The House

My dear house, my brown house,
Set round with living green,
Like a nest among the branches
Your loveliness is seen;
Around your fairy casements
Pink roses climb and fall—
Yet in our hearts the dream-house
Is best beloved of all!

My dear house, my brown house,
How good, when day is done,
In your sheltered safe enfolded,
To feel that rest is won;
Within your walls how softly
Slumber and silence fall—
Yet in our hearts the dream-house
Is best beloved of all!
—Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE LANE THAT HAD A TURNING

BY LULA J. PONTER

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

Miss Mary Jones was an old maid. Possibly if she had lived in an up-to-date town and been up to date herself she would have been Miss Marie Jones, a bachelor girl; but as it was she was simply an old maid. Pretty she had once been, and perhaps she was not far from it now, but who ever stops to think whether an old maid is pretty or not?

It was a bright morning. The outside world—God's world—was full of sunshine; the inside world—Miss Mary's world—was peaceful. To-day was her birthday—forty years of spring and sunshine, of cloud and shadow; and yet she did not feel old. She looked out at the beautiful brightness, past the nodding white flowers in the garden, past the dusty road.

Again she seemed a happy girl, wandering through the green woods, floating upon the bosom of the lake whose waters were just visible from her window. She had not been alone then, and every tender word he had spoken was dear to her even now. The flowers they had gathered together had withered, but their fragrance was still in her heart.

Presently the gate clicked and with a sigh, for only her God knew how lonely her life was at times, she roused from her day-dream and hurried out to meet a tall, graceful girl that was coming slowly down the garden walk.

"Why, Helen! When did you get back?" she exclaimed joyfully, taking the girl's hands in both of hers. "How good to see you again!"

The girl smiled down at her. She was tall and strong, and everybody loved Helen. "Only this morning," she said, kissing the soft cheek of the older woman and drawing her down upon the rustic bench upon the vine-covered porch.

"I have so much to tell you," she said as she loosened the strings of her hat and let it fall beside her upon the floor.

"I'll be glad to hear it, Helen," said Miss Mary, caressing her fondly. "You know that I am interested in anything that concerns you."

A smile dimpled the girl's face. "Well, we had an accident," she said slowly.

"Accident—what kind of an accident?" asked the little woman.

"Railroad," she answered seriously. "A broken rail dumped us down an embankment into a sand bed."

"Oh! Was anybody hurt?"

"Some bad scratches and bruises, but we came out free, although our coach was turned upside down and I was shut in for two hours."

"Oh Helen!"

"Whom do you think was shut up in the compartment with me, Miss Mary?"

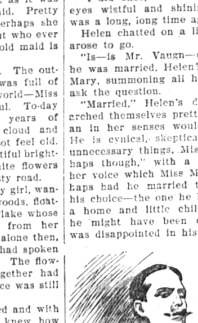
"Jack."

"Jack? Oh, no," the soft color mounting to her cheek, "not Jack, but a Mr. Max Vaugn."

It was Miss Mary's time to change color now. "Why," she said incoherently, a pitiful quiver in her voice.

Helen was busy stroking Tab's glossy coat, and for a little she did not speak. "Twas like this," she said at last. "Papa had gone to the smoker, and I was alone when the crash came. Our coach was jammed between some others, and I was frightened. A tall, dark man, the only one in the compartment, came up and spoke to me, assuring me that everything would be all right in a short time, and pacifying as well as he could."

"He introduced himself, and tried



"He is cynical, skeptical and lots of unnecessary things, Miss Mary."

soured him for all time I heard some one say."

Helen was looking at the passion flowers then and did not see the pitiful little quiver upon Miss Mary's face. When at last she spoke she had apparently forgotten Max Vaugn, for she said, "Helen, do you ever quarrel with Jack?"

"Oh, yes, often—or rather he quarrels with me," said the girl promptly.

Miss Mary picked Tab up in her arms. "How do you make up—that is—come to an understanding, I mean?" she asked rubbing Tab's coat vigorously.

"Oh, I always begin," said Helen vaguely, "even if he is the most to blame, and then he gets sorry and it is all right again. Somehow the making up is, is nice, Miss Mary. I like it and so does he."

Helen kissed her and then left her alone.

Miss Mary walked slowly up and and down the porch, her hands clasped tightly together and her head bent. "I was to blame some," she said slowly; "I was sorry and I ought to have told him so. It has ruined his life and spoiled mine." She looked out at the birds flitting about in the sunshine. "It was not too late to tell him yet, and he would understand."

