



"If you send me anything just as good as Ayer's, I shall send it right back."

"I might afford to experiment with shoe polish, but I can't and won't experiment with the medicine which means sickness or health to me."

**J. C. AYER COMPANY,**  
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
Ayer's Pills  
Ayer's Hair Vigor  
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
Ayer's Catarrh  
Ayer's Coma-tone



**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup**  
Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

**Model Tenement Houses.**  
Three hundred plans were submitted in an architects' competition in New York for model tenement houses and the first prize plan is to be used at once. The new buildings will be fire proof throughout and will occupy 70 per cent of the ground space, leaving 30 per cent for light and air. In each room a window will open into the outer air and each apartment will be connected with private hall and baths, play grounds, clothes drying chambers and storage rooms. It is calculated that a rental of \$1 a week per room will give satisfactory profit.

**Undergraduate a Milk Hand.**  
Oxford has among its undergraduates a married Lancashire millhand, 23 years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours, with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He has won a scholarship worth £50 a year.

**WOMEN MUST SLEEP.**

**Avoid Nervous Prostration.**

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. Friends ask, "what is the cause?" and the answer comes in pitying tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when sleep denied you night after night until you were fairly burned in the darkness, when you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep.



Mrs. A. HARTLEY.

You ought to have known that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, and you grew irritable without cause, that there was serious trouble somewhere.

You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with fright, and you cannot sleep. Mrs. Hartley, of 221 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the unflinching efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**DON'T RUIN YOUR STOMACH WITH MEDICINE.**

**Hunyadi János**

IS A NATURAL LAXATIVE MINERAL WATER.

Endorsed and used by the most prominent physicians in the world as the best and safest remedy for disordered stomach, biliousness, liver troubles, gout and rheumatism.

**It Cures Constipation!**

Take one-half glassful on arising in the morning and you will feel the remarkable effects in half an hour.

**ASK** for the full name, Hunyadi János. **LOOK** at the label. Buy with Red Centre Seal.

Sole Exporter, Firm of Andrew Saxebecker, 120 Fulton St., N. Y.

When a poet falls in love with a girl it is natural that he should run to metre.

**PURMAN FADELESS DYES** are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

There are ordinarily from thirty to forty varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.

**Best For the Bowels.**

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has O.C.O. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

This year's list of accidents in the Alps numbers seventy-nine, of which fifty-three resulted in instant death.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**

LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Snails, by means of an acid which they exude, contrive to bore holes in solid limestone.

**Frey's Vermifuge**

Saves the lives of children. 25c. Druggists and country stores, or by mail. E. & S. FREY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Some men are more polished than their shoes would indicate.

Don't drink too much water when cycling. Adams' Pepsin Tattl Frutti is an excellent substitute.

When a man invests in mines he sometimes comes out minus.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—V. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1905.

To be minutely accurate, a man loses time every time he looks at a clock.

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

A factory for liquid air is being erected at Los Angeles, Cal., for refrigerating purposes.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's Ink. There is only one ink that is best of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

Silk dresses were worn in China 4500 years ago.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**

Take LAZARUS' BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

**A MOORISH EVENING.**

Frogs serenade the moon from a neighboring ditch.

Now the green tea goes round, brewed in a metal pot, which stalks of mint and cubes of beetroot sugar—sticky concoction, in truth, yet preferable to the speed coffee that is the only alternative in a land where the sons of men appreciate neither alcohol nor cold drinks of any sort, and the daughters of men lend not the grace of their presence to the festive board. Quantity, however, makes up for quality, and the tiny cups are replenished a dozen times ere the wealthier visit has paid his last compliment, and glanced longingly at his drowsy mule that has just abandoned its third attempt to bite the near leg of the soldier slumbering just out of reach. And with him the saintly visitor, gathering up his rag and clasping his aims, glides away, assuring his host that he may, at his special intercession perhaps have the top attic of a pavilion in Paradise, and that his reward will thus be great though the price paid was miserable. (In other words, he must not rate heaven as trashy because it is cheap.)

The Moorish evening follows swiftly on the day; the night on the evening. Hawks and kits are shrieking and whistling overhead; frogs serenade the moon from a neighboring ditch, breeding place of mosquitos; scorpions and centipedes meander in languid fashion from the foot of crumbling masonry and prospect for plump feet fitting loosely in their yellow slippers, and mosquitos, after having abstained during the hottest hours of the afternoon, renounce their ledge as the temperature falls with the light and return to their drinking troughs with renewed thirst. The call to evening prayer sounds plainly from the not distant mosque—very real, very penetrating. "The God He is God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." And the pious glide, slipped and silent, to the mosque, and offer up their prayers to Allah in the name of their prophet. —The Cornhill.

