



Mixed Again.

Justle—Those were two jolly fine girls you were speaking to just now. Mixer—Yes, they're my two wife's sisters. Justle—Ha, ha, ha! Mixer—My two sister's wives, I should say. Justle—Ho, ho, ho! Mixer—Oh! hang it all, you know what I mean.—Ally Sloper.

Worm Turns.

"Five years ago to-night, Henry," remarked Mrs. Peck, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "you asked me to say the one little word that would make you happy for life." "Yes," rejoined Henry, with a sigh long drawn out, "and, womanlike, you had to go and say the wrong word."—Chicago News.

Compensation.

As one by one they snap and break, The resolutions that we make, We heave a heavy sigh. But compensation we may find When this one fact is brought to mind— It did no harm to try. —Chicago Chronicle.

LIGHT ON DADDY'S BEHAVIOR.



Little Boy—Mummy, dear, why can't I stay up till it gets late? Mother—That wouldn't do at all, dear. You'd wake up so cross in the morning. Little Boy (thoughtfully)—Does daddy go to bed very late, mummy?—Chicago Tribune.

Also.

"A stitch in time saves nine," 'tis said. Another saw might run: "When two young people would be wed, A knot in time makes one."—Cassell's.

Cynical.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

How It Works in the North.

"You've burned 15 tons of anthracite already this winter!" exclaimed the visitor. "Why on earth have you had to use so much?" "To reduce the visible supply, I suppose," said the victim of the coal trust's greed, grinding his teeth in impotent rage.—Chicago Tribune.

A Gentle Hint.

Charlie Dingbats to Dolly Semiquaver, who is about to make her debut—Tell me when you sing and I'll send you some flowers. Dolly—Please remember at the time that the only flowers I care for are on bats.—Town Topics.

Compensation.

The steak's tough at our boarding house, But I get quickly through it, For see the pieces are so small One doesn't have to chew it! —St. Louis Republic.

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.



The Artist—This is what I call a pot-joiler. The Friend—Huh! I'm afraid you're up against a cold dinner.

Perversity.

The snow for weeks lies on the ground. "This dirty, moist and raw. To clean it off the men come 'round, And then it starts to thaw."—Washington Star.

Suspicious.

He—I've got a surprise in store for you, dear. She—All right; but I hope it's not in the five-cent store!—Yonkers Statesman.

Rather Pepperish.

Ernie—Yes, he is very wild and my folks think he deserves to be punished. However, I am going to marry him to reform him. Eva—Goodness, he doesn't deserve that much punishment, does he?—Chicago News.

Squared Himself. "I don't think I ever can forgive you for it," she pouted. "You pretended to be so busy with your newspaper when I entered a crowded street this morning that you didn't see me, yet there I stood in the aisle, in plain sight." "You in 'plain sight,' Miss Gringo?" he exclaimed. "Not on your platinum print! If you were standing there, you were a dazlingly beautiful sight!" Did she forgive him? Well!—Chicago Tribune.

Collecting Rents. "Sir," said the seedy man, addressing a prosperous-looking passer-by, "would you kindly favor a worthy but unfortunate fellow-man with a few pence?" "What is your occupation?" asked the other, as he put his hand in his pocket. "Sir," replied the victim of hard luck, as he held up a tattered coat sleeve and smiled grimly, "I've been collecting rents for some time past."—Tit-Bits.

Leading Up to It. She (with an arm around his neck)—It makes you happy to know I am pleased, doesn't it, dear? He—Why, yes. "And you are happy when you whistle, aren't you, dear?" "Why, of course." "Well, love, I know you are going to whistle when you see this millinery bill."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Idea! Ebenezer Strick—Howdy, Si? How's all ther folks? Si Hampley—All right; only maw—she's complainin' ag'in. Ebenezer Strick—What's thet—got ther rheumatiz ag'in? Si Hampley—Nope; worse'n thet. She wants a new hat—only hed this one seven an' a half years, tew.—Judge.

Warned in Time. Mr. Hardnutt—I admit, sir, that my life has not been what it should be, but I truly and unselfishly love your daughter, and if ever I give her a moment's pain I hope I'll be made to suffer torture for it. Old Gentleman (warningly)—Oh, you will. You don't know her.—N. Y. Weekly.

