Housekeepers find that highly polished library and parlor tables need protection almost as much as does the dining-room board. One New York woman accomplishes this by the use of mats of stamped leather. These mats are made in various sizes, and are faced on the under side with canton flannel of a color to harmonize with the leather. They are convenient for use wherever they are needed to protect the polish of handsome tables from defacement by lamps and other bric-a-brac. The problem of the protection of the dining-table from the heat of hot plates and dishes has been solved by an up-town firm. At their shop may be had a perfect heat-proof fabric of asbestos and canton flannel. The material is manufactured in widths which permit the widest table to be covered, and it is also cut up into oblongs, squares, and small circles to slip under doilies, tray, and center cloths. One ingenious housekeeper had already partially found a way out of the same dilemma. For use under plate and dish doilies for luncheon and breakfast she bought the round asbestos mats sold at hardware stores for service on the range. Their tin rims, which would have scratched the table, were easily pried off, leaving a comparatively soft surface. These are, however, much stiffer and also less smooth at their best than the fabric already referred to.

* * *

A felt-head, adjustable to the stick of the ordinary polished-floor brush is used to go over the floor after the brush to take up every remaining particle of dust and perform, too, a moderate polishing service. They are made of short lengths of felt packed together in many thicknesses, and cost about $2.

* * *

There is nothing better in the way of a corn-cutter than the cheap tin one in use for many years. This, with its set of curved edges to score the kernals and the crossbar to press them out, goes down the length of the ear and removes the valuable part of the corn with all its juice, leaving the indigestible husk upon the cob.

* * *

Notwithstanding the excellences claimed for various modern apparatus for whipping cream, it is admitted by experts and dealers that the old-fashioned whip-churn still does its work as well as any of the productions of a later date. French cooks will use nothing but a wire whisk. These come in different sizes, from one used to whip a little cream in a bowl for a cup of chocolate, through several sizes to one nearly one foot long that will quickly whip a large quantity of cream for ice-cream. Swiss cooks also use a whisk, made, however, of wood splinters rather than wire. Miss Parloa clings to the whip of the Dover egg-beater in its various manifestations, while Mrs. Rorer prefers another sort of cream-beater that is encased in tin and turns with a handle. Besides those mentioned, there are several other varieties of wire spoons and different sorts of elongated and flexible forks—all of which a dealer will tell you have a fair sale. Choice should be made after an individual test, and the kind used that is found personally most satisfactory.

* * *

A convenience to travelers and campers and to the woman whose coiffure is dependent upon her curling-tongs is a preparation of solidified alcohol now on the market. It comes put up in a small metal case, a part of which pulls out to form a little tripod, on which a vessel may rest. When ignited, the alcohol burns with a large flame of strong power; when the flame is extinguished, the substance quickly congeals again, and, covered with its metal cap, may be replaced in the pocket. Its absolute safe carriage makes it of value to bicyclists or other travelers whose road is not always a smooth one.

* * *

A box-grater is of special service in grating chocolate, cocoanut and other scattering substances. It is merely a deep tin box, oblong in shape, whose cover is a perforated grater. Everything grated upon it, from a pineapple to a nutmeg, falls through into the tin below, and nothing is lost.

* * *

A Southern woman noted for her brewing of various punches, recommends the following tea punch as a particularly agreeable summer drink. It is made from one quart of good sherry wine, one and a quarter pounds of granulated sugar, six lemons, and one large cup of strong green tea. Peel the lemons very thin and pour the tea boiling hot upon the peel. Mix the lemon juice and the sugar together, then add the tea and the wine. When ready to serve, if for an afternoon tea, have a pitcher or bowl filled with crushed ice and pour the punch over it. It can be kept bottled in a cool place any length of time. One teaspoonful of tea will give the required strength.

* * *

Wire sink brooms are preferable to whisks or brushes used for the same purpose. Little shovels for the sink are also sold to be used with the brooms.

A well-known house-furnishing firm has devised a brush to polish cut glass. The objection raised to most of the brushes provided for the purpose is that the handle is apt, in the rapid movement of the operator, to break the glass. This brush is made with projecting wings of bristle which make it impossible for the wooden handle, under any circumstances, to come in contact with the glass.

