MISAPPREHENSION.

By PAULINE S. MORGAN.

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Dorothy had been married two years. She had always been sentimental, and her heart was full of romance. Her emphatic statement that her life would be an eventful one, had so far been untrue, and to-day as she sat curled up in an easy chair before the window watching the ceaseless rain as it fell drip, drip, upon the stone pavement, she felt it would always be untrue. The rain seemed to be beating on her heart, and a few tears forced themselves down her feverish cheeks, for Dorothy was actually sad; she who had always been noted for her happy, hopeful nature. But for the moment she had forgotten her comfortable surroundings and her devoted husband, for Jack Hunting was a slave to his pretty wife.

The day and hour was not apropos for remembering her blessings and how she had worshiped her Jack when she married him, and how his kiss had thrilled and throbbed through her whole being, in an ecstacy she could not fathom. Her eyes were now fixed and a smile was on her lips as she thought of Ned Wiley, her old love; they had never been regularly engaged yet they and every one who knew them expected them to marry. How handsome he was, and how she had loved him; he had always been her hero since she was a mere slip of a girl. Thus she would try to convince herself that she had made a mistake in her marriage, and that she had never loved Jack as she did Ned, and that the only honorable thing to do was to tell Jack so, and go back to where Ned was; although it had been several years since she saw her sweetheart of childhood days.

Presently she came to earth with a thud. What right had she to wander thus; her thought should be entirely for the man whose name she bore. He is so good to me, she murmured and she tried to concentrate her thought wholly upon Jack, the noble man who believed in and trusted her so implicity. As though her thoughts had come to life, at that moment Jack came up the front steps whistling. Springing from her seat the young wife hurried to the dressing table, where she smoothed back her hair and gave several dabs of powder to her red eyes.

The door opened and a cheery voice inquired, "How is my little girl today?" and he kissed her tenderly. "O, Jack, I am so glad you came home early, and—and—"

"And what, my child?" as he felt her arms go about his neck, her form quivering with suppressed emotion. "What is it my girl? Are you not well? Shall we go to the theater to-night and have a little supper afterward or is there something else you would like better?" and a distressed look came into the man's eyes as a nameless fear seemed to be tugging at his heart. At last she felt as though she could stand the strain of the situation no longer. "I am homesick, Jack," she cried, "and I wish I could go back for a little visit."

A relieved sigh broke from his lips as he joyously said, "Why, of course you can go, dearie; get what ever you need and have the best time you ever had in your life."

Dorothy had been back to her old home for several days and once more she seemed a bachelor maid, with friends coming and going, parties and rides and a constant reminder of old days.

She spent a few days with Violet, an old chum. Violet listened to all she said with fear in her heart, wondering and uncertain whether this young wife would remain true, and be a fearless step to gain something she knew not of. "It is all ideal, my beloved child; your castles in Spain must be shattered and you must accept your disillusionment as a phase of life that all have to experience," Violet argued emphatically one day.

"O, sweet girl, do not preach to me. I am too happy in the thought that to-night—this night—I will see Ned once more."

"Well, my dear, you are unreasonable," cried Violet, impatiently, "but I feel certain you will see things differently to-morrow."

The day seemed intolerably long, but when night did come Dorothy's heart was beating tumultuously and her fingers were cold and nervous, but her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Dorothy was actually sad.

and the scarlet in her cheeks burned like fire. "He is waiting, child," "I will go down to mee. him and you come presently," and Violet gazed lovingly at the girl who caused her so much anxiety. It seemed she had waited hours, when Dorothy decided she must go down or surely Ned would be gone. She surveyed herself once more before the long, pier glass, wondering if Ned would think her as beautiful as ever; if he would look at her again in the old eager way. She smiled at herself in the mirror and made a courtesy at the vision pictured therein; the effect was perfect and she was satisfied. The simple white dress hung in graceful folds around her slender form and her chestnut curls were bound high on her small head in a band of black velvet. "I must go down," she whispered, as she drew forth one long curl over her gleaming shoulder. Noiselessly she crept down the stairway and hesitated at the doorway. She grew cold and a sickening feeling almost caused her to faint, as a coarse voice sounded familiar to her ear. As she moved forward someone seemed to be saying a long way off, "You remember Mr. Wiley I know." Her gaze wandered to him and she paused in a panic of fear. "Ned,"she cried, and then with a choking gasp, "I am so glad to see you again." She smiled with her lips but the man noticed how pale she looked. Mechanically she took a seat and tried to answer in a natural manner all that was said to her, while striving hard to con-

"Oh, Jack!" came the muffled and incoherent words, "I didn't know before how much I loved you.

trol a mad desire to rush out of the house and give vent to her suppressed feelings.

