They flutter and drift from their moorings, Like white thoughts that quiver and shine.

Dropped deep in the heart of forever.

The past that was take and is mile.

Ay, nabes of roses, I sentter

Your memories, ever the same, Av. ashes of roses, old letters, I lay your white hearts in the flame, —Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Bookman.

THE RESIDENCE WERE THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF THE V DICK WON.

BY PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.

as they were very young and or less imssionable, the were clusions eresting. exhausted: r of Dick Pol-

chorus. remarked, set-"because that filled again?' was accused of of a conscience,

d every allusion said Rawmy, acting his brows ought. The exorded him a few silence. tlength, "it may as to the creature

you want to of "Let's have

him Dick-and the story comtting close to the you younground the circle getting the bad his attentions on iri as you could wise beyond her or Kitty.' Now tive to a girl he

voted all his time We thought r of a month or so n't, and when it The women said come at last, and knew him well He gave his e as Dick.

when it was said sly enough, seeently, to the exelse, for those of give Dick a clear

ossip about their their ears, they time. st see less of talked the matenough, agreed od friends and all each other more they could no iemselves the fact -it was a small sidered the affair nncement expected ley each made a de-

yself for the last said to her, 'till I rner of my heart on're the one girl me, and whatever always be. I've love with many y lately found out You might love e else, but for all yays have my heart. a shiftless fellow, ing star. With you r lot I ask you to

swer to what she with fear, for I -had cost her more night, but she said a catch in his voice. trembled and tears

say with no quick me five years to find it out. re is no man I like rhaps I shall never I hope not, But I am not sure. self. You are going e seen much of life; iany girls ; you are in your habits, and heart. You know nt to know myself. en little of life. Dick. I'm only make no promises; by nothing, so that

had been talk- | time. Finally he said, 'Kitty, you about the dif- are a sensible girl. I want you to be mee between sure of yourself; to think of me as I love of man and do of you, but I cannot wait five years, love of woman, I cannot live and work as I should without seeing you frequently. I might wait for a short time, but for five years—five years, Kitty—will break my heart!'

"'It will be hard for you, Dick; it esting. Raw-will be hard for me, but it must be, who had said You will work hard, you will become and smiled a famous writer, a great novelist. You sked, when the will glory in your profession; the years will soon pass, and, please God, our hearts will be true to each other!' "There is no doubt about mine,

> "Dick,' she said, tenderly, "it must be; it must be.' "God bless you,' he cried. 'You

Kitty-but five years!'

are breaking my heart." "Give me a fresh cigar," said Rawlins, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Do you want the rest of the story?" "Is it me your asking?" queried

Delaney. "As much as the others," said Raw-

lins, laughing. "Small good it will do them to hear, the rapscallions," and Delauey scowled at the circle, "but tell 'em, Rawlins, and it may teach 'em a lesson. I'm going home,

"I euvy you," said Rawlins, smiling up at him.

"Rawlins," said Delaney, with mock gravity, "I thought you were

old enough to know better. "Oh, go on with the story," cried Tomlinson, who was feeling easier. "Well, Dick came close to the truth confirmed flirt. when he said that waiting would break his heart, for he gradually lost

all ambition. Not a very energetic or hopeful man at any time, he grew ll-or rather the less and less so as the days lengthened into months and Kitty kept her resolve to see him but seldom. She, edidn't carea rap with a woman's shrewduess, did not want the town people to see them together. As Dick saw less and less of her his spirits fell; he neglected his work, and, moping his days away. or four months passed gradually out of our little ick were growing circle, away from the amusements ends all the time that a lot of us shared together, and in a very short time he lost all of his usual attractiveness. At the end of a year argument's sake, he had given up going to see Kitty, because when he had chance to go an eye, that he she had always arranged to have a when a man like number of young people there, and t's the one lasting Dick, who was longing for a few words alone with her, could never get irl, and she was the opportunity. Then he lost his position. It was some time before he but there wasn't long, and drifted and shifted about until he became positively seedy!

"Kitty knew of it, and asked some of Dick's friends to cheer him up. Those who tried were received coolly, called on Kitty and to one Dick broke loose:

"Don't you see,' he cried, 'that life is nothing to me? I cannot keep up. I want to be near her all the

"But Kitty would not send him the words that would have made a man of him. The five years passed and on the very day that the time expired Dick received a note from Kitty, asking him to call. He went haggard with the dreary years, careless as to dress and appearance, not at all the Dick of five years ago. Dimly he saw her as she had bidden him good-by. She was not the same, perhaps a little more radiant and with a tinge of warmth in her voice that he had not known before. Her hands clung to his straugely as she welcomed him, and her eyes were dimmed with tears

as she waited for him to speak. 'It is five years ago, Dick,' she said at last." " 'Five years,' said Dick."

