

any Farmer
AND WEEKLY.
ON, : : LOUISIANA

And Japan being satisfied, yet literature may as well fade away. Japan is beginning to use home-made cigarette paper.

It will be noted that "Carmen Sylva," the Roumanian queen who has declared war on corsets, is 65 years old.

So now Hetty Green's son wants to take a trip in an aeroplane and become a rising young man.

Polar explorers do not have to go down to the basement and tell the janitor what they think of him.

When a man asks the reason for polar expeditions he shows that he does not read the magazines.

Lots of girls nowadays write to the magazines instead of asking their mothers.

Lincoln's head on the new cent will probably give all a chance to turn an honest penny.

Whatever is said about pasteurized milk, the pasteurized cow is better than the one that is fed on baled hay the year round.

King Edward is said to have his "double" in a private citizen who closely resembles him, as has the prince of Wales.

Canada, the United States and Mexico are preparing to do what they can to make North America worth saving to posterity.

King Edward forgot to mention the suffragettes in the speech from the throne. And he used to be such a ladies' man!

The fleet jacksies not only were brought home again, but they were paid \$500,000 in gold for coming! Great country, this.

A New Orleans man is suing five men who forcibly cut off his whiskers. "Ingratitude, thou marble hearted fiend!"

A Windy City preacher declares hares is here on earth. And, being a big man, he ought to know what he is talking about.

A California man was not awakened by his wife's screams, which frightened away a burglar. Some men have presence of mind even in their sleep.

They have a "silence room" exclusively for women in one of the churches. After a little practice the women hope to be able to use it.

A woman has challenged a leading member of the Duma to fight a duel, and a good many Japs would be inclined to bet on her if the affair could come off.

The new remedy for heart trouble is called Oxpropylidisoaminolime. We only mention it to bring joy to the hearts of printers and proof-readers.

Royalists have been doing a little rioting in France. But over there they treat that sort of thing with the same tolerance with which we look on the occasional outbreaks of college lads.

Now the Mauretania has done the run from Liverpool to New York in four days and 17 hours. In a generation or two ships are likely to be jumping across.

Michigan evangelist, who has been talking against divorce for many years, now applies for one. Maybe he just needs it as evidence how terrible it is.

The Swedish diet has voted for woman suffrage. Any legislative body with that name ought to give the sex that does nine-tenths of the world's cooking what it wants.

New Mexico proposes to tax widows \$25 a year and bachelors only \$10 a year. Evidently it is figured that it will be easy to get the larger sum out of a man who has once been married.

A special appeal has been made to Americans for contributions on behalf of an effort now being made to erect at Montpellier, France, on the ground of the National School of Agriculture, a monument to the late Gustave Poex, the French horticulturist.

Jersey justice law has ruled that if a woman wearing high French heels is hurt in getting off a car she cannot recover damages. Here is another illustration of how poor women are trampled upon by the masculine foot of oppression.

King Alfonso of Spain is undertaking to negotiate a marriage for King Manuel of Portugal with a niece of King Edward of England. Alfonso himself being married to a niece of Edward, this activity looks like enthusiasm for the family. Or is it that misery loves company?

It is not likely that Solomon built his temple of cement, yet we are told that it went up without the sound of a hammer or any implement of iron.

For the last ten years William Bidolph Cross of Cook street, Chester, England, who died recently, was engaged in the construction of his own coffin, made of empty match boxes. It is of the ordinary shape, and much patience and skill have been bestowed on it. There is, of course, an inner shell of wood, on which the match boxes are glued.

Prof. Schiaparelli, the head of the Italian expedition in Egypt, is making headway in his investigations of the necropolis of Adia. Some 200 Egyptian tombs are at work, and a great number of funeral objects are being constantly brought to light.

One eminent scientist puts the maximum age of the earth at 100,000,000 years; another at 15,000,000,000. But, then, after you have passed the first hundred millions a little matter of 14,900,000,000 more is not hard to walk.

THE CAVE DUEL

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR

We were stringing the fourth wire of the telegraph line through the Sixty-two range when it happened. As day by day we climbed toward the sky, now hidden in canyons or working high on the open sides of cliffs, yet ever rising toward the towering spine of the range, we beheld many impressive sights, near and distant.

