

"He That Any Good Would Win"

Should have good health. Pure, rich blood is the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by giving good blood and good health, has helped many a man to success, beside giving strength and courage to women who, before taking it, could not even see any good in life to win.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all right for me, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH,
2929 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY
CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 25c. 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Solely Remedial Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 250

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

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich real brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 4 the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

Disciplining a Husband.

Lena Rutz has become the terror of West Twenty-third street residents because of her extraordinary exploits in a novel line. A half score of citizens living on that thoroughfare were in court recently pleading for protection from the woman. She regularly punishes her husband twice a day, much as if he were an infant, stretching him across her knees and then "lamming" good and hard.

"Yes, I spank him twice a day," she frankly admitted, "before breakfast and before supper."

"But why do you spank him?" queried Justice Dooley.

"Oh, it's good for his health." The judge decided that temporary confinement would be good for her health, and he sent her to the detention hospital. Chicago Chronicle.

No More Work Done.

When a new clerk is hired in a store, the other clerk divide their work with him, and another clerk is needed. —Acheson Globe.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 94,398]

"I am so grateful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me that I feel as though I must tell about it. A year ago I was taken very sick. Doctors could do me no good only to deaden the pain which I had almost constantly. I got some of your Compound and took one bottle and received benefit from it at once. I have taken it ever since and now have no backache, no pain in my side and my stomach and bowels are perfectly well. I can honestly say that there is nothing like it. If I could only tell every woman how much good your medicine has done me, they would surely try it." —MARTHA M. KING, NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Women Would Surely Try Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine If They Only Know, Says Mrs. King

The way women trifle with health shows a degree of indifference that is past understanding. Happiness and usefulness depend on physical health; so does a good disposition. Disease makes women nervous, irritable and snappish. The very effort of ailing women to be good-natured makes them nervous. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, she will help you to health and happiness. It costs nothing to get Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It was won for itself prize from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in laundry laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

Like Finding Money.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

Honolulu's Many Institutions.

As a town Honolulu is peculiar in its numerous charities, schools, institutions and churches, in which, among towns of equal population, it would be hard to find its equal. It has never forgotten its missionary origin, and, besides its local missions to the Chinese and Japanese, maintains missions of its own in the Orient. Many of the local establishments are due to the generosity of the old Hawaiian nobility, and will preserve their memories in respect when their frailties are forgotten. The houses are for the most part plain, suited to the climate, without collars or chimneys, but with generous verandas. It is not a place where the housewife will take much comfort. Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil when irrigated, fruit, vegetables—in fact, all local products—are surprisingly high; meats are very poor, and the cost of imported articles is of course not low. With intelligence and a garden much can be done, but the town-dweller's lot here is difficult. The servants are chiefly Orientals. Unfortunately, the hotels and restaurants are very inferior, and the sojourner must put up with poor food and service, at prices which at first seem quite unreasonably. American enterprise will soon remedy the worst of these annoyances, and the self-interest of the local population will in time take care of the rest. —Correspondence in New York Post.

A Coca Chewer.

One of the scientific explorers who has been working in the coca region of Bolivia, told me of his experience with a coca chewer. "A man was employed by me," he said, "in very laborious digging. During the five days and nights he was in my service he never tasted food and took only two hours' sleep each night, but at intervals of two hours and a half or three hours he repeatedly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves and kept an 'acullico' continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore had the opportunity of closely observing him. The work for which I had engaged him being finished, he accompanied me on a two days' journey across the level ground. Though on foot, he kept the pace of my mule and halted only for the chaccar (chewing). On leaving me he declared that he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work and that he would go through it with out food if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was sixty-two years of age and that he had never known him to be ill in his life." —W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

A "Dietary" Luncheon.

Visiting delegates of the National Household Economic Association were entertained at a "dietary" luncheon, served at Lewis Institute. Each received just what proportion of proteins, carbohydrate and fats supposed to be necessary to preserve the health and strength of the normal woman. The bill of fare included pressed chicken, currant jelly, creamed potatoes, brownbread, baked apple with cream, sponge cake and chocolate. When reduced to the mathematical terms of Professor W. O. Atwater's chart, according to which it was compiled, the proportions of this menu are shown to be nine-tenths of an ounce of proteins, nine-tenths of an ounce of fats, and three and two-tenths ounces of carbohydrates. The preparation of the luncheon was exact. Everything was weighed. —Chicago Tribune.

