

AFTER THE WEDDING

THERE IS A VALUE OF COMPLIMENTS MARRIED LIFE.

Most Men Take Love for Granted—But No Longer Disappear—Harry Disappears—Ethel's Compliments—Smooth Over Many Phases of Self and Partner—The True Love Story Commences at the Altar.

When the domestic fire of self and partner, as some of those parve heavily over a rough and jelling never mind whether the moment is matrimony or the reverse. In the humdrum monotony of conjugal life, though both parties are incomparably confident and there is a solid foundation of confidence underlying the days and years, love does not fly out of the window, but compliments do. Glancing back at the halcyon period of courtship, how many husbands, if candid, must confess that their behavior then was in marked contrast with their behavior now, that the manner of chivalry, of admiration, of adorescent courtesy which then fitted them as smoothly as their evening clothes, had not the most distant or the faintest resemblance to the brusque, bearish and possibly boorish manner that too often is a blot upon married friendship.

I use the word friendship advisedly, for unless people are friends they have no right to be married, and marriage to those who have entered it should be the highest culmination of comradeship between friends. Unfortunately, it is not always this, for into the freedom of marriage creeps the poison of rudeness and inconsiderate and ill-timed frankness. A great deal of most unpardonable impoliteness shelters itself behind the mask of frankness. The man takes it for granted that his wife is aware of his love, and is at no pains to assure her of its continuance in word or act, out of the commonplace. And she is not free from blame on her side.

If truthful, some wives would be forced to admit that their attitude toward the lovers of their youth had wholly changed. They were intentionally attractive, and their appearance and conversation when with these acknowledged lovers, they do not now take the trouble to be the same, the lovers having become husbands with whom they have settled down into the easy jog-trot of double harness.

Think of the contrast. What? Receive Harry when he came to call of an evening, with tumbled hair, in a dowdy gown, without a collar, a ribbon or a frill, and without so much as a fitting smile of approval? He is thus received now very often. But then it was different. Harry was then the magnet of every waking thought and probably focussed the fancies of one's innocent dreams. Ethel was completely absorbed in the lad and dominated by his slightest wish; "Harry's will is my law," she used to say, with pride. If he did not admire a hat it was discarded in a flash. If he liked pink, Ethel's summer frocks were blushed with rosebuds. She would not have let him see her in solid gloves or torn toes. If he preferred one dessert to another, Ethel's fair hands compounded it on the day that he came to dinner. Had he gained a promotion or some forward step in business, she praised him for it without grudge or reluctance, for to Ethel Harry then wore the glamour of a warrior returning with the spoils from a hardy won field.

But, on the other hand, a score of years ago, Harry seldom called empty-handed. He used to bring flowers, bonbons, a new book or the latest magazine, and these were tributes laid at Ethel's feet. She never looked pretty that he did not tell her so, in some form of honey speech which was not lost on him. She dressed for his approval, and he knew it, and lavished compliments in return for the pains she took.

Let us suppose that Harry, grown a little bald, a little rounder, a little red in the face, plainly middle-aged, and water-familias from the top of his hat to the toe of his boot, should again look at Ethel through the eyes of the Harry he used to be. Supposing that Harry he used to be, and he should occasionally bring home roses as well as packages from the grocer and market stall. Suppose he should notice her in a new gown and comment upon it, not wearing an air of oblivion when she looks better or worse than other women.

To a certain middle-aged and really devoted husband of my acquaintance a woman friend once ventured to say: "Do you know that your wife is the worst-dressed woman in this town?" The man received the remark with incredulous amazement, saying: "It never occurs to me to think how she looks, but I took it for granted that she wanted or when she wanted new clothes she would buy them."

The good man, well-to-do, and recently faithful, never gave a passing thought to his wife's costume, and she thought to be too proud to tell him that she required anything. The day that she received the remark with incredulous amazement, saying: "It never occurs to me to think how she looks, but I took it for granted that she wanted or when she wanted new clothes she would buy them."

HIS SUMMER WALTZ SONG.

With the Terrible Handicap of Originality. This One Stop No Chance with Publisher.

The man with the luxuriant hair and the roll of manuscript entered the music publisher's office with an air of assurance.

