Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts"

for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up: you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Survival of Children.

Out of every thousand children born 889 survive their fifth year in New Zealand, 850 in New South Wales and 844 in Victoria, as against 837 in Ireland, 762 in England and Wales, 751 in France, 614 in Austria, and 571 in Spain.

Church Long Buried Under Sand.

At Soulac, in Gascony, a cross was discovered projecting above the sands. Further investigation showed that it was attached to a steeple, and later a well-preserved church of the thirteenth century was excavated. The church is now in use.

THE TEACHER'S FOE

A LIFE ALWAYS THREATENED BY NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

One Who Broke Down from Six Years of Overwork Tells How She Escaped Misery of Enforced Idleness.

"I had been teaching in the city schools steadily for six years," said Miss James, whose recent return to the work from which she was driven by nervous collapse has attracted attention. "They were greatly overcrowded, especially in the primary department of which I had charge, and I had been doing the work of two teachers. The strain was too much for my nerves and two years ago the crisis came.

"I was prostrated mentally and physically, sent in my resignation and never expected to be able to resume work. It seemed to me then that I was the most miserable woman on earth. I was tortured by nervous headaches, worn out by inability to sleep, and had no little blood that I was as white as chalk.

"After my active life, it was hard to bear idleness, and terribly discouraging to keep paying out the savings of years for medicines which did me no good."

"How did you get back your health?"

"A bare chance and a lot of faith led me to a cure. After I had suffered for many months, and when I was on the very verge of despair, I happened to read an account of some cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements were so convincing that I somehow felt assured that these pills would help me. Most people, I think, buy only one box for a trial, but I purchased six boxes at once, and when I had used them up, I was indeed well and had no need of more medicine.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enriched my thin blood, gave me back my sleep, restored my appetite, gave me strength to walk long distances without fatigue, in fact freed me from all my numerous ailments. I have already taught for several months, and I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss Margaret M. James is now living at No. 123 Clay street, Dayton, Ohio. Many of her fellow teachers have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are enthusiastic about their merits. Sound digestion, strength, ambition, and cheerful spirits quickly follow their use. They are sold in every drug store in the world.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and prevents their introduction to every home—in dining-room, sleeping-room and places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat, will not soil or injure anything. Lasts all season, and will accomplish more without them; 12 by mail, kept by dealers, 50c. postpaid for 75c. Harbil Manufacturing Co., 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

¶ There is quality in Railroad Travel as in everything else.

¶ Track, Trains and Time are the essentials.

THE

M., K. & T. Ry.

("THE KATY")

has that quality—a good thing to remember when you travel Southwest.

¶ If you are in a hurry, use

"THE KATY FLYER"

Tales of Veterans

The Lucky Man.

'Tis sweet upon a wintry night
To sit beside the fire—
When outside all the world is white
And by the window howls affright
The blizzard's blinded ire—
With a little tale, a glass o' grog,
A glowing pipe and a crackling log!

What though at times a saddening thought
Comes for the luckless soula—
The sailor on the frozen mast,
The homeless where the whirlwinds blast,
And Death in his chariot rolls—
Without the tale and the glass o' grog,
The glowing pipe and the crackling log?

Yet e'en thought's shadow builds the fire
Brighter by such compare,
And the howl o' the storm through leafless trees
Seems but to deepen the lounger's ease
To dreams that are lazily fair.
With a lively tale and a glass o' grog,
A glowing pipe and a crackling log.
—Stephen Chalmers.

Relieved Tense Situation.

"Speaking of geese and rabbits," said the corporal, "reminds me that I had a Christmas experience on that Stone river campaign. A few days before Christmas George Hunt, Happy Jack and myself went foraging to the front. Jack wanted a goose for Christmas, George wanted a turkey or a rabbit, and I was ready to accept a spring chicken 2 years old. We had been over the country before and we thought we knew the ground. We did, but conditions were so changed by the presence of the enemy in front that we had no freedom of action. We picked up a little fresh pork and Jack and I were ready to return to camp.

