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A HEALTHY OLD AGE

OFTEN THE BEST PART OF LIFE

Help for Women Passing Through Change of Life

Mrs. Mary Koehne

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.

Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspiration easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and during the period of change of life we know of no better medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Mary L. Koehne, 371 Garfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years in my family and it never disappoints; so when I felt that I was nearing the change of life, I commenced treatment with it. I took in all about six bottles and it did me a great deal of good. It stopped my dizzy spells, pains in my back and the headaches with which I had suffered for months before taking the Compound. I feel that if it had not been for this great medicine for women that I should not have been alive to-day. It is splendid for women, old or young, and will surely cure all female disorders."

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick and ailing women to write her for advice. Her great experience is at their service, free of cost.

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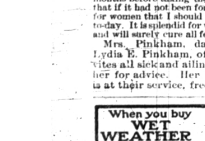

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Send for "How to Prevent, Purify, and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands of Infants and Children."

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We want a live, active and thoroughly experienced salesman in this locality with sufficient means to buy outright a first month's supply of our Slenderine Reducing Remedy. Slenderine Manufacturing Co., Chicago. A utility needed in every store and household. Complete with instructions to sell. Such a man we will give exclusive sales right and assist to retire, making from $5,000 to $10,000 per year. No previous experience necessary. Enclose stamp. Address, Slenderine Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Death Chamber.

By Stephen Crane.

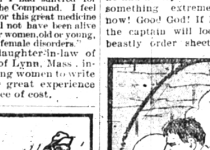
A sergeant, a corporal and 14 men of the Twelfth regiment of the line had been sent out to occupy a house on the main highway. They would be at least a half of a mile in advance of any other picket of their own people.

Sergeant Morton was deeply angry at being sent on this duty. He said that he was overworked. There were at least two sergeants, he claimed furiously, whose turn it should have been to go on this arduous mission. He was treated unfairly; he was abused by his superiors; why did any fool ever join the army; as for him he would get out of it as soon as possible; he was sick of it; the life of a dog. All this he said to the corporal, who listened attentively, giving grunts of respectful assent.

On the way to this post, two privates took occasion to drop casually to the rear and pilfer in the orchard of a deserted plantation. When the sergeant discovered this absence, he grew black with a rage which was an accumulation of all his irritations.

"Run, you!" he howled. "Bring them here! I'll show them—" A private ran swiftly to the rear. The remainder of the squad began to shout nervously at the two delinquents, whose figures they could see in the deep shade of the orchard, hurriedly picking fruit from the ground and cramming it within their shirts, next to their skins. The beseeching cries of their comrades stirred the criminals more than did the barking of the sergeant. They ran to rejoin the squad, while holding their loaded bosoms and with their mouths open with aggrieved explanations.

A moment later the squad moved on toward its station. Behind the sergeant's back Jones and Patterson were slyly passing apples and pears to their friends, while the sergeant expounded eloquently to the corporal. "You see what kind of men are in the army now? Why, when I joined the regiment it was a very different thing, I can tell you. Then, a sergeant had some authority, and if a man disobeyed orders he had a very small chance of escaping something extremely serious. But now! Good Gawd! I repeat these men, the captain will look over a lot of beastly order sheets and say: 'Here



"We Can Beat Them Off."

the sergeant' wrathfully imitated the voice of his captain). "'Haw, my word, Sergeant Morton, these men seem to have very good records; very good records, indeed. I can't be too hard on them; no; not too hard,' continued the sergeant; 'I tell you, Flagler, the army is no place for a decent man.'"

Flagler, the corporal, answered with a sincerity of appreciation which with him had become a science. "I think you are right, sergeant," he answered.

Behind them the privates mumbled discreetly. "This sergeant of ours, he thinks we are made of wood. I don't see any reason for all this strictness when we are on active service. It isn't like being at home in barracks. This is very different. He hammers us now worse than he did in barracks. There is no great harm in a couple of men dropping out to raid an orchard of the enemy when all the world knows that we haven't had a decent meal in 20 days."

The reddened face of Sergeant Morton suddenly showed to the rear. "A little more marching and much less talking," he said.

