

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I over-exerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Life-time of a Bell. Comparatively few people know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 900-pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot-pound of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000-pound bell, broke after 18,000 blows of 350 foot-pounds force. A steel composition bell weighing 1,000 pounds broke after 24 blows of 150 foot-pounds, but its makers said it was calculated for a lighter blow.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHESKY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Origin of the Crescent Bread. The origin of that Viennese bread shaped like a crescent, which is found in most places on the continent, dates back to 1863. At that time the Austrian Capital was being besieged by the Turks under the terrible Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, and as they failed to take the city by assault, they decided to dig a passage under the walls, and so penetrate into the town. In the day-time the noise of the siege made the sound of the tunnelling inaudible, and at night-time the defenders of the place were asleep, all but the sentries and the bakers. It was the bakers who, as they baked the bread for the garrison, heard the pickaxes of the miners coming nearer and nearer, and gave the alarm. In the fighting the Bakers' Association took their share with the utmost bravery, and as a reward for their services the Emperor gave them permission to make a special cake shaped like the Turkish crescent.—London Sketch.

Trees Almost Fireproof. The giant sequoia of California, which are thousands of years old, have been preserved to this day because of their enormously thick bark. From time to time, in the course of ages, vast forest fires have swept through the big-wood lands, destroying everything, yet only scorched for a couple of inches depth or so the almost fireproof bark of these huge trees. The flames, having carbonized that much of the bark, could not penetrate farther, for the carbonized portion formed an absolutely fireproof covering for the remainder of the interior bark.—Chicago Journal.

BUILDING FOOD To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food to bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts, and she is a strong, healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centres and brain. A well fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—There seems literally no limit to the variations of the lingerie blouse and no limit to its popularity. This one is among the prettiest and the latest and is shown in white batiste with trimming of simple lace banding. It can, however, with



Yoke and Bodice Girdles. The tiny coats that have become so popular and the very general adoption of the short waisted effect have combined to make girdles essential features of the wardrobe. Here are a number of attractive and shapely designs that can be utilized either for the separate belts or for those that are made of material to match the costume. As shown the plain ones are simply finished with stitching, but they can be trimmed with braid or with embroidery or elaborated in almost any manner that may be liked. In this instance Nos. 1 and 2 are made of heavy linen. No. 3 is made of silk and No. 4 from messaline satin.

No. 1 is cut in eight sections, which are joined at the edges, the seams being stitched with beading silk, and is closed at the centre front. No. 2 is extended to a point below the waist but forms a round outline above and is made in six sections, the seams over the hips being so curved as to provide perfect fit. No. 3 is differently shaped from either of its predecessors and can be opened at either front or back while it can be made with or without points. It consists of ten portions and each seam is boned to keep the shape. No. 4 is made over No. 2, which is used as a foundation, and is softly shirred and draped, the closing being made invisibly at the front. Any one of the plain girdles can be cut off at the waist line if the yoke portion is not desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for either Nos. 1 or 3 three and five-eighth yard twenty-one, one-half yard twenty-seven



Tucked Blouse Waist. Five-Gored Tucked Skirt.

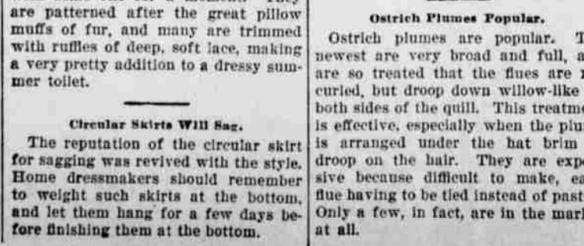
gowns are equally correct in linen, cotton, wool and silk.

The waist consists of the lining, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable, front and backs. It is tucked to form the yoke and the trimming is arranged on indicated lines, while the closing is made invisibly at the back. The puffed sleeves are of moderate size and can be in elbow length, finished with straight bands, or extended to the wrists, the lower portions forming deep fitted cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three and one-quarter yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide with eight yards of insertion.

Feather Muffs the Vogue. Ostrich down and feather muffs are to have a great vogue this summer for the fluffy thin dresses, and many a mere man will be left to guard such an accessory while midday leaves it on the empty chair beside him to chat with some one for a moment. They are patterned after the great pillow muffs of fur, and many are trimmed with ruffles of deep, soft lace, making a very pretty addition to a dressy summer toilet.

Circular Skirts Will Sag. The reputation of the circular skirt for sagging was revived with the style. Home dressmakers should remember to weight such skirts at the bottom, and let them hang for a few days before finishing them at the bottom.



either twenty-one or twenty-seven or one-quarter yard forty-four inches wide; for No. 2, three-eighth yard wide; for No. 4, one yard any width.

