MRS. MACKAY'S HOME.

It Is Located in the Best Part of London and Always Filled with Clever Men and Women.

It has been said here of every clever woman of wealth who had the means and the ability to entertain smart and bright company, and get the best sort of people to her receptions, that they were trying to revive the salons of the women of the French empire. The latest victim of this report is Mrs. John W. Mackay, wife of the "bonanza" millionaire of the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Mackay has lived on this side of the water for nearly a quarter of a

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.

century, part of the time in Paris, but most of it in London. In both capitals the generous allowance made by her husband has enabled her to give social entertainments in a manner that could not be approached by hostesses of moderate wealth. No matter how clever and witty a man is he enjoys a good dinner faultlessly served. Mrs. Mackay gives them.

That is why the brightest and cleverest persons in London are always to be found at her house. With the cooperation of shrewd campaigners like Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Adair, the young duchess of Marlborough, Lady Curzon, of Keddleton; Lady Arthur Butler and Mrs. George Cornwallis West (formerly Lady Randolph Churchill) it would be strange if it were otherwise. If that means a revival of the salon Mrs. Mackay is accomplishing it, but she would be the last person in the world to put any such construction upon her social success.

In the first place, Mrs. Mackay's house, No. 6 Carlton House terrace, just off Pall-Mall, is one of the most beautiful homes in London. It is large enough to entertain a great number of guests without what is in social parlance, called a "crush." She never does anything on a small scale. The home was purchased from Mr. Sanford, who lost his money in the Baring crash about ten years ago. Among other things it has a beautiful marble staircase that is said to have cost $300,000. The ceiling above this is inlaid with mother of pearls. The drawing-room contains treasures collected by Mrs. Mackay in all parts of Europe. The ballroom is one of the finest in England. It is no wonder that persons in the social swim, as well as those who want to get into it and can't, are eager for invitations to Mrs. Mackay's receptions.

When Mrs. Mackay, who had just removed from Paris to London, said she wanted this house her husband bought it for her. When some persons talked about his residence being in America and his spending so much time away from his wife, Mr. Mackay published in all the journals and directories that are supposed to give official information on such matters, that his residence was at No. 6 Carlton House terrace, and in San, Francisco and that his place of business was in New York.

Mrs. Mackay is no longer a young woman, and she does not attempt to dress like one. With all her wealth she has met with more sorrows than most women—a daughter married to a cruel man of title from whom she sought for years to legally free herself, and a favorite son killed by a fall from his horse. She is a woman known for her charities, as well as her eccentricities. But more talk was made abut her contemptuous treatment of Messonier's $100,000 portrait, which did not please her, than of her paying off the heavy debt of a church in Paris just because one of the priests was kind to her son at the time of his fatal fall.—London Letter in Philadelphia Press.

How to Care for Velvets.

Keep your velvets thoroughly clean and free from dust, using for this purpose a soft brush; then steam them by holding them over a hot flatiron. This will remove creases. If you cover the velvet with a damp cloth, and press lightly with an iron, you will have a velvet resembling panne in effect.—Ladies Home Journal.

How to Remove Stains.

Coffee and milk stains on woolen material may be removed with glycerin. Paint over the spot with glycerin and then wash with pure lukewarm water applied on a clean linen rag. Afterward press on the wrong side with a warm iron. Delicate colors are uninjured by this treatment.

How to Make Glace Fruits.

To make glace fruits boil some sugar until it assumes a yellow color and breaks off short and crisp when a piece is dropped in the water. Remove the pan from the fire and drop the orange sections or grapes one at a time into it and remove with two forks. Place on an oiled slab to dry.

How to Brighten Paint.

When washing painted walls or woodwork add a pennyworth of size (previously dissolved in hot water) to each pail of water. If this be applied with a soft cloth the dirt will readily come off and the paint be improved in appearance.

PARLOR PASSING AWAY.

Apartment of State, Once So Popular, Is Everywhere Giving Place to the Living Room.