"'And-you think-you feel that "'Kitty,' he said, and he took both her hands and gazed deep into her never ceased for as much as a moment ou I can make a to love you with all my heart and soul.

Will you marry "Oh, Dick, she said, 'I am so glad. ad expected these There were times when I doubted it; with a bundle of specially prepared Dick pretty thor- when I looked forward to this night

"'With fear, Kitty?" he asked, with

"'Yes, dear; for in the five years that have passed I have found myself, aid, 'I've thought and that I can love only you. I did time, and I am not know then, but it has not taken

to tell you something first-something. | the first to resent the title of dowager How I love you! But Kitty, I cannot and is now known by virtue of a royal say what I expected to say when— decree as "Empress Frederick," when this time came. How I have Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has waited for this, how I have longed for

-oh, Kitty, I am not much of a man not to have borne the waiting and the styled, not "Queen Dowager, pain, as a man should bear up under to know them, be- the trials of life. I am not worthy of t to be so sure of you. You see what I am-a wreckthat nothing can a pitiful wreck. Five years ago, dear, you give me five I should have been strong, had you utime we must see married me. I could have won my dom, we must make way in the world; but, why talk of

t we are but ordin-here is nothing be- "'Dick,' she cried wildly, 'Dick, you do not know what you are saying; do now, you can years of waiting, after all these years, end of five years for me as well as you-oh, you cannot your wife, just as if mean it."

'I cannot ask anybody to share my

life-now. " 'Dick' she said again, Dick, think a moment. You misjudge yourself. If you are not what you might be it is my fault. I am to blame. It is not too late yet. You are not old, much of life is before you. I will help you. Let me make reparation for the pastfor my mistake. I am strong, I can Let us begin life again-towork. gether.

"But Dick was firm. 'It is too late,' he said. 'You would not be happy. I could not make you happy. She sat down and hid her face in her hands. He let his hand wander over her hair, and when one of hers stole up and held his, a tear trickled

slowly down his cheek. He shook it away with a toss of his head. "I want to tell you,' he said brok-enly, 'that as long as I live you will

always have my love. God bless you. "He looked back at her as he was half-way across the room, and seeing her shoulders shake with a sob that gave no sound, stepped back quickly, and kissed her hair. She did not hear the door close, nor the firm footfalls as he passed out and down the street. When at last she walked quickly up and down the room holding her hands over her bosom, she suddenly saw herself in the mirror. Her face was pale and drawn and strange lines were about the eyes. She gazed at herself for a long time and then she sank down close to the fire, and shiv cring, went.

"Is that all the story?" asked Tom linson. Rawlins shook the ashes from his

cigar and laughed. "All," he said; "well, perhaps I had tetter finish it. The story is one that —I'll call him Dick—had in one of the magazines. It was true as gospel up to the point where the girl asked

him to wait five years. She did ask him, but Dick was not the kind of s fellow to wait." He paused and puffed his cigar. "Then," said he, quietly; "then Dick, believing that she loved him, wrote the story and took pains to see that she read it and saw his name at

"Well?" asked Tomlinson. "Oh, she sent for him at once."

tached.

"'Dick,' she said, 'I am afraid to wait. I do not want to wait. I think I love you now as well as I can ever love anybody-and that is a very great deal. If-if I am-am mistaken ".'I'll take the risk, said Dick,"

About the Wily Boer.

I speut quite two years going about from farm to farm with wagonloads of miscellaueous goods, bartering them for ostrich feathers, ivory, hides wool, live stock, or whatever I could get. I have elsewhere related my experiences on one of these expeditions. and must here confine myself to say ing that I scarcely ever exposed samples of my goods at any farm without attempts being made to purloin ar-ticles that could be readily concealed. All took part in this, old and young, male and female; and constant watch had to be kept. I once detected a young girl, the daughter of a Boer who was then and long afterward a prominent member of the Free State volksraad, trying to secrete a case of watches under her apron. No shame is evinced on detection; the matter is treated as a good subject for laughter. In purchasing horses and cattle the greatest care had to be exercised. No London horse-coper could compete with the average Boer in the art of passing off broken-winded horses or sand-cracked trek oxen as sound animals. Dishonesty extends further still than to matters of this kind. A Boer, whose name is well known to the world, many years ago, when acting as president of a land commission for apportioning out farms in the Leydenberg district, "did" my partner out of 36,000 acres of land by as barefaced a piece of knavery as could be conceived .- George Lacy, in North

Frowned Upon Progress.