Dandy was one of twin brothers whom I took on the construction force at Redding, a town at the northern end of the Sacramento valley. The Peck twins, while naturally very alike in exterior, were, in a temperamental way, very dissimilar. Dandy, as we called him, was of catlike agility and was soon promoted to "climber," that is, to tying the wire to the insulators on the poles. He seemed always laughing and whistling and chaffing the others with jokes, while the "Saint," an ironical title that ere long fastened itself to the other brother, was meek-faced and of quiet demeanor. He stuttered in talking, and somehow we got the impression that he was penetrated by a streak of timidity that approached cowardice. But events proved that we did not know the "Saint." The brothers were touchingly loyal to each other.

The Saint was a "puller," that is to say, he was one of two helpers who worked out ahead, but behind the reel, hooking out the wire and pulling up the slack while the tie was being made to the insulator. On the morning of our adventure with the mountain lion he was left, having a touch of fever, down at camp in the canyon below where we were working. In the Saint's absence, I got into his pulling straps and set the work going.

We were "stringing" in a narrow slit slashed through dense cloud of bull-pines on a mountainside early one

shadowy hollows in its face, and at one of these—a low, narrow hole—some rumped shale.

Saint at once dropped on his knees and began to crawl into the hole. I dragged him back by main strength and planted myself before the opening. "Are you mad?" I cried. "That creature will tear you into shoestrings if you go in there!"

"You'll let me in!" he demanded pantingly, glaring at me; "that thing hurt Dandy and I want to fight it!"

Before I could stop him he had grabbed the lantern and disappeared. I shall not attempt to relate what happened in Saint's own language, for, considering his lingual misfortune, that would hardly be kind. That which occurred, however, even as he told it to me afterward, was stirring enough.

When he entered the cavern the lantern revealed no sign of life. The place was as the black mouth of some great monster. The light shone on short stone pillars and ragged points that shut together along the walls like teeth, the roof was corrugated like the roof of some animal's mouth. No cougar was there. Throwing the flare of light along the outer edge of the floor, he found an outlet, a black, sunken hole, into which he instantly crept, pushing the lantern and rifle before him. It seemed the very insanity of courage, but the vision of Dandy lying senseless with the red rent down his neck and side goaded the boy to battle.

Within half a dozen feet his head and shoulders emerged in a smaller cavern, and 12 or 15 feet farther on he saw two reddish-green stars flaming in the gloom. Off to the left lay a big hairy heap, which suddenly stirred with a snoring suspiration and rose up to the height of a man. At the top of the shape a mighty mouth opened with a yawn and two little jet-like eyes widened with sudden interest. The master of the house had awakened to the fact that he had visitors.

Palpably he did not like it; the lantern's glow, and the baleful gleam of the cougar's eyes, and the strange white face thrust in over the threshold of his private chamber, troubled him. He growled and sniffed and looked angry.

The giant cat paid the bear no attention, but fixed its blazing eyes on the light and the human face at the entrance, wrinkling its sides and working its claws as it prepared to spring. Saint drew the lantern back under his arm, lifted his Winchester and fired at the cougar's head. The report seemed as the crashing roar of a cannon, and with a snarl the big cat apparently bounded against the low roof of the cave.

Involuntarily Saint drew back as he rested on his elbows and knees, and with the movement the rifle somehow came across the mouth of the narrow opening like a bar. The accident saved him, for the next instant the mad and frightened cougar plunged against the bar. The impact of its breast beat the rifle barrel far out of line. Saint's bosom and left arm were slightly torn by its claws.

That which Saint witnessed then, fearful as it was, proved very much to his liking. The mountain lion bounced back and went round the cave like a flash, while the bear danced across the floor with its mouth open as if laughing, but in reality highly irritated. The next moment the cougar sprang upon the larger animal's back. The force of the plunge carried the bear against the wall, and they fell. With a wrench and twist bruin got himself free, but instantly closed again, and hugging and writhing and biting together began.

The Saint saw something that opened his staring eyes wider. The cougar was close in and seemed tearing at the bear's vitals, when the bear seemed to wrench the infuriate thing loose as with human hands and struck it a resounding slap. The cougar dropped lifeless.

Saint backed out of the hole with all speed and came panting into my presence, his bent rifle in his hand. The next moment an enormous bear burst out of the opening and made off down the slope. I threw my rifle to my shoulder and aimed at the loping shape. Saint seized the barrel of the gun.

"Don't s-s-shoot," he gasped, "the bear h-helped me kill the cougar!"

I put down the weapon and we looked at each other. We were both trembling all over.

Some hours later we got the mountain lion from the hole. He was a big fellow with a superb skin. In removing the latter we found that Saint's shot had done little damage, having taken effect in the muscles of the hip. The destructive agent had been the bear's terrible blow, which crushed the great cat's skull. Dandy recovered in a few weeks and joined us when we were working up in Oregon.