Famous Salt Mine.

There are great salt mines in Germany and in England, but the most famous are near Cracow, Poland. In this mine the streets and galleries are more than 500 miles long, there are immense rooms and chambers out of the solid salt, and there is an enormous chapel in which the altar and pulpit, the columns that hold up the roof and a number of statues are all of solid salt.

Where Some Eggs Are Laid.

Some Australian birds lay their eggs in black sand, as if aware of its superior power of absorbing heat; others select the neighborhood of hot volcanic springs, whose warmth plays an important part in the hatching. The mound builders collect heaps of earth and leaves as much as eighteen feet high and thirty feet in diameter, and in this hotbed their eggs are hatched.

THE LAZARI'S OF EMPIRE.

[W. Wilfred Campbell has a poem in the Toronto Globe on "The Lazarus of Empire," which strikes a curious note.]

The Czar, he is proud in his protest,
The Scot, he is calm in his place,
For each has a word in the ruling and doom.

Of the empire that honors his race;
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,
Looks the world in the face as he goes,
And he holds a proud lip, for he sails his own ship.

And he cares not for rivals nor foes;
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor-beggar Colonial
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

He knows no place in her councils,
He holds no part in the world
That girdles the world with its thunders
When the flag of Britain is hoisted;
He beats no drums to her battles,
He gives no triumphs her name,
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, O how long, the dishonor,
The servile and suppliant place?
Are we Britons who batten upon her,
Or degenerate sons of the race?
It is souls that make nations, not numbers,
As our forefathers proved in the past,
Let us take up the burden of empire,
Or nail our own flag to the mast,
Does she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?

NO "STORY."

BY K. CHER.

Publishers say a story must be a "story" and what they mean by this you can decide for yourself after comparing their demands with what they publish. The best I can make of it is that they expressly take pains to disguise what they really want, all their demands being for the purpose of stimulating the writer to exert himself; then they use their own private judgment, which is another thing from their printed demands, in selecting from the contributions.

When a reader brings three things together, which should harmonize, the result is a distressing discordance: (1) The publisher's high and mighty demand for the best that the present brain of the earth can produce; (2) What they publish and tacitly declare to be such; (3) What we all know to be real literature, from the pens of some who have gone before. The publisher (1) demands a rare horse (3) and accepts a rat. (2)

Herewith I have no "story" to suit these requirements, but according to my view I have a discovery worth making known. I make no attempt to fill the aforesaid requirements, for the principal reason that I will not write to order for any man on earth, and I don't believe any worthy literature in the "story" line was ever produced in that way. My literary work is consistent with my creed that a man's best productions will be on lines congenial to him. I say I have a discovery.

Who am I?
This is the publishers' demand. If I have no "name," no "rep.," my discovery is nothing to them. But it is to me, and will be to you, friend reader, if you are an ordinary mortal striving to live this life that is put upon us, and occasionally wondering what is the meaning of it all.

It happened, one day, when I was worried almost to desperation by the problems which beset everybody, in one shape or another, in this stifling struggle to get the better of one's fellows, that circumstances accidentally flung me upon a twenty mile walk, from one town to another. I walked a mile, and my grievances arose to fearful distinctness in my mind. I walked two miles, and possible solutions began to appear. At the end of 15th mile, I sat down at the foot of a pine in a pine forest, drew a long breath of relief from the physical exertion, and suddenly wondered what it was all about—what on earth had been bugging me so.

The low, mysterious, world-forgetting voice of the pines surrounded me instead of the hubbub of human contention, and the sun smiled down over the great earth in eternal cheerfulness.

I spurred up my unwilling recollections, recalled the worst of my grievances, and lo! They were too insignificant to trouble one of the ants that ran over the ground under the pines. It all amounted to nothing! Nothing! I had no grievance. As for those who were the cause of these sham grievances, the reasons for acting as they did now, for the first time, became apparent. They, too, like myself, were under the trial and pressure of elbow-jostling struggle, all acted not from any special antipathy to me, but to save themselves. Our motives were very similar.

I never should have seen it without this accidental isolation and balancing physical exertion. I would have kept right on blindly butting my head against the wall. And before going any further, let me state plainly that that is my discovery. If you are worried, take a 20 mile walk.

There was a yellow haired girl at the bottom of all my sometime grievances. She was rich and I was poor, but perceiving what seemed to be rare harmony in our natures, I had gathered my resources, braced myself for the accusations of a sordid motive, and boldly entered the lists for her hand. What further acquaintance I had been able to make with her seemed to confirm my theory of harmonious natures, and perhaps I became too confident. At any rate a slight rebuff, as I constructed it, from herself, brought me up to the wind, nautically speaking, all shaking, and emphasized the enormity of my presumption.

At the end of these fifteen miles my individuality returned, and I while re-

linquishing all thought, of possess Bessie, I could not allow that she was one whit too good for me. And she need not look to me for feeble-minded "hopeless devotion" business. I had made my advance, been rebuffed by the only one whose rebuff I considered material—herself—and now she was nothing more than a cipher in my affairs. She might go her ways, marry whom she might choose, or not marry, or die, or live. It was all the same to me. She was now but a cipher in my affairs, whether visible or not.

Having thus stoutly made up my mind, the sudden appearance and hail of the identical subject of my thoughts confused me again.

The public highway was in plain view from where I reclined, but such was my position that probably not more than one passer in ten would notice me.

There came by a group of bicyclers, mostly girls. All passed with their gaze straight in front except the last, who was obliged to turn her eyes to me, by what I am convinced was some occult magnetism, and nearly fell in consequence. As it was, she had to dismount to prevent a fall. When she regained her equilibrium, she called in a half jesting way—

"Are you trying to kill me?"
I hadn't done a thing. But this was not exactly what confused me. It was the discovery of an oversight in my deep cogitations. In the absence of the person, I had forgotten feminine softness, sweetness and compliance as opposed to masculine strength and sternness. I had waxed bitter against her in her absence, when it would have been impossible in her presence. Bitterness could no more survive in her presence than frost in a noontday sun.

Bessie was a blonde of full average height, and perhaps above average weight. There was nothing sickly about her. But she was a woman, and not to be hated as man against man.

I did not reply because I could not get my thoughts in shape in time.

"How did you get here?" she asked.
"Oh, I came in a canal boat." I answered nonchalantly.

Her laugh was pleasant. I like to have a person laugh at my little jokes, even if only in politeness. I can easily detect, in the ring of the laughter, what it is.

"George is anything wrong?"
She was serious enough now, and I saw where I had been a hot-headed fool to think she had scorned me. I couldn't speak a word.

What under the heavens is the use of logic, any way, when it always fails a man when it comes to the test? Only three minutes ago, it was: She might go her ways and marry whom she might choose, or not marry, or die or live; it was all the same to me.

And what incensed me the more now, was the fact that I had been perfectly cool in mind, a deliberate fool. Still, had it not been for these 15 miles, I should have been a worse fool, for the sight of her would not have brought me to my senses. Now I changed the soliloquy into: She might go her ways but I would always heartily wish her well, whether I became any feature in her existence or not.

"Won't you come and see us this evening?"

"Yes," I answered, at last getting my voice.

"Then, au revoir." And she mounted and sped after the other bicyclers.

Oh, I know that I am an ordinary mortal, and nothing exceptionally grand, friend reader; you need not tell me that. But there are lots of us in the same boat, and what has helped one will be of value to another. There is no possible doubt that the 20 mile walk was a turning point in my career, and therefore I earnestly recommend it.

Oh, certainly; she's my wife now.

STATISTICS OF THE INDIANS.

Their Numbers Estimated at 250,000—350 Schools Maintained for Them.

Uncle Sam's new directory of the Indian tribes shows that the parlor car companies and the apartment house builders have still a big fund of names, euphonious and otherwise, to draw from, although, in running down the list, it is seen that there are limits to the selection of Indian names. No one, for instance, would want to live in the Two-Kettle Sioux apartments, and some objections might be made to names like Winibegishish, Humptulip and Mucklesboat, but there are many Pottawatomi, Maricopa, Menomonee, Nomelackie, Pembina, Piankeshaw, Shoshone, Tonkawa and Wylackie, which, if they do not appeal to the namers of parlor cars and apartment houses, ought to keep those American horse owners who name their thoroughbreds by fantastic and inane systems. Such seekers for names are referred for detailed information to the "Statistics of Indian Tribes, Indian Agencies and Indian Schools," for 1899, issued by the government printing office.

This handbook gives the name of 71 Indian agencies and 350 tribes, with statistics of 350 schools, including agency day schools, independent day schools, reservation boarding schools and non-reservation boarding schools. The Indian population, summing the agency totals, which range from 388 in the Sac and Fox agency in Iowa, to 77,018 in the Union agency, Indian Territory, is nearly 250,000. The estimated value of Indian school plants is \$1,562,760, nearly \$2,000,000 representing schools on reservations. —New York Sun.

To See the Process.

Wes Edith was sitting near the bank of one of our large rivers, looking very disconsolate. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "the geography says this river empties its waters into the ocean, and I've watched here two whole days and it's just as full as it ever was." —Judge.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—There has never been a season when so many summer gowns, or rather the style of gowns associated with the summer

colors in fantastic figures. A new shade of blue which is light, but not a baby blue, is another material which is seen in a smart waist.

Not the least fascinating are the exquisite blouses of guipure lace. These are made entire, without lining, and made to slip over any solid lining. One illustration shows a new style of silk which comes in one piece—a skirt-length, it is called. This has an applique of mousseline de soie which is embroidered in neutral shades and a set pattern. The silk differs from the material usually employed in waists, inasmuch as it is soft and thin, almost transparent.

Simple Shirt-waist Model.

The Czarina shirt-waist, notwithstanding its title, is a simple model that is suitable for making up almost any pretty fabric, but a particularly taking one included in the handsome trousseau of an autumn bride is made of amethyst velvet and heliotrope silk. It is formed with a deep yoke at the back. There is a wide plait down the front, where the waist fastens with pearl and amethyst studs. The back of the waist is very closely fitted, the sleeves close coat shapes, with velvet cuffs, and the fronts droop a little at the belt.

Plain Setting For Emeralds.

Most people consider emeralds must be surrounded with diamonds to bring out their beauty, but a big square emerald owned by one woman who is fond of the rich, green stones is in a perfectly plain setting, square cut, as emeralds are, and is beautiful in its soft velvety richness.

How the Hats Are Worn.

Hats are worn in Paris and New



HOUSE GOWN OF FRENCH FLANNEL, TRIMMED WITH VELVET RIBBON.

season, have been made up for winter wear, declares Harper's Bazar. The light silks are to be used all through the winter—of course not for street wear—while some heavy silks, satins, crepons, are trimmed with white lace, and have quite as light and airy an effect as though they were intended to wear in July and August. For street wear, black and brown—a warm shade of brown—are considered especially



WONDERFUL IN CUT ARE THE NEW WAISTS.

fashionable colors. The most stylish house gowns are made of French flannel. But never before at this time of year have so many light grays and tan cloths been made up. Indeed, all the styles of dress this year are on a most elaborate and expensive scale, and it requires considerable thought and ingenuity for the woman with a moderate income to dress according to the latest fashion dictates. Fortunately there are a good many styles in every sort of gown, whether for street or house, that are attractive and quite inconspicuous, and these are the best to choose from where economy has to be considered, while in the black gown the different methods of trimming work a transformation in the too sombre and workaday look that a cheap black gown so often possesses.

Waists Wonderful in Cut.

Truly wonderful are the designs, both of fabric and cut, of the new evening waists which made their first appearance at the Horse Show. Two of the most notable examples are shown in the large engraving. Although much of the material from which they are made comes from the factories of the old world and some of the garments fashioned are upon French models, yet there are many exceedingly handsome ones made here.

As modish as any are those made of satin, but not of a heavy variety, and thus the fulness of a waist is allowed to fit gracefully on the figure. This is tucked, straight, in squares, in diamonds, or hemstitched and drawn. One of the new embroidered styles is made in white mauve and cream. The embroidery is open and loose, and through it is shown a lining of cloth of gold. The style of this waist is really a blouse, but is open at the front and filled in with knots of mousseline de soie or chiffon. The collars are bands of crushed silk, and the remarkable little jeweled buttons which shine through the filmy ruches of chiffon which edge "all things" add not a little to the general effect. Mauve and other delicate shades of lilac are much used.

Into these waists are inserted yokes or vests, often collars of a plain contrasting shade or white, with Persian



THE NEW PICTURE HAT.

more slender, willowy and graceful. The lifting of the hat and pushing it forward has this effect and heightens the general gazelle-like idea.