More Convenient. On good old resolutions Each year a man embarks. He might have saved a lot of time By using ditto marks. —Washington Star.



Edith—I wish Percy shone in conversation a little more. Mayme—He ought to shine—he's awfully light headed.—Chicago News.

He Knew the Symptoms. Skinner—I believe Bluffin has gone into business of his own. Winkin—What makes you think that? Skinner—Why, he comes up to town by the early train in the morning, and he never takes more than ten minutes for his lunch now.—Ally Sloper.

Easy Enough. Bank Teller—You will have to be identified, ma'am. Lady—My friend here will identify me. Bank Teller—But I don't know her, you know. Lady—Oh, well, I'll introduce you.—Puck.

Food Chemistry. "Do you think the time will ever come when the chemists will put up our foods?" "No," answered the expert in dietetics. "The chemists will merely continue to furnish the boracic acid, as usual."—Washington Star.

Made a Hit, But—Publisher—I can't see anything in that manuscript of yours. Struggling Author—I presume not; but, you know, some of your readers may be more intelligent.—Tit-Bits.

A Raise. "What's your daughter Katie doing?" "She's in a department store." "Is she doing well?" "Oh, yes, she got a raise in salary last week from \$4.63 to \$4.69."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Fit to Be Seen. Buggins—See here, porter, this mirror is so dusty I can't see myself in it. Hotel Porter (who has not been tipped by Buggins)—Strikes me you ought to be mighty thankful, 'stid o' makin' a fuss about it.—Tit-Bits.

His Invention. Mrs. McFlub—Your husband seems to be quite versatile. Has he ever invented anything? Mrs. Sleeth—Oh, yes. One of the finest lines of midnight excuses you ever listened to.—Chicago Journal.

SOME POINTS ABOUT LACES

The Old Treasured Relics of Former Days Renovated and Renewed.

The woman who for years has cherished her laces of old ivory and who has laid them away, and darned them, and handled them with care, must now unlearn her creed. The new laces are so different from the old laces that one looks at the old as though they were relics of bygone ages too antiquated to be beautiful, says the Brooklyn Eagle. They take these old laces and treat them in ways which would have been thought irreligious once upon a time. Forgetting their age and the veneration due them, forgetting their antiquity, their value and their color, forgetting all things save that they are made of lace, the woman of to-day gathers together her old pieces of lace and treats them with ruthless hand. Getting a little kettle lined with porcelain, she fills it with dye. And she chooses a dye which exactly matches her new evening gown. A society matron, at the opera the other night, wore a gown of cloud blue Liberty satin. It was trimmed with clouds and clouds of light blue lace, so pale and so soft that it looked fleecy enough to line the heavens. Its color was so delicate that it looked more like a blue white than a light blue.

This lace, which was priceless rose point, had been dipped in the dye pot and made a lovely blue color. But the worst was not yet done. After it had been colored blue it was treated to many threads of embroidery. Silks were darned in and out of the lace until whole patterns were outlined. There were pink roses, pale green leaves and all sorts of pretty traceries. These set upon a filmy background made one of the prettiest lace effects one could imagine. The lace was what is called outlined lace. The figures were worked in silk until they stood out giving the appearance of natural roses upon a lace ground. A similar effect was produced by a gown of rose colored taffeta, trimmed with pale rose colored lace, upon which flowers and leaves were worked with charming design. The lace, in this case, was a pretty imitation and was just as good from every standpoint as though it had been real.

The moral, to be drawn from all this, is that women who have a little old lace, whether it be real or imitation, can do a great deal with it. They can color it any pretty shade and for this purpose there is nothing the equal of a good deep cream colored dye. And they can work it in colored threads. They can outline pretty flowers and can make the lace as handsome as they please with a little hand embroidery. It is not a difficult matter to work lace by hand, for the pattern is already outlined, and one need only follow the flowers and the figures to make something handsome.

WOULDN'T RISK HIS WATCH

When It Came to Having a Memphis Lawyer Handle It He Positively Refused.

