

MAN WHO HELPS HIS BROTHER

His "Boys" Call Him the "General Adviser Without Pay"—He is Partial to None.

When a man loves to live he usually can do among men who care little whether they live or not and so good. Such a man is Augustus E. Vaughan, immaculate in dress and of heart venerable in years and usefulness, whom one may see almost any day either on Boston Common or at the Young Men's Christian Union.

His specialty is helping his fallen and discouraged brother, whether he be a cigarette smoking boy or a rum-soaked and disheartened derelict of a man. His deed is cheerfulness and his passion is books.

Often one may see him, tall and straight, faultlessly attired in a frock coat, with his flowing white beard and his long and carefully trimmed white locks, standing with or sitting beside some ragged and unkempt victim of circumstances who has sought the only place where the police will not tell him to move on, the Common, and then one is sure to be struck by the contrast. Many a man he has met there has later become as clean of body and heart as himself, and all through his infectious good nature and brotherly camaraderie.

Among the younger men with whom this old young man of 75 unceasingly labors he is known as "the general adviser without pay," and he is as interested in their ambitions as they can be, and so youthful is he in their presence that he is always one of them.

Mr. Vaughan is not engaged in active business this summer, but he comes to Boston every day, rain or shine, to talk with his "boys," as he calls them. Some of these have never before known a real friend. He is highly educated, and counts among his friends many college presidents and professors.

He was born in Middleboro, nearly seventy-five years ago, and traces his lineage back to Peregrine White of Mayflower fame.

"I love to live," said he to me, "and I want to help 'the boys' to enjoy living, too."

Does Your Cat Cough?

Poor pussy! As if the innumerable charges against her of keeping us awake at night and of eating canary birds whenever she gets the chance were not enough, the doctors have just discovered that for years she has been responsible for the spread of diphtheria. Dr. G. J. Ashburn of Manchester, England, having traced an epidemic of this disease in a suburb of that city to a pet cat belonging to one of his patients, has found, after much clever investigation, that all cats are peculiarly susceptible to diphtheritic affections of the throat. He has therefore recently been warning all families who own cats to watch them carefully, and if they develop coughs, to forbid their being hugged and petted. Dr. Ashburn further recommends that if the cough persists and the cat begins to grow thin to have the animal destroyed at once. The only really safe way, he says, is to let the first wheeze be pussy's death warrant.

Progress in Railroad.

"Yes," said the lady whose dress case is covered with strange foreign labels, "the way railroads run nowadays is a great improvement over what they were 50 years ago."

"But surely you had no experience as a traveler 50 years ago," says her friend.

"I don't mean that. But nowadays, don't you notice, when there is a wreck it is always had at some point convenient to a cluster of farm houses where the victims can go for coffee and to get warm?"

Unusual.

"The captain of the football team is an unusual man."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he didn't shed tears when his team lost."

Experience is a safer and more useful guide than any principle, however accurate and scientific it may be.—Buckle.

When a woman refuses a man and he takes to drink, it's a question whether he is trying to drown his sorrow or is celebrating his escape.

Many a woman is single from choice—the choice made by a man who chooses another.

Roumania has 6,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 39,999 are blind.

EAGER TO WORK.

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ACTRESS WEDS WEALTHY AMERICAN



CHARLOTTE KATHERINE PALMER.

NEW YORK.—A cablegram from Paris announced the wedding of Charlotte Katherine Palmer to James C. Parrish, Jr., a relative of the Vanderbilts. The Parrishes are very wealthy and have a beautiful home near Southampton. Mr. Parrish, Jr., is a Harvard graduate, and was admitted to the bar this year. Miss Palmer formerly was in "Oscar," and also with the Lew Field forces. In London she numbered Mrs. Wang Lewisohn, Mrs. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce and Sir George Prescott among her devoted admirers.

WON'T COLLECT COIN

English Court Refuses to Aid Theatrical Press Agent.

Faked Expulsion of Women Who Insisted on Wearing Big Hats in Theater Called by Judge a Fraud on Justice.

London.—British courts of justice must not be exploited for the purposes of advertisement. This legal decision was given in a case brought by Thomas Lumley Dunn, a press agent, against Frank Curzon, the theatrical manager. The evidence revealed the remarkable manner in which the public was "spoofted" over a certain matinee incident which occurred at the Prince of Wales theater in London some months ago. This incident was manifestly a fake to all those who are initiated into the ways of theatrical advertisement.