When he came to the house he had been ordered to occupy, the sergeant sniffed with disdain. "These people must have lived like cattle!" he said, angrily.

To be sure, the place was not alluring. The ground-floor had been used for the housing of cattle, and it was dark and terrible. A slight of steps led to the lofty first floor, which was denuded, but reasonable. The sergeant's visage lightened when he saw the strong walls of stone and cement. "Unless they turn guns on us, they will never get us out of here," he said cheerfully to the squad. The men, anxious to keep him in an amiable mood, all hurriedly grinned and seemed very appreciative and pleased.

"I'll make this into a fortress," he announced. He sent Jones and Patterson, the two orchard thieves, out on sentry duty. He worked the others then until he could think of no more things to tell them to do. Afterward he went forth, with a major general's serious scowl, and examined the ground in front of his position. In returning he came to a spring. Jones, munching an apple. He sternly commanded him to throw it away.

The men spread their blankets on the floors of the bare rooms, and putting their packs under their heads and lighting their pipes, they lived in lazy peace. Bees hummed in the garden and a scent of flowers came through the open window.

There was a sudden little spatter of shooting. A cry from Jones rang out. With no little intermediate scrambling, the sergeant leaped straight to his feet. "Now," he cried, "let us see what you are made of! If," he added bitterly, "you are made of anything."

A man yelled: "Good God, can't you see you're all tangled up in my cartridge belt?"

Another man yelled: "Keep off my legs! Can't you walk on the floor?"

To the windows there was a blind rush of slumberous men, who brushed sleep from their eyes even as they made ready their rifles. Jones and Patterson came stumbling up the steps, crying dreadful information. Already the enemy's bullets were spilling and singing over the house.

The sergeant suddenly was stiff and cold with a sense of the importance of the thing.

There was a howl. "There they are! There they come!" The rifles crackled. A light smoke drifted idly through the rooms. There was a strong odor as from burnt paper and the powder of firecrackers.

"Now," said the sergeant, ambitiously, "we can beat them off easily if you men are good enough."

There was a fusillade against another side of the house. The sergeant dashed into the room which commanded that situation. He found a dead soldier on the floor.

"Patterson!" cried Sergeant Morton.

"Yes," said Patterson, his face set with some deep-rooted quality of determination. Still, he was a mere farm boy.

"Go in to Knowles' window and shoot at those people," said the sergeant, hoarsely. Afterwards he coughed. Some of the fumes of the fight had made way to his lungs.

Patterson looked at the door into this other room. He looked at it as if he suspected it was to be his death-chamber. Then he entered and stood across the body of Knowles and fired vigorously into a group of charming plum trees.

"They can't take this house," declared the sergeant in a contemptuous and argumentative tone. He was apparently replying to somebody. A man who had been shot in the throat lurched by him. Eight men were firing from the windows. The sergeant detected in a corner three wounded men, talking together feebly.

"Don't you think there is anything to do?" he bawled. "Go and get some cartridges and give them to somebody that can use them! Take Simpson's, too." The man who had been shot in the throat looked at him. Of the three wounded men who had been talking, one said apologetically: "My leg is all doubled up under me."

Meantime the sergeant was reloading his rifle. His foot slipped in the blood of the man who had been shot in the throat.

"Why, we can hold this place!" shouted the sergeant jubilantly.

Corporal Flagler suddenly spun from his window and fell in a heap.

"Sergeant," murmured a man, as he dropped to a seat on the floor out of danger, "I can't stand this. I swear I can't. I think we should run away."

Morton, with the kindly eyes of a good shepherd, looked at the man. "You are afraid, Johnston; you are afraid," he said softly. The man struggled to his feet, cast upon the sergeant a gaze full of admiration, reproach and despair, and returned to his post. A moment later he pitched forward, and thereafter his body hung limply out of the window.

The sergeant laid his rifle against the stonework of the window frame and shot with care until his magazine was empty. Behind him, a man singly groaned on the elbow was wildly sobbing like a girl.

"Shut up," said Morton, without turning his head. Before him was a vista of fields, clumps of trees, woods, populated with little, stealthy, fleeting figures.