**Diamond King of South Africa.**  
Alfred Beit, the diamond king, of South Africa, is only forty-six years old. His whole fortune, estimated at \$200,000,000, was made in twenty-five years.

**THE SUM OF IT.**

A sky that bends above you  
With bright stars shining true;  
A tender heart to love you  
And who's as rich as you?  
—F. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

**DISCIPLES OF IKE.**

BY H. W. MATHEWS.

For the second time within five minutes she raised the hinged cover of her basket and looked to see if there was room for even one more trout, and for the second time she let the cover fall back to its place. Holding her rod out over the stream she grasped the branch of an overhanging tree and swung herself around into a little open space where the sunlight managed to sift through the thick foliage. Before her lay a pool, deep and silent, formed by several large rocks which nearly blocked the stream. On every side were close-growing trees, and the woods to right and left were softly carpeted with moss and fern.

She stood irresolute, letting her eyes drift from her basket to the tempting pool, where, under the deep rock shadows she imagined many a wily trout, waiting for that very worm or fly which she might care to offer; and, as she gazed, she saw an insect drop for a moment toward the surface. There was a rush, a glint of golden scales, and then a splash, as the trout caught his prey and retired to his hole. As the ripples died away, she saw him for a moment before he disappeared. She straightened herself and cut a long and pliant twig from a willow close by. For the better preparation of this improved addition to her basket she seated herself on a broad, flat rock, which was within the shadow of a group of hemlocks, and from which she could see the brook as it leaped and tumbled onward and downward. Apparently there was no way of following it, none, at least, but by constant crossing and recrossing, and sometimes taking to the water itself. Not that she minded that—it had been the only way up above, where the trees grew, even thicker and the banks were steep beds of moss.

As she sat there thoughtfully gazing at the pool, her sharp blade barring the white and shining wood, she heard the noise of breaking branches down-stream. Silence followed, then the crackling again. She showed no signs of fear, but raised her head to catch further sound. The branches parted above her, so that for a moment the sun fell upon her head and shoulders, illuminating the soft felt hat of gray, half-tipped one side, though whether from choice or the brush of a bough one could hardly say. She did not resume her work again, but gazed toward a bend below, all eagerness and attention, prepared for whatever might appear. The waiting was not long. The first thing she saw was the tip of a rod appearing above the bend. She breathed easier. An angler need not be feared. The head and shoulders of a man followed. At first she could not see his face, for he was intent on finding a means of progress, and his wet leggings showed that he had found some difficulty already.

As he slowly advanced she gained some idea of what he might be like, and then, as he reached the lower end of the pool above which she sat, he raised his head and gazed forward, caught his breath, and stopped short, as he saw her sitting there radiant among the dark boughs. Recovered from her first surprise, she allowed herself to inspect him for a moment. And then a smile hovered about her lips. It seemed so absurd, and she looked again to make sure. For she found that his clothes, barring the one everlasting difference, were almost the counterpart of her own. The same soft gray hat, a shirt of finest texture, white like her waist; a bit of a blue tie at the throat; his sleeves rolled above the elbows, as were her own. Gray were his knickerbockers, and brown the leggings, high above his knees, protection from rock, brush, and stream. All this she took in at a glance, and then her eyes fell to her short gray skirt, and again that faint smile brightened her face, and she knew that he must know why she smiled. She looked up. He had doffed his hat and stood where the light made gold of his hair.

"I beg pardon," he said, without hesitation. "I fear that I have spoiled your sport below. I did not know that this was a private brook."

"It is posted, but not by us. I had permission from Mr. Butler last year. But I have spoiled your sport above; my basket is already full."

"As mine, I never had such luck as in the last 10 minutes. They have been coming down-stream, but never too fast to stop for a tempting worm."

"You use worms, then?"  
"Yes; why not? One can't cast in a little shaded brook like this. I find I can get ten fish on a worm to two on a fly. It may not be true sport, but I like it; and the fish, if not large are all the more plentiful."

"I have a large one here in the pool—a two-pounder, I feel sure. Would you land him for me, if I succeed?"  
"Yes, of course; let me bait your hook."

"I think you had best stay as you are. He will dart down-stream, and it will be better to have you in the way especially if my rod breaks."

