

Stops Tickling

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night; a dose at bedtime puts the throat at complete rest.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The cure is so easy now, it's astonishing any one should run the risk of pneumonia and consumption, isn't it? For asthma, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the one great family medicine for sixty years.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express a large bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure you give us your nearest express office. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



Speedy, Prompt and Sure.

Acts quicker, never gripes and obtains better results than any laxative known. Its action is marvelous, its effect immediate. No remedy will cure constipation and biliousness so quickly and with absolutely no discomfort as

Hunyadi János

Average Dose: One-half glassful on arising in the morning. Every druggist and general wholesale grocer in the world sell it.

ASK for the full name, "Hunyadi János." BLUE Label with Red Centre Panel.

Sole Importer: Firm of ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, 130 Fulton St., N. Y.

WILLS PILLS—BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE. For only 10 Cents we will send you any P. O. order, in any State, for a box of our medicine. We will send you the box free of charge, and put you on the track how to make steady profits at your home. Address all orders to The E. H. Wills Medicine Company, 32 Elizabeth St., Hagerstown, Md. Branch J. Ross 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

Sought Relief. "Doctor, I'm bothered with a queer pain. When I bend forward, stretch out by arms and make a semi-circular movement with them a sharp sting comes in my left shoulder." "But," asked the physician, wonderingly, "why make such motions?" "Well, if you know any other way for a man to get on his overcoat I wish you'd let me know."

Thirty thousand women spend their lives in driving and steering the canal boats in Southern and Midland England.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TARTARIC CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Farm hands are so scarce in Germany that difficulty is experienced in raising enough sugar beets to supply the demands of the factories.

For Biliousness, Tropical Liver, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Cramp, Obdurate Water is a specific.

The average weight of a sheep fleece is five and a half pounds.

The best is the cheapest. Carter's Ink is the best, yet it costs no more than the poorest.

Ireland sends annually 44,000 tons of eggs—some 640,000,000 in round numbers—to England alone.

Each package of LUTNAM FADELESS DYE-colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The Lines Tightening. "I suppose you know, 'Lige,'" remarked Senator Lotzman, "that the legislatures of the States are beginning to make laws declaring the practice of giving tips a crime?"

"Yes, suh," said the colored porter of the sleeping car, briskly applying the whisk broom to the illustrious man's garments. "Nex' time, I reckon, dey'll be sayin' it's a crime for a honest statesman to give a poor man \$5 for 'is vote."

"M—here's a dollar, 'Lige,'" said the Senator, eyeing him rather suspiciously.

Domestic Animals.

It is interesting to learn from the last census that there are about one-third as many barns or other inclosures reporting domestic animals as there are farms in all our domain, that is, that there are nearly 2,000,000 such shelters of creatures which serve mankind, apart from farms and ranges. There are nearly 3,000,000 horses in nonrural possessions in the land, and of these 124,128 are in New York city; Chicago has 71,183 of them; Philadelphia, 45,819; St. Louis and Boston come next, with 27,624 and 25,225 horses apiece, and none of the other large cities have 20,000 horses.

There are 162,115 mules employed for pleasure or profit in the United States. New York has only 600 of these, and Chicago about the same, while New Orleans uses 3430, and St. Louis, Baltimore and Kansas City count them in four figures also. Among all the cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, New York has the greatest number of asses, and, excepting Chicago, the greatest number of goats. Chicago's swine, however, are 25,000 times as numerous, for those at the stock yards on a given day have been counted in, and they, like her cattle, outnumber those of all other cities, of course.

The report presents some curious facts in regard to the numbers of dairy cows; in New York, for example, there are only 63 dairy cows for every 100,000 inhabitants; which would mean a milk famine if the line within the municipality supplied the milk. In several Western cities a good deal seems to be expected of the dairy cows within the gates; in Omaha, for example, and in Los Angeles there are more than a thousand cows for a like number of people, but in towns like these the census enumerators must find pasture for milk cows within the city limits, and in Los Angeles at least sweet fields of nutritious grasses.

Obturate. At this point I brought into my story the conventional inn full of guests.

"There isn't a room in the house save the haunted chamber!" I managed to make the landlord say.

"In that case," haughtily observed the man whom I had intended to be my hero, "I will sleep in the cow stable."

Of course this upset everything. How I cursed myself now for having obligated myself to write a Yuletide serial, while knowing full well how difficult it is for a great novelist to control his strong characters!

Restless Contentions. "Beg your pardon, kind lady," began the polite beggar, "but I'm badly in need of money."

"I wonder if you deserve help," said the kind lady, suspiciously. "If I was to give you a penny, what would you do with it?"