He grew furious. "Why didn't he send me orders?" he cried aloud. The emphasis on the word "he" was impressive.

The man who had been grazed on the elbow still set up his bleat. Morton's fury veered to this soldier. "Can't you shut up? Can't you shut up? Can't you shut up? Fight! That's the thing to do! Fight!"

A bullet struck Morton and he fell upon the man who had been shot in the throat. There was a sickening moment. Then the sergeant roll-ed off to a position upon the bloody floor. He turned himself with a last effort until he could look at the wounded who were able to look at him.

His arms weakened and he dropped on his face.

After an interval, a young subaltern of the enemy's infantry, followed by his eager men, burst into this reeking death chamber. But just over the threshold he halted, and remarked, with a shrug to his sergeant: "I should have estimated them as at least 100 strong."

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GENTLE REMINDER FOR PAPA.

Robbie Uneasy Over Time It Took to Make Printing Press.

One day papa took Robbie down to see the presses print the books and papers and pictures, and the little boy was much interested.

"Papa," said he, "let me come down every day and run the presses."

"O, I couldn't do that," said his papa, "but maybe I'll have a little printing press made for you, just your size."

The weeks and months passed away and papa forgot all about his promise, but Robbie didn't. It was fully a year later that he came home from Sunday school and said: "Papa, teacher said that God made the world in six days. Is that so?"

"I guess it is," said papa.

"The water and the dirt and the trees, and the dogs and birds' nests, and everything?"

"Yes."

"Gee, whiz!" said Robbie, "that was quick work. Six days to make all the world, and you've been a year and ain't got that printin' press done yet!"

—The American Boy.

Explained.

"Say paw."

"Well son?"

"What is meant by running gear?"

"A woman's tongue, my son."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

EXPLORER RIDES A TURTLE.

De Rougemont Shows a London Audience How Easy It Is.

Six years ago M. de Rougemont appeared before the geographical section of the British association at Clifton and described with much wealth of detail his remarkable adventures in the heart of the Australian continent. He included among them some striking reminiscences of the pearling industry in Australia, and added that, having been wrecked, he "occupied some part of his leisure by riding turtles in the lagoon of his desert island. Yesterday, after the lapse of many days, he appeared—in a striped bathing blanket and a bathing suit—before a British audience at the Hippodrome to demonstrate the truth of his part of his narrative.

There is no ground for supposing that it is the same turtle which shared M. de Rougemont's solitude in Australasia, or that it is a confederate in any way. Yesterday it lay placidly by the Hippodrome lagoon while M. de Rougemont lectured once again on his entertaining experiences, and it gave no sign of intelligence while he described the whole art of turtle riding. Suddenly the explorer flung off his blanket, and seizing the turtle unceremoniously by the scruff of its neck and the back of its shell hoisted it into the water. The turtle sank, but rose again. M. de Rougemont went in after it and in a moment was on its back. Down it went again and then once more rose. This time the rider grasped it firmly, crying, "Ta 'Ra 'Ra!" and slapped it with some severity. It was an exciting and amusing entertainment from the spectators' point of view and M. de Rougemont also appeared to enjoy it very much. Of the turtle's enjoyment we have some doubt, but its general attitude was that of a passive resister. At any rate, M. de Rougemont did ride it.—London Daily Graphic.

FOR THOSE NEARING OLD AGE.

Writer in Scribner Gives Some Advice Worth Heeding.