And is it true? Is the parlor doomed? Must it give way to the living room? That apartment cannot make good the loss of the other. Who does not remember the darkened glories of the old-fashioned parlor, which was seen at its best in the middle-sized town, village and country? Shut up the week through, sometimes nearly the year through, with blinds closed tight and lace curtains tied primly back; with its haircloth-seated chairs set in a line against the wall; a "rocker" ready to gallop in one corner, and a what-not in the other, ornamented with rice baskets, praying Samuels and family daguerreotypes and photographs; a center table, set exactly in the middle of the room, with a few handsome books and the large family Bible, the mantelpiece with vases filled with crystallized grasses at either end, and odds and ends of strange things fitting up the rest of the space; who among the elder generation does not know it well? It was a room to be venerated.

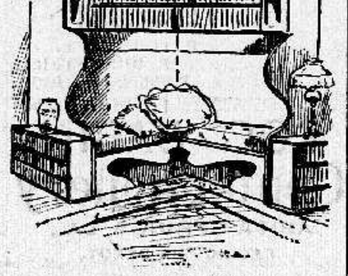
And now—one sadly recognizes it to be, indeed, a thing of the past. Instead, there is the living room, that actually is a living room, where the baby's perambulator stands near the piano, where the work basket is on a convenient table (no one ever saw a work basket in a parlor); where there are plants, a writing desk; where the sun pours in as much as it may. It is indeed a living room. If one has space there is a reception room, to be sure; but every one understands that amounts to little—the caller and the friend are shown into the living room. To a person used to a parlor, no matter how long ago, a call in a living room hardly seems like the solemn function it used to be.

Very likely the change is for the better, but it is a revolution. The respectable poor used to stint themselves to maintain a decent parlor; now in model villages' model tenements they have lost this privilege. Take, for instance, Bournville, in England, the home of the Cadburys' great cocoa works. This is known as an ideal village. Some 370 houses have been built for employes, and not a parlor in the 370. Instead of that each family has a large, sunny, commodious living room, and they make the best of it.—Springfield Republican.

LIBRARY COZY CORNER.

The Suggestion Here Given Will Work Out Well Under a Bright Woman's Direction.

This sketch, if well worked out, will make a very suitable addition to any library; or, if one does not soar so high as that, it forms in any room quite a library in itself. The usual methods of building a cozy corner are followed, but care should be taken that it is constructed strongly, to stand the weight of books. Above the seat as many shelves may be fixed as desired, although we show only three in our design. To give more room for the storage of books two small open cupboards fitted with shelves can be built outside each of the two arms. The woodwork will look best if stained and polished, but



COZY LIBRARY CORNER.

as this is rather above the amateur it would perhaps be better enameled. At the extreme end of the shelves two other cupboards are constructed within the two upright arms. These should be fitted with glass and will give an opportunity for the display of rare china or other curios. They might also be used for storing expensive or artistic books. The little corner bracket above the shelves should be noted, as other little embellishments of a similar kind could be added. The seat need not be upholstered if two flat cushions be made to fit.—Chicago Daily News.

Virtues of Salad Oil.

Salad oil forms a most useful article of diet for delicate people. The invalid who cannot touch cod liver oil should be encouraged to use freely mayonnaise dressing, and in eating salad to pour over it a liberal supply of oil. In cases where the taste for this is not, it can generally soon be acquired. For some cases of debility and weak digestion small doses of oil will do wonders. Many people have been able to give up the almost daily use of drugs by taking instead a dessertspoonful of salad oil on going to bed. If the taste be disliked it can be taken with a little claret, which will quite disguise it. In the nursery salad oil should be used for rubbing into the chest—back and front — when there is any tendency to weakness of the lungs. The pores of the skin will absorb it readily, and it will be found to have a nourishing and strengthening effect.—Modes.

Fees of Japanese Doctors.

In Japan the doctor never thinks of asking poor patients for a fee. A proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan runs: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given to him, is a robber."

Mrs. Mary Greene, Pilot.

A pilot's license has been granted to Mrs. Mary Green, who steers the passenger steamer Greenwood, which runs on the Ohio river between Cincinnati, O., and Pittsburg, Pa.

Remedy for Hoarseness.

White of egg beaten with white sugar and lemon juice relieves hoarseness. Take a teaspoonful every hour.

REALITIES OF LIFE.

