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No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

FOR BACKACHE--WEAK KIDNEYS TRY DeWITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS—Sure and Safe

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., Chicago

ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Iowa Homestead.

Good farming, based on sound principles of science and practice, was never more important or profitable than now. The Homestead, an agricultural and live stock paper published every Thursday at Des Moines, Iowa, is the best exponent of good farming. The Homestead is edited by farmers who live upon and operate their own farms right here in the middle West, so that their teachings are thoroughly practical. It has departments devoted to Horticulture, poultry, sheep, dairy, veterinary, laws affecting farmers, current events, house and home, Sunday school lesson, editorial comment, live farm gossip, etc., and its contributors include able and successful farmers and experiment station experts throughout the West. Many farmers in this vicinity are already subscribers for the Homestead and all should be; as whatever adds to the practical knowledge of the farmer increases the value of land and enhances the prosperity of the community. We take subscriptions for this splendid farm paper at this office; and, by special arrangement with the publisher, can give you a low subscription rate for it in connection with The Manchester Democrat. 48 6w

When winds shriek high in fiendish glee,
And enters winter with his key
Protect yourself, from disease be free;
Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea R. A. Detnon.

Had His Revenge.

The rivalry was great at the annual cricket match police versus publicans, and many friendly bets depended on the result. When the last batsman, Police Constable Robinson, walked to the wicket the police required only two runs to win, and naturally great excitement prevailed. He batted with due care until a loose ball came, and, hitting this past mid-on, he started for an easy run. He got home comfortably before the wicket was thrown down, but to his disgust he was given out.

"Why," exclaimed the indignant constable, "I was a yard past the wicket!"

"Mebbee," said the umpire in a supercilious tone, "but, yer see, it ain't what you say; it's what I say, an' I say you'm out!"

"But"— began the irate Robinson.

"D'yer remember," interrupted the umpire, meditatively scratching his nose, "sayin' to me 'bout six months ago, 'Don't argue with the law?' Well, you was the law that time an' I was run in. Now," he added, triumphant, "I'm the law an' you're run out!"—London Tit-Bits.

Pay of Army Officers.

A glance over the army list shows that over two-thirds of the officers are receiving less pay per day than good mechanics receive in civil life. The officer has no home, but must be prepared to live in the arctics or the tropics and change from one to the other at short notice. He must have equipment for both, and while in one place the equipment for the other is stored and deteriorating. He is sent on long journeys to distant stations and must suffer banishment from his family or take them along. Either is a great expense—on one hand for travel and on the other for maintenance of two establishments. His changes of station are so frequent that he must put his children in costly private schools or see them grow up in ignorance. Because he is an officer of the United States service to use the respectability of his position to add to his income commercially is regarded as reprehensible, and if he makes an investment he must intrust his interests to an agent.—Army and Navy Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Hot, tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the seaside day trip, and Simkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the hatrack above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Simkins' shoulder. Not feeling quite safe, it grabbed the voluminous ear of Simkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But Simkins only shook his head slightly.

"Let go, Eliza," he murmured. "I tell you I have been at the office all the evening."—London Pick-Me-Up.

Terrapin.

Terrapin begin laying about the middle of May and hatch in about thirty days. The female terrapin scratches a hole in the sand with her fore paws, deposits her eggs, from thirteen to nineteen, in it and then covers them up and leaves the heat of the sun on the sand to hatch out the young terrapins. They are not much bigger when hatched than a man's thumb nail and are as soft as dough. They crawl around pretty lively and begin to hunt for their food, consisting of small fish, crabs, etc. The first summer they are quite small, and about the first to the middle of November they go into their winter quarters. These consist of some soft mudhole in the marsh or on the bottom of some stream. Here they sleep until about the middle of April or later, when they come out and are of quite respectable size, say four inches in breadth. The next year they are six inches and the third seven inches in breadth. It is undoubtedly while the terrapin slumbers in the mud that he acquires the peculiar qualities for which we admire him. It is the only flesh known which one can crush in his mouth with his tongue without the aid of his teeth. The other animals run about, sleeping only at night. The terrapin sleeps night and day for six or seven months of the year and takes his night naps, too, for the balance of the year.—Baltimore Sun.

Pen Portrait of Grieg.