With increasing enlightenment in matters of hygiene, the period of old age is deferred, and the tides of life now flow strongly at a time when our forefathers and, still more, our forefathers were laid on the shelf; and yet, rich if oft we may, it is bound to catch up with us, unless we be of those whom the gods love. To the earlier period of meek acceptance belongs the assertion, so often repeated as to be sometimes carelessly taken for truth, that contact with youth keeps the mind alive; makes old people forget their age. Never was a more mistaken statement. In a way, it is true that the society of young persons does keep their elders young, by stimulating their pride and preventing them from giving way to certain foibles incident to their time in life. It is in the nature of a salutary discipline; and those persons who are brought in contact with the little segregated communities of old men and old women who are collected in "homes" will probably agree that it is a discipline which is most desirable. For of all the pitfalls which lie in wait for old age the most distressing is that lack of self-control which lays bare the weaknesses hitherto kept under cover by a normally strong will. The constant presence of the younger generation is at the same time a moral goad and a support. The very instinct of self-preservation leads one to adapt oneself to their standards. If you would be unpleasant to look at, you must cultivate the niceties of the toilet. Not for you, ma'am, any "sweet neglect." At your age, "robes loosely flowing, hair as free" are not as befitting as a well-preserved figure and a tiny puff-ver. Not for you, sir, an overindulgence in slippered ease. Beware the trousers that bag at the knee and the wrinkled waist coat. If you would not be an unwelcome companion you must constantly bear in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit." You must be sympathetic, but discreet; wise, but not too wise; modern enough to be companionable, but old-fashioned enough to be suitable. And you must not expect to be understood.—Scribner.

The Old Plane Tree of Cos.

In the island of Cos, in the Aegean sea, there stands, jealously guarded, a huge plane tree, measuring nearly 15 yards in circumference. It is surrounded by a podium, or raised platform, breast high, doubtless built to support the trunk of the tree after it had become hollow and weak from age. The lower branches are still well preserved and have been shored up by pieces of antique columns, over the upper ends of which the branches have grown like caps in consequence of the pressure of their own weight.

Close by the tree is a solid marble seat, which is said to be the chair of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and it is supposed that he taught the art of healing from that seat. He was born at Cos 460 B. C. This gives a view to the age of the celebrated tree, which must be considerably more than 2,000 years old.

Why He Married Her.

A country justice of the peace, when upward of 70 years of age, married a girl about 18 and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he hoped he could tell them news: "Why," said he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If asked why, the old gentleman replied: "Why, the father suited me so well for 40 years past that I thought the daughter might suit me for 40 years to come."

English Officials in India.

Britain uses only a handful of Englishmen in its India civil service to govern the hordes of natives in India. Says an authority: "Including military officers in civil employ and others, about 1,200 Englishmen are employed in the civil government of 232,000,000 of people and in the partial control of 62,000,000 more. On the average there are only four members of the ruling race for every million of its subjects. India is a government of Indians under British direction."

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Sentiment a Matter of Age.

OLD JESTER TIME DELIGHTS IN PLAYING STRANGE TRICKS.

Aging Folk Seem to Be the Only Sentimentalists Left—Present Generation Seeks Money and Material Comforts.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Notwithstanding the general skepticism of young people on the subject, the fact is that almost the only sentimentalists we have left are the old. Time is a jester and he likes to play strange tricks by sleight of hand. He has stolen the slender grace of youder substantial matron and given her a goodly store of avoirdupois. He has robbed her of the roundness and smoothness of girlhood and left creases and crow's feet to mark the years, but of one thing he has not been able to defraud her. Deep in her heart there is a spring of romance that bubbles up with the same silver sound and sweet freshness that it did when she was a bride, and although she may be a grandmother, she is more sentimental now than the pretty bride of the second generation.

Many an old fellow whose name is known in the stock market and at whose beck the world of finance changes place as children do in the game of stage coach, has an unsuspected fountain of sentiment hidden in his soul. He is shrewd, hard-headed and sagacious, but the soft bit of sentiment is in him still, and it responds to the touch of music and poetry, to the waft of a perfume, or the sight of daisies in June. Such a man will carry folded away in his vest pocket a bit of fugitive verse or a faded photograph, the kind that was formerly called a carte de visite. The picture is old-fashioned, but it brings back to him the memory of a girl who died long ago, in the peace summer that followed our civil war.

The old people watch with a certain sympathetic interest the love affairs of their juniors and often resent and regret the obvious lack of sentiment shown by these. A young woman marries a man who can give her a comfortable home and relieves her from the drudgery of teaching or sewing or the inconvenience of dependence on parents who have younger children to provide for. To the sensible person who takes a discreet, commonplace view of life, it seems a justifiable proceeding; eminently wise on the part of the young woman. Why should she ask for anything more than a solid foundation of respect and esteem on which to begin her married life. The people of her own period are very apt to take this matter of fact view. Not so the elderly ladies who were wooed and won with chivalrous ardor in the long ago, who know what real courtship means, who regard love as hallowed and marriage as a sanctuary, and who shudder at the thought of a profane foot crossing that sacred threshold. They have had to part with many illusions on the road, but the one illusion that has remained to them a pure reality is Love's young dream.

