

HOW CHILDREN QUARREL

The Game of Brag as Overheard in Eleanora Tompkins Square.

On one of the seats four little girls were observed the other day indulging in the feminine-masculine, also—propensity for quarreling. The most self-assertive of the group was a diminutive dame whose head was adorned with a hat of monstrous red plume. Sarcastic comments on her part had evidently irritated her companions:

"She's a sassy thing, Sally. I wouldn't speak to her no more," observed a young miss on the right.

The sarcastic dame sniffed, but said nothing.

"Don't let's sociate with her no more," remarked a second.

The three little girls arose, and the third one had her say. "You can just keep away from our party, Mary Baum," she said. "We ain't a-joinin' ter look or speak to you no longer."

The self-assertive maiden in the monstrous hat gazed contemptuously upon her whilom companions as they marched away. She shrugged her shoulders complacently. "Huh! Dere is odds," she observed, "with a world of significance in her tones."

A short distance away sat two little boys who were comparing notes on family matters.

"Us folks has got de biggest family," remarked the first one, confidently.

"Hetcher ain't," returned his companion.

"Yes we has. Dere's me, an' me two brudders, me daddy, me mudder, me aunt and me uncle. Kin you beat dat?"

"I should say," was the response. "We's got seven gals and boys in our family. An' dere's 'ree grown-ups."

"Well, anyhow, me daddy can buy out your daddy."

"Kin he? Oh, kin he? Me daddy's a hoss-car driver an' he owns a big stable wid two humered hosses."

"Dat ain't nothin'," retorted the imaginative youth. "Me daddy's a janitor an' he owns a house on Secor's avenue dat's de stories high, and wid a hundred people livin' in it. See?"—New York Recorder.

Grisly Legislation.

Two most extraordinary bills were introduced in the Ohio Legislature. The first bill provided for the abolishment of hanging as a penalty in cases of capital punishment, and substituted the use of anesthetics and vivisection. The murderer was to be turned over to the doctors, who would deprive him of consciousness by the use of anesthetics and then experiment with him to their hearts' content. The other bill was similar to the first, but less radical, and gave the murderer the choice between death by electricity and death by anesthetics and vivisection.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Mary Queen of Scots became blind in middle life and was forced to hide the blindfold with a wig.

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Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

A double-jointed calf was recently born on a farm of a Hitchcock, Neb., farmer. 31

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CONSUMPTION

TO-MORROW

Hopeful youth with rosy face, Struggling in the mortal race, Never worried, never tired— Ever by the thought inspired, That for every pain we borrow Comes redemption in the morn; Sacrificing strength and soul Striving, striving for the goal That awaits the life to-morrow, Spurning flowers of to-day For the blossoms' rich array Of to-morrow, of to-morrow.

Listless age with withered face, Drifting in the mortal race, Worn and helpless, lone and weary, Gazing through the shadows dreary Of the long, long night of sorrow For the sunrise of the morn; Drifting, drifting to the sea Of eternal mystery.

While the world repeats "To-morrow," Thus it speeds the soul from strife, Thus it greets the new-born life, With "To-morrow," ay, to-morrow.—Clifford Howard.

JOHNNY'S DUCHESS.

HE was not only a Duchess, but she looked like one, of the best Du Maurier type. She was lovely, tall and graceful, with the light of youth and health in her eyes.

As His Grace was an invalid his wife was much in evidence, taking exercise on deck, with a long, swinging stride which was the envy of all the other women on the ship. During the first day she was very friendly to her fellow voyagers, but some important questions vexed her, and she became glacial.

Johnny McQuiston declares that he felt like kissing the shiny brass plate on the after stairway, which introduced him to that armful of loveliness. There was a nice rolling sea on and some breeze, and Johnny had gone to seek a heavy coat and was deckward bound when Her Grace, in descending, slipped on the brass and went bang! into Johnny's arms. It was no joke to prevent that tall young woman from coming to grief, and Johnny grasped and clinched his teeth hard as he held manfully to the railing with his left arm and hugged his real live Duchess with his right.

She thanked him prettily for his aid, and nodded affably when she came on deck and met him at the companionway door, where he was waiting for nothing in particular if it was not for that nod. The roll continued to befriended him, for he had to help her to her chair, and there, in order to continue some vague landlady's comments on the voyage, he sat down beside her, and in this way the acquaintance began.