* * *

Common ice-shavers for use in the refrigerators are inexpensive. Something better comes in polished nickel for the butler's pantry. It is a pretty gift to bestow upon a host or hostess much given to outing parties.

* * *

A board for polishing knives is covered with chamois. A few drops of oil are used and the knives polished with one or two quick rubs.

* * *

A plate-warmer to stand on the sideboard or side-table comes from England. It is highly burnished copper, and has a hot-air chamber, which secures an even, gentle heat that keeps a dish of food warm without cooking it. It is rather an ornament than otherwise to the serving-table.

* * *

Something new in chafing-dish accessories are the porcelain pan and cover which some fastidious chafing-dish cooks prefer to use in the preparation of any dish whose acid element might affect the metal of the usual brazier. The use of this cooking utensil is being somewhat lessened through the widening service of gas and electric stoves. Gas chafing-dish stoves, indeed, for table use, have already been mentioned in this department, and in more than one home chafing-dishes run by electricity have been developed by the ingenious electrical expert of the family.

* * *

The folding salad-baskets wash and dry salad admirably. They are of wire in a flattened ball shape, and fold together like a wire boiler. In this the salad may be swung rapidly through the air, and quickly drained and dried. A French cook, however, will use nothing but his salad basket-bowl of wire that he is accustomed to in his native kitchen.

* * *

If when veal loaf is ready for the oven it is packed in a melon mold, it will be found to bake in a much better shape. Wet the mold and closely pack in the meat. A short time suffices for it to take the form, when it may be transferred to a baking pan and baked as usual. It should be basted often with hot water, to which a lump of butter has been added.

* * *

In all up-to-date butlers' pantries, a knife-sharpener is necessary. These machines are permanently attached to the shelf, and are turned by means of a small handle. The fine emery wheels, when set in revolution, instantly put a keen edge on the blades. Their first cost is $5, but they last indefinitely, as the emery-wheels may be renewed.

* * *

A convenient little outfit for the ironing-table is a small board covered at one end with asbestos, under a wire-netting, and having at the other a loose pocket, in which wax is placed, and on which the iron is rubbed. With these go the asbestos iron-holders.

* * *

A duster for bric-a-brac is made of soft, white, fluffy feathers, which, it is surprising to learn, come from the turkey.

No Dyspeptics Need Apply.

It's late, perhaps, for cherry pie,
But just in time for berry pie,
For goose, and rasp and huckleberry
tempting in reach;
And on the vines now flowing free
Are squash and pumpkins growing free;
And now pan-dowdies are in style, and
cobblers made of peach.

The radiant fruits so fair to see,
The flaky crust that's there to see,
Afford a luscious spectacle most fair to
mortal eyes;
But better worth the taking there
Than all the pastry baking there
And sweeter far is Mary in the kitchen
making pies.

Nye Knew North Carolina.

While standing on top of Lookout Mountain a few days ago I was carried back to the memories of dear old Bill Nye, for we had stood upon that same spot some years before, and a guide told us that we could see seven States from that point of view, namely, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

"Where's North Carolina?" Nye inquired.

The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue.

"What makes you think this is North Carolina?" Nye asked.

"Oh, we know the direction and the conformation of the mountains there," the man replied.

"Well, I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared, with some vehemence. "And you know it, too, if you would stop to think. Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. Besides, I know it is pink. I live in that State considerably and I have helped to paint it red, but, of course, I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it a pink. No, sir, you can't stuff me. The place you are pointing at, a color-blind man could see is purple."

Nye said those things so seriously that the man was almost dazed. He gave Nye a puzzled look, and then went on pointing out other sister States in the late Confederacy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Oldest Rose Tree in the World.

The Cathedral of Hildesheim in Germany, is noted for having what is said to be the oldest rose tree in the world. The tree is the wild rose of Europe and is credited with an age of 1,000 years. Though the tree proper has died in spots and former principal trunks have been supplanted from century to century by new ones, the ancient root of the tree has remained the same, giving nourishment to generation after generation of roses. The latest report regarding this famous tree related that the stem was nearly twenty-seven feet high and that its branches covered a space thirty-two feet in diameter.

The only woman of royal lineage who is known to hold the title of M. D. is Queen Amalie of Portugal.

