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"I don't see why you should take the matter to heart personally."

"I am so selfish, I can't help it. I think every man ought to save every cent he can, so as to make a will that will be worth while for the lawyers."

—Washington Star.

**Too Effective.**

"John," said Mrs. Billus, after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean, Maria?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were 52."

—Chicago Tribune.

**At It Again.**

Once more the lonely fisherman dusts off his book of files; Likewise his reel and pocket flask. Also his last year's lies.

—Chicago Daily News.

**THE LATEST COMPOSITE.**



A composite picture of Mrs. Smith's looks for a year. She had a run of poor luck, including a Chinaman, a negro and several rather strong-minded and buxom females.—Good

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You can climb to the top of the loftiest hill.

If you try.

You can make of yourself whatsoever you will.

If you try.

A faith you must have, rooted deep in your soul.

A purpose unshaken, a firm self-control; Strive on, without ceasing; you'll reach to the goal.

If you try.

You can be of some good to yourself and your kind.

If you work.

A name and a place in the world you can find.

If you work.

Wherever you turn, there is plenty to do. The harvest is great, but the reapers are few.

You'll find opportunities waiting for you.

If you work.

You can reach any standard at which you may aim.

If you will.

You can find the right road to the Temple of Fame.

If you will.

It lies through Endeavor by day and by night.

Through Patience that never abandons a fight;

By infinite toil you can climb to the height.

If you will.

You must meet all reverses and never give in.

If you win.

You must spend little time planning how to begin.

If you win.

But take off your coat and go into the fray.

And stay by your task; there is no other way.

You must wait for no future, but labor to-day.

If you win.

You will find that the tide of misfortune is swift.

If you drift.

Don't expect other people to give you a lift.

If you drift.

The adage is old, that the world gives its call.

To the man who keeps striving, whatever befall.

You will find that a wreck is the end of it all.

If you drift.

You will learn that the pale of life is delay.

If you wait:

That Fortune will beckon and then flee away.

If you wait.

For this is the mystical edict of Fate: But once Opportunity knocks on your gate; And after that call 'tis forever too late.

—J. A. Edgerton, in Banner of Gold.

**The Man in Blue.**

By Richard Davey.

I am the youngest son of the 13 children of Burgermeister Kraus, of Bingen, and his wife Frau Maria. My father adored music, and we were taught to play on some instrument or other, or else to sing, and, by my faith I hold we did considerable credit to our musical education. When I was 16 my father presented me with a fine old "Cremona," which I christened "Fortunato," and which eventually became my life-long friend and companion.

Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to take my dear violin into the woods and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, dreamily improvise new melodies and vary old ones. So greatly did my father delight in our accomplishments that he organized an amateur concert every Thursday afternoon, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted to admire or criticize about as much music as could be crowded into a three hours' performance, divided into two equal parts by a tray of light refreshments handed round by Karl and myself.

One fine autumn afternoon, just as our first sonata was concluded, a very singular-looking individual entered the concert room. He was as thin and pale as an apparition and entirely dressed in shabby garments of light blue corduroy. His well-worn knee breeches were blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt collar was also of varied and faded shades of blue. He had a big hooked nose, thin, hungry-looking jaws, and the only redeeming features that he possessed were his dark and intelligent eyes, and these were hidden by a pair of blue spectacles. His long, untrimmed hair was a ginger red, and his beard, I verily believe, had never been cut since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vacant seat and began to play marked attention to the music. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumfounded by the appearance of this strange creature that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so that I could not produce a single note. Again and again I tried, and at last was about to give it up in despair when the man in blue rose from his seat and came straight to me. "Young man," he said, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think. Hand it to me and I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato" and he at once commenced his performance. Never had I heard such playing before. The instrument seemed to receive from his bow a soul capable of expressing every emotion.

I should have mentioned that we were on the eve of our grand annual musical festival at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had announced their intention of attending. My father, naturally concluding that our guest was some celebrated maestro who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favor he had conferred upon us and also to offer him his hospitality during his stay in the town. The Man in Blue at

first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted our pressing invitation.

We paid him every attention, and by his gentle manners and delightful talent he soon won our affection. But every attempt to find out who he was and whence he came proved vain; he took no notice of our hints, and not one of us dared ask him the questions direct. He set himself to work to teach me a great many things concerning the violin, and to this curious man I owe many of my subsequent and greatest triumphs.

If a stranger happened to pay us a visit, our new friend would immediately take refuge in the garden. He liked to be alone with Karl, myself and "Fortunato." One day a merchant named Krebs came on some matter of business he had to transact with my father, and stumbled upon the Man in Blue, who was making good his escape. The poor violinist on seeing Merchant Krebs turned as pale as death, and covered with confusion, tottered to a bench, hiding his face in his hands.

