A Broken Chord

All idly to and fro
Her window curtain sweeps,
In the lamplight's rosy glow
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
And I catch the glint of gold
From her tresses uncontrolled
Through the curtain's flimsy fold.
And the heart within me leaps
As she sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Ah, then does she dream of me?
Mine the dearest name she keeps
In her ivory treasury?
She sleeps! My lady sleeps!
Sh! Her blooming lips now part!
Has she secret to impart?
And I wait with trembling heart!
Nay, a sound my soul abhors!
For she snores! My lady snores!
—E. D. Pierson.

The LONG WHITE SEAM

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Bess, the pretty one, just home from college, lounged back in an arm chair, her white hands clasped behind her head and her amused eyes on her elder sister. Rachel, the plain one, sat in the midst of drifts of white, busily sewing. And there was that in the sewing, or in the cloth, or in what it all meant, that had turned Rachel's plainness into something nearly akin to beauty.

"'Rachel!" called a voice up the stairway. "Oh, Rachel! Come down a moment and help me with this sideboard. I can't move it alone."

The girl emerged, smiling, from among the snowy drifts, and ran down stairs, light of foot and of heart. She came back presently, washed her hands and set to work again.

"Sister!" shouted a boyish voice from the gallery, "lend me another spool of that coarse thread. I've got the kite out ever so far, and my cord's out."

She arose again and went out; and Bess heard her talking merrily as she tied the thread to the cord Danny held. When she returned and sat down at the machine there was not a ripple of impatience on her contented face.

"How can you stand it?" asked Bess, still more amused. "I have kept time. In the last half hour you have been called away from your work eight times; and yet you come back looking so seraphic that it makes one want to shake you!"

"I don't get much time to sew," Rachel answered, blushing a little. "But, then, I haven't many things to make, and it won't take so long. And they'll all miss me a good deal. I must do what I can for them, while I am home."

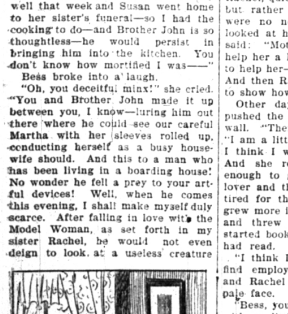
"It's the most ridiculous thing," said Bess, thoughtfully, "that you should be thinking of marrying! Somehow, nobody would ever have thought it of you. Why, you have never even had a lover that I can remember; and I always had the house full of them, from the time I was a little thing with my hair in a pig-tail." And here am I, not thinking of being engaged yet—and there is sly, demure you, going to marry the finest man in all the country round. I'll par like to know how you did it, Miss Rachel Brand."

Rachel blushed more and more.

"I hardly know how it was," she said shyly. "Brother John brought him over for a week, and they went hunting a good deal—and I was busy, of course, for mother was not very well that week and Susan went home to her sister's funeral—so I had the cooking to do—and Brother John is so thoughtless—he would persist in bringing him into the kitchen. You don't know how mortified I was—"

Bess broke into a laugh.

"Oh, you deceitful minx!" she cried. "You and Brother John made it up between you, I know—luring him out there where he could see our careful Martha with her sleeves rolled up, conducting herself as a busy housewife should. And this to a man who has been living in a boarding house! No wonder he fell a prey to your artful devices! Well, when he comes this evening, I shall make myself duly scarce. After falling in love with the Model Woman, as set forth in my sister Rachel, he would not even deign to look at a useless creature like me, who couldn't even boil an egg decently."



"How can you stand it?" asked Bess.

And Bess took herself off, notwithstanding Rachel's laughing protests, and wrote letters until she wearied of them, and left the wind to blow them where it would.

The wind blew one of them down into the orchard at the side of the house, where Rachel sat with a dainty little piece of handwork, while the low afternoon sun sent pale green rays through the apple boughs. Rachel caught it as it flew past her, not knowing what it was, until her eyes had swept along several lines.