Bitterly she cried out against her disappointment, as she tried in vain to discover wherein this man had changed. There was the same handsome face and athletic figure but something indefinable was missing and she would hang breathlessly on each word and act, grasping the remnants of her ideal.

But his eyes were not tender like Jack's, his mouth was not firm like Jack's, and all at once an overwhelming love surged up in her heart and a great happiness filled her being, as she realized in that moment her husband was her ideal, her hero, her only love.

It was all a vague dream as she listened to the hum of voices, and the moments seemed remarkably long till the hour came for leaving. When he had gone the girls stood silent for a little space and when Violet kissed the smiling lips a sudden revelation came to her and she *knew*.

Jack was pacing up and down the platform waiting for the express. It was so long since he held his dear one close to his heart. Before he realized it all the train had stopped and he clasped a slight form in his arms. "O Jack!" came the incoherent and muffled words, "I didn't know before how much I loved you." And then was enacted anew the story which no man's lips are weary of uttering, and of which no woman's ear shall tire.

Then and Now.

Prof. George Lyman Kittridge, who is known to most Harvard men as the successor of Prof. Child in the English department, was recently the victim of an unfortunate bit of memory on the part of a classmate.

A Harvard man himself, Prof. Kittridge as an undergraduate blazed his way through the pages of the Harvard Advocate with mildly erotic verse of the fallow sophomore type. Since his graduation he has confined himself rather more strictly to the difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

At a recent dinner Prof. Kittridge was called upon for a speech. He had just begun a story originally indited in early English, and was illuminating the dialects when suddenly a gray-haired worthy from the other end of the table started up out of a deep reverie and shouted:

"Hang the Saxon, 'Kit'! Tell us about the girl with the freckled nose you kissed once and kissed again, and wrote sonnets to in the Advocate."

Witty and Deserved Rebuke.

When the bishop of Colorado, Rev. Sanford Olmsted, was rector of the Church of St. Asaph at Bala, Pa., his ready wit made him at once the admiration and the fear of the people of the neighborhood. There is a fashionable golf and riding club at Bala, with grounds that adjoin those of the little church, and it happened on a certain afternoon when Dr. Olmsted was holding a special service that a number of golfing club men were caught in a drenchnig shower and hurried for shelter to the church. They entered with a great clatter of golf sticks and with much suppressed chuckling and hard breathing. Their noise and their gay sporting attire made a jarring note on the simplicity of the service. Dr. Olmsted paid no heed to them till the end of his sermon. Then he said, with a smile:

"We have heard of people who make a cloak of religion. Now we know that there are others who make of religion an umbrella."

The Continent of Atlantis.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the English writer on scientific topics, gives the following argument in favor of the old belief that formerly a great continent, Atlantis, existed where is now the Atlantic ocean: "The little creature known as the lemming makes periodical excursions from the interior in multitudes, these journeys ending alike in the cold eager way. She smiled at herself in the mirror and made a courtesy at the vision pictured therein; the effect was perfect and she was satisfied. The simple white dress hung in graceful folds around her slender form and her chestnut curls were bound high on her small head in

NO MORE USE FOR THE BIBLE.

Good Book Had Served Its Purpose and the Culprit Returned It.

The late Rev. Joseph Parker was a truly good man and never wearied of doing all in his power for the benefit of his fellow mortals. He was willing to admit, however, that as a missionary he would have proved a failure, and to sustain this opinion once told the following story:

"The criminal," he said, "whom I first tried my youthful hand upon was accused of the murder of a woman. The case against him seemed a good one, and the future of the poor fellow looked black.

