A Matter of Matrimony

BY ORME ANGUS,

(Author of "Jan Oxber," "Jike Mouldom," "Sarah Tuldon.")

The most desirable fruit that grew in the matrimonial orchard of our village was Josiah Cobbley; but he hung temptingly out of reach. Maiden after maiden had flung her poor little missiles at him, none of which had so much as shaken him; mother after mother had endeavored with admirable skill and subtlety to pull him within a daughter's reach. But at 27 Josiah still dangled temptingly on the tree of bachelorhood.

Yes, he really was desirable, but he had promised his mother, whose sole support he was, not to leave her as long as she lived. Her wishes included, as he well knew, although she did not mention it, the hope that he would not take a wife either. She expressed this hope in many broad hints.

Late one night the report went through the village that Josiah was left motherless. Now was the great opportunity. "The poor, motherless boy would want somebody to take care of him," and the mothers of eligible daughters hastened to offer their services.

Mrs. Blossom contrived to be the first on the scene. Her eyes were red with weeping, having, on the suggestion of her daughter, carried the half of a raw onion with her to sniff at.

"What is troubling you?" asked Josiah, touched by these proofs of friendliness.

"I was thinking of your lonesome condition, my boy, and I couldn't rest. 'What is to be done?' thinks I; and I am come to offer you lodging with us. I don't take no credit for it," added Mrs. Blossom, solemnly; "it is my duty, but it is likewise a pleasure. We will make it comfortable for you."

"Thank you, I'll think it over, Mrs. Blossom," said Josiah, and with that she had to be content.

Later in the day Mrs. Sennick (one niece), Mrs. Wardle (two daughters), Mrs. Tunney (one daughter), called upon him and placed their houses at his disposal. They had all been worrying over his lonesome condition.

"I am thinkin'—thinkin' of gettin' married."

After much consideration he decided to accept Mrs. Blossom's offer, as her cottage was the neatest and cleanest, and, above all, he could have a room to himself. Besides, he liked James Blossom as well as any man in the village, and James had been his father's friend.

Mrs. Blossom tried to hide her delight, but with indifferent success. In spite of a melancholy countenance her eyes gleamed with triumph. "We'll try and make you comfortable, my boy," she said. "Kate was saying she didn't like men about the house, but you was so different, she was real glad to have you. The girl, Josiah,"—lowering her voice to the profundities of confidence—"thinks there is no man like you in town, and I must say as I agree with her there."

Josiah was treated so well and fussed over so much that at times he was rather bored and would have been glad of a little neglect. There was hardly a moment when he was in the house that Mrs. Blossom or Kate was not running into his room to see what they could do for him, though attendance on him was, from policy, left as much as possible to Kate. Kate prepared his meals—or Mrs. Blossom said she did; Kate was concerned about his health, as he did "not eat more'n a sparrer." Kate, in spite of his protests, cleaned his boots, and Kate's praises were sung to him continually. No mother was blessed with a daughter more resplendent with all the graces and all the virtues.

One Saturday evening, according to custom, Josiah called Mrs. Blossom into his room to pay her for his week's board and lodgings. He seemed very nervous—all smiles and blushes—and, noting it, Mrs. Blossom became flustered, feeling that a crisis was at hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Blossom," he said, as he paid her, "I'm sorry—but—but I must give a month's notice. I am goin' back to my old place—to the cottage."

"What—ev—er for? Haven't we made you comfortable? We shall be upset—Kate 'specially."

"No, no, I've been very comfortable, thank 'ee, kindly. I am thinkin'—thinkin' of gettin'—married on the twenty-fifth of next month."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear boy. I thought you would soon feel that way."

Josiah's face was seraphic in an instant.

"Did you, now? Oh, I am so glad; I was afraid you mightn't like it. And she's such a good girl," going on at express speed at this encouragement. "We've been engaged two year. Her name is Nancy Price, and she lives down at Griggsville—I don't know if you know her family?"