Walter Baker & Co.'s
BREAKFAST
COCOA.

A Perfect Food.
Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE NEW VICAR.

Our village has become famous. We were always proud of ourselves; but it lies out of the beaten track, and has never produced either a poet or a murderer. At last it has become famous—all through our new vicar.

The old vicar was kind enough to die, after five and twenty years of persistent absenteeism. He left the church in ruins, the vicarage a desolation, and the majority of the villagers dissenters. The living is worth an old song. For some time we were without a vicar, and several Sundays saw the church actually shut up.. At last a young priest took compassion upon us. He had a small private income—not more than enough to keep an artisan—but he was a bachelor, with an Englishman's passion for work. He is one of those young fellows who will vault over a gate rather than open it. If anything wants knocking down, he likes to have the knocking of it down. Here, at Crowsnest, he saw his opportunity; no big Squire to interfere with him, and soil to work upon as virgin as that of a new country. So he took the living.

We soon found there was a man among us. He put a laborer and his wife in the vicarage to look after him and keep in order the two rooms he reserved to himself. In a week these simple people began to worship him. Before long all the village children knew him as a kind of comrade. On the large green, where football and cricket are played in their seasons, the village lads and the young men followed his lead as naturally as dogs follow their masters. Play on the green was flat when he was not there.

Socially, he utterly ignored any distinction between the churchmen and dissenters, making every one feel that he recognized them as fellow-villagers, as men and women, and not as persons bearing sectarian tickets. He soon became the one distinguished personality in the parish.

But all this would not have made Crowsnest famous, however much it added to the pleasantness of life there. The parish had been the black spot, ecclesiastically, in the whole diocese. Our new vicar set about the task of whitening it. He begged of the Bishop. His bicycle was to be seen at the gates of all the wealthy people in the parish that lay around. He wanted money, and he got it.

Then he went to work. For months he was as busy as a Prime Minister. First, he made the church safe. The ringers had been afraid that the bells would fall down upon their heads; now they can ring a merry peal without risk. Then he made the church decent, and one by one he added modest decorations. There was soon not a Sunday on which the interior was not brightened by flowers, the willing gifts of the delighted parishioners. He formed a choir, which he trained and led himself. He begged a decent instrument for his church. Then the churchyard showed neat paths and dainty flower beds. The hypnotized villagers hardly knew where they were.

But this was not all. Like Chaucer's poor parson, he wrought as well as taught; he worked as well as begged. Much of the repairs and decoration was the work of his own hands. He would throw off his coat and don an apron and labor with the men, making the master mechanic deduct the value of his work from the bill. And many little jobs he did without hired help. The villagers had never heard of such a man, had scarcely conceived of such a parson.

Was it a wonder that the parish became famous? It grew to be the talk of the county, and strangers came over from the neighboring town in fine weather.

One day a carriage, containing two ladies, drove up to the vicarage door.

"Is the vicar at home?" asked one of them.

"He's in the village somewhere, ma'am," answered the woman in charge.

"When will he be home again?"

"There's no telling, ma'am."

"We wish to see the church."

"You'll find it open, ma'am. It's always open now, ma'am."

So the carriage drove to the churchyard gate and the ladies alighted. Not only was the church open, but a man was busy painting the belfry. After inspecting the interior, the ladies—one of whom was old and the other young—went up to the painter and entered into conversation with him.

"Your church looks neat and pretty," said the younger lady.

"Yes, we think so," replied the painter as he went on with his work.

"Did you know it before it was repaired?"

"Yes; it was a picture then!"

"The rector must have worked hard to get so much done in so poor a parish."

"Why shouldn't he work hard? The other villagers have to work hard."

"Well, yes, of course they have. But the vicar is a gentleman, and—"

"And the more reason why he should do his duty."

As the painter said this, he stopped painting, raised himself erect, and looked straight into the lady's eyes.

"I quite agree with you," replied the lady. "You working men naturally and rightly think that a gentleman ought to work hard. So do I. But gentlemen do not always work hard."

"We are all apt to neglect those duties that have nothing directly to do with food and clothing. Men work hard to keep the wolf from the door, but some men neglect the work which does not feed them."

"Quite a village philosopher!" said the elder lady, in an aside to her daughter.

