

INDIRECTION.

Ambition swift and eagle eyed;
A will that does not bend;
A comprehension deep and wide;
Courage unto the end;
A faith tried even as by fire;
Taste inborn and select;
Morals that yield to no desire;
Manners that win respect;
All faculties of mind complete;
The feelings warm and true;
A soul unconquered by defeat;
A man who gets his due;
Yet, having all, and lacking this
Amid the worldly strife,
He is a failure, who shall miss
The single aim in life.
—Charles W. Stevenson.

LOVE IN SLEEPY CAMP.

It was too hot for work in "Sleepy Camp," so nearly all the men had given it up for the day and lounged into Zeb's saloon to have a smoke and a drink.

Though it was getting well on in the afternoon the sun was still blazing hot and there wasn't a breath of air to move the red dust. In a little shanty, not far from the saloon, sat two young diggers, both tall, well-built men, but one handsome, the other ugly—hence their nicknames, Bob the Beauty and Ugly Sam. Sam sat in the corner near the window, through which could be faintly heard the laughing and singing at Zeb's; Bob sat on the table, swinging his legs.

"It's a treat to get out o' that scorchin' sun," said Ugly, pulling a pipe out of his pocket, and knocking the ash on the floor.

"Yes," agreed Beauty, stretching his arms and yawning fearfully.

"We've had a grand day, haven't we, Beauty?" asked Sam, striking a match on his boot.

"Yes," answered Bob, shutting his big mouth with a snap.

"You seem to take it awful quiet—you don't seem to grasp that we—we two pards—have found the biggest nugget ever dug up in 'Sleepy Camp.'"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Bob, kicking so hard at the table leg that it seemed more than likely the rickety old thing would give away.

"Let's have another look at it!" So saying, Sam jumped to his feet and took a key out of his pocket, crossed to a large chest that was standing up against the wall, fitted it in the lock and threw back the lid with a bang.

It was a nugget—goodness knows how much it was worth.

"Isn't it grand," cried Sam, falling on his knees and patting it affectionately with his hand.

"I should just say it was," said Bob, slipping off the table to have a look over Ugly's head.

"Another find half as big as that, and we're made for life," and Sam closed the lid and locked it, putting the key carefully back into his pocket.

Bob crossed to the table and took up his former position.

"Ours has turned out a trump of 'er claim," he said.

Sam nodded his head and replied: "Rather!"

"What'll yer do when yer have enough—give up work?" asked Bob.

"I might think o' doin' so," answered Sam, relighting his pipe.

"Might get married, eh?"

"Maybe."

Bob slipped down off the table once more and went to the door—opened it and looked out. Two or three miners were passing on their way to their shanties; they greeted him with "Good evening, Beauty," and walked on. Bob kicked the door to and strode across to Sam, who was still puffing at his pipe.

"Look here, 'Ugly,'" said Bob; "it's no good us two goin' on like this, is it?"

"No," replied Sam, rising from his seat.

"What's ter be done?"

Sam shook his head.

"Bout Lil, I mean," explained Bob.

"I know what yer mean, 'Beauty,'" and Sam looked intently at the floor as if thinking.

"Who does she like the best o' us two?" asked Bob.

"Can't say—the one she's takin' to at the time, I guess."

"Look here, 'Ugly,'" said Bob, "we've always been good pals, we've not had rows like Hackett and Black George, and it's a pity we should start now, especially 'bout a woman."

"Yer right enough there!" agreed Sam.

"Now, we both love Lil," continued Bob, and there was a perceptible catch in his voice at the word "love," and we think she cares for us both just the same."

"Yes."

"Well, if one were to go, the one left would most probably have 'er—eh?"

"Yes," from Sam, with a nod of the head.

"Who's to go?" asked Bob.

The two men looked at each other—there was silence for a moment except for the distant laughing—then Sam felt in his pocket for something and said:

"Yer see this dollar piece? Well, it may sound a bit wrong to spin for her, but listen, Beauty, one of us two has to go. I'll throw this coin up, you call, and if yer right I'll pack, but if yer wrong I'll stay."

Bob bit his lips.

"Is it a go?" asked Sam.

"And the one that goes, does he take his share?" Bob asked.

"He takes that," answered Sam, pointing to the chest. "If yer call right yer have Lil—and I take the nugget, but if wrong yer go with the nugget and I stay with the gal."