"George, however, cut loose from us, saying that he remembered a place where rabbits were as numerous as they were in the four-mile woods at home, and that he was not going to camp until he had at least one. He didn't get in until the next morning, when he told an exciting story about shooting six rabbits, being chased by the rebs, and forced to drop his rabbits to save his bacon. The boys laughed at him, offered to bet him a month's pay that there were not a dozen rabbits between our camp and Murfreesboro, and the orderly put him on double duty for being absent at two roll calls. George confided to me that he had had a hell of a time and that rabbits were thick in the woods beyond Lavergne, but that rabs were thicker than flies in Sam Johnson's butcher shop at home.

"On the 31sct of December we were lying in line at Stone river awaiting an order to charge and listening to the roar of musketry and the rebel yell on our right. The sound came nearer and nearer, but there was no retreating to the rear, and George remarked that 'we 'uns were getting licked.' Suddenly there came from the woods and fields on our right and to our rear a wave of terrified animals. Rabbits, squirrels, weasles, and all the wild things of the woods swept over us in a frenzy of fear. Many of the squirrels sought refuge among us, not a few burrowing into the men's pockets, but the rabbits, scores of them, ran blindly with larger animals, a deer leading the wild chase.

"It was an uncanny thing to look at and the men in the ranks were scared to death. Not a single hand was raised to catch a rabbit or squirrel. All were awed except George, who said conversationally, 'The man who says there are no rabbits between Nashville and Murfreesboro is a liar.' Holy smoke, see them run!' This relieved the nerve tension that bade fair to breed a panic and the boys turned hysterically to badger George about his escapade of a few days before. He insisted that what scared him was the absence of rebs in our front, and if he had a million dollars he would buy a brigade of rebs and order it to charge us. Scarcely had he said the words when a charging line of gray swept down upon us. The men sprang up with a cheer, and I said to George, 'Here's your brigade.' He immensely relieved, said jocularly, 'It's a little sudden, but it's worth the money.' Ten minutes more with the scared rabbits and I would have been a dead man. This is something like.' And I believe every man in the regiment was glad that the time had come for us to charge."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Lest We Forget."

We are prone to forget and lose faith in these days. Commercialism is rampant, the getting of a hoard of dollars the avowed purpose of life of the great mass. Patriotism and love of country seem to be back numbers, lost in the modern whirl of dollar getting. In times like these it is well to pause and remember.

Col. William Colville, who died in Minneapolis recently, was one of those whom it is well to remember. He and his kind are the foundations upon which the country is really builded. Col. Colville commanded the First Minnesota regiment in the civil war. The general service of the regiment was distinguished, but at Gettysburg it and its commander conducted themselves in a manner to furnish inspiration for American citizens for all time. With his regiment depleted through previous service to a total of but 264 officers and men, Col. Colville was ordered to defend a peach orchard occupying a crucial point in the main line of defense. After the regiment, less than three full companies, had taken its place, Gen. Hancock, seeing that the charge of Gen. Pickett was to be directed straight at it, ordered the First Minnesota to hold its position, no matter what the cost. The reply of Col. Colville should be given a place among the sayings of great Americans. "The First Minnesota will hold its position even if it has to load with trouser buttons." Then came the charge of Pickett's yelling legions and their repulse; and afterwards, when the relieving force came to take the place of the First Minnesota regiment of infantry, they found forty-three men alive and unwounded, commanded by a colonel who had been wounded seven times. But all of the regiment, alive or dead, was within the little orchard.

The percentage of loss of this regiment in this one engagement, 84 per cent killed and wounded, placed it at the head of all regiments for all the war in the percentage of men lost. It is doubtful if any regimental force in any fight that was anything but a massacre ever came nearer to complete annihilation than did the First Minnesota at Gettysburg. Its conduct on this occasion shows what the American citizen can do in other lines than money making.