"You'll Let Me In!" He Demanded.

day. As I leaned back with my weight in the straps and looking toward Dandy, who was at the top of a pole making a tie, I saw something flash like smitten emeralds in the branches of a pine to the left of him, and the next instant a great flying shape shot into the air in a long curve, and fell apparently upon him.

I saw it extended to the full as it shot through the air, its powerful paws and claws outstretched, its short ears laid back, its teeth bare to its red gums. A little wavy of light fled along its satin skin as it flew; I remember how strange that was. I cannot say why—my helper and the start the vision gave us—but the huge cat did not strike Dandy squarely. Its left paw seemed to strike him on the side of his head, tearing down across his right shoulder and nearly to his waist, and taking strips of skin and clothing with it. The animal's body struck across the three working telegraph wires and cut them from the cross-arm like a knife. It whirled completely over, with a snarling scream of fear and pain, and fell to the earth, striking upon its side.

Through one swift breath the cougar growled and writhed, wrinkling its shining hide in agony, then leaped up and away into the wood, turning its gleaming eyes back toward Dandy in terror as it fled. Doubtless the burning thrusts of the electric currents, which met the animal when it fell across the wires, were the inspirers of its fright, rather than Dandy.

It goes without saying that we got to Dandy's side as quickly as our bounding legs would take us. The young fellow was quite unconscious. We hurriedly carried him down to the camp, where we were not long in determining that Saint was not at all a saint, for what with the sight of Dandy, torn and senseless, and the bit of fever in the Saint's own blood, his anger was something to see. As soon as Dandy had his reason back, which we were happy to see arrive a few moments after we brought him to camp, Saint took a Winchester from the little tent in which the brothers slept, and began bucking a belt of cartridges about his waist. His face was pale and set, and in answer to an inquiry of mine he said: "I'm g-g-goin' after that beast!"

I slung a gun across my shoulder and followed him. There was an itching in my own fingers to get a shot at the savage creature. I grabbed a lantern before leaving, thinking we might track the animal to his lair in the rocks. When we came to the spot where Dandy had fallen, we pushed directly into the forest, looking keenly everywhere. I confess to little creeping thrills in my scalp by times as I peered about, lest the terrible thing might fall down upon me from some tree like a tearing, crushing bolt.

Above us, not far away, loomed a great wall of rock, seamed and wrinkled with the erosion of countless storms and winters. When we faced it close at hand it towered above us hundreds of feet, brown and gray, and clothed here and there with green, clinging tufts of growth. We caught a glimpse of the mountain lion at the base of the mighty rampart as we approached, but it vanished like something melting into the wall. When we came close to the brow of the barrier of stone we found many fissures and

Excitement in Florida.

In a Florida town a visitor from the north hailed a native.

"What's the matter with the people here?" he asked. "What are you all running so hard for?"

"Can't stop to talk, stranger," the man answered over his shoulder as he rushed on.

Men dashed out of their stores, slammed the doors and sprinted up the street, some in aprons, some in their shirt sleeves. An epidemic of madness seemed to have struck the place.

The town policeman sauntered along at last. Policemen never hurry.

"What's wrong?" the stranger asked.

"Ain't nothin' wrong," said the policeman. "The railroad agent just got a telegram that the down express train is comin' through in a few minutes with snow on the roof, and the boys have gone to fetch their families down to the depot to see the sight."—Newark Evening News.

One Thing Necessary.

The man who invented money created a popular thing, all right; but it's too bad that he also didn't create a popular desire to work for it.

WORTHY OF NATION

CAPITAL SOON TO BE FINEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Movements on Foot to Enlarge and Beautify Washington Already Are in Evidence—New Depot a Mark of Progress.

Though not entirely completed, the new Union station in Washington is such a vast improvement over the previous railroad terminal equipment of the capital that the inaugural visitors who have made trips there on other occasions must have been deeply impressed. They came through a gateway of great artistic attractiveness. They found themselves landed in a station which possesses every possible convenience for the comfort of the traveler. Everything is on a generous scale. A crowd of 10,000 people can be handled with less friction now than was occasioned four years ago in the arrival of a thousand. Ten trains can discharge their loads simultaneously without causing more than a neighborly touching of elbows, whereas in the old days two trainloads pouring into one of the stations at the same time would block every passage and cause infinite confusion.