"I have called on you to-day," said the professional humorist, with a glad smile, as he approached the desk of the great editor and made himself comfortable in the precarious office chair that once had a cane bottom in it, "to propound to you a scheme that seems to me to be up-to-date and well worthy of consideration." "Umph!" growled the great editor.

Thus encouraged, the humorist proceeded:

"For some time past, as you have doubtless observed, the progress of the world has developed a peculiar phase, which may be spoken of as that of lessening. It seems to be the ambition of all inventors to add the word less to everything that has been invented in the past. We now have smokeless powder, painless dentistry, horseless carriages, wireless tele-graphy, and many other things have undergone a change that may be simtake something of eyes, 'ever since I told you so I have | ilarly described; but I will not trouble you with a complete list. Now it seems to me that the time is ripe for a similar stride forward in the field of humor, and I have come to you to-day pointless jokes.

And in less time than it takes to write this a hatless and breathless humorist was fleeing wildly down the cheerless street. - Harper's Bazar.

The title of "dowager" seems likely in the near future to become obsolete. "'Kitty, dear Kitty. Wait; I want | Queen Victoria's oldest daughter was been much disturbed by the idea of it. At first with a longing that nearly drove me wild. I lost hope, ambition —everything except love and—aud—I published a decree commanding that henceforth the former Regent is to be 'Queen Emma of the Netherlands. Even the old Empress of China, wishing to be in the fashion, has consented to this reform.

Soldiers and Guns Ironically Labelled An amusing story comes from the Cape and is told by the London Engineer. The station master at a junction on the way to De Aar was notified you cannot mean it. After all these of a "goods train" arriving. It came years of waiting, after all these years, and disgorged, no goods, but armed marines. Later on steamed up an armored train with blue jackets and havour wife, just as if mean it.' Her face was very white.

id me before.'

"He put her away from him gently. ing guns covered with a tar
speak for a long 'It's too late, dear,' he said tenderly. ironcially labelled "Fruit." ing guns covered with a tarpaulin and

EMPIRE UNDER THE SEA.

GREAT BRITAIN PRACTICALLY CON-TROLS THE CABLES OF THE WORLD.

in Case of a Naval War Possessithe Submarine Telegraph Lines Makes Every British Battleship Worth Five Ships of an Enemy Destitute of Cables.

HE Transvaal war," said a naval officer the other evening, "is presenting one startling object lesson which our country would do well not to over-It is, perhaps, rather a sidelight lesson, but it is none the less impressive. Put in broad general terms, the proposition which the lesson demonstrates is that in case of war between two naval powers the one which controls a system of submarine cables with which to inform its fleets of the strength and movements of the enemy, will be mistress of the seas. There is nothing especially new in this. "Writers on naval matters have

time and again pointed out that in the twentieth century a nation, to be a sea power, would have to control cables as well as fleets, But the Transvaal war is making this truth as obvious to the lay mind as to the professional. It has opened the eyes of the people generally in all civilized nations that England has got practically a monopoly of all the cables of the world. As I said, this fact appears in a sort of side light reflected from the very glaring fact that not one word of telegraphic news gets to or from South Africa which English authorities do not choose to let through. That has set people thinking a little and they have discovered that what England is doing in South Africa she could do nearly all over the entire globe if she felt so disposed.

"There is already a lively discussion of the matter in Europe, particularly in France, and it ought to move our own people and Government to lose not a moment in getting our own distant dependencies from Puerto Rico to Hawaii and the Philippines strung tegether on electric wires all our own, which we slone would control. The French are genuinely alarmed on the subject. The impression prevails among them that war with England is rather more than one of the remote possibilities of the future. They know, of course, that it would be very largely a naval war and that it would be fought all over the world, from the French possessions in China, Siam and Africa to the French possessions in the West Indies. And from all these possessions, save from the insignificant ones in the West Indies, England could instantly cut off all telegraphic communication with the outside world. France's fleets would move as completely in the dark as though the age of electric cables had not come. England's would know just where they were going and what they would find when they got there. Our own war with Spain and our efforts to cut Cuba off from communication with the world set the French thinking and writing on the subject. The startling Transvaal object lesson has revived the discussion and given it a tone of earnestness which ought to produce results.