Mr. Dunn in his action claimed \$500, which he alleged was the sum Mr. Curzon agreed to pay him for arranging the affair, while Mrs. Dunn, who assisted her husband in the affair, claimed \$262 in payment for her services. Mr. Curzon admitted that he agreed to the incident being arranged, but denied that he agreed to pay these sums.

The judgment of Judge Woodfall, who tried the case, explains the nature of the incident. He said:

"In the early part of this year, when the plaintiff was employed by the defendant as his press agent, he suggested to the defendant that it would be an excellent advertisement both for the theater and for the defendant as manager, if the following scheme were carried out: Two ladies and a gentleman were to be engaged, the ladies were to occupy two stalls and to wear ultra-fashionable hats. The gentleman was to occupy a stall immediately behind them, and during the fall of the curtain peremptorily demand of them that they should take their hats off."

"The ladies were to refuse, and the gentleman to urgently and audibly insist, and the disturbance was to attain such proportions that the defendant should be sent for and invite the riot outside in the corridor, and demand of the ladies that they should remove their hats or leave the theater; that the ladies should resist the demand; that defendant should thereupon eject them by a technical assault of laying his hand on the shoulders of one of them; that the ladies should leave and summon the defendant before a magistrate for the assault and that the defendant should plead the right to protect the convenience of his audience."

"The defendant consented, and the scheme was carried out in every detail, the price of their seats—which they had not paid for—was ostensibly returned to the ladies, and in pursuance of the plot they proceeded to summon the defendant for assault."

"The magistrate heard the charge and dismissed it, holding that the defendant was justified in what he had done. The plaintiffs now allege that the defendant agreed to pay them for their services in carrying out the venture."

"I am of opinion that the agreement alleged is illegal, being contrary to public policy, and that no action is maintainable upon it. And this for two reasons: (1) The spectacle of two ladies being peremptorily and brusquely treated might well have aroused interloper on their behalf and led to a serious breach of the peace. (2) The invocation of a court of law to punish an offense which, to the knowledge of the parties, had not been, even technically committed, was in the nature of a fraud on the administration of justice. I therefore dismiss the two actions, and leave each party to pay his own costs."

"In case of a successful appeal against this decision, and to save the expense of a second hearing, I will state what otherwise would have been my decision. I find that the defendant did agree to pay the plaintiff £105; that the defendant's setoff is valid, and I should have given judgment accordingly for the defendant, with costs. I find the defendant did agree to pay Mrs. Dunn £52 10s., and I should have given judgment for her, with costs."

LIVER IS MOST FAITHFUL ORGAN

Texas State Board of Health Issues Most Remarkable and Interesting Bulletin.

San Antonio, Tex.—The Texas state board of health has issued a remarkable and interesting bulletin addressed to "all interested in death." Under the title "What Are You Most Apt to Die From?" it says: "That dread scourge, tuberculosis, spares the infant, except in the second half of the third year, when there is a startling death rate among children from this disease. It is between 20 and 30 years that tuberculosis reaps the bulk of its grim and awful harvest. After 30 years, the possibility of death from this disease decreases rapidly and in proportion until the 50 year mark is past."

But just before the immunity from tuberculosis is about to end, say at 45 years, the terrible scourge, cancer, begins to eat the threads of human life. Beginning shortly before 50

years, cancer springs into the first place as the death cause. Before 45 cancer is almost unknown as a general cause of mortality.

"Pneumonia kills mostly before 15 years of age, then it lets mankind largely alone until 50 years is past, when it figures high in the death list. It is a cowardly, skulking enemy, and kills off the old folk and the children. Cerebral palsy, or what old-fashioned people used to call a 'stroke,' kills few before the age of 40, while typhoid kills usually between 10 and 20 years."

"The heart and kidneys seldom cause a fatal disease until after 50, and then the heart usually is affected only from some other disease, such as rheumatism or pneumonia."

"What is commonly called the largest organ of the body, namely, the liver, also has the best records for honest and faithful service. The deaths of men and women from direct liver diseases are compar-

atively very rare. Also it is seldom affected until the meridian of life is well past."

Esperanto Gains in France. Paris.—Esperanto is steadily gaining recruits in France and many of these recruits are men of letters. Tristan Bernard, the playwright, says his next piece will first be written in esperanto although it will have to be translated into French for the public.

"The days are coming," he says, "when French will be merely the language of luxury while esperanto will be everybody's tongue."

Tapstry Sells for \$33,000.