She went to her desk and took up her pen. Miss Mary always put something of herself in all she did, and she wrote the one word "forgive" and signed her name under it; then she went into the garden and slipped a white carnation in the envelope. She sealed and addressed the letter, and fearful of a change of mood she slipped on her garden hat and went and mailed it.

Two people watched and waited that week. Miss Mary watched the mails and Helen watched Miss Mary. At last it came. A letter containing but one sentence meant only for Miss Mary's eyes.

She smiled through her tears as she wrote her answer.

"Come. Always, your Mary."

Church was over. The notes of the organ fell lingeringly over the departing crowd. The glorious sunlight fell through the window upon a tall, handsome man, and a plump little pink-cheeked woman in gray with a soft light in her dark eyes.

Helen came down the aisle, her white dress trailing after her, and her hands full of flowers; followed closely by a stately young man, whose chief aim seemed to be to keep close to Helen.

"Miss Helen," said Max Vaugn, and there was gladness in his voice, "allow me to introduce my—wife."

"I am so glad," said Helen, kissing Miss Mary. "I like to ree people find their own." Then she and Jack turned away.

There was tears in Miss Mary's eyes, but they did not dim their brightness. She was still Miss Mary, even if she was Mrs. Max Vaugn, and Miss Mary she would always be. "I believe," she said looking after Helen, "that she told me of you and you of me purposely."

"Of course," said her husband, kissing her, "and thank God that she did, my—Mary."

With her flowers.

DOG MET ODD DEATH.

Thrust Head Into Drain Pipe After Pigeon and Was Drowned.

There was mourning in the house of engine company No. 12 in Manhunk last night, says the Philadelphia North American. Percy, the collie dog, the pet of the company, is dead.

Percy came to No. 12's house four years ago in a big snowstorm. The firemen took him in fed him and gave him a bed. He never left.

The firemen taught him tricks, and he learned to know as well as the horses what the sound of the gong meant. He was always on hand and raced ahead of the horses to the fire.

Yesterday evening Percy spied a pigeon on the roof of the fire house He ran up the steps and out on the roof to chase the intruder away. The pigeon dodged into the drain pipe Percy put his head in after it but he couldn't reach the pigeon and his collar became wedged so that he couldn't withdraw it.

If he barked none of the men heard him, and no one saw him on the roof. After a while the pole was coming. The firemen below noticed that the water was falling down over the ledge instead of coming through the pipe and one of them went up to investigate.

The water had run down about Per cy's head in the pipe and drowned him. When the body was pulled away the pigeon flew out unharmed.

PROUD OF HIS PA.

Youngster's Admiration of Sire's Act Unappreciated.

The Pilkersons had invited their very "swellest" friends, the Hathaways, to dinner and desired that the proper effect be produced. It was to be a dinner en famille, and the Hathaways were asked to bring their own offsprings to keep company with their host, Reginald, aged six, of the Pilkersons.

The dinner arrangements placed the three children at a small table in the corner of the dining room. The meal progressed finely, the Pilkersons endeavoring by their conversation to impress the guests with their high standing of their intimates, and the Hathaways responding in kind.

Then, into the conversation there began to drift the shrill, argumentative voices of the youngsters in the corner. "My mother did that," and "Well, I guess my father can," etc.

Then there came at the large table one of those sudden, appalling silences that sometimes fall on such gatherings, and as it fell there burst in fife-like tones from Reginald, the Pilkerson hopeful:

"Huh, that's nothin'. My pa he et his hull dish of puddin' in two mouth fuls."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cost and Time of Trip to a Star.

"Let us suppose a railway to have been built from the earth and to the fixed star Centauri," said the lecturer. "By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us.

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers:

"'The fare is very low, sir. It only a cent each hundred miles.'

"'And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?' I ask.

"'It will cost just $2,750,000,000,' he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate.

"'How fast?' I ask the brakeman, 'are we going?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir,' says he, and his a through train. There are no stoppages.'

"'We'll soon be there, then, won't we?' I resume.

"'We'll make good time, sir,' says the brakeman.

"'And when will we arrive?'