It was the manner Johnny sang hymns, however, which cemented the acquaintance, and even opened the doors to friendship. He used to think of the farmhouse and his mother when he sang "Abide with Me" and the other familiar music, and it came out in the look in his eyes and his earnest manner—and besides, his voice was as clear and sweet as his mother's memory. He had a dashing way of singing the new comic opero hits or music hall ballads, but a dignity settled upon him when he sang a hymn that affected the Duchess even more than it did other people. For a young woman of society she was unusually religious, and the blood of the champions of John Knox tingled within her now and then.

"You forget all about me when you are singing sacred songs," said the Duchess, approvingly. "And I like it," she added, looking at him frankly with great gray eyes.

"I am generally thinking of my mother—and she is not with me any more," replied Johnny, sturdily.

"You could sing yourself into fame, I dare say," she said, graciously.

"I did sing myself into a trip to Europe," he says, laughing and flushing.

"In concert?" and she seemed a trifle dismayed.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "Shall we take a turn before luncheon? I'll tell you about it as we walk," and they left the audience in the ladies' cabin to gossip about the flirtation in progress between "that stuck-up woman with a title and that singer fellow," as the man from Illinois put it.

"I don't know if I told you I was a newspaper man," began Johnny.

"Oh, a pressman!" said she. "Sallybury used to be one, you know, and lots of our best men write leaders and things."

"Well, I don't write leaders," explained Johnny. "I write the 'things,' as you call them, that the leaders are often based on. Well, one day I was sent to write up Mortimer's new house. He's about the biggest man we have on Wall street now, and he had just done up a palace. He was at home, and showed me about civilly, for he was proud of planning most of the place himself. Finally we came to the music room, and there was a splendid piano open. I don't know how it came about, but I sat down and rambled along with the air of 'Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.' 'Can you sing that?' says Mr. Mortimer. I sang it, and for half an hour he kept me there singing one old hymn after another. I could see he was in deep thought about something, but he didn't explain. As I was going away he said: 'You won't put the hymn singing into your article, will you,' and he nodded approvingly when I said it was only a side issue. That was two months ago. About a week later I met him on the street, and he stopped and shook hands. Our big men, as a rule, don't do that unless they want something

put in or kept out of the paper, and I wondered what was up. He talked about my article and said something nice, and asked abruptly, 'Have you any money saved?' Of course I was startled, but I said I had about \$6000 and some stock worth about a \$1000 more. 'Go get it and bring it to my office in half an hour,' said he, and off he went. I did as I was told, and he gave me a receipt, and all he said was: 'Come here Monday week.' There were very lively days on the stock market after that, and I wondered if my money was having any share in it. On Monday I went to his office and asked if he was in. The managing clerk said he was in Boston, and I felt sick. 'You're Mr. McQuiston, I believe?' said the clerk. 'Yes, and Mr. Mortimer told me to come here to-day.' 'Here's a note for you,' said he, and he handed me a big envelope. 'Please give me a receipt.' I waited until I was out on the street, and then I opened the package. There was my stock, two checks and a note which said: 'Inclosed is your margin and profits for the sake of the thoughts you awoke in me. Mortimer.' One check was my own that I had given him, and which he had not presented for payment. The other was \$4000, and I took a holiday and here I am."

"Oh, that was jolly in him, wasn't it?" cried the Duchess, delightedly. "And I'm sure you deserved it. Here is my husband, you must tell him about it, too."

This was the way the Duke was drawn into it, and a very genial, earnest young man he proved to be, who seemed to endorse everything his wife did and so endorsed Johnny, whose glory among his companions grew to great proportions thereat. He was perfectly modest and frank about it, and although he refused point blank to lead up to introductions without an expressed desire by the Duchess, he still remained popular.

It was on the eastern voyage that all this occurred, and such smooth seas and serene skies were said to have been rare in their voyaging around the world by His Grace and his wife.

By the time the Cow and Calf came into view one glorious morning about six o'clock Johnny and his Duchess were a "bit plaid," as she expressed it, and a bit of slang being rare from Her Grace, it was duly prized by Johnny as a thing apart and belonging to him.

By invitation from the Captain they watched the Irish coast peep up into the water from the bridge, and there they stood until Eastnet Lighthouse came out on the other side, and the Duchess said, with a sigh: "Almost home again!"