"This man, when I visited his cell, welcomed me and my instructions in a flattering manner. He could not talk with me enough upon spiritual matters. He asked to see me daily, and I did my heart good to note how sedulously he studied the little black Bible that I gave to him.

"All through his trial his piety continued to be fervent and deep. All through his trial the man showed a religious unction truly remarkable and unique. In the end he was acquitted and I shall never forget my last visit to him in his cell, a few moments before his release and departure.

"On my entry he looked up from his packing and, rising to receive me, he extended the Bible which had been my gift and which he had so carefully perused during his peril.

"'Here, sir,' he said, 'allow me to return this book to you. I hope never to have use for it again.'"

FRANCE IS GROWING RICH.

Number of Persons Owning Securities Is Increasing Every Year.

A statistical publication just issued at Paris presents an interesting showing of the division of wealth in that country. The almost universal subdivision of the land in France began with the first revolution, and now there are 5,500,000 of peasants each owning a home and tract of land, but the same process has been going on in the leading forms of personal property. In 1830 there were but 125,000 holders of French rentes, or government securities. Now there are over 2,000,000. Tabulations of the holdings of railway securities and bank shares make a similar showing. In retail trade there was an increase of about 7 per cent in the past decade, while the number of concerns in the wholesale trade actually diminished in the same time.

Of course, these figures are not so exhaustive as to permit of exact comparisons. But they harmonize with the fact that for at least a decade and a half the aim of legislation in France has been democratic, with no slight influence exerted by the socialist element. It seems as if this tendency was showing its effects—as the similar course in land legislation did early in the last century—in diffusing property among the common people more widely than anywhere else in the world. This is accompanied by a financial strength there which no other nation can surpass.

A Delicate Position.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their usefulness, and gift-making at any time is attended with some danger. A faithful Irish employe announced his desire to take a month's holiday to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new traveling bag.

The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.

Tim stared at the bag for a moment and then asked: "Puwat am Oi to do with that?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the employer.

"Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"

Then Hoar Was Interested.

Preserved in the unrevised records of the Congressional investigations of Philippine conditions is a story which was told of Senator Hoar the other night. The Senator, so the story goes, wandered into the committee-room one sleepy afternoon and promptly delved into some records and became absorbed. The witness, who was testifying as to the treatment of certain prisoners, declared with emphasis: "And they administered corporal punishment."

Just here the venerable Senator from Massachusetts started up, dropped his book and, catching a word of the testimony, said, with a violent effort to show that he had been awake: "Corporal? I'd like to ask what corporal?"

Appreciated Himself.

A little boy, while playing near the Serpentine, last Christmas day, fell into the water.

An Irish laborer, who was passing at the time, courageously jumped into the water, clothes and all, and rescued the boy.

A lady who had observed the brave deed went up to Pat, and, shaking his hand, said:

"I feel it an honor, my brave man, to shake hands with you; many a worse man than you has been presented at court."

"Faith, you're roight, mum," replied Pat, as he proceeded to wring the water out of his coat. "The last time Oi was presinted at court Oi only got one month, whoile me mate got two, begorra!"—Spare Moments.

Fierce Diatribe Against Tobacco.

Dr. Parker, the London preacher who died recently, once uttered this fierce blast against the soothing weed: "I hate smoking. From one end to the other it is a nuisance. It ends in cancer, apoplexy, bad temper, bankruptcy and almost in hydrophobia. It is an invention of the devil. It is the devil. It is the pastime of perdition. No dog smokes. No bird pines for tobacco. No horse is a member of a pipe club. No intelligent person ever puts a cigar in his mouth. The whole idea and practice of smoking must be condemned as atheistical, agnostical and infinitely detestable." Mr. Spurgeon, another London preacher, now dead also, said on hearing of this diatribe: "I smoke to the glory of God."

ONE OF THE GALLEONS OF SPAIN.

Mystery in Dismantled Hulk Which Has Evidently Lain for Generations in the Pacific Ocean.