"Your generosity would overwhelm me, ma'am. I'd buy a postal card and write you a note of thanks."

Ticked. Wilson—I told the chef to prepare the fowl so that it would tickle my palate.

Smythe—Did he obey?

Wilson—Yes; he left the feathers on.

AS FAR AS I KNOW.

"As far as I know," said a person one night,

"There is naught in this world but what is just right; I have all I want both to eat and to wear."

The flowers I gather are fragrant and fair, The birds in the trees always sing a glad song, And as far as I know there is nothing wrong.

"All the people I know are loyal and kind, And I am contented in body and mind; I read about folks who are awfully bad, About souls that are weary and hearts that are sad, About children that quarrel and people who fight, But as far as I know everything is all right."

"I read there are people who do many things That on them the worst kind of suffering brings, That women are wicked and men are untrue, And sinfulness runneth society thro', But as far as I know—as far as I know—I cannot affirm that these stories are so."

The person who said that, as far as she knew, Was a child of six years, and to her it was true; O, what would we give could we all say to-night, There is naught in the world but what is just right!

That we have all we want to eat and to wear, And that justice and goodness abound everywhere?—Thomas F. Porter, in the Boston Globe.

Tea is ready, girls, said Saba Thorn.

"Tea!" It was no luxurious repast of buttered toast, fragrant Oolong, honey and preserves; no comfortable repast of cold fowl, tongue, potted meats and biscuit hot from the oven.

When Saba Thorn called it "tea," she merely used a conventionalism. It was only a scanty meal of baker's bread, with a pat of cheap butter, a little smoked beef, which had been bought from the corner grocer in a brown-paper cover, and some milk and water, blue and tasteless; for Saba and her two cousins found it necessary to economize very strictly indeed.

Saba worked for an upholsterer. All day long she stitched pillow-ticks and tufted mattresses in a dark room, where there was a prevailing smell of rancid goose-feathers.

Her cousin, Helen, stood behind the counter of a milliner's shop on the Bowery; and little Kate—the youngest of the three—was "packer" in a fancy store, and could do up more neat paper parcels in a given time than would be believed possible.

They were all three pallid and colorless, like plants that had grown in a cellar. They all three had a certain languor of manner, and spoke in low, suppressed voices.

They lived together in this one room with a little alcove running out of it, because it was the cheapest mode of existence, and because their scant earnings, clubbed together, could be laid out to better advantage than if expended singly. Moreover, to these poor, homeless girls, there was a home-feeling in being together.

"I don't feel hungry," said Helen, with a grimace.

"I am so tired of bread and butter!" sighed little Kate. "Oh, if I could only have some of the stewed grapes that mother used to make!"

"Oh, that reminds me," said Saba, taking a letter off the mantel. "I've heard from old Mrs. Pinkney. She wants us to buy a fashionable fall bonnet for her if we can get it for a dollar and a half; and to look out for a bargain for Louisa Jane's winter frock. She wants the very best quality, and she can't go higher than thirty-seven cents a yard. And she wishes to know if we are acquainted with anybody in the business who will dye over her pea-green silk skirt at half price."

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "She must think we have plenty of time to execute her commissions," said she.

"Thirty-seven cents a yard!" cried little Kate. "And a fall hat for a dollar and a half. Does the woman expect impossibilities?"

"But that isn't all," said Saba. "Uncle John is very poor. She thinks his relations ought to look after him."

"Uncle John!" said Kate. "Poor!" echoed Helen.

"But what has become of all his money?" said little Kate, intently knitting her brows.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Saba. "Mrs. Pinkney doesn't go into particulars. All the rest of the letter is about the sewing society, and the chicken cholera, which has carried off so many of her fowls."

"He must have been persuaded into investing in some of those dreadful mining stocks!" said little Kate.

Three Working Girls.

"But, girls," said Saba, "what are we to do?"

"Precisely what he has always done to us," said Helen. "Let him alone."

"No, no, Helen!" pleaded little Kate. "Don't talk so. Remember, he is the only uncle we have got. He was our mother's brother."

"And what has he ever done for us?" retorted Helen, bitterly. "That don't signify," reasoned Saba. "He is old and feeble. He needs our care. That is enough."

"Saba is right," urged little Kate. "Uncle John mustn't be left to die alone."

"But what can we do?" said Helen. "We can't bring him here!"

"No," said Saba. "It would break his heart to take him away from the pine forests. We must go to him."

"And all starve together?" said Helen. "I don't see that that would be much of an improvement on the present state of things."