They parted at Liverpool, and there was given to Johnny a cordial invitation to come and call at Essex House, the London home of their Graces, and he was left to wonder if he should ever see them again, but in the excitement of arriving in London, this was soon forgotten in the delight of saying: "And so this is really Piccadilly and that green place ahead is Hyde Park."

To be twenty-six and in London for the first time and on comfortable terms with your banker, and not too much writing of your name on your letter of credit, meant to Johnny what it would mean to any healthy-minded, active and well-educated American, and in a week he felt as though he could give the younger Dickens many points for a new guide book to the English capital.

His Duchess had become a lovely, shadowy recollection, when one day, in one of the catacombs which bisect the Langham Hotel, he almost collided with a lady, who caused him to exclaim, "The Duchess!" The lady was as much startled as though Johnny had cried, "The devil!" and he stammered some apology.

"Gracious! How much she looked like the Duchess. I wonder who she is?" thought Johnny.

"What on earth did that man mean by shouting about the Duchess?" thought Miss Nellie Thurston, of Philadelphia, as she hurried to her rooms. "I'm sure he's an American—I guess I'll tell auntie."

And so it happened that when Johnny went into the dining room that evening Miss Thurston remarked to the stout lady who sat beside her, and who had the dignity of a bishop at confirmation:

"There he is, auntie. That's the man who said I was some Duchess."

Mrs. Thurston looked at Johnny much as she was in the habit of looking at hansom cab drivers while making up her mind to whom she would trust herself, and she said, promptly: "Very ordinary-looking young man. His evening clothes are new, and he is not accustomed to them."

"That may be true about the clothes," murmured Nellie, "but I think he is a gentlemanly fellow, and good looking, too."

Before there was time for more Johnny was led up to the small table where the ladies sat, and was seated there because of no room elsewhere, whereupon Johnny looked annoyed and blushed. Mrs. Thurston was in a rage, and Miss Nellie was highly amused within, but tranquil without.

"I cannot put up with these large English hotels any longer," said Mrs. Thurston, pointedly, to Nellie. "We must go to-morrow and make arrangements at some exclusive family resort." Her niece took on the color which left Johnny's cheeks, and faintly cried:

"Oh, auntie, what a thing to say."

"I'll try to get a seat somewhere else, or go away altogether, madam," said Johnny, bravely, and yet humbly.

"It was no fault of mine; the waiter was to blame."

There was so much mortification in the boy's tone that Mrs. Thurston forgot the Episcopal pose and let herself down to a kindly level, and put Johnny at his ease, to her niece's evident surprise.

The next day, in one of the rooms

of the National Gallery, Johnny came upon the younger lady, who was in undoubted distress. He caught her eye; she gave a faint smile of recognition, and he was beside her.

"Can I do something for you?" he said in his frank, pleasant way.

"Thank you, I am in rather a mess," she answered gratefully. "I have lost auntie. I almost always do lose her in a picture gallery, for I wander about and she sits down in some corner and adores an old master. To-day it happens she has no purse, and she will want me."

There was so much relief in Mrs. Thurston's face when they finally found her that Johnny felt encouraged. Miss Nellie had, in the short time they were together, concluded that he was much better than he looked, and was not to be lightly cast off, in a land where pleasant and companionable fellow-countrymen were not too plentiful, so she bravely recalled Johnny to Mrs. Thurston's memory and he introduced himself.

After that matters hurried themselves. They are apt to do this in hotels and journeyings and saunterings. Johnny fell into a sort of trance, wherein his unconsciousness seemed boldness, and Miss Nellie began to ask herself questions. As for Mrs. Thurston, she soon lost any doubt as to her own conclusion, and declared that she intended either to leave for the continent, regardless of comfort, or ask Mr. McQuiston to continue his travels.

There was a cricket match on between Eton and Harrow—one of the notable matches of the year—and Johnny had hired the nearest turnout he could find to convey the trio to Lord's grounds. There was some battling before the elder lady would consent to go, and the younger finally declared that she would give Mr. McQuiston a hint of the brewing storm. Thus bribed, Mrs. Thurston sat in gloomy state until they found a place among the carriages and coaches from which to watch the people, for the game was quite beyond their grasp.