Here is as vivid a picture of Grieg the man as any that has yet been drawn. A correspondent who saw the noted Scandanavian composer when he received his honorary degree at Cambridge, in England, in 1894, makes it for the Manchester Guardian: "It was a sad and a strong face that we saw, one might almost have said a grim face, but that there was nothing of hardness in it, a face which must have inspired both respect and affection in all who met him. Yet as the little, old looking man stood there in the red and yellow gown of a doctor of music there was something incongruous about his appearance, the head, encircled with long, straight, white hair, appearing above the still stiffer, straighter lines of gaudy brocaded silk, which descended to the ground in the form of a regular cone, and the simile of one visitor, who remarked that they made him look just like a penwiper was irresistibly accurate."

Beer Capacity of a Munich Porter.

An English family touring in Bavaria called at the world famous Hofbrauhaus, the pride of Munich, writes our correspondent. To the waitress serving them the head of the family in a matter of fact way simply held up his five fingers. To the family's astonishment, the waitress came back with five quart pots filled to the brim with beer. The visitors bravely struggled with the beer, but managed to dispose of only about a quart between them. Knowing that it would be considered an insult to leave beer, they called a porter and ordered him to finish it. In less time than it takes to relate it the Bavarian accomplished the task. Wiping his mustache, he demanded sixpence for the "job" and having obtained the money, instantly ordered and emptied yet another quart pot.—London Mail.

A Waiter's Amazing Wail.

The waiter spoke indignantly.

"Men go about," he said, "complaining of being mistook for waiters, but it is on the other foot really that the shoe rests. Us waiters are the real complainants in these cases of mistaken identity. Our kicks are sincere. The others' ring false. For at dances and balls and such like crushes many a young man makes money by being mistook for a waiter. How does he make money? Why, he is tipped, and all them tips he pockets, never thinking of handing them over to their rightful owners. At every big affair we count on a loss of 5 per cent through the dishonest advantage that impecunious young swells take of being mistook for waiters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Savage Sense of Humor.

Lecturing on New Guinea, A. H. Dunning said he once offered a native some smelling salts. After going through extraordinary contortions the native went away, returning soon with another native, whom he compelled to make acquaintance with the salts. The two brought a third, and so on until the whole village had been victimized. The savages watched each new sufferer with the keenest delight and took good care not to let him know what fate awaited him.—London Standard.

Ohio's Pioneer Town.

Marietta was founded in the spring of 1788 by New Englanders, chief among them being General Rufus Putman of Massachusetts, Samuel Holden Parsons of Connecticut and James M. Varnum of Rhode Island. The town was named after the unfortunate Marie Antionette.

Fish In Inclosed Waters.

Most people not without education and a general knowledge of natural history are mystified by the presence of fish in inclosed waters. For many years there was open mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Macquarie river, in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam than the fish were observed, and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production. This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers and webbed feet well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Local and Neighborhood News

The daily Register and Leader is offered to new subscribers from now to April 10, 1907, for one dollar. Thousands of Iowa people consider The Register and Leader to be the best newspaper printed for Iowa readers. It gives all the news of the state and nation every morning. Delivered on almost all rural routes on the day of publication. Get the full advantage of this trial offer by sending your dollar to-day. Address, The Register and Leader Co., Des Moines, Iowa, or the publisher of this paper will forward your subscription.

A horse which is better than a watchdog, has a speaking tube installed between his stall and his owner's bedroom. The horse belongs to Mrs. Wadham-Petre, of Maidavale, England. As a consequence of good treatment and petting for several years he has developed a remarkable sagacity. The horse's stable is under part of the owner's house, and Mrs. Wadham-Petre had a trapdoor made in the floor of her room on the second story and a speaking tube about five inches in diameter to run straight down to the stable, where the horse's end of the tube is over his manger. The horse is often heard neighing or whinnying in the night, and, said Mrs. Wadham-Petre, "there are about thirty different calls he can make. I go to the trapdoor and say 'Hello, boy'. I can tell by the tone of his response whether he is disturbed by anything or is hungry, or merely quite comfortable and content. The horse is even better than a watchdog, because he knows exactly who is approaching the house by the sound of the footsteps."

He Knew Her.

The conductor looked at the thin man

"Do you see that stout woman at the other end of the car, the one with the monkey hat?" he asked.