"Well, I declare," said Krebs to my father, "you are an odd man to receive that creature into your family. Why, I thought he was in prison or in a lunatic asylum, or drowned or run over."

"Do you know him, then?" asked my father with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him! Of course I do. His name is Beze and he is by trade a carpenter. But, bless you, he's as mad as a March hare. Some time ago our church organ was struck by lightning. Beze came forward at once and proposed to mend it, provided the parish furnish him the materials. As he was known for a good musician and a clever workman, our pastor granted his request. To work went he and slaved night and day for at least six weeks. At last the organ was mended, Beze struck a few chords, and it sounded better than ever. The day arrived for the first public hearing of the renovated instrument; the mayor and all the village was present, and Beze himself did not fail to appear attired in his usual blue. Blue is his color. He made some vow or other years ago to the Virgin never to wear any other than her colors—blue and white. I tell you he is crazy. But to return to the organ. When the organist began to play upon it, devil of a sound would it produce, except when he pulled the new stop out. Off went the organ whir! whee, and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The girls began to laugh, the mayor to swear, and the pastor—well, he became frantic, poor man. Beze is a fool, an idiot. 'He has ruined the organ,' cried everyone. And soon, amid the derision of the congregation your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never seen the creature, but our organ is completely spoilt and remains as silent as the tomb."

Thus spoke Merchant Krebs. I could hear no more, but hurried out to console our poor friend. I found him sitting all forlorn under an apple tree, his face turned toward the setting sun. "Ah! my good young friend," he cried, "do you see your little cloud which obscures the splendor of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the fame of a genius."

"But," I replied, "see the little cloud has already vanished and the sun is all the brighter for the contrast."

He smiled. "The clouds that hang over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ I reconstructed has a soul within it. All my life I have worked hard to lodge my ideal of music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there, but I know not how to play upon the organ, and in their blind rage they will not allow me to explain the mechanism of the instrument to them. Oh! that I could find Sebastian Bach! He would awaken the soul of music that lies asleep in my organ and prove to the world that Beze is neither mad nor an impostor."

My father took no notice of what Krebs had said, and when he joined us in the garden he entrusted Beze to play to him as usual in the open air. The Man in Blue played a number of national and simple melodies in such a pathetic manner that several times I saw my father's eyes fill with tears. At last, he said, "My friend, though your organ is a failure, your music is Heavenly. Stay with me, I pray you, yet awhile."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the one triumph of my life."

"But no one can play upon it."

"One day someone will, and then—"

"Well, we will say no more about it. Come, supper is ready," and he led the way indoors.

Next morning the Man in Blue was missing. We were sorry for his disappearance, but soon forgot all about him, the festival being at hand. Gluck had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon after Graun, whose genius alone inspired his lovely melodies, and with him came those inseparable friends, Furch and Hasse. From Hamburg came Gassmann and Telemann. Few of you, I dare say, have ever heard of these composers, and yet, believe me, you are more familiar with their melodies than you imagine. Many of the popular tunes you now admire I have heard in my youth fresh from the brain of their original composers, and free from the twirls and shakes clumsily added to disguise their true origin. These illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious in manner as it is possible to be. They assembled in St. Cecilia's hall, and I had the privilege of assisting at the rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discussions on harmonies, fugues, scales and chords.

One night Gluck played for the first time a portion of his Iphigenia, and on another Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful Preludes.

Bach, somehow or another, took a fancy to me. He had observed the marked attention with which I listened to the remarks of the different composers and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was, and, growing bold, I related not only all about myself, but also the story of my friend in blue.

"An organ no one can play upon!" exclaimed the great composer. "Well, that's singular."

"But I am sure you can."

"Why?"

"Because I am certain that the man who made the organ is a great musician although he cannot play upon it himself, and thoroughly understood what he was about when he attempted to mend it. He plays the violin like an angel."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun.

I hesitated and hung my head. I did not dare say "Yes," and yet I could not say "No."

"Speak up my boy; always tell the truth."

"He plays better than you, I think, sir, but then he always plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a room."

"True—so it does."

"My masters," said I at last after some hesitation, "will any of you in your charity try the organ. The village is not far distant. You will thereby help this poor man."

"I will go myself," answered Bach, "next Sunday. But say nothing about it to anyone, only to your friend in order to insure his presence in the church."

I gladly promised to carry out the illustrious composer's request.

On leaving the St. Cecilia hall that evening—it was a Friday—to my surprise almost the first person I met was the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the hall, he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous excitement and enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. At first I hesitated to tell of Bach's intention, but at last did so. He received the news in a manner I little expected. He made no demonstration, but followed me in silence until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the center of which grew two or three trees. Here he paused, and, falling on his knees, prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of earnest devotion and gratitude. When he had finished his prayer, he embraced me in silence and we parted.

Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the village church. As I crossed the little field in front of it, I saw advancing from the opposite side several of the professors, and among them Bach. By-and-by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it filled up to excess. Presently Bach ascended the organ loft. How my heart beat! Mass began. At the "Kyrie" the hitherto mute instrument for the first time wafted forth such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as if by the music of angels. As the mass advanced the more marvelous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Gluck, who stood by me, and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe the Cherubim and Seraphim were indeed singing their jubilant song of praise, "Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Sabaoth!"

But where was the Man in Blue? Standing by the altar, with his face turned towards his organ. His expression was one of supreme happiness and peace. His spectacles had fallen from his beautiful but nearly sightless eyes, and tears of joy were running down his sunken cheeks. His homely features seemed transfigured.

When divine service was over, the congregation passed round into the porch to see the great composer. "Long live Bach!" "Hail, Gluck!" they cried, as they recognized these popular men. But Bach held aloof. "Lead me," he cried, "to that man of genius who has so wonderfully improved the king of instruments."

"Master," I cried, "he is in the church." And so we re-entered the sacred edifice together, followed by Graun. I led them to the Man in Blue. What a change had come over him! He had collapsed on a bench, and the pallor of death was on his brow. When he perceived us, he endeavored to rise.

"Ah! excuse me, my masters. I receive you very poorly, but I am not well; the joy has killed me. I am dying of sheer happiness."

They raised him between them while I ran for the priest, shutting the church door as I went out, to prevent intrusion.

"Master, I am dying—play to me," he begged. Bach, seeing that mortal aid was vain, left us and went up the organ loft. Solemnly he played as he had never done before. The priest came, and Graun and I knelt down whilst the Man in Blue received the last Sacrament. When this pious act was accomplished, we came nearer to him. He took my hand, and Graun rested his head upon his own breast. Solemnly the music stole through the silent church, solemnly the sunlight streamed through the stained windows, and the Angel of Death stood within the temple of God.

"I am very happy," murmured the dying man, "since Bach plays to me on my organ and Graun allows me to rest my dying head on his bosom."

Turning to me, he said gently, "God bless thee, my child; tell them I am neither mad nor an impostor. My organ had a soul."

Graun bent over him and kissed his brow, and with an exquisite look of gratitude for this act of sympathy and respect he died, and the Angel of Death winged his way back to Heaven, bearing the soul of the poor Man in Blue to God.—Casell's Magazine.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

Lesson in the International Series for October 6, 1901.—Joseph Sold into Egypt.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]

**THE LESSON TEXT.**

(Genesis 37:23-35.)

23. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him;

24. And they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

25. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

26. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

27. Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

28. Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit; and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for 20 pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

29. And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

30. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?

31. And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood;

32. And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

33. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph up into Egypt; but God was with him.—Acts 7:9.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

Thus far in our study of the Old Testament we have covered three great epochs in the history of the world: (1) First, we had the story of creation and of the fall of man. (2) Second, came the increasing wickedness of mankind, followed by their almost total annihilation in the flood, and a fresh beginning for the race in the family of Noah. (3) Third, we came to the time of Abraham, which old patriarch heard the voice of God and tried to follow its leadings. His faithfulness (and his faith) brought the specific covenant of God for the chosen people of which he was to be the father. We see further the establishment and partial fulfillment of the covenant in the large family of Jacob, whose name was changed to Israel, thus giving his descendants the name of Israelites.

To come down to the present lesson, we properly cover in its study the entire thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis, of which the following is a brief analysis:

Jealousy of Joseph's Brothers.....Vs. 1-4  
Joseph's Two Dreams.....Vs. 5-11  
Brothers Conspire to Kill Him.....Vs. 12-20  
But Reuben Saves Him.....Vs. 21-24  
He is Sold to Ishmaelites.....Vs. 25-28  
And Reported to His Father as Dead.....Vs. 29-35

Jealousy of Joseph's Brothers.—Joseph's brothers were jealous "because their father loved Joseph more than all his children." Joseph was the child of Jacob's old age, and this fact explains the great love of his father for him. The love was shown in many ways probably, but most conspicuously by the gift of the coat of many colors.

Joseph's Two Dreams.—What added to the hatred of the brothers was Joseph's childish imprudence in immediately detailing to them any fancied or real preference. This is well illustrated in the case of his two dreams, dreams which had a real and vital significance for him, but which he would have better kept to himself for his own inspiration. Both dreams foretold a time when, in a position of authority, he should command the reverence and respect, not only of his brothers, but of his father and mother also. Jacob rebuked him, but father-like remembered them, nourishing the hope that this best-beloved son should indeed make a marked success in life.