This change is the token of the new Washington, the national capital as it is soon to be, in all its equipment. For the day is now at hand when the people of this country are demanding that their national center be made a credit to the republic. The federal legislators have felt the quickening impulse of this sentiment and stand ready now in more generous measure than ever before to proceed with the evolution of the ideal capital upon broad lines. The program is moving forward appreciably, though perhaps at times the eager citizens may be impatient at the slowness of congressional action.

Just outside of the station the new corner sees a wide expanse of territory flanked by the capitol and the senate office building. It is now an unlovely stretch in some respects, raw and rough along the outer edges, and obviously in a transition state. A screen of evergreen trees has been put in position around the outer curves of the street car lines, barely hiding the uneven spaces where the work of filling has not been finished. There is an ugly huddle of half-buried buildings left in their awkward plight by the change of grade, perhaps eventually to be taken into the plaza area or, falling that, to be replaced by attractive business buildings. The government contemplates—how leisurely the proceedings will be is not to be predicted—the acquisition of the as yet untaken land lying directly between the station and the capitol park. It has been proposed to place somewhere on that space a noble memorial to Abraham Lincoln, where, as an earnest advocate of the plan declares, it can be seen and appreciated by the American people "every time the train comes in."

This now untrimmed, undecorated station plaza will some day be one of the most famous places in the United States. Tardily but effectively the standards before the world as the seat of a great government, of American thought, an ever increasing power for the uplift of humanity. The obligation resting upon congress to make this city attractive in its garb, to give it no less than the best in all details of official outfitting and to place it on the highest possible plane of municipal efficiency is impressing itself annually more deeply upon the legislators, and this artistically attractive, practically useful terminal, a model of convenience and a credit to the public spirit of the railway corporations, is one of the results.

When another inauguration day arrives Washington expects to welcome its host of friends with the plaza complete in all respects, so that the incoming visitor will step forth to behold a scene that cannot be equaled in any other city in the world.

PROSAIC ENDING OF DREAM.

Little Care Taken to Preserve National Memorials at Washington.

Old inhabitants of Washington were saddened the other day when the high wind overturned the famous silver spruce which stood guard near the north gate of the White House ever since Old Hickory planted it in the latter days of his administration. The tree has been slowly dying for years and in the hollow trunk gray squirrels had made a perfect tenement. At least six families were evicted by the fall of the silver spruce, but they have found homes in some boxes which Mrs. Roosevelt had fastened to some near-by trees. It is doubtful whether this tree could have been saved, though Jackson enthusiasts now express great indignation that it was permitted to languish.

INADEQUATE.

It seems strange that with the millions of dollars which the government spends on trees and forestry problems so little success is discernible in saving the historic trees of the capital. Some of the most beautiful as well as historic trees have died within the past five years right under the nose, so to speak, of Gifford Pinchot, tree specialist. Other countries save their historic trees, as witness the venerable cypress under which Tasso meditated during his exile to Rome. It has been tenderly nurtured and guarded by the Italian government and iron props and all manner of stays are between it and the fury of the winds on the Janiculum hill. It is now so hoary and so visibly old that it is really one of the most touching sights in Rome. In Washington trees planted by Jefferson, by Alexander Hamilton, by John Marshall and Daniel Webster have been uprooted or have fallen the prey to plant enemy. For theories the government is probably in the lead of all other governments on forestry questions, but as judged from results seen in saving historic trees of Washington, that is another story.

THE CAPITAL AND ITS MEMORIES.

Musty memories hang thick about Washington. Every other house has been dignified by close contact with famous men and women. One built on a magnificent scale for Zack Chandler is now used as a boarding house or hotel. On the walls of its lofty parlors hang four great tapestries as soft in tone as some of the famous Gobelins. The mistress of the house has seen every inauguration since Lincoln's. The tapestries, worked by her sister, were exhibited at the World's Columbian exposition. One depicts an Illinois soldier who for 12 years boarded in the house. The eyes of the lady of the house brighten into youthfulness as she tells how this wonderful tapestry portrait worked by her dead sister's hand from the living model, hung in the Illinois building and how it was taken to the rotunda of the capitol in which the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic convened. The wife of the man stood as before the eyes of the grizzled men who patiently wondered what it meant until suddenly with one acclaim they cried: "Black Jack! Black Jack on horseback!"

To the gentle lady, whose voice trembles as she tells the story, the men who play their part in the beautifully adorned city are the shadows—her realities are of another time and have passed into another realm.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

School Visitor (to teacher after the arithmetic class has been dismissed)—That last boy said six quarts make one peck. Why didn't you correct him?