Under the waters of San Diego bay, over by Point Loma, Cal., in the vicinity of the quarantine station, lies the dismantled hulk of some ancient galleon, which has probably lain there for generations. As to how it got there and as to whether it belonged to Cabrille or the fleet of some other explorer can be merely a matter of surmise, but its construction indicates that it is of very ancient date. It is said that the Portuguese fishermen have known of its whereabouts for a long time past, as they sail over the water all about that section.

It remained, however, for two young men, John Skewes and a companion, one day recently to bring in the first tangible proof of its existence. In some manner they learned of the whereabouts of the old vessel, and there being an exceptionally low tide they started out to investigate it. After some little difficulty they located a part of the bow of what seemed to have once been a large vessel of very ancient construction.

As far as they could get out in the water they found some ten feet of the bow, and the rest probably lies beyond that in deep water. To a considerable extent the heavy planking has been torn off by the tides which have swept over the old hulk for many years, leaving the huge ribs over a foot in diameter, showing the vessel to have been a large one. Upon investigation of the planking which remained they found that in the whole construction not a single piece of iron or nails in any form had been used by the builders. Most of the planks had been attached by means of wooden pins, and what was still more remarkable they found in several spikes of copper.

Upon considerable difficulty they removed one or two of the spikes and brought them back to the city. The spikes are about six inches long and plainly forged out by hand.

The wreck is a matter of much speculation among those who have known of its existence, and there might be an interesting tale in connection with it. The probabilities are that it is one of the deserted galleons of some old Spanish adventurer of ancient days, which was sunk in the sands and had been gradually worn away by the action of a century's tides.—San Francisco Call.

CAUSE OF COW'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

Amateur Farmers Much Alarmed Over Antics of Animal Who Only Wanted to Be Milked.

The playwright Glen MacDonough, tells a good story on himself, apropos of his first attempt to try to lead a rural life. He and two other friends hired, some years ago, an old farmhouse in New Jersey. They would get out every night one summer, doing all their own work, about the house and living on viands which they had brought out from their clubs. After they had been in the country about three weeks it occurred to them that there was one thing necessary to complete the rural landscape. They had no cow. So they went to the nearest town and purchased an animal that was warranted pure Jersey. The cow was installed on the front lawn and became so tame that she slept on the piazza and wandered about everywhere like a good dog would. One morning the owner of the house to catch the early train the three men were much alarmed at the odd conduct of their new purchase. She was in a fierce mood, bellowing and lashing her tail. As McDonough went toward the gate she made one wild rush at him and he was forced to seek refuge in a tree. She held the rest of the party prisoners for some time. It was in July, and a fearfully hot day. There was no doubt about it. The cow was mad. The managing editor of a newspaper, who was one of the party, made his escape by a window and the back way, and hastened to town to consult a veterinary surgeon. This gentleman consented to go down to the farm for $10 down, and his railroad fare. He arrived, and the besieged man watched the proceedings with interest. The cow had settled down, but still looked wild. The vet approached. He looked at the cow a few minutes and then went into the house. Then he sized up the three men for one moment and made the laconic remark, "Milk her." It had never occurred to the city men that cows had to be milked, and the animal had been with them three weeks without having been relieved, and was consequently in an unhappy state. And this famous first can of milk cost the trio $12.

LIKE THE OLD HOME IN ERIN.

Wealthy Pittsburg Man Has a Fine Reproduction in His Yard of the Ancient Family House in Ireland.

The finest replication of an Irish house in America, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, stands in the yard of James R. Mellon, corner of North Negley and Rippey streets, East End. It has been erected regardless of cost, and is an exact duplicate of Andrew Mellon, who came to America in 1818, landing at Baltimore with his large family. It required three weeks to cross the mountains in a Conestoga wagon to Greensburg.

Squire Robert M. Graham, of Ligonier, says that he can remember when his relatives, the Mellons, came down the slopes of the Laurel hill into the beautiful Ligonier valley. The family came near settling at Elderslidge, where the father had been negotiating for a farm, but had decided to buy near Turtle Creek.

When James R. Mellon visited the old home in Ireland a couple of years ago he brought home with him the cornerstone of the old house, with the letters "A. M." and "1790" carved upon it, and this stone now has a place in the house he has built, just over the old fashioned open fireplace. The andirons and some other relics are also from the old house in Ireland.