"——amused at Rachel, who was always cut out for an old maid, we decided so long ago. She sits up there, all day long—except when they call her for something, which is about every two minutes, for Rachel is a helpful somebody, and not at all like her good-for-nothing sister—she sits there, I say, sewing, on her trousseau—sewing the long white seam,' as Jean Ingelow says—and with the most calmly, placidly happy expression on her face, as though the earth and love and everything like that had been made just for her. It makes me——"

"Do you still want us to be married?" she whispered.

Rachel's eyes were wet with a shining happy moisture, when Danny came running, sending a jubilant shout before him:

"Sister! Yonder he comes! An' I bet he's brought me a new baseball!"

"Mr. Arnold, this is Bess," she said, a little later, blushing and smiling, until even one who did not love her very much would have seen that she was no longer plain.

* * *

"I think I shall go over to Arkwright on a visit to Ethel Joyner," said Bess a week later. Somehow, her vacation was beginning to pall upon her and she was restless.

"I think I would not go," said Rachel, quietly. She was still sewing, but rather slowly, as though there were no need for haste. As Bess looked at her with quick inquiry she said: "Mother is anxious for you to help her a little—or at least, to want to help her—and—well, I wouldn't go." And then Rachel hummed a low tune, to show how much she was at ease.

Other days went by, and Rachel pushed the machine back against the wall. "There is no haste," she said. "I am a little tired of sewing so long. I think I will rest for a few days." And she rested, not being strong enough to go on a picnic with her lover and the family, and feeling too tired for the walk to church. Bess grew more irritable, and began letters and threw them into the fire, and started books, and forgot how far she had read.

"I think I shall go to the city and find employment," she suggested; and Rachel turned upon her with a pale face.

"Bess, you shall not go!" she cried, with a little desolate wail in her voice. "Just stay here—it will all come right. I—I need you to stand by me. You see—I—I am not quite sure whether I will marry Fred—after all. I am not positive that I love him—and one ought to be very sure, don't you think so?" And with lips white and trembling, she looked into Bessie's eyes.

The next day Bess went out for a walk, and before the walk was finished she was on her way to see Ethel, leaving a saucy, merry little note behind her. "I'm not a very useful creature," she said to herself, "but at least I can do this one generous thing—while there is time."

Rachel was very pale when she met her lover.

"Bess has gone away," she said quietly, with her eyes on his face. "She grew a little restless, I suppose—and she has gone over to Arkwright to see a friend of hers——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Arnold, with friendly inquiry. "She'll come back to our wedding, of course?"

Rachel's face grew rosy red under a sudden rush of color.

"Do you—do you still—want us to be married?" she whispered; and his look of utter amazement was sufficient answer.

"You haven't been like yourself since Bess came home," he said wrathfully. "Somehow she didn't take a fancy to me—though I tried with all my might to win her over. Never mind—it's all right now."

* * *

Half an hour later he tried to call her down from that upper room, but the treacherous ice gave way and he fell in. Returning home shivering from his icy bath, he met his sister. She sympathized with him in his misfortune, brought him dry clothing, and forgave his disobedience from his parents. Next day she came from the pond in a similar plight. In utter amazement Tommy surveyed her dripping form, exclaiming: "I told you the ice wouldn't bear skating on, Jennie. Why did you try it?" "I wanted to see for myself whether it would or not," was his sister's tearful reply—New York Times.

NOT ENEMY OF FARMERS.

Investigation Shows Hawks Feed Largely on Vermin.