Teacher—Oh, I've tried to teach him that it takes eight quarts to make a peck, but it's of no use. He says he knows better, his father keeps a grocery store.—New York Herald.

THE BEATEN PATH.

"They say he made millions buying on margins." "How does it happen, then, that he is so hard up?" "He kept on buying margins."

NEW BELLE OF WHITE HOUSE.

Helen Herron Taft Will Be Popular in Washington.

Helen Herron Taft has followed in her father's footsteps in choosing her most intimate friends in Washington from the "army set." What Gen. Bell and Gen. Clarence Edwards are to the new president, young ladies like Miss Ayleshire and Miss Webster are to his only daughter.

At the same time she has formed many close friendships at school, and these ties are bringing Miss Taft an ever-increasing number of invitations to devote her vacations to house parties, and will result in the presence of many youthful residents of many different cities when the time comes for Miss Taft to make her debut in the White House—something for which Mrs. Taft has as yet planned but ten tattles.

The newly chosen first lady of the land expects her only daughter to become a White House debutante, of course, but she has also expressed the hope that this social inaugural can be deferred for a year or two, principally because the new president, who is vastly proud of his brilliant and studious daughter, will be disappointed if she does not fulfill the promise made at her entry, when, as mentioned, she won the prize for highest honors in the entrance examinations.

The new White House belle is, like her mother, a member of the Episcopal church. She was reared in the atmosphere of that denomination, almost her first schooling, save for that of German and English tutors, having been obtained at the Cathedral School for Girls.

She was confirmed by the late Bishop Satterlee in a class that also included Miss Ethel Roosevelt and the Misses Julia and Alice von Meyer, daughters of the present postmaster general. At Murray Bay, Miss Taft attended the Union church—representing the fusing of all the denominations in the little Canadian church, and now she and her mother will become occupants of the presidential pew, vacated by Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel in St. John's, the quaint, old-fashioned and exclusive "court church" which rears its red tower directly across the park from the White House.

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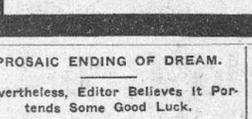
Cardui enriches the blood, through the nervous system, the main connecting link of which, is in the womanly organs, like the exchange board of a telephone line.

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"Cardui is all the doctor I want," writes Mrs. Amanda Frye, of Montoya, N. Mex. "It is the finest medicine for women that ever was. I cannot say too much for it. It helped me and also my mother, who had been suffering for three years from the change of life. I advised her to take Cardui and now she has taken one bottle and it has helped her and she feels like a different woman."

Try Cardui. It will help you. Sold everywhere. Buy a bottle today.



PROSAIC ENDING OF DREAM.

Nevertheless, Editor Believes It Portends Some Good Luck.

The dream of an unknown Kansas editor:

She was dressed in green, and a serpent of old gold and with red eyes encircled her arm. Her hair was very black and loose. Her eyes, black and deep, seemed to search me through as she held my hand in hers and looked up from the palm she had been reading.

"Your death will come suddenly," she said.

"Will it be a railroad collision or a hotel fire?" we inquired.

"I cannot say," she said, "but it will be so sudden as to be painless."

Just then we awoke, because somebody was punching us in the ribs and saying: "Get on your side of the bed and let me have my share of the quilts."

But we have been thinking about it since, and we believe somebody is going to pay his subscription in advance.—Kansas City Journal.

DOUBTED TALES OF SCIENTIST.

Scotaman's Summing Up of Character of Man of Learning.

Sir Archibald Geikie, the distinguished geologist, who will probably succeed Lord Rayleigh as president of the Royal society, tells a good story in his capital book of "Scottish Reminiscences."

"I was quite sure you had been in our neighborhood," a friend said to Sir Archibald. "I met the old farmer of G—, who had a strange tale to tell me."

"Dad, Mr. Calthart," he began, "I ran across the queerest body the other day. As I was coming by the head of the cleugh I thought I heard a wheen tinkers quarrellin', but when I looked down there was as weel stoot man. Whiles he was chappin the rocks wi' a hammer, whiles he was writin' in a book, whiles fetchin' with the thorns and miscalin' them for 'at was bad. When he cam up frae the burn, him and me had a large confab. Dad! he tellt' me 'a' about the stanes, and hoo they showed that Scotland was ance like Greenland, smooored in ice. A very entertainin' body, Mr. Calthart, but—an awfu', awfu' leear."—Tit-Bits.

TURN ABOUT FAIR PLAY.

But Somehow Mrs. Newlywed Couldn't See the Point.

