

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

HICKS' CAPUDINE IMMEDIATELY CURES Headaches and Indigestion. Trial bottle 10c. All drug stores.

REHEARSAL IN A CAR. Professional Entertainer Was Almost Too Successful.

"The other night, coming home in the car," said the professional entertainer, "I began to wonder if I could bring tears to my own eyes as I do to the eyes of the other people. I tried. I thought of all the wrongs I had committed, and felt sorry for people I had wronged. I thought of all the mistakes I had made that other people had profited by and pretty soon the tears began to gather in my eyes and roll down my cheeks.

"I forgot there were other people in the car who might notice me. Soon a woman got up from across the car and came to me.

"I see, sir," said she, "that you are in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

"Lord bless you, no, madam," I told her, hastily wiping away my tears, "I am a professional entertainer and was practicing on myself. That's all."

Sad Disappointment. A verdant-looking old fellow recently entered the office of a downtown woman's exchange, and after a moment's hesitation inquired of the lady in charge: "Is this here the Woman's Exchange?"

"It is," replied the lady. "Well," continued the countryman, somewhat sheepishly, "I'd like to swap off my old woman for 'most anybody you happen to have on hand.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Flow of Artesian Well. To calculate the rate of flow of an artesian well a simple plan is to lower a bottle of aniline fluid to a depth of say 500 feet and then electrically explode a cap to burst the bottle. The time required for the fluid to appear at the surface gives an accurate gauge as to the velocity of flow. It is claimed that this method gives results as accurate as a weir. The diameter of the pipe being known, the rate of flow readily follows.

Earned His Tip. The porter in the barber shop had just finished polishing the funny man's shoes when the latter said: "John, I'm in a quandary and need your advice. Will you please give me your deductions concerning molecular necrosis?"

But John didn't turn a hair, whatever that means. "Yes, sah," he replied suavely. "It's an infinitesimal affinity, sah."

Wanted an Excuse. "What do you take when you're coming down with a cold?" "Whisky." "Wife object?" "Certainly not. She doesn't want me to be sick?" "One more question." "Well?" "What's the easiest way to start a cold?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Years may come and years may go, but the time will never arrive when a man will sit up and patch his wife's clothes after she is asleep in bed.

COULDN'T KEEP IT. Kept It Hid from the Children.

"We cannot keep Grape-Nuts food in the house. It goes so fast I have to hide it, because the children love it so. It is just the food I have been looking for ever so long; something that I do not have to stop to prepare and still is nourishing."

Grape-Nuts is the most scientifically made food on the market. It is perfectly and completely cooked at the factory and can be served at an instant's notice, either with rich cold cream, or with hot milk if a hot dish is desired. When milk or water is used, a little sugar should be added, but when cold cream is used alone the natural grape-sugar, which can be seen glistening on the granules, is sufficiently sweet to satisfy the palate. This grape-sugar is not poured over the granules, as some people think, but exudes from the granules in the process of manufacture, when the starch of the grains is changed from starch to grape-sugar by the process of manufacture. This, in effect, is the first act of digestion; therefore, Grape-Nuts food is pre-digested and is most perfectly assimilated by the very weakest stomach. "There's a Reason."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

HER FINAL FAD

By BEATRICE TRYCEY

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Lord! How she would stand pat on her hobbies! Natalie wasn't particularly stubborn about other things, either. She always admitted that she loved me, but she invariably supplemented the admission with a long complicated argument about loving her "career" more. She had broken our engagement so many times and for so many different kinds of "career" that I had become quite sanguine that soon there would be nothing left for her to make a fad of, except myself.

"Natalie," I remarked, pointedly, "you're a good fellow, all right, but do you know, I sometimes fancy you lack sense?" Natalie smiled calmly. "Don't row, Bobbie," she said sweetly. "It's too hot."

"May I go with you, wherever you are going?" I asked stiffly. "You may not," Natalie replied. "I shan't have all the fun of my fresh-air children spoiled by taking a human thunder cloud amongst them!" Natalie's mother swept into the room with a silken swish.

"My dear boy, sit down," she murmured, sinking into a chair. "So you have been around the world in the last six months! Poor fellow!"—she grew confidential—"I can see by your face that Natalie has snubbed you dreadfully this morning. I'm sure I don't know from whom she inherits her incorrigible tendencies. She positively doesn't appreciate the fact that she was born on Beacon street."

"There are other and greater facts which she fails to appreciate," I laughed; "but tell me about this latest freak of hers—something to do with a fresh air fund or something, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately yes," replied Mrs. Marsha. "Bob, Natalie behaved beautifully all spring. She went to dinner parties and luncheons religiously, and always managed to be somewhere in the house on our 'at home' day. Unluckily, that dreadfully philanthropic Miss Marley was calling one day last week and insisted on giving us a detailed account of her latest charity. It's a settlement house in some unheeded part of the city. They needed some one to take charge of the children's picnic department and Natalie immediately volunteered her services for the next two months, and her principal duty is to take twenty of the dirtiest, slummiest boys and girls and babies in Boston for an outing twice a week!"

