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Another Use for Medicine.

A Chicago family which employs as its butler an old-fashioned negro was constantly annoyed by the doorbell of the house getting out of order. On several occasions an electrician who used some sort of white powder in his work, had been called in to fix the bell.

One evening when there were guests at dinner, one of them complained of a sore throat. The mistress of the house turned to the butler and said:

"Sam, when dinner is over, go to the drug store and get a small bottle of Dobell's solution."

"Before de Lawd!" exclaimed the negro in genuine distress. "Is dat do'-bell out of ordah ag'in?"—Popular Magazine.

He Was the One.

A small boy with a rather lost and lonesome appearance walked into the county clerk's office at the court house. He gazed about him for a time and finally approached Deputy Henry Smiley.

"Please, sir," said the lad, timidly, "have you seen anything of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes, sonny," answered Smiley, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?" as lad asked anxiously.

"Yes," replied Smiley.

"Well," said the little chap, as a relieved look crossed his face. "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady?"—Denver Post.

Fooling the Lord.

"Mother," teased a little boy of five, "does God know everything that I'm going to do before I do it?"

"Yes, dear, everything," she said.

"Well, does he know that I'm going upstairs in a minute and put on my pajamas and say my prayers and get into bed?"

"Yes, dear, he knows everything."

"Well, tonight he's going to get fooled, for I'm not going to say my prayers."—St. Louis Republic.

Does a thin woman worry because she has such a narrow outlook?

How Aggravating.

Brown—I saw a man drop twenty stories the other day, and it was a caution the way he swore.

Greene—Swore after dropping twenty stories?

Brown—Yes. They were in a magazine he had just bought, and he dropped it in the mud.—Judge.

Comparative Values.

"My wife can make a tart reply."

"My wife can do better than that. She can make pie speak for itself."

All things are for the best—and every one of us imagines he's the best.

COFFEE HURTS
One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffer from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse.

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she kept at me so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken to Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change.

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum," "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up the latter for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

And just then my upward reaching hand found hers. And yet no, it couldn't be her hand, either; it felt like the crash cover of the cushion—rough and fibrous. And yet, by Jove, it was a hand, for it gave mine a grip that almost broke my fingers and then dropped them. By the time I looked up, I saw only her little palm resting upward on her knee.

It was funny; but I had other things to think about than puzzles.

She sighed. "Well, I'm the one that can feel for you, Dicky." Here the sigh lifted and her laugh pealed like a chime of silver bells. "I guess Brother Jack doesn't know as much about your affairs as he thinks, does he—eh? Why, he told me you were more afraid of a girl than of a mad dog."

And a slapping grip fell on my shoulder that made me tingle from head to foot. And yet I wished she wouldn't do that; if she did it again, I should just lose my head—I knew I should.

But here she rose, stretched her arms, and dropped into the wicker arm-chair. She hitched it nearer to me.

"You see, it's like this," she began, assuming a confidential air. "You know my sister's up at school at Cambridge, too."

"At Radcliffe college—yes." I nodded.

"Why, yes. Well, it's her roommate!"

"Eh? I don't believe I—" I paused perplexedly.

"That's right—her room-mate, I tell you! And in a day or two she's coming home with Sis for a visit. I want you to come up for a week end—won't you—and look her over—I mean, see her and tell me what you think of her. You'll go crazy about her—oh, I know you will!"

I entered a protest. "Oh, I say now, you know, there's only one girl I ever saw I would care to look at twice."

She smiled adorably. "Oh, don't I know all about how you feel? But I just want you to see this girl—she's the prettiest and swellest that's been around Boston for many a day; and on Sunday morning she could give the flag to all the avenue. Why, Dicky, she's from China!"

"China!" I must have looked the scorn I felt. "Oh, come now, you don't think a Chinese girl is—"

"Not Chinese, Dicky." In her eagerness, she moved so near, the silk of her pajama brushed my hand. "She's English. Her dad's the British Governor General of Hong Kong—Colonel Francis Kirkland, you know—beefy-looking old chap with white mutton chops—I saw his picture."

Hong Kong! I wondered if she knew Mastermann; the chap who had sent me the red pajamas. Why, dash it, of course she would; for this fellow Mastermann was out there on government business, and he and the governor must be thrown together a good deal.

Her musical laugh broke in on my speculations. "But the funniest thing is, Dicky, her name's the same as mine."

Her name! By Jove, and until this moment, I had not thought—

"Oh, I say," I exclaimed eagerly, "what is your name, anyway?"

"Don't You Think Frances Is a Peach of a Name?"