"'In just 48,662,000 years.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Statesman and His Pipe.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who has made many reading experiments with many men of note, tells in Pearson's how he had on one occasion Mr. Chamberlain as a "subject," says the Pall Mall Gazette. At the outset Mr. Cumberland found that, much as Mr. Chamberlain desired not to this thoughts kept straying to the mantel shelf. The mental grip, the unwavering decisiveness, which had been so strikingly displayed in the previous experiments, were lacking. I begged him to concentrate his thoughts entirely upon the test in question. 'It's no good,' he said. 'My thoughts keep going to my pipe. I haven't finished my smoke, and I really cannot concentrate my thoughts without it.' The pipe was on the mantel shelf. Mr. Chamberlain took it up, placed it in his mouth, and the experiment was immediately carried to a successful conclusion."

Though Fifty-five.

It all turns on will and exercise. Before going to sleep a few exercises should be gone through with open windows, inhaling the good fresh air. A step ladder to run up and down is a great incentive to health; wind exercises, rotatory motions, all keep the body lissom, and prevent stoutness. Then diet has to be considered; too much liquid should never be taken with meals; too much meat is bad. There is nothing better for the figure than household work. It takes a great deal to persuade an ordinary woman that it is continuing these things that make a success of it, not starting them and then leaving them to fate.—Chicago Post.

New Cotton Plants.

At the exposition at Melbourne, Australia, two new varieties of cotton plants were exhibited. The first variety, known as Caravonica I. produces a linen-like cotton, the estimated value of which is said to be 20 cents a pound. The other variety is known as Caravonica II. and produces a silky cotton of commercial value of 24 cents a pound.

LIVE STOCK

The Steer a Help.

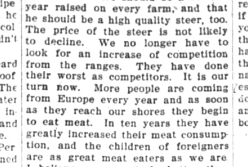
The steer is always a help to the farm, even though the grain put through him bring no more than in any other way of disposing of it. We at least have in the steer a source of considerable fertility to the farm, and little labor is required. The feeding of silage to steers has been tried and found to be a success. The people that are opposed to feeding silage to milk cows do not have the same argument to help them as they have in the case of the milch cow. It is evident that Nature intended the steer to be one of the chief pillars of the farm, when we consider the way she has covered our farms with fields of grass cut by streams of running water. What hint could be stronger?

I believe there should be a steer a year raised on every farm, and that he should be a high quality steer, too. The price of the steer is not likely to decline. We no longer have to look for an increase of competition from the ranges. They have done their worst as competitors. It is our turn now. More people are coming from Europe every year and as soon as they reach our shores they begin to eat meat. In ten years they have greatly increased their meat consumption, and the children of foreigners are as great meat eaters as we are. I believe we cannot do better than work in a steer a year as the product of every farm.—Henry Edison, Campbell Co., Ky., in Farmers' Review.

A Young Pig Protector.

A great many pigs are lost at farrowing time; more, by far than there would be if proper precautions were taken in the farrowing pens. Much of this loss is due to smothering, and by the mother lying on them, squeezing out their life.

Loss from this source can easily be prevented if proper protection is provided. The cut shows one method of affording means for the young pigs to secure protection against the sow The end pieces "c" are from 6 to 8 inches high and as wide as the pro-



fecting board "a", which may be either 6 or 8 inches wide. It will be found best to have this board extend all the way around the farrowing pen or on three sides at least. Where boards are not conveniently at hand light poles may be used, or any other material that will serve the purpose of providing a suitable place "b", where the pig may be protected.—R. M. Winans in Farmers' Review

Pig Weaning Points.

When pigs are some three weeks old they should be given a blood warm slop made with skim milk and mid dlings. Adding a little blood meal will show good results. This must be fed in a small trough to which the mother has no access. The little fellows will not eat much at three weeks of age yet we generally begin to feed them then and think it desirable to do so After six weeks the pigs will eat fairly well and many then wean them This is really too soon. They should stay with their mothers until they are at least eight weeks old. It is very seldom that some are not weaker than others, and it is a good plan to remove the strong ones and let the weaker ones suck a few weeks longer. This will make the whole lot more even and they will sell better in the fall. When weaning the pigs do not pen them, but give them all the freedom possible.

For several years we have let our pigs run with their mothers until the old sows undertook the weaning themselves. Pigs treated in this way will make a remarkable growth. Of course when a fall litter is to be raised such a practice can not be followed. We are able to feed our sows cheaply with skim milk and pasture, otherwise it might be cheaper to separate the pigs from the sows after eight weeks and fatten and sell them as soon as possible.—T. A. Strohschein, Winnebago Co., Wis., in Farmers' Review.