"Listen," said Saba, lifting an authoritative forefinger. From a trifling seniority in years, and a somewhat greater experience in the world of work, Saba had become quite an oracle. "I've been considering it. I can do the housework for Uncle John."

"Yes," said Helen. "Of course," said little Kate. "And if he hasn't been obliged to sell the cow, we can perhaps have real creamy milk, and now and then a little cottage cheese. Oh, wouldn't that be splendid?"

"Helen could make bonnets for the farmers' wives," suggested Saba. "The women out there know what a pretty bonnet is as well as any one, only they can't get it."

"Bravo!" cried Helen, clapping her hands. "I do think I have rather a genius for the business!"

"And little Kate could go out to plain sewing by the day, among the neighbors," added Saba. "Or help around in soap-making and preserving times. There are a good many who would pay fifty cents a day and board for good intelligent help. And that is a deal more than she earns here."

Little Kate looked rather sober. "I have my doubts about the plan working," said she. "But I couldn't stay here, away from you. If you all go, why, so will I."

"Then," went on Saba, "I've laid up six dollars toward a winter coat. Uncle John wants it more than I do. I'll keep it for him."

"There is my ten dollars in the savings-bank," added Helen. "I did want a pair of thick boots and a warm winter wrap. But if Uncle John is really in need!"

"I haven't saved any money," said little Kate, sorrowfully. "How could I, with my wages of two dollars a week? But I will do all that I can to help."

"You are dear, generous girls, both of you," said Saba. "It may be a little hard, just at first, but it is clearly our duty to go to Uncle John. And I will write and tell him so this very night."

"Do," said Helen. "I'll borrow Miss Clitch's ink-bottle, and there are a pen and two sheets of paper in the washstand-drawer. I can buy a postage-stamp at the druggist's on the corner."

"Wouldn't a postal-card be cheaper?" said wise little Kate. "But Saba shook her head.

"Would you put Uncle John's poverty on a postal-card?" said she.

And little Kate answered, somewhat abashed: "I didn't think of that. I only thought of economizing a cent. I wonder if the time will ever come when we don't have to think of saving?"

And little Kate put on her hat and tripped around to the druggist's, where one particular clerk put himself out to wait upon her.

"She has got a face like a daisy," said the druggist's clerk. "If ever I marry, I should like a wife like that! No, she's not much of a customer of ours, but I have seen her at church meetings, and I walk home with her sometimes of an evening. She lives in Timm's tenement-house with her sister and cousin, and works in Gracey's store. That's all I know about her. But she always makes me think of a wild flower."

Uncle John Jaycox was sitting by his fireside when his niece's letter came. The fire of birch logs blazed gloriously up the chimney; a pair of fat, home-run candles glittered on the table. In all the room there was no evidence of gripping poverty.

"Yes," said Uncle John to a tall young man who sat opposite, "I guess I'll have you here to run the farm for me, Israel Penfield. It's gettin' too much for me to manage alone. But as for some woman to keep house for me, now that Anastasia Grixon has been fool enough to marry old Simpson—eh? what?—a letter? I'm obliged to you, Miss Pinkney! Stop and take a warm while I read it, and I'll git you a basket of gilliflowers apiece to carry home afterward. They're jest spillin' to be eaten, them gilliflowers is."

But as he perused his letter, a curious expression stole over his rugged features.

"Sakes alive!" said he, stamping one foot on the floor. "What in creation does all this mean? I guess we'll have enough housekeepers, Israel. Here's my three nieces from New York—a comin' to live with me, because Mrs. Pinkney here has writ 'em that I've lost my property. And they're goin' to take care of me. Well, I swan!"

"I didn't write no sich!" whined Mrs. Pinkney, with rather an alarmed air. "I only said you was dreadful poor in health. I meant the lumbago and

rheumatiz. I didn't say nothin' about money."

"Well, no matter what you said, nor what you didn't say," declared Uncle John, crumpling up the letter in his hand and staring at the fire. "The gals think I'm poor, and they're comin' here to support me, and make a home for me in my old age—bless their hearts! I don't know why they should do it," he added, with a conscience-stricken face. "I never did nothin' for them. And Kate and Helen are my sister Jane's darters, and Saba is Hepsy's only child. And they're workin' for a livin', and I've got more'n I know what to with. It's a shame, now, ain't it, that things is so unevenly divided?"

"Just exactly what I've always said," quietly remarked Israel Penfield.

Uncle John Jaycox looked at Israel with a queer twinkle in his opaque blue eyes.

"I declare," said he, "them gals has taught me a lesson! I don't need to be took care of in my old age; but I swan to goodness! it would be kind of pleasant to have three gals around, lookin' arter the old man. I'm a mind to try it."