"It seems a bit funny—"

"But," interrupted the other, "it's a

way out of the wood; if we both stay there'll be shootin'."

"All right, Ugly, it's a bargain." Bob drew a long breath. "We'll stick by the spin of that there dollar."

"We will. Shall I throw?" asked Sam quietly.

"Yes," came from Bob in the same tone.

"Call while it's high," said Sam, and up it went—spinning round and round in the air.

"Women!" cried Bob.

Down it came with a ring on the floor and rolled into a corner of the room.

"See what it is," said Sam.

Bob crossed hesitatingly and peered down into the corner.

"It's heads," he cried, "I've lost."

"And I've won," cried Sam, rushing over to the place and picking up the dollar, my dear old lucky coin," and he put it to his lips and kissed it—then went to Bob who was looking out of the window.

"Shake!" he said, holding out his hand.

Bob turned and took it, gripping hard.

"Here's the key of the chest—you've got the nugget," said Ugly Sam.

"Yes—that's right enough," replied Bob the Beauty with a choke; "I'll be off in the morning."

It was early when Bob got up next morning—so early that there was only a very faint tinge of light in the east—but he hadn't slept a wink, so it was as good as tossing about for another hour or so.

He unlatched the door of the shanty as noiselessly as he could, for fear of waking Sam, who was snoring away on his back, and slipped out into the open. He wanted to have a last look around, and straighten things up for his going—he'd have to make some excuse to the boys, he thought, they'd think it strange, and so he walked down to the claim.

Although he had gone out so quietly, the click of the latch had been enough for Sam, who woke to find himself laughing, positively laughing, he was so happy.

He didn't get up immediately, but lay there planning out his future happiness. He was sorry, very sorry, for Beauty, but perhaps the nugget would be some consolation to him; besides, he didn't think Bob liked the girl as much as he did.

Quite an hour passed before he dressed himself, a bit smarter than usual, and went out. He even picked a little yellow flower that was growing among the grass by the side of the track and put it into his buttonhole.

He had been walking for some time, now and then breaking into song in his deep, rough voice, and hardly noticing where he went—till he looked up and found himself by Peep Hollow, some way out of the camp; so he sat down with his back against a big pine and lit his pipe.

"As happy as a king I'd be," he started to sing between the puffs of smoke, when he stopped suddenly, for coming along the path toward him he saw a slight figure in a big straw hat. His heart gave a bound. It was Lil!

Ugly sat very still as she approached, and she didn't see him, being very interested in something she was talking to—he strained his ears to listen.

"You dear, dear, old fellow—how I love you—better than all the world—Sleepy Camp thrown in."

It was a photo-picture she addressed these remarks to, Sam could make that much out.

"There, back to your little hiding place and nobody knows nothing about yer." So saying she kissed it and slipped it into the front of her blouse, then, turning from the path, cut off through the pines.

Sam had stopped his song to listen, and it was some moments before he thought of getting up to follow her, but he did after a time, and tried to make out the way she had gone.

He had been breaking through the undergrowth for a few minutes when he saw something on the ground a few yards ahead.

"It's the picture she had," said Sam to himself, so he forced his way through the spot where it lay. It was face downward—he picked it up and turned it over—it was the Beauty's.

Sam let it fall with a half stifled cry and put his hand to his throat, then kicked his way out to the track again and made for the shanty.

He met two or three of the boys who were off to work, but never raised his head to their greetings. Reaching the hut he pushed the door open and stumbled in. Bob hadn't returned (his things were still unpacked); he took a long time to say goodby to his friends.

Sam dropped into a chair, and stared hard at the door—then he jumped up and rummaged in the locker for something and returned to the table with a dirty piece of paper and a little stump of a pencil.

He sat down and then, with his great heart like a lump of lead, wrote, in a very illegible hand:

Dear Beauty—Your sure ter be knocked when yer see this, but you'll be glad. We tossed fair and square for the gal, and I won, well—I were a fool ter think that a gal would like me in pref. ter you. Anyway, I soon found out my mistake, so I'm goin' instead of you.

Th'rangements were that if one had Lil, the other had the nugget—so being, it belongs ter me, but I ain't goin' ter take it—you'd ave ter wait a time 'fore yer found another—p'raps never—I don't want it. Yer stay—I go.