The Breeding Stock.

The range is a good foundation on which to build up a breeding line of hogs. It must be supplemented, however, by a ration well balanced, in which the carbohydrate materials are about five or six times as abundant as the protein rations. The feed, both from the range and from the pails, should be abundant that growth may be continuous. If the range is too large and the amount of grain and milk fed be too small, the pigs will develop more bone than anything else. This is an extreme to be avoided, but it is not so often reached as the other of too much corn.

Develop Frames.

It is desirable to develop the frames of the young pigs, and for this reason they should not be fed on too much corn. Those that have begun to make to the danger of feeding too much corn to breeding pigs, that is, pigs intended to be developed into breeders later, yet make the mistake of beginning the too early feeding of a corn ration to the pigs intended for pork. The latter must have good strong bone or they may "go down behind" long before they have reached the end of the fattening period. We have seen hogs that had been fed on corn alone for months so weak in the bones that long before the slaughtering day came they could not stand on their hind legs. Develop the frame and a strong one and finish off on corn.

Every man his own veterinarian has been the general farm practice in the past. We are working out of that error quite rapidly. Malpractice has been the cause of much suffering among farm stock

JAPAN'S GOSPEL OF WORK.

Wealthy Youth Devote Themselves to Useful Pursuits.

"The secret of Japan's wonderful success," said a globe trotter, "lies, perhaps, in this: Whereas, the richest and best born and most powerful of other nations' young men give themselves over to frivolity and idleness, the flower of the young men of Japan work, work, work. In the pleasure cities of the world—at Monte Carlo, in Paris, in Algiers, in Ostend, in Cairo—you will find young grand dukes from Russia, young baronets and lords from England, all gambling, motoring, ski-ing, yachting, dining and what not. But do you find among them—I don't mean now only, but ever —have you ever seen among them any of the young princes and earls and millionaires of Japan? No, indeed. Those young men have been working in our universities, working in our machine shops, working in our chemical laboratories—working, working.

"How well this speaks for Japan's future! What a warning it is to the rest of the nations of the world! For if this noble energy continues in the youth of Japan from the lowest to the highest one of two things will happen—either Japan will far outstrip the other nations or else the other nations will spring on, from the lowest to the highest, will have to abandon their sports and their dissipations and turn themselves resolutely to labor for the public good."

He Meant All Right.

In connection with the annual spring exposition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which drew only the other day to successful a close, Philadelphians are hearing a story which is almost too good to be true—though it arrives well vouched for.

According to this the young and decidedly pretty wife of one of the unsuccessful applicants for admission to the gallery's walls called upon a certain highly talented and well known member of the jury to plead her husband's cause. She was sincere; she was eloquent; the great man's heart was touched—but what could he do, for he remembered only too well the huge and glaringly colored canvas which had been turned down. At last he said:

"Madam, go back and tell your good husband that when he will send us in a picture as small and as charming as pretty and well painted, as you—"

There the story ends, with not a word as to what followed the speech. —Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the Stages.

Over in New Hope, Ark., last week the farmers of Green county held a meeting of the Educational and Co-operative association for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention to be held in Hot Springs. Among the prominent men in attendance was Gen. N. Y. Crowley of Independence, who is making the race for railroad commissioner. While the session of farmers was under way a New Hope maid with musical talents in the bud opened a piano across the way and began that process known as cultivating the voice.

"For goodness sake," exclaimed Gen. Crowley, "what noise is that?"

"Gently, General," exclaimed Will Horton of Caddo township, who had just been elected one of the delegates; "That noise is from a young lady who is having her voice cultivated."

"Cultivated, huh," said the general; "then it is evident the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing stage."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Italy's Industrial Advance.

Not many people in the United States are fully aware of how rapidly Italy is advancing in industrial importance. In no way does Southern Italy in the last ten years shown as promising development in an industrial way as is to be found anywhere in Europe. The never-failing water supply of the snow-topped mountains is being utilized by the electrical engineers in a way which promises to convert northern Italy into a great industrial state. Nowhere in Europe is there a population better fitted to aid in an industrial development. The people are dexterous, quick to learn and industrious, and up to the present time the general wage scale compares favorably with that of any competitors which they have to meet. The result of these favorable conditions has been for instance, the development of the silk industry at a rate which seems like a miracle of American industrial growth.—Scribner's.