In moments of irritation, James Blossom was wont to asseverate with some truth that his wife loved above all things to hear the sound of her own voice. But for once her tongue failed her. Her hands trembled and her staring eyes were so rigid that she seemed to glare. But Josiah never noticed it, he was too intent on relieving himself. He had had the key of Paradise for two years, and until now had said nothing about it.

"And there is another thing, Mrs. Blossom," he went on, his tone more and more self-complacent. "Do you think Kate would be a bridesmaid? I have told Nancy times and times how kind you have been, and she wants me to choose one bridesmaid. I do hope Kate will consent."

Mrs. Blosom's apparatus of speech was quite out of gear, and she could, with the utmost difficulty, produce but a few words.

"I'll—ask—her—about it," she said, and turned and left the room. Josiah was disappointed; he could have talked about Nancy until midnight.

It was so unexpected that Kate could not realize it.

Kate was not a weak, delicate creature, but Kate swooned.

"Be his bridesmaid?" said Kate, half an hour later, when grief had yielded to resentment; "does he think I am a fool?"

"But I am afraid you will have to be," said Mrs. Blossom tearfully.

"Have to be? Why?" asked Kate, her eyes gleaming dangerously.

"Because, my dear, everybody will have the laugh on us if they see that we are hurt. We shall have to show that we knew all about it all along, and encouraged him in it, or shame will kill both of us."

Kate winced. "I could kill him," she said, grinding her teeth.

"So could I, my dear, but what can we do?"

"It must be, I suppose; but I—do hope—she'll be—a devil," and Kate ground her teeth again.

Kate accompanied Josiah to church the following morning and sat beside him. There was certainly a sensation among the congregation when the wedding was announced and all eyes were turned to Blossom's pew. Josiah blushed a little, but Kate, wonderful to behold, sat with a pleasant smile upon her face.

"Well, of all wonders!" said Polly Tunney to Kate as they filed out of church. "Weren't you surprised?" and Polly eyed her keenly.

Kate did not turn a hair. "Of course not. Why?"

"Did you know?" Polly's tone was very suspicious.

"Why, I am going to be one of the bridesmaids; Josiah asked me some time ago."

Five times in the course of the day Kate had to repeat her story, but she did it so well, and was so prompt and straightforward under subtle and searching cross-examination, that the most malicious could not justly throw doubts on her story. It cost Kate something, however, to wear that smiling face. She longed to tell everybody that he was a "deceiving wretch" and she hated him.

Nor was Mrs. Blossom less accomplished. "Folks thought they knew a pile," she said with a laugh. "Mary Cobbley wouldn't have said what she did to me before she died if she hadn't been sure he'd have been safe with me. I wouldn't say as I was never nervous about my Kate, as she might have got fond of him, living in the same house. But I spoke to her, and when I found that he wasn't her sort of a man my mind was at rest. 'I respec' him, mother,' says she, 'but what is respec'?' says she. 'Give me something more.'"

And so they triumphed all along the line, and there was none who could justly wag a tongue in censure. They were as gracious as ever to Josiah, and they made no slip in their histrionics. Kate kissed the bride with fervor, and Mrs. Blossom had much to say to her about "dear Josiah, my dear." It needed all Kate's strength of will to play her part that day smilingly, and she whispered to her mother more than once that she "should like to poison them both."

She was so merry and vivacious that Tom Hurrell, a butcher's assistant, who was at the wedding, thought her "a cute piece" and made himself her cavalier for the rest of the day. Mrs. Blossom invited him to spend a Sunday with them, and he accepted gladly. It was triumphant diplomacy this time; Kate became Mrs. Hurrell before the end of the year and went to live in Griggsville. It was a relief, she declared again and again, to get away from the neighborhood of "that deceiving wretch."

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

His Unique Uniform.

Probably no other tailor ever made such a diplomatic uniform as that in which the Egyptian consul paid a visit to the Turkish commandant during the recent boundary dispute between the countries represented by these two individuals. His uniform was a bathing suit, a tar-brush for headgear, and an umbrella to protect him from the atmosphere.

Comparisons Unwise.