"I think I see the one you mean," the thin man responded.

"There, she's looking this way," said the conductor. "Well, sir, I admire that woman."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do. She may have a squint and wear bad fitting clothes and big shoes, yet I admire her."

"Why?"

"She knows how to get off a car the right way, and that's why. She's too stout, and her hair is ratty, and she hasn't any taste, but when she steps down from the back platform I never worry. I know she'll land all right. I'm dead sure she isn't going to sit down in the mud and ask me for my number. That's why I admire her. Here she comes now. Watch her when she gets off."

The stout woman came down the aisle and briskly descended to the street. And the conductor, with his hand on the bell rope, winked approvingly at the slim man.

Then the stout woman looked around.

"Come, George," she called, and the slim man meekly followed her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Simple Minded Kurds.

Some of the peculiar traits of the Kurds of Asia Minor are described by a traveler: "If it were possible to imagine two colors more distinct than black and white it would be possible to imagine two characters more widely differing than those of the Arab and Kurd. The pure Kurd is the most unsophisticated and gullible person in the world so long as you keep away from the material issues. His respect for a man who can read and write is almost pitiable. The Kurds are on the whole blunt and somewhat uncouth, silent and quite incapable of falsehood. If they do wrong—and they often do—they admit the fault in the simplest and most unaffected way. I had a muleteer who was honest, civil and incorrigibly idle. 'Did you ever kill a man?' I asked him one day. Yes; sixteen on the Khazat road when I was a deserter from the army,' came the reply in a voice absolutely unmoved. 'You were a robber?' 'Yes, but now, praise be to God, I am married and a muleteer.'"

No Chesterfield.

A Boston man was praising the late Earl of Dunmore.

"Lord Dunmore," he said, "was a good man. Tall and robust and supple, I can see him still with his short gray beard and his kind face. His only fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt—was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted in correctness in eating, in dress, in everything.

"At a dinner in Beacon street once I heard him tell a story about an incorrect self made man, or 'nouveau riche,' as he called him. This man was dressing one night to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over.

"'But, George,' she said reproachfully, 'aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?'

"'No. What's the use?' George growled. 'My napkin would hide 'em anyway.'"—New Orleans States.

Proof of Brains.

Mr. Travers, the famous New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters a-plenty attesting his importance—letters from Gladstone, Dilke, Salisbury and Churchill. He had talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a bad meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at the table. There was never a stop in the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on he began: "Now, it is a question as to whether or not the oyster has brains. Scientists dispute the idea." "T-t-t-they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your proof, sir!" challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "W-wh-wh-why, sir, the o-o-oyster knows h-hah-how to shut up."

Uplifting the Savage.

We have received the following spicy analysis of British civilizing procedures in Africa from a young Egyptian from Tanta, who shows dramatic aptitudes. The title of his communication is:

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.
Act 1.—The missionary.
Act 2.—Whisky and pale ale.
Act 3.—The Maxim gun.
Act 4.—A newspaper.
Act 5.—Cricket and football.
Act 6.—Death of the last aborigine.
Finis.—Band plays "Rule Britannia."

—Egyptian Standard.

How He Grew Young.

One satisfied man returned from a two weeks' holiday. He spent it on a farm owned by his old aunt, and the royal way in which she fed him, to use his own description, formed the chief delight of his holiday.

"You see," he remarked confidentially, "my wife is a graduate of a diet and cooking school of the most up to date sort. She sees that we never have a meal which isn't perfectly balanced as to food values. The things we eat are chosen with reference to that and not with regard to whether we like them especially. Well, I can tell you, old Aunt Laura, with her table just groaning with forbidden, indigestible articles, was a mighty welcome change to me. She never heard of carbohydrates or phosphates or cellulose, and she wouldn't know a proteid if she met one in a bean porridge, where, by the way, I believe they largely congregate. But I tell you her fried chicken and fresh pork and biscuits were the finest things I've had for years. My wife actually turned pale when she saw me eat, and I know she was worried, because we were six miles from a doctor. I was never ill for a minute, though, and those two weeks of old fashioned, unscientific cooking have made me feel like a new man—or, rather, like a boy again."—London M. A. P.

Her Conversion.

When preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation an old clergyman found among them one old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid that for some weeks prior to the time he was obliged to have her come to his house every day in order to instruct and catechise her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience and zeal had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's clouded intellect. "Now, my good friend," said the worthy pastor just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?"

"Aye, yes, sir, thank'ee," replied his venerable pupil, with a simper and dropping one of her best courtesies, "I does indeed now, and, thank God, I heartily renounces them all."

The Clock Struck 1.

It was just two minutes to 1 when John Ludlam entered the house and, unwrapping a paper parcel, said to his wife that he had brought her a present of a clock. It was her birthday, and she had expected a brooch or a ring at least, and so she said tartly, "You liked the look of that clock."

His face flushed. "A nice way to speak about a present!" said he hotly.

"Well, it's the truth. I wouldn't have given a couple of shillings for it," said she in an exasperating tone.

John Ludlam was a quick tempered man. The veins in his temples swelled, and—

Just then the clock struck 1.

What did it signify—that the clock was running all right?

It did not. The ambulance surgeon said a few minutes later that if the clock had struck one inch nearer her temple John Ludlam would have been a widower.—Pearson's Weekly.

Many Color Lines In Cuba.

There are social distinctions in Cuba based upon color. There is not one but several color lines, though these are not eternal, hard, fast and unchangeable, as in the United States. In Cuba social life is run largely by social clubs. There are in almost every town and village negro clubs, two or three grades of mulatto clubs and white clubs. In one and at its functions may appear the husband, excluding the wife; in another, the wife, but not the husband; in a third, their children, but neither the father nor mother. To the world this will appear incredible, almost incomprehensible. Here it is convention, fixed, settled, accepted and operative. These distinctions, however, run but for a lifetime.—Army and Navy Life.

Too Much For Him.

"Andrew," said a devoted wife to her husband, "I want a hundred."

"A hundred what?" exclaimed the husband.

"Dollars," she replied calmly.

"What for?"

"Oh, a whole lot of things."

"Um-um," he hesitated. "I guess I shall have to check your extravagance, my dear."

"Do," she smiled, "and make it payable to my order, please."

He collapsed then and there.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Persian Language.

Persian is said to be not a very difficult language. The modern Persian is very much like the English in its sensible rejection of the inflections that burden so many of the world's tongues. There is no difference of termination to mark the gender either in nouns or adjectives, and all inanimate things are neuter. In other ways the Persian language conforms to the English.

Illegal.

Ethel—That sixteen-year-old boy asked me to marry him. Edith—And you threw him over? Ethel—Yes; told him it was against the law to catch lobsters so young.—Judge's Library.

Not Depressed.

"He says his whole life is a fizzle."

"Is he so pessimistic?"

"Not a bit of it. He's merely the clerk that attends to the soda water drinks."—Baltimore American.

It is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.—La Rochefoucauld.

High Living.

An eminent man who is a strict abstainer from both wine and animal food is obliged in consequence of this peculiarity to refrain from dining out. He entertains, however, an occasional kindred spirit. One such was recently at his table.

"You ought to have seen them," said the eminent man's son, "rioting over boiled carrots!"

In Wooden Shoe Land.

Patience—Did you have any shoes made in Holland? Patrice—Well, I tried to have a pair made, but when I went to get them they told me they hadn't cut the tree down yet.—Yonkers Statesman.

When Pride Is Humbled.

"How can I ever hope to win such a proud beauty?"

"Drop around when men are scarce. She ain't nearly so proud then."—Washington Herald.

A Disguise.

To the Barber—Lather me thoroughly; there comes my tailor.—Fliegende Blatter.

He Heard of It.

Admiral W[illegible] was a fine old sailor, and he was recognized as thorough. No personal friendship softened his manners to a delinquent. One day when he was sailing out from Hampton Roads with the international fleet that helped us to celebrate the centennial of Washington's first inauguration his orders about weighing anchor were disobeyed by his dearest friend in the service, who was in command of one of the ships, and as the old Chicago, the flagship, passed the trembling culprit the navies of the world heard "his whiskers" thundering out from the bridge objurgations and expressing wonder at his own moderation in not putting his old comrade under arrest. At another time when the white squadron was sailing out of a Mediterranean bay another old friend worked his ship so awkwardly that the admiral—then nearly a "trade dollar admiral"—suspended him by signal in the face of the whole fleet. The punished captain, coming aboard to protest against his public reprimand, puffed out indignantly, "Why, sir, I never heard of such a thing." "Well," said John, pulling at his big side whiskers, "you've heard of it now."—Harper's.

