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"Did I know what to do?" "Yes," said the fashionable mother, "I was dreadfully worried yesterday."

"Why, the nurse went out and left me alone with the baby for nearly two hours."—Chicago Post.

Chance for Everybody. "Oh! she's so sweet, so angelic and fair," sighed Lovett Furay, "but I know I shall never succeed in winning her love."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed May Sharpe. "Lots of other men have succeeded. Why shouldn't you?"—Tit-Bits.

An Up-to-Date Shepherd. "Your pastor must be a financier." "I should say so! Why, he has a scheme to fund the church debt at two-and-a-half per cent, and I believe that some day he'll capitalize the church and issue common and preferred stock."—Puck.

Limerick Intelligence. A five-year-old maiden named Clytie saw a statue of nude Aphrodite.

"Do you like it?" "Yes," she replied. "But I don't like the way she's dressed."—Princeton Tiger.

A TRUTHFUL REPLY.

Tatters—'Wat's become of ther tail of yer coat?"

Wrangles—'Gone to the dogal—'Ally Sloper.

How Cruel. "This is an elegant piece of embroidery work. It is over 50 years old."

"Isn't it beautiful! Did you make it?"—Chicago American.

A Narcary Discountery. Mother—'Jimmy, what is little sister crying about?"

Jimmy—I slapped her 'cause she won't ask me what time it is by my new watch.—Detroit Free Press.

She Kept Her Word. Husband—I thought you said you were going to get a cheap hat.

Wife—I did. It's the trimmings that are expensive.—Chicago American.

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Lucy's Prescription

BY GEORGE OWEN KOCH.

Lucy always felt tired when she watched her mother and the "ired girl" do the housework. Therefore she watched them no more than she could help. Her favorite method of relieving her fatigue was to retire to the parlor, recline gracefully on the sofa, and read a novel. Here she generally had peace, although her baby brother neglected her by a mother's side, and she was never put her baby brother by crying to her crib in an adjoining room. On such occasions Lucy was required to make great concentration of mind in order to follow the hero and heroine and the other characters of her book through the maze of their joys and misdeeds. This was annoying, and Lucy didn't like annoyances, especially from a baby. Lucy was 20, and had been the only child until this brother came. Now that he was here to put her bodily out of joint. He was now the fatherly pet. So she bothered with him as little as possible, which was very little, indeed.

Recently Lucy had been feeling quite herself. She was not in any immediate danger of death—merely oppressed with a sense of lassitude and chronic weariness. She wondered what was the matter with her, and might possibly be working her way out for her latest novel. In that book the heroine felt just as Lucy felt, if the author could be believed. But the heroine had become a feminine athlete through devotion to physical culture, and "the hero" had both described the apparatus used by the heroine and the costumes worn by her while she trained her muscles.

All this was read with interest by Lucy, who decided that she must have physical culture. But how would she get it? Her father had what seemed to her a most unreasonable objection to spending money upon what he called unnecessary things. Most of the things Lucy wanted he thought unnecessary. There were her last two vacation trips. If she had not persuaded the family doctor to order her to mountain life year before last, and to the seashore last year, her father would not have opened his heart to her going and his pocket-book to pay her expenses.

Thinking of the exercise family doctor made the whole thing easy. The doctor was an amiable old chap, and Lucy thought she could bring him to look upon things as she wished. She had done so before, and what would she do now? "The most wonderful apparatus and in correct costume. Certainly he would inform her father of the state of her health, and what she ought to have to do to cure it. She would write her father a letter, that evening.

Lucy dreamed that night of the spare-room turned into a private gymnasium, with herself in a dainty dress of dark blue French flannel trimmed with white, swinging polished Indian clubs and putting up light, gilded dumbbells. In the morning, instead of following her usual custom of having her mother or the maid bring her breakfast to her in bed, she went down to the dining room with the rest of the family at the table. She wanted to be present when her father received the doctor's letter.