The ladies of the day who cramp their pedal extremities are reminded by an artist that the Grecian models of female beauty had long feet. It is also true that the Hellenic women had long tongues, if Hypatia and Xantippe were fair samples, but there is no good in reminding our wives and daughters of this fact.—Virginian Pilot.

Horses, under natural conditions, sleep much less than men and spend far more time every day in eating. There is little nourishment in grass, in proportion to its bulk, and the horse is forced to give so much time to eating that it would be ruinous to human industry if like conditions existed among men.

TELEGRAPH OF THE KAFFIRS.

How Messages Are Sent Between Chiefs in Zululand.

Mention has been frequently made during the recent native troubles in South Africa of the "Kaffir telegraph," the strange system by which news of any importance is communicated from one extreme of the native territories to the other with almost incredible rapidity, and the working of which, it has been stated, is still a mystery to the white man.

This latter statement is scarcely correct. Numbers of up-country residents, traders, and the like are well acquainted with many of the ways in which communication passes from tribe to tribe.

When a chief receives a message he selects a fast runner, and gives him the words, and instructs this man to run in a given direction as fast as he can—horses are never used in this work—until he is exhausted. When he can run no longer he enters the nearest kraal, selects the chief man, gives him the words, and this man in his turn picks out his fastest runner, who at once starts off until he also is exhausted, when he acts in a similar way.

With relays of runners like this 100 miles can be covered in 24 hours.

The system of "calling messages" is largely used by the natives in war time. The air in South Africa is so dry that sound carries a very long way. Native messengers are stationed at the tops of hills to call messages to each other.

It is no exaggeration to say that they can make themselves heard and carry on conversation a quarter of a mile distant; but for obvious reasons they cannot be stationed so close together, so a system of signaling by smoke is carried on at night, but this means is not followed in such a case as I am trying to describe.

A white man named Groom had settled down among the Pondos and adopted their ways, and, except for the trifling difference of color, was to all intent a Kaffir himself. This man once, in answer to an argument which took place outside the store in Mt. Frese, offered to have a message delivered in Komgha, about 200 miles away, on the day after the one on which we were speaking, and a note was accordingly written to a storekeeper in that village and given him.

On the second morning a Kaffir walked into the store in Komgha and placed the paper in the storekeeper's hand and walked out; but we never found out how this had been accomplished.—London Field.

Foreigners Stick to Cities.

The commissioner general of immigration has made it apparent in his reports that the numbers and quality of the newcomers to our shores do not exhaust the problems of immigration. One of these which causes much trouble and embarrassment is the matter of distribution, it being claimed that the new swarms show a disposition to cling to the congested life of the cities. Professor Wilcox of Cornell university and a special agent of the United States census bureau whom we have recently quoted employed statistics to show that there is a general movement among immigrants away from the cities. On the basis of his figures it appears that nearly one-half of those who have arrived within the last five years are to be found outside the cities of 25,000 and over. Even without disputing his figures and statements they hardly strike at the root of the matter. With a foreign increment at the rate of about 1,000,000 a year it is becoming increasingly difficult each year to obtain help to gather the fruits of the earth. Whatever may become of these new recruits when they leave the large cities they appear to studiously avoid the fundamental industry of the country.—Boston Transcript.

Nature's Sherlock Holmes.

The sun has revealed an interesting scientific discovery which will delight archeologists. At Castle Park, Colchester, England, as elsewhere, the great heat of the last few weeks has considerably modified the natural greenness of the grass. But in one place there were noticed parallel and transverse bands of grass which were much browner than the surrounding verdure. Closer examination showed that the brown bands formed the ground plan of a spacious Roman villa. The shallow soil over the ruined walls of the villa had been dried more thoroughly than the deeper soil on either side of them, and thus the sun had made a tracing of the villa for the edification of scientists.

Use Guns to Plant Seeds.

"It is sometimes necessary," said a landscape gardener, "to use artillery in my business."

"Artillery in gardening? Absurd!"

