

MY FRIEND.

[The following poem is a picture in words of a dog, named "Bob Taylor" after the present United States Senator of Tennessee, and belonging to Len A. Warner, managing editor of the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Tradesman.—Our Dumb Animals.]

TRUE and trustful, never doubting, Is my young and handsome friend; Always jolly, Full of fun, Bright eyes gleaming Like the sun— Never see him blue or pouting From the day's break to its end.

Whether I am "flush" or "busted" Makes no difference to him! "Let's be gay, sir," He would say, sir— "Won't have any Other way, sir!" Oh, he's never cross and crusty— Light of heart and full of vim!

Often we go out together For a ramble far and wide— Catch the breezes Fresh and strong Down the mountain Swept along— For we never mind the weather When we two are side by side.

But my friend is sometimes quiet, And I've caught his clear brown eye Gazing at me, Mute, appealing— Telling something Yet concealing. Yes, he'd like to talk! Well, try it— "Bow, wow, wow," and that's his cry!

Not a Candidate.

A STORY.

By Inez G. Cushing.

Dick had almost reached the station. A glad light came into his eyes as he looked out of the window, for there was Janet in the cart, with her face turned toward the train, now beginning to slow up. Dick alighted, and thought, as he hurried toward her, that it was a wonderful thing to have a wife, young, fair and so precious. The world did seem full of beauty as they jogged along through the autumn woods. Too glorious to last," he said.

"What, Dick, the gorgeous trees? No, they can't last long now in their wonderfulness, but they will come again in the same beauty. That's the way, dear"—and here her hand slipped under the robe and rested on his knee—"every bit of happiness or beauty we have ever had will be reflected in after days."

"Perhaps, if I only knew that our happiness could go on forever, or even come back again—what did Dr. Marks say to-day?" His tone changed to harshness.

"He said—oh, Dick, must I tell you?—he said that I must go away immediately, before the winter starts in, or—or—" She did not go on, but the little hand in his trembled, and the little cluck that she gave to urge on the horse had a very pathetic sound.

"Then I am going with you! It is not and it can never be right for us to live apart."

"No!" she cried in alarm. "You must not—you can't. Everything that you have worked for all these years is now coming your way. In a few days you will be elected judge. It's a sure thing, everybody says. Oh, I'm so proud of you! Why, Dick, you could not earn a living out there on the plains, and I could not spoil your life like that; and then, anyway, it might be only a few years longer—perhaps not a year—and oh, my boy, don't insist upon my going! I want to spend these few years where you are!"

Two weeks later Janet again sat waiting for the city train. Dick waved his hand from the platform, and made a great show of good spirits as he climbed into the high dog cart.

"Oh, Dick, I have been reading the papers. It is perfectly outrageous the way they speak of your refusing to run on a ticket which supported such principles—said you should have found it out sooner, and all that."

"Yes, dear, but did you see the News and the Herald? They speak of me as too good for the ticket—a young fellow who had it easy and wouldn't be counted in with the grafters, et cetera."

"I know it, boy, and I am so proud of you, for I know you withdrew for principal's sake; only I'm so sorry to have you disappointed in what you have worked for all your life. Tom Stevens was over to-day, and he said: 'What does Dick mean by cultivating such reform ideas in politics all of a sudden? Of course, he's all right—fair, and all that—but he doesn't usually hesitate to take what he wants without asking any Sunday-school questions. Ha, ha! It seems funny to think of Dick with such a conscience.'"

"Ahem! Tom used to know me in college. What did you say to that, Janet?"

"I said that he did not know you as I did, and that, although I knew you wanted the election very much you had given it up because you believed it was the only right thing to do."

"Thank you! A fellow doesn't mind being beaten when his wife talks like that—but say, dear, it is rather hard to stay here when one has lost so much. A client of mine wants me to go down to Arizona to look after some mining interests of his. We will go next month, and perhaps stay, if we like it."

That night he slept with her head upon his shoulder, and when he was awakened during the night by a slight cough, he gently smoothed back her fair hair and muttered to himself:

"I hate to pose as such a saint! I'll never be anything down in that miserable country, but, thank God, I'll have my sweet wife for years to come."—The Home Magazine.

WOMAN'S REALM

Japanese Women To-day.

We do not deny that in the days of old Japan women were taught and trained to hold and did occupy a position inferior to that of man, although as mothers they were regarded with the highest respect and devotion. But those days are gone, and to-day our daughters are given full freedom to live and act with perfect equality as their sisters of the West, while our mothers retain their old position of honor and esteem.—Tokio (Japan) Times.