I leaned back and roared. Mrs. Marsha groaned. "See here," she said with spirit, "you're a man; you should do something. This is Natalie's first day with those little imps, at a place called Ocean Grove, near Nahant. Can't you do something to disgust her with them?" Shortly after, I swung off the train at Nahant and inquired for Ocean Grove.

Natalie was trying to interest a score of young demons with "drop the handkerchief." The noise of the stock exchange, which ordinarily is my only grievance against life, rose in my mind to the dignity of a symphony when compared to this wild, awful discord! At times, as the clamor became unbearable, Natalie's slender white fingers pressed her temples spasmodically. She looked pretty tired.

Finally one of the youngsters, whom the others called Pat Bates, finding the sport too tame, sauntered over in my direction. I joyfully hailed him by significantly waving a dollar bill. It commanded immediate attention. "Patrick," I said, "it's this way, I've got lots of money and a dandy big house, where I could entertain you and all my other friends if I just had a wife!"

"Take me straight tip, pal," advised my young friend solemnly, "git hitched!"

"That's my intention," I replied. "Now, Pat, don't you think Miss Marsha would make a dandy wife?" "She's got red hair," he ventured. "Yes," I admitted, "but it's curly. This is my plan," I explained to him, confidentially, "Miss Marsha likes me all right, but she imagines it's her duty to look after you kids instead of marrying me. Now I'll give you this dollar bill and four more just like it if you'll go back to that bunch of young byenas and raise a riot. Do anything—do everything—to make Miss Marsha so disgusted with all of you that she'll never want to see you again!"

Patrick gave me a knowing grin. "Say, youse is de limit," he remarked, briefly; "gimme de fiver an' I'll git busy."

Five minutes later Ocean Grove had trouble. There was a successful raid on the unripe and positively forbidden fruit of a stubby apple tree. I had a view of my intrepid ally throwing down unlimited quantities of exceedingly verdant apples to his companions, despite Natalie's frenzied protestations. Evidently General Patrick had decided that colic should be no small factor in the victory which was to be his and mine!

Later, when the two invalids were sufficiently recovered to kick and scratch and indulge in other gentle amusements Natalie and I strolled down the beach toward the station with the remainder of the party scampering ahead of us.

"Natalie," I remarked, consulting my watch significantly, "we'll be back in plenty of time for me to get a license before the office closes. While we're in the building we might as well have a justice perform the ceremony." She eyed me with dismay. "Why, Bobbie," she coaxed, "you're not going to begin by being a tyrant! Surely you'll give me time to get into a decent frock!"

I met her appeal with a forbidding stare. "Please," she urged; "whatever would mamma think? She's discharged three kitchen maids in the last month because they wouldn't keep clean—and their appearance was immaculate compared to mine at present."

"Oh, very well," I said grandly. "I'll give you until eight this evening." Natalie smiled radiantly. A moment later I felt her hand slip into mine with a gentle pressure. "Bobbie," she said, half timidly, "I've had quite a lot of hobbies, haven't I?"

"You have," I assented, with a returning squeeze. "Let me see," she remarked reminiscently, "first I called everything off with you because I wanted to be a brilliant lady novelist."

"The next time you returned the solitaire," I replied, "it was with a note to the effect that you intended to devote your remaining years to sculpture, and you lost interest in statuary after smashing the great toe of your first model with a block of marble."

Natalie giggled. "Then I became an artist," she continued. "And now," I reminded her, "you have developed into a settlement worker!"

"This last thing was pretty awful," she admitted. "Remember, dear," I said sternly, "no more fads for you." "Just one more," she coaxed. "Which one?" I asked. "Matrimony?"

Natalie smilingly nodded her head. "It shall be my final fad," she said.

Wells on Immigration. H. G. Wells, the novelist, believes that unrestricted immigration is a bad thing for America.

"I have watched the tide of immigration flowing into New York," he said at a dinner during his American visit, as reported by the New York Times, "and it seemed to me that this great, turbid wave would have been the better for a filtering. "Some of your immigrants are unconsciously unclean in their habits, looking at them, I have often been reminded of the Lithuanian Sherlock Holmes.

"A Lithuanian Sherlock Holmes said to a neighbor: "I'll bet you a hat that I can tell what you had for breakfast this morning." "I take that bet," the other answered promptly. "What did I have?" "The Sherlock Holmes chuckled as he gazed at the yellow streaks in his friend's long black beard. "You had eggs," he cried. "You owe me a hat," was the reply. "I have not touched an egg for ten days."—Cleveland Leader.

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED.

An Interesting Case from Salem, the Capital of Oregon.

F. A. Sutton, R. F. D. No. 4, Salem, Oregon, says: "Acute attacks of kidney disease and rheumatism laid me up off and on for ten years. Awful pains started from the kidneys and coursed down through my limbs. I sought the best medical treatment but in vain, and when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills



I was walking with two canes and suffering continual pains, headaches and sleepless nights. I improved quickly and after taking three boxes felt better than I had for 15 years. The effects have been lasting." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY SHE WAS THANKFUL.

Little One Had Reason to Approve Father's Choice.

Of the sisters of a well-known New York family one is married. She has one little girl greatly petted by all the aunts and subject to much advice from all of them. Of this last the little lady sometimes wears, which weariness on a certain occasion made itself shown in the following reply from her small ladyship:

Said one aunt: "If you were my child I should have you do thus and thus." Said another aunt: "Were you my child I would do so and so." The remaining aunt made a similar remark.

The little lady thought it high time to express her own feelings. "But I have," she said, "always been so thankful that papa married the sister he did!"

ALMOST A SOLID SORE.

Skin Disease from Birth—Fortune Spent on Her Without Benefit—Cured Her with Cuticura.

"I have a cousin in Rockingham Co. who once had a skin disease from her birth until she was six years of age. Her father had spent a fortune on her to get her cured and none of the treatments did her any good. Old Dr. suggested that he try the Cuticura Remedies which he did. When he commenced to use it the child was almost a solid scab. He had used it about two months and the child was well. I could hardly believe she was the same child. Her skin was as soft as a baby's without a scar on it. I have not seen her in seventeen years, but I have heard from her and the last time I heard she was well. Mrs. W. P. Ingle, Burlington, N. C., June 16, 1905."

The Terrible Mafia.

Neither the Naples Camorra, the Paris Apaches, nor the Black Hand of America is the most powerful and terrible secret society in the whole world, in spite of the harrowing details of their ghastly work. The palm must go to the Mafia, which flourishes in Italy, and has done so for more than 300 years. This society, which works so swiftly and silently, yet so surely, was founded in Sicily for protection against the injustice of foreign rulers.—London "P. T. O."

Accounted For.

Among the many stories told of the Scottish judge, Lord Young, is one associated with an election in Edinburgh, when it was announced that Lord Wolmer had been returned by a majority of three votes. Later a correction made the majority 300, and gave the names of two lords of session who had voted for the successful candidate. Lord Young, thereupon remarked: "That accounts for the two ciphers."

President Jordan to Lecture.

President Jordan, of Stanford university, Cal., is on his way to Australia and New Zealand, where he will lecture before the colleges of the Antipodes on the American university system.

One Point of View.

It was the desire of a teacher in a negro school to impress upon the minds of the youths the benefits derived at Tuskegee and other seats of learning for the ambitious negro. One day, in closing a brilliant discourse on this subject, in which Booker T. Washington was set forth as a criterion, she said to one little boy who had evidently heard not a word of her talk: "Now 'Rastus, give the name of the greatest negro?"

The answer was surprisingly forthcoming—"Joe Gans!"

Were He a Bird.

With an ugly sneer he tossed aside the bread which she had made with her own hands.

"If I were only an ostrich—" he began.

But the young woman cut him short.

"Yes, if you only were," she snapped, "then I might get at least a few decent feathers for that old hat I've worn since my wedding day."

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

M. C. Russl, of Andermath, who has just celebrated his one hundred and first birthday, is the oldest Alpinist in the world. Last summer he scaled the Gutsch mountain without assistance.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

His Wife: You needn't make any excuses, John. It's all right; you're just in time to walk the baby for an hour or two.—Puck.

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Krause's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

'Tis the course makes all; degrades or hallows courage in its fall.—Byron.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

How foolish is the toll of trifling cares.—Martial.

Advertisement for Castoria, 900 Drops, for infants and children. Includes text: "The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of" and "Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA".

Damage. "Do you believe that water in stocks does any great harm?" "Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "water in stocks, combined with the sunshine of publicity, is responsible for a great many faded reputations."—Washington Star.

Advertisement for Dodd's Kidney Pills, All Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Backache. Price 375c. Guaranteed.

Advertisement for Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Oiled Clothing and Slickers. The best of absolutely waterproof clothing for all outdoor men—stockmen, farmers, teamsters, miners, etc. H. M. Sawyer & Son, East Cambridge, Mass.

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm, A Positive Cure for Catarrh. Ely Bros., 66 Warren St., N. Y.

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Tired and Sick Yet Must Work. Mrs. Aug. Lyon testimonial.

Advertisement for Daisy Fly Killer, 6-5-4 Is most economical for Slope Pipes. Also includes advertisement for Readers of this paper.

Advertisement for Castoria, The Kind You Have Always Bought. Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. The Centaur Company, New York City.

Advertisement for Live Stock and Electrotypes, Wanted Men Everywhere, Defiance Starch, and Thompson's Eye Water.