

"He That is Warm Thinks All So."

Thousands are "cold" in that they do not understand the glow of health. This implies disordered kidneys, liver, bowels, blood or brain. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes "warm" because it gives all who take it perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain=O

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALKALINE REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N. Y.

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascares. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." Mrs. SAUL H. SANDERS, Littleton, Colo.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, 10c. 50c. 10c. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** ... Binding Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 312

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

Wonderful Achievements With Telephone
The telephone is a very handy thing to have in the house when such storms prevail as have swept over our country during the past weeks, and I hear that more people than ever before used it to call up the butcher and the baker, or talk to their snowbound friends. But there are other uses. The other week I saw the news that a young couple in New York State got married by telephone, with witnesses at each end of the line and a clergyman "on the wire." When our troops landed in Porto Rico, a sorry young officer went to the telephone in a lighthouse and called up the military governor of the nearest city, telling him to surrender. The governor obeyed meekly. Now a change has been effected by telephone in the government of Salvador, the Central American republic. A revolutionary general went to the telephone, called up the president, and told him that as all the troops were in rebellion, the only thing left was for him to resign. The president resigned at once—over the telephone—and the new dictator took office without a blow.—The Great Round World.

SALESWOMEN understand what torture is. Constantly on their feet whether well or ill. Compelled to smile and be agreeable to customers while dragged down with some feminine weakness. Backaches and headaches count for little. They must keep going or lose their place.

To these Mrs. Pinkham's help is offered. A letter to her at Lynn, Mass., will bring her advice free of all charge.

MISS NANCIE SHOBE, Florence, Col., writes a letter to Mrs. Pinkham from which we quote:

"I had been in poor health for some time, my troubles having been brought on by standing, so my physician said, causing serious womb trouble. I had to give up my work. I was just a bundle of nerves and would have fainting spells at monthly periods. I doctored and took various medicines, but got no relief, and when I wrote to you I could not walk more than four blocks at a time. I followed your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier in connection with the Vegetable Compound and began to gain in strength from the first. I am getting to be a stranger to pain and I owe it all to your medicine. There is none equal to it, for I have tried many others before using yours. Words cannot be said too strong in praise of it."

MISS POLLY FRAME, Meade, Kan., writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write you in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I cannot praise it enough. Since my girlhood I had been troubled with irregular and painful periods and for nearly five years had suffered with falling of the womb, and whites. Also had ovarian trouble, the left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling is all gone, and I am healthy and strong."



Coughs Lead to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25c. and 50c. bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

An internal revenue tax of \$900,000 on a single estate was recently paid in Boston.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascares, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascares,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A fortune awaits the man who can invent an available substitute for rubber.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Condorport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

The scientific principle of the survival of the fittest was known to the ancient Greeks.

Campbell's Malarial Specific.
Guaranteed cure for all Malarial diseases. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents. J. B. CAMPBELL, Suffern, N. Y.

The gold-finch is nearly extinct in England.

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

There are about 3,750,000 persons in London who never enter a place of worship.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The Baptists have arranged to buy a lot and build a church at Santiago, Cuba.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. AINSBURY, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

In the German army nearly 10,000 carrier pigeons are used.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kilne's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KILNE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cause and Effect With the Indian.

It should be said in the first place that cause and effect, as we use the term and apply it to natural phenomena, are absolutely incomprehensible to the Indian mind. He can form no conception of medicine, for example, which even remotely resembles ours. To his mind all diseases and disorders are the work of evil spirits, and the remedy is to exorcise those spirits and, if possible, induce them to pass into some substance, such as a magic stone, where they will be under the control of the medicine man, who, in fact, the priest, for he merely sings over his patient and never thinks of giving him anything but prayers. Even in the case of a person bitten by a rattlesnake the palpable cause of injury is entirely overlooked, and resort is had to songs and prayers until the patient dies. In that case, death is attributed to his own evil spirit or to the lack of skill on the part of the priest-servant, never to the poison of the serpent.—New York Post.

A Purely Personal File.