The lustrous eyes opened wide. "Why, you mean to say you don't know? Thought you knew I was named after the governor. And she's named after hers—Frances, from Francis, you know—just the difference in a letter. See?"

"Frances!" I murmured lingeringly. "So your name's Frances?"

"Yes, and hers is Frances—odd, isn't it?"

I assented, but I wished she would drop the other girl—I wasn't interested there, except just because she was.

Her bosom lifted with a sigh. "Don't you think Frances is a peach of a name?"

"It's heavenly!" I whispered. "And I'm glad to hear about your friend, too."

Her sweet face clouded. "Not much of a friend; she don't lost any sleep over, me," she commented gloomily. "Then there's Sis double-crossing me with her influence ever since I got hauled up before Prexy at Easter. Sis is awfully prissy."

Her tone was almost savage. I strained incredulously after her meaning.

"Did I understand you to say you were brought up before the president there at Radcliffe?"

Radcliffe?" Her head shook. "No—Harvard." And I nodded, recalling the affiliation between the two institutions at Cambridge.

She sighed and her beautiful lashes drooped sadly. By Jove, I was so jolly floored I couldn't manage a word. I knew, of course, that my heart was broken, but it didn't matter. I loved her just the same; I should always love her; and she had tried to let me know she loved me better than any man she had ever met. What the deuce did anything else matter, anyhow? We would marry and go out on a ranch or something of that sort, where the false, polished what-you-call-it of civilization didn't count, and no rude rebuff or sneer of society would ever chill her warm impulsiveness!

She smiled archly. "See here, Dicky, I thought we were going to tell each other the story of our lives. Your turn now; tell me how she looks to you, this girl that came at last—there's always the one girl comes at last, they say, if you wait long enough. Go on—tell me—what's she like?"

"Of course, you don't know!" I said significantly.

"Me? Of course I wouldn't know—I want you to tell me. Say, is she really so pretty?"

"Pretty," indeed! It was like this adorable child of nature not to understand that she was the most perfect and faultless creation on earth!

I leaned toward her. "Is she pretty?" I repeated reproachfully.

She eyed me slyly.

"Oh, of course I know how you feel," she said, "but draw me a picture of her."

"A picture!" I laughed. "All right, here goes: Eighteen, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair'—that sort of thing. Features classic—perfect oval, you know, and profile to set an artist mad with joy. Eyes? Blue as Hebe's, but big and true and tender; hair, a great, shining nugget of virgin gold. Form divine—the ideal of a poet's dream—the alluring, the elusive, the unattainable, the despair of the sculptor's chisel."

"My!" said Miss Billings, staring.

But I was not through. "Complexion? Her skin as smooth as the heart of a seashell and as delicately warm as its rosy blush when kissed by the amorous tide."

"Gee!" ejaculated my darling.

I looked at her closely. "And in one matchless cheek a dimple divine such as might have been left by the barbed arrow of Cupid when it awoke Psyche from her swoon of death. In short, she might be the dainty fairy princess of our childhood fantasies, were she less superb in figure. On the other hand, she might be the sunny-haired daughter of a Viking king, were she not too delicately featured and molded."

That was all I could remember from the description as I had read it in a novel, but I was glad I had stored it up, by Jove, for it suited her to a dot. She didn't say a word for a moment, but just sat there eying me kind of sidewise, her little upper lip lifted in an odd way. Then of a sudden she shook her head and swung her knees up over the arm of her chair.

"Well, Dicky, as a describer you sure are the slushy spreader. Say, you've got Eleanor Glyn backed off the boards."

She went on eagerly: "I don't care, though; slushy or not, your picture's just perfect for her. Why, your girl must be a ringer for the girl at Radcliffe. Only thing you left out was the freckle on the chin."

Freckle on the chin! By Jove, I left it out on purpose, for I thought she might not like it. I wondered if all girls at Radcliffe had freckles on the chin.

She lay back, regarding me inscrutably. "If she looks like that," she sighed, "you ought to love her very much, Dicky."

I couldn't say anything, for words are so deuced inadequate, you know. But I just made an effort to look it all.

"Of course," sighing, "you ought to feel that way; and, another thing, Dicky; you'll never forget where you first saw her, will you? One of the things one never forgets."

"Right in this room," I murmured; "and in that wicker chair."

"Really?" Her surprised ejaculation was delicious. By Jove, how entrancingly coquettish of her! How jolly clever!

"Go on; tell me how she was dressed—never mind any more picturesque business; just tell me in four or five words. Bet you can't do it!" She slipped over again to the arm of my chair.

In her eyes was a challenge and I took it up.

"In black silk pajamas," I said daringly.