She placed her knife and willow twig on the rock by her side, and began to place a wriggling worm on her

hook. She did it very carefully, perhaps from habit, perhaps because she knew that he was closely watching her.

Stepping out on the edge where she could see every part of the pool except beneath the rocks, she dropped the worm gently into the water near where the trout had disappeared. She waited, but there was no response. A second try; a second refusal to accept the bribe. The third time she let the worm come drifting down with the current, keeping it ever in the shadow. She saw him for a moment; then came the rush, a great splash as she hooked him, and then away down-stream he dashed, bending her rod and almost pulling it from her grasp. But the man below caught the flying line and with more dexterity than sportsmen would have had him show, pulled the defeated trout toward land, and put an end to his worldly cares. A minute later he had slipped him on the willow twig and held it up for her approval.

"Thank you so much. I should not have had him but for you. I think I can rest content now."

"I must go on down-stream now; I have only a half-hour to reach the lumber-road below. I thank you again for this prize, and I trust you will still find some good fellows left up-stream."

"May I not see you down to the road? There's hardly a place for you to get through."

"Oh! I can manage nicely. It is part of the sport, and I am prepared for any thing."

She grasped her pole and took a step or two forward, on the opposite side of the pool from him.

"May I not know your name, or hope to ever see you again?" There was a genuine ring in his clear voice.

"I think you had best not know my name—for the rest I can not say. Accidents will happen, you know. Perhaps we may meet. I trust you will have good luck. Good-morning."

She hesitated, then started forward more briskly than was perhaps necessary. She rather expected that he would say something more, but he let her go on in silence. She did not turn, but went straight on. Once she slipped on the mossy rocks and nearly fell; but he was still silent, and she went on and was lost to view as she turned the bend below.

He stood on the flat rock, his arms crossed, gazing after her, listening to the breaking of the branches. And so noon came and went. Absolute quiet returned to the woods, except as the brook bubbled and sang. The trout returned to their favorite holes and forgot the troubles of the morning, but there above them, like a sentinel, stood a young man, looking forward into the unfathomable depths of the future.

A mile below, at noon, a carriage had driven slowly across an old bridge several times. In it there was a lady and a small boy. Sometimes the boy begged the coachman to drive farther away, but finally they were rewarded by seeing a well-known gray-and-white figure. Soon she joined them, going around through the woods to get to the road. Her brother stood up and greeted her with cheers as he saw the well-filled basket and the two-pounder held aloft. His ecstasy knew no bounds, and he jumped to run to meet her. Holding her disengaged hand, he shouted out to his mother,—  
"I guess Helen's caught the biggest fish there was to catch!"

"Her only answer was,—  
"I think I have."  
And she stooped and kissed him lightly on either cheek.—New York Home Journal.

**A Lesson in Human Nature.**

Here is a conundrum that the agent of one of the big up-town apartment houses is wrestling with just now: "Why is it that the \$500 a year people always insist on inspecting apartments that will rent anywhere from \$1500 to \$2500 a year?" He had been overrun with people of that sort and was worn out with showing apartments to those he was sure could not afford to hire them. "Permits were tried on two other buildings that the owner of this one had, and he lost at least two tenants, as he found out afterward, because they were not admitted to the apartments when they went there to inspect them without the necessary permit. So he stopped the permit business on this house. Now I am overrun with people who have no more intention of renting the apartments than I have of buying the Equitable Life Building. We can't always tell the length of a man's pocketbook by the clothes he wears, for some of the richest of them dress rather shabbily. I don't kick at the men, because I can't tell about them. But the dress and style of a woman will tell whether her husband can afford to pay \$2000 or \$500 for rent, and I know that I have shown these apartments to 47 women by actual count this very day who are of the latter class. I should think it would make them all dissatisfied for life with what they have got to accept for a home in the end, after inspection of these elaborately finished apartments that they know as well as I do are utterly beyond the reach of their pocketbooks. But women are queer creatures, anyway, and the man hasn't been born yet who can fathom their vagaries."—New York Sun.

The British government is the owner of over 25,000 camels. Several thousands are used in India to carry stores and equipments when the regiments are changing quarters.

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

New York City.—No coat yet devised suits the small boy more perfectly than the box model with coachman's capes. The smart May Manton de-



BOY'S COAT.

sign here illustrated combines elegance with simplicity, and is adapted to cloth, velvet and corduroy, all of which materials are in vogue. As shown, however, it is made of beaver broadcloth in hunter's green, and is finished with tailor stitching and lined throughout with silk of the same shade. Wise mothers include the silk lining even if economy must be practiced in other ways, as nothing else allows the coat to be slipped on and off with ease.