The letter was handed to her father just as his finish his coffee and he opened it at once. As he read it the look of concern on his face was followed by one of perplexity, and then a smile succeeded. He handed the letter to his wife, saying to Lucy: "I did not know you were ill. The doctor tells me you have been to sea, and that for that your trouble is a serious one. He recommends a course of treatment which I wish you would carry out faithfully."

Lucy smiled obediently and replied, "Yes, Papa, I'll do just as the doctor orders. Then her mother gave her the letter, which read:

New York, Feb. 6, 1900. Mr. John Poorpog, City.

Dear Sir: I have been consulted by your daughter Lucy regarding the state of her health, and at her suggestion I write you my advice concerning her case. This letter, therefore, may be looked upon as a prescription, although it does not bear the usual form. In the first place, your daughter's affliction is one which will require continuous treatment for its cure. It has become chronic, and I believe is congenital.

I have diagnosed the case as one of Lucy's, a by no means rare illness. A thorough course of physical culture is the only cure. For this reason I recommend that your daughter be furnished with the appropriate apparatus and costumes for indulging in the following exercises:

Wrestling, bag-punching, Swedish calisthenics, medicine ball game, grace movements, endurance motions, and flexing actions.

Wrestling—This exercise can be had while making beds. Turning several heavy mattresses a day will prove very beneficial.

Bag Punching—This exercise also can be had while making beds. Thumping pillows to get them soft and smooth is excellent for the muscles of the arms and shoulders.

Swedish Calisthenics—These can be indulged in with the aid of a broom. The bending and swaying necessary in sweeping will reduce the size of the waist and strengthen the whole torso.

Medicine Ball Game—One of the best exercises ever invented. Ball is not needed. Take up a baby for a couple of hours daily, bending, twisting, swinging, and addressing it as required. A kicking, squirmin' child beats anything ever invented for strengthening the forearm and the muscles of the back.

Grace Movements—These are practiced while riding a feather duster. They aid in symmetrical development of the body.

Endurance Motions—To be practiced over a washbasin with hot, soapy water and soiled clothes. The up-and-down action by which the clothes are cleaned will strengthen the whole body and give great power of endurance. Also excellent as a vapor bath for the complexion.

Flexing Actions—Scratching gives these actions to perfection. The reaching out with a brush while the person scratches on hands and knees makes all the muscles pliable.

Costume—Ordinary house dress, without corset, skirts clearing the floor and sleeves tucked up at the side.

Time—All the time, except when actually fatigued.

I hope to hear of decided improvement in your daughter's health shortly. I am, my dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

A. WISEMAN, M. D.

Whereas Lucy wept and said pitiful things about "the nasty, mean old physician," and the proposition to her any good? Well, her mother has been to the mountains in three weeks, and the girl has bought a book entitled, "Housekeeping as a Science."—N. Y. Times.

A Thoughtful Man. M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25 cents, at all drug stores.

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AN AGENT'S TROUBLES

JOHNSON graduated from the university of the Central with the degree of Ph. D. His last two summer vacations he had spent in the profitable employment of selling a magnificent variety of ball-crests, and medals. "Empire and Monarchs of the Lecture Platform," to the residents of the rural districts of Indiana. Johnson had made so much money at this work that he decided to stick to it after he got his diploma. As a man of experience the company sent him up to Chicago, where the opportunities were greater. They gave him a new book to sell. Before he started out Johnson had to learn a new lecture, to be delivered as he showed the prospectus of the work to prospective customers.

"In most of the big office buildings," said the manager of agents, before Johnson started out, "there is a rule against selling canvassers in the buildings. In order to evade this rule we furnish each of our representatives with a coat which contains a magic pocket on the inside. In that pocket you put your sample copies and other papers, and you'll have no trouble in getting in anywhere."

