

The Remorse of a Guilty Stomach

Henry McLellan, of Hamilton, Ill., is a veteran of the 10th Illinois Infantry. He said:

"For more than 15 years I was a sufferer from gastritis in its worst form. I was much reduced in strength and unable to attend to business. Finally my wife persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and to my surprise I began to get better. These pills effected a cure that has been permanent. When I began to take the pills I weighed 135 pounds; now I weigh 175. These pills did me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken."

"H. K. McLELLAN"

Subscribed and sworn to before me this second day of December, 1897.

H. K. WALLACE, Notary Public

From the Press, Hamilton, Ill.

To any sufferers from stomach or bowel troubles Dr. Williams' diet food is free on request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 5 boxes \$2.50.

The best medicine that money can buy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. First, because it combines economy and strength. There is more concentrated merit and medicinal power in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in half a dozen bottles of others. Each bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains one hundred doses—on an average.

Best Money Can Buy

Some One Had to Stay.

The story below is from El Diario, an Argentine newspaper published in Spanish. The anecdote is told of a prison in a provincial town in Argentina:

"An employee, whose duty it was to inspect them, arrived late at night at one of them and asked a ragged 'gaucha' who opened the door where the chief of police was.

"The chief, sir," he answered, "lives at his farm, three or four leagues off. He seldom comes."

"And the second of police?"

"The second has not come for some time, sir. The poor man has his wife ill."

"And the officer of the guard?"

"He has been invited to a dance."

"And the gendarmes?"

"The gendarmes, sir, finish their duty at 9 p. m. and don't return till next day."

"But this is a scandal! There is nobody here to explain things. And you? Who are you?"

"I am the prisoner, sir."

The whole thing reads like an incident from a comic opera. But it is a perfectly literal translation from the paper mentioned.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Secret of a Dainty Fruit Ice—Boards For Ironing Shirt Waists, Stained White Goods.

When a woman cannot afford the services of a professional caterer, the question of a new dessert for her "little dinner" is often a whole problem in itself.

It must be something heavy enough, but not too heavy. Sweet enough, but refreshing at the same time. Delicous to the palate and alluring to the eye. No wonder that she racks her brains sometimes to lift upon a dainty that will fit the occasion.

A few days ago at a little dinner in Philadelphia the chef offered us one of the successful desserts of the season.

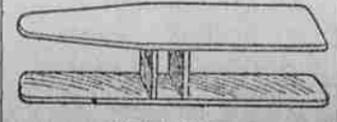
It was served in frappe glasses, the top of the glass frothing over with whipped cream. Peeping down below the cream one discovered on ambrosial preparation of frozen fruit. It seemed to me that the flavor of every fruit of tree and vine could be dipped up in that one little glass. Cold, but not too cold; sweet, but not cloying.

The women of the dinner party could not help remarking how pretty it was when it came to the table and how refreshing when it reached the lips. Afterward I found the chef, whose idea the dainty was, and begged for the recipe.

"It was not hard to do," he said. "With a little thought any one could accomplish it. Choose several fruits—say a pineapple, an orange, Malaga grapes, strawberries, a peach. These are carefully peeled, removing skin and seeds. They are then cut into very small pieces, dice or shreds, and mixed all together. Sweetened water is poured over the whole and the mass frozen to frappe consistency. As the ice is fitted into each individual glass a spoonful of whipped cream is dashed over it, after which it must be served very promptly. —What to Eat.

For Ironing Shirt Waists.

How to iron a shirt waist easily and well is a problem with many women. One can buy for a dollar a board which will simplify the work very much. It



THIS YOU CAN BUY. It is about 40 inches long and 10 inches at its broadest end. It tapers to a point about four inches wide. As the illustration given below shows, this board is lifted and held firmly in place by being fastened to a broad block, which is screwed to a plain board. The ironing board is covered with several thicknesses of cotton flannel. The narrow end of the board is used for the sleeves, and the broad end is intended for the waist.

For persons who feel that even a dollar is more than they desire to pay for this convenience the following directions for making a frame will be found useful. They were furnished by Harriet M. Gold of Franklin, N. Y., in response to The Journal's offer to pay for ideas to lighten women's work:

"Two boards three-quarters of an inch thick, 27 inches long and 4 inches wide are nailed to an end piece of the same width and thickness and 6 inches in height. About four inches from the end another piece of board is inserted as a brace. The top of the frame is tapered off at the end and covered with several thicknesses of cotton cloth. The sleeve of the waist may then be slipped over it and ironed very easily."

I would advise in addition to the foregoing directions that the board be made longer and broader, as this would not increase the cost in any degree, yet would add materially to the usefulness of the board, making it possible to iron not merely the sleeves, but also the whole waist with equal convenience.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Clean Stained White Goods.

Put half an ounce of salts of tartar into a bottle with half an ounce of sal ammoniac. Add half a pint of warm water and shake the bottle until the salts and the sal ammoniac have dissolved. Stretch the stained portion of the fabric over a small basin and pour some of the liquid over it. If the stain has been recently made, it will soon disappear, but if the linen has already been washed, it will probably be necessary to repeat the process several times, and the fabric should be very gently rubbed now and then. When the mark is no longer visible, rinse the linen at once in hot water, and then wash it well with soft soap and hot water and let it dry in the sun.

Ice in Carafes.

It is a very simple matter to freeze the water for the table in the carafes. They should be filled to one-third or one-half inch below the wider portion of the bottle with water—not too much should be used or they will burst—then pack in salt and ice. Cover closely with wet newspaper and then dry ones, and the water will freeze in about two hours. Fill the bottle with water and serve.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

Charles E. Littlefield was chosen by a large majority to succeed the late Nelson Dingley as representative from the Second congressional district of Maine at a special election held on June 19. Mr. Littlefield is called a self-made man. He has been a carpenter, lawyer, state representative and attorney.