There was a smell of fire in the house, the deep gray odor of burning cloth. The man of the house began nosing about to find out what caused it. He prides himself upon his keenness of scent. He went across the room.
"Hum! It grows stronger," he said. When he had his nose flat up against a brick and plaster wall it was stronger than ever. He backed off. "No, it's somewhere over here." At the door to the hall the odor was very pronounced. He rushed downstairs into the dining room. The odor was there too. He hurried down cellar. It was overpowering.
He put his hand into his coat pocket for a match. He found the fire by his sense of touch and went upstairs and poured a glass of water into his pocket. Since then he carries his matches in a box, and is disposed to be inecredulous when stories of incendiaries are narrated. He says conflagration, like charity, begins at home.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WOMEN WHO EARN THEIR LIVING

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THE POET'S DILEMMA.

I've an ending for a poem
That I cannot seem to start;
It would please a Hoosier poet
To the bottom of his heart.
I have tried and tried to work it,
But it's clearly no avail:
It's "the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail."

You can fancy how he'd take it,
And he'd marshal all the birds
For their yearly journey southward
(How he'd find the fittest words!)
And he'd say that they were flying
Over hill and over dale,
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

But for me the lines are useless,
So I'm going to take my gun,
And I'll hasten to the woodland—
It's a duty to be done.
There I'll quickly make an ending—
As to start I seem to fail—
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

—Charles Battell Loomis, in Harper's Weekly.

LIGHTHOUSE NANNIE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It's very hard!" said Nannie Nairn, with a pout. "All the other girls are dressing for Katie Stanbury's charade party, and I am here, all alone, like a wretched little mouse, with no pleasure, and no prospect of any."

Miss Nairn was rather an exceptional young person. Her boudoir was a little square room of hewn stone, with a bull's-eye window of glass, so high up that she had to climb on a stool to look out of it. Her prospect, once safely mounted on the stool, was of rolling green waves, with here and there a silver-breasted gull darting athwart the heaving surface; and her sole companion in the circular tower of Lone Lighthouse was an old man of sixty-odd, who read "Blair's Sermons," and amused his leisure moments by working out an unlimited series of chess problems, which were contained in a dogs-eared "Chess Manual."

There he sat by the window, where the stormy red of the sunset streamed in like splashes of blood against the wall, musing intently over the black and white squares of the board he himself had painted on the deep window-seat, with the ocean dashing in sheets of foam at the foot of the lighthouse, and the wind shrieking around its iron-railed top.

"Uncle!" said Nannie, timidly.
"Well?"

He spoke without looking up from the board.
"May I go on shore tonight?"

"On shore? What do you want to go on shore for?" he demanded petulantly.

"I haven't stirred out of this dismal place for a week!" pouted Nannie; "and Kate Stanbury is to have a charade party tonight, and she has invited me."

"Pshaw!" said old Moses Nairn, with one crooked finger hovering over an ivory castle, like "Fate" personified.

"But can't I, uncle?" pleaded Nannie.

"No, you can't. Michael has gone to see his mother tonight," he shortly answered the old man, "and he'll not be back before morning."

"I could row myself easily enough," pleaded Nannie. "I've done it before now, many and many a time."

"I don't choose to be left alone," said Moses.

Nannie opened wide her bright blue eyes.

"Why, uncle, you've been left alone here often," she said.

"That don't signify," snarled Moses. "I'm getting older now, and I tell you I don't choose to be left alone."

"I shouldn't be gone long, uncle."

"Will you leave off teasing me?" suddenly demanded the old man.

And Nannie retreated, only to fling herself on one of the circular stone steps without, where she burst into tears.

"And Charlie Cotesworth is to be there," she sobbed, "and that young officer from Leesborough; and I did think so much of Katie Stanbury's charade party."

And the shriek of sea-winds, and the thunder of breaking billows against the solid stone foundations of Lone Lighthouse was all the answer that returned itself to her piteous plaint.

Nannie leaned out of the narrow, slit-like casement, her dimpled face and red-brown curls framed quaintly in by the jagged stone edges, and looked down to where the newly-painted boat, secured by an iron chain, rocked to and fro in the surf.

