



CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

No time need be wasted in telling the effect of this "assignment to quarters." Prolific a source of squabble as is the common ashore it becomes intensified afloat, and when coupled with it came a shaking up and rearrangement of seats at table, all hope of harmony vanished on the instant. The two brave young army girls still retained their seats at the captain's table; but two most estimable young women, Red Cross nurses, were dropped therefrom and transferred to that of the second officer on the port side, much to the comfort of a rather large percentage of their sisterhood who had regarded their previous elevation with feelings of not unmixed gratification. Then officers who had been seated with the general's staff had to vacate in favor of Mrs. Frank and Dr. Prober and Lieut. Billy Gray, whose father and the chief of long-time chums, and the Red Cross nurses who had been at the first officer's table fell back to that of the third. It was very bit good as the other, but it didn't sound so, and they couldn't see it; and there were faces sour as the product of the ship's baker when that evening all hands went down to dinner, and the silence maintained, or the ominously subdued tone of the talk, at the other tables was marked contrast with the hilarity, that prevailed where sat the gray-haired, ruddy-cheeked old chief and the laughing coquette that listened to the fun that fell from the lips of Witchesie Garrison. Armstrong, silent and somber, at the captain's right, looking forward from time to time, saw only one face at the general's table that was not lighted up with merriment: it was the face of the boy who died, if any of this kind had entered into his heart, and he wondered as he looked at Billy's curly head what could have come over that glad young life to leave so deep a shadow on his handsome face.

One night, just one week later, Armstrong's eyes were opened. More than once in the meanwhile he had invited the young officer's confidence, and Billy, who three months before had been all gratitude and frankness, protested there was nothing on his mind. He had been very ill, that was all. As to Canker's charges they were simply rot. He hadn't the faintest inkling what had become of the purloined letters any more than he had of the whereabouts of his Delta Sig friend, young Morton, now officially proclaimed a deserter. But Armstrong heard more tales of Witchesie's devotedness to his illness, and the slow convalescence that ensued, noted how the boy's eyes followed her about the deck, and how many a time he would seek her side, even when other men were reading, walking or chatting with her. Armstrong looked with wonderment that was close allied to incredulity and pain. Was it possible that this blithe lad, who had won such a warm interest in the heart of such a girl as Amy Lawrence, could be forgetful of her, faithless to her, and fascinated now by this selfish and shallow butterfly? It was incredible!

But was it? The days had grown hotter, the nights closer, and the air between decks was stifling when the sea rolled high and closed the ports. Officers had taken to snoring up on deck in staterooms, and the young officer, law the port side of the promenade deck was given up to them after 11 at night; but the women folk had the run of the starboard side at any hour when the crew were not washing down decks. Armstrong had been far forward about two o'clock one breathless night to see for himself the condition of things in the hospital under the foremast, and the main deck was crowded with sleeping forms of soldiers who found it impossible to stand the heat below; so on his return, instead of continuing along the gangway, he decided to climb the iron ladder from the main to the promenade deck. It would land him at the forward end of the starboard side. There he could smoke a cigar in peace and quiet. It was high time every body was asleep. But his head and eyes reached the level of the deck he became suddenly aware of a couple huddled close together in the shelter of a canvas screen, and under the steps leading aloft to the bridge. He knew Gray's voice at once, and Gray was pleading. He knew her tones of old, and she was imperative, and listening with obvious impatience, for almost at the instant of his arrival she spoke, low, yet distinctly. "Do as I say; do as I beg you when we reach Manila, and then come—and see how I can reward."

CHAPTER XV.

Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not too welcome visitors. Spanish dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that sweep from the beautiful bay and take wistful peeps at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by every boat from Hong-Kong. All the Castilian disdain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery of Uncle Sam gave place to liveliest interest and curiosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little swarm of officers gathered and toward which at any time all eyes were directed—that of the White Sisters. Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Bimondo, Quiapo and San Miguel north of the Pasig, and again in Paoay and Alibon to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over 20 miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two

divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging its breast the delusion that a senseless Malay race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops to them coming and going at will through our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods; and long before the Christmas bells had clanged their greeting to that universal feast day, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes in the front; and with every day the demoralized Philippine officers and men became more and more insolent and defiant. Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-dozen regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that were not. One hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with Stewart's regiment far out toward the waterworks at the east. Such was the case with the Primalude Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, lining the banks of the crooked estuary that formed the Rubicon were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the twelve others that were quartered to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White Sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet, Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, while the latter's equally studious avoidance of Mrs. Garrison had become almost a proverb throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her undivided use the best, the airiest and by far the largest room on the steamer—a cabin de luxe indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while