The Fear of Age.

Why do so many women regard age with such affright? Viewed from the vantage ground of youth, it seems to them that the end of youth means the end of love, and to many women the end of love is even more appalling than the end of life. They forget that the love which depends only on youth and beauty is as likely to take to itself wings in the heyday of life as later. Nothing is potent enough to hold an emotion as evanescent and unstable as this.—The Gentlewoman.

Sarah Bernhardt's Book.

Sarah Bernhardt says some pleasant things about the Boston woman in her "Memories of My Life." She was struck by the "harmony and softness of their gestures," and the Bostonian race seemed to her "the most refined and mysterious of all American races. The women adore music, the theatre, literature, painting and poetry," she writes. "They know everything and understand everything, are chaste and reserved and neither laugh nor talk very loudly."—New York Tribune.

In a Railway Station.

It was easy in the lax time of waiting at the Grand Central Station for the leisurely coming of a way train to enter into conversation with a cordial neighbor, a middle aged, shrewd, yet refined faced, woman, who ventured a remark about being glad her day's shopping was over; she was evidently from the far-away suburbs.

"Don't you like to watch people?" she questioned, with delighted unexpectedness. "I do. And I always make up my mind what they are. That man who has just come in is a minister; he doesn't dress especially like it, hasn't one of those collars on wrong side, either; but I know he is a minister by his face and the cut of his side whiskers. Do you see those two women? I am sure they are club women, they look so earnest. There is a married couple opposite us whom I have been noticing. She has the say of things. Can't you always tell when you see a man and his wife together which one rules? Oh, here's my train! Goodby!"—New York Tribune.

An Excuse For Coquetry.

Feminine coquetry has one capital excuse—its cause is entirely masculine. For the craving of women for elegance, luxury in dress and their extravagance in jewelry and other ornamentation are merely an outcome of their desire to please man, to attract his attention and conquer him.

As Sig. Cadalso discovered not long ago, the instinct is irresistible even among women in prison, writes Professor Lombroso, in the Chicago Tribune. Complete isolation from the outer world, the fact that they can never be seen by men, is not sufficient to stifle in them the desire of being beautiful and elegant. Prison rules in Italy are most strict, especially so far as the dress of the prisoners is concerned. Powder, scent, cosmetics and all other handmaids of vanity are forbidden, but coquetry is stronger than rules.

Several prisoners found the means of powdering their faces. They patiently licked the walls of their cells, masticated the whitewash and thus obtained a kind of white paste, with which they proudly coated their faces. One woman was found with her cheeks covered with rouge like a ballet girl. No one could realize how she had managed it. Her cell was thoroughly but vainly searched. Eventually the mystery was solved. In the nightgowns used by the prisoners there are a few red threads. This woman had patiently pulled out these threads one by one, had soaked them in water, and in this original way had made some rouge for her private use.—Paolo Lombroso.

Exploded Theories of Colors.

I will not insult the intelligence of my audience by insisting upon the now exploded theory that there are certain colors exclusively dedicated to the brunette and others the sole possession of the blonde. When crude dyes only were obtainable, it was perhaps necessary to say to the dark woman, "For you there must exist only yellow and pale blue," and to the blonde, "You must look upon no other color save green and light red."

But now contemplate the nuances of every dye: contemplate, too, the changes that are rung on the definition "brunette" and "blonde." Besides, if there is one point upon which women are usually good judges for themselves it is color.

While, however, roughly speaking, white is for everybody, mauve for the very fair, blue for the brunette and

red for the blonde, I would add that age should be circumspect in a decision as to color schemes. With white, black, gray and purple at her command, why should the woman of sixty insist upon pink, which is certain to make her appear years and years older than she really is?

It is just the same with jewelry. When my daughter was about to be married I took from the bank a sum of money that her grandfather, the founder of our house, had left by will to be expended upon a wedding present for her. The amount was sufficient to purchase a necklace of diamonds. But I did not wish such a possession for my daughter. Instead of presenting to her in her grandfather's name an ornament composed of stones of which not one would be really uncommon, I bought just a single stone—a solitary blue diamond, flawless, superbly cut; in point of fact, perfection. Few people may notice that diamond when my daughter wears it, but she owns a gem that is immaculate, and that is enough for me and for her.—Worth, in Harper's Bazar.

A Happy Marriage.