"Half an hour to land," she said to herself, "and half an hour back again, and an hour to stay. I could enjoy all the best of it, and be back before uncle could possibly miss me. He thinks, because he likes chess problems and stuffy old books, that every one else must. And he's eight-and-sixty, and I'm only eighteen; and I've mended all his stockings and ironed all his shirts, and there's nothing on earth to do but to sit and twirl my thumbs. I will go."

Softly the little rebel crept up the stone stairs almost like a moving shadow, in the gathering dusk of the dim old tower—softly she brushed out the glistening spirals of the red-brown hair, and put on her prettiest dress and freshest ribbons, shrouding them all with a gray serge cloak.

And before old Moses Nairn had studied out the "Problem sixty two—white to mate, in four moves," to his satisfaction, the little boat was rocking far toward land, a moving speck upon the surface of the deep, with his niece, Nannie, resolutely leaning to the oars.

As she drew the grating keel upon the shingly beach, and flung the chain over a huge wooden bulkhead to secure it, she turned and looked back-

ward, where Lone Lighthouse reared its slender shaft against the deep crimson of the dying sunset.

"Uncle will be lighting the lantern soon," she said to herself.

And away she fled, up the shelving shore, to the little settlement of houses which was by courtesy denominated a village.

Katie Stanbury's house was all ablaze with cheerful lights. They welcomed her with a unanimous cry of delight, and gathered around her declaring that she had come just in time to help them out with "Othello and Desdemona." The lieutenant from Leesborough wrote her name down for the first waltz, and Charles Cotesworth whispered to her to keep at least three dances for him.

"We've borrowed Mrs. Leslie's white satin wedding dress for Desdemona," whispered Katie Stanbury. "Come up stairs quickly and dress."

The room which they had assigned to Desdemona, as a tiring chamber, was intolerably warm. Nannie threw open the window, and looked out toward the sea.

There, still outlined darkly against the sullen red of the stormy western sky, Lone Lighthouse seemed to lift a warning finger to her, its crystal eye dim and dark as that of a blind man.

She looked once again, more intently than before, and began to tremble violently.

There was no light in the lantern at Lone Lighthouse.

And when Katie Stanbury came up to tell Desdemona that the audience was waiting and wondering, she found the white satin dress lying in a crumpled heap on the floor, the candles guttering in their sockets, and the door wide open.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, tragically, "what has become of Nannie?"

Nannie, with a strange foreboding of evil at her heart, had flown swiftly down to the beach, heedless of the lieutenant's waltzes and Charlie's disappointment, unfastened the boat, and was shooting out to sea with long, regular strokes.

A storm was coming up. The red scowl of the sunset had been no false prophet, as it seemed, for the wind muttered low, and the distant sealine was edged with trembling white-caps, while the nearer waves breaking against the shore, made a muffled roar, and there was a curious, lurid light in the piled-up clouds against the western horizon.

But of these things Nannie took little heed, as she rowed steadily toward the lighthouse—the lighthouse which looked so strange without its usual eye of fire.

"It is not dark yet—not quite dark," she kept repeating to herself. "Uncle may light the lantern at any minute. He has most likely forgotten himself over those chess problems."

And, springing out of the boat at the foot of the lighthouse steps, she ran through the shower of salt spray that made them so slippery at high tide, and opening the heavily-nailed door, hurried up the winding staircase to the lanternroom.

It was but the work of a moment to light the huge lamp. The crystal reflectors grew radiant at once, and the long gray banner of light streamed out, like magic fires, athwart the sullen surge of darkening waters below; and then, with a long sigh of relief, Nannie turned to her uncle's apartment.

The low fire was burning in the little coal stove; there was no light in the room, but by the glimmer of the red embers she could see her uncle's figure, still bent over the black and white squares in the window-seat. He did not turn at the click of the door-latch.

"He is asleep," thought Nannie. "He often falls into such brief, heavy sleep of late, I'm afraid he is not as well as he used to be."

She advanced to his side, laying her hand lightly on his, with a smile.

"Uncle!" she said, slightly raising her voice.

But the shriek which she uttered, as she snatched it back, rent the air like a dagger.

For old Moses Nairn's hand was cold as marble, and he himself sat there, with his head sunk down upon his breast, quite dead.