"Not at all. You see, we often want to plant certain kinds of trees or vines or mosses upon inaccessible peaks. In such cases we load a number of canisters with seed and fire them from a big gun at the place where they are to grow. The canisters strike the rocky height, the seeds fly here and there, some light on fruitful soil and in due season the gray cliff turns green.

"Soldiers with their guns destroy life, whereas we landscape gardeners with ours create it."

Giving Up Completely.

Two Irishmen were having their first experience in ocean travel. Mike became very sick just after leaving Queenstown and leaned over the rail in his endeavor to lighten the cargo. He knew he would die. Pat stood beside him with vain words of comfort.

"It's no use, Pat," said Mike, "I am a doomed man. Tell Biddy and the children I thought of them to the last."

"Shure," said Pat, "and what am I to do with the remains?"

"Never mind," said Mike, as he trembled with a paroxysm of pain and felt the soles of his feet start upward. "Never mind, there ain't going to be any remains."

England's One Thatched Church.

The only thatched church in the United Kingdom is at Markby, a little village three miles from Alford, Lincs.

TURNS BUTCHER INTO A MONKEY.

YOUNG HYPNOTIST CREATES SENSATION IN NEW YORK.

MAKES THE VICTIM UNDRESS.

Unfortunate Man Then Ordered to Climb Pole, Where He Does Simian Stunts to Delight of Big Crowd.

New York.—While a butcher who had been led by an amateur hypnotist to believe that he was a monkey, climbed a 50-foot clothes pole in the rear of a Ludlow street tenement the other night, 5,000 men, women and children craned over house roofs and fire escape rails and peeped from windows at him. Everybody in the East side seemed trying to get into some of the houses whose rears afforded a view of the spectacle, and the uproar sounded so much like a first-class riot that the police turned out to suppress it.

But it was only amateur, correspondence school hypnotism. Louey was the hypnotist. He is 17 years old, and works in a grocery store in Ludlow street. No one would tell his last name. Morris Resnick, 35 years old, a kosher butcher, was his subject. Louey has been studying hypnotism and found he could influence Resnick.

He met the butcher, and told him he was a dog. Resnick dropped on all fours, barked and snapped when ordered to "sic" one of Louey's friends. This attracted a big crowd. Then Louey threw a stick into a puddle, and made Resnick retrieve it. The butcher played Fido to the life, all but the wagging of his tail.

"Now, you're a monkey. Come with me," said Louey, and Resnick followed, springing along and chattering. Louey led the butcher through the hall of a tenement house to the back yard and told him monkeys did not wear clothing. Resnick took off all his garments and began to prance around, making a noise like an ape and scratching himself.

Scores came out on the fire escapes and the windows were jammed. Hundreds pressed through to the yard and so filled it that the human monkey had no room to continue his performance.

"Climb that pole. Up to the top, now," said Louey. The unfortunate butcher leaped on the tall clothes pole and began to shin up. Roars of delight greeted his struggles to reach the top. When he got there, 50 feet above the ground, he chattered some more and waited for further orders. Women, offended by Resnick's disrobed condition, sent for Policeman Moylan. When some one said "Here comes a cop!" Louey fled.

This left the butcher up in the air. "Come down." "You're all right." "Just slide," and other advice was hurled at Resnick. He chattered and scratched his sides. Policeman Moylan walked to the foot of the pole and commanded: "Come down out of that, if you don't want to be pinched."

Resnick chattered at him, danced around on top of the clothes pole and

Resnick Screamed and Chattered at the Police.

made motions like a monkey throwing cocoanuts at a Filipino. Moylan nearly burst his uniform hurling commands at Resnick. Resnick only screamed and chattered at him. Men nearly fell off their various perches laughing.

Then some one told Moylan about Louey and the hypnotism. Moylan sent word to Louey to come around and take the curse off Resnick or he would get a warming he would remember. Louey went to a window from which Resnick could see him, ordered him to climb down the pole, and when he was safely at the bottom made some mysterious passes, said "All right, now you're a butcher again," and fled. Resnick looked dazed, suddenly realized that he was bare, grabbed his clothing and put it on.

Moylan called for an ambulance and sent Resnick to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue.