"I wonder whether you would work so hard if you could live without doing it?" said the younger lady, with a smile.

The painter again stopped his brush and looked at his interlocutor. They both laughed heartily.

"Excuse me," said the painter, apologetically, "for laughing. There is a humorous side to most things, and I must now and then have my laugh."

"I don't quite see the humorous side in the present case," said the young lady, a little puzzled. She would have been piqued, but when she looked at the painter's face she saw something there—she could not tell what it was—that disarmed her resentment.

"Your vicar seems to have workmen as remarkable as himself," she said. "Good morning."

As the carriage drove away the daughter said to her mother: "What a remarkable man that is! He didn't talk like a workman. He's worth studying. I wonder who he is?"

"Rather rude, I thought him," said the mother. "Some Socialist fellow, very probably."

The painter—who, of course, was the vicar himself—looked after the carriage for a few seconds, and then threw down his paint brush, went into the privacy of his vestry, and had a solitary game of leap-frog over the chairs.

"I must do something foolish," he said. "'Twas too droll! Lady Tomkins was unhappy, and her daughter was piqued. The daughter will come again to tell the vicar about his workmen. I wish Jack Somers was here to have a bout with the gloves. I feel ready for any exercise after that scene. Painting is cramping work—but it has to be done, and I'll do it, so here goes again. Perhaps some other ladyship will do me the kindness to call and entertain me."

* * * * * * * *

Two days later Miss Tomkins drove up to the churchyard gate and alighted. The footman carried into the churchyard a folding easel, a small canvas and the other paraphernalia of an amateur artist. Then the carriage drove back toward the town. Miss Tomkins carefully selected a position that promised a picturesque sketch of the church and of a cottage near it; she then set up her easel and began operations. There was no one else about, and Miss Tomkins wondered whether any one was in the church. Was the young painter at work there? Palette and brush in hand, she arose and sauntered into the church. After looking all around she went to the altar rails. No one was visible, though there was a sound as of some carpentering going on. The sound came from the vestry, the door of which stood open. A man was there in his shirt sleeves, sawing vigorously at a piece of wood, which was apparently intended to be a new leg for an invalided form that lay on the floor. The sawyer did not at first perceive the presence of a stranger, and it was not until he had, in workmanlike style, cut through the piece of wood that he saw Miss Tomkins.

"You are a carpenter as well as a painter, I find," said the intruder.

The vicar bowed. "I can put my hand to many things, fortunately." Then he added: "You, too, have come over here to work, I perceive," indicating as he spoke the palette and brush.

"I suppose the vicar has no objection to my taking a sketch of the church?"

"Why should he—provided, of course, that you sketch it well?"

Miss Tomkins felt that this was almost too much, and there was a twinkle in the speaker's eyes which expressed the consciousness that he might be considered rude. But he couldn't help himself. The spirit of fun was rampant in him.

"You can judge for yourself before I take my picture away, if you care to do so."

"I had better not look at it until it is finished. Do not artists object to showing unfinished studies?"

"But it will be too late to alter it when it is finished. And you are yourself an artist in both wood and paint." The vicar bowed at this. "You will be able to advise me," continued the lady.

"An artist," said the vicar, "who is willing to take advice, must be too good a one to need advice from me."

Here he bowed again. He found the interview deliciously piquant.

The lady turned to go, but halted at the vestry door. "I wonder whether you are willing to take advice?"

"I hope so," replied the vicar, putting down the saw and assuming an expectant attitude.

"Then I should advise you to persuade the vicar to beg a new set of forms for this room, and to find you some more useful work than patching these old rickety frames of worm-eaten timber."

"A capital idea. New forms would not cost much. It would save time and trouble if, without ceremony, I asked whether you could not help us to get new forms."

Miss Tomkins laughed.

"I simply take your advice," said the vicar, apologetically.

"And I will do what you ask. Let the vicar send to Robinson's in the town. I will instruct him to make such forms as the vicar needs. My name is Tomkins—my father is Sir George Tomkins."

"You are very generous, Miss Tomkins; it shall be attended to as soon as possible." Miss Tomkins flushed a little when the carpenter addressed her by name. "A most remarkable workman," she said to herself. Yet she couldn't be offended—the fellow's manner was perfect.