London.—An Arras tapstry, forming part of a series illustrating the seven deadly sins, which was originally the property of Cardinal Wolsey, was sold at auction yesterday, bringing \$33,000. The panel is thirteen feet square. It was found in a mansion in Cordwall.

The manners of some people are almost as unapproachable as those of a buzz saw.

CHILD IS BORN APE

Lecturer Explains Working of Biogenetic Law.

Elucidates Many Strange and Absurd Instincts That Come and Go During Human Infancy, Childhood and Adolescence.

Chicago.—J. Howard Moore told members of the Socialist League a lot about babies the other night. Mr. Moore discussed "The Biology of the Child" at a meeting which was held at 160 Washington street.

"There is a law in biology called the biogenetic law. It was discovered by Haeckel. It is one of the most important laws of the organic world. It is this: 'Each organism in its individual development repeats the life history of the race to which it belongs.'"

"No being comes into the world full grown. Every being goes through the performance of what is called growing before it is a complete organism. Every being commenced as a small, simple and rather shapeless bit of protoplasm. The gulf between this condition and maturity is bridged in by a longer or shorter series of changes in size, form and architecture. The remarkable thing about these changes is that they are strikingly parallel to the changes which the race has undergone in its evolution from the beginning of the earth."

"The biogenetic law applies to mental phenomena as well as to physical. Only in the light of this law is it possible to understand the many strange and absurd instincts that come and go during human infancy, childhood and adolescence. It has been said that the child is born savage. This is not quite true. It is worse than that. Only after a rather long and inglorious preliminary as a quadruped is it able to walk with its front feet in the air and rightfully lay claim to the title of 'savage.'"

Mr. Moore said the general ideas of the child, its conception of itself, and its outlook on the world are essentially the same as those of the savage—narrow, mystical, and naive. The child believes in ghosts, fairy tales, magic and miracles, much as the savage does.

Among the points brought out by the lecture were the following: "The human baby antedates the savage by several hundred thousand years."

"The child is a born ape. The instinct of the baby to cling to everything within reach is the instinct of the monkey."

A stick in the hands of a baby becomes a club. A baby's attack on the cat is a relic of the club stage in man's development.

A child's love of camp fire, the forming of gangs among boys, the desire to stone dogs and snowball peddlers, and the strong love for a bow and arrow are remnants of the earlier man.

Prince Learning Aviation. Berlin.—Prince Henry of Prussia, who is visiting at Wolfsgarten, employs his leisure moments in learning to operate an aeroplane and has made several successful flights. He is being instructed by August Euler, who is skilled in the art.

THE ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NEVETT

A Rebellion



I've locked the door upon them all, they're waiting on the walk— The man to teach me how to breathe the one who preaches talk, The one who guarantees to give a graceful, easy gait, And all the other specialists: I'll leave them there to wait, I'm tired, tired, tired—and their books are on the shelf, And for today I'm going to be my simple, awkward self!

I shall not draw my breath just so and hold it while I count; I do not care how much I breathe, nor measure the amount—I'm simply going to take my breath as that it gets inside, The yearning of my muscles for a rest won't be denied, O, what relief to draw a breath and not think of the rules For breathing, for the diaphragm, as ordered by the schools!

Today I shall not talk just so—I shall not place my tones, So that I feel a tremor in the little nasal bones; I'll vocalize to suit myself; I'll turn my larynx loose, And let it shuffle up and down and simply raise the deuce— The elocution teacher isn't here upon the watch, And I intend to have a spree—a lingo, debauch!

Today I shall not hold my chin at just the right degree, Nor keep my belt-line gathered in and balance from my knee; I'll walk just any way I please, flat-footed, pigeon-toed, Or any way I feel inclined that isn't a mode, I'll drag my feet, I'll shuffle them, I'll step on toe or heel— And would that I had words to tell the thrill of joy I feel!

I'm independent for a day! I will not hold the thought, I will not worry my poor brain by thinking as I ought, I will not plumb my consciousness, nor turn my ego on— Ah! I looked outside and saw my teachers all had gone! I'm tired, tired, tired—and their books are on the shelf, And for today at least I'll be my simple, awkward self!

How He Lost His Job. Mr. Nossitt, said the new man, who had been engaged as a literary adviser in the publicity department of the railway, "it seems to me that when we designate a man as traveling passenger agent, we are tautologous, at the least."

"We are what?" asked the superior. "Tautologous. What does a traveling passenger agent do?"

"He goes around and gets people to ride over our lines, of course."

"Yes. He gets passengers. Why call him a traveling passenger agent? Of a necessity, a passenger must be a traveling passenger."