He knew Gray's voice at once.

here for a sea sojourn of more than double the time under tropic skies, and while other and worthier women were sweltering three in a stuffy box below, it had cost but a smile. The captain had reported him of his magnanimity before the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. The general began to realize that he had been made a cut's-paw of and, his amour propre being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of mien that became comical when complicated with the qualms of seasickness. There was even noticeable aversion on part of some of the officers of the Dudes who, having made the journey from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the lively entertainments by these ladies. Quick to see if slow to see to be, Mrs. Frank has lost no time in begging one of the young soldier wives to share her big stateroom and broad and comfortable bed, and the lady preferred the heat and discomfort between decks to separation from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison tendered both the run of her cabin during the day and evening; suggested, indeed, that on hot nights they come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch; and they thanked her, but never came. She coddled the general with cool champagne cup when he was in the throes of mal de mer, and held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most serious trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, to Armstrong's mild amazement, as he has been said; and when he could not be with her was moody, even fierce and ugly tempered—he whose disposition had been the sunniest in all that gay, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp.

But once fairly settled in Manila, the White Sisters seemed to regain all the old ascendancy. Col. Frost had taken a big, cool, roomy house, surrounded by spacious grounds, and down in Maite and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city; but every evening, after the drive and dinner, callers came thronging in, and all Witchesie's wiferies were called into play to charm them into blindness and heed of Nita's fitful and nervous moods, for almost painfully apparent. Frost's face was at times a thunder-cloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that all was not harmony betwixt that veteran Benedict and that fragile, fluttering, baby wife. The bloom of Nita's beauty was gone. She looked wan, white, even haggard. She had refused to leave Hong-Kong or come to Manila until Margaret's arrival, then flew to the shelter of that sisterly wing. Frank Garrison had been occupying a room under the same roof with his general, but both general and aide-de-camp were now days and nights along the line of block-

houses than he did at home. The coming of his wife was unannounced and utterly unlooked for. "Did I consult my husband?" she exclaimed in surprise, when asked the question one day by the wife of a veteran field officer. "Merciful heaven, Mrs. Lenox, there was no time for that except by cable, and at four dollars a word. Nor if any doubt of what Frank Garrison will say or do exists in my mind I go and do the thing at once, then the doubt is settled. If he approve, well and good; if he doesn't—well, then I've had my fun anyway."

But it made little difference what Frank Garrison might think, say or do when Nita need same in question. It was for Nita that Margaret Morrison so suddenly quitted the Presidio and hastened to Hawaii. It was for her sake, to be her counsel and protection, the elder sister had braved refusal, difficulties, criticism, even Armstrong's open suspicion and dislike, to take that long voyage to a hostile clime. That she braved, too, her husband's displeasure was not a matter of sufficient weight to merit consideration. She was there to help Nita; and until that hapless child were freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life, Margaret Garrison meant to stay. For the letter that came by way of Honolulu had told the elder sister of increasing jealousy and suspicion on the colonel's part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that, even there—the very hour of their arrival when the consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely glanced at its contents before she was stricken with a fit of trembling, tore it in half, and tossed the fragments on the swift whirling tide, then rushed to her stateroom. There she added a postscript to the long letter penned to Margaret on the voyage; and the purser, not her husband, saw it safely started on the Gaelic, leaving for San Francisco via Honolulu that very day. That letter bore the ordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the coral-guarded harbor, and a little packet was tossed aboard the new troop ship she sped away, one missive in it telling Witchesie Garrison that the man whose life had been wrecked by her sister's enforced desertion was already in Manila awaiting her coming, and telling her, moreover, that the packet placed in Gen. Drayton's hands contained only her earlier letters. In his reckless wrath Latschke had told her that those which bound her to him by the most solemn pledges, those that vowed undying love and devotion, were still in his hands, and that she should see him and them when at last she reached Manila.

Three mortal weeks had the sisters been there together, and never once in that time did Nita venture forth except when under the escort of her black-browed husband, or the protection of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Never once had their house been approached by anyone who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle Iles, where the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black rumors of Filipino uprising came with every few days, and some men's hearts were failing them for the fear of what they thought of the paucity of their numbers as compared with the thousands of fanatical natives to whom the taking of human life was of less account than the loss of a game chicken, and in whose sight assassination was a virtue when it rid one of a foe. Already many officers who had weakly yielded to the temptation of a devoted wife were cursing the folly that led them to her join him. The outbreak was imminent. Anyone could see the war was sure to come—even those who strove to banish alarm and reassure