Johnson stuffed the false-pocket full of documents, buttons, the double-breasted, and sat right around him, and started out. He rode up on the elevator to the top of a 10-story building and began there, with the idea of working down. As a matter of fact the best office in the building was that of the agent of the building. The agent was in a bad frame of mind. A tenant on one of the lower floors had jumped out between days and left two months' rent unpaid, and the agent was wondering how he would square himself with the owners.

Johnson had got the agent's name from the elevator man, and he walked in full of confidence and determined to make a good start.

"Mr. Owens!" he asked as he entered, and at the affirmative nod he went on: "I met a friend of yours in the elevator just now who told me that you were a public agent, deeply interested in everything relating to the welfare of our common country. I understand, Mr. Owens, that you are not the owner of—As you will be looking at the table of contents—"

Johnson pulled the prospectus from his false pocket and laid it on the desk before his intended victim. "We have contributions—"

"That's just you see," the agent of the building broke in. "That I am busy! Besides, we don't allow beggars or agents in this building. Get out of here and get out of the building!"

Johnson hurried out and into the next office. He read on the door the name of the firm and asked, when he went in, for the head of the house. The man happened to be in, and Johnson started at once on the subject which he had intended to broach for a time that he had interested the person at the desk.

"It is illustrated, as you will see, by no less than 35 magnificent steel engravings and a practically innumerable number of half-tones. On this page are reproductions of the autographs of all the presidents and on the opposite page are—"

"I have already—"

But Johnson had been educated to the belief that it was fatal to allow the prospective customer to break in on the thread of the argument or to interrupt in any way. Accordingly he went straight ahead and some exceedingly rare woodcuts, showing the fathers of the republic when they were—"

"Wait a moment," insisted the man. "I was going to say that I have already had the book you are trying to sell me. I bought it a year ago on the installment plan and have been paying \$2 a month ever since."

He went into the next office and started all over again.

"No," said the man at the desk, "you can't interest me. It's no use trying. I haven't got time to read anything but the newspapers. No, I say, I haven't got time to listen to you."

As Johnson turned away he saw the stenographer at the opposite desk looking at him with a show of interest. He walked over in that direction.

"An young American can afford to be without this," Johnson was going on, when the man at the big desk turned on him savagely.

"Here, now," said the head of the firm, "don't waste your time talking to my stenographer. I'm going to tell you what you want in that way, and I've got no money to lose. I'll thank you to close the door on the outside."

Johnson then tumbled the next office. He found at the chief desk a short little man, who looked up at his first word with a smile. With every moment the smile broadened. Presently the short little man interrupted him—but it was only to call over to a young man in an adjoining desk.

Johnson was really greatly encouraged. He had reason to be. The little man let him get started again and did not interrupt until Johnson got to the point where he produced from the capacious pockets of his black coat all filled up ready for signing.

"And," Johnson was concluding, "if you'll write your name right here I'll see—"

When the little man broke in again.

"What did I say?" he asked the young man who was leaning over his shoulders on either side. "I used to be a book agent myself," he explained to Johnson, "and I just wanted to show these boys how smooth we used to work it. You're all right. But I couldn't let that book of yours in a thousand years."

The last encounter had taken half an hour of Johnson's time, and when he saw the name of the life insurance company on the next door he decided that it would be hardly worth his while to go in.

"Professional courtesy ought to keep me out of there," he thought.

But when in the hall, he took out the book of instructions to salesmen, it opened by itself to a paragraph which seemed almost prophetic.

"The successful solicitor," it said, "knows that it is foolish to be discouraged by apathy. He has learned that he is likely to pick up the best sales where everything seems to be most against him."

After reading that Johnson braced up and stalked into the insurance office. He found a young man sitting at a desk in a small room, who was leaning over his shoulders on him. Inside of 20 minutes he had repeated his lecture, and a copy of the book, bound in full calf, collected the first payment and carried away the signed contract.