Sermon of Rev. Frank Crane, of the People's Church, Chicago.

He Says the City Is Composed of Ghosts—Tells What Constitutes the Real Things—All Visible Things Are But Signs.

At the People's church in Chicago Rev. Frank Crane recently preached a sermon from the subject "The Realities." He took for his text the following:

"For we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—II. Cor. 4:18.

Have you ever seen a city? Have you ever seen the great city of Chicago? As you enter it upon the railway train you behold miles and miles of cars standing upon interminable tracks that cover the earth like strands of a gigantic cobweb; you behold huge grain elevators, modern pyramids to the glory of commerce; factories, whose myriad windows make them look like thousand-eyed monsters. You walk the streets and gaze up at great office buildings, each containing a restless cityful of people. You listen to the din in the streets, the rush of elevated trains, the clang of cable cars, the rattle of wagons, the inchoate cry of newsboys and venders, all melting into a mighty roar as of a huge cataract But—have you seen the city?

No! for the city is composed essentially of ghosts, invisible, intangible, soundless. The city is the wrestling place of souls. If you could see them! They are hoping, fearing, praying; some are drowning their tattered sensibilities in wine; some are growing straight, sweet, fragrant as a lily; some of them have faces like horrid devilfish, moving in fierce ugliness; they are despairing, rejoicing. If you could see these invisible flames we call souls you would perceive them running together sometimes in strange mixture of fires, making conflagrations we call a panic, a strike, a revival of religion.

You read in this Bible that no man hath seen God at any time: I say unto you that no man hath seen a city at any time. For the reality is always invisible, silent.

Have you ever seen a home? Yonder is a house that is called a home. Its walls are of granite, there are French windows, Persian rugs, lace curtains, food imported from every clime, beds of carved mahogany, draped with silk and spread with fine linen. Do these things constitute a home? No; for I have been in the parlor and found it a human cold storage vault; in the dining-room the inmates poison themselves day after day upon suspicion and estrangement; in the beautiful beds all night long there toss wretched creatures who look now at the ghost of dead desire grinning at the head of the bed, and now look and listen at the raven of despoiled love that sits and croaks at the foot of the bed.

Where is the real home? It is where heart's ease is. It is not where we lay off our clothes, but where we lay off our cares. The walls of a real home are not built of granite, but of truth and loyalty. Unpleasant sounds, the friction of living, are not deadened by rugs laid on polished floors, but by forbearance, by patience. The curtains that screen the sacred household gods from the eyes of the curious are not of lace, they are woven of discretion. The food in the real home is not meat and drink, but unselfishness and thoughtfulness; these sustain love. The bed is not prepared with down and damask, but with "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man." The light of the real home is not the sun by day nor the electric globe by night, but it is love, shining always in dear eyes, burning always in true hearts, clear and lambent, unextinguished by any gusts of passion or misfortune. Peace and security are not there because of an insurance policy, but because of a simple faith in the good God who watches over Israel and neither slumbers nor sleeps. You cannot see this kind of a home unless you look at the things which are not seen and are eternal.

Did you ever see a man? Many a specimen of the genus homo, Carlyle's forked radish, walks about who is not a man. It takes more than whiskers and clothes to make a man. If you would make a man upon God's plan you must first take, as the fundamental ingredient, courage; courage to do his work faithfully, through all discouragement; then, patience to go on through defeat; then, strength to stand always for principle and to despise policy; then, largeness of heart, so that he may do no mean thing; then, gentleness to the erring; then, loyalty to friends and fairness to foe; and last of all, you must make him to be a good friend with God. Such a man may be a hunchback, blind, deaf, deformed, yet will he be a man.

Did you ever have the good fortune, when you were a boy, to fall in love with a good woman twice your own age? Such was my good fortune. She was very homely; her complexion was bad, her mouth was screwed around to the side of her face, her hair was red—not a Titian red, but an offensive red. I was 15 and she was 35. She was a school teacher. She talked to me as an equal and made my studies glow with an enthusiasm for knowledge. So when I came to know her I found out that after all she was beautiful. There are so many women with beautiful faces and common souls that it is a rare pleasure to meet with a woman with a common face and a beautiful soul.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great mogul of English literature, was a massive and heroic spirit; yet what a body was he housed in! Here is what Boswell says of him:

"When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would be, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intentness, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible."