A Good Rule Works Both Ways.

An old minister who was fond of going away from home, found that some of his parishioners objected to his frequent absence, and complained of it—some of them to him personally, and more of them behind his back. When he thought he had heard enough of it, he addressed his congregation one Sunday thus:

"With regard to objections concerning my absence, I have to say, when I am out of the pulpit I am usually in some other body's pulpit. When you are not in your own pew are you in some other body's pew? Second, when I am out of my pulpit I sometimes get better men than myself to fill it, and you have a chance of hearing the leading preachers in the church; and sometimes I get worse men than myself to fill it, and the change of hearing them ought to make you thankful for your mercies."

The Question.

I.

This is the cry
That echoes through the wilderness of earth
The cry of sorrow and sorrow, day and death
and birth.
Why?

II.

It is the high
Wail of the child with all his life to face
Man's last dumb question as he reaches peace:
Why?

—Japan Mail.

Laborers Snub Japanese.

A Japanese recently applied for leave to attend the meetings of the San Francisco Building Trades' council. He said he wanted to listen to its deliberations and also wanted to ascertain how to proceed in order that his countrymen might be admitted to unions affiliated with the council. His request was promptly refused.

BIGGEST CODFISH ON RECORD.

Gloucester Fishermen Recently Landed a Monster.

It will interest Maine fishermen to know that the grandfather of all codfish, the biggest one ever brought into Boston within the memory of the oldest fisherman, was lately landed at T wharf by the fishing schooner E. A. Hooper of Gloucester. The fish weighed eighty-five pounds after being dressed, and must have weighed about 100 pounds when captured. It was almost six feet in length. The fish was taken near Halfway Rock, off Marblehead. One of the dorymen got a terrific yank on one of his lines when the big fellow took hold, and after vainly struggling with the monster to get him up from the depths the man hailed a mate to come to his aid. The two fishermen each took a long pull and then both pulled together, and this hove the cod to the surface, and he was successfully gaffed into the dory.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

"HEART OF THE HOME,"

In Those Words Clubwoman Aptly Describes the Kitchen.

"Domestic science seems to be the solution of several vexed questions, such as the servant problem, divorce, and temperance. If more money were expended by cities in introducing domestic science into the schools less money would need to be spent on insane asylums, poorhouses and penitentiaries," said Mrs. Gertrude G. Neave in her address on "The Progress of Domestic Science" before the department of the household economics and education of the Woman's Club. "The kitchen is the heart of the home. The woman who holds the comfort of a man battling with the world in her hands has responsibility as great as that of a commander of a battleship. The only remedy for the evils of bad cooking and lack of good homes is in the schools of domestic science which are established in the public schools."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Were Good for Both.

Paulding, Miss., May 15th.—(Special)—In this neighborhood men and women alike are telling of the great benefit they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and it frequently happens they are the means of curing members of both sexes in the same family. Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erby. The latter voices the sentiment of both when she says:

"My lips cannot express too much praise for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered with Backache and Female weakness for four or five years and I feel that I have been wonderfully helped by Dodd's Kidney Pills. My husband, too, was a sufferer for five years from a weak bladder and they also cured him."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood and good health all over the body. No woman with healthy kidneys ever had female weaknes

Full Address.

A New York retail dealer in men's attire engaged for his ill wife a German nurse. The latter asked her employer to send her new address to Berlin, so that her old mother in the German capital could send her letters to the proper place. Thinking the best way to fix matters would be to put the nurse's name on top of his business card, the merchant did this. The first letter to come from Germany made the letter-carrier giggle as he handed it out. It had the following scribbled over the envelope names and places here being changed: "Madame Julia Hampl, care of James Broome, dealer in men's clothes, underwear and hats, 2886 Bowery, New York city, N. Y.; six shirts to order, $9; strictly one price; money refunded if goods are not entirely satisfactory."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Called It Debt of Honor.

A medical man in France was asked to be present at a duel in his professional capacity. He got up early, traveled some miles, "flamed" the swords and ministered to his client, who was slightly wounded. When both honor and wound were healed, he looked for his fees and sent in a bill for 50 francs ($10). The patient replied through his wife, who wrote: "I am told that between men there is a question of delicacy which forbids even the slightest appearance of trade in such a matter. Neither the doctors nor the seconds are brought on the ground for money. If you persist in your claim I shall, to my great regret, be obliged to leave to others the duty of settling this fine point with you."