Why shoot the chicken hawk when it comes within range? Why shoot any hawk? True, we all do so, or have done so. But why? For the most part, we fear, because we were simply ravages out to slay; indeed, more ravage than the savages, for the latter rarely killed animals which were not dangerous or which could not be used. Now, about the hawk, let us go once more to Uncle Sam, who is passing wise in many things. Uncle Sam has been studying hawks. Of 134 stomachs of marsh hawks which were examined, 45 per cent. of the hawks had been feeding on mice, 18 per cent. on other small mammals, 18 per cent. on reptiles, frogs and insects, and only a very low percentage on poultry and small birds. We do not find that this bird was so very destructive to quail and partridges, after all; and it is under this latter supposition that most sportsmen shoot hawks when they find opportunity. Uncle Sam concludes that the marsh hawk is a beneficial bird, and that its presence and increase should be encouraged in every possible way. Then why shoot it down, as it flits by, striving, in its own ancient and appointed way, to get on in the world, just as each of us is striving? We cannot see why a sportsman is to be the matter over, and to remember that the results of scientific investigation are more conclusive than hasty supositions.—Field and Stream.

Thought They Were Real Steps.

There was one amusing incident at the concert of Eugene Ysaye a few nights ago that very few people in the audience were aware of. In fact, it was not until after the concert that the real truth of the matter was known. Everyone who has been in the Academy of Music is familiar with the drop curtain representing the entrance of some sort of a temple with a lot of steps running back from the stage—or, to identify it more perfectly, it is the curtain with the huge word asbestos written across the center.

When Ysaye finished his first number he walked toward this curtain, halted, looked about and then walked to the side and off. No one could explain this odd move until after the concert and then the violinist confessed that he had glanced at the painted steps and with his mind concentrated on the applause of his audience behind him had mistaken the painted steps for real ones and it was not until he had reached the curtain that he realized his mistake.—Philadelphia Press.

To a Girl.

I know what is the object
Of all that little sigh,
And why the secret languor
That sticks within your eye.
You smile? You'll learn some morning,
Sweet maid, why this is so.
Perchance you now suspect it.
I know!

I know what things you dream of,
And what you see in sleep.
Writ on the brow the secrets
I read, fair one, you would keep;
You smile? You'll learn some morning,
Sweet maid, why this is so.
Perchance you now suspect it.
I know!

I know your laughter's reason,
And why you're weep apart,
I penetrate the mystery
Of your woman's heart!
You smile? You'll learn some morning,
Sweet maid, why this is so;
What, feeling, you know naught of
I, past all feeling, know!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sister Found Out.

In direct disobedience of orders, tempted by the frozen surface of the pond, Tommy tried to skate upon it, but the treacherous ice gave way and he fell in. Returning home shivering from his icy bath, he met his sister. She sympathized with him in his misfortune, brought him dry clothing, and forgave his disobedience from his parents. Next day she came from the pond in a similar plight. In utter amazement Tommy surveyed her dripping form, exclaiming: "I told you the ice wouldn't bear skating on, Jennie. Why did you try it?" "I wanted to see for myself whether it would or not," was his sister's tearful reply—New York Times.

HEALTH CAMP FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Worthy Enterprise Established in Southern California—So Arranged That Patients May Be Self-Supporting.

A New York paper publishes an account of a successful effort recently made by Mr. N. O. Nelson, in Southern California, to provide for the poorer classes. Mr. Nelson has established at Indio, in Southern California, what he calls a health camp for consumptives. We quote the following description of this worthy enterprise with the hope that it may encourage others to do likewise; for certainly no more beneficent work can be undertaken by anyone:

"The camp is located in a desert valley, cut off from the ocean by the mountains. There is no rain, no fog, no clouds. The winter days are all warm, the nights comparatively cold.

"The camp was established in December, 1902, to provide in part for the large number of consumptives and other invalids who go to Southern California. Most of the invalids have little means; they can not afford expensive sanitariums, and are not wanted by hotels and boarding houses.

"To meet these requirements of such patients Mr. Nelson bought one hundred and twenty-five acres of land adjoining the Indio depot. This tract he has improved by sinking artesian wells, and by putting most of the land under cultivation, in order to give constant profitable work to do.