All night long she sat there, tending the light in the lighthouse, shuddering at the wail of the storm, and the war of the waves, and still more at the ghostly stillness in the room below. And when the morning broke, wet and windy, and she saw herself reflected in an opposite glass, she perceived that the one tress of hair which drooped over her right temple had turned as white as snow.

By the next day's sunshine, a richly-freighted ship rode gallantly into port, with a half hundred passengers, who would have been food for fishes if Nannie Nairn had not stood valiantly to her post.

But no earthly consideration could ever induce her afterwards to enter the dreary stone walls of Lone Lighthouse; and the silver lock, shining out from among the golden curls of her hair, bears an everlasting testimony to the night of terror which she passed among the winds and the waves, with Death for her only companion.

And the new lighthouse-keeper has made a store-chamber of the apartment where Moses Nairn died of heart-disease.

"I've no superstitious notions," said he; "but all the same, I'd rather occupy some other room myself."—Saturday Night.

A Great Help.
"Yes," sighed the man of the Germanic, "we had an awful cold voyage two-thirds of the way."

"What did you do then?" inquired the sympathetic listener.

"Well, about that time we got a boat stove in and that helped a lot."—Yale Record.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Cabbage for Salad.

When it is desired to use the head of a cabbage as a receptacle from which to serve salad, the core should be cut out by marking a circle around the center of the cabbage and cutting down with a sharp knife. If some of the cabbage is needed to use with the salad, as much as will be required may be shaved out from the centre. This leaves the shell intact to boil at another time, or use it any way.

Fried Chicken.

This is a delicious dish, especially for lunches. Cut up four fowls (the old ones are the best) and place in cold water. Then boil slowly until the bones are ready to come out. Then season with pepper and salt and dried celery leaves (pulverize), if you have them. When the bones will come out easily, pick them out and chop the pieces of meat, then add the rich juices in which it has been boiled, mix well together and pour into an earthen dish to become cold. Then slice and serve.

Apricot Fritters.

Drain the syrup from a can of apricots, bring it to the boiling point, add one-half of a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water. Stir until clear and thick, drop in an inch stick of cinnamon and simmer for five minutes. Beat together the yolk of one egg and one-quarter of a cupful of cold water; add one-half of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and one-half of a teaspoonful of olive oil and beat until smooth. Whip the white of the egg to a stiff dry, froth, stir lightly into the batter and set away in a cool place for at least two hours. Have ready a kettle of smoking hot fat. Dip each piece of drained fruit into the batter, drop into the hot fat and cook golden brown. Drain for a moment on unglazed paper and serve with the sauce.

The Use of Nuts.

As a diet, nuts are very wholesome. In cookery, all of our native nuts have their particular uses. Even our despised peanuts are now employed in a variety of ways. Crushed and rolled to a fine powder, they can be used almost the same as flour. In parts of Europe where the chestnuts are common nuts, the natives grind them to a powder, and bake bread and cakes out of it. These cakes could be imitated in this country with good results. Both peanuts and chestnuts are used for sandwiches in afternoon teas and luncheons. The nuts are ground to a powder, and then mixed with mayonnaise dressing. The paste thus produced is spread over the thin slices of bread. A lettuce leaf is sometimes added to make the effect more tempting.

Nut soup is made by roasting them to bring out the aroma, and then after they are pulverized with the rolling-pin they are boiled to a mush. Then strain through fine cheese-cloth, and use the liquid as soup stock. The soup can be flavored with a little lemon, onion, leek, or other articles, but the flavoring should never be so strong that the nut taste and aroma are disguised.

Value of Buttermilk.

The housewives who always use sweet milk and baking-powder in articles where such ingredients or their equivalents are called for little guess the superior results which may be obtained from the use of sour milk or buttermilk and soda. If sour milk is used it must be freely soured, not stale; hence, the best time to use it is in the summer time. Buttermilk is preferable all the year round. Biscuits, griddle cakes, waffles, corn-breads, muffins, gems, gingerbreads, cookies, etc., are all of them more tender, delicate and probably more wholesome if they are made of buttermilk and soda. A general rule is one level teaspoonful of soda to one pint of buttermilk or freshly soured milk. The soda must be first pulverized by rubbing with a knife on the table or bread-board, then added to the flour, to be sifted with it. It is even well to sift the flour, soda and salt together two or three times to insure an even blending. In a very short time one learns to gauge the soda exactly to the acidity of the milk to be used.—Woman's Home Companion.