The Conspiracy to Kill Him.—The jealousy of Joseph's brothers was deeper than Jacob ever imagined, else Jacob would never have sent him with a message to them off in the distant pasture whither the flock had been led. Here they had him in their power, "his dreamer" who boasted of making them some time bow down before him. Little did they dream that they by their hatred were working out the fulfillment of those very dreams. It is the universal history that even man's base passions can be made to work to the glory of God.

Reuben Saves Him.—Reuben was the eldest brother, hence responsible to his father for the deeds of the others and the safety of the youngest son. Moreover, his age and experience had given him a more kindly disposition, but his plea to save Joseph by hiding him in a pit failed, for during a temporary absence the other brothers sold him to a caravan of Ishmaelites.

Reported to His Father as Dead.—The chief cruelty was not to the boy thus sold into slavery, but to the aged father who had loved him. This is another lesson to be gotten from this story: the results of human passions are seldom those which are intended. They had indeed gotten rid (temporarily) of their brother, but they had sorely wounded their father.

Religious Pointers.

Rest is not religion, but religion gives rest.

The new heart helps us to put off the old man.

Self-denial is the spinal column of consistency.

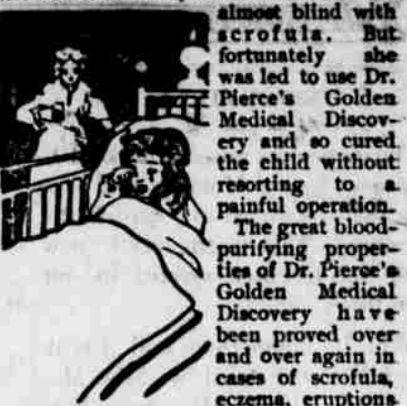
The mother-vein of truth is found in the Bible.

It requires Gospel grace to make Gospel methods succeed.

The only way to conceal truth that ought to be spoken is to imprison it in an atmosphere of falsehood.—Ham's

**A Child's Cry**

Pierce the mother's heart like a sword. Often the mother who would do everything for the little one she loves, is utterly impatient to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was almost blind with scrofula. But fortunately she was led to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and so cured the child without resorting to a painful operation.



The great blood-purifying properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have been proved over and over again in cases of scrofula, eczema, eruptions and other diseases which are caused by an impure condition of the blood. It entirely eradicates the poisons which feed disease, and builds up the body with sound, healthy flesh.

"My little daughter became afflicted with scrofula, which affected her eyes," writes Mrs. Agnes L. Duncan, of Mansfield, Sebastian Co., Ark. "She could not bear the light for over a year. We tried to cure her eye, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an oculist, as her eyelids would have to be 'scraped.' They had become so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply my heart sank within me. I went to your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' read your treatment on scrofula, getting the properties of medicine there advised. With five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have entirely cured my child.

"Hoping this will be of some use to you and a blessing to other sufferers, with heartfelt thanks, I remain,

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an excellent laxative for children. They are easy to take and thorough in action.

**Chronie.**

Tramp—Would ye kindly help a poor sick man, me lovely lady, who'd orter be in the hospital, but's too proud ter go?

Lady—Poor fellow! Here's a quarter. What is it ye're sick with?

Tramp—Spring fever, mum.—Harper's Bazar.

**A Bluff.**

"Pa," said little Willie, looking up from his books, "what are 'gastro-nomics'?"

"Why—er—lemme see," said the old man. "O! they're these country jays that blow out the gas."—Philadelphia Press.

**Science Set at Naught.**

"Mosquitoes give us malaria, and malaria robs us of energy."

"Oh, I don't know; when a mosquito bites me I at once feel great increase of energy, and hop around like mad until I get a slap at him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**His View.**

"Why," said his friend, "the temperature is lower than it was yesterday."

"I don't care anything about the temperature," said the stout person. "A man is as hot as he feels."—Puck.

**Always Careful.**

Mamma—I hope you gave that young Custer a piece of your mind when he kissed you!

Ethel—Ah, mamma, I wanted to hear your opinion about it first.—N. Y. Times.

**The Better Part.**

The bachelors say that, on the whole, their independent homes will do; But married men have better halves And therefore better quarters, too.—Good Housekeeping.

**THOSE EQUINE HATS.**



Those History-rich—Whoo, that Betsy! Ding 'er! What ye grine? Betsy—There's a furniture van ahead with a mirror in the rear end. I want to see if my hat's on straight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**On Again; Off Again.**

"What pretty white flowers they are on that plant."

"Yes, but they don't stay on very long."

"No?"

"No, they're bachelor's buttons, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Doll Programme.**

Auntie—Don't you want to go to Heaven?

Johnny—I don't know. I think it must be a place where people spend their time behaving themselves.—Puck.

**Explained.**

"I never could see why they always called a boat 'she.'"

"Evidently you have never tried to steer one."—Brooklyn Life.

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