"Only a few days ago, M. Depelley, an authority on the subject, presented France's helpless position in this respect so clearly and convincingly that his article, published in one produced a profound impression.

communication is power and a very high order of power-England has quietly built in the forty-two years since the first cable message was sent by the President of the United States to Queen Victoria. From that day until this, silently and ceaselessly. England has built up a system of submarine cables which to-day covers the entire world and holds it fast in a sort of immense spider's web, of You which London is the centre. will notice in studying the map that this marvelous system divides itself branches, each of into three great which has its subdivisions. For instance, a trunk of no less than ten cables connects Great Britain with this country and the British possessions on the north. From this diverge various wires, as to Bermuda and the West Indies.

"From London, by way of Spain and Portugal, three more lines stretch Montevideo on the south. From Montevideo, across the South American continent, there is an English land line to Valparaiso. From Valparaiso northward there is a double line, touching at all the principal Gulf of Mexico to Galveston.

"So in that vast mesh of the spider's web all North and South America with their adjacent islands are held.

"From England toward the Mediterraneau, Africa and the Orient four cables are stretched. They touch at to-day is of much interest, for through the office there filters all the news England allows to be known about the military operations in South Africa. The African filament thrown out from Aden touches Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delagoa Bay, Natal and Cape of Good Hope. Up the west African coast creeps another-line-not in service just now - touching twelve coast towns, the last one being St. Louis, until it lands at last at Cadiz, Spain. Thus you see the entire African continent, with all adjacent islands of any consequence, is caught and held

fast in England's electric lasso. "Three cables reach from Aden to Bombay, and thence the meshes spread in all directions to China, Japan, our Philippines, Australia and region England has no opposition that is the proud reply of a king to an incan be called such. A couple of vading enemy who mocked at his un-French lines to this country and down through the West Indies by way of Walls," he answered, "and every sof-Hayti to the east South American dier is a brick."—London Globe.

coast-that is all. Here and there are short French lines -- as, for in stance, from New Caledonia to Australia-but these are mere little feed-ers to the English lines, and are entirely without international consequence.

"But even this system, enormous as it is, does not satisfy Great Britain. A number of her cables land on foreign soil. That will not do. In ad dition to all this earth-grabbing commercial spider's web, there must be an imperial web which will reach around the globe hung from English land alone. That system is actually in course of construction. An important link of it is to reach from British Columbia to Australia. Still another link will reach from Gibraltar to the Islands of Bathurst, St. Helena and Ascension-all English-to the Cape of Good Hope. Thence another line will be run to the island of St. Maurice, which will be a great imperial telegraphic distributing station with lines reaching to India, China and Australasia. Of this system, one block is already completed-from the Cape of Good Hope to Bathurst Island. The total cost of the entire imperial system will be about \$25,000,000, and the Government will bear all the bur-

den. "It is an expensive job, say the English. 'It will cost enough to build five battleships. But when it is done it will make each and every battleship we have five times as effective as now.

"Certain laws control English cables which make them absolutely at the control of the Government. They are all subsidized, as you know, and in return for the subsidy John Bull makes his own rules. Every employe. for instance, must be a British subject and the lines can never be under the control of any foreign Government. In addition to that, English Government dispatches have precedence over all others at all times, even those of other Governments no matter how urgent the latter may be. In case of war England can seize all the cable lines and operate them entirely with

Government employes.
"In other words, John Bull has built for himself an empire under the sea where he rules with undisputed sway. Whether Britannia rules over the waves has yet to be determined; that she rules under them is beyond quastion. Other nations are getting restless under the sway, and it is time we were making a strike for relief from it. Germany has already a plan under way for a cable system to this country. As I have said, Frauce is just now greatly agitated on the subject. Surely, Uncle Sam ought to get a move on and put that wire down to the Philippines by way of Hawaii and Guam."-New York Sun.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel. Redlands, Cal., has a giant mowing

machine which cuts a strip of wheat fifty feet wide. One quart of milk and three-quarters of a pound of beef contain about

the same nourishment. In India the native barber will shave you when asleep, without waking you, so light is his torch. The men-of-war of the Romans had