"I would, if I was you," said Israel Penfield.

So, when Saba, Helen and little Kate arrived, Uncle John received them with a warm welcome.

"Nieces," said he, "I ain't poor, nor I ain't likely to be; but I'm glad to see you. I'm glad to know that there's any one in the world cares enough for the old man to come and look arter him, without no expectation of bein' paid for it. I sort of shores up my confidence in human natur'. Come in—come in! There's plenty of room for you all in the old farm-house. Come in and welcome."

The three girls looked at each other. "Ought we to stay?" they asked each other.

"Yes," whispered little Kate. "There are two red coops in the field. I saw them."

"And the air smells so sweet!" said pale Helen.

"And Uncle John spoke as if he was really, really glad to see us," said Saba. "Oh, yes, let us stay!"

Nor did any of the contracting parties ever regret the misunderstanding which had brought them so curiously together.

Little Kate went back to the city, after a year or two, to marry the druggist's clerk, who was now setting up in a small way for himself, and had come down to the country after the daisy-faced girl who had once attracted his attention.

Helen is engaged to marry Israel Penfield, and they are to have a regular old-fashioned wedding when the dresses are made.

And Saba—quiet Saba—is to stay with Uncle John, to read the newspapers to him and cheer up the long, lonely evenings.

"For I couldn't get along without the girl, now!" says Uncle John, jovially.—Saturday Night.

The Blessings of Cycle-Paths.

With the construction of cycle-paths now in contemplation, touring on an extensive scale, which is now impracticable in many parts of the United States, will not only become possible, but pleasurable.

Nor can the proposed development in this respect fall of giving a wonderful impetus to the sport of wheeling, as well as lead to a more general use of the bicycle in recreative life.

It is occasion for native chagrin to compare the touring facilities of the United States with those of European countries. One excuse, that we cannot afford the expensive roads of those countries, no longer exists. The cycle-path is not expensive. We can afford it, and we cannot afford to do without it.

Besides providing a healthful, pleasurable means of recreation for ourselves, it will tend to keep numbers of tourists and money at home, and offset the stream of both which continually flows from the United States to Europe. The trunk-line system of side-paths for bicycles will make it possible for United States citizens of moderate means to see and know something of their own country besides what they read in books. Not the least of its blessings will be a checking of that neurotic condition prevalent among Americans, which a German physician calls Americanitis.—Caspar Whitney, in Outing.

Board of Green Cloth—Its Functions.

You have heard much of the Board of Green Cloth, but probably you do not know what its functions are and the need of it from a financial point of view. First, it takes its name from a green cloth spread over the table at which the board sits. This board is presided over by the Lord Steward, who, with the inferior officers, sits to pass the accounts of the royal household. It is the countinghouse of the Queen's establishment, and at the same time a little court of justice, with power to correct all offenders who break the peace of the verge—which means the court royal—which extends every way for 200 yards from the gate of the palace. Without a warrant first obtained from this board no servant of the household can be arrested for debt, so to be a queen's servant is to some extent on a par with being a member of Parliament.—Pearson's Weekly.

Iowa's Unenviable Distinction.

Iowa is one of the few states not represented in Statuary hall at the national capital and members of Congress from the Hawkeye state are considering whether it is not time to abolish the unenviable distinction.

TOO TIRED TO STIR!

Weary Women Get Strength and Vigor from Dr. Greene's Nervura.

HE had planned to go out with her husband, but her strength failed her. Her nerves were excited all day, and when night came she just couldn't find the courage. It is the old story of weakness and nervousness taking the pleasure out of life and filling it with discontent and suffering. It is not honest fatigue resulting from the daily task; it is weariness born of weakness and ill health. The ideal strengthener for weak women is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It builds them up in every way by toning up the blood and strengthening the nerves. Nothing else in the world can do Nervura's work.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES.

cured woman, and such transformations are occurring in every community through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. If you are run-down and discouraged, here is the certain help.

MRS. OLIVER WILSON, of Northboro, Mass., says:

"I was suffering from nervousness, caused by female weakness and nervous prostration. I was so nervous and weak I could not go up a common pair of stairs without stopping to rest, and troubled to sleep at night. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura and have obtained my old elastic step around the house. After crawling around for two years, hardly able to do anything, it has proved a boon to me truly."

READ DR. GREENE'S OFFER.

Dr. Greene's advice is free to all who seek it, either by personal call at his office, 35 W. 14th Street, New York City, or by letter through the mail. All who are broken in health should call or write without delay to Nervura's discoverer for free counsel.