BOY, CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD. He was born in Lebanon, York county, Me., June 21, 1851. His education was obtained at the grammar and high schools of Weeks Mills, supplemented by a course of collegiate instruction received from his father, who was a Baptist minister. Mr. Littlefield made a splendid record as attorney general. With the exception of Thomas B. Reed he was the youngest man to ever hold that office, and during his incumbency he carried to a successful conclusion a great deal of litigation of importance to the state.

Will Be Lady Suffolk.

It is reported that another daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire, will enter the ranks of the British nobility. Miss Daisy Leiter, who is at present sojourning in Shifu, has contracted an alliance with Henry Molyneux Paget Howard, the nineteenth earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. The earl is half-dead and Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, who is the husband of



MISS DAISY LEITER. Miss Daisy's sister. He is a handsome young man, about 23 years of age, and possessor of an estate of some 10,000 acres in England. Miss Daisy will remain in India during the summer and will then go to Paris to meet her parents, who are said to be highly pleased with her choice of a husband. The marriage will probably take place in London some time during the fall or early winter.

Laurence Alma-Tadema, Kt.

Among the birthday favors which the queen was graciously pleased to confer was a knighthood for the artist Laurence Alma-Tadema. Though the new knight is a Dutchman by birth, he has been identified with art in England since he came to reside there permanently in 1870, on the death of his wife. His second wife is a daughter of the well known Eggs, the cocoa manufacturer, and is very wealthy. She, too, is a painter of much distinction. Alma-Tadema was made an associate of the Royal academy in 1870, and three years later he became a full academician. His pictures of old Rome and Greece are among the remarkable things in an art way that the present century has produced, for united to excellent drawing and the most skillful painting he has developed an astonishing capacity for research into the life and manners of antiquity and is an authority on such matters.

Modest General Funston.

"General Funston," says the Kansas City Journal, "has written letters generously to his friends all over Kansas, and most of these letters have been published. Yet not in one of them has there ever appeared one syllable about his own achievements. He has never talked about leading his regiment, about giving this or that order, about anything he has done or said in the line of duty, and we do not now recollect of a sentence that carried even the knowledge that he was in command of the Kansas regiment. He has bestowed praise most liberally upon his fellow-officers and never fails to speak enthusiastically about the enlisted men, but keeps himself wholly in the background. In short, General Funston seems to have the modesty which goes with true merit."

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A Vindictive Reptile.

The fer-de-lance is found on the islands of Martinique and Santa Lucia, where the natives counteract its virus with a decoction of jungle henbane, and the basis of its growling reputation seems to be the fact that it does not when the intruders of its haunts, after the manner of the cobra or the rattlesnake, but flattens its coils and, with slightly vibrating tail, awaits events.

If the unsuspecting traveler should show no sign of hostile intent, he may be allowed to pass unharmed within two yards of the coiled matador, but a closer approach is apt to be construed as a challenge, and the vivor, suddenly rearing its ugly head, may scarce the trespasser into some notion of self defense—he may lift his foot or brandish his stick in a menacing manner. If he does, he is lost. The lower coils will expand, bringing the business end, neck and all, a few feet nearer; the head "points" like a leveled rifle, then darts forward with electric swiftness, guided by an unerring instinct for the selection of the least protected parts of the body.

And the vindictive brute is ready to repeat its bite. For a moment it rears back, trembling with excitement, and, if felled by a blow of its victim's stick, will snap away savagely at stumps and stones or even, like a wounded panther, at its own body.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Silent Rebuke.

A curly haired small boy sat in a fourteenth street car just at the time of the day when the cars are most crowded on Thursday afternoon. A worn looking woman, evidently his mother, sat beside him. At Fifteenth street a particularly fat woman, middle aged, crowded into the car. There was no seat for her, and she stood glaring at the boy. Later her displeasure vented itself in words, and she expressed herself freely to the woman who stood next her about women who let their children occupy seats while ladies are standing. The worn looking woman flushed, but made no move to have the boy surrender his seat. The buxom woman still glared and still expressed herself with extreme frankness. The boy sat still. At N street the mother put her arms around the boy and lifted him to his feet, half carrying him to the door.

"Was't you take this seat?" she said to the buxom woman. "I am just taking this house from the hospital!"

And as the car rolled on the buxom woman looked warmer than the weather warranted.—Washington Post.

Dirty For the Dirty Ones.

"In several of the provincial towns," writes Mr. Ransome, "one finds hotels said to be conducted on the foreign principle and certain Japanese hotels have a foreign side. The European accommodation in such places is, as a rule, terrible. The rooms are dirty, the beds are rickety, the bedclothes are apparently seldom washed and the tables and chairs are seldom capable of standing on more than two legs at a time."

"When I first went to Japan I could not understand how, on the foreign side of the Japanese hotels, the accommodations could be so inferior, when the Japanese portion was kept scrupulously clean. One would naturally think that a people whose houses were so spotless would revolt at having a portion of their premises in a filthy condition."

"But, as explained to me by the landlord of one of these hybrid establishments: 'Foreigners are dirty by nature. They go about their houses in their boots, and consequently they cannot wish to have their rooms kept in proper condition.'"—Literature.

The Barber Was All Right.

"After being shaved in a Chicago hotel barber shop," said the man from South Bend, "I walked out and down the street and entered another shop and took a chair. The barber lathered and scraped me without a word, and 15 minutes later I submitted myself to a shave. He lathered and rubbed as if I had not been shaved for a month, and just as he took up the razor I asked: 'Didn't you notice that I had been shaved twice already this morning?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied. 'But you are going to shave me again?' 'No, sir, I supposed you came in here to get the skin taken off and part with some of your cheek!'—Pittsburg Dispatch.