Guests Who Won't Order.

The business man returned to his office in a bad temper after the luncheon hour. "I wish people who haven't minds of their own would come to a realizing sense of the bother that they are to their friends and would develop a little initiative on their own account," he said. "Maybe it's only a mistaken idea of politeness, but anyhow it's a nuisance to be entertaining a person at the club and have him utterly without ideas as to what he wants to eat and drink. You ask him and he says he'll leave it to you, which is exactly what you don't want him to do. How can you divine his tastes, I'd like to know? What appeals to you very likely won't to him, and you know and he knows it. But your selections from the menu are always met with the comment 'That's very nice,' or 'You couldn't suit me better.' And so you go through the meal in a hit and miss fashion that certainly gets on the nerves of the host. The next time I run up against that kind of man I'm just going to sit back and let him do the entire ordering."—New York Press.

Where the Dog Is Valued.

In northern France and in Belgium especially the dog is indeed the friend of man. He is made to work. He gets little play except that small amount deemed sufficient to prevent canine dullness, yet he is so loved and so well cared for by his owner that he becomes a most important member of the family. The farmer, the tradesman, the householder, the guardsman of the frontier worships his dog—one of the first things he thinks of when founding his little home. He takes delight in rousing the dog's intelligence and loses no chance of pitting that intelligence against others. Local farmers vie with each other to improve a breed. Dog clubs take up the work, holding exhibitions in villages and towns. Cities challenge neighboring municipalities to contests on the grandest scale.—Wide World Magazine.

Wrecked by a Whale.

While cruising in the south seas the whaler Essex was furiously attacked by a cow sperm whale supposed to have been the mother of a calf which had just been harpooned. The whale had not been wounded herself, and her attack was very determined. At her first rush she passed under the Essex and carried away a great length of her false keel; then, coming to the surface a considerable distance away, she appeared to take bearings and deliberately charged the vessel again, ramming her with such violence that she stove in the bows, while the ship rolled so heavily that the captain thought she must be dismasted. The case is memorable because the crew had to abandon the vessel, and one boat was never heard of again.—Bally's Magazine.

Jingled His Wealth.

Young Scotch Precentor—Man Tammas, there's ae thing bothers me sair when I'm singin', an' I canna get ower't. I'm awfu' nervous.

Old Precentor—Aye, aye. I wis the same as you when I wis young, but I found oot a cure, an' I've aye kept tae't. I jist pit seeven or acht coopers in my pouch, an' when I feel the nervousness beginnin' I give them a bit rattle. It mak's me feel kin' o' whit I may ca' independent like. Try't, mon, try't.—Dundee Advertiser.

Poor Consolation.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the society woman. "I feel so wretched, and this is my receiving day too! I do hope no one will call, for I'll be in misery all the time."

"Well," remarked her husband facetiously, "I always understood that 'misery loves company.'"—Catholic Standard.

Her Bribe.

Unattractive Maiden Aunt—Goodby, Jottie. Come soon again. I hope you'll forgive my not kissing you, but I have an awful cold. Jottie (aged six)—Never mind. Do kiss me, auntie. Mother said she'd give me 5 cents if I'd let you.—Exchange.

Resented.

The Scotchman (during an argument)—Hoot, man, hoot! The Irishman (hotly)—Shure an' Oi'll not hoot. Do ye take me for a bloomin' owl?—London Scraps.

Wonderfully Good Sight.

The Duchess of X. once went to Greenwich to see the marvels of the observatory. It was a lovely night, and for the fair duchess' benefit the great telescope was duly leveled at the dazzling field of stars.

"What is that star?" she said, pointing to a very bright one.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, a star of the first magnitude."

"Is it very far off?" asked her grace.

"About six or seven light years, your grace."

"What is a light year?"

"Merely an expression which one uses to convey an idea of the distance which light travels in a year. Roughly speaking, light travels at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second, and there are about 31,000,536 seconds in a year. In one year, therefore, light travels above 5,991,840,000,000 miles. The expression 'light year' includes these figures."