Private Car Lines.

The railroads seem very willing to have the private car lines brought under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A railroad president is authority for the statement that lines are paid mileage, without discrimination, and the question of excessive charges is a matter for the shipper to settle with the carlines, so long as there is no law to govern their rates. Car mileage paying has been decided to be as legal as the payment of rental for property.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Lady Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scratched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Fireproof Stuff.

A man in New Jersey has invented a pipe made from asbestos, flour paste and condensed milk. It is said to be a good smoker and the flavor of the milk should give a rare and delicate taste to any Connecticut tobacco that is used in the pipe.

QUICK RESULTS.

W. J. Hill, of Concord, N. C., Justice of the Peace, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I used them for disordered kidneys and backache, a form of which I had experienced a great deal of trouble and pain. The kidney secretions were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The Pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My health generally is improved a great deal."

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

Wills Estate to Undertaker.

Hiram Cochran, a California pioneer, wanting to make sure of a good funeral, willed his estate, consisting of some town lots and other property to an undertaker to whom he had made known his funeral wishes and who had promised to carry them out.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hint for Travelers.

Travelers should always put a few necessary articles that will be wanted immediately on arrival in a small bag, so that they can be laid hands on at once, and the large trunks left for a convenient opportunity or in case the larger luggage should go wrong on the journey.

Most of Your Neighbors

will take advantage of the offer made by the Vernal Remedy Company, of Le Roy, N. Y., to send free a trial bottle of Vernal Palmettona (Palmetto Berry Wine), the household remedy that is attracting the attention of physicians and the public at large, for the reason that it is the best specific known for the quick and permanent cure of all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and urinary organs. Only one dose a day. Sold by druggists.

The Old Stunt.

Whenever a man has trouble with some fellow he can't whip he generally says: "I refuse to disgrace myself by being a participant in a common street brawl." Then he walks haughtily away.—Detroit Tribune.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Canny Guid Wife.

A very young Parliamentary candidate for a Scots borough, visiting a shoemaker and his wife, took the bibulous shoemaker and his wife, took the liberty of kissing the "guid wife" and slipping a couple of sovereigns into her hand. He was for a moment not sure what effect would be produced. Then the "guid wife" slowly smiled upon him as she slipped the gold into her pocket. "Gin ye like to, ye may kiss my dochter too!" she said.

Too Many Grumblers.

Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and display agreeable things. Half the strength spent in grumbling would often set things right. No one finds the world quite as he would like it.—Robert Hall.

PAINFUL SCIATICA

EVERY SUFFERER WANTS THE VERY QUICKEST CURE.

Mr. Donovan Thinks the Remedy Used by Him with Such Remarkable Success the Best—Cured by Five Boxes.

"Men who have to do difficult and dangerous work on electric lines at any hour of day or night, can't afford to have anything the matter with their health," said Mr. Donovan. "You can imagine, therefore, how much I was alarmed one winter's day in 1902, when I was seized by a pain just behind my right hip that made it difficult for me to walk home. It was so bad by the time I reached the house that I was obliged to go straight to bed."

"Did that relieve you?"

"No, the pain grew more severe and kept extending downward along my leg. I sent for a physician, and he soon decided that I had sciatica. For two days the whole nerve was affected, and the least movement brought on terrible agony."

"Did your condition improve under the doctor's treatment?"

"Quite the contrary. At the end of two months I wasn't a bit better, and at times I feared that I would never be able to leave my bed."

"How did you get out again?"

"When I was lying in bed, unable to move and wasting away in body and flesh, a friend visited me and told me about the wonderful cures brought about by a great blood and nerve remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He strongly urged me to try them, and I luckily had sense enough to take his advice."

"Did you mend quickly?"

"Yes, that was the astonishing thing. I noticed a slight improvement before I had quite finished the first box of the pills, I could get out of bed while I was on the third box, and I was entirely cured by the time I had taken five boxes."

Mr. Joseph A. Donovan is living at Plaistow, New Hampshire, and is line inspector for the Haverhill, Newton and Plaistow Electric Street Railway. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remedy to use when the blood is thin, as in anaemia; or impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in partial paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill-nourished, as in general debility. They are sold by all druggists.