A few marriages are happy. This cheerful fact is gleefully recorded here, in the hope that it may make a bright spot in all the doleful record of divorces and desertions of which every newspaper is full. A man, a woman and a small girl seen on the train this morning, are proof of the statement.

The small girl had the man's nose and the woman's eyes. The woman was gay and pretty, with fluffy gold hair and beautiful furs, and a round, white chin with a dimple—a firm chin, though. And when she talked the little girl looked at her in open admiration, and the man—who was dark and smooth-shaven, with slightly gray hair, and a fine, clear-cut boyish face and wrinkles around his eyes, as if he laughed a lot—listened as if all her words were golden. And when he talked, she listened the same way.

And they laughed together exactly like a happy boy and girl, who admired each other more than anybody else in the world. And the little maiden, who was about ten years old, and rosy and happy, sat and looked at them as if she, also, thought them the most extraordinary people.

The woman was lovely, and capable and sensible, and happy. Any one could see that at a flash. And the man was perhaps not quite so resolute a person, but fine and gentle and appreciative, and very much in love with his wife, and just as happy. That was plain.

And it was such a tremendous relief to look up from the aforesaid record of divorces and desertions in the morning paper and behold this jolly contradiction to the lie that all marriages are failures, that one had all one could do to keep from stepping across the aisle and asking for the recipe, for the benefit of all the poor wretches who bungle and lose at the game these two were playing with such evident joy.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Wide collars of lace are inset with cameos.

The colored slips are being brought into favor again.

The wood colors are especially soft and rich in the new foulards with their satin surfaces.

Combination effects continue modish in laces and the use of soutache introduces a touch of novelty.

Fine floral patterns are characteristic of the new embroideries which are commencing to appear.

Fringes and tassels, long ago favored among fashionable women, are coming to their own again.

The hyacinth proves to have been the flower selected most often this season by the debutante for her bouquet.

Of all the gowns that are being made for wear among the birds and flowers there are none prettier than the batistes.

There are many silky jacquard effects among the new fabrics, sometimes in self color and again in a contrasting shade.

The latest fad in boning a collar is to place a single bone at the centre of the back instead of on either side, rounding the collar from the front to this high point at the back.

Deift blue is one of the colors that develops well upon the heavy white linen foundation of the turnover collars; simple dots of two sizes with scalloped edge form a favorite design.

Same True of Spelling.

When I was in England, before the "entete cordiale," I discussed the metric system with an Englishman. The English system of weights and measures, he admitted, was complex, but he said it was precisely because of its innumerable difficulties that it constituted a marvelous instrument for making supple the young brains which filled the English schools.—Journal of Paris.

Fashions

New York City.—The dainty lingerie waist is one of the garments that is worn at all seasons of the

Girl's Gumpie.

There is something essentially dainty about the gumpie dress that every mother is sure to find attractive and that every girl likes, consequently the gumpie of every pretty sort is in perpetual demand. Here is one that can be made dressy by the use of insertion as illustrated or plainer by the omission thereof, and which in either case is thoroughly satisfactory. As illustrated it is made of fine lawn with embroidered banding, but the banding can be of lace or bits of hand work could be substituted, or, as already stated, tucks alone would make sufficient finish. The sleeves can be either long or in three-quarter length, and every material that is used for gumpies is appropriate. Those of the lingerie sort are perhaps the most practical, but thin, soft silks and chiffon also are in vogue. The gumpie is made with front and backs, which are tucked for their entire length. The fulness is held by a band at the waist line and the moderately full sleeves are finished with straight cuffs. There is a standing collar at the neck. The quantity of material required for the medium size (twelve years)



year. Our modern steam heated houses make it ideally comfortable, even at midwinter, and it is so charm-



ing and attractive that no woman likes to give it up. This one is quite novel, and as illustrated is made of fine Persian lawn, with the yoke of the material embroidered by hand and with trimming of Valenciennes lace. The yoke, however, could be cut from all-over embroidery, or could be made from wide insertion, mitred as necessary. For the blouse itself the crepe de Chine that launders so well, India silk and the like are quite as appropriate as lawn, so that there are a great many possibilities in the design. The sleeves are the pretty ones of three-quarter length.

The waist is made with the tucked fronts and back, which are joined to the shaped yoke portions, and the fitting is accomplished by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves of moderate fulness are gathered into straight cuffs.

Effective Dinner Gowns.