From sheer perversity, and perhaps from other motives as well, Nellie treated Johnny with an amount of cordiality and a freedom she had never shown before, and even allowed her voice to drop into something akin to a whisper when Mrs. Thurston, in a polar voice, exclaimed: "Nellie, have you told Mr. McQuiston?"

Johnny looked up in surprise, while guilty Nellie blushed and paled, and finally gasped, as the situation became plain, and her aunt's intentions flashed upon her.

She glanced appealingly at the old lady, and was astonished to see her looking up at something on a coach which stood next their carriage.

"I declare!" exclaimed the aunt at last. "Why, Nellie, there is a lady who is the image of you!—only she is a little older. Look!"

Johnny followed the direction of Mrs. Thurston's glance and cried: "It's the Duchess!"

"Who?" said Mrs. Thurston, in a shrill whisper.

"The Duchess of Essex," replied Johnny, excitedly. "She's awfully nice, and that pale young fellow with the beard is her husband, the Duke."

"Do you know her—to speak to?" again in a shrill whisper, excited and eager now.

"Is that the lady you mistook for me at the hotel?" exclaimed Nellie.

Dressed in a white costume, simple and yet bewildering, and a little white bonnet, with eyes bright and voice merry, the Duchess looked like one of those you associate with at Gainsborough. She answered Mrs. Thurston's question by glancing down, and on catching a glimpse of Johnny exclaimed: "Why, Ned, here's Mr. McQuiston!" and her long, shapely arm descended towards Johnny, who stood up and looked as delighted as he felt.

The Duchess told Johnny afterwards that she guessed it all at a glance, and acted accordingly; and you can depend upon it, he is willing to swear to any assertion she makes.

"Help me down, Stanley," she said to the gentleman next her, and in an instant she stood beside Johnny on the sod.

"Do you think it nice in you not to have come to Essex House at all this time?" she said, reproachfully. "I've been telling some people about you, and they think I'm only giving them travelers' tales, for you never show, you know. May I know your friends?"

When Johnny recovered his wits the Duchess was in the carriage beside Nellie, telling Mrs. Thurston that she had been struck by the likeness Nellie Thurston bore to herself, and this was followed up by other gracious speeches, climaxing at last by an invitation to call at Essex House and a statement that Her Grace would send them cards for a "little reception on Wednesday night, to meet the Princess Louise de Lorne." "Friends of Mr. McQuiston's are sure to be welcome with us, you know," she said, as she bowed and asked Johnny to help her up the ladder to the coach seat.

"Will you come now and sing hymns for me, sir?" whispered Her Grace, as she stood with Johnny's hand in hers.

"Come!" he blurted out. "I'll go and sing till you order me out of the house."

The Duchess laughed and murmured: "Is it so bad as that? Well, she is lovely, and you are fortunate. Bring her to see me Saturday morning at 11."

"What were you asking me, auntie, when the Duchess spoke first to Mr. McQuiston? You wanted to know if I had told him something?" asked Nellie, coolly, as they drove home through the pretty streets of St. John's Wood.

"I'm sure I don't remember, dear," said Mrs. Thurston innocently.

"Shall I tell Mr. McQuiston to go away before the Duchess's reception, auntie?" Nellie asked that night, as

she stood before the door of her aunt's room, candle in hand.

"Certainly not! Why, he's to take us there."

"May I tell him to stay?"

"Of course not; there is no need of saying anything. He seems like a very sensible young man, and needs no coaching."

"Coaching, auntie? Fie, why that's slang. And suppose in the coaching he asks me if I will let him drive, what then?"

"Don't be foolish, child! He has no such ideas in his head. Don't be foolish."

"I'm rather afraid I shall be," said Nellie, but she said it to the candle, after she closed the door.

It was some months after this that Mrs. John Arlington McQuiston (Johnny's middle name has been drawn from obscurity into active life), looking at two tall Sevres which stood beside the library fireplace, remarked to her husband:

"John, dear, do you know I believe auntie would like to have the Duchess's letter framed and hung between the vases she sent us."

Johnny, who was busily looking over manuscript, smiled, but said nothing.

"I don't think you are half enough grateful to your Duchess, John," continued Mrs. John.

"Oh, yes," said Johnny, and he came to his wife's chair and rumbled her brown bangs with caressing hand, "but you see she is outranked now by my queen."—Boston Home Journal.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Louis XVI was an abominable glutton.