* * *

Every generation receives its stamp in the days of its youth. The present generation is living in a time of wonderful material progress, in a time, too, when to be rich is the ambition of nine-tenths of the community and when to nine-tenths poverty seems the most dreaded fate in the universe. So universal is the desire for wealth and for the luxuries and privileges that wealth makes possible, that various crimes and corruptions have found their way into places that once would have shuddered at the thought of them and scorned their very name.

How can sentiment live and flourish in a time when gold and greed are the idols of men's hearts?

For the flourishing of sentiment leisure is needed. Not only is the present generation ambitious for material prosperity, but it is in a hurry to get on. People no longer live contentedly year after year, in the same place; they do not strike their roots deeply anywhere; they are always on the road. California or the Bahamas, Europe or the far east, allure people from their firesides, and globe-trotters are so common that their coming and going elicits no comment.

Time was that a great traveler was a lion, but in these days he has lost prestige, and nobody pays him much attention. The age is one of bustle, haste and a thousand crowding engagements. Without leisure we cannot have serenity, and without serenity we do not have sentiment. Consequently, the men and women who came to maturity when standards were high and there was time enough for all one had to do, are the survivors of a beautiful by-gone time, and in them sentiment still lives and comes continually to bloom and fruit.

It is needful only to read in the same month Edith Wharton's ferriole arraignment of a portion of modern society in "The House of Mirth," and Mr. Wister's exquisite and wonderfully artistic story of "King's Port," to see what has been wrought for us in the way of polishof by the decay of sentiment. Look on this picture and then on that. Having done so, take a lantern and search for the dear souls in whom sentiment still abides, and sit down beside them and let them give you lessons in sympathy, in chivalry, in womanly reticence, in manly devotion and in all that makes life really worth living. Not until you do this and until you absorb the sweetness of their spirit can you hope to understand what the poets mean when they sing of love, or to feel the exquisite enchantments of fairy-lore and of the old mythologies you find love and life forever hand in hand.

There is a practical style of thinking and of acting that deals a death blow to sentiment, but fortunately with most of us, there is yet the capability of being awakened to romance and charmed with its potency, if only we will let go our clutch at the things that perish and reach out a hand for the things that are eternal. Love of home, love of little children, joy, hope, mirth, belief in good men and good women, are the attar of rose we call sentiment. Shall we let the old people have the monopoly of these?

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

SAVES SURFACE OF TABLE.

A mat such as this will be found useful for placing under a lamp or a flower pot, as either are apt to scratch the highly-polished surface of a table. Our model is in reseda-green moire, with appliques of palm forget-me-not blue lace cloth; but, of course, the colors may be varied to suit any furniture, and plain silk or velvet may be used in place of the moire, if preferred. In the first place the size of mat must be decided upon, then a circle of firm white paper of the size should be cut out. Also make some tracings of the little applique design shown in No. 2, and arrange them as shown in the circle; paste them, then draw the little cording stitch sprays in pencil. Place the material for foundation of mat on a board, then a sheet of tracing cloth, lastly the design, pin all firmly together and go over the outline of the design with a hard pencil.

To work the mat, cut as many applique designs out of the cloth as will be required, place them in position on foundation, and fix with a little strong paste—shoemaker's paste is best to use; set aside to dry, then work the cording stitch all round with embroidery silk. If a stiff mat is desired, the embroidery should be placed

over a circle of cardboard, turn over the edges and line with sateen, then sew a fine silk cord round the edge; a circle of thick flannel or felt may be used in place of cord if it is not wished to be stiff.

Needlework Notes.

Embroidered buttons are so pretty and so fashionable that many women are embroidering their own little circles of silk, which are afterward used to cover buttons with.