"I must go back to my painting," she said.

"And I must find some other job about the church," said the vicar.

It was nearly two hours later that the vicar, still without his coat, and wearing a workman's apron, emerged from the church, and walked toward Miss Tomkins.

"I came to ask if you were still wishful that I should see your sketch while it is in progress."

"Certainly. I can't finish it to-day. If to-morrow is fine I shall come again."

The vicar discovered much in the sketch to admire, and a little to correct. Once or twice Miss Tomkins resented the freedom of his remarks; she reflected, however, that she had given the man a license to say what he pleased. But when the painter-carpenter, having finished his criticisms, dropped in a lounging attitude upon the ground by her side, and began to talk freely about the picturesqueness of the old church and the beauty of the view from the churchyard, she was on the point of rising abruptly and indignantly from her seat. She checked herself, however; the fellow was evidently quite unconscious of any impropriety, and she would not offend him unnecessarily. He interested her to a peculiar degree. If he wished to talk about the scenery for a few minutes she would humor him. The few minutes lasted half an hour, during which time the most of the talk was made by the painter-carpenter.

"You seem to have read and thought much about art," Miss Tomkins remarked, interrogatively.

"Yes, a little. I have knocked about a great deal; and, nowadays, it is easy to gratify one's taste in almost any direction."

"But it's not usual for men who paint church doors and mend old forms to have such tastes as you appear to have."

"Unfortunately not," the vicar replied. "Yet the unusual does occur."

If Miss Tomkins had been puzzled by the man whom she found painting the church door, she was much more puzzled at finding the mender of old vestry-room forms lying on the grass by her side and talking like a scholar and an artist. It happened that, much as she had heard about the new vicar of Crowsnest, she had never been led to think of him as doing manual labor. It is true she had been told that he was personally active in the repairing and the decorating of the church. She had known many a curate who made himself personally active in the decorating of churches for festival occasions, but that was a work in which ladies — herself included — generally joined. There was nothing in her experience to help her to associate the famous vicar with the dirty paint brush or the rusty saw. She concluded that, as birds of a feather naturally flock together, the new vicar had attracted to himself a congenially-minded workingman, who, either through an innate faculty, or as the result of a talent for imitation, had acquired the tone and tastes that would naturally mark the vicar himself.

On the morrow, Miss Tomkins, before she established herself in the churchyard, drove to the vicarage in the hope of getting an interview with the vicar. She was more than ever anxious to see him; and it vexed her a little to have to confess to herself that her special reason now for desiring to see him was to learn something about this phenomenal painter-carpenter, whose conversation and ideas were those of a man of culture and breeding.

But the vicar was never at home. He was gone to the town, the woman told her, to Robinson's, the joiner, about some forms which had been promised for the vestry.

"Shall I find any one at the church?"

"I think not, ma'am. The vicar has taken with him the man who often works for him at the church."

Miss Tomkins found the church silent and empty. The two hours of sketching were long and tedious; her colors would not produce happy effects, and the picture as a whole was disappointing. The painter-carpenter was continually in her mind. Every addition to the picture was accompanied by the mental query, "What would he say about it?" The conversation of the previous day was ever ringing in her ears. She remembered only too distinctly the tones and inflexions of his voice and the changing expression of his countenance. She remembered noticing his crisp, curly hair, and how the shirt sleeves and apron failed to make him look like an ordinary workman, but had a suggestiveness that set her thinking of the cricket field or the tennis lawn, where shirt sleeves would be in character, though an apron would be an absurdity. But he wore his apron "with a difference."

"It is perfectly absurd!" cried Miss Tomkins, rising from her camp stool and pacing up and down the path. "I can think of nothing but that singular fellow! Any one who could read my thoughts would say I was in love with him! Who is he? What is he? If he were a gentleman in reality — well, he would beat most of the men I know. I wouldn't whisper it to my cat, but he is everything a man should be. His eyes—how they seemed to look through me! His voice—if it were a gentleman's, it would be called sympathetic and refined. I must find out something about him. * * * But what's the use? Edith, you are a silly little fool!"

And she sat down and finished her painting.