Still always yer mate and pard,
Ugly Sam.

Leaving this scrawl upon the table Sam put a few belongings into a

bundle and went out—slamming the door.

As he threw the bundle over his shoulder he noticed the little yellow flower in his buttonhole. He took it out and threw it away, lit his pipe and turned his back on Sleepy Camp.—Mainly About People.

LUXURIOUS DYING FOR \$15.

How an Italian Street Vender Played It on His Compatriots.

The Italian colony of New York supplies this anecdote to a paper in the Century, entitled "Humor and Pathos of the Savings Bank."

An old Italian street vender, a consumptive, feeling that his end was drawing near, prepared a scheme for ending his days in comfort. Observe the originality and delicacy of the scheme that he successfully worked on Little Italy. He had only \$75 in the bank and of this he drew \$70 and re-deposited it in a few days. He drew it again and again re-deposited it, continuing the operation at brief intervals, until on the credit of his pass-book he had entries of all those various sums footing up \$800, and on the opposite page drafts to the amount of about \$785—balance \$15. After carefully cutting out the page showing the amounts drawn and leaving the long line of deposits, he took to his bed and called in his friends. He was dying; they could see that, the old man told them. They were good fellows, and he loved them all, and he wished Pedro the banana peddler, and good Giovanni the boot black, and Arturo the wine seller, to know how affectionately he regarded them. What he had to leave them was not much—would Edgardo, good old Edgardo, kindly find, between the mattress and what used to be the springs, his bank book? Yes; that was it. Take it to the window and tell him how well was there. Eight hundred? Ah, well, thanks to God that it was so much; but oh that it were more, for such good fellows as they.

Dottore Bartolito had told him that he might live three months, till spring; would his good friends put back his book under the mattress, and when he was gone—no, they mustn't cry—would they take it up to the bank, draw the amount and divide it between them? Meanwhile, as his loving friends of the present, his heirs in the future, would they kindly attend to his little wants?

Would they? Did they? That old fellow was fed on the fat of the land while he lay there in bed. He drank more Chianti in a week than he had swallowed in five years. It was even hinted by some that Arturo the wine seller was hastening the end by the vile Chianti that he constantly produced from his stock, while the push cart man was so generous of unripe bananas for the sick room that there was a division of opinion in Mulberry street as to whether he was cherishing his friend's finale with fruit, or endeavoring to complicate consumption with other ills.

At last he swallowed his last flagon of Chianti and through Little Italy made a decent pretense of sorrow, it was really en fete—at last the \$800 was to be drawn. I was in the bank when the principals in their holiday clothes and with a few chosen friends, arrived. They stated the case, and asked for the amount, from which the push cart man was to receive some \$40 for fruit, the wine seller \$100, and the others various sums invested for the invalid and his funeral, leaving some \$350 as the "dividend." I need not describe the small sized riot that followed when the abstraction of the pages from one side of the book was explained to the swearing laourners, and a tender was made to them of the \$15, all that the deceased had in bank.

Fire Among the Redwoods.

Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of the fire was the quick death of childlike Sequoias only a century or two ago, says Joan Muir in the Atlantic. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady fire-work, one of these tall beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, booming, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the top of the tree, and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free-flowing wind. To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast bristled and roughened with down-curling boughs.

Russia a Land of Uniforms.

If anything Russia excels even Germany in the matter of uniforms, writes a correspondent in the Chicago Tribune. On the sidewalks of any of the large cities and more especially at railway stations, it is safe to assert that at least 25 percent of all male adults are in uniform. It is a puzzle to the tourist to identify the bearers of such distinctive garbs, consequently these different branches of the government service are often wrongly interpreted. The gaudy uniform does not always indicate a high official, as an officer of high rank may appear in a plain uniform and one of low rank not infrequently parades the streets with more fuss and feathers than his com-

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



If a Shoe Pinches.

If a shoe rubs or pinches on part of the foot a piece of black silk put over the spot will give immediate relief.

To Remove Rust from Steel.

Put the article, if possible, in a dish of kerosene oil; or wrap the steel in a cloth saturated with the oil. Leave it a day or two. Then apply, if the spot is obstinate, salt wet with hot vinegar or scour with brickdust. Rinse thoroughly in hot water and dry with a flannel, giving a last polish with a clean flannel and a little sweet oil.