Her blue eyes opened wide. For a moment I feared she would be offended at my audacity, but her birdlike carol of laughter reassured me.

"Say, you're not so slow, are you?"

And her hand came down on my back with a force that made me jump.

"Only shows," she gurgled merrily, "how little Jack knows about you. Say, you'd better never tell him about those black pajamas!"

She spoke chokingly through a storm of laughter as she rocked there against my shoulder.

"And say—the joke of it!" She banged me on the back with a clubbike blow, incredible from that little hand. "The joke of it is, he thought I'd be so safe with you! Oh, mamma!"

And off she went again.

"But I'll—I'll never say a word, Dicky," she said, coming out of her laughter and panting breathlessly. "Never! And don't you, Dicky—don't you ever! Understand? Mum's the word!"

"But—"

"Oh, but me no 'buts'—promise!"

"Why, then—er—of course, if you wish it."

"That's right, because I want to come again—that is, if you want me. But if Brother Jack was on to you, Dicky, as I am, he would sooner have me at a hotel, that's all."

"But my dear Frances—"

"I tell you I know, Dicky; he doesn't approve of young ladies in pajamas." She chuckled. "Not even black ones."

She stood up, looking at herself and performing a graceful pirouette before the long pier glass.

"Now, if they had been crimson," she proceeded, "he might have felt different. Old Jack's great on Harvard, and so am I."

Of course. All Radcliffe girls were, I knew.

By Jove, how I wished I could show her the lovely crimson pajamas Mastermann had sent me from China! But I would have to summon Jenkins to find them, and besides, it would be of questionable taste to present them to her attention.

"Great idea, this, having pajamas in your college colors," she said, thought so, too, as I noted admiringly the rich effect of her golden head above the black silk. But I thought the color a devilish odd one—somber, you know—for colors of a young girl's school.

"My! my!" she murmured, "wouldn't I just love to live in pajamas—just go about in 'em all the time, you know! Why can't we, I wonder?" Her face flashed me a ravishing smile; and while I was blinking over her question, she went on: "Funny how the girls even are taking to 'em—even Sis wears 'em!" She chuckled; "Hers are gray flannelette. But the girl I'm telling you about—she don't; Sis told the mater about it. It seems that before she left China, some high muckamuck gave her governor a swell pair of silk ones—something like these, I guess, but I don't know of what color. But, anyhow, they were too delicate and fine to be wasted on an old stiff like that, and he had sense enough to know it. So he passed 'em down the line to her—Frances, you know. Well, sir—" Here she sidled to the table and half leaned, half perched, upon its edge; and I was so distracted watching her graceful poise and gestures, that I lost what she was saying, by Jove.

It was her trill of laughter at something she had said, and the question: "Wasn't that funny?" that brought me back to what she was telling me.

"Yes, sir—said she just scared her maid—oh, batty! Because she looked so ugly in 'em—that's what she thinks, but of course—shucks! Anyhow, she never wore 'em any more, and a day or two later some coolie stole them—sold 'em probably."

Suddenly she yawned, stretched her arms above her head and flashed me a dazzling smile. By Jove, in the loose-fitting garments she looked for all the world like an Oriental houri, or some jolly lovely thing like that.

"Gee, but I'm sleepy!" she said behind her little hand. "If you'll excuse me, Dicky, I believe I will be off to the springs—the bed springs, for little Frankie. Good night, then. See you in the morning."

And with another radiant smile, she moved toward her room.

"Good night," I said dutifully.

By Jove, somehow I had hoped she would offer to kiss me, now that we were engaged in a way. But then, of course, it wouldn't do—she knew that. So ought I. Perhaps in the morning at the boat.

But all in vain—my early rise the next morning, my careful toilet and my dash in a taxi to a florist and then to Tiffany's for a ring. At the pier I dodged about in the crowd, the boy trailing behind me with the big purple box, but not a devilish thing could I see of Frances. By Jove, I almost broke my monocle straining! At last I was sure she must be left, for the last passengers were passing over the gang-plank.

"Hello, Dicky!"

"Keep It Dark."

The voice, coarse and hearty, came from an athletic young man in a hurrah suit. On his head, perched jauntily above a mass of yellow hair, was a straw hat with a crimson band.

I stared at him through my glass, but it was any one I knew at all. I looked at him coldly, for there's nothing so devilish annoying as familiarities from strangers. I thought I could freeze him off.

But he only grinned. "Looking for Miss Billings?"

"I—I haven't seen her," I answered stiffly. But his question alarmed me.

