the bar or counter, with a series of semi-ellipsoidal projections raised on the upper face of the bottom, on which the halves of the lemons are impaled. The machine has a hinged presser plate with vertical posts at each end of the base to support a pivoted bar. This bar carries a screw-threaded shaft, with a hand-wheel at the top, and an enlarged head at the bottom to engage the presser plate. To operate this squeezer any number of lemons from one upward are halved and placed on the projecting knobs,

when the presser plate is tilted down and the bar locked across the top between the posts. The screws then lowered until it exerts the required amount of pressure on the plate to flatten the lemons and force the juice out into a receptable provided for the purpose.

Dark Planets.

Mysterious dark bodies have been seen occasionally to cross the sun's disc. An English astronomer has collected accurate dates of nine of these transits, the earliest being June 6, 1761, and he finds that these dates indicate the existence of two unknown planets within the earth's orbit, with periods of about one hundred and seventy-four and twenty days respectively. One of these bodies must be nearer the sun than Mercury, with a mean distance of about 13,000,000 miles. The other is calculated to revolve between Mercury and Venus at a distance of about 51,000,000 miles, and should have a diameter of 1,700 to 2,000 miles. At its most favorable position for observation it would appear as a third magnitude star 30 degrees from the sun.

New Washing Machine.

This washing machine accomplishes the faculty of cleaning the clothes without subjecting them to the harsh treatment of forcing their way through the pile and perhaps tearing the garments. The inner surface of the tub is covered with corrugated metal, so simped that the plunger usual in an apparatus of this character. Pounders are attached to the operating shaft so as to yield readily when any large mass of clothing is encountered, instead boards come in contact with the

front edge first and scrub the clothes down the inclined surface until the bottom is reached. It will thus be seen that the motion of the operating shaft by the crank wheel will subject the wash to practically the same motion that it would receive if scrubbed by hand over a board.

The Age of Fish.

The scales of fishes as an index of age have lately been the subject of study by the English Marine Biological association. The scales of many fish show a series of parallel eccentric lines which indicate successive increments of growth. The lines of growth are more widely separated in that part of the scale formed during the warm season of the year than in the portion formed in the cold season. The alternation gives rise to the appearance of "annual rings" that indicate the age of the individual fish in years. It appears that it is often possible to determine the age of individual fish of certain species with considerable precision—which is a conclusion of considerable practical, as well as scientific importance.

Prize for Scientific Paper.

It is announced that Prof. Joseph Seegen proposes to offer a prize, under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in Vienna, for the best answer of the following question: "Is any part of the nitrogen of the albuminiates which have undergone metabolism in the animal body eliminated either by the lungs or by the skin in a gaseous form?" The prize offered amounts to about $1,000, and essays may be written in German, French or English and must be sent in before Feb. 1, 1904.

Bacilli as a Dye.

Dr. Victor C. Vaughn, of the University of Michigan, recently exhibited to a scientific society some silk handkerchiefs which had been dyed a bright yellow or a beautiful pink by the pigment abstracted from the micro organism pnown as the bacillus prodogiosis. He referred to an apparatus with which he was able to produce various bacilli by the acre.

She Knew His Style.

She—"I don't believe that Charley is a flirt. Why, he told me last night that in all his life he had never kissed a girl once."

He—"I don't doubt it. To kiss a girl once wouldn't be Charley's style at all."

A HARD STRUGGLE.

When you have a bad back, a back that's lame, weak or aching it's a hard struggle sometimes to find relief and cure, but it's a harder struggle when the dangers begin from the subsequent pains, annoyances and suffering. There are many medicines that relieve these conditions, but you want a remedy—cure. Read this statement, it tells of a cure that lasted:

Veteran Josiah Heller, place of residence 706 South Walnut St., Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1889 I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham's drug store in Champaign, and after taking the remedy conscientiously I made a public statement of the results. I told how Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of my lame back and the pains across my loins, beneath the shoulder blades, etc. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion at times to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of another attack, and on each and every occasion the result obtained was just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. At this time I just as emphatically indorse the preparation as I did several years ago."

A FREE TRIAL of this great Kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

CHURCH IN SPANISH STYLE.

Form of Architecture Popular in Pensacola as in Early Days.

It is noticeable that the vestry of Christ Church parish, Pensacola, Fla., has taken the Spanish architectural form, for a new church building for the parish. This is most appropriate. Pensacola was in all its early history a Spanish colonial city; its streets and public places are known by Spanish names, many of the people have Spanish blood in their veins; there is still the Spanish atmosphere there as in St. Augustine, although modern Pensacola is truly American. Visitors to that city expect to see something recalling the ancient history of the place; but such is the force of innovation that, with the passage of time, all relics are likely to be obliterated, and no distinction be traceable between a town in Spanish Florida and a town in Oklahoma, says the Mobile (Ala.) Register. To counteract this tendency—at least in part—the new church building is to be a return to ancient forms. It will resemble a Spanish mission church in general style, with here and there the graceful ornamentation that is seen in the Seville cathedral. This much we deduce from seeing the picture of the new church. We assume that the design was selected with the object above stated.

A Catch in the Back.

Grand View, Iowa, Sept. 25.—Mrs. Lydia Parker of this place says:

"I was troubled with backache all the time for years. When I would stoop over a catch would take me in the back and I could not straighten up for some time.

"I tried everything I could think of but got no relief till I sent and got Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I used one box and part of another before the trouble all left me, but now I am well and strong and I have not been troubled with my back for some months.

"I believe my cure is a permanent one and I am very grateful indeed, to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me.

"I would most heartily recommend them to anyone suffering with lame back, for I believe they will cure any case of this kind.

A Sacrilegious Expression.

This story is told of a Milwaukee boy: He came into the house one morning fall of excitement. He had found a new family of kittens and described them to his mother. "There is a black one and a white one and a Maltese and two others, and they are just like Jesus."

"Why, what do you mean by that, Josiah? You should not say such things."

"But they are just like Jesus, anyway."

"How is that?" asked his mother, her curiosity aroused in spite of her desire to reprove the boy for what she thought was sacrilege.

"Why, they were born in a manger."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

God writes with a pen that never blots, and speaks with a tongue that never slips, and acts with a hand that never fails.

No trouble to get breakfast quick if you have Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour.

When a young man is sowing his wild oats he always hopes that something will happen to destroy the crop.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a dreadful breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornwall, Conn.

There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is no passion but is worth a passion.—Sherlock.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to light and washing.

As a rule, the more a man has to say about women the more he doesn't really know about them.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

As soon as a man gets right with God he can't bear the thought of being wrong with anybody else.

Don't forget to have Mrs. Austin's Pancakes for breakfast. Your grocer can supply you.

Don't be ready any fault with a neighbor that you would not want to lay before God in prayer.