Dinner gowns of net or chiffon cloth combined with chifon broadcloth are extremely effective without being the least pretentious.

Skirt With Braid.

Plain skirts and long, with elaborately braided coats, are the rule for velvet suits for dress wear. The soft colors are peculiarly beautiful in the supple chiffon velvets that this year are selected for dressy suits, while the more practical corduroys are in blue, red, brown and gray as before.

Standing Collars.

There are standing collars shown embroidered almost to the edge, but without flaps.

is two and a half yards twenty-one or twenty-four, one and three-quarter yards thirty-six inches wide, with two and a half yards of insertion.



Pale Shades Fashionable.

Any of the pale shades are more fashionable for dressy gowns at present than white, and some quite vivid colors like cerise and geranium are having a considerable vogue for day wear.

Prune Colored Hat.

An original hat is of light mordore panne, trimmed with chout of fringed taffeta, two centimeters wide, in prune color, and with long bunches of grapes mingling with two roses.

POLICE JUDGE WILLS

Will Gladly Answer the Questions of Any Inquirer.

It is a generous offer that Police Judge J. H. Wills, of Cloverport, Ky., makes to sufferers from backache, kidney and bladder ills. Judge Wills knows the value of Doan's Kidney Pills and will answer the questions of any sufferer who writes to him. The Judge says: "I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to persons suffering from kidney disorders, backache, etc. It is the best remedy I have ever known and I will gladly answer any questions about it."

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

When Frost Bitten. Should you be unlucky enough to have your fingers, nose or feet frost-bitten do not as you value your future comfort, go near the fire for several hours.

Rub the places with cold water or snow as quickly as possible, and after that numb sensation is over bathe with witchhazel, or apply cloths wet in it. This should relieve the itching and burning that is so annoying.

Onions, Onions, Onions.

600 bu. of Salzer's Red Globe Onion per acre at 80c a bu. brings \$480.00. That pays.

\$850.00 from 3 acres Salzer's Morning Star Cucumber is well worth taking along. 640 bu. Salzer's 12 Podder Earliest and Best Pea sold in the green state at \$1.50 a bu. makes \$960.00 per acre. Such yields Salzer's pedigree vegetables stand for.

and this notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in order to gain 250,000 new customers during 1908, will mail you free their great plant and seed catalog together with:
1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot..... \$ 10
1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage..... 15
1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber..... 15
1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce..... 15
1 pkg. Early Dinner Onion..... 10
1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon..... 15
1 pkg. Thirteen Day Radish..... 10
1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seed..... 15

Total \$1.00 Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 bu. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers and all is mailed to you

POSTPAID FOR 12c, or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. A. C. L.

Consumption From Cigarettes. The yellow stain on the cigarette smokers' fingers is not nicotine, as usually supposed, but creosote, a deadly poison, produced from burning the rice paper used in cigarettes. This paper burning without flame, always produces creosote, which is inhaled by the smoker, and gradually poisons the system, and finally sets up consumption.

Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

No Evidence to the Contrary.

A young Catholic priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish, received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made, he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."

A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the howly state of matrimony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "tis a sayson of tormint upon which the soul enters to fit it fer the blissed state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and mortified; "to the foot of the class wid ye, Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're after givin'."

But here the old priest interposed with a quizzical smile. "Not too fas me young brother," he said, restraiingly—"not too fast. Fer aught ye, and I know to the contrary th' gurrul may be perfectly right."—From the Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

Speechmaking. "Your speech sounded fine," said the attentive listener; "but, do you know, I can't remember half a dozen words of it!" "That's good," answered Senator Sorghum; "the art of speech-making consists in pleasing the ear without furnishing any data for subsequent contradiction."—Washington Star.

COFFEE DRINKING A Doctor Says It Weakens the Heart.

"In my opinion," says a well-known German physician, "no one can truthfully say that coffee agrees with him, as it has long since been proven that caffeine, contained in coffee, is an injurious, poisonous substance which weakens and degenerates the heart muscles."

"For this reason the regular use of coffee, soon or late, causes a condition of undernourishment, which leads to various kinds of organic disease."

"Convinced of this fact, I have often sought for some healthful beverage to use instead of coffee. At last I found the thing desired in Postum. Having had occasion to forbid people using coffee, whose hearts were affected, I have recommended Postum as a beverage, since it is free from all injurious or exciting substances. I know this from results in my own family, and among patients."

"Hundreds of persons who now use Postum in place of coffee are greatly benefited thereby." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.