"I have here," he said, "a popular waltz song that ought to catch on quickly this summer."

"That's all," gleefully replied the music publisher, glancing over to where a blonde piano accompanist was dividing his attention between a cigarette and a blonde sweet singer who was practicing "Sweet Susquehanna Sambo" in order to attain a high register that would rise above the Coney waiter's insistent—"Who wants the handsome waiter?"

"Really, my boy," he continued, "I really haven't time to have it played over. A brief description of your song will indicate its merits."

"Well, it has an original title, and—"

"Oh," said the publisher, "that fault can be easily corrected. But let me ask you about the rhyme in it. Do 'true' and 'blue' and 'you rhyme in the chorus, and does it contain such phrases as 'I love you so,' and 'Don't say no,' eh?"

"Why, no. As I told you, I have steered clear of all such hackneyed expressions."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you have no line about the moon is shining and an answering echo 'my heart is pining'? Doesn't 'eyes' connect with 'prize,' and 'skies above' furnish an excuse for dragging in 'love'? Your song contains none of these things?"

"Why, no; this popular waltz song is on original!" roared the music publisher.

"Original!" roared the music publisher. "Do you want to bankrupt me? Why should I publish such a crazy song? Skiddoo! Git!"

HUNCH THAT WENT WRONG

Doctor Thought He Had a Good Joke, But the Laugh Was on Him in the End.

Doctor Thought He Had a Good Joke, But the Laugh Was on Him in the End.

The "hunch," which may be called a premonition, is a wonderful thing, says the Kansas City Star. That it exists there is no doubt. Almost everybody has "hunches" now and then, and they usually say they "worked out." Hay Clark was in a sleeper bound for Texas when he had a "hunch" that an accident was about to happen.

"It worried me so I dressed and went into the smoker, three cars ahead," said Clark. "Fifteen minutes later a broken rail wrecked the train and the sleeper turned completely over, injuring two dozen people. I escaped without a bruise."

A doctor smiled at this. "I had a queer 'hunch' once myself," he said. "I was in Denver and was walking along a very dark street about midnight. Suddenly a 'hunch' told me to turn off the street or I would be killed by a footpad. I pulled myself together and scooted at it. Half a block further a man stepped out of an alley and raised an iron pipe over my head. The blow, I knew, would kill me."

"What happened?" asked Clark.

"Why," replied the doctor, "the 'hunch' made good. The pipe came down on my head and knocked my brains out."

POTATOES \$2.190 A POUND

"Boom" of Once Expensive Vegetable Is Over and Now It Sells for Exceedingly Low Price.

A year ago Consul Mahin reported from Nottingham, England, that a new variety of disease-resisting potato was selling at \$2.190 a pound for seed. Its "boom" is over.

A contributor to the Nottingham Guardian announces that the Eldorado is now obtainable for less than a shilling a pound. The collapse was not due to a lack of disease-resisting power in that tuber. According to one deponent it was the hardest seed potato on the market, while another considered it "the most disease-resisting potato that has ever come before the British public."

Last year's harvest was not good and farmers are short of money; other potatoes fell in price, and the Eldorado was sympathetically affected; dealers who would not pay a fancy price for it "ran it down," to excuse their not having it for sale, and so on.

A contributory cause of the Eldorado's loss of prestige is believed to be the extensive practice of forcing it under glass and taking cuttings from the product—a practice discountenanced by Lincolnshire growers generally as producing abnormal and untrustworthy results.

Don't Wake a Sleeping Man.

Gen. Frederick Grant tells how, at a certain military post in the west one night, just after the sounding of "taps," a detail was called for from one of the companies to bring from the married quarters to the guardhouse a private who had been beating his wife. First Sergt. Mulligan called for Corporal Needham and Privates Clancy and Moore to form the detail. The corporal and Private Moore at once got up from the cots and dressed for duty, but apparently Clancy was fast asleep. Although but a moment before the appearance of the sergeant he had been animatedly conversing with his fellow soldiers. "Come, Clancy," said the sergeant, poking him in the ribs, "get up." Whereupon the Celt in great disgust arose, exclaiming as he did so: "Why don't ye wake some man that ain't asleep?"