By dint of strenuous self-control, Edith kept away from Crowsnest for more than a fortnight. The effort she had to make to keep away convinced her that it would be very unwise to go. The picture was finished, and no longer afforded an excuse for a drive in that direction. She would remember the painter-carpenter as an ideal of what a workingman might, in a perfect system of society, become, and she preferred not to risk the loss of her ideal by learning more about him. She would have kept away much longer had not a harvest festival attracted many persons—including Sir George and Lady Tomkins—to Crowsnest. Edith naturally went with her parents.

The church, which was ablush with fruit and flowers, was crowded. When the time came for the service to begin, there were heard from the village street the approaching sounds of the processional hymns sung by the choir. The singing drew nearer. The route of the singers could be followed by the changing volume of sound. Now, it could be told that the choir had entered the churchyard; now the choir was just outside the belfry door; now it was under the belfry arch; then it entered the church and paced slowly up the nave. Edith turned her head as the choir approached her pew—and there she saw, leading the line of surpliced singers and singing as heartily as any of them, the painter-carpenter, his face beaming with devout interest in his work!

Edith knew not whether she was surprised or not. The mystery of the extraordinary workman was explained, but the explanation introduced difficulties. Her relations to the painter-carpenter, now that he proved to be the vicar himself, were not without some degree of awkwardness.

"Edith," whispered her mother, "that's the man who was painting the belfry door!"

"The Socialist fellow, you called him," replied Edith.

"How very awkward!" whispered Lady Tomkins.

The story may be left to finish itself. A little before Christmas the "Times" contained a notice of the wedding of Miss Edith Tomkins, only daughter of Sir George Tomkins, Bart., to the vicar of Crowsnest.

That is how Crowsnest became famous. For a long time the whole diocese talked of the village where the new vicar had wrought miracles of reform in the church, and had won a Baronet's daughter as a door-painter and a rough-joiner. And people have since discovered that Crowsnest is a beautiful place; that it has a salubrious air; that a summer holiday can be pleasantly spent there, and that the new vicarage is a charming place for a garden party. The villagers love their village more than ever, and think that England has no finer man than their vicar.—The Favorite.

The heart of a loving woman is a golden sanctuary where often there reigns an idol of clay.—Limayrac.

"M.M.&Co."
Japan
Tea

On board the yacht at Tiffin and eight bells, use "M.M.&Co." Japan Tea.

Expansion.

The moans of a people enslaved and in chains,
The groans of a people in throes of sharp pains,
Came over the sea to the West,
Where a powerful nation sat, happy and free,
And on her strong heart fell the pitiful plea
Of right by might sorely distressed.

Never in better cause did her hot passion teem;
Never in fairer quarrel did sword ever gleam,
Than the blade that she drew from its sheath,
Not in conquest and rapine its glory to seal,
But with its keen blow to cut fetters of steel,
Flashing victory in tyranny's teeth.

Not the lust of dominion her arm did inspire,
But the cry of the weak to her strength 'twas lent fire,
Protection, not conquest, her aim.
And she followed that cry from appeals at her door
To its fartherest echoes the wide ocean o'er,
In justice and liberty's name.

Expansion? Why, yes! She proclaims it aloud,
Expansion's her boast, and her clean hands are proud
Its standard to plant by her own,
Expansion of freedom, expansion of right—
Expansion of justice o'er power and might,
Of its rule over scepter and throne.

Such expansion's her mission before the whole world,
And to bear it, her banner is boldly unfurled;
Nor ever will strike to her foes—
Expansion of doctrines that right shall meet wrong;
That the battles of weaklings be fought by the strong;
That our flag with humanity goes.

So will our great country in triumph expand,
Till her glorious principles rule every land,
And sacred all human right be,
Then here's to expansion! May ages yet bless
The banner that everywhere succors distress!
May its folds keep expanding o'er land and o'er sea,
Our Star-Spangled Banner, the flag of the free!

—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

A Cat's Strange Family.

John Parker of Cross Fall has a queer family of cats. About two weeks ago a pet Maltese cat belonging to him disappeared. He had reason to believe that she would return in a few days, bringing with her a family of kittens, but he did not expect the kind of family she has introduced to him. There are nine of them, and every one is three times as big as a kitten less than three weeks old should be, and their tails not more than an inch long. Their only resemblance to their mother is their color, which is a true Maltese drab. Only one of the kittens show a mingling of the ugly gray streaks of the wildcat, although there can be no doubt that they are the offspring of a wildcat father.