The civil war is only a matter of occasional remembrance now. Its countless examples of courage and devotion are forgotten by the great number. Our modern, strenuous life forbids thought of anything but the fleeting questions of the day. Therefore it is well to pause and remember. There is such a thing as patriotism. It is the thing that made Col. Colville and his 264 men hold the peach orchard, and it exists to-day. We are much too busy to give it serious consideration at present, but the occasion shall demand it will demonstrate that it is still with us.—Chicago Record-Herald.

To Record Historic Combat.

Gov. Higgins of New York has approved the bill creating a new commission for a monument on the battlefield of the Second Bull Run to the memory of the famous Fifth New York, generally known as Duryee's Zouaves, which was recruited mainly in old New York city and Brooklyn. At Second Bull Run, or Manassas, as some call it, on Aug. 30, 1862, Duryee's Zouaves went into action with 462 officers and men, and came out with only 111 fit for duty. There was a total loss of 136 killed or died from wounds, 228 wounded, or 344 in all. Seven were missing and never accounted for, and they were supposed to have died in the enemy's hands, making a total loss of 351. This loss was sustained inside of seven minutes. There ensued one of those mortal struggles, so rare in war, in realizing Longstreet's charge, clinching in close contest, hand-to-hand conflict, in which bayonets were crossed and muskets clubbed. Officers, seizing the rifles dropped from the hands of the dead, joined in the fray. This is the largest loss recorded of any body of men of equal numbers in any conflict in the history of the country. Records of the battle say that a grander exhibition of human courage was never displayed upon any field than by this regiment, and it will go down in history as among the splendid exhibitions of heroism.

This monument will be the first regimental monument on this battle field. It is honed that the dedication can be held on Aug. 30, 1906.

All Centered on the Flag.

"I heard," said a veteran, "a very simple, patriotic little story the other day about a soldier passing through a battle fire. Comrade Burd English, who related the incident, said that one of the men of his regiment who had been captured escaped from the rebels directly in front and ran in full speed toward the lines of his own regiment. The rebels opened a furious fire on the escaping prisoner, and no one expected him to come out of such a rain of bullets alive. But he came on and on in spite of the hot fire and at last leaped over the top of his own company, to be received with cheers.

"He did not stop, however, as the men expected, but ran on to where the flag was placed, and, dropping exhausted at the edge of the flag, took his hand and kissed it again and again. He was so wrought up by his tremendous experience that he could not speak, could not reason, but, as he fell, followed instinct like that to the flag, which never seemed to him so radiant and precious as when he fixed his eyes upon it as he raced with the enemy's bullets. He had no sense of comradeship in his distraughtness, but he only the flag and went to it. Officer soldiers, overwhelmed in battle wounded, and dazed, have felt, I know the same wild desire to reach the flag."

Reminiscent of Gettysburg.

Miner post, G. A. R., of Stamford Conn., celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Lee's surrender with patriotic speeches to a large audience Commander Solomon Close presided and Col. Henry Huss of Mount Vernon, N. Y., on behalf of the post, presented Past Commander Samuel Fessenden with a beautiful gavel of historic interest. The handle of the gavel is made of wood taken from the warship Kearsarge, and the head is of wood taken from a tree on Barlow's Knoll, Gettysburg. This tree was the rallying point of the Seventeenth Connecticut on the first day's fight. The tree was struck by lightning and shattered some time after. At the time of the dedication of the monument of the Seventeenth Connecticut M. C. Kellogg and Comrade Henry Huss obtained permission to remove the stump, and had it sent to New York and cut into mementoes and distributed to the surviving comrades. Gen. Francis C. Barlow was severely wounded near this tree and left on the field for dead.

Monument to Gen. Hayes.

The monument to Gen. Alexander Hays of Pennsylvania on the Wilderness battlefield, where he fell in battle, was unveiled a short time ago. Gen. Hays was a graduate of West Point, in the class of 1844. He took part in the Mexican war as a second lieutenant in the Fourth United States infantry, and was brevetted first lieutenant on May 8, 1846, for gallant conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He resigned from the army in 1848, but at the breaking out of the rebellion he entered the service as major in the Twelfth Pennsylvania infantry. He became colonel of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania in the latter part of 1861, and in September, 1862, he was made brigadier general of volunteers, and in 1864 brevetted major general. The monument was erected by two Pittsburg organizations —Gen. Alexander Hays post, No. 3, G. A. R., and Davis camp, Sons of Veterans.

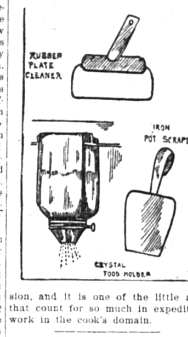
SAVE LABOR IN KITCHEN.

Inventions to Make Easier the Lot of Housewives.

Scraping particles of food from the chinaware is not a process calculated to improve the dishes, and as an aid to the housewife, the rubber cleaner has been invented. It is satisfactory, inexpensive and a practical addition to the collection of minor utilities found in the modern household.

Cereals of various kinds are included in the dietary of most families and the safekeeping of these staple articles of food is a matter of special concern in well regulated households. For some time meat jars and crocks have been pressed into service and recently a specific and desirable type of receptacle made its appearance. This holder, fashioned from crystal, is designed particularly for cereals, but it is available for other dry food stuffs, and one point especially in its favor is the arrangement whereby the desired quantity of cereal or other product may be extracted without exposing the contents of the jar to the air or to danger from dust or insects. Being transparent, it is possible to tell at a glance the amount of food stuff on hand, and as the accompanying illustration shows the holder is sightly as well as serviceable.

Another convenience for the kitchen, recently invented, is an iron pot scraper. Its name explains its mission, and it is one of the little aids that count for so much in expediting work in the cook's domain.



Treatment of Floors for Rugs.

The hygienic advantages of floors covered with removable rugs instead of dust-collecting carpets are so well known and realized that the tendency now is to have bare floors and rugs for the sake of comfort and convenience as well as to follow the trend of fashion. Good hard wood floors are blessings that certainly are anything but disguised, for they always look well, form a pleasing contrast to any kind of rugs and above all they are easy to keep clean. In case, however, one has an old floor of soft wood that is hard to treat satisfactorily and the laying of a hard wood floor is not possible or practical, a floor of hard pine put down on top of the old floor may be made to look almost as well as one of genuine hard wood. For this soft floor a stain, one of those especially prepared, should be used, a light or medium color being preferable to a dark one, and it should be remembered that several thin coats will wear much better than one thick one. After the stain is put on the floor may be oiled or varnished with good results.

Tea Table Furnishings.

A new idea in household furnishings is a tea table on which is spread a cloth having a white background with a graceful design in blue. As a setting for blue and white china or for use in a room done in Dresden colors this is very effective and a pleasing variation from the regulation tea table, with its fancy cover embroidered in white, or with plain white squares of damask. For summertime use, however, these blue and white covers will be found very satisfactory. They are made of light weight material, something like Japanese crepe, are inexpensive and harmonize very well with the light, airy summer draperies. With a teaset of old blue china one of these covers is a pleasing accompaniment, but even without family heirlooms it makes an agreeable substitute for the everlasting white used during the rest of the year.

Sowing Flower Seed.

Those who have flower seeds to sow would find the sowing of them under glass satisfactory, should they have the convenience for it. Many of these seeds are very fine, and when sewed outdoors, heavy rains and many other things interfere with their germination. When under glass it is nearly always one's own fault if a crop of seedlings is not raised. Small boxes, of a depth of three inches, with holes in the bottom, to let drain off superfluous water, are the best to use. The soil should be fine, made so by sifting, if necessary, so that when the seedlings need transplanting each plant can be lifted out without great disturbance of the others.

Summer Stew.

Cut two pounds of the best end of neck of lamb into neat chops, melt one ounce of dripping in a pan, fry two sliced onions in it till of a pale brown color, add one ounce of flour, and a half pint of stock or water, stir till they boil, put in the chops three leaves of mint and a little salt and pepper. Cook them slowly for one hour then three pounds new potatoes scraped and sliced, cook for half an hour longer Serve hot with a thick border of cooked peas

His Privilege.

Creditor—What do you mean by sending me this draft? It has been protested—you have no account.

Poet—My dear sir, I have a big account, but it's purely imaginary.

Creditor—Well, of all the—what on earth——

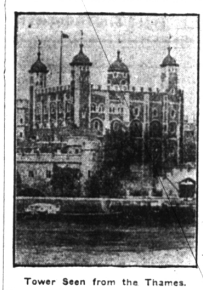
Poet—Be calm. Is it not a poet's privilege to draw on his imagination?

A woman may induce her husband to give up a bad habit, but he is reasonably sure to acquire a worse one in its place.

In London's Busy Streets.

(Special Correspondence.)

It is a hard thing to get out of London. No matter in what direction one walks or drives, masses of brick and stone work surround one on every side; there seems to be no end to England's capital. This is natural enough when one considers that 6,000,000 people call themselves "Londoners." This army of humankind must live, and must work in order to house and feed itself. As evidence of the fact that one works London has street after street filled from one end to the other with stores and offices. There is the Strand running into historic Fleet street, Edgeware and Whitechapel roads, fashionable Regent and Bond streets; Oxford street, with its silverware; Piccadilly, for many blocks lined with shops and farther on with exclusive clubhouses, and other streets far too numerous to mention. There is much to be seen on all of these streets besides shops. Throngs of people and masses of vehicles fill the walks and roads. It is not the street car that distresses one here, it is the clatter of horses' hoofs.



Tower Seen from the Thames.

the slamming of cab-doors, the appeal of the street venders, the slash of the horse-whip and the uncontrollable, never-ending procession of men and women.

Who is there who has not heard of London's omnibuses? You go to the park, to town, to church, to theater in London from any direction, and how do you get there? On an electric car that will transfer you to a cable car and to still another electric tram? Most probably not, for there are very few street car lines in London. You take a "bus," such as abound in London by thousands—a bus drawn by two horses, a bus placarded with signs of every possible color and description, so that it is difficult to see its label—a top-heavy, clumsy, good-natured looking bus, which, if it goes your way, will stop to take you on or let you off at any point. If you do not want to inconvenience traffic by stopping the bus, you can jump on or off whether you are a man or a woman.

Role of the Hackney Cab.

Omnibusses, however, are not the only means of transportation in London. The number of hackney cabs, lately estimated at between 12,000 and 15,000—play a very important role in London street life. It is these cabs particularly which make crossing the streets dangerous, for they come upon one unexpectedly from all directions and from around unnoticed corners, at a rate that bewilders one, to say the least. However, the drivers are more careful here than in most cities, and they go out of the way of pedestrians when they see them in the road, uncertain whether to go backward or forward.

We must not forget to mention the underground railway, for it has a very large share of the burden of London's traffic; more than 2,000,000 people are said to travel on it every week, so that the underground does the important work of thinning out the crowded streets.

Now add to the thousands and thousands of buses, cabs, and delivery wagons the huge number of private vehicles owned by the upper thousands who flock to the city every spring—elegant equipages with smartly liveried flunkies—and imagine the pell-mell on a sunny May afternoon at Trafalgar square or near Hyde Park corner! It is a sight describable only by the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray.

Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

At the Street Crossings.