It is a quaint sight and it touches sentimental chords to enter the East End house through the ancient style door, the upper half opening separately, to tread the stone floor, see the spinning wheel in the corner of the room, the old time cupboard, chair and tables and crane in the wide open fireplace.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR.

Proof That It Is Not Confined to Sex, Age or Condition.

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be dispised of as a mere inconceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened in a church in Brooklyn.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband.

Unfortunately, when they were halfway down the aisle, the husband dropped his glove and stooped to pick it up. Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on and doubled over him in riotous confusion.

The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on. Hoping to escape quickly they turned to wait looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled the window pole and a long duster and a step ladder. The congregation could hold its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste, amid a general and persuasive snicker.

THE ONLY COMPLAINT LEFT.

Ingenious Excuse That the Boy Offered for Smoking.

In an Irish town the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal it from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them puffing most vigorously.

"How now?" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you to be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

"I have had a 'raging tooth'; another, 'colic'; the third a 'cough'; in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy.

"Now, sir!" bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all excuses were exhausted, but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone:

"I smoke for corns, sir!"

A Champion Cusser.

At Wichita Mr. and Mrs. Williams has sued for divorce. She alleges that one day four weeks after her marriage she traded a can of cherries for some fresh fruit to a neighbor. That night when her husband came home and found that she had made this small dicker he commenced to swear. Mrs. Williams declares that for six straight hours he swore a blue and sulphurous stream that swelled and gained in volume as it flowed onward. At last she fled from the house in dismay. She stayed away, too, and brought suit for divorce. And now Judge Dale will pass upon the artistic vehemence of the man who could swear six straight hours after only four weeks of marriage.

British Quarrels.

Apropos of the interruption of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and three European countries it may be interesting to recall that during the last half century diplomatic relations have never been suspended between Great Britain and Central America, Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Argentina. They were broken off, says the South American Journal, of London, with Mexico from September to November, 1856, from 1861 to 1864 and 1867 to 1884; with Venezuela from April to September, 1858, and from 1887 to 1897; with Brazil from 1863 to 1865; with Bolivia from 1853 to 1857; with Uruguay from 1861 to 1879, and finally with Paraguay from 1859 to 1862.

FELT LIKE THIRTY CENTS.

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's own sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that state that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your roll.' They handed their wads over to him and he counted out thirty cents in quarters and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients a messenger entered the court and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left the room seeing his clients, and they wended their way to the nearest saloon.

"'How do you feel?' said one.

"'I feel like thirty cents,' said the other, 'and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it.'

"And that's how that phrase was started in its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

FUR SUITS FOR BOYS.

Countess de Castellane Sets Fashion for New Yorkers.

Although Anna, Countess de Castellane, has received no social recognition to speak of, her presence in America is felt by the youngest generation. The fashion of dressing her two young boys has interested scores of mothers. The two little Castellanes spend much of their time parading the avenue, between Forty-seventh and Thirty-third streets. They wear entire suits of fur, from their peaker hoods to their fur leggings. George, the elder, wears lynx, and his brother, Boni, wears Russian squirrel. Their jackets, their trousers and their attached hoods are all of fur, and in this garb the boys look like baby Eskimos. It is rather a pretty fashion, for the children's faces are framed in fur, and, in the instance of the Castellanes, this style suits their interesting, dark countenances. Rarely have such lively, prancing children appeared on the avenue. Boni dragged a sled the other morning across the clear pavements, but in his aunt's (Miss Helen Gould) private yard he was permitted to tumble in real snow to his heart's delight. These fur clothes for children are practical for sledding, as the boy may simply wallop in heaps of snow without catching cold, but an obstacle to the popularity is the cost of the furs. The cheapest fur suits fetch $200.—New York Press.

Balloon vs. Automobile.

English automobile enthusiasts have formed a volunteer corps to be used by the government in time of war for carrying dispatches and bringing into communication distant points not reached by the railroads. Of late, to get themselves in training, they have organized several balloon pursuits. In these novel chases an aeronaut starts skyward in a balloon, carrying some dummy dispatches, while at the same time the automobiles start in pursuit of the huge gas bag on terra firma. If a good breeze is blowing the aeronaut gives the automobilists a lively chase; while if he is aided with clouds in or above which to hide himself he keeps the modern "knight of the road" guessing as to his whereabouts. The one who reaches him first after his descent is declared the winner of the chase, which is said to be much more exciting than "hare and bounds" or a fox hunt.