Hon. Malcolm Rice Patterson, who represents the Tenth district of Tennessee in the lower house of congress, and who describes himself in the congressional directory as a democrat of faith and a lawyer by profession, tells a good joke on himself, says the Detroit Free Press.

During the past summer Mr. Patterson wandered into the interior of his native state, and one morning he drifted into a small township where a friend was holding court. The star performer at the session was a venerable dandy, who had caused the arrest of an equally ancient cirony on the charge of having attempted to pilfer his watch.

The old man described, dramatically, how the two had a few drinks of gin; that his companion had engaged him in earnest conversation, and then had attempted to extract his watch and fob. Everything went against the defendant, and he was about to be sent down when Mr. Patterson, with the judge's permission, asked the old man if he had recovered his watch, and if so, to produce it in court. The dandy shifted uneasily, and then, diving down into his jeans, produced a watch, wrapped in several layers of tissue paper. "Bring the watch here," said Mr. Patterson; "I would like to see it." The old man shuffled up to the judge's bench, and, leaning over, said, in a perfectly audible voice: "Judge, is dat man one of them lawyer fellers from Memphis?" The judge answered in the affirmative. Then the dandy squared around and faced the honorable member of congress.

"Now, you jes' look heah, sah," he said. "I ain't a-goin' fur to let you hab my watch; no, sah, not eben for a minute. I think a sight ob dat watch, and my ol' massy done gib it to me befo' I was done set free. If de judge wants to see it, I'll done give it to him, but there ain't no lawyer man from Memphis goin' to git he's hans on dat watch. No, sah; I done reckon I'd nebbber git it back ergain."

Crumpets: One and one-half cups warm milk, one-fourth yeast cake, one-half spoon of salt, flour for a batter. Set over night to rise. In the morning add one tablespoon melted butter, one-half spoon of soda dissolved in a little water, and put in muffin rings, letting stand 15 minutes before baking.—Boston Globe.

Nobleman's Four Occupations. Lord Stonebroke—It's time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career. Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I go into the church, study for the bar, enter the army or marry an heiress?—Stray Stories.

WHY HE NEEDED A SPADE.

Drummer Wanted a Bath and Would Have to Dam the Creek to Get It.

Congressman Brownlow is from one of the mountainous regions of Tennessee. He comes from that part of the world where the crests of rock are so high that Gov. "Bob" Taylor once said of them that small children could stand on tip-toe and tickle the feet of angels with very short straws. He is interested greatly, Mr. Brownlow is, says a Washington letter to the New York American, in the good roads movement. In some parts of Tennessee it is difficult for a stranger traveling from New York, for instance, to imagine that the light of civilization ever has penetrated there. The houses are crudely built; the roads were mere blazes, the post offices sometimes 50 miles apart. Mr. Brownlow tells a story of a Philadelphia drummer having reached one of the villages late at night, and on being awakened early in the morning rubbed his eyes and then asked for a bath. In a few minutes the landlord returned with a spade, a hickory towel and a gourd of soft soap. "What do I want with the spade?" asked the drummer. "Well, you'll need it when you try to dam the creek," the hotel man said.

That's the Answer. Smith—I wonder why it is that not a single one of our numerous laws for prohibiting the sale of liquor has ever worked satisfactorily. Jones—Simply because not one of them prohibited thirst.—Chicago Daily News.

Pa Knew. Willie—Teacher told us to-day that there's a certain kind o' tree that grows out o' rocks. I can't remember what it was. His Pa—It's a family tree, I guess.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New Version. "What did you say, John?" queries Mrs. John, viewing her full length reflection in the mirror. "I said," repeated John, distinctly, "it is clothes that break the man."—Houston Post.

Worried. "Your son William always impressed me as being such a thoughtful boy." "Yes, his pa and me are worried about him a good deal. We're afraid he's goin' to be a scholar."—Chicago Tribune.

SPREADING THE NEWS BROADCAST.

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes—After Long Suffering Mr. G. Cleghorn Found a Permanent Relief in the Great American Kidney Remedy.

Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 30th.—(Special)—Tortured with Diabetes and Bladder Disease from which he could apparently get no relief, Mr. G. Cleghorn, a bricklayer, living at 119 Butler St., this city, has found a complete and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills and in his gratitude he is spreading the news broadcast.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of me," Mr. Cleghorn says. "I was a sufferer from Diabetes and Bladder Disease. I was so bad I could do no work, and the pain was something terrible. I could not get anything to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me right from the first, and now I am completely cured. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends, and they have found them all that is claimed for them." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease. They never fail to cure Rheumatism.

We can understand something of the significance of the quotation: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," since learning that the price of Wales has 19 pianos.—Montgomery Advertiser.

BABY CAME NEAR DYING.

From an Awful Skin Haemorrhage—Scatched Till Blood Ran—Wasted to a Skeleton—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"When three months old my boy broke out with an itching, watery rash all over his body, and he would scratch till the blood ran. We tried nearly everything, but he grew worse, wasting to a skeleton, and we feared he would die. He slept only when in our arms. The first application of Cuticura soothed him so that he slept in his cradle for the first time in many weeks. You don't know how glad I was. One set of the Cuticura Remedies made a complete and permanent cure. (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario."

The statement in a literary journal that a certain well-known author "writes by candlelight" is not surprising. Very few of 'em can afford gas now.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Culture simplifies life. All the trouble we used to have about the pronunciation of depot is now obviated by calling it station.—Judge.

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MEXICAN Mustang Liniment heals Old Sores quickly.

GOUNOD'S "AMBER EAR."

Lady Wanted It Played and Was Accommodated, But Under Different Title.

"Play the 'Amber Ear,'" said the waiter to the leader of the restaurant orchestra, while the people at near-by tables chuckled, relates the New York Press. "You mean 'The Gondolier,'" corrected the leader, leaning over the edge of the little music balcony. "No," persisted the waiter. "I asked her was that it, and she said: 'No.' She wants you to play 'Amber Ear.'" "You go back and ask her again," said the leader with a laugh, and he watched the waiter make his way across the room. In a moment he was back. "I asked the lady, and she said she wanted you to play the 'Amber Ear,'" he said, with a touch of vexation. "She says you ought to know it if you're a musician." "Wait a minute," the leader said. A moment later he was at the table where sat the lady of the request, and he came back smiling. He climbed into the little balcony, and presently there mingled with the fragrance of rarebits and Newburgs the strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Queen Alexandra has just had her sixtieth birthday celebrated by loyal Englishmen all over the world. What woman would care to be a queen and have her age given away in that fashion?—Houston Post.

50 Bu. Macaroni Wheat Per Acre.

introduced by the U. S. Dept. of Agr. It is a tremendous cropper, yielding in good land in Wis., Ill., Ia., Mich., Ind., O., Pa., N. Y., 80 bu. per acre, and on dry, arid lands, such as are found in Mont., Idaho, the Dakotas, Colo., etc., it will yield from 40 to 60 bu. This Wheat and Speltz and Hanna Barley and Bromus Inermis and Billion Dollar Grass, makes it possible to grow and fatten hogs, sheep and cattle wherever soil is found.

JUST SEND 10c AND THIS NOTICE to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will send you free a sample of this Wheat and other farm seeds, together with their great catalog, alone worth \$100.00 to any wide-awake farmer. [K. L.]

"A little learning may be a dangerous thing," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but the man with a little learning is not nearly so dangerous as the man who knows it all."—Yonkers Statesman.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease. A wonderful powder that cures tired, hot, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

The word germ is for the time being the bogey-man of grown-up children, whose vague and indefinite terrors may be summed up in an indescribable fear of microbes.—Medical Talk for the Home.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"While some pape trouble to drown drink," said the janitor philosopher, "fishers drink to drown trouble. But, somehow, trouble always has a life-preserver."

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mr. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

There are many ways to win a woman—but only one way for each woman.—Smart Set.

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WOMEN'S NEGLECT

SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, leucorrhoea. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald, of Woodbridge, N. J., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "I think that a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women. "For a long time I suffered untold agony with a uterine trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is. "If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

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