"Tents, with all necessary equipment for sleeping and taking meals, have been set up. Land and water are free to those who have their own outfit. A small rental for tents is made to those who can not pay, and where necessary, board is given them. All expenses need not be more than from $2.50 to $4.00 a week.

"Work is provided for those who are able to do it, so that their care does not become a burden on the camp.

"The camp is situated in the midst of a sandy valley one hundred miles long and three to ten miles wide. The mountains on each side rise by degrees to four thousand and five thousand feet high. In some places in the foothills there are springs and vegetation.

"In the valleys most of the land has been taken up in the past few years. The crops of melons and vegetables are early and the yield large. From $100 to $200 an acre is an ordinary yield. Alfalfa hay is cut ten times a year, giving twelve to fifteen tons an acre.

"When the campers get well enough to work, they buy or lease a few acres. They can either buy the land on the installment plan, or lease it on shares for such length of time as desired."

Alcohol and Tuberculosis.

Dr. S. A. Knopf, the eminent New York physician who has given a great deal of attention to the subject of tuberculosis, took occasion not long since in a scientific paper to condemn the popular notion that alcohol is a remedy for consumption. He says:

"There is an idea that alcohol is a remedy or even a specific remedy for consumption. There has never been a greater mistake made. Alcohol has never cured and never will cure tuberculosis. It will either prevent or retard recovery. It is like a two-edged weapon; on one side it poisons the system, and on the other side it ruins the stomach and thus prevents this organ from properly digesting the necessary food. Truly pathetic are the results of this erroneous doctrine in the families of the poor, where, instead of procuring good nourishment for the invalid, liquor has been bought in far too large quantities, so that often there was not enough money left for food for the sufferer nor for the other members of the family."

Predisposition to Tuberculosis.

The abnormal fear of tuberculosis which haunts so many minds is bred of ignorance. The awful results of the "white terror" have impressed themselves upon all, but as with the aborigine, when he first encountered the gun-bearing explorer, the reason why is hidden. The native heard the gun speak and saw his brother fall. The sudden death terrified him. He did not stop to inquire the cause. He fled in abject fear.

To-day the ravages of tuberculosis are stupendous. Are you inquiring into the why, or are you trembling lest it seize you? Are you trying to dodge an inscrutable foe, or are you studying to give intelligent battle? The tenement dweller says, "I can not escape the plague, I will await my turn." The son or brother of a consumptive says: "It is in the family, I must suffer the same death." The weakened victim of intemperance or neglect of vital laws says: "My constitution is wrecked—I am no match for this relentless foe."

Dr. Knopf asks and answers the following pertinent query: "Who are the individuals who must be particularly careful so as not to be attacked by the almost ever present tubercle bacillus.

"There are four classes: First, those who have a hereditary predisposition to consumption; secondly, those who have weakened their system and thus predisposed themselves to consumption by the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages, by a dissipated life, by excesses of all kinds, etc.; thirdly, those whose constitution has been weakened through disease; fourthly, those whose occupations, trades or professions, such as printing, hat making, tailoring, weaving, and all occupations where the worker is much exposed to the inhalation of various kinds of dust, have rendered them particularly liable to consumption."

Let every one take courage and live above tuberculosis. If you are already suffering from it strive to rise above it. Avoid alcoholic beverages, condiments, pastries, tea and coffee. Live out of doors, provide fresh air for your bed room, study the laws of your body and return to the natural way of living.

That Tired Feeling.

The condition of lethargy produced by excessive eating or habitual drunkenness must be distinguished from fatigue due to work. Persons in this condition often decline to exercise because they "feel so tired." This state of lassitude and enervation cannot be overcome by rest. Carefully graduated exercises and regulation of the dietary are the proper remedies. There are many chronic invalids whose sufferings and disability are wholly due to this cause, and who may be readily restored to usefulness by a sparing and simple dietary combined with outdoor exercises, gradually increased in vigor and duration as the strength improves.