Household Hints.

Invalids should eat lightly, and rest immediately after meals.

A coffee-pot should be thoroughly washed, scalded and dried every day.

Soft newspaper or filling is one of the nicest things to clean lamp chimneys with.

A saltspoonful of salt, added to a quart of coffee, when made greatly improves the flavor.

To give a fine flavor to corned-beef hash use good soup stock for moistening, with a pinch of salt, sugar and cayenne.

Hemstitching for table linen is not now considered so desirable as a narrow, hand sewn hem, one as nearly like selvedge as prudent.

To brighten furniture and remove spots, take two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, one tablespoonful of turpentine. Use with a bit of flannel.

The pillow case still rages unabated, putting forth new fads and fancies with each passing moon. The latest wrinkle is to collect pillow covers from as many different cities as possible, so that the cozy corners shall become a bit of cosmopolis.

One of the most successful English breeders of cats says that frequent change of diet benefits the animals. Boneless fish and rice are good for them; so is condensed milk, and in warm weather vegetables should be freely mixed with their food.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascares.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 50c. If C. C. G. fail, druggists refund money.

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

Pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horsehold and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one Minute.

Spain last year exported to the United States 3,000,000 pounds of raisins.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascares Candy Cathartic. 10c. or 25c. If C. C. G. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

In London there is one blind person to every thousand of the population.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Piano a Cause of Disease.

In a recent number of a French medical journal a Dr. Waetzold declares that he is of the opinion "that the chloroses and neuroses from which so many young girls suffer may be largely attributed to the abuse of the piano." The author of this learned disquisition goes on to say it is necessary, in his opinion, that the deadly custom of compelling young girls to hammer on the keyboard before they are fifteen or sixteen years old should be limited in the application. Even then these exercises should be permitted only to those who are not alone talented, but possessed of a robust temperament.

Dr. Waetzold further shows that out of 1000 girls studying the piano before the age of twelve 600 were afflicted with nervous troubles later in life, while only 100 were affected among a similar number who had never touched this instrument. The study of the violin, Dr. Waetzold declares, produces even more disastrous results than those attributed to the piano.—New York Mail and Express.

Bore His Loss in Silence.

The following episode happened at the recent brilliant charge of the Twenty-first Lancers, at the fall of Omdurman:

One of the men got his thumb cut off, and turning to his chum, an Irishman, ejaculated:

"Whatever shall I do? I'm done for life."

Pat, taking things somewhat coolly and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded, solemnly:

"Begorra, that's nothin' to make a fuss about; here's poor Jones wid his head cut off, an' not a word is he sayin'."

Deepest Wells.

A curiosity, at least, is this compilation of the deepest wells in the world: In Europe, one at Passy, France, depth, 2000 feet; at La Chapelle, Paris, 2950; at Grenelle, Paris, 1798; at Neusalwerk, near Minden, 2288; at Kissingen, Bavaria, 1787; at Spenberg, near Berlin, 4190, which is said to be the deepest in the world; at Pest, Hungary, 3182. In the United States there are wells located at St. Louis, depth, 3843 feet; at Louisville, 2086; at Columbus, Ohio, 2775; at Charleston, S. C., 1250.

Traded For Badge 13 and Was Killed.

Sergeant W. P. Steele, of the Lawrence Company, relates a singular circumstance in connection with the death of Lieutenant Alford in Manila. Identification badges with numbers on them were given out to the Kansas troops. The man who got No. 13 made such strong objection to the unlucky number that Lieutenant Alford exchanged with him, and the Lieutenant had it on his person when he was killed.—Kansas City Journal.

Two Good Reasons.

"She's only marrying him for his money," said one of her dear friends.

"Oh, that's where you are wrong," answered the other dear friend. "She told me herself she had two reasons for marrying him."

"What are they?"

"One is his money and the other is the fact that he is too old to live very long."—Chicago Post.

When a kid shoe has worn purple or white at the seams and toes it may still be kept in active service by using a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and best black ink. Apply with a sponge and polish with a soft duster.