

**A Doubling Thomas.**  
One of the converts at a colored baptizing said to the preacher as they were going down into the millpond:  
"Any alligators in dis yer millpond?"  
"My brother," said the preacher, "de Lawd'll take keer er you."  
"Mebbe He will," mumbled the doubtful candidate for baptism, "but alligators is mighty hungry in de fust er de springtime!"

**The Sermon in the Brake.**  
A new railway brake has made its appearance which will save 200 feet of the 2,000 now required for the stopping of a high-speed heavy passenger train.  
Man is very thoughtful in the mechanics of locomotion. Invention of better means of stoppage ever keeps some sort of pace with fresh devices for increasing speed.  
With the mechanics of his own system the average mortal is so much less careful that he may reasonably be styled reckless. High speed in business, high speed in study, high speed in pleasure, high speed all along the line, when heedful nature signals "On brakes!"—how many casualties the pace invites, and what multiplication of asylums and "rest cures!"  
There is a practical sermon in the work of the brake inventor.

**BOND DAKE YOUR DROUBLES HOME.**  
Dond carry home your droubles cares,  
Shust leave dem all downtown where dey pelong,  
Dond find fault mit your leetle home affairs  
Pecause some speculation vent dead wrong.  
Dond go home mit a mad, contracted brow,  
Ven So-and-So dond pay up vot is du.  
Uud if you leave dese droubles oud, somehow  
I dink it makes more joy at home, dond you?

**Where Charity Began.**  
"How much did you realize from that play you gave for charity?"  
"We hadn't a cent left over."  
"Why, you had a splendid house."  
"I know, but the committee realized that charity begins at home, and they couldn't possibly have found actors any poorer than ours."

**B. B. B. SENT FREE!**  
Cures Eczema, Itching Humors, Scabs, Carbuncles, Pimples, Etc.  
Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is a certain and sure cure for Eczema, Itching Skin, Humors, Scabs, Sores, watery Blisters, Pimples, Aching Bones or Joints, Boils, Carbuncles, Prickling Pain in the Skin, Old Eating Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula, Suppurating Swellings, Blood Poison, Cancer and all Blood Diseases. Botanic Blood Balm cures the worst and most deep-seated cases by enriching, purifying and vitalizing the blood, thereby giving a healthy blood supply to the skin; heals every sore and gives the rich glow of health to the skin. Druggists \$1 per large bottle. To prove it cures Blood Balm sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. sent at once prepaid.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.  
W. & T. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
W. & T. TRUAX, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Most spiders have eight eyes, although some species have only six.**  
**Tetter is Terrible.**  
But Tetterine cures it. "My wife has had Tetter for twenty years, and Tetterine is the only thing that does her good. Send a box."  
—A. J. Crane, Crane, Miss. 50c a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.  
Among the twenty-four inhabitants of London who are over 100 years old nineteen are women.

**Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.**  
A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**The average price of gloves for export in Italy is 35.5 cents a pair.**  
**FIT'S permanently cured.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.**  
All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

**There are about 900,000 more women than men in the German empire.**  
I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—TOMAS F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.  
Thirty-two million tons of water roll over the cliff at Niagara every hour.

**The egotist who is all wrapped up in himself should never complain of the cold.**  
**Impoverished Blood.**  
Whether due to inheritance or caused by a depleted condition of the system, is the cause of much agony.

**Vogeler's Curative Compound,** when taken for this trouble is a means of salvation. It creates new fresh tissues and pure red blood corpuscles and by giving strength and tone to the great vital energies of the body, it enables them to perform their natural functions. The reader should not lose sight of the fact that Vogeler's Curative Compound is made from the formula of one of the most eminent physicians.  
Send at once to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, for a free sample bottle.

**Mrs. MARY SHORTLEY, 25 Court, Gosport Street, Coventry, writes:** "Several years ago I met with an accident through a fall, hurting my hand so badly that I was unable to use the same for five weeks. I tried everything I knew of but did not receive any benefit. Finally, as a last resource, I applied St. Jacobs Oil and after using the first bottle I could move my fingers, after the second bottle I could open my hand and finally I regained the use of my hand and all pain left me. It was only by the use of St. Jacobs Oil that I am now able to follow my employment."

**AGENTS WANTED** To sell a Good Practical Patent Article. Address W. LEE WOODS, of John Woods & Son, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

**Remember dot your wife does all she knows**  
To make your comfort in dot home complete.  
(She washes, scrubs, darns, sweeps and cleans und sews.)  
So ven anudder fellow down der street  
Zour wares und business methods does revile  
Dond go home scowling all around der place;  
Der shildren dey would radder see one smile  
Den half a dozen frowns upon your face.

**Remember dot your wife has droubles too.**  
Und in dere vay dey're shust as hardt to bear.  
At nighd-dimes ven she dinks her vork is droo  
In her small home vot solace finds she dere  
If you are fretting, grumbling, indis creet  
Mit not a vord ov kindness at nighd long—  
Und so I dink a home would be more sheewt  
If business cares vere left vhere dey pelong.  
F. P. Pitzer, in the New York News.

**HOW LINDEN IMPROVED THE COOKING.**  
"I despise mashed potatoes," said Linden, eyeing her plate disconsolately. "and I abominate lamb chops! This one isn't even cooked through."  
"Try this one," said her father pleasantly.  
"Don't you like the butter-beans?" asked Mrs. Braddock.  
Linden shrugged her shoulders. "I might if they were properly cooked," said she ungraciously. "There isn't enough salt in them."  
Patient Mrs. Braddock sighed. "I think Hannah does very well. You know she has been in this country only a short time, and she is only a little older than you are. She has learned our ways very quickly."  
But Linden continued to grumble even up to the end of the really excellent meal. The bread, she averred, was too heavy, the butter-balls were too large and the pudding too sweet.  
"When I keep house, was her parting shot, "I shall have decent things to eat!"

"Linden is utterly unreasonable," said Mrs. Braddock, when the door had closed behind her daughter. "The worst of it is that it is largely our own fault. We've always encouraged her to express her opinion freely."  
"Yes," said Mr. Braddock, "we've set back and applauded when we should have punished her. Mother says she is about as badly spoiled as a really nice young girl can be."  
"Who began it, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Braddock, bridling. "Didn't Grandma Braddock give her the sugar bowl every time she cried for it, and didn't she let her pound the library table with the hammer when nothing else would satisfy her? Of all dotting grandmothers—"

"I know, I know," said Mr. Braddock, hastily. "But Linden isn't a child any longer. Why don't you let her try her hand at the cooking for a while, since she isn't satisfied with the present arrangement? Perhaps she will enjoy her meals better if she prepares them herself."  
"That's not a bad idea," returned Mrs. Braddock. "I've promised Hannah a week's vacation very soon. While she's away I shall give Linden a few lessons."  
But Linden never received the lessons. Hannah had been gone less than twenty-four hours when a telegram called Mrs. Braddock to the bedside of a sick relative.

"Go right along and never mind the house," said Linden. "Don't worry about the cooking. I believe I have a natural gift for it. I can make heavenly toast."  
"Provided somebody else makes the bread and the fire," interposed Linden's brother, Maxwell.  
"Don't discourage her," said Mr. Braddock. "If the worst comes to the worst, there's an excellent restaurant across the street from the office. We shan't starve to death, in any case."  
"Well," said Mrs. Braddock, "I shall have to go whether Linden can cook or not. Perhaps you can induce Hannah's sister to come for a few days."  
"There won't be the slightest necessity," said Linden, rather loftily. "We're going, for once, to have our beefsteak properly broiled. You needn't feel the slightest hesitation about bringing a friend home to dinner father, if you happen to feel like it."  
This was said with a new-born air of dignity that sat somewhat ludicrously upon Linden's sixteen-year-old shoulders. The patronizing tone of her voice was too much for Max, who snickered outright.