He chuckled in my face. "Guess you don't know her in her clothes, eh, Dicky?" And I did not need the punch he gave me in the side to make me stagger backward. "A thousand thanks, and good-by, old chap. I see they're hauling in the plank."

He lingered for one bearlike grab at my hand.

"And say, don't forget—for I know Jack Billings better than you do—don't ever let him know about all that Scotch last night."

He called over his shoulder with a grin: "Keep it dark—as dark as those black pajamas, Dicky!"

And as long as I could see, he stood on the deck, waving his hat at me, as I stood here with my mouth open, my eyes following him with horror.

By Jove, who was he, and what did he know?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boy Scouts' Opportunity.

If boy scouts can agree that they will not fight with any of their nations the peace of the world will be assured without the aid of diplomacy.

Probably Made a Hit.

A young woman who presides over one of the kindergarten schools of Cambridge appeared at her desk recently attired in a new close-fitting skirt. With no thought other than the conducting of her regular routine work, the teacher went about her duties. She noticed, however, that one of her charges was paying little attention to his work, but following her with his eyes wherever she chanced to go. Approaching the little fellow with the intention of ascertaining the trouble, she said: "Well, Tommy—" Before she could go any further the youngster shook his boyish head and said: "Say, teacher, that's a classy skirt you've got on!"—Boston Post.

Marie Tempest's Nose.

At the Lenten musicals at the Waldorf-Astoria a young matron related a bon-mot of Marie Tempest's.

"Miss Tempest's nose is frightfully pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose as if it belonged to someone else.

"'When the Creator,' she said, 'was looking for a nose for me he took, you see, the first one that turned up.'"

Great System.

"This winter air is nice and fresh," said the brisk citizen.

"That's where you are wrong," replied the man from Chicago. "It's the same old air; it only seems fresh because it has been in cold storage."

His Work.

An electrician ought to be a social success."

"Why an electrician especially?"

"Because he is so well posted on current topics."

PIMPLES ON FACE 3 YEARS

"I was troubled with acne for three long years. My face was the only part affected, but it caused great disfigurement, also suffering and loss of sleep. At first there appeared red, hard pimples which later contained white matter. I suffered a great deal caused by the itching. I was in a state of perplexity when walking the streets or anywhere before the public.

"I used pills and other remedies but they failed completely. I thought of giving up when nothing would help, but something told me to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a Cuticura Booklet which I read carefully. Then I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and by following the directions I was relieved in a few days. I used Cuticura Soap for washing my face, and applied the Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. This treatment brought marvelous results so I continued with it for a few weeks and was cured completely. I can truthfully say that the Cuticura Remedies are not only all, but more than they claim to be." (Signed) G. Baumel, 1015 W. 20th Place, Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Very Far.

"That's a pretty far-fetched story."

"Yes, I got it by long distance telephone."

It's practically impossible for a man to form an impartial opinion of himself.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.

He who lends money without security borrows trouble.

Life Sentence.

The Marquis of Queensberry, apropos of the long sentence of Foulke E. Brandt, said at a dinner in New York:

"It reminds me of an incident in London. A certain peer drove in a taxicab to Westminster and, when he got out, gave the driver a very small tip.

"The driver mistook him for a member of the house of commons and snarled:

"'I hope you get turned out next election and don't never get in again!'

"'Don't worry, my friend,' said the peer, as he set off for the house of lords. 'Don't worry—I'm in for life.'"

Supreme Faith.

"I gave my wife a check for $1,000 yesterday."

"What was the cause of your liberality?"

"I knew she'd never have the nerve to try to cash it."

To keep artificial teeth and bridgework antiseptically clean and free from odors and disease germs, Paxtine Antiseptic is unequaled. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Perhaps you are one of those chaps who want the earth, if so, what would you do with the old thing if you had it?

Many a married man has a chaperon in his wife.

Cole's Carbolsalve quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Chance for Him.

Gerald—People can get used to anything.

Geraldine—Then why not cheer up?

Since it is worth while to be well, take Garfield Tea, Nature's Medicine.

Women lean toward mystery, but men lean toward mastery.

WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. To well tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching, it will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A TYPICAL CASE—

Edward Porsche, 1833 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "My eyes were puffed from dropsy and my hands and feet terribly swollen. For three months I was completely laid up. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved the awful backache, stopped the swelling and made me feel one-hundred per cent better."

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

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DOAN'S Kidney Pills

Pettit's Eye Salve TONIC FOR EYES

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes whitest.

The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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Women

From Forty-Five to Fifty Are Much Benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The "change of life" is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—"I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others."—Mrs. Estella Gillispie, R.D. No. 4, Box 34, St. Anne, Illinois.