Tid-Bits

In Dreams.

In the vague, misty map of my dreams
There's a place that I know, where it seems
That it never is night, but a mellow half-light
Through the dim, shifting trees ever streams.

And there's always a song in the air
As of birds, and the flowers are fair,
And the springtime appears to hide from the years
And to sleep through eternity there!

But the roads to it turn so, and wind
Through perilous passage and blind,
That I never can tell, though I know it so well,
How to reach it—so hard 'tis to find—

So far off from dying and birth,
And the home of sorrow and mirth,
But I'm happy again, for she comes to me then
Whom I never may see on this earth.

She comes, and all sorrowings cease,
And the pain that years but increase
Is stilled for a while by her wonderful smile—
By her tenderness hushed into peace.

And oh! if some power could make
Me dream on to death for the sake
Of my dream-bride's embrace and her flower-soft face
I would pray I might never awake.

I would pray to sleep on in the beams
Of that dim, mellow half-light that gleams
Like the light of her eyes, in the region that lies
On the vague, misty map of my dreams!
—Cleveland Leader.

Deeds That Won Honor Medals.

No veteran of the civil war won his medals more fairly than did Gen. John F. Weston, now commissary general of subsistence. In the summer of 1864 Weston was a major of cavalry attached to Wilson's division. He and his men were in Alabama, some forty miles from Montgomery. Word reached Weston that there was a Confederate transport laden with supplies somewhere near the junction of the Tallapoosa and Coosa rivers. Weston was ordered to locate and capture it. While marching along the shore of the Tallapoosa he saw on the further side of the river two or three canoes which he thought might be useful to him in hunting the transport. Strapping his revolver on the top of his head, and ordering his men to do likewise, the major, with six followers, plunged into the river, swam to the opposite bank and secured the canoes. He rowed back for the rest of his command, and, leaving a few troops to guard the horses, went on up the stream. At the mouth of the Coosa he discovered the transport in a bayou a short distance ahead. Beaching his canoes he began to make signals to attract the attention of those on board the transport, and presently saw a gig push off and pull toward shore. When the gig ran upon the beach the first man to step out of it was the captain of the transport.

"What do you want with me?" asked the captain.

"Who may you be?" asked Weston, answering one question with another.

"I am the captain of the boat out there," was the reply.

"Then you are just the man I wanted to see," said Weston. "I command the advance of Wilson's cavalry, which will be along here in a few minutes, and must ask you to surrender yourself and your transport."

The captain, after a moment's thought agreed to an unconditional surrender, whereupon Weston with a portion of his command boarded the gig and, rowing to the transport, told the officer in charge that the captain had surrendered, and that he had come to take possession of the boat. The transport was promptly turned over, taken to Montgomery and destroyed. It was for the success and daring of this undertaking that Gen. Weston was awarded a Medal of Honor.

Another man who wears his medal as a result of heroism on the same field is Col. Edward Knox of New York. Knox was then captain of the Fifteenth New York Battery and barely twenty years of age, but he made a victorious charge in the face of a galling fire. When the order was given him he tightened up his belt, and, waving his sword, shouted to his men to charge. It was one chance in ten of getting back alive, but Knox took it and lives to wear the Medal of Honor. The medal worn by Capt. Abram P. Haring, another New York veteran, recalls one of the boldest exploits of the civil war. For upward of an hour on the first day of February, 1864, with a handful of men belonging to the One Hundred and Thirty-second New York Infantry, in which he was serving as first lieutenant, he held a bridge across Bachelor's Creek, North Carolina, against 11,000 men under Pickett and thus prevented the surprise and capture of Newbern, then one of the most important Union strongholds in the south.

Could Not Recover Chickens.

"Speaking of things happening after the war," said E. A. Gardner of New Hampton, Iowa, "reminds me of a case in point on the Red River expedition. Our officers' mess had some chickens cooked, ready to eat. When the cook went for some water the teams came along and one of the teamsters put the chickens in his wagon and went on without remark. When the loss of the chickens was discovered the officers raged, but that wasn't the end of the story.