I said "pell-mell." It is that, and yet it is not, for the order in London streets is perfect. Every one drives to the left; down the center of broad streets, at frequent intervals, are small "safety islands," a small cement elevation upon which eight or ten people can stand. In crossing the street one makes for the "island" watching the horses, that come only one way, and from there to the other side one need watch only the other direction. If the crossing is an unusually difficult one a policeman is sure to be there and he will stop all traffic to assist a few timid persons.

The cleanliness of the streets of London, a city generally spoken of as dirty, is very surprising. Dust naturally accumulates and on windy days, such as have been frequent lately, some streets are disagreeable, but the care given them throughout the day, together with the splendid pavements, makes the worst of them bearable.

The gutters and the street beyond out to about five feet from the curbstone, if a broad street, are sprinkled numerous times a day; if narrow, the whole street is sprinkled. Boys in white jackets are busy all the time sweeping and cleaning in every block there is at least one large box for dumpings and waste paper and, what is more, the public has been so trained that it never throws papers about.

Even one walking down these busy streets can be immune to the attractions of the shop windows, so let us take a look at them, too. Stores line the streets on both sides without an inch of space between them; they are not large as a rule, but they have very large windows filled with shelves and shelves of goods. Many have more than half their stock thus displayed. Jewelry shops there are without number and their show windows are full to overflowing. Tea houses seem to be next in order, with windows full of bakers' goods.

A strange sight it is to an American walking down the Strand between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning to see the shopkeepers leisurely opening their iron shutters or gates or the boy only just beginning to sweep out the store. The street is crowded, at this late hour, with men hurrying to their offices. And at 5:30 p. m. many close up again, so that the business day in London is very short.

Types of Street Venders.

Who can walk about in this city without noticing the wretched-looking men, women, young girls and little children standing day in and day out and often late into the night in the gutters trying to sell to passers-by a box of matches, a map of London, a walking toy snake or a bunch of flowers tied to a stick? Who can forget those looks of appeal? And yet how little one can help them! London has a great many very poor people, and nowhere, not even in Paris, whose "dames de la halle" are noted for their vulgarity and brutality, are the women as unhuman looking as are those of the lowest classes in this huge metropolis so full of culture and wealth, noblemen and Christian churches.

There is a street type, small, slight, round-shouldered, dressed in black with the invariable black sailor hat, the ribbons loosely knotted at the back of the neck and always about to fall, shoes terribly ragged—and a look so ignorant and vacant as to be more bestial than human. A very common type this is—it almost haunts one. There is a masculine and a feminine repulsive; he is the man we meet coming out of the alehouse or standing at the door wishing he had enough pence to go in—most unkempt, forlorn, neglected, helpless beings, and here without number.

Yet, if we can get away from this sordidness and misery London has a great fascination and charm. When the spring sun shines and the dear old abbey and the massive houses of parliament and the gayly dressed and happy people throng into Hyde Park and everybody seems to know that everybody else is full of the joys of springtime and the squares are full of delightful flowers and shrubbery, then London is fair indeed. Fortunate is he who can be there. London has an atmosphere all its own, so well supplied in the words which Hall Caine put into the mouth of Glory Quayle: "To be in London means to live and to live means to be in London".

There is no joy so great, no memory so full of sincere pleasure, as is that of London in the springtime. One cannot have too much of it. Dr. Johnson said: "The man that is tired of London is tired of existence."

How Hoar Won His Case.

Judge E. B. Hoar, formerly attorney-general of the United States and brother of the late Senator Hoar, was as quick of wit as he was sharp in judgment. A friend of his tells this story:

Mr. Hoar was appearing as a lawyer at the bar. His opponent, after a lengthy and tedious harangue to the jury, had taken his seat, and Mr. Hoar arose as though to reply.

"Mr. Hoar," queried the judge, glancing at the clock as he spoke, "it is quite late now; may I ask how long you intend to speak."

"Your honor," replied the man of law, "I had prepared a long and elaborate discourse, but, having heard the remarks of my learned brother, I have concluded, like him, to submit the question without argument."

Mr. Hoar won his case.

DISFIGURING ULCER

People Looked at Her in Amazement —Pronounced Incurable—Face Now Clear as Ever—Thanks God for Cuticura.

Mrs. P. Hackett, of 400 Van Buren St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I wish to give thanks for the marvelous cure of my mother by Cuticura. She had a severe ulcer, which physicians had pronounced incurable. It was a terrible disfigurement, and people would stand in amazement and look after her. After there was no hope from doctors she began using Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and now, thank God, she is completely cured, and her face is as smooth and clear as ever."

DOG INCAPABLE OF DECEIT.

Nature Such That He Cannot Hide His Emotions.

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well known local fancier and huntsman, "and that is you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, for it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but they are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only in the wagging of his tail.

"In order to get a man's tempo one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He does not even know how to be a hypocrite. He is overjoyed every time he sees his master. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way."—Houston Post

Don't Let Baby Cry.

When baby cries, something is probably wrong with its stomach, or other digestive organs, and no time should be lost in giving it a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. This is the only safe laxative medicine for Babies and Children, and should always be kept in the house. It contains no injurious ingredients, and can do nothing but good. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and $1.00. Money back if it fails.

Boy's Toothache Cure.

A novel method of cure for toothache was invented recently by a schoolboy in an Eastern village. He drove a tack into a comrade's tooth, and the cure was effective for two or three months. When the tooth was ultimately extracted, the tack was found to be so securely fixed in the substance of the tooth that it could not be taken out.

Too Much Kindergarten.

The keeper of a kindergarten required for her work little more than motherly feeling and common sense. But her function has been glorified into a school, and an elaborate curriculum is now prescribed for those who aspire to the management of the kindergarten. Too much is made of it, so that a good thing is converted into a danger and hurt to the young. —Baltimore Sun.

A Boy and the Lord's Supper.

When about 3 years old, Edward Potter attended, for the first time, a communion service. With childish curiosity he inquired why the table was set, and was informed that it was the Lord's supper. During the service he fell asleep. When he awoke he immediately glanced toward the table. "Mamma," he said, "has the Lord had his supper yet?"—Boston Herald.

FROM SAME BOX

Where the Foods Come From.

"Look here, waiter, honest now, don't you dip every one of these flaked breakfast foods out of the same box?" "Well, yes, the boss, we do," said Grape-Nuts, cause that don't look like the others and people know 'zackly what Grape-Nuts looks like. But there's, 'bout a dozen different ones named on the bill of fare and they are all thin rolled flakes so I don't make any difference which one a man calls for, we just take out the order from one box."

This talk led to an investigation. Dozens of factories sprung up about three years ago to make these kinds of breakfast foods, seeking to take the business of the original prepared breakfast food—Grape-Nuts. These concerns after a precarious existence, nearly all failed, leaving thousands of boxes of rolled flakes in the grocers' warehouses. These were in several instances bought up for a song by speculators and sold out to grocers and hotels for little or nothing. The process of working out this stock has been slow. One will see the names on menus of flaked foods that went out of business a year and a half or two years ago. In a few cases where the abandoned factories have been bought up there is made a pretense at manufacture, and by copying the style of advertising of Grape-Nuts, seek to influence people to purchase. But the public has been educated to the fact that all these thin flaked foods are simply soaked wheat or oats rolled thin and dried out and packed. They are not prepared like Grape-Nuts, in which the thorough baking and other operations which turn the starch of the wheat and barley into sugar, occupy many hours and result in a food so digestible that small infants thrive on it, while it also contains the selected elements of Phosphate of Potash and Albumen that unite in the body to produce the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and there have been many imitations, a few of the article itself, but many more of the kind and character of the advertising. Imitators are always counterfeiters and their printed and written statements cannot be expected to be different than their goods.

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