FINE DOG IS STUNG TO DEATH BY ANGRY BEES

Caught Fast in Trap Near Log Used as Hive Animal Could Not Escape.

The Bees Were Stinging the Dog to Death.

Carver, Ont.—Patrick Rooney, who has a farm six miles northeast of here, lost a valuable collie dog recently in a most unusual manner. The animal was a female and was such a great pet of the farmer that he buried her in a casket such as would be used for a child.

Rooney is a hunter and trapper as well as a farmer, and on his expeditions Sally, the collie, was his constant companion. The dog had been taught to retrieve his game, run foxes and make herself generally useful. She knew where all the traps were set as well as did Rooney, and on more than one cold morning last winter she made the trapper's rounds for him, barking excitedly at the door when she found game, and taking her master to the trap containing it.

At night Sally had the range of the farm, and so when about two o'clock one morning Rooney heard her barking, he concluded that she had discovered a skunk and was keeping it away from the hen house. He therefore turned over to sleep. But the barking kept up and after a time Rooney became thoroughly awake and realized that his pet was in trouble.

Getting into his trousers and grabbing his rifle he hastened across the meadow to the edge of the woods whence the sounds came and blundered upon the dog, caught by the foot in a forgotten mink trap, set months before. As he bent over to release the spring Rooney heard an angry buzzing in the air and felt as though he had been priced by a thousand needles.

He instantly realized that he was beset by a swarm of bees and that they were stinging the dog to death. He worked desperately and released Sally and then, taking her in his arms, fled to the shelter of his house, followed clear to the door by the bees. Sally seemed to rally for a time, but at daylight she died and Rooney was heartbroken. He later found that the bees had hived in a log to which he had fastened the chain of the trap. When Sally pulled on the chain she brought them out.

Making It Clear.

"Do they have that wire screen in front of the grand stand to keep spectators from being struck by the ball?" inquired the woman who seldom sees a game.

"In some cities," explained Mr. Oldfan, "it's there for that purpose. In others its principal use is in keeping the umpire from being struck by bottles."—Washington Star.

The Natural Query.

"Bliggins says he is losing all faith in human nature."

"What kind of insurance did he have—life or fire?"—Washington Star.

The Wayfarer.

Knicker—Did he leave any footprints on the sands of time?

Bocker—No; I understand he merely beat it.—N. Y. Sun.

NO CIRCUS FOR HIM.

Had Reasons for Staying at Home and Rooting Up Weeds.

In riding along the highway between the towns of Cloversdale and Benson City, Mich., I noticed that all the barns were covered with circus pictures, and by and by, when I came along to where an old farmer was cutting weeds outside his gate, I asked.

"Well, Uncle, I suppose you will go to the circus next week?"

"I couldn't do it," he solemnly replied, accompanied by several shakes of his head.

"Are you afraid that the elephants will break loose?"

"No. I'm afraid of myself."

"As to how?"

"Last fall," he said, as he straightened up to lean on the hoe handle, "I went cooning one night in that cornfield over there. The dog routed out a coon, and the pesky varmint headed for a tree that stood where you see that stump. I had just finished building a $400 barn where you see that mess of timbers and boards. The dog follered the coon, and I follered the dog. It was a big, fat coon, and his pelt was wuth all of 40 cents."

"I see," said I, as he made a long pause.

"I never knew that I was an excitable man before, but they say they heard me holler two miles away. I meant to have that varmint. When he treed I ran for the ax. The old woman came out and yelled at me, but I chopped and whooped and chopped, and when the tree came crashin' down it smashed the barn as flat as a pancake, killed the old dog as dead as a door nail and the coon got away. Am I goin' to the circus? Wall, I guess not. I'm goin' to root up weeds and hoe in the garden and be the quietest man in this hull state of Michigan for the next year to come!"—Baltimore American.

Self-Evident.

"Do you know why a messenger boy never has any chance of becoming president?" "No, why?" "Because he never could bring himself to run for office."

THE WORLD'S NEED

A STICKLESS BUREAU DRAWER, SAYS MR. SNORTLY.