An important thing to remember in cutting out a waist or blouse is that all portions that are likely to stretch, sleeves, yoke and collar, should be cut on lengthwise folds of the material.

In making very narrow tucks by hand a good way to insure their being even is to draw threads to mark the line of the stitching. This will not injure the goods and the tucks will be much more even than if they were merely creased.

In shirring a girdle or ruffles it is much easier to do it on the sewing machine. Make the tension of the upper thread quite loose, then stitch where you want it gathered, then pull the lower thread and it will gather satisfactorily. The ends of the thread, of course, must be securely fastened or they will pull through.

Whether it is necessary to dampen or not, all cotton goods should be pressed on the wrong side. Place a damp cloth over the part to be pressed and pass the iron over it until the steam rises. Remove the cloth and press the material until it is perfectly dry. Skirts will sag less if they are pressed on a table rather than on a skirt board.

Summer Morning Suits.

Old-fashioned ginghams and chambries wash and wear to perfection. The newer goods ask for a fair heating and get it, too. For practical summer morning suits the first choice seems to be tinted voiles, firm enough to be cut and treated like cloth and made up in rather severe tailored fashion. The fashionable striped effects appear in voiles and are most effective made up with bands and revers of a plain color. A practical costume which could be copied in any cotton or linen stuff is a white embroidered in dark green dots. The plaited skirt is trimmed at the bottom with three bands of plain green linen, and the plain linen makes a sleeveless bolero. The three-quarter length sleeves finish with turned up cuffs of the green linen.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anaemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had been a doctor and they pronounced my trouble anaemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. At one time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations would possess me.

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in short time I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anaemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Beit's Deed of Generosity.

One of the many persons whom the late Alfred Beit had befriended repaid him with ingratitude and abuse. Later the ingrate fell on evil times. Though down in the gutter, he still had a little shame left and would not ask Mr. Beit for help. The South African diamond magnate sent for one of the unlucky one's friends and said: "Go and see So-and-So, ask if he wants any help, and give it to him, but don't let him think it is from me. I have had a difference with him and perhaps it would annoy him!"

North Dakota Solves the Adulteration Problem.

North Dakota seems to have found the key to the question, "How shall we protect the people from frauds in manufactured products?" A new law has recently gone into effect designed to make it impossible to deceive people into buying inferior and adulterated paint under the impression that they are getting real paint, viz.: pure white lead and linseed oil.

The North Dakota lawmakers did not attempt to absolutely prohibit the inferior pigments or mixtures of pigments. They adopted the slogan, "Let the label tell," and then left to the people to buy whichever they wished.

Under this plan, if any one wishes to buy a mixture of rock-dust, ground quartz and other cheap elements which are found in many paints and so-called "white leads," no one can object; for they do it with their eyes open. But if they prefer genuine white lead and linseed oil, they can be sure of getting it, for none but the genuine article can bear a label which says "pure white lead."

In all other States mixtures are often sold as pure white lead which contain little — sometimes no — real white lead.

It would seem that were this same principle applied to food, beverages and all other prepared articles, where deception is practiced upon the buyer, the question would be solved. It would leave it free to buy as we pleased, but would protect us from unwittingly buying what we did not want.

Long Journey for Pleasure.

Justus Miles Forman has left New York for an extended journey, the itinerary of which includes Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands, and which is undertaken, he said, not to gain new literary material, but solely because he wants to play a little."

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

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

Troubles of an Author.

Robert Louis Stevenson's mother wrote in one of her letters from Samoa: "The people here are now discovering that Louis wrote 'The Bottle-Imp' is coming out in the native paper, having been translated by Mr. C——. It is much appreciated, but leads to some curious results. For instance, the house in it somewhat resembles ours, and a good many of the natives suspect that Mr. Stevenson has the 'bottle' himself."

Labor the Great Quality.

The most beautiful actions of the human body and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions or achievements, of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative effort. It is the negative quantity—or quantities of de-fect—which has to be counted against every Feat and of de-fect which has to be counted against every Fact or Deed of men. In brief, it is that quantity of our toil which we die in.—Ruskin.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE