

Stories Told of Prof. Park.
 Prof. Park, so long the especial light at Andover Theological Seminary, when a young man studied in Germany. His acute mind made him the terror of the professor, the eminent Dr. Tholuck, after being driven into a corner in an argument with the young American, exclaimed, "Now I am sorry that Columbus discovered America."
 When Prof. Park, at Andover, was asked by a student the reason for the tower of Pisa, he quickly answered: "No doubt the contractor did not pay his men promptly, so that they were compelled to put a lean on the tower."
 Prof. Park was very particular to call his students by name. One day he met a man by the name of Jones. Not wishing to betray the fact that he could not recall his name, he said: "By the way, how do you spell your name?" The student with some surprise, exclaimed: "J-o-n-e-s. Is there any other way of spelling it?"

Similar Symptoms.
 "Well, suzz, Ezry!" ejaculated a certain citizen of Pruntytown, upon meeting an acquaintance. "You are lookin' real smillin' and satisfied this afternoon. Betcha it's a boy or girl—hey."
 "Betcha 'tain't!" was the reply. "I've just swapped a balky horse to Deacon Pettifer for an animal that ain't got a thing in the world the matter with him except a spavin, the heaves and a stringhalt. That's what tickles me so."—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Do Cow Peas Make Hens Lay?
 A poultry raiser tells the Advance man that he has discovered that cow peas make hens lay. Last winter he left an acre of the peas uncut and his hens ate them. He was surprised to receive double the number of eggs during the winter.—Higginville Advance

Shy On Table Etiquette.
 "Table etiquette in country hotels is a study in itself," remarked the traveling man. "Every town seems to have its own code of ethics and it's a difficult matter to keep up the various forms and observances. I had to stop over in a little Connecticut town on my last trip and put up at the only hotel in the place."
 "There was no fault to find with the dinner. There was an abundance of well-cooked food and I reveled in dishes so dear to my infantile days, reserving a gap for a slice of the real, old-fashioned pumpkin pie, which was made a feature of the bill of fare."
 "The waitress passed and repassed me, but made no motion to remove my plate and trot out the luscious pie. My patience gave out at last, and I almost grabbed her as she flew by and haughtily demanded my portion."
 "Y'all through?" she snapped.
 "Yes."
 "Then why didn't ye stack up yer dishes so'd I know?"
 "And as a rebuke for my lack of table manners she brought me a stinky slice."

Pathos Between Lines.
 John Mitchell, in a description of one of the historic coal strikes of the last century, said:
 "There is a story of the privations of these poor people that has a grim pathos in it. Its pathetic rather than its humorous side makes the story worth repeating."
 "A child, during the strike, goes to Mrs. Simpkins on Monday morning and says:
 "Please, ma'am, my mother sent me for the loan of your marrow bones to make soup with."
 "Tell your mother, Mrs. Simpkins replies, 'that Mrs. Murphy has them to-day, and Mrs. McDavitt is promised them for to-morrow, but she can have them on Wednesday if she'll return them promptly, bein' as I want to make soup myself on Thursday.'"

WHY LINCOLN WAS POPULAR.

**Qualities Which Made Him Beloved
 All His Life Appeared in His Youth.**

Perhaps his most winning quality with young and old alike was his sincere belief in his fellow townsmen and his community. Local pride never had a more buoyant champion than he. For him Sangamon county in general, and New Salem in particular, was the promised land, and he was confident that the people were equal to the task of developing it according to its needs. Thus when it was first suggested that the shallow, snag-bound Sangamon River was navigable and might be made a great highway of commerce, he eagerly championed the theory and worked with voice, pen and hand to realize a practical result. The Sangamon is still unnavigable and New Salem has disappeared, but Lincoln's plea for improving the waterway remains as evidence of his sincere belief in the future of the community and to show us what he could do with a weak cause at the age of twenty-one.

The argument is not remarkable, but it is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Although he was young and boyishly enthusiastic, Lincoln did not overstate the possibilities nor underestimate the difficulties of his case; and despite the really laughable attempt which was afterward made to force the passage of the Sangamon, there was nothing ludicrous in his plea. What he claimed sounds reasonable, and what he hoped for possible, even in the face of failure.

This early effort plainly indicates Lincoln's natural aptitude for logical statement. But it does more than that. It displays a trait which few lawyers possess; for the ability to present facts closely, concisely and effectively without taking undue advantage of them is a rare legal quality. It requires not only ability, but courage; not only tact, but character. It is one of the infallible tests which distinguish the legal bravo from the jurist, and it will be demonstrated in a future chapter that Lincoln fulfilled it in masterful fashion.—From Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer" in the Century.

The Judge's First Client.

Judge James J. Banks, the well known Denver lawyer, is a native of the South. It was in Birmingham, Ala., that he hung out his first shingle. For a long while Judge Banks sat in his office and wondered what a law client looked like. He would read and study to pass the long hours away. Every time he heard footsteps in the hall he would straighten up, assume an air of knowledge and wait, only to be disappointed. One day an old negro woman entered his office.
 "Is yo' de lawyah man?" she asked.
 Judge Banks immediately was all attention. This surely was a client. He answered in the affirmative.
 "Well, sah," said the old woman, "Ah wants ter ax yo' advice. Now, yo' see, Ah owes rent on mah house. Ah kain't pay hit en de lan'lord say he gwine ter put me out nex' week ef Ah doan' fotch round de cash. What's Ah gwine ter do? Mistah lawyah man?"

Judge Banks gave himself to deep study for a moment. Then he told the old woman that, with due process of law, the landlord could be compelled to give her a month's notice. The first client was delighted.
 "Well, now, young man," she said, "Ah's mighty much erbliged ter yo'. Yo' suhtinly es smahrt. Good mohnin'!"
 "Hold on" came from the young lawyer. "Haven't yo' forgotten something?"
 "How's dat?" asked the old negro.
 "Did Ah done droppod somethin'?"
 "No," said Judge Banks, "but my fee is \$5. You must pay me for that advice."
 The old negro hesitated. Then she took hold of the doorknob.
 "Mistah," she said, "Ah doan' want yo' ole device. Keep hit. Dat rent ain't but foah dollahs." And out she went.—Denver Post.

Graft in Little Things.

Graft is not to be measured by size alone. The little grafter is just as bad in his way as the big grafter who accumulates his thousands and hundreds of thousands in a manner that will not bear scrutiny. If graft is to be abolished the work of abolition must permeate all branches of society, for graft is worse than the dandelion or burdock, or cocklebur root.
 An eastern physician writes that he has been offered a commission by the proprietor of a "health resort" on every patron sent. That is graft.
 A New York physician was offered a commission of 10 per cent. on all business sent to a crematory firm. At first thought this might seem like a legitimate offer, but when one considers the status of the family physician it takes on the earmarks of a very contemptible bit of graft.
 Traveling men know full well that a small "present" will often influence a department buyer to favor a certain line of goods, but it is gratifying to know that the traveling salesmen are beginning to fight 'bat sort of thing. But the buyer who engages in it is guilty of a very contemptible graft.
 In our eagerness to abolish graft in high places we should not overlook the "little grafting" that abounds on every side. Every species of graft must be put under the ban if the national character is to be cleansed and given a chance to improve.—The Commoner.

Her Search.

The scene is a drug store in a busy part of Broadway. When the action opens a pretty woman is demurely turning over the leaves of the city directory.

Enter an irascible old man, who wants to find the address of a fellow who owes him money. He stands and waits impatiently, filling in the time coughing suggestively.
 A business man in a hurry follows. He wants to know where John Brown lives. It is in the next street, but he has forgotten the number. He falls in line.

Then a man who seeks some city official, but knows nothing of his office except that it closes within a few minutes, joins the ranks of the waiters.
 Half a dozen others who wish to consult the directory gather around. Still the woman placidly turns leaf after leaf over, without evident intention to decide whether the name she seeks is Brown, Jones or Walker.

When there are fully half a score fuming impatient people in line, enters a newspaper reporter. His mission will positively admit no delay, so he politely offers to assist the woman, suggesting that his experience may tend to save time and lessen her labor. When he asks her what she seeks, with a sweet smile of thankful appreciation, she says:
 "Oh! Thank you. You are very kind. I am trying to find a sweetly pretty name for my new baby!"
 —K. C. Independent.

Animals That Never Sleep.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which also never sleep.

Sunlight Kills Blond Races.

The book we spoke of some time ago on "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men," by Dr. C. E. Woodruff of the U. S. Army, has attracted universal attention. Dr. Woodruff takes the position that the action of the bright light even of a temperate country such as our own is bound to be harmful to the blond races and that in the long run these blond races will be driven out of existence by the dark-skinned races on this account. "Light affects the nervous system, producing nervous instability and irritability," he says. This is now a well known fact, and it is accepted that the purpose of the pigment in the skin of the natural inhabitants of sunny countries is to act as a screen to keep the active rays of light especially from penetrating the body and irritating the nerves.
 It took the climate of Greece only 7 centuries to destroy the blond population, according to Dr. Woodruff. It is a fact that all the surviving people round the Mediterranean are dark-skinned, in spite of large infusions of people from more northern latitudes, with their fair complexions. In the great struggle for existence, Dr. Woodruff intimates, the races in this country which have come from the cool and shady climates of northern Europe are destined to burn out and degenerate while the better protected dark-skinned inhabitants will thrive.

The Bells of England.

The metal tongue of the big bell rings out many changes to our modern ears. It speaks of disaster and death, of rejoicing and devotion. In England it often tells of old times and quaint customs. Mr. Ditchfield, in a book on Old England, gives some of the traditions handed down through the "tintinnabulation of the bells."
 In some parts of the country the bell which tells the old year out is called the "Old Lad's Passingbell." In western England the bells peal merrily on "Oak Apple Day," to celebrate the escape of King Charles at Boscobel. Another bell, rung at the beginning of Lent, is known as "Pancake Bell," because, in old time phrase, it "summons people away from their pancakes to confession and fasting."

A lively peal of bells is often rung at the end of the Sunday morning service, and is called "Pudding Bell." Perhaps its purpose is to announce to the stay at homes that service is over and that the pudding may come out of the oven.
 Every night at five minutes past nine "Great Tom," the great bell of Christ Church College at Oxford, booms out its ponderous note one hundred and one times. This particular number was chosen in accordance with the number of students at the foundation of the college.—Youth's Companion.

Sort of Funny.

Willie was spending his first day at school. The class were told to write from 1 to 100. Willie, who did not understand sat staring in wonder at the busy children. "Don't you know how?" asked the teacher. "No ma'am," replied Willie. "Bring up your slate," commanded the teacher. Willie brought it up. "There," she said, "I'll give you a few at a time. Copy those." Willie went back to his seat and worked diligently. Presently he tiptoed up with his slate. "What do you want?" asked the teacher. "Why I've finished drawing those bugs you told me to copy," he replied, handing up a very elementary attempt at writing from 1 to 10.

Drummer Boy's Romance.

"I was a drummer boy in Sherman's army," said L. J. Henry, of Chicago, "and at the mature age of fifteen fell desperately in love with a little girl down in Columbia, Tenn., that I thought as beautiful as an angel, and who seemed to reciprocate my affections, even though I was a hated Yankee.

"All the time that my command stayed at her home, I managed to see her once every day, and at night she was ever in my dreams. I thought that death would be welcome if she did not become my wife; and when our force left for Washington all that kept me from utterly breaking down was her promise that she would answer every letter I wrote to her. But alas; though I wrote often and lovingly, never a word came in reply, and for months I went about sick at heart because of her supposed faithlessness.

"Well, about six months ago I went back to the South for the first time in forty years, and though Columbia was out of my way I couldn't omit a visit to the scene of my first romance. My wife and grown daughter accompanied me, and I told them the story and that I meant to see my sweet heart of long ago if she still lived. I had no difficulty in finding her and we had a great reunion. She was a fine looking matron and had a daughter just the age of mine.—Washington Post.

Snatching Victory from Defeat.

They were married about the 1st of November, had just got back from the honeymoon and settled down in their new house in Germantown. The new cook was about as green as the lady of the house. The latter said, as she went out for a visit on the day before Thanksgiving: "Now, Emma, go to work on the turkey and prepare it just as you would chicken." Emma did so. She cut the turkey into a dozen big pieces and was about to fry them like spring chicken when the lady came in and saw the havoc that had been played with the royal bird. A good cry relieved her feelings and then the husband suggested that they sew the pieces into place, pack in the stuffing to support the fabric, and make the best out of the dilemma. This was done and the guests at dinner next day never once suspected that anything was wrong. But hubby got a reproachful glance from the low end of the table as he cast a solemn look at his wife, and said as he held the carving knife: "Our turkey is certainly nicely basted dear."—Philadelphia Record.

Pegged Boots in Canada.

There are few, if any, pegged boots made in the factories of the United States, while fifty years ago the sewing machine was yet unvented and nearly all shoes save the hand sewed were hobnailed or pegged. In Canada there are a few scattering factories producing pegged boots for men and boys. Adam Bertsch, a Rochester pattern manufacturer, recently ran across one at St. John's Newfoundland. Mr. Bertsch was interested in the quaint manner in which the boots and shoes are manufactured, the machinery in use being long out of date as compared with the present standard in the United States. There are no up to date methods, and one might easily imagine in stepping into this factory that the cycle of time had turned back forty or fifty years. The pegged boots are high cut, such as men wear generally before the war and find a ready sale in Newfoundland and in Canada.—Shoe Retailer.

Useless Information.

Kentoku Hori, the Japanese mission ary now in Chicago, was criticizing education in the Occident.
 "A Western education," he said "lays too much stress on dates, facts general information—those things that one can look up in a jiffy in the encyclopaedia."
 "The Oriental education is best in that it deals only in such things as develop the mind, leaving general information quite alone."
 "Of what great good is general information, after all? The futility of much of it was well brought out the other day in a conversation between two students.
 "Think of it," said the first student. "It will take 12,000,000 years to pump the sea dry, pumping at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second."
 "The other thought. Then he said: "And where would you put all the water?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Cynic's Dictionary.