"And is that star all those millions of miles away?"

"Yes, your grace, as nearly as we can calculate."

"Then all I can say," remarked the duchess, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name at that distance, even with this big telescope. It's really most marvelous."—London Tit-Bits.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Possum.

Preferably possum should be cooked over a wood fire in a log cabin and seasoned with the odorous blue smoke of hickory and ash as the lid of the oven is lifted now and again to give a glimpse of the promised viand to those who wait with whetted appetite for the coming feast. With the possum and taters there should be served either the ordinary Kentucky corn pone—if such an adjective may be not improperly applied to anything so rare—or the Olympian cracklin' bread of the hog killing season. In justice to the possum it must be said that neither corn pone nor crackling bread is necessary, but it serves well not only to mop up the gravy, but also to prevent the possum and the yams from melting in the mouth too rapidly for the flavor to be enjoyed in the fullest. The finest possums on earth are found in the woodlands of the Pennyrile district of Kentucky, and they reach perfection about the time the perfumed pawpaw becomes so ripe that it falls from the parent stem and reposes in all of its golden beauty in the orange tinted leaves that the earth has first claimed as tribute from the trees for her enrichment. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

American Temperament and Art.

The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are subsoiling American life.—Hamilton Mable in Atlantic.

The Wettest Trade.

The lot of the Ceylon pearl diver is not an easy one. Stones are suspended on a running rope over an outrigger projected from the boat's side in such a convenient position as to allow the diver to place one foot within a loop affixed to the stone. The diver, having placed himself with one foot on the stone, with a net around his neck to hold oysters, draws in his breath, closes the nostrils with one hand and raises his body to give force to the descent. The manduck (or diver's attendant), in charge of the stone and nets, lets go, and the diver rapidly reaches the bottom, leaves the stone, which the manduck instantly hauls up and refixes, throws himself on the ground, creeping along, and fills his net with oysters. This done, he jerks the rope, which is pulled up by the manduck in charge, and the contents of the net are discharged into the boat. The diver meanwhile rises to the surface.—Ceylon Manual.

The Restless Piper.

A Wall street financier was talking about music. "I like all music," he said, "except such native and special sorts as the tomtom, the bagpipes or the Indian hufaa give off. Did you ever notice how a piper prances up and down as he pipes? He never sits, he never stands still, but up and down, round and round, to and fro, he struts continually. A little boy, listening to the weird skirl of the bagpipes of a street performer, once said to his father, 'Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?' 'I can't say, my boy,' the father answered, 'unless it is to prevent anyone getting the range with a cobblestone.'"

Correct Interpretation Essential.

Many of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in literature would seem uninteresting and flat if read by a bad reciter. In the same way a good reciter will make attractive a poem whose beauties are not so apparent. A fine painter will light up each little beauty in his pictures until the smallest detail is attractive and strikes the eye. It is only the mediocrity whose work is characterized by sameness and lack of interest.—Strand Magazine.

Logical Supposition.

Little Lloyd — Papa, was George Washington married to England? Papa—Of course not, my son. Why do you ask such a silly question? Little Lloyd—This book says England is our mother country, and as George Washington was the father of his country I supposed they were married.—Chicago News.

He Was Incorrigible.

Underdone—My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. Mary (reassuringly)—Oh, mum, I don't take any notice of him, for 'tis the nature of him to find fault. Ain't he forever complainin' of you, mum?—Illustrated Bits.

Good Nature.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—H. W. Beecher.

Alone?

Aunt—And have you been all that long way alone? Niece—Yes, auntie. Aunt—Then how is it you went out with an umbrella and came back with a walking stick?—London Punch.

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger.

The Regular and Reliable Chicago Specialist, who has visited Manchester, every month since 1901, will be at the Clarence House,

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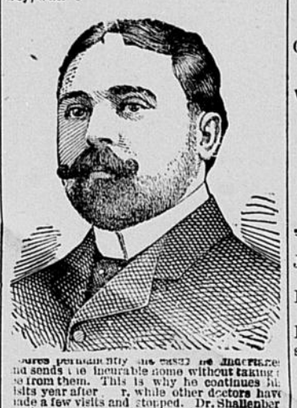

[illegible] and sends the incurable home without taking [illegible] from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Shallenberger is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of all other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

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