Water Purification.

A physician connected with the United States Agricultural department has called attention to the fact that an extremely small quantity of sulphate of copper will prevent the growth of algae in lakes, ponds and storage reservoirs, and will destroy typhoid and cholera germs. The question at once arises whether this method can be considered thoroughly hygienic. The probability is that the small amount of copper thus employed would be neutralized by combining with vegetable substances so that it would be left practically pure; nevertheless, the addition of chemical substances to water cannot be considered the most desirable method of purification. Boiling and filtering through a Pasteur filter are really the best methods. Filters are cheap, and boiling is an easy and simple process. The old-fashioned charcoal and gravel filters cannot be relied upon.

Warning Against Tight Corsets.

Nature abhors a vacuum. There is no unoccupied space in the body; and to render any part of it smaller than nature designed, is to cause the organs occupying that part to diminish in size, or to crowd case, nature's processes are sadly interrupted.—C. E. Hastings, M. D.

SOME SIMPLE DISHES.

Breakfast Toast—Cut rather thin slices of bread into two or three pieces. Put these into the oven and let them bake very slowly for two or three hours, or until of a golden color and crisp throughout. This is an excellent substitute for breads and much more wholesome. It is delicious served with cocoanut or dairy cream or butter.

Cocoanut Cream—Cut fresh cocoanut into thin slices and grind the nut very fine in a chopper or some strong hand mill. If nothing of this sort is available, the cocoanut may be grated. To each cup of the prepared nut add one cup of hot water, stirring and beating with a spoon to extract as much of the juice as possible. Drain off the liquid and add a similar quantity of hot water, and, after beating again very thoroughly, strain through a cloth or very fine sieve, pressing out all the liquid possible. This may be used at once as a substitute for milk, to be eaten with rice or other grains, or to prepare puddings or sauces. An excellent served with granose flakes or eaten with zwieback. If placed on the ice for a few hours, the cream will rise to the top and may be taken off, making a pure cocoanut butter.

Strawberry Egg-nog—Beat the yolk and white of one egg separately, and to each add one teaspoonful of sugar. To the yolk add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of strawberry juice. Stir in the white, leaving enough to serve as a meringue for the top.

THOUGHT EGAN WAS PUGILIST

Ex-Minister to Chili Mistaken for "Mike" Donovan.

Patrick Egan, former minister to Chili, strongly resembles "Mike" Donovan, the ex-pugilist who has been giving boxing lessons to President Roosevelt. The other day Mr. Egan called at the white house and was somewhat embarrassed by the questions hurled at him by a couple of youthful newspaper men. "Hullo, Mike," said one of them, "going to give another lesson?" Before reply could be made the other reporter chimed in: "I hear he has a poor left. You want to improve that, Mike." "I should think," said No. 1, "you would have difficulty in making him fast on his feet, he's so chunky, you know." By that time Mr. Egan's dilemma was observed by Maj. Loeffler, the president's doorkeeper, who explained. The reporters apologized and Mr. Egan escaped.

To Produce Pound of Silk.

It requires 2,200 silkworms to produce one pound of silk.

FENCE HARD TO DESCRIBE.

Representative Had Good Excuse, if He Had Known.

"Can you tell me what kind of a fence there is around the capitol grounds?" said Mr. Olmsted of Pennsylvania to Mr. Payne of New York in the Republican cloakroom of the house the other day. "I don't believe I can," Mr. Payne replied. "Well, I was up at Harrisburg the other day," continued the Pennsylvanian, "and some smart citizen asked me about the fence around the capitol grounds at Washington. You know, they are going to build a fence around the Harrisburg capitol grounds, and they wanted some guidance from me. "Couldn't you tell 'em?" queried Mr. Payne. "I wasn't quite sure about the fence around the capitol grounds here," quoth Mr. Olmsted, "but you bet I know now. I have looked. There isn't any at all."

Supplement to an Old Saying.