a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather. The finest furs in all Russia are laid of the leading French periodicals, has aside as tribute, and become the prop-

erty of the crown. So highly are "If you will study a cable map of these furs esteemed that no person the world a little, you will see what a below a certain rank is allowed to tremendous power — for control of wear them. A trained rat is a pet in the family

of Forbes Baker, of Steuben, Me. Maltese cat caught it last winter, and brought it up with a litter of kittens. In time it learned to catch mice, and is a capital mouser. In Germany potato bread is used by the natives of Thuringia to feed

their horses, especially when they are worked hard in very cold weather. The animals thrive on it, and their health and strength are excellent. In Milwaukee, Wis., recently nineteen aspirants for the position of keeper of a city natatorium were required to plunge into the tank in

their street clothing and swim. It

was part of a civil service examination. The hurricane that wrought such destruction in the West Indies in August proves to have been the longest on record. It can be traced over to Brazil and spread out through the the North Atlautic for thirty-six days, West Indies and to Central America and seems finally to have disappeared on the north, and down the coast to off the coast of Provence, where it caused a rough sea and northwest

gales on September 9 to 11. A mystery with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter points on the South American Pacific how carefully the decks may be coast up to Tehuantepec, from which washed down in the morning, and there is a land line to Vera Cruz and how little work of any kind may be Tampico, whence cables go across the done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are swept at nightfall, an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

Rex Wanted a Tie Badly.

Children get queer associations of ideas in their heads at times. A little lad on Capitol Hill has a playmate of Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt, and his own age in the son of a poor thence pass down the Red Sea to neighbor. The son of toil visited his Aden is a great electric nerve | richer friend the other day wearing a centre and distributing point which gorgeous red tie. The son of wealth to-day is of much interest, for through eyed the tie enviously for a while and then asked Benny where he got it.

"My mamma dyed it for me for a birthday present," lisped Benny. After Benny went home Bex played listlessly about for a time and then leaned on his mother's knee, thoughtfully studying the pictures in the fire. 'Mamma," he said finally, "Benny's tie was awful pretty, wasn't it?" 'Yes, dear.

"Mamma, won't you kill me a tie like Benny's when I get a birthday?" -Washington Star,

'Brick" as a Term of Endearment. A correspondent talks to us seriously of our etymological error in deriving the term of endearment "brick" from the "well red" undergraduate. And over all this vast | The real origin of the word, it seems,

LUCKY COUNTRY EDITORS Why They Are the Happiest People in

All Newspaperdon be the happiest man in newspaper-

If I were to be asked who ought to dom, I would answer, without besitation, the man who runs a good country paper in a live town.

In the first place the man who runs a country paper is a power where it is oublished. All connected with it are snown and their work is appreciated by the community among whom they move. Unlike the man who writes editorials on the big city dailies the editorial writer on the country jour-nal can stamp his individuality on his page. Even though he does not sign it every subscriber knows that it is He is a power in local politics and no mean factor in State politics either. If there be a hot campaign who is so welcome on the stump as the editor of the country paper? To him comes all the plums of advertising. To him comes also the grand sense of individuality. He is not lost in the paper for he is the paper. Every

the poorest Iberian village than to be second in Rome. How different his lot from the news paper worker in the big cities. The editor of the city paper walks around the streets and hears his work praised and blamed in public places, yet he cannot claim it when praised or disavow it when discredited. In these days he is simply nobody. The paper

day is brought to him the truth of the

saying that it is better to be first in

His profession to the city journalist has but little of a future to promise. He is in his decline at the time when men in every other walk of life are at their prime. The highest prize he can attain by hard and earnest work would

is everything.

be laughed at by any successful business man in the community in which he works. He commences his career. if a clever fellow, by making so much money that he is envied of all his young friends, and he often ends it with occupying one of the hospital beds of the Press Club and by being buried at its expense. If the city journalist presumes to make himself prominent in politics or in any other sphere he will soon find out that he is not indispensable.

How different it is with the man who has a good, sound country newspaper. He is the center around which a little world revolves. He can run for office, if he wants to, and there is none to say him nay. He has friends in the community, and with his paper at his back he has a good show for anything he may reach after. And there is money in the well-

conducted country journal. The men who run country papers at the close of the century are not advertising their poverty, as was the custom at its commencement and well into the seventies, for the simple reason that in these days it would be only an affectation and a foolish one at that .-The Journalist.