Ostrich plumes are popular. The newest are very broad and full, and are so treated that the flues are not curled, but droop down willow-like on both sides of the quill. This treatment is effective, especially when the plume is arranged under the hat brim to droop on the hair. They are expensive because difficult to make, each flue having to be tied instead of pasted. Only a few, in fact, are in the market at all.

Rowdy, well-trie'd and true.

So familiar is Uncle Jeffy with those fishing "holes" that he has given to each one a name. There is the "minner-hole" and the "cat-hole" and the "brier-hole." The "minner-hole" lies just below the bridge. One is able to smoke in comfort there, and may hold converse with the passers-by as he waits for the fish to bite; while the "cat-hole" affords great sport whenever the stream is "up." But notwithstanding the fact that the day was fine, the sun lying warm on the long brown furrows of the hill-side fields, the south wind just stirring in the leaves, and the water laughing musically as it slid round the grassy bends, none of these places just now attracted Uncle Jeffy—not even the "water-hole," where a willow offers its shade, and where the rush and hurry of a foaming little fall strikes pleasantly on the ear. A half mile further down, however, and just at the spot where the "horse branch" pays its toll to the creek, there is a broad, still pool, which is deep at its upper end, but which shelves rapidly until it featheredges in a shoal against a white sand-bar below. Above this spot are cotton-wood trees, and at their roots a fallen log offers one a pleasant resting place; moreover, there is brushwood close by, where a dog may amuse himself, and if he is diligent he may perhaps find a gray rabbit there. In view of these advantages the place attracted Uncle Jeffy, and it was here, that he halted.

After the bait had been adjusted and the old man had seated himself and Rowdy had gone away to nose through the bushes, the silence grew soft and somnolent. Away off down the creek a bull-frog was croaking hoarsely; back in the long stretch of the road an empty wagon came rattling down the hill, and up among the leaves of the cottonwoods the heavy-winged bees were circling drowsily.

"H-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump!" chanted the frog, and its tones reminded Uncle Jeffy of the preaching of Brother Tom Larkin of "Lower Bethabry" church. Presently he closed his eyes in order to heighten the effect.

"H-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump!" The line paid slowly out from the rod, the cork bobbed inshore, and the hook, floated upward by the light cotton which the bait contained, drifted down-stream into the shallow.

"H-r-r-ump!" The preacher by this time was well launched into his discourse, and Uncle Jeffy snored gently as his head drooped and rested lovingly against the trunk of the tree.

The afternoon wore along. The slanting sunlight crept under the leaves and rested on the old man's forehead, the wind caressed his gray locks, and the curving branches seemed to stoop toward his weather-beaten face, but all unheeding, he dreamed on and on. In his slumbers he had grown young again, and the preacher was rebuking his sins. His pole lay lax in his fingers, and the hook and the bait rested lightly against a bank of sand.

In the meantime Rowdy had grown tired. The one rabbit which he had started had behaved reprehensibly, and had led him a long chase around the brow of a gullied hill, then it had eluded him altogether. Ready to stomach refreshment let it kind be what it might, the dog came panting to the water's edge, lapped hastily, sniffed the inviting bait and then—"Gee whiz! Hit's a gollywhopper!"

Startled almost into affright at the magnitude of his "bite," the old man "struck" and sprang, wide awake, to his feet.

Rowdy lunged. "Yi! kiy! ky-i!" he yelped in the greatness of his pained surprise.

For a moment Uncle Jeffy stood speechless, then, as the dog plunged again, the situation dawned upon the old man and his face flushed.

"Come yere, Rowdy!" he yelled. "Come yere, yer blamed ole fool, an' lemme ontoosen dat hook!"

But Rowdy, hurt now and voicing his wrongs until the red hills rang, ran backwards and sideways, struggling and leaping.

"Rowdy! Rowdy!" Mastering his wrath Uncle Jeffy tried persuasion, then rushed forward suddenly.

Rowdy crouched and tugged once more at the line, then in a last wild effort he shot forward as if from a catapult, struck Uncle Jeffy and tripped him, and both went down, yelling and yelping, into the deep, chill water of the creek.

When at last the hook had been extracted and the two had crept out upon the bank, sundown had come, the west was ablaze with purple and gold, and the bats were flying high to welcome the shadows. And, as the twilight gathered and Uncle Jeffy went walking up the path to his house, a single star came out above him, then another and yet another, and then, faint and far away, he heard Aunt Sara calling him.