His friend—Money talks.

The promoter—Yes, but sometimes it's mighty hard to get it to listen.

GOOD IN "BOOK FARMING."

Notable Increase Made in Production of Crops.

John R. Spears shows how by "book farming" the earth is being compelled to yield its increase. He says: "For a crop of potatoes, in 1901, according to an article printed in that year, 150 bushels per acre was considered satisfactory to the farmer, which at 75 cents a bushel amounts to $112.50 an acre. Unfortunately, there are yet many farmers who consider 150 bushels satisfactory, but the best growers now produce 300, and there are men in Britain more than that yield year after year. It can be shown that even 400 bushels of potatoes is not the limit that can be obtained. From the reports of various agricultural experiment stations, it appears that the Canadian experimental farms, near Ottawa, hold the record in potato production. There the yield on small plots, carefully managed, rose as high as 772 bushels an acre.

"In turnips, which was another crop considered, the yield was said to be 400 bushels usually for each acre in 1901. With present-day cultivation, a crop of from 500 to 600 bushels is gathered. Where mangles produced 600 bushels, modern methods have turned out more than fifty tons, or say 1,800 bushels. In field beans the development has been relatively very small, but as cultivated now there are few crops that pay truck growers higher sums for the ground occupied than string or snap beans.

"For it is a poor variety that will not give a count of eight pods for each foot length of drill, and drills may be made two feet apart. At 5 cents a quart—a common price—the return should be at the rate of $1,000 an acre, or more."

FOND OF HER NEEDLE.

Princess of Wales a Most Accomplished Needlewoman.

Needlework always was popular among old-fashioned women in England and Canada, but it has fallen sadly into desuetude here, says the New York Press. There is a chance, however, that all Americans who set their watches by the clock of St. James' will find renewed interest in the bit of steel when they learn the princess of Wales is one of the most accomplished needlewomen in either hemisphere.

What her royal highness doesn't know about fancy stitches doesn't amount to much, and when it comes to plain sewing she is far superior to the best seamstress in the royal household. Most of the fine linen in her own house has been embroidered by her own hands and it is said she marks all her husband's garments with his crest and monogram. Moreover the princess is proficient with knitting needles. It is not unusual in court circles she makes most of the prince's stockings by hand, and that she be trays pointed chagrin if he forgets to wear those she turns out for him.

Even a royal dame must have occupation and, in spite of the many demands on her time, the princess is forder of simple household pastimes than of the bridge and baccarat enjoyed so tremendously by her royal papa-in-law.

DOES SHE CARE FOR HIM?

Here are a few simple rules by which a man may determine whether or not his attentions to a girl are in vain.

If she asks him for the fan which he has been carrying home from the theater, she isn't in love with him. If she were, she would forget the fan and give him a chance to call and return it.

If she fondles the flowers he gives her, she is interested. If she lets them wither in the box, his case is hopeless.

If she often pleads a headache and "can't see him," he would better call elsewhere.

When she yawns and says she can't think of anything to say," it is time for him to go away, and stay away.

When she forgets to ask him to come again, and says "so-long-o-d" when he says good-by and neglects to make up an excuse for him when he jams his umbrella through her father's hat, there is no hope for him.

Why Women Never Age.

The women, God bless them!
They're never at rest;
Ah! resting brings rust.
To corrode and molest.
They're always caressing, or pressing, or dressing,
Pursuing their sewing or doing
Their best.

The women, good cheer to
Their restless delight!
They shop all the day
And they dance all the night.
They always are tripping, or snipping, or clipping,
Pursuing their fadding and gadding
But bright.

The women, God keep them!
They're truer than gold,
They're warm in the winter,
In summer they're cold.
And that is the reason, and it isn't treason
To say why they never, ah! never
Grow old.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

"Gobbler's" Big Egg.