Again Boswell says:

"While talking, or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side, toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving h's body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half-whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward and forward from the roof of his mouth, chuckling like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing under his breath, too, too, too, all this accompanied sometimes with a thought look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale.

Your manners may be prefect, and you may have none of these obnoxious traits, and yet you may be much less a real man than Samuel Johnson.

This same Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts and went to many spirit rapping performances, hoping to see one. Yet the streets of London were full of ghosts. All men are really ghosts, more or less alive.

This life is like a stage. The players come into the theater, put on their costumes, act their part, and go away. We enter upon this life, from whence we know not; we depart we know not whither. While we are here we put on our costumes of clay, the same old clay that the red Indians wore who roamed these prairies in primeval days, even the same clay that the birds and animals used. Are we so stupid as to call this costume-clay, this play actor's make-up, a man? No man hath seen a man at anytime. Men are invisible, eternal; the things which are seen are temporal.

All visible things are but symbols of some unseen reality. There is a building you call a courthouse. It is but a flag, a sign that stands for a certain idea in the human mind called justice, or law. Take that idea out of that mind and before a month is over men will begin to take down the courthouse, stone from stone, and arrange it to express another idea. Your church building is but a word of stone and brick to express the invisible idea of worship. Your schoolhouse is but a mark to indicate the idea of education. Eliminate the thought of worship and education from the human mind and straightway churches and schoolhouses will be transformed into livery stables and packing houses.

If this be true of the ordinary things about us, how much more true it is of the stupendous framework we call the universe! The visible universe is also a sign; God is the reality; stars and worlds constitute His garment, sometime to be laid aside outworn. Addison sings of the sun, moon and stars, giving voice to God:

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Among the splendid orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine:
'The hand that made us is divine.'

How can there be those who say that this world is without a mind to move it and control it? How can men not believe in the spiritualities? I would rather believe all the fables of mythology, all the stories in Grimm's fairy tales, and all the childish crudities of the superstitious ages past. I would rather make my soul a highway of spooks, and suspect the existence of elves, gnomes, hobgoblins and witches, than to believe the horrid lie that there is no reality but mud, or to believe that dead matter can secrete ideas of beauty, of nobility and of God.

All true greatness lies in the invisible world. It is of ideas, not of things. Your real stature is measured by what you are and what you think, and not by what you possess. Ideas alone are worth while. We sometimes say: "That is only an idea," as if an idea were some small thing and the reality were something greater. A young man once came to Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, applying for a position. "What can you do?" said Mr. Pulitzer. "I do not know," answered the young man. "I am a graduate of Harvard. I have nothing but ideas." "Ideas! Ideas!" exclaimed Mr. Pulitzer, dropping his pen and throwing up his hands. "That is just what I am looking for. I will give you a salary of $5,000 a year if you will give me one idea by which I can increase the circulation of the World a hundred thousand copies!" Then the young man came to himself and realized that he did not have so many ideas after all.

If you have something in your mind, some greatness in your heart, never fear, but all visible things will rush to your aid that you may express it. The ancients had a fable that the city of Thebes was built by Orpheus playing upon his lute. This is more than a fable. All things are built so. Here is this house in which we are. How did it come into existence? I will tell you. Once an invisible spirit had an invisible, intangible thought — just a thought, an airy nothing, such stuff as dreams are made of. But the thought made the man sit down and draw his plans upon a paper, which might be called the musical score. The thought kept singing, and in response to its notes trees fell in the forest, they were sawed and planed and polished; rocks came crawling from the quarries; iron arose from the bowels of the earth; brick and mortar came also; all these found their places, shaping themselves in orderly array until at last this building was the result. Schelling was right when he called architecture "frozen music."