His Experience Has Shown Him How Much the Human Race Would Be Benefited by Such an Invention.

"A fortune, a large, a mountainous fortune," said Mr. Snortly, "awaits the furniture manufacturer who will put on the market a bureau with drawers that won't stick.

"As it is, I suppose that half the bureaus in the world have drawers that can't be opened without a struggle, that couldn't be entirely closed without a mall and that could not then be opened without an axe. I have one such bureau myself—a bureau with drawers that will never close entirely; a bureau that tries me sorely; and I am a man of even temper.

"If bureaus of this sort affect a man of my self-command in this manner, what must their effect be upon myriads of people of dispositions more excitable and explosive? See what trouble one of these sticky drawer bureaus has brought to a friend of mine:

"He was a nice man, but impulsive and somewhat given to self-indulgence, and he fought with himself until one after another he had cut out all his vices except swearing, and last spring he cut that out and came forth that strongest of all men, the man who has conquered himself. In that splendid strength he continued until day before yesterday, when he fell.

"On that day, confident of his own strength of mind, never doubting, never thinking of it in fact, he had become now as he supposed so settled in his power of self-control, he tried to get a collar out of his top bureau drawer.

"This drawer had stuck before, but up to that day he had always managed to open it somehow, and what was far greater, to keep his temper in opening it; but on that day it wedged and stuck and resisted in a manner that would have tried any man and that proved, alas! too much in the end, for my friend.

"For when the drawer wouldn't come, anyway, a cloud seemed to come over his mind, and he grasped the two handles of it with his two hands and planted his foot firmly against the face of the drawer below and pushed with that while he pulled on the drawer, viciously.

"The drawer did yield at last, but when that came the bureau went over under the pressure of the foot he had against it, and the heavily loaded drawer came down with its sharp back edge square on the toes of the other foot.

"All the neighbors said—the windows being opened everywhere, as at this season so that all could hear—that they had never heard anything like it, never; and my friend has got to move. All were willing to admit, when they learned the cause, that the provocation had been great, but they won't take another chance, and my friend must go.

"And all because of a sticky bureau drawer!

"Bureau builders! Think of the benefits you would confer upon humanity by making bureaus with drawers that would open and close easily! But I don't appeal to your philanthropic side. I appeal to your cupidity. A fortune, a Himalayan fortune, awaits the bureau builder who first puts on the market a bureau with drawers that won't stick."

Printing in Venice.

A new institution has just been founded in Venice for the revival of letters in that city, under the name of "L'Istituto Vento di Arti Grafiche." Its object is to promote printing in all its various branches and to restore an art which was once of such widespread fame in Italy. That Venice should be chosen as one of the spots for such a purpose is peculiarly appropriate, for, as is well known, it was in Venice that printing was most warmly encouraged and developed when, after its invention in Germany, it was introduced into Italy. No less than 164 printing presses were set up in Venice in the second half of the fifteenth century, and during the first 30 years that they were at work the number of books printed is estimated at 2,000,000. Aldo Manuzio settled in Venice in 1489, and lived and worked there till his death, in 1515. During those years he commenced the publication of the Aldine editions, which his descendants carried on after him, and which have made his name famous throughout the world of letters.

Chartreuse.

Chartreuse is named after the original Carthusian monastery founded in the eleventh century in a wild, romantic valley forming a portion of the French department of Isere. This liqueur has a large sale, both the green and yellow being popular. It is distilled from various herbs which are supposed to possess peculiar stimulating and aromatic properties. Its repute has been maintained by the monks despite the enormous difficulties which they have encountered from time to time. The order is supposed to have been considerably enriched by the revenue from this country. The monastery which contains the distillery has long been a famous resort for visitors.

Remarkable Coincidences.

Some remarkable coincidences are recorded in the case of two men, William Connolly and Patrick Cantwell, who were drowned a short time ago by the upsetting of a "float" on the Grand canal, near Tullamore, Ireland. The two men were born on the same day 36 years ago; they were baptized in the same water; they were drowned together in the Grand canal, and they have now been buried together at Rahan, King's county.