Already they show his savage nature. Two of the nine have died since their unwise mother brought them home. There is a bounty of $2 on wildcat scalps, and Parker believes that nothing can stand in the way of his collecting $18 on this litter.—Philadelphia Record.

The wise man turns up his sleeves and goes to work while the fool sits around and waits for work to come to him.

THE EXCITEMENT NOT OVER.

The rush at the drug store still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price, 25c and 50c.

Women and Men Find That Hudyan Relieves and Cures.

HUDYAN CURES

GENERAL WEAKNESS,
PAIN IN BACK,
BEARING-DOWN PAINS,
DRAGGING PAINS,
PAIN OVER ABDOMEN,
PAINFUL MENSTRUATION,
LEUCORRHŒA,
PALE AND SALLOW COMPLEXIONS
NERVOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
DISTURBED SLEEP,
TENDENCY TO FAINT,
PALPITATION OF HEART,
COSTIVENESS,
IMPAIRED DIGESTION.

50c

WOMEN WHO SUFFER FROM THOSE WEAKNESSES AND DISEASES PECULIAR TO THEIR SEX FIND THAT HUDYAN WILL RELIEVE AND CURE THEM. HUDYAN WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO THE WEAK; WILL GIVE THE GLOW OF HEALTH TO THOSE WHO ARE PALE. THESE DISORDERS ARE NEARLY ALWAYS COMPLICATED WITH NERVOUS OR STOMACH TROUBLES, AND OFTEN WITH HEART TROUBLE. HUDYAN WILL CURE THESE COMPLICATIONS AS WELL.

MEN WHO ARE RUN DOWN IN HEALTH, WHOSE CONSTITUTIONS ARE BROKEN DOWN AS A RESULT OF OVERWORK, ANXIETY, WORRY OR ANY OTHER CAUSE—MEN WHOSE NERVOUS SYSTEMS ARE WRECKED, FIND THAT HUDYAN WILL RESTORE THEM TO PERFECT HEALTH. HUDYAN FURNISHES NOURISHMENT AND STRENGTH TO WEAKENED NERVES; HUDYAN RECONSTRUCTS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM; HUDYAN'S CURES ARE PERMANENT AND LASTING.

HUDYAN CURED HER OF NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Doctors: I must say that Hudyan is the best medicine on earth, for it cured me of dyspepsia and nervous trouble of many years' standing. I did not know what it was to feel well until I began taking Hudyan. It relieved all my symptoms very soon, and three packages were enough to cure me.
MISS KATE MORRIS.

HUDYAN CURED HIM OF CHRONIC KIDNEY DISEASE.

Denver, Col.
Dear Doctors: I am again a well man. Your Hudyan cured me. I was pale, weak and nervous. Suffered pain in back and limbs. Doctors said I had kidney disease. After taking many remedies without result I took Hudyan. I began to feel better right away, and in two months I was cured.
WM. H. WALLER.

HUDYAN CURED HER OF FEMALE WEAKNESS.

Sacramento, Cal.
Dear Doctors: I am very thankful to you for your good remedy, for it cured me entirely. I was nervous and weak, and suffered a great deal from disorders peculiar to my sex. Hudyan relieved me at once. I soon became stronger, and to-day I am again in perfect health. Yours gratefully,
MISS MABEL PHILLIPS.

HUDYAN CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD AND NERVES, NERVOUSNESS, WEAKNESS, EXHAUSTED NERVE VITALITY, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, PARALYSIS, HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, DESPONDENCY, MENTAL DEPRESSION, HYSTERIA, NEURALGIA, PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK, EPILEPTIC FITS, PALPITATION OF HEART, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, MENTAL WORRY, INDIGESTION, EARLY DECAY, CONSTIPATION, ALL FEMALE WEAKNESSES, PALE AND SALLOW COMPLEXIONS.

HUDYAN is for sale by druggists—50c a package or six packages for $2.50.

If your druggist does not keep Hudyan, send direct to the Hudyan Remedy Co., corner Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal.

You may consult the Hudyan Doctors about your case free of charge. Call or write.