You have heard much of heresy, and are inclined to favor the heretic; but after all the heretic is a wicked person. I am opposed to heretics. Yet I must draw the true line between the orthodox and the heretic. The sheep should be separated from the goats. And this is the line of demarcation: namely: Do you believe that the visible or the invisible is the reality? Which do you believe in, brain or mind, soul or body? Do you believe that conscience is merely "the accrued caution of foregoing generations," or do you believe that it is the divine spark from the altar of God? Listen to the cry of Carlyle:

"Has the word duty no meaning? Is what we call duty no messenger and guide, but a false, earthly fantasm, made up of desire and fear, or emanations from the gallow and from Dr. Graham's celestial bed? Foolish word-monger and motive-grinder, that in thy logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out virtue from the husks of pleasure—I tell thee Nay! Is the heroic inspiration we call virtue but some bubble of the blood, bubbling up in the direction others profit by? What, then, are the terrors of conscience to the diseases of the liver? Not on mortality, but on cookery, let us build our stronghold, and there, brandishing our frying pan as censor, let us offer sweet incense to the devil, and live at ease upon the good things he has provided for his elect."

Do you believe that love is but a refinement of fleshly desire, or do you believe that it will live on when all flesh has perished, that it will live eternally instinct with God's own life? This shall test your orthodoxy. Do you believe that patriotism, honor, truth, self-sacrifice and goodness belong to the same category as chills and fever? If you do you are a heretic. Do you believe that a woman is a beautiful beast, or does Wordsworth touch you when he calls her "a spirit, yet a woman, too?" To you is the universe a dense reality, brutally fixed, vulgarly undeniable, and is God but a theory by which to explain it; or is God to you the one truth and all the universe is expression? By this I shall know whether you be heretical or orthodox.

More than this, I shall know by this whether you be living or dead, for the apostle tells us that they who do mind the things of the flesh are not alive. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." One of the most striking books in current fiction is "The Story of Goesta Berling," by the Swedish writer, Selma Lagerloef. The hero of her story is a priest who had been dismissed from his church for drunkenness. After wandering around for some time, steadily descending to the most disreputable extremes, he lies down to die in a snowdrift. He is rescued by the major's wife of Ekeby, a peculiar old woman of strong character. She takes him to an inn. When he comes to his senses and has been warmed and fed, she tries to induce him to abandon his purpose of suicide.

She offered him a life of idleness and pleasure, but he answered that he must die. Then she struck the table with her clinched fist and let him hear what she thought of him. "So you want to die, that's what you want. That would not surprise me, if you were alive. Do you think that you have to lie stiff and stark with a coffin lid nailed down over you to be dead? Don't you believe that I stand here and see how dead you are, Goesta Berling? I see that you have a skull for a head, and it seems to me as if the worms were creeping out of the sockets of your eyes. Do you not feel that your mouth is full of dust? Do you not hear how your bones rattle when you move? You have drowned yourself in brandy, Goesta Berling, and you are dead.

"Thousand devils!" she said, and laughed softly to herself. "It is truer, what I am saying, than I myself thought. Don't you believe, Goesta Berling, that most of the people in this world are dead, or half dead?"

The major's wife, of Ekeby, and the Apostle Paul spoke the same truth. There is a death in life that is more horrid than the death that is simply going out from this life. It is the death where the spirit is stifled by the body or by the material things of the world. Are such dead spirits before me this morning? If there be such, let me cry out to them in the thunder tones of the Son of God: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

The life is more than meat, just as the body is more than raiment. Do not forget the invisible realities. Do not let the clouds obscure your vision nor the din of things destroy your hearing. Think of the realities. Think of them, parents, as you care for your children's clothes, and neglect not your children's lives. You mend their stockings, but do you repair their spoiled ideas? You provide food for their stomachs, but do you provide food for their craving spirits? You wish to leave lands and tenements, things which, ridiculously enough, you call "real estate," so that they may be provided for when you die; but do you think to leave them honor and truth and good character?

And think of this to your comfort, O mother, as you lay away the form of your beloved child in the grave. You have passed through your hour of trial. You have cried out without music, hoarse and discordant grief. You have reproached God and turned with bitterness upon the world. But you forget the realities. It is not your child that is laid away in the ground. That is just the clay clothes the child wore for awhile; you have put them away in God's wardrobe for other children to use in the generations to come; but your child lives on, beautiful, eternal, real. When your time shall come you, too, shall step out from the confusion of things into the clear light of the realities. "For now we see as in a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then we shall know even as also we are known."

LIVE ON THE BANANA.

Natives of the Countries Where It Grows Become Lazy and Demoralized.

Not many years ago the banana was a curious fruit, reserved for the table of the epicure; to-day it is the hardy perennial of the costermonger's barrow. But few whose cheap delicacy it is have probably ever thought that it could have much influence on national character. However, according to Sir H. Johnston, says the London Telegraph, the idleness and vacuity of the lives of the natives who inhabit the fertile districts of the Uganda protectorate are directly encouraged by the banana, which requires scarcely any labor for its maintenance as a standing source of food supply. It propagates itself by throwing up shoot after shoot from the underground rhizome, which, as it were, grows horizontally, as do many of the allied plants of the same order, and most orchids. From one of these rhizomes you may break off an incipient shoot and replant it. This shoot rapidly develops into a fine tall tree and bears one or more bunches of fruit.

Whilst this tree is flourishing above ground it is expanding horizontally below ground and forming a succession of fresh shoots. Each shoot grows up in turn, produces fruit, and eventually dies. Left to themselves, however, bananas seem to go on growing, shooting, dying and sprouting up again eternally. Beyond the original labor of stocking a few banana plantations with fresh shoots the native has little further to do but to gather the fruit as it ripens.

Valuable Deposit of Coal.

A valuable and workable deposit of bituminous coal 1,000 miles long runs along the eastern base of the main range of the Rockies, extending from the Canadian boundary through Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS USE AND ENDORSE PE-RU-NA.

C.B. CHAMBERLIN, M.D.
OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

C. B. Chamberlin, M. D., writes from 14th and P Sts., Washington, D. C.

"Many cases have come under my observation, where Peruna has benefited and cured. Therefore, I cheerfully recommend it for catarrh and a general tonic."—C. B. CHAMBERLIN, M. D.

Medical Examiner U. S. Treasury.

Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Medical Examiner of U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna:

Dr. L. Jordan.

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow-sufferers, Peruna will cure you."—Dr. Llewellyn Jordan.

Geo. C. Havener, M. D., of Anacostia, D. C., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"In my practice I have had occasion to frequently prescribe your valuable medicine, and have found its use beneficial, especially in cases of catarrh."—George C. Havener, M. D.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

ELEGANT DINING CARS.

New Service Inaugurated on the Iron Mountain Route.

The Iron Mountain Route has inaugurated a new dining car service on its fast daily trains from St. Louis, Memphis and intermediate points to Texas. These cars have just been turned out of the Pullman shops and are models of skillful workmanship. They are handsomely fitted up, thoroughly equipped with the latest appliances and lighted with electricity. They are also supplied with electric fans.

Meals are served a la carte from dainty Haviland china, Libby cut glassware and elegant silverware.

This is the only line running dining cars from St. Louis to points in Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. It has a triple daily service between St. Louis and Texas and a double daily service between Memphis and Texas of Pullman sleeping cars with electric lights, fans and all up-to-date appliances.

Well Named.

Mrs. Bacon—Why do you suppose they call employment agencies bureaus?

Mr. Bacon—Because a fellow can never find what he wants in one, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

We promise that should you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES and be dissatisfied from any cause whatever, to refund 10c. for every package.
Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

Thought It Endless.

Doctor—Nothing serious, I assure you. Your wife merely has a small ulcer on the end of her tongue.

Enpeck—Say, doctor, is that a fact?

"Certainly, sir! I hope you don't think I would misrepresent the case?"

"No, but your discovery that her tongue really had an end seems too good to be true."—Chicago Daily News.

Not New.

"This smokeless powder is something new, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Bickers, who was reading of some military experiments.

"Why, my dear," replied Mr. Bickers, "you have used smokeless powder for years."—Detroit Free Press.

Ask To-Day for Allen's Foot-Ease.

It cures swollen, aching, tired feet. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Uses of the Wheel.

Spokes—The bicycle is a great moral factor. It keeps women from gossiping about their neighbors.

Neads—Ugh! As far as I can see, it helps them to run people down more than ever.—Tit-Bits.