Altruism—Mowing your neighbor's lawn.
Reform—A brief vacation for practical politicians.
The Simple Life—A strenuous effort to live unnaturally.
Candor—What a woman thinks about another woman's gown.
Tact—What she says about it.
Civil Service—Something you tip a waiter for and don't get.
Luck—An explanation of the other fellow's success.
Life Insurance—Providing for the widows and orphans—of the directors.
The Water Wagon—A vehicle from which a man occasionally dismounts to boast of the fine ride he's having.—Saturday Evening Post.

Among trees the elm reaches an age of 385 years; the ivy, 450; the chestnut, 600; the cedar, 800; the oak, 1,500 and the yew, 2,300.

Ministers Late Risers.

"Ministers is the latest risers. Doctors comes next," said the cook. She was entertaining the maids from next door. As she bustled about getting the tea and cake ready she talked incessantly, like a machine. The maids listened, their eyes fixed on the collocation that each moment grew more tempting under her hand.
 "Some ministers don't rise till 10," she said. "There's hardly one of them that you'll find up by 8. Nine or half past is their average hour."
 "You see, they don't have no office to go to at a certain time. They have no early appointments that must be kept. They have no clerks that they must look after. Consequence is, they become the latest risin' class of men on earth."
 "I've worked around considerable in my time. I've had forty-seven places, all told. Some has been with doctors, some with business men and eleven with ministers. The ministers is the best to live with. They are so considerate and generous and they have such perfect dispositions. If they would only get quit of this lazy habit of loafin' away the morning in bed they'd be a class without a fault."

Haggard Reads Obituary.

Rider Haggard tells a good story about the premature publication of an obituary notice of himself. Hearing that a ballet based on "She" was to be produced in Hungary, he wrote asking for programmes and photographs. A reply came that the manager was shocked at the request, for he had believed the illustrious Herr Author to be dead. Long obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian journals. Mr. Haggard then wrote and asked that a contradiction might be circulated, but the manager reported that the editors refused to insert it, as they believed it to be an unscrupulous attempt to obtain a free advertisement for the ballet.

To Honor Patriotic Chef.

Residents of Nice are about to erect a statue in memory of Nebain Dubois, who for many years was chief cook to the kaiser's grandfather. King William of Prussia, receiving a salary of \$75,000 a year. As soon as the Franco-Prussian war was declared he resigned to fight against his former employer.

FITs permanently cured.

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The only Englishman who ever became Pope was Adrian IV

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Heming, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 14 days. 50c.

Robbed in Canada.

Just think what an outrage it is to be robbed of all the benefits of the services by continuous coughing throughout the congregation, when Anti-Grippe is guaranteed to cure. Sold everywhere. 25 cts. F. W. Diemer, M. D., manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.
 Japanese counterfeiters in Hawaii are turning out American money.
 To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.
 Science has discovered several new kinds of mosquitoes.
 Do not believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption, An equal for coughs and colds.—Jones F. Lopez, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1905.
 Berlin, Germany, has a population of 2,033,900 souls.
 Itoh cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion; never fails. Sold by Druggists; Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. Ditchon, Crawfordville, Ind. \$1.
 Mud baths were first used as chemical restorers in India.

Catarth Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL AFFLICTIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarth. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
 Sold by druggists, price, 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Lake Titicaca is the highest navigable lake in the world.

Cures Cancer, Blood Poison and Scrofula.

If you have blood poison producing eruptions, pimples, ulcers, swollen glands, bumps and rashes, burning, itching skin, copper-colored spots or rash on the skin, mucous patches in mouth or throat, falling hair, bone pains, old rheumatism or foul catarrh, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It kills the poison in the blood, soon all sores, eruptions, hard swellings subside, aches and pains stop and a perfect cure is made of the worst cases of Blood Poison.
 For cancers, tumors, swellings, eating sores, ugly ulcers, persistent pimples of all kinds, take B. B. B. It destroys the cancer poison in the blood, heals cancer of all kinds, cures the worst humors or suppurating swellings. Thousands cured by B. B. B. after all else fails. B. B. B. composed of pure botanic ingredients. Improves the digestion, makes the blood pure and rich, stops the awful itching and all sharp, shooting pains. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Druggists, \$1 per bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter.

Higher Education.

Two sisters were sitting in a hotel writing-room. They audibly were discussing their friends.
 "Yes, I've just written aunty about Mrs. Blank. I told her that of all the unrefined, uneducated, illiterate people I ever saw."
 "By the way, Emma, how do you spell illiterate?"

WHO SHE WAS
 SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. There came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.
 In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.
 During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of women's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equalled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.
 To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originality passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only care to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.
 In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.
 In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.
 Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.
 Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.
 All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.
 But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from the fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.
 At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.
 The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to