"You may laugh if you want to," said the confident cook; "but you are to have a good dinner tonight. I mean to devote the afternoon to cooking it."  
Mrs. Braddock, in the midst of departure had no time for culinary instructions; but it is doubtful if Linden, in her exalted frame of mind, would have profited by anything of the kind.  
The coast was clear at last. Linden with a businesslike air, put on a huge apron and started to inspect her domain.  
There was meat in the ice-box, Linden eyed it at first with satisfaction, but the feeling gradually gave place to doubt.  
"It's either mutton, veal, beef or pork, but there doesn't seem to be any distinguishing feature," said Linden, touching it gingerly with one finger. "I should think the butcher would label it. However, it doesn't matter particularly. I'll just read up the directions for cooking all four, and choose the easiest way. Here's the book. 'Make a dressing'—Well, it isn't veal, at any rate, for there isn't any place in it to put dressing. 'Baste well'—Now what does that mean? Oh, I know; they set it up in a cloth. 'Put an apple in the mouth'—Oh, that's for a whole pig. Pahaw! This cooking book isn't any good! I'll just cook the thing—whatever it is—in the oven the way Hannah does."

So Linden sild "the thing" which happened to be a leg of mutton, from its plate into a roasting pan, and carried it to the oven.  
"Why," exclaimed the astonished cook, "there isn't any fire in the stove. It's a good thing there's plenty of time."  
It was a good thing, too, that there was plenty of kindling, or the fire might never have started. Some unwashed sweet and white potatoes followed the meat into the oven.  
"I should have something cooking on top of the stove," said Linden, looking around with a perplexed air. "Hannah always does. Oh, coffee, of course! I think I'll make jelly of these cranberries."  
"There!" she said, some time later. "Who says I can't cook? Now I'll set the table."

Linden lingered lovingly over the task of setting the table. It really looked so well that no one—least of all Linden—would have suspected that the salt, tablespoons, carving-knife and napkins were missing. When she returned to the kitchen she found that the fire had taken advantage of her fire had again gone out.  
Linden rebuilt it cheerfully, adding a solitary stick of hardwood to the kindling. Then she went to the garden, where she gathered some parsley for the table and a bunch of farsley. When she returned to the kitchen the fire had again gone out.  
The cook gave a gasp of astonishment, not unminged with dismay. Then, with an anxious glance at the clock, she rekindled the fire.  
"A whole hour!" said Linden, with a sigh of relief. "Surely that will be time enough. I never could see how Hannah could keep so busy with so little to do. She gets herself so unnecessarily mussed, too."

Linden glanced complacently at her reflection in the little mirror over the sink, and was surprised to discover a black streak down one side of her nose. She washed her face and hands, and then turned to inspect the fire. It was out.  
"This," said Linden, "is an abominable stove!"  
She devoted fifteen minutes to the rolling of a single-butter-ball. She dropped it four times and the grooved butter-boards became sticky and would not work. The completed ball was grimy in appearance and anything but round. Linden consigned it to the stove and decided that plain butter was good enough for the Braddocks. Even the cutting of the bread presented hitherto unsuspected difficulties.

"Hello, the cook!" cried a hearty voice from the hallway, nearly an hour later. "How's the dinner?"  
"Almost ready," said Linden, who had just emptied her first decidedly unsuccessful attempt at gravy over the back fence.  
"What's happened here?" asked Max, coming in at the back door. "It looks as if you had murdered somebody in the kitchen, dragged the body through the shed and buried it in the back yard."  
"That's cranberry jelly," explained Linden, crawling behind the stove to rescue a fugitive potato. "I wish you'd go out of the kitchen, and stay out, till dinner's ready. I can't cook with boys around."

At last the dinner was on the table. The roast garnished with parsley, looked very much like one of Hannah's roasts, for the parsley concealed certain scarlet rivulets that trickled over the platter. The potatoes looked well, too. The cook did not suspect that they were of adamant hardness. What was left of the jelly, by the time Linden had succeeded in transferring it from the saucpan to a glass dish, looked positively tempting.

Max took a mouthful and made a wry face. Mr. Braddock caught his son's eye, and shook his head.  
"Dear me!" thought Linden, swallowing a tart mouthful. "I measured that sugar and then forgot to put it in."  
During the meal Linden made trip after trip to the sideboard, the china closet and the pantry for missing articles. Mr. Braddock sliced a few morsels from the outside of the underdone

mutton, and ate as much as he dared of the almost raw potatoes. The coffee was muddy and contained fragments of some extraneous matter. When Linden raised the cover of the coffee-pot to allow the steam to escape, she was horrified to discover a poached egg floating serenely on a dark-brown sea. She had dropped an unbeaten egg into the boiling coffee, and there it was, cooked!  
Mr. Braddock ate bread and butter, and chatted with his somewhat crest-fallen daughter.

"There's chivalry for you!" thought Max. "Or can it be that father is setting Linden a shining example?"  
But in spite of her father's tact, Linden did not enjoy her dinner. She realized that it was, in all probability, the worst meal that had ever been served under the Braddock roof. And the cook was to chagrined to eat even bread and butter.

"By the way," said Mr. Braddock, "I saw some particularly fine peaches down street today. They're in the front hall. Get them, Max, and we'll see if they're as good as they look."  
"We had so much else," explained Linden, apologetically. "I thought I wouldn't make any dessert."  
"I'm glad you didn't," said Max, with a solemn countenance.

Linden never forgot the week that followed. She mastered one difficulty only to fall into another. Her piecrust was like leather and her muffins were like lead. Everything went to the table either turned to a crisp or else raw in the middle. There was no limit to her ambition; but she grew humble at last. She learned to boil potatoes, to make tea and to scramble eggs, but her conscience would not permit her to serve this trustworthy combination oftener than once each day.

Mr. Braddock and Max fortified themselves each noon with a good meal at the restaurant, otherwise it is doubtful if they could have survived the week. Linden ate bread and milk, and the fruit her father was careful to bring her. She could not touch her own cooking. She felt that she never wanted to see another scrambled egg.  
But the longest week does not last forever. Upon her return Hannah was amazed at the warmth of Linden's greeting, at the condition of the kitchen floor, and at the size of the girl's appetite.

"How nice those lamb chops are!" said the deposed cook at dinner that night. "And, oh, aren't these the nicest mashed potatoes? I think Hannah is the cleverest person I know. I have the profoundest respect for anybody that can cook five or six things at once, and get them all done at precisely the same moment, instead of having the soup come lagging along about an hour behind time. I think I shall drop everything else and take cooking lessons this winter."  
"I'll pay for them," said Mr. Braddock, promptly.

"I won't promise to eat the results," said Max, "but I'll do the best I can."  
—Youth's Companion.

**St. Rule's Tower.**  
St. Rule's Tower, in the town of St. Andrew's is an evidence of the link which binds St. Andrew, whose feast all good Scotchmen are keeping today, to the country for whom he is the patron saint. The legend runs that a monk called Regulus, or Rule, brought the bones of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Scotland, and buried them near the seacoast, on the spot round which the present town of St. Andrew's afterward grew. Whether the story is true or not, there seems to be no other way to explain the connection of this particular saint with Scotland, for he seems to have passed the whole of his life up to the moment of his martyrdom in the east. James II certainly associated him with the country across the Tweed, for it was he who founded the Order of St. Andrew in 1687, to be conferred on the king and sixteen knights.—London Chronicle.

**Interesting Mexican Petrifications.**  
A curious sale has just been made in this capital by the family of the late Espiridon Galindo of Jalisco, the objects coming from a small museum of the deceased.  
Some fourteen years ago there was a flood in Jalisco caused by the overflowing of the Lagos river, and the town of Cuarenta was completely destroyed. In the neighborhood of San Juan de los Lagos, trees and ancient walls alike were swept away, and when the flood subsided, the neighbors found quantities of petrified bones and by way of contrast, fine specimens of fruit as pears, quinces, apples, etc. One "paron" as it is called, being a cross between a pear and an apple, was in a perfect state of preservation, having lost neither its color nor brilliance in the course of petrification. The objects, sold ten in number, brought \$1,000.—Mexican Herald.

**American Automobiles.**  
The tendency toward anti-high-speed legislation in the United States is responsible for a falling off in orders from wealthy Americans for high-powered foreign automobiles. It has been demonstrated that American-built motor vehicles are, on the whole, better adapted to the conditions met with on average American roads than are those of foreign designs and construction.

The government of Wurtemberg, Germany, has statistics showing that 18.5 per cent. of the average income of its inhabitants is spent upon liquor.

Many a fellow who thinks he is the light of a girl's life gets turned down.

St. Peter's is in the form of a cross. It is 636 feet long by 50 feet wide. The dome is 449 feet high.

The State of Maine has entered into competition with New Jersey to encourage the organization of non-resident corporations. The latter charges a \$1,000 fee for the incorporation of a million-dollar concern. Maine is offering the same privilege now for a \$50 fee.

The exact speed of the Hertzian wave currents of aerography has not been determined, but Marconi thinks they travel at the same rate as light, namely, 186,000 miles per second. If, therefore, a message is ever sent around the globe by the system it will approximate about one-eighth of a second in transmission.

Before Arizona becomes a State, let the nation reserve to the whole people that magnificent scenic region traversed by the grand canyon, for a national park. Nobody wants it now, except the people, and Congress can take it for them by merely saying so. Delay will be expensive, suggests the Brooklyn Eagle.

For its area, Hoboken, N. J., is the most densely populated city in the United States. The population is nearly 60,000, but is confined in an area of about one square mile. There are 450 acres of marsh land within the limits and 270 of high ground, and that allows only 196 square feet of ground for every resident.

Figures compiled by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics prove that the trade between the United States and Spain was never so great as it has been since the Spanish-American war. The exports and imports for the calendar year 1901 have been exceeded but once in our history, and there is no parallel to the showing made for the three years 1899, 1900 and 1901.

King Edward, it is announced, will give a dinner to half a million poor persons in London as a feature of the celebration following his coronation. After the pageant and the rejoicings are over it might be well for the King to give serious consideration, if he is capable of it, to the question why there are 500,000 persons in London so poor as to be glad of a dinner from the royal bounty.

The imperial crown to be worn by King Edward at the coronation was made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It contains four rubies, eleven emeralds, sixteen sapphires, 277 pearls, and 2,783 diamonds. In addition to these it contains the famous ruby given to Edward, the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile; one sapphire from the ring of Edward the Confessor, and another taken from the crown of Charles II. and given to George III. by Cardinal York.

A toast to Scotland for the glorious game of golf! That noble north country sport has done much for the healing of the nations. Before the Highlanders and the Lowlanders set the example of prowess in the fascinating rivalries of golfing and of curling many a veteran who never saw the River Tweed or Auld Reekie fell to idle ways at threescore and ten. But troops of lusty patriarchs who have passed the age which the Psalmist set as the boundary of happy living are now highspirited speeders of golf balls over the hills and far away exclaims the New York Tribune.

The camphor habit is said to be the latest fad among fashionable women. Object—to improve the complexion, the idea being prevalent that the gum taken in small quantities will impart a peculiarly clear creaminess to the skin. Whether this is true or not science falls to tell us. It is enough that the idea prevails, and among the fashionable. The habit is by no means healthy, however. Where large doses are the rule it readily degenerates into slavery, and at no time is it to be recommended. Camphor-eating, whatever its effect upon the complexion, tends to extreme weakness, lassitude and an ever present longing for sleep. So even if the skin may improve, the wits are likely to suffer through the camphor habit, states the New York Evening Sun.

The superintendent of the Municipal Lodging House in Chicago thinks he has solved the tramp problem, which is serious throughout the West. He divides tramps into classes. Some are the result of industrial conditions; some are made tramps by drink, and others are degenerate owing to the conditions of their childhood. When a tramp applies for lodging he is bathed and fumigated, and in the morning is allowed a breakfast. Then he is examined by a doctor, who determines whether he is physically able to work. If he desires employment there are four firms which offer it. For four days he receives lodging. If a tramp will not work he is locked up at a vagrant. No tramps or homeless person can lodge at the police stations of Chicago, and the "barrel houses" also are closed to them. They must go to the Municipal Lodging House, where this rule of work or prison meets them.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

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**Half-Sick**

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."  
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



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Vegetables are especially fond of Potash. Write for our free pamphlets.

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Most valuable property of any Oil Company in Texas.  
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Is the new science of detecting and curing diseases from a CHEMICAL and MICROSCOPICAL analysis of the urine. Send 4 cents for mailing case and bottle for urine. Book free. Consultation free. Fees reasonable. Medicines furnished. Address J. F. SHAFER, M. D., 522 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS  
outshoot all other black powder shells, because they are made better and loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding. Try them and you will be convinced.  
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