Mommsen and Bacon.

Trinity college, Cambridge, possesses a famous portrait of Bacon. The other day when a party of visiting German editors viewed it, they were told how Dr. Mommsen, when it was pointed out to him, stood with folded arms in front of it and observed: "So, it is you who gave us Lady Macbeth and Falstaff."

A KENTUCKY WOMAN

How She Gained Fifteen Pounds in Weight and Became Well by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Women at forty, or thereabouts, have their future in their own hands. There will be a change for the better or worse, for the better if the system is purified by such a tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. D. C. Wedding, of Hartford, Ky., writes as follows concerning the difficulties which afflicted her:

"I was seriously ill and was confined to my bed for six or eight months in all, during two years. I had chills, fever, rheumatism. My stomach seemed always too full, my kidneys did not act freely, my liver was inactive, my heart beat was very weak and I had dizziness or swimming in my head and nervous troubles.

"I was under the treatment of several different physicians but they all failed to do me any good. After suffering for two years I learned from an Arkansas friend about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that I would try them. The very first box I took made me feel better and when I had taken four boxes more I was entirely well, weighed fifteen pounds more than when I began, resumed my household duties, and have since continued in the best of health. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people on account of what they did for me, and I feel that I cannot praise them too strongly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mrs. Wedding to health because they actually make new blood and when the blood is in full vigor every function of the body is restored, because the blood carries to every organ, every muscle, every nerve, the necessary nourishment. Any woman who is interested in the cure of Mrs. Wedding will want our book, "Plain Talks to Women," which is free on request.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

When offered something else instead of

Kemp's Balsam

stop and consider: "Am I **sure** to get something as good as this **best** cough cure?

If not **sure**, what good reason is there for for taking chances in a matter that may have a direct bearing on my own or my family's health?"

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

QUEER TRICKS OF ANIMALS.

Seemed to Find Pleasure in Washing of Odds and Ends.

Beckmann gives a delightful account of a coon which used to amuse itself by washing various odds and ends in a bucket of water. An old pot handle, a snail shell, or anything of the sort would do.

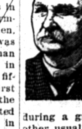
But the thing he loved best of all was an empty bottle. Clasping it in his fore paws he would waddle slowly to the bucket with the bottle clasped close to his breast and then roll it and rinse it in the water. If anyone ventured to disturb him he was furious and threw himself upon his back, clinging so tightly to his beloved bottle that he could be lifted by it.

Groos says that bears will do the same sort of thing. He relates the case of a polar bear which used to roll an old iron pot to and fro in his tank, and then, lifting it out, rub it up and down in a trough of running water. He stood on his hind legs and used his fore paws exactly like a washerwoman washing clothes.

CURED OF GRAVEL.

Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. D. Daughtrey, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2½ pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine. I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I used to suffer the most acute agony during a gravel attack, and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble—lassitude, headache, pain in the back, urinary disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed, but that is not one-quarter of the whole number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Died in Westminster Abbey.

Henry IV. died in Westminster Abbey in 1413. It is claimed that from that time to this no life has ended there, except that of a minister named Shepherd, who dropped dead in the famous old sanctuary, just as he finished a speech, at a meeting recently held under the chairmanship of the Dean of Westminster.

Cheap Excursions South.

On the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month the Big Four Ry. will sell excursion tickets to most all points in Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee Alabama and Georgia at rate of one fare plus $2.00 with return limit 30 days. Liberal stopover privileges Write I. P. Spining, General Northern Agent, Big Four Route, 238 Clark St. Chicago, for further information.

Prefer Cash to Religion.

Some people never seek religion as long as there's a dollar in sight.

Marvin's Cascara Chocolate Tablets

The Great Constipation Cure

Unrivaled as a remedy for Liver, Stomach and Bowel Troubles. Purely vegetable. They stimulate and tone the digestive organs, make pure and rich blood, and bring back health and vigor. For sale by all druggists. You can obtain a FREE sample by addressing MARVIN REMEDY CO., DETROIT.