"Here! here!" he replied, and she came to him.

"Is that you, Jeffy?" she asked. Her voice was tremulous and she drew very close to him, but as she touched his wet sleeve she stopped suddenly and faced him.

"Jeffy Barnes!" she exclaimed, very sternly. "You don't tell me youse been in dat creek!"

GOOD MORNING.

Day daws and bids the blushing sky "Good morning!" The lute-voiced birds take up the cry: "Good morning!" And nearer home, beneath the eaves, The gnarled old maple's tender leaves That shivered 'in the midnight rain, Now whisper at my window pane: "Good morning!"

The genial sun peeps o'er the hill And laughs across my window sill. Eyes quiver under sleepy lids— This is the King himself who bids "Good morning!"

I rise and ope the window wide, The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride Straight through the breeze in merry rout, And scale the walls and fairly shout: "Good morning!" They made me captive to the King, They pluck at me and bid me sing Their psalm to the Golden Day, Whose conquering slogan is their gay "Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there, They clutch the singing birds in the air, On all the world their music beats "Good morning!" Heart to heart. The surly wight, Who scorned his neighbor yesterday, With smiling visage stops to greet That neighbor in the busy street: "Good morning!"

Oh joyous day! Oh smile of God To hearten all who toll and plod, We hail thee, Conqueror and King! We hug our golden chains and sing: "Good morning!" —T. A. Daly in the Catholic Standard and Times.

Uncle Jeffy's Latest Catch.

By E. Crayton McCants.

Three miles out from Keowee, upon what is known locally as the "Mink Trap" road, and just at the summit of that long red hill which is flanked on one side by the stony slopes of the pasture land and on the other by the brown wastes of the stubble and the straight green rows of the corn, stands the "Uncle Jeffy Barnes old place." The house—a quaint "double-log" cabin—has little in common with the newer dwellings which the negroes round about inhabit, for men do not build its kind any more. Modern cabins may be reared in a day, and are built, principally, of thin boards and of scantling, but the domicile of old Jeffy Barnes is a relic of a bygone age, and stands as a specimen of that rude order of architecture which was evolved under the stress of circumstances, and which served over fifty years ago to shelter those faithful black slaves, of whom Uncle Jeffy was one.

For when old Benjamin Barnes, Uncle Jeffy's one time "marster," had come to die, realizing the honest service of Jeffy and that of gentle Aunt Sara, he had bequeathed to the two old negroes some acres of land that lay about the hill, and had given them the cabin as well—the cabin which was then but a single-roomed pen of logs, but to which old Jeffy, as great of muscle in those days as he is now of heart, soon added another pent-log room, shed-rooms and passages, and in front, a long, low-roofed "py-azza."

The site of the house, with its cribs and outlying barns, is quite an elevated one, and in the warm spring mornings, when the trailing mists hide the tall cottonwoods that fringe the nearby streams, and cover, as with a garment, the long, low stretches of the fertile valley land, the earliest beams of the upcoming sun fall here upon the tops of the spreading old red oak trees. Then, before the amber light has time to drop downward to the roofs of the barns, the lusty, black ploughmen emerge from their doors and go whooping across the green breadths of the fallows, and the red cattle and the dun wander forth to pasture, and presently one may hear the sheep-bells tinkling on all the far-off slopes—for Uncle Jeffy is a notable farmer and his day's work begins with the day. Later, long after Aunt Sara has put aside "de brek-fus" things, and has taken complacently to her rocking-chair and her knitting, the gray mist begins to dissolve in the warm and liquid sunshine, and as it streams away and vanishes, the land far-stretched and fair lies open to the eye like some panoramic view. In one place there is a spring overhung by pale green willows, further along a little brook brawls in miniature fury over the opposing stones, while further still there is the gleam of the creek as the hurrying water slips quickly past the bridge, only to linger further along in the deep pools and in the eddies which lie beyond the bends.

To the right of all this the hill falls away rapidly, and stands foot to foot with a long gray ridge whereon the hickory trees and the great pleasant white oaks grow, while north and east and south and west other crests show themselves, and behind these others still, until at last there is but the far horizon where, as it were in the semblance of hills, the little blue cloudlets lie. And over it all, over hillside and valley and stream and wood, there drifts the marvelous sun-

light, and the Keowee country seems a peasant land, and the Uncle Jeffy Barnes' old place seems set in the midst thereof.