How a Claim Paid.

"There are more ways of making money off of a claim than panning it out," said an Alaska miner who had some luck with his pick and shovel. 'For instance, I knew a man of means in the Dawson district who had a claim which had failed to be as profitable as expected, and he didn't know just what to do with it to get his money back, until he had devoted considerable thought to it. And it was simple enough when he knew how. He quietly went to the gold commissioner and announced that he wished to pay his ten per cent. royalty on the product of his claim for a year, which was \$60,000. ommissioner accepted the \$6000 royalty and gave him the usual receipt, stating on its face what it was for, with the number of his claim, location, etc. Then he waited patiently about, like Mary's little lamb, and one day, in the course of human events, an Englishman came along looking for a good thing for some people who had money to spend. He asked Mr. Blank, among others, what he had to sell, and the smooth gent told him he didn't know exactly, but he would show him his goods. They looked over several claims that were practically unworked, and then in a casual way Mr. Blank showed the Englishman his receipt for royalty on claim so and so. 'And, you know,' he said, with a wink, 'that a man isn't paying royalty on any more than he can possibly help.

"The Englishman was right on to that little game, of course, and he sized up the \$6000 receipt, looked over the claim in a general way and ended by buying it for \$150,000."-Washington Star.

Blue Jay Tree Planters. An old-time Arizona woodchopper

says the blue jays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds bave a habit of burying small seed in the ground with their beaks and that they frequent pinyon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an Eastern gentleman a short time ago when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill in the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened the Eastern man was skentical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has plans of her own for forest perpetuation,

College Butter. Some seven years ago the first State

college for women in the South was opened at Greensborough, N. C., and called the State Normal and Industrial College, It has been an original and progressive institution under the direction of Dr. Charles D. McIver. He has just added a new feature of practical instruction by which it is hoped that a hundred girls may support themselves while pursuing their studies. It is a dairy farm. The college has attached to it about 160 acres of fine farming land. This has been stocked with fifty head of fine Jersey cows which are to be milked by the college girls. The dairy will not only be self-sustaining, but, it is hoped, will bring money to the institution from the butter the milk-maidens will make. The butter is to have the college stamp on it and orders have already begun to come in.

First Come, First Served

Don't say that you couldn't get the valuable presents offered with "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" laundry starch; your grocer has them for you; ask him for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large toe, package of "Heblager's Bust" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, all for 5c.

Sallors' trousers, or "trombone pants," as they have sometimes been called, expand in bell-shape at the bottom so as to be the more easily kicked off in case of the wearer's falling into the water.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartis 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 pinaples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Governor Nash, of Ohio, is an authority on the history of that State, which he has made a lifelong study.

"A Thread Every Day Makes a Skein in a Year."

One small disease germ carried by the blood through the system will convert a healthy human body to a condition of invalidism. Do not wait until you are bedridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giving all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes this as nothing else can-



The Cleveland Plain Dealer says an

educated colored man addressed the students of Adelbert college the other day. He told about his experience in his chosen profession, that of a lawyer, asserting that on but one occasion had he ever met with discourtesy at the hands of white men during his legal experience in his native state, Virgidis. This happened in a backwoods hamlet, where the general ignorance of the inhabitants was some excuse for their boorishness. In the course of his remarks he perpetrated an unconscious bit of humor that brought a smile to the students' faces and drew a laugh from the speaker himself as soon as he realized the suggestion in his statement. "I started out in my profession with somewhat gloomy anticipations," he said. "When I reached Alexandria, where there were 7,000 colored people, everything looked dark " It was at this point that the smile ran around.

Making Her Happy.

Sunday-School Teacher-Have you made anyone happy this week? Little Girl-Yes'm. Mrs. Highupp has a baby. and it's a awful squally, red-faced little brat; but, we'n I met Mrs. Highupp yesterday, I told her she had the sweetest, prettiest baby I ever saw.

Million Women

have been relieved of female troubles by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

The letters of a few are printed regularly in this paper.

If any one doubts the efficiency and sacredly confidential character of Mis. Pinkham's methods. write for a book she has recently published which contains letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster, and others of her city who have made careful investigation, and who verify all of Mrs. Pinkham's statements and claims.

The Pinkham claims are sweeping. Investigate

THIRTY YEARS OF GURES

**NRy wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after tak-ing the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this aliment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5706 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa



... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-W. L. DOUGLAS