Varnishing Wood.

When varnishing wood the work must be done in a warm room at a temperature of at least 75 degrees Fahrenheit. At a lower temperature the moisture in the air will give the varnish a milky and cloudy appearance. At the higher temperature on the other hand the alcohol is not precipitated until the alcohol of the varnish has sufficiently evaporated to leave a thin and smooth film of shellac. The gloss and durability of the varnish are entirely dependent upon this. Water should never be applied to varnished furniture, but oil should be used in all attempts at cleaning. Kerosene oil may be put to good account in cleaning unvarnished woods, but, like water, it should be avoided with varnish.

Japanese Boudoir Ornament.

A quaint ornament for a boudoir, upright piano or bracket is the following: Take a small Japanese cat basket and a Japanese doll's head, with hair arranged in the quaint oriental fashion. Arms are included in the upper part of this Japanese girl and shoulders. A puff of pale blue silk goes over these, simulating a low necked waist. The sleeves are also puffs of the silk. This upper part of the doll sets upon the basket and a pair of legs, each slipped into a puff of the silk, are fastened to the top of the basket so that when the head is on it, the effect is that of a pretty little miniature Japanese girl placed upon the piano or shelf, with her feet hanging over it. Pink silk or cardinal can be used for dressing the doll, but blue seems to accord well with the general tone of boudoir furnishings.

Breakfast Cream Cakes.

These delicious little cakes are of such fairy like lightness and so delicious that it is difficult to realize that they are so simple in the materials used. It is difficult for a tyro in cooking, who has never seen them served with the accompaniment of fragrant coffee, to realize how excellent these cakes may be.

Take a cup of sour cream, which is well loppered but not old enough to have any suspicion of mould about it; stir in a scant half teaspoonful of soda, or just enough to make the cream sweet to the taste; add a little salt and enough sifted flour to make a dough as stiff as a pie crust. Roll the cream cakes out as thin as a pie crust and cut the crust into long oblong strips about an inch and a half wide by three inches long. Bake the cakes in a hot oven until they are a rich brown. They should be baked quickly, like a pie crust, and like a pie crust they will increase many times in size. This rule gives an excellent crust for a chicken or a game pie.

The Chinese Emperor's Talisman.

No Chinese potentate has ever been without his precious amulet. It is recorded of a former "son of heaven" that his talisman was a bracelet which he wore upon his forearm.

The result was that when his celestial majesty was stricken with paralysis, the use of that particular arm was preserved to him and he was able to issue his decrees as usual. But the full extent of the amulet's mystic power was only revealed at the Emperor's death.

Three days after that event, when the priests were viewing the body, the removal of the bracelet was suggested. Instantly the hand was lifted up in deprecation of the proposal, which was thereupon abandoned. At least, so runs the story.

Indians Won't Go to Mexico.

"Standing Yellow, a war chief of the Cheyenne Indians, has recently returned from a trip to old Mexico," says the Los Angeles Times, "where he was sent as a delegate for a number of tribes in Oklahoma, aggregating about ten thousand Indians. The purpose of the old chief's trip was to select a new home for the reservation Indians, who had always considered Mexico nothing short of another happy hunting ground, where they could all live a life of prosperity and ease; but the report of the old chief has upset the fancy notion these Indians held about Mexico, and will be the means of retaining the ten thousand red skins in this country until they die."

St. Jacobs Oil For Chest-Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, and Pleurisy.

An outward application for bronchial difficulties is many times far more effective than syrups, cough mixture, cod liver oil, &c., simply because it penetrates through to the direct cause, which is, as a rule, an accumulation of matter or growth tightly adhered to the bronchial tubes.

St. Jacobs Oil, possessing as it does those wonderful penetrating powers, enables it to loosen these adhesions and to induce free expectoration. Cases have been known where expectorations have been examined after St. Jacobs Oil has been applied, and the exact formation was clearly shown, where the adhesions had been removed or pulled off the bronchial tubes. All irritation of the delicate mucous membrane of the bronchae is quickly removed by the healing and soothing properties of St. Jacobs Oil. In cases of croup and whooping cough in children St. Jacobs Oil will be found superior to any other remedy.