Difference in Vase.

John G. Johnson, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, is a well-known connoisseur of paintings, antiques and curios. A New York dealer brought recently to Philadelphia for Mr. Johnson's inspection a vase. It was a painted Chinese vase, and the dealer hoped that it was very rare and ancient. Mr. Johnson studied it in silence. "It is, sir," said the dealer, "a fine antique, eh? Remarkably old and good, don't you think, sir?" Rubbing the lenses of his glasses with his handkerchief, Mr. Johnson answered gravely: "The painting of the vase bears every evidence of being ancient, which is all the more interesting from the fact that the vase itself is undeniably modern."

THE TEACHER'S FOE

A LIFE ALWAYS THREATENED BY NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

One Who Broke Down from Six Years of Overwork Tells How She Escaped Misery of Enforced Idleness.

"I had been teaching in the city schools steadily for six years," said Miss James, whose recent return to the work from which she was driven by nervous collapse has attracted attention. "They were greatly overcrowded, especially in the primary department of which I had charge, and I had been doing the work of two teachers. The strain was too much for my nerves and two years ago the crisis came."

"I was prostrated mentally and physically, sent in my resignation and never expected to be able to resume work. It seemed to me then that I was the most miserable woman on earth. I was tortured by nervous headaches, worn out by inability to sleep, and had so little blood that I was as white as chalk."

"After my active life, it was hard to bear idleness, and terribly discouraging to keep paying out the savings of years for medicines which did me no good."

"Excuse me, but do you get back your health?"

"A bare chance and a lot of faith led me to cure. After I had suffered for many months, and when I was on the very verge of despair, I happened to read an account of some cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements were so convincing that I somehow felt assured that these pills would help me. Most people, I think, buy only one box for a trial, but I purchased six boxes at once, and when I had used them up, I was indeed well and had no need of more medicine."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enriched my thin blood, gave me back my sleep, restored my appetite, gave me strength to walk long distances without fatigue, in fact freed me from all my numerous ailments. I have already taught for several months, and I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

WOULDN'T HAVE IT KNOWN.

Man Didn't Sign Check Because His Benefactions Were Done Secretly.

Four or five ladies hustled into Mr. M.'s private office the other day, relates the Chicago Journal.

"What do you do for you, ladies?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. M.," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription, and we know you would like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

"Mr. M. bowed graciously and asked: "What is the object?" Of course, it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman; "we think it a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check," "Oh, how lovely you are, Mr. M.," exclaimed the spokeswoman, when she received the big paper and read the amount—\$500. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you! We are ever so much obliged."

"No good of him!" and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party.

"But, Mr. M.," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions to be known to the world," said Mr. M., modestly. "I wish to give the check anonymously." And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.

Took All Precautions.

With reference to an accident which occurred during the motor car trials in the Isle of Man, when a car drove into a house, we are informed that it was not the chauffeur's fault, as he sounded his horn three times.—Punch.

Reads Like a Miracle.

Moravia, N. Y., July 17th.—(Special.)—Bearing on the miraculous cure in the case of Mrs. Benj. Wilson, of this place, suffering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted away till from weighing 200 lbs. she barely tipped the scales at 120 lbs. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure her husband says:—"My wife suffered everything from Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years and doctored with two doctors, but received no benefit. She had so much pain all over her that she could not rest day or night. The doctors said that she could not live."

"Then an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they helped her right from the first. Five boxes of them cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a God-sent remedy to us, and we recommend them to all suffering from Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases, including Bright's Disease, and all Kidney aches, including Rheumatism."

After a successful medical campaign against the "lazy worm" in Porto Rico, a similar one might be undertaken in this country. It is an anemia that troubles the tramps.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

One Cake of Cuticura Soap and One Box of Cuticura Cured Baby's Awful Humors.

"When my sister was eighteen months old a humor broke out on her shoulders, extending clear across the back. For two years it caused her intense suffering. It would scab over and then crack open and a watery matter oozed from it. When the scabs would fall off it would be raw for a time. We had several different doctors and tried everything we could think of, but without effecting a cure. Then we got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, which cured her completely and without scar or blemish. (Signed) Lillie Chase, Woodford, Va., Trement St., Woodford, Va."