A young friend of mine, a jolly, convivial sort of a chap, got married recently, and at the end of the first week, upon receiving his salary of \$20, he went home, gave his wife \$18, and kept two for himself.

Of course, she thought that was lovely, but to her astonishment at the end of the second week he handed her only two dollars, keeping \$20 for himself.

"Now, see here, John," she said, indignantly, "how do you suppose I am going to manage on two dollars a week?"

"I don't know, I am sure, my dear," he answered, sweetly. "I had a terrible time of it last week, myself."

See, but wasn't he the mean old thing!—Seattle Argus.

PLEASANT FOR DAUBER.

USE BINKS SOAP

Sign Painter (to Dauber, A. N. A.)—Hello, bo! It's great to meet up wid one of de perfish out here in de wilds!

Slightly Mixed.

Little Oliver, six years old, had learned the song in which is oft repeated the refrain: "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and for some time he had been singing it with great enthusiasm and vigor. Finally he became silent, and after a brief period of cogitation he said:

"Mamma, what does 'hallelujah' mean?"

As simply as she could his mother explained that it was a religious exclamation meaning "praise the Lord."

He seemed rather surprised at the information, but his next question offered ample explanation of why he had thrown so much vigor into his singing. "If that's what it means," he said, "why do they throw corn and have jack lanterns on hallelujah night?"

A BAD BREAK.

"That was a bad break Dr. Green made."

"What was it?"

"He advised our traveling man to give up work for a while and travel for his health."—Detroit Free Press.

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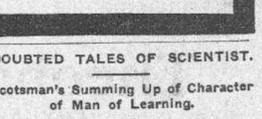
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TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"Cardui is all the doctor I want," writes Mrs. Amanda Frye, of Montoya, N. Mex. "It is the finest medicine for women that ever was. I cannot say too much for it. It helped me and also my mother, who had been suffering for three years from the change of life. I advised her to take Cardui and now she has taken one bottle and it has helped her and she feels like a different woman."

Try Cardui. It will help you. Sold everywhere. Buy a bottle today.



PROSAIC ENDING OF DREAM.

Nevertheless, Editor Believes It Portends Some Good Luck.

The dream of an unknown Kansas editor:

She was dressed in green, and a serpent of old gold and with red eyes encircled her arm. Her hair was very black and loose. Her eyes, black and deep, seemed to search me through as she held my hand in hers and looked up from the palm she had been reading.

"Your death will come suddenly," she said.

"Will it be a railroad collision or a hotel fire?" we inquired.

"I cannot say," she said, "but it will be so sudden as to be painless."

Just then we awoke, because somebody was punching us in the ribs and saying: "Get on your side of the bed and let me have my share of the quilts."

But we have been thinking about it since, and we believe somebody is going to pay his subscription in advance.—Kansas City Journal.

DOUBTED TALES OF SCIENTIST.

Scotaman's Summing Up of Character of Man of Learning.

Sir Archibald Geikie, the distinguished geologist, who will probably succeed Lord Rayleigh as president of the Royal society, tells a good story in his capital book of "Scottish Reminiscences."

"I was quite sure you had been in our neighborhood," a friend said to Sir Archibald. "I met the old farmer of G—, who had a strange tale to tell me."

"Dad, Mr. Calthart," he began, "I ran across the queerest body the other day. As I was coming by the head of the cleugh I thought I heard a wheen tinkers quarrellin', but when I looked down there was as weel stoot man. Whiles he was chappin the rocks wi' a hammer, whiles he was writin' in a book, whiles fetchin' with the thorns and miscalin' them for 'at was bad. When he cam up frae the burn, him and me had a large confab. Dad! he tellt' me 'a' about the stanes, and hoo they showed that Scotland was ance like Greenland, smooored in ice. A very entertainin' body, Mr. Calthart, but—an awfu', awfu' leear."—Tit-Bits.

TURN ABOUT FAIR PLAY.

But Somehow Mrs. Newlywed Couldn't See the Point.

A young friend of mine, a jolly, convivial sort of a chap, got married recently, and at the end of the first week, upon receiving his salary of \$20, he went home, gave his wife \$18, and kept two for himself.

Of course, she thought that was lovely, but to her astonishment at the end of the second week he handed her only two dollars, keeping \$20 for himself.

"Now, see here, John," she said, indignantly, "how do you suppose I am going to manage on two dollars a week?"

"I don't know, I am sure, my dear," he answered, sweetly. "I had a terrible time of it last week, myself."

See, but wasn't he the mean old thing!—Seattle Argus.