Most men are short on gold and long on brass.—Chicago Daily News.

HE DIDN'T FEAR THEM.

The Doctor's Dead Patients Were Not a Source of Any Great Annoyance with Him.

There is a doctor of the old school in one of the New England villages near Randolph, Mass., the former home of Mary E. Wilkins, whose house is surrounded by a cemetery. The cemetery is behind the house, and comes up flush with the road on either side, running off to east and west for an eighth of a mile. Some might find such a house lot doleful, and surely the neighbors are not lively. But that thought never troubled the villagers so much as the prospect of going home at night, says the New York Tribune. In the country towns of New England the graveyard at night is still a thing of terror, an inherited terror. There are still towns where all the graves are dug on a line running due east and west, with the footstones toward the east, so that the dead may rise face to face with the Judge on the last day. So the doctor is often asked the question: "Are you not afraid to go home sometimes at night?"

And his answer is always the same: "No; my neighbors will never trouble me; they all owe me money."

The First Boarding-House in History.

is the basis for a unique little story in The Four-track News for May. It is entitled "The Prophet's Chamber," is appropriately illustrated, and contains information that every farmer's wife in New York and New England should have. The Four-Track News will be mailed free to subscribers in the United States for 50 cents a year; single copies, 5 cents. Address Geo. H. Daniels, Publisher, Grand Central Station, New York.

A Kansas Obituary.

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving terrestrial land on Friday, March 19, 1902, at 9:30 p. m., central time."—Oklahoma State Capital.

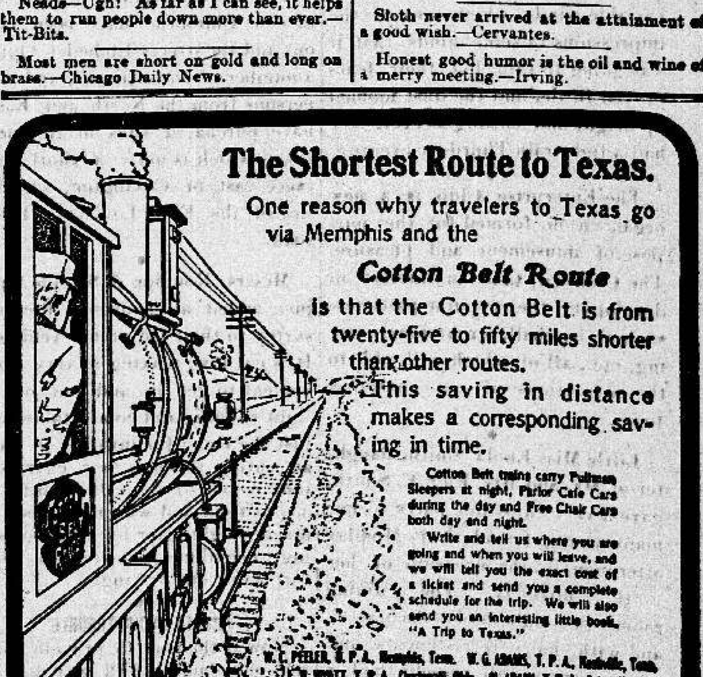
A Rapid Rise.

"I," says the self-made man with some pride, "began life as a corn doctor, but after working a year at that profession invented a dandruff cure that has made me independently rich."

This shows us that if we begin at the foot it doesn't take long to reach the head, or something to that effect.—Baltimore American.

Sloth never arrived at the attainment of a good wish.—Cervantes.

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting.—Irving.



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FLORENCE, S. C., Nov. 26, 1900.—I was first advised by our family physician in Charleston to use TEETHINA with our baby when he was but a very young infant, as a preventive of colic and to warm and sweeten the stomach. Later it was useful in teething troubles, and its effect has been found to be so very beneficial and so free from dangers that are consequent upon the use of drugs and soothing syrups, that we have come to regard it, after use with three children, as one of the necessities when there is a new baby in the house and until the teething troubles are over, and we take pleasure in recommending it to our friends instead of the horrid stuff that so many people use to keep their baby quiet. HARTWELL M. AYER, (Manager Daily Times and Weekly Times-Messenger.)