My little grandchildren are mixed on the subject of eggs. While I was walking with them one spring morning Dorothy exclaimed:

"Hark! I hear a hen cackling; she is singing because she has just shelled out half a dozen Easter eggs."

They were visiting my vegetable cellar last Sunday and I showed them a huge watermelon coated with paraffin in a large basket of straw. And they said it was a big "Easter egg." Francis straightened up and looked very wise, and exclaimed:

"Well, it must have been a Big! Big! Gobbler that laid it."—National Magazine.

Delights of Equality.

"Almost every man is a loser by being elevated above the sphere to which he is habituated," said the late Senator Morrill, discussing the subject of equality. "The word equal is used very freely in America, but its real meaning is little understood. As a condition of cold fact, an equal is that which a man of talent will seldom find among his superiors.

"When the Duke of Orleans proposed to make Fontenelle perpetual president of the Academy of Sciences his reply was:

"'Take not from me, my Lord, the delight of living with my equals.'"

Advancing Old Age

is detected by a gradual loss of elasticity in the outer skin which subtly turns expression lines into wrinkles.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

keeps the skin firm wholesome and well nourished, thus retarding the ravages of time. For over 30 years this Facial Soap has been indispensable to its acquaintances.

25 cents A CAKE.

Woodbury's Facial Cream applied regularly whitens and preserves the natural condition of the face skin.

INITIAL OFFER.

In case your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send prepaid, to any address for $1.00 the following toilet requisites.

1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap.
1 Tube " Facial Cream.
1 " " Dental Cream.
1 Box " Face Powder.

Together with our readable booklet Beauty's Masque, a careful treatise on the care of the "inside self."

Booklet free on application.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Only Art.

The studio "tête" had been a great success; the one small and very youthful member of the company had walked softly about, looking at the pictures. Just before the party broke up the artist discovered him surveying a picture of a lion with awe and interest.

"Don't be afraid, little chap," said the artist, genially, patting his small guest on the head. "He won't hurt you."

"Or, I'm not afraid at all," came the response in a clear treble that caused every one to listen. "He does not look a bit as if he were alive, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Need Not Fear Heart Disease.

"Don't run,' and 'avoid rheumatism,' are among the health recipes which ought to be first considered by the man or woman who wants his or her life to keep on ticking normally for three score and ten years or longer. It is safe to say that a person of temperate habits in eating and drinking, who takes six or eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four and some exercise afoot in the open air every day, and who absolutely refuses to worry and fret over his business or anything else, will never die of heart disease."

What Everybody Says.

Jamboree, Ky., April 3rd.—(Special.)—"I suffered for years with my back," says Mr. J. M. Coleman, a well known resident of this place. "Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have not felt a pain since. My little girl complained of her back. She used about one-half box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and she is sound and well."

It is thousands of statements like the above that show Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the one cure for Backache or any other symptom of deranged kidneys. For Backache is simply a sign that the Kidneys need help.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Backache. They also always cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary Troubles and Heart Disease. These are more advanced stages of kidney disease. Cure your Backache with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you need never fear them.

Nature's Electric Lights.

Not only is the sun like a great are light, but all the stars in the sky are nature's electric lights, illuminating immeasurable space.

BABY ONE SOLID SORE.

Could Not Shut Eyes to Sleep—Spent $100 on Doctors—Baby Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura, for $5.

"A scab formed on my baby's face, spreading until it completely covered her from head to foot, followed by boils, having forty on her head at one time, and some on her body. Then her skin started to dry up and it became so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep. One month's treatment with Cuticura Soap and Ointment made a complete cure. Doctors and medicines had cost over $100, with baby growing worse. Then we spent less than $5 for Cuticura and cured her. (Signed) Mrs. G. H. Tucker, Jr., 335 Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis."

Many a man who boasts that he doesn't know the meaning of fear is still young enough to get married.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, Price, 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The more a married man talks at his club the less he has to say at home.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Don't think a man asks every fool's advice because he asks yours.

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