Both fronts and back are loose fitting in box style, and hang stylishly from the shoulders. The underarm seams are provided with underlaps and left open for a few inches at the lower edge to allow greater freedom, and the stitching of the back holds the overlap in place to the seam. The left front laps over the right in double-breasted style, and is held by handsome smoked pearl buttons and

quarter yards fifty-six inches wide, will be required when facing is used; without facing, three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, three and an eighth yards fifty inches wide, or two and seven-eighths yards fifty-six inches wide, will suffice.

**A Black Velvet Evening Gown.**

An evening gown of black velvet, unrelieved by any trimming whatever, made princess fashion. The rich tones of the velvet bring out with all possible effect the red gold hair and cream complexion of the wearer. The shoulder straps are emerald and diamond chains, and the décolletage is bordered with soft folds of creamy white chiffon.

**Overdoing the Gold Fad.**

The present gold craze carries with it a warning, for, while there is no doubt that a dash of gold, on certain shades especially, adds general attractiveness to the costume, the great danger is that it will be overdone. There are so many objections to mock finery that ere long the fashionable world is going to turn against the gold fad with a vengeance.

**White is Very Popular.**

White has not been so popular in years as now. It takes the lead in evening gowns, and much jeweled net and brilliant passementerie are used for its decoration. Green spangles on white are among the newest decorative devices.

**The Latest Street Glove.**

The latest street glove is of heavy skin, fastened with one large pearl stud. Sometimes gold studs are used.

**Child's Night Garb.**

Comfortable, roomy drawers that still fit sufficiently well to avoid clumsiness, make the best sleeping garments for little folk, both girls and boys. The attractive little design shown fulfills all requirements and can be made from heavier or lighter material as circumstances demand. In Scotch or outing flannel it is



SHORT FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

buttonholes, a second row of buttons being placed on the left front. Pockets are inserted and finished with lappets, and should be deep enough to make the little wearer happy. Two capes fall over the shoulders, either one of which may be omitted, and the neck is finished with a turn-over collar. The sleeves are two-seamed in regular coat style, and include turn-over cuffs that are slashed at the upper side.

To cut this coat for a boy of four years of age five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

**A Popular Short Skirt.**

The popularity of the short skirt for walking, shopping and all the outdoor occupations increases with each week. As some one has wisely said, it makes the first step in real dress reform. To be without it means to be out of style, and to endure discomfort without end. The May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is cut in five gores, and is essentially practicable as well as smart. As shown, it is of double-faced good cloth with an applied sharp-edged facing of the same, tailored or stitched in evenly spaced rows, and falls to the instep, but it can be made shorter if desired, and of any sufficiently heavy cloth or cheviot. Fashion leaves the exact length a matter of discretion, all variations from the skirt that just clears the ground to the one that falls to the ankles being worn. While other styles are used, this special model has advantages of its own and can be used for remodeling with peculiar success.

The skirt given is cut with a narrow front gore, wider side gores and narrow backs, and can be trusted to hang with perfect evenness. The upper portion fits snugly, there being a short hip dart in each side gore, and is laid in a deep inverted pleat at the back. The lower portion flares gracefully and allows ample freedom for the feet. The front gore is especially designed with reference to the popular long-waisted effect, and can be cut round or with the dip, as preferred. If desired the applied band or facing can be omitted and the edge finished with a narrower faced hem.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size four yards of material forty-four inches wide, three and a half yards fifty inches, or three and a

adapted to cold weather wear; in muslin to warmer nights. It can be made with feet, as in the drawing, or cut off at the ankles as shown in the outline.

The fronts are cut in one piece from the shoulders to the feet, but the back includes a waist and drawers portion, which are buttoned together. The waist portion closes at the centre with buttons and buttonholes, and extends below the waist line, being included in the under-arm seams and forming a triangular underlap at each side, as indicated in the small drawing. This arrangement prevents the waist rolling up and provides a strong underlay without additional labor, and means both comfort and warmth. The drawers portion is seamed at the centre and opened at the sides, where it is finished with underlaps and is buttoned into place. The sleeves are two-seamed and in coat style, the gathers at the arm's-eyes being stitched flat onto the under side.

To cut these night drawers for a child of six years of age three and a



THE BEST SLEEPING GARMENT.

half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, or two and a half yards thirty-six inches wide, will be required.