Government as a Farmer.

As a farmer the British government does very well. It owns 5,000,000 acres of grassland and heath, not counting, of course, the land which belongs to the public—parks and so forth—and about 1,000,000 acres of crop land. About 2,000,000 acres of the whole the state farms itself and makes a profit of about £200,000 a year out of it.

To the people who pay taxes this means a saving of about a penny-halfpenny per head annually. Pasturing and grazing are the best items in the farmer account, corn standing very low and roots pretty high.

The state has over 2,000 acres of fruit orchards, too, but these are all leased out to tenants. By the letting of the shooting on the moors that belong to it the government makes another £70,000 a year.

Searching for Xerxes' Fleet.

A search is to be made for the lost fleet of Xerxes, the ships of which have lain at the bottom of the sea for something like 2,300 years. According to the Athens correspondent of the Yorkshire Observer, arrangements have been made by which search is to be made along the sea's bed with a newly invented marine instrument of great power, which is named the hydroscope. By means of the same instrument search is to be made for the ship chartered by Pompey to convey Rome art treasures which he had seized at Athens. This ship was wrecked in the archipelago about 1,950 years ago. These researches have been instituted as the result of the great success achieved in recovering antique treasures from wrecks two years ago.

WOMEN SUFFER.

Hard to attend to daily duties with a back that aches like the toothache.

A woman's kidneys give her constant trouble.

Backache is the first warning of sick kidneys, and should never be neglected.

Urinary disorders annoy, embarrass and worry womankind.

Dangerous diabetes, dropsy and Bright's disease are sure to follow if the kidneys are neglected.

Read how to cure the kidneys and keep them well.

Mrs. James Beck of 311 West Whitehorse street, Rome, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for eight or nine years; had much pain in my back; at time went on I could hardly endure it; I could not stand except for a few moments at a time; I grew weak and exhausted; I could not even do light housework, let alone washing and ironing; I could not stoop or bend; my head ached severely; I was in pain from my head down to my heels; centering in the kidneys it was a heavy, steady, shooting ache; I could not rest nights, and got up mornings weak and tired. I thought I was about done for, when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised for kidney complaints, and got them at Broughton & Grace' drug store. Within a week after commencing their use I began to improve, and from that time on rapidly grew better. I used five boxes in all and was cured. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many others, and my case ought to convince the most skeptical sufferer to give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mrs. James Beck, 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.

Boycott the Trust.

Havana cable: Four of the largest cigar factories here have inaugurated an independent movement by signing agreements to refrain from selling their brands or plants to the tobacco trust for ten years.

If the heart should not be worn upon the sleeve, neither should the worries be found paraded upon the forehead. We owe the public a smile.

IF YOU HAD A NECK As Long as This Fellow, and Had SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY CURE IT. 25c and 50c. All Druggists. THE TONSILINE CO., CANTON, O.

MOTHER USED IT 50 YEARS AGO. Writing from Jackson, Mich., Mr. R. P. Rowe says: "Down's Elixir was my mother's medicine 50 years ago. I have been using it and find it equal for myself and family. It cures coughs, colds, pneumonia, croup. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

$3.00 W.L. DOUGLAS $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes are the most perfect fitting, best wearing and easiest shoes for the price ever advertised, and are worn by more men than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer of this grade of shoes in the world, and because they are absolutely the best shoes for the price that can be produced, he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00. W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes in just as good. Give them a trial and save money.

Notice Increase (1900 Sales: $2,000,000.00; 1901 Sales: $2,883,753.00; 1902 Sales: $4,040,854.79). A gain of $2,156,854.79 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 GILT EDGE LINE Worth $5.00 Compared with Other Makes.

The best imported and American leathers, Hand Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Cabeza Calf, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets. Catalog: The name and price stamped on bottom. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere. Write for catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

SALZER'S SEEDS

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