Then it was time to get home. In the afternoon Johnson "worked" the next three floors of the building and got one more order. But he is still inclined to think that a book agent has an easier time and a much more fruitful field in Indiana than in Chicago.—Chicago Tribune.

Then He Held It. DeLenn's saddest words are sometimes the sweetest. Now there's "good-by," for instance.

Miss Westrup—Quite true; you have no idea how much I enjoy hearing you say it.—Chicago Daily News.

Makes a Clean Sweep. There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the salves you ever heard of, Buclen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures burns, sores, bruises, cuts, boils, chancres, skin eruptions and piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by all druggists. Subscribe for the Press.

HIGHSTRUNG NORTHERN FISH.

Some That Rarely Become Tame or Come to BeCOME Hostile in Captivity.

"The theory that climatic conditions are largely responsible for the enterprise and activity of the American people finds contemporary demonstration in the lower orders of animals, and particularly among the fish," said a scientist who has made a close study of the collection in the New York aquarium.

"All of the game fish," he said, "the fighters, the highstrung, nervous fellows, like the brook trout, the black bass and their kind, slightly less strenuous brother, the pike, are northern fish. In only rare instances do these fish become tame or remain restful in captivity. They have the keen spirit of American enterprise in them."

"On the other hand, the quiet, easy-going fish are nearly all from tropical waters. Of course, there are exceptions from muddy habitats, but all of the brilliant-colored, gaudy fish are from the tropics. They are calm and quiet, and after a short time in captivity become so tame as to eat food fearlessly from the hands of the keepers."

"The two classes," continued the scientist, according to the New York Mail and Express, "are like the nations of the north and south—northern alive and keen, and the other beautiful to look upon and romantic, but lazy and useful only for decorative purposes."

DISLIKES MISSIONARIES.

King Menelek Would Rather Have Them Remain Outside His Boundary Lines.

King Menelek, the native ruler of Abyssinia, never fancied Christianity or those who endeavor to propagate it, says an exchange. He is of the opinion that the orthodox faith is good enough for his subjects, and therefore those who go thither with the object of spreading the doctrines of the Roman Catholic or Protestant church think it advisable to say that their sole object is to convert Hebrews and pagans.

This was what a Swedish missionary recently said when Menelek, before whom he was summoned, inquired as to the object of his visit. When he heard it the ruler asked:

"What countries were you obliged to cross in order to come here?"

"Germany, Egypt and the Soudan," replied the missionary.

"And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menelek.

"The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany."

"Well," said Menelek, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany and then come here and convert us."

An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.

THE WOMAN PEDDLER.

She Can Do Much Better Handling Household Articles Than Trying to Sell Books.

"Any woman who can talk at all," said a school-teacher who, according to the New York Times, had tried book canvassing and given it up in despair, "can interest a housekeeper in labor-saving appliances. The woman who does her own housework will give attention to anything that will save her a pain in the back or aching arms. But she will not talk to men about such things. When I lost my place as teacher in a public school, I tried book peddling. Oh, the women I called upon would invite me in and talk to me readily enough. That was the trouble. They would tell me their family history and their troubles, and then lead me to the door with the sorrowful assertion that they never had any time to read, they were so busy. So I gave up books and took up little time and labor saving articles in the way of egg beaters, potato parers, can openers and cheap little articles such as woman seldom see except at food shows. A glove lifter is a most valuable article. I keep watch for anything new in this direction and then go the rounds. I have several regular customers, who bring me a good commission on things that I buy for their dining-room and kitchen."

Wonderful Builders. "I have built up a great many thin people," said the man with chin whiskers.

"Do you sell health food?" asked the stunted crowd.

"No, I make padded overcoats."—Chicago Daily News.

For Publication Only. The Ingenious—What did the manager say when you asked him for a raise?

The Soubrette—He offered to give me a raise of fifty a week in the press reports, if I'd accept a reduction of five a week in cash.—Puck.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."

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Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows about it, and will gladly recommend it. Follow his advice and you will be cured.

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