"How's that?"

"I say a passenger must be a traveling one or he isn't any good to us—in fact, he cannot be a passenger at all. A passenger is some one who travels. The statement that we send out an agent to get traveling passengers is absurd on the face of it, and—"

"You may convert yourself into a traveling passenger to the street, with a stop-over at the cashiers' office long enough to get what is due you to date," snorted the superior, whirling back to his desk.

Believes Himself Old King. Paris.—Pierre Loti, the author, is convinced he is living a second life being a reincarnation of the Egyptian king Sesostris.

When last in Egypt he had photographs taken of the profile of the mummy of this ancient monarch and side by side with it places his own on a postcard.

The likeness is declared to be striking. There are the same receding forehead and hawk nose, and now that the sailor-author has shaved his beard his chin is seen to be the same. Printed on the card is "Sesostris, deincarnated, 1250. Pierre Loti, not yet deincarnated, 1910."

Unromantic. "I could dance this way forever," "I hope you won't. You get terribly out of step half the time."

Just for Spite. "She seems to be a woman of exceptionally unpleasant disposition," observes the newcomer, referring to an absent one.

"Unpleasant disposition?" echoes the native. "Why, did you never hear of what she did to cause heartburnings among her acquaintances? She announced a big dinner and ball for a certain evening, and then never invited a soul to it."

Financial Conversation. "Money talks!" asserts the gentleman who is offering to bet a large sum that a certain thing will or will not happen. "You can argue all you like, but money is the thing that convinces me. Money talks."

"I know it does," protests the other man. "I remember that when I had money it was always saying: 'Well, I must be going.'"

When a man bumps into a brand of trouble worth talking about he has but little to say about it.

TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors of this country. Referring to these talented ladies the Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palmy days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Volva, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

Customer (in grocery store)—Are those eggs on that counter fresh? Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

Customer—How long have they been laid? Clerk—I laid them there myself, ma'am, 20 minutes ago.

Tribute to Painter's Skill. One of the still life paintings by Jan van Huysen in the museum at The Hague was recently injured, but it is believed the perpetrator was neither vandal nor thief.

The picture represents a basket of fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On a pale yellow apple, which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, so say the officials of the gallery, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoot" it and brought his cane or hand too close to the canvas. "A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which the work had to suffer."

What World Lost? "It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual, high browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Mrs. Tartan.

Literary Accuracy. "You write of your hero as stealing home in the darkness," said the editor. "Yes," replied the author. "Well, you ought to know better than that. He couldn't steal home in the dark. It was dark enough to be worth noticing the game would have been called."

A Long Chance. "I took a long chance when I asked her to marry me." "She rejected you, eh?" "No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

FOR HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSICUM. Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nerves Troubles, Capsicum will relieve you. It's liquid-pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c, 25c., and 50c. at drug stores.

Some wise philosopher once remarked that we live in thoughts, not years. This is especially true of women after they pass thirty.

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

Perhaps our clouds have a silver lining, but it generally takes other people to see it.

Mr. Knocker—I had little faith in the curative properties of your medicine.

The Agent—But it cured you? Mr. Knocker—Yes, of even the little faith I had in it.

Sense of Taste. From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 640 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 228 parts of water and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

Free Blood Cure. If you have pimples, offensive eruptions, old sores, cancer, itching, scratching eczema, suppurating swellings, bone pains, hot skin, or if your blood is thin or impure, then Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) will heal every sore, stop all itching and make the blood pure and rich. Cures after all else fails. \$1.00 per large bottle at drug stores. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., Department B.

Asking Too Much. "The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful heiress. "But has he promised to work for you?" her father asked. "Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the Old Standard GILLESPIE'S CASUALTY GILL'S TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plain. It contains nothing showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form. The Quinine drives out the malarial germ, and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by Dealers for 50c. Price 10c. each.

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No matter how long your neck may be or how sore your throat, Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It drives out all soreness and inflammation.

The girl in the silk stockings never gets her skirts muddy.

If you but knew what harsh cathartics do, you'd always use Cascarets. Candy tablets, vegetable and mild. Yet just as effective as salts and calomel. Take one when you need it. Stop the trouble promptly. Never wait till night.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PATENTS. Watson H. Coleman, York, Pa. Inventor of the "Bookworm" type of reference. Best results.

The Human Heart. The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of ever-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil. After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice is sent on receipt of 25 cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE JOCLAR CLERK.



Customer (in grocery store)—Are those eggs on that counter fresh? Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

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