So it may be that one passing that way will linger for a space in front of the old-fashioned dwelling, and will notice that the moss lies green on the steep and shingled roof and upon the well curb that stands beside the door. And such a one, standing in the red, dusty stretch of the road and looking beyond the doorway and the curb, will see under the trees of the yard a milkhouse that is suggestive of shadows and of great stone crocks, while nearer the fence there are beehives and damask roses and trailing honeysuckle vines. And with so much given the traveler, he be a man of even small understanding, will picture readily the faces of those old people who from the eternal fitness of all things must necessarily inhabit here—will imagine Aunt Sara Barnes, with her broad, black, good-humored face and her blue-checked, cotton apron, and will give heed to Uncle Jeffy's voice as the old man calls: "Light, boss, 'light; an' des come in dis yere py-azza, suh, an' res'."

But if in response to the invitation so heartily given our traveler should seek to enter, he will likely find opposing his passage a dog—a bandy-shanked and brindled dog, which will plant itself firmly in his way and will growl ferociously and otherwise so misconduct itself that Uncle Jeffy will hurry out in alarm to cow the beast with hot words and with blows. Afterward, however, when cool water has been brought and the wayfarer is duly refreshed, the old man will turn again to the brute and will call to it temptingly: "Here, Rowdy, here! Come here to me, my lad!" And he will take the evil looking head between his knees and will stroke the same reflectively. "Yas," he is accustomed to remark as he waggles the fragment of wolly beard which hangs at his chin, and spits well out across the steps. "Rowdy air part p'inter and part houn'—might high half houn', hit 'pears to me lak. An' I think thar's a little touch o' bull in him—an' then thar's some fice in him shore, fer his great gran'mammy on his daddy's side she were a full blooded fice. But I don't reckon he's got much tarrier blood. I judges that ther rest uv him—what's lef' atter ther houn', an' ther p'inter, an' ther bull, an' ther fice—is just mostly dog. He's a mighty fine yawd dog, too, Rowdy is, but he air a gittin' a sight too sharp—he's agwine ter bite somebody ther very fus' thing I know. Thar he was a 'tarin at you just now—I'll bout have ter brush him one er these days."

Then the old man will pinch the dog's ear, and Rowdy will yawn and will stretch his left hind leg as if to say, "What a pleasant morning it is." And when no one replies he will go back down to the gate, where he will turn round three times—presumably "for luck"—after which he will compose himself to rest.

In the leisure which this episode will afford him the wayfarer may study the old negro. He will, if perception has been vouchsafed unto him, observe that Uncle Jeffy has once been a "powful man," and that even now his hairy chest still looks broad and muscular as it shows through the open front of his coarse, white cotton shirt. The old man wears no coat, of course—who wants a coat in the open Spring weather?—and his face is honest and shrewd. Only laughter, too—whole-hearted, kindly laughter—could have drawn those lines which radiate so finely from the corners of his quizzical eyes. And beneath all this, beneath the wrinkles which the years have left, and the dull and weather-beaten skin, and the gray growth of stubby beard, there exists an odd look of youthful drollery, as if the boyish blood time-hindered in its surface flow, still stirred within and sent new currents, warm and free, about the old man's cheerful heart.

It has been said by those who are in a position to know that in his youth Uncle Jeffy "wuz powful wile"—that once he ran "boss-races" and openly "fit chickens." But let this be as it may, our hero is a staunch enough church member now—and sleeps on Sundays very peacefully in the solemn "Amen corner" of "Lower Bethabry" church. And when Aunt Sara would call him to account for this somnolence he readily defends himself.

"Brother Larkin"—he will remark—"Brother Larkin, he do talk so feelin'ly 'bout that thar res'—ther res', sweet res', what we alls is agwine ter git over on 'tother side o' Jurdin'—at ther ve'y fus' thing I know I is done fertit whar I is, an' I is a restin' afore my time."

But he cannot easily evade Aunt Sara. "Jeffy!" she will continue, "ain't you afeerd of de bad place, Jeffy?"

"Tooby shore," is his ready answer. "Tooby shore I is feerd. Dey say 'at water is skace in Torment an' I cuddin't never go a fishin' thar!" For fishing is the old man's weakness, and he knows every "hole" in the creek.

But last June Uncle Jeffy had what he calls an "espeerunce." Some one in Keowee had given him a new recipe for bait—a bait which he was firmly assured would "suttinly fetch ther suckers." The bait itself was a malodorous compound of dough, cotton batting and dried beef's liver, but, notwithstanding this, on the first "likely" day—the old man set off for the stream to try its effect, followed according to time-honored custom by

Argentina's annual foreign trade is \$450,000,000 or \$90 per capita.