The best brass band in Australia is composed of natives.

North Carolina has but 3702 foreigners out of a population of 1,617,980.

Camphor should not be placed next to furs, as it will make the color lighter.

Street bands are not permitted in Germany unless they accompany processions.

The central span of the St. Louis (Mo.) bridge is 520 feet, the side spans 515 feet each.

In an Oregon town there is an octogenarian who is an enthusiastic rider of the bicycle.

In Vienna, Austria, the organ grinders are allowed to play only between midday and sunset.

An elephant is fifty or sixty years in attaining maturity, and will live a century and a half.

If a snail's head be cut off and the animal placed in a cool, moist spot a new head will be grown.

In 1813 William Burton patented a locomotive that was provided with legs and feet behind to push the machine along the track.

Charles Barrow, of Columbus, Ohio, tells of an egg laid by a hen in his employ that measured seven and seven-eighths inches in length.

Kid and silk gloves came into use in Europe about the end of the fifteenth century. At first only princesses and ladies of high rank were allowed to wear them.

H. Pennel, of Wilkes, N. C., on his seventy-third birthday, recently celebrated, cut and shocked forty shocks of wheat from dinner time till night, and was still as fresh and active as a boy.

A Maine man, a resident of Rockland, says he had suffered two years from the after effects of the grip till he was struck by lightning the other day. Since then he has felt himself entirely well.

A Kalamazoo (Mich.) health officer took a tramp suffering from smallpox to the jail, growled because the jailer would not admit the prisoner and then exhibited the patient to an admiring crowd of citizens.

Two safe-crackers entered a Brooklyn store to operate on a safe that made a great show from the street. They were so disappointed when they found that it was a wooden box painted up that they departed, leaving their instruments behind them.

People in the middle ages believed in were-wolves as well as witches. Were-wolves were supposed to be men who, while preserving their appearance as human beings, were yet transformed into wolves, with an appetite which nothing but human flesh would satisfy.

Patrick O'Mahoney, of Oil City, Penn., threw a brick at a friend with the intention of knocking his head off. The friend escaped around the corner of a street, but stangely enough the missile, describing a parabolic curve, followed after him and out of one of his coat tails as clean as a whistle.

A New Fashion of Dueling.

A new fashion of dueling has been set at Zalzeivka, near Ristomar, in Russia, by a schoolmaster and a lawyer. The pair quarreled and arranged to fight with whips. Soon after the engagement commenced the schoolmaster succeeded in knocking his adversary's weapon out of his hand, and then proceeded to baste the lawyer to his heart's content. Honor was declared to be satisfied.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Rainmaker's Apparatus.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.—Chicago Herald.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

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An Alligator Story.

"Of all the inhabitants of the great rivers of India the alligator is the most formidable," said Captain L. E. Ballou, of London, England, at the LaCade last evening, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "While I was stationed there several years ago I saw a sight the thought of which always causes a shudder to creep over me. A lady near where I had lived sent a little native boy with a letter to a friend at some little distance, with the request to send a reply. Being a trustworthy little fellow some surprise was felt when he did not return after a reasonable absence. After waiting several hours with no sign of the messenger, a searching party, of which I was a member, was made up to try to discover his whereabouts.

After scouring the country for some time we came to the river bank, and a short distance away saw a dead alligator lying on the shore with its great jaws extended to their utmost. On examining it to discover the cause of so strange an appearance we found to our horror that it had devoured the missing boy, and had attempted to swallow his head whole. This, however, it was unable to do, and had been suffocated in the attempt. The boy's head was still covered by his turban, which, when removed, disclosed the answer to his mistress' letter, which he was faithfully bringing back. It was supposed that while attempting to swim the river he had been seized by the alligator, as those huge reptiles are very clever in concealing themselves until their victim is well within their reach, and then pouncing on their prey."

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"The box and barrel churn are not hard to keep clean. A little hot water and a little Pearline will clean any churn or do away with any bad odor."—The Dairy World, Chicago.

Perhaps you think that some of the imitations of Pearline, that you'd be afraid to use in washing clothes, would do just as well in work like this. They wouldn't hurt tinware, certainly. But they wouldn't clean it, either, half as well as Pearline—besides, "don't play with the fire." If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

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