St. Jacobs Oil is for sale throughout the world. It is clean to use—not at all greasy or oily, as its name might imply. For rheumatism, gout, sciatica, neuralgia, cramp, pleurisy, lumbago, sore throat, bronchitis, soreness, stiffness, bruises, toothache, headache, backache, footache, pains in the chest, pains in the back, pains in the shoulders, pains in the limbs, and all bodily aches and pains it has no equal. It acts like magic. Safe, sure, and never failing.

In America and on the Continent of Europe, foot passengers and vehicles keep to the right; in Great Britain they keep to the left.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Coffee Charlotte—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water. To one pint of thick cream add a small cupful of sugar, and a cupful of clear, strong coffee; whip with an egg-beater until thick. Stir two tablespoonfuls of boiling water into the gelatine, after which beat it into the cream mixture. Pour into a mold lined with sponge cake.

Chicken Sausage—Cut two and half cupfuls of cold cooked chicken into dice, mix well with one cupful of dried celery, and moisten with a plain French dressing. Chill thoroughly. Wash and crisp well a small head of lettuce, arrange in cups on a small platter, pile in the chicken and celery, put on each a spoonful of salad dressing and serve very cold.

Cucumber Pickles—To each hundred of the smallest cucumbers you can procure, allow an ounce each of mustard seed and cloves, a large tablespoonful of salt, a cup of sugar and two small red peppers. Put the cucumbers in a kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Heat very slowly to the scalding point. Take out, put in cans and fill up with boiling vinegar.

Delicate Water Custard—Beat well four eggs, add one scant cup of sugar and beat again. Now add, drop by drop, one-half cup of boiling water, beating constantly. Beat three minutes, add two and a half cups more boiling water. Great care must be taken in adding the first half cup. Add a pinch of salt, any flavor you desire, and cook in double boiler until solid in the centre. The water in lower dish must not touch the dish containing custard. Put your dish where you can see the water begin to bubble and keep it so. Must not boil hard.

The Government's Mail Pouches.

The life of an average leather mail pouch is about twenty years, and it will receive many repairs during its official existence. Leather, however, is too heavy for the purpose, though most durable. The Government pays letter postage transportation rates to the railroads on the bag as well as on its contents, so the department is gradually retiring leather pouches and substituting those made of canvas. These last about seven years and are three times as light as leather. Even the weight on these pouches has been lessened two pounds by a device for fastening them at the top and locking them securely, doing away with the strap and steel staples of familiar sight.

Our mail bags average 250 trips a year, and a single bag will find its way to the shop on C street for repairs many times before its life is officially declared to be ended. Last year 116,000 were condemned. There were also repaired 1,384,200 and 10,000 made in the shop. Quite a local industry, as you perceive. The department also purchased 170,000 pouches.

The Government owns all told 1,050,000 mail pouches. To meet an emergency several years ago the shop on C street turned out 60,000 bags in two months. We keep two-thirds of the stock in use, and one-third is held in Washington and at various postoffices as a reserve. The Government pays out about \$275,000 annually for the mail equipment of this character.—Washington Star.

Swat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PATNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

There is nothing underhanded about love-making. You can't kiss a girl behind her back.

Belfast is Ireland's richest and most populous city.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address, F. J. CENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The owl isn't as wise as he seems. He prefers always to look on the dark side of things.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache or 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 C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The stray dog realizes that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 31.—After investigating Garfield Tea, which is quite universally acknowledged to be the best family remedy, it is not difficult to explain its success—it is the medicine for good results! It is manufactured here by the Garfield Tea Co. in their new and attractive laboratory and is made wholly from simple, sweet, and vital, health-giving herbs. Garfield Tea is the original herb cure for constipation and sick headache.

One-fifth of the married couples of France are childless.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is much better to hit the nail on the head than the nail on the finger.

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

The only time some men get a hustle on is when they are looking for trouble.

Pink's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Youth, in its profound wisdom, feels a great pity for the ignorance of old age.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

The Cook's Warning.

Wife—"Well, John, I'll have to do the cooking now. The cook left without warning this afternoon."

Husband—"Not exactly without warning. She told me this morning I had better bring home some dyspepsia tablets to-night, but I didn't quite catch on to what she meant."—Judge.

The three largest cities in Sweden are Stockholm, with about 300,000 inhabitants, Gothenburg, with 131,000, and Malmo, with 61,000.

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