Fitted the Case.

"So the congregation didn't like the preacher and asked him to resign, Uncle Jason?"

"Yes sah; he wuz wunt de white folks calls a persona non gratis to de ch'ch."

"Not persona non gratis; that means a person not free, if it means anything. You are a little off on your Latin."

"Not at all, boss. Dat wuz jest de objection to dat preacher. We didn't pay our last preacher nothin' an' dis one wuz alluz insistin' on beln' paid some sort of salary."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

MUSICIANS AND WRITERS.

DENTIST'S ENTERPRISE.

Took Unique Method of Making People Acquainted with His Business.

A young man with ingeniously enough to warrant success recently identified himself with a Milwaukee church that boasts of having one of the largest congregations in the city, relates the Evening Wisconsin.

He made himself generally useful, offering to sing in the choir, teach Sunday school, act as usher, or do anything that would help the good cause, and was finally asked to serve in the capacity of usher, which he did with great alacrity.

As he passed the collection box the minister noticed that he handed each person a slip of white paper. At first the minister supposed they were the envelopes in which the money for specified purposes is usually inclosed, but after a few Sundays of assiduous work on the part of the usher, the minister decided to investigate.

He discovered that the young man was a struggling young dentist, and was handing out his business cards.

An Important Legal Victory.

Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., is the inventor and proprietor of "Foot-Ease," a well-known proprietary article of merit and enjoying a large sale all over the world. Mr. Olmsted has been a heavy advertiser, and has been able to make a trade-mark of great value. Others have noted this with jealous eye and have sought by underhand methods and by copying, to steal the benefits to be had from confounding the mind of the public. Mr. Olmsted brought his dishonest competitors into the Supreme Court of New York State, which recently granted an injunction with costs, restraining the offenders from making or selling a foot powder or design or otherwise. The entire advertising fraternity of the United States owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Olmsted for taking this firm stand against the buccannets of trade, who have no inventive power themselves, are always willing to profit by another's brains, and, by methods akin to those of the bushranger, become social highwaymen in stealing the benefits of long, extensive and clever advertising.

The Great Trouble with Us Nowadays is That We Express Our Views so Well that We Feel no Need of Taking Action about Anything.—Life.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Bits of Flag Lore.

The simple striping of the red and yellow in the flag of Spain was suggested by the arms of Aragan.

The strangest flag under which man ever fought is that of the Macedonian insurgents. It is red on one side and black on the other.

The crescent, moon and stars were adopted by the Turks as their device on the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453.

The white cross on the red field of the Swiss flag has a religious meaning. It was adopted as an appeal to heaven in 1329, when the stout Swiss fought and won one of their greatest battles.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch, among whom he learned shipbuilding. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor, red, white and blue, upside down.

In compliment to William, prince of Orange, their great leader, the colors of the house of Orange were adopted by the sturdy people of the Netherlands, at the end of their long bout with Spain—orange, white and blue; but nobody knows how, in the centuries since, the orange became changed to red.

Commercial Currency.

About 90,000 tons of butter are made yearly in Great Britain.

Exports of American-built automobiles have increased 40 per cent. during the last 12 months.

The largest flour mill in the British empire is in Montreal. It turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a day.

Hand-spun thread, used for the very finest Brussels lace of all, costs sometimes as much as £240 per pound.

Four hundred and twenty million eggs and 1,780,000 hundredweight of butter were exported from Denmark to the United Kingdom during 1904.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 18th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The lassitude of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Wm. D. Galt.

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GALT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Wm. D. Galt.

NEW YORK.

616 months old

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

When a man boasts that he is the descendant of some great man, he should not be criticized. Usually he has no other occasion for boasting.

A lid is sometimes blown off by the power of steam, but hot air can only make it rattle.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is harder to walk ten miles than to do a day's washing, but no woman ever called a day's washing physical culture.

To LEARN SOMETHING CONCERNING FERTILIZERS, ADDRESS: GIBBS & HALL, WORLD, 200 N. 3rd Street, N. Y., or 200 1/2 South Broad Street, Atlantic City, N. J.

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