"Twenty-five years after the war the teamster who stole the cooked chickens was at a G. A. R. camp fire and heard a comrade tell of his bad luck in losing chickens ready to eat through some light fingered teamster. He added that if he ever learned who the rascal was that stole his chickens he would choke them out of him. While the teamster was thinking of what ought to be said next, another comrade stood on his feet and said: 'I didn't steal the chickens, but I helped eat them, and I am keen to swear they were very good. But as to choking them out of anybody, that can't be done, because, don't you see, they were eaten twenty-five years ago.'

"While we were in the rear of Vicksburg, after our trip to Jackson, the boys learned a good deal about baking. They made what they called outdoor ovens by digging holes in the side of a bank or hill. They would build fires in the holes, and when the earth was hot rake out the fire and put in the dough or whatever was to be baked. The success was surprising, and one of the boys came to the conclusion it would be no trick at all to make and bake a lemon pie.

"As he was short on flour the boys suggested that he pound hard tack into powder and use that with the flour. Powdering hard tack proved slow work, and the piemaker broke the crackers in pieces and put them in on the theory that they would dissolve and be the same as if pounded into powder. But they didn't. When the pie was baked a piece was sent over to the Colonel, and he finding the broken crackers, treated the lemon pie as a joke. This didn't suit the piemaker, and he tried again, leaving out the hard tack. Greatly to the surprise of the colonel, the result was good lemon pie, and no joke."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Past Commanders Gone.

Announcement is made by the commander-in-chief of the death of the following comrades:

James H. Seymour—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Akron, Ohio.

Matthew T. Benton—Past Department Commander, Department of New Hampshire, died at East Derry, N. H.

Alvin Coe Voris—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Akron, Ohio.

David W. Thomas—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Baltimore, Md.

A. F. Dill—Past Department Commander, Department of California and Nevada, died at San Diego, Cal.

Richard A. Donnelly—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at Trenton, N. J.

W. B. E. Miller—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at Camden, N. J.

I. M. Christy—Past Department Commander, Department of Arizona, died at Phoenix, Arizona.

John Palmer—Past Commander-in-Chief, died at Albany, N. Y.

Amos M. Thayer, Judge Advocate General, died at St. Louis, Mo.

Joseph P. Cleary—Past Department Commander, Department of New York, died at Rochester, N. Y.

Stephen M. Long—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at East Orange, N. J.

Was Very Much Alive.

A veteran tells of an experience in hospital at Nashville after Shiloh. "I was in the convalescent ward, recovering from a wound, and had become well acquainted with a jolly fellow from my own county. One day, while he was reading the Nashville morning paper, he cried out in alarm. When I went to him he pointed, with wide eyes, to the list of deaths, and in it was his own name. He said that would scare his poor mother to death, and was in great distress.

"I advised him to write his mother at once, which he proceeded to do in this wise: 'Dear Mother: I take my pen in haste to tell you that the statement published in the Nashville paper this morning that I am dead is the most scandalous lie you ever heard of. Don't you believe a word of it. I am alive and kicking (with one foot), and am well cared for. A man who knows me well will swear that I am not dead, and I can get the affidavit of the doctor if you want it. But what's the use? If any man says I am dead, bet him a hundred dollars I am not, and send winnings to me.' Thirty years after the war I saw that letter in the hands of the daughter of the man who wrote it. It had come down to her as a precious gift from her grandmother."

Nurse Hays Still Living.

Mrs. Margaret Meseroll Hays, went out as army nurse from Mendota, Ill., and was also assigned to the Adams Hospital in Memphis, her commission dating from Feb. 17, 1863, to July 2, 1865. She served two years in the Adams Hospital and was then transferred to the Gayoso Hospital, where she finished her terms of service.

"I was in Memphis," said Mrs. Hays, "when Gen. Forrest made his raid on the city and when the steamer Sultana was blown up six miles up the river with 1,900 paroled prisoners on board who had been brought to Vicksburg from Andersonville and Macon prisons. The poor fellows were so emaciated and weak that they were being sent to their homes up the river. All on board were lost except four or five hundred, and they were brought to Memphis and cared for in the different hospitals."

Mrs. Hays has been a resident of Los Angeles for seventeen years. She is a native of Chautauqua county, N. Y.—Los Angeles Tribune.

The Colonel His Superior.

During the civil war soldiers were very apt to become intoxicated, as liquor was sometimes the only drink they could get. One soldier who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated was remonstrated with by the colonel of his regiment, the conversation which took place being as follows:

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it; it would kill me."—Boston Herald.

Found Comfort in the Bible.

Forty years ago a wounded union soldier, who was undergoing treatment in one of the army hospitals, was presented with a copy of the Bible by a lady visitor. He has remembered the comfort and cheer which the reading gave him, and now he has sent $300 to the American Bible society to be used as speedily as possible in distributing the New Testament among wounded soldiers in Japanese hospitals.

GOT HIS NAME AT LAST.

Then Mayor Was Allowed to Continue in Conversation.

The first mayor of Rockland was he Hon. Knott Crockett, who was well known throughout his native state, but whose fame had spread but little to other regions. He happened to be in Boston, shortly after his election as mayor, and at one of the hotels in that city entered into conversation with some men to whom he had not been introduced. He was expressing his opinion quite freely, when one of the crowd thinking to silence him, said, "And what might your name be, sir?"

"My name is Knott Crockett," said the mayor of Rockland, drawing himself up to his full height, evidently surprised that his name and fame had not penetrated as far as Boston.

"I did not ask you what your name was not. I asked you what it was," said the Boston man with severity, evidently thinking he was being made fun of.

"My name is Knott Crockett," repeated the mayor of Rockland.

Then another one of the party took up the query, "Since you have been so good as to tell us what your name is not, will you now tell us what your name is?"

The reply came this time in an even more dignified manner than before. "My name is K-n-o-t-t, Knott C-r-o-c-k-e-t-t, Crockett."

He was allowed to continue in the conversation.

USE FOR A SCREEN.

Gov. Ames' Notion That It Might Profitably Be Employed.

Oliver Ames, twice governor of Massachusetts, loved a good story, but his friends all knew that any bit of pleasantry indulged in in his presence must be of a nature all the world might hear.

The Republican committee of a city in this state, together with several state campaign workers, were gathered in a hotel reception room one afternoon prior to his first election. Mr. Ames was writing at a table, and, emboldened by the gubernatorial candidate's evident absorption, one man told a story which called forth some emphatic appreciation. On the strength of this boom in the story-teller retired from the room, as he thought, in good order.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Ames, after the door had closed.

"His name is Jones," some one volunteered. "He's the largest coal dealer in this city."

"Well" said Mr. Ames deliberately, "if he doesn't screen his coal any better than he does his language, I would not trade with him."—Boston Herald.

Eccentric Logic.

In his "Reminiscences of Bench and Bar" Mr. Sergeant Robinson has recorded some choice specimens of eccentric logic in the sentences pronounced by Sergeant Arabin, a commissioner of the Central Court, in sentencing a prisoner convicted of stealing property from his master he thus addressed him:

"Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case."

Again, in sentencing a man to a comparatively light punishment, he used these words:

"Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case which cause me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost."

He once corrected a talkative witness thus:

"My good man, don't go babbling on so. Hold your tongue, and answer the question that is put to you."

Mother of Twenty-five Children.

Mrs. John Mello of Berkeley, Cal., was born in the Azores forty-six years ago. She began married life at the age of fifteen and has had twenty-five children. She has been wedded twice. Her first husband was the father of ten infants, and John Mello of fifteen. Mrs. Mello is the youngest of twenty children by her own mother, and knows of several additional half-brothers. "I don't know just how many," says Mrs. Mello; "I think ten, but maybe more." After her marriage Mrs. Mello came with her husband to California. And before she was six-teen she had proved to be the grandfather that the family tradition was just as strong in the new land as in the old. The records of to-day show twenty-five children in thirty years, with seven pairs of twins among them, each time, until the last, a black-eyed boy and a blue-eyed girl.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How They Must Laugh.

How they must pity us—they
That dwell mid luxuries,
They that, having found the way,
Slyly slip, their big hands in
And from the public crib keep taking out
What we are storing there.
How they must laugh at us who shout
The glories of our land, who swear
Allegiance to its laws and self
Our hands with hard bread-winning toil.

How they must smile at us—they
That dwell mid luxuries,
And from our earnings, day by day,
Take boldly what they please!
How often must they leer at us who hoe
And hew and sew and risk for bread;
How must and feeble we below
Must seem to them, in heart and head;
With pseudo contempt they, far above,
Still let us live—but not for love.

How they must rail at us—they
That see us stupidly
Laboring for little pay
And vainly fancying that we
With worn-out moral codes and lack of wit,
Best serve ourselves and God!
How, as we treasure bit by bit—
Poor, dull workers near the sod—
They oft must laugh, who take our gains,
And wonder at our dearth of brains!
—S. E. Kiser.

What Twohey Said Went.

Lewis Twohey is a well known citizen of Lawrence, Mass., and was for many years president of the Father Mathew Temperance Society of that city. He was very arbitrary in his rulings and would often refuse to entertain any appeal from his decisions.

On one occasion, after having made a ruling which was in direct conflict with the parliamentary laws governing the deliberations of the society, one of the members rose to his feet with the remark: "But, Mr. President, that isn't Cushing."

The president replied: "I know it; but I'm Twohey, and what Twohey says goes." And it did.

Among the Caribs

When Columbus first sailed his qualat caravels across the blue Caribbean Sea and gazed with wonder on the verdure clad mountains of the Antilles he found the beautiful islands inhabited by a strange cannibal race, which he called Caribs. Spanish, French and English in their turn found this warlike people a menace to their settlements and progress and fought them doggedly, but more or less ineffectually, for three centuries. Merciless, warlike and brave, these Caribs not only waged relentless war upon the whites, but in their swift dugout canoes made frequent sorties from one island to another to prey upon their neighbors of their own race.

On these excursions they killed the men and carried the women back as slaves and wives and celebrated their victories by cannibal orgies, and it was doubtless upon the island of Tobago on such an occasion that Robinson Crusoe saved the life of his Man Friday.

At last, however, the superior arms and skill of the Europeans triumphed over the savage foe and the natives were gradually forced back from the coasts and exterminated, until today the sole survivors of this once dreaded people number scarcely one hundred souls, living peacefully upon a government reservation on the island of Dominica.

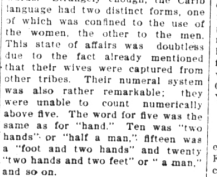
Previous to the eruptions of Morne Pelee and the Souffriere of St. Vincent there was another small band of Caribs in the latter island; all of these, however, were destroyed by the eruptions.

Of the Dominican Caribs only about one-half are of pure blood, or so nearly pure that no trace of negro blood is discernible. The others are greatly mixed, and it is difficult to determine where negro leaves off and Carib begins.

In appearance the Caribs are rather short and thick set, with yellowish or copper olive skin, stiff, straight, blue-black hair and oval faces with distinctly Mongolian features. They are quiet almost to taciturnity, industrious and peaceable, but, like "Poor Lo," everywhere have an inveterate fondness for strong drink, and also possess another unfortunate Indian failing, being incorrigible thieves. They profess the Catholic religion, dress in civilized clothes and dwell in neatly made but primitive houses of mud daubed cane or wattle thatched with pandanus or palm leaves.

Two Forms of Language.

Few, if any, of their members now speak the Carib tongue, but many possess a limited knowledge of Carib



CARIB TYPE, DOMINICA

words. Strangely enough, the Carib language had two distinct forms, one of which was confined to the use of the women, the other to the men. This state of affairs was doubtless due to the fact already mentioned that their wives were captured from other tribes. Their numeral system was also rather remarkable; they were unable to count numerically above five. The word for five was the same as for "hand." Ten was "two hands" or "half a man," fifteen was a "foot and two hands" and twenty "two hands and two feet" or "a man," and so on.

The Dominican Caribs are for the most part agriculturists in a small way, and cultivate little patches of cacao, cane, yams, plantains, etc. Some work as laborers on neighboring estates, and many are fishermen.

Their fishing boats are particularly interesting, inasmuch as they have apparently been patterned from the flower spath of the palm tree. In fact, the boys use the natural spathes for toy canoes. The real canoes are formed from the trunk of the gommier tree, hollowed out inside and spread open by means of heated stones and hot water. To add greater freeboard to the shell a plank is fastened to either gunwale and the whole is strengthened by hand hewed ribs and thwarts. These boats are used throughout the Islands, not only by

CARIB TYPE, DOMINICA

the fishermen but as passenger craft as well, and when larger and more stoutly built are even used as lighters in loading and discharging the steamship cargoes.

Landing in the Surf.

To the stranger destruction of the craft seems certain for the first time he sees one of these canoes dashed on the crest of a huge roller upon the shingle. As the smooth, round bottom touches the stones the bare footed, bare legged oarsmen leap overboard, and, with wonderful judgment and skill, rush their boat far up the slope on the wash of the breaking comber. Another curious craft used by the Caribs is a sort of miniature raft known as a "piptri." This is formed of three or four pieces of the hollow trunk of the "bois canot," a wood almost as light as cork, fastened together and floored over with rough native planks. The navigator sits upon a low seat amidships, and, as his weight sinks the contrivance slightly below the level of the water, the appearance of a group of piptris is a sight to startle the beholder when seen for the first time. The effect is exactly as though the dusky owners were standing and sitting upon the surface of the sea, reminding one of overgrown aquatic insects so common on stagnant pools and ponds.

As hunters the Caribs are experts

CARIB HOUSE, DOMINICA.

and during the open season bring many agouti, parrots and wild pigeons to the Roseau market. How they manage to kill anything other than themselves with the shaky gas pipes they consider guns has always been a marvel to me.

Carib Merchandise.

They also excel in basket work and make many an honest shilling from the sales of their closely woven waterproof baskets, which are in great demand throughout the Antilles in lieu of grips and trunks. These baskets are woven in two sections or shells, the inner portion of split bamboo, the outer of palm leaf ribs, with a layer of wild plantain leaves between the two to render it waterproof. They are usually richly colored in dull reds, browns, yellows and black in geometrical patterns, and are commonly sold in nests of assorted sizes, ranging from a few inches to two feet square.

They also utilize their basket weaving skill in making fish pots of split bamboo and cane and make excellent rope, twine and fish nets from the fiber of various plants.

Few of the tribe speak English, the majority contenting themselves with the French patois of the island.

Although numerous stones axes, hammers, knives and other primitive implements, as well as fragments of pottery, idols and sculptured rocks are found throughout Dominica, no systematic search has been instituted for ancient burial places or relics of the past and no study has been made to throw light upon the long forgotten customs of this interesting race, whose religion, language and history lie buried in the mountain fastnesses of their island home, from which ere many years the last of the Caribs will have disappeared.—(New York Herald.

By the Sweat of His Brow.

"When I was on the stage," remarked Chief Clerk McDermott of the St. Francis, who eternally delights to recall his many triumphs as a Thespian, "I once played the waves in 'Monte Cristo.' You remember the scene where Edmund Dantes climbs up on the rock, with the billowy, bounding deep surging madly around him? He poses heroically on the rock, looks up at the gallery and says, 'The billows are mine!' Well, I played the billowy, bounding deep in that scene. The waves consisted of a piece of green canvas attached to a rocker. I worked the rocker and made the waves roll. Now and then another fellow tossed a bucket of real water up against the rock to add a little realism to the scene.

"The first night I played that part one of those buckets of water missed the target and caught me in the neck. The stage manager took one look at me when the curtain was rung down. I was dripping with 'Fine!' he said. 'Great! You're the first fellow that ever perspired playing that part!'

"And I was engaged for the whole season right there and then."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sage and George Gould.

Russell Sage, who is not specially noted for the number of warm personal attachments he forms, is said to have a very high regard for George Gould. It is not recorded that he ever lent Mr. Gould money without proper security, but he always was willing to go in for any project backed by the late wizard's eldest son. Mr. Sage became acquainted with "Young George" when the latter was a clerk in his father's office. It delighted the old men to see how closely the boy attended to business, and how well posted he was on details. It is related that Mr. Sage once asked the price of about twenty different staples which go to make up the equipment of a railroad, and George gave him the right answers off the reel. Mr. Sage is in the directorate of many of the Gould enterprises, and he has stock in many more.—Boston News Bureau.

No Easy Method.

Lulu's mother heard a great splashing in the bathroom and upon investigation found her little daughter standing by the partially filled tub in a very bedrabbled condition.

"Why, you see, mamma," she explained, "I've been trying to walk on the water and it's no fool's job, let me tell you."—Judge.

READ ON OLD TOMBSTONES.

Two Quaint Inscriptions That Gave Strong Testimony.

I was a visitor to the West cemetery in Litchfield a few days ago (where my bones will ultimately rest, unless I am unfortunately drowned at sea), and after inspecting the tombstones of ancestors I was interested in reading the inscriptions on some others, to-wit: "Here lies the body of Mary, wife of Dr. John Buel, Esq. She died Nov. 10, 1768, aet. 94, having had 13 children, 101 grandchildren, 274 great-grandchildren, 22 great-great-grandchildren—total 410; 336 survive her." Another: "Sacred to the memory of Inestimable worth of Unrivalled Excellence & Virtue, Mrs. Rachel, wife of Jerome B. Woodruff, daughter of Norman & Lois Barber, whose etherial parts became a seraph May 24, 1835, in the 22 yr of her age."—Correspondence in Hardford Courant.

An Independent Post.

"I'll make enough cotton to pay for my new book of poems," says the Sweet Singer of southwest Georgia, "and I'll not care a bale o' hay what the critics may say of it—so there!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Aug. 21st (Special)—Who is the man in Bayfield County, are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found benefit just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Parasite Destroys Codlin Moth.

A colony of codlin moth parasites imported from Europe and set free recently in the apple orchards of the Parjaro valley, California, is clearing them of the orchardists' enemy in great style.

SALT RHEUM ON HANDS.

Suffered Agony and Had to Wear Bandages All the Time—Another Cure by Cuticura.

Another cure by Cuticura is told of by Mrs. Caroline Cable, of Waupaca, Wis., in the following grateful letter: "My husband suffered agony salt rheum on his hands, and I had to keep them bandaged all the time. We tried everything we could get, but nothing helped him until he used Cuticura. One set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills cured him entirely, and his hands have been as smooth as possible ever since. I do hope this letter will be the means of helping some other sufferer."

Origin of Common Words.

"Spider" is a less attractive word than "spinner," but it is really the same. "Spither," the earlier form of the word, stood for "spinther," meaning spinner—the disappearance of the "n" before the "th" being compensated for by the lengthening of the vowel, just as "tooth" really represents "tonth." There was once in use another word for the creature, that was enough in meaning—"attercop," which appears in the Wycliffe's bible. It signifies "poison-bunch" and is still used in the north of England and in Antrim, Ireland, as an uncomplimentary term for a shrewish person. "attercop," from a similar use of "cop" meaning "a bunch," to mean a snider, comes "cobweb."

An Eccentric Bequest.

The eccentric bequest is always with us, and it could be wished that the desires of testators were never more awkwardly recherche than those of the unmarried sister on condition that she allows her father to smoke all the cigars and wear all the fancy waistcoats he desires. It should be possible to construct upon the basis of this bequest a character sketch in outline of the old gentleman whose benefit is so sought. The taste for fancy waistcoats is of rare occurrence in those of advanced years. Macaulay always had it. It was the one care about custome during an exceedingly ill-dressed life. It does not seem, however, to be an infallible sign of great mental powers.

WRONG SORT

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread may Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says:

"Last Spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband tried Grape-Nuts food. Something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for 4 months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a godsend to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

LOST 72 POUNDS.

Was Fast Drifting Into the Fatal Stages of Kidney Sickness.

Dr. Melvin M. Page, Page Optical Co., Erie, Pa., writes:

"Taking too many iced drinks in New York in 1895 sent me home with a terrible attack of kidney trouble. I had acute congestion, sharp pain in the back, headaches and attacks of dizziness. My eyes gave out, and with the languor and sleeplessness of the disease upon me I wasted from 194 to 122 pounds. At the time I started using Doan's Kidney Pills an abscess was forming on my right kidney. The trouble was quickly checked, however, and the treatment cured me, so that I have been well since 1896 and weigh 188 pounds."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

"Firedamp."

"Firedamp" and "afterdamp," words brought into terrible prominence in many disasters in mines, preserve the older English sense of "damp"—vapor, and especially noxious vapor. Precisely where the word came from philology does not know, but the earliest existence of its use quoted by Dr. Murray's dictionary is Caxton's (1480)—"after the dragon shal come a goot and ther shal come out of his mostrel a damp that shal betoken honger and grete deth of peple." Bacon is one of the writers of his time who speak of the "damps" of mines. "Damp" gradually came to be applied to visible vapors, such as evening mists, and the transition to the sense of moisture is obvious. But in "damping down" a furnace one finds a relic of the verb "damp" in the sense of "suffocate."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Complaint of a Vulgarism.

Says a writer in the London Chronicle: "A vulgarism—one which, like 'aggravate' for 'irritate,' has come into use by way of the kitchen—is 'demean,' with a sense of derogation or abasement. It is to be seen in many a paper and even many a book and heard in many a speech. It is the second, syllable that has misled the popular understanding, but the noun 'demeanor' should have saved the educated from their blunder with the verb. When the cook refuses to 'demean herself' she is excusable, because 'demeanor' is not in her vocabulary."

Here is Relief for Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weaknesses, Backache, Kidney and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Japanese Tea Party.

At a Japanese tea party the guests sit on cushions placed upon the floor and the tea service consists of a teapot, a cooling pot, teacups and a hibachi to heat the water. The Japanese do not agree with us in thinking that boiling water should be poured over the tea, so when the water is boiled a little of it is placed in the cooler and then poured over the tea, which is allowed to steep for a few minutes. Boiling water is then added and the cups filled. Green tea is used, but no sugar or cream is added.

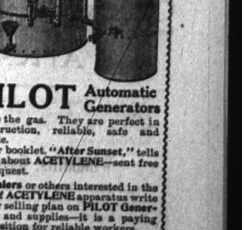
When a man begins to shoot off his mouth at a social function his wife proceeds to look daggers.

Gas Light for Country Homes.

Small country homes, as well as large ones, may be lighted by the best light known—ACETYLENE GAS—it is easier on the eyes than any other illuminant, cheaper than kerosene, as convenient as city gas, brighter than electricity and safer than any.

No ill-smelling lamps to clean, and no chimneys or mantels to break. For light cooking it is convenient and cheap.

ACETYLENE is made in the basement and piped to all rooms and outbuildings. Complete plant costs no more than a hot air furnace.



PILOT Automatic Generators make the gas. They are perfect in construction, reliable, safe and simple.

Our booklet, "After Sunset," tells more about ACETYLENE—sent free on request.

Dealers or others interested in the sale of ACETYLENE apparatus write us for selling plan on PILOT Generators and supplies—it is a paying proposition for reliable workers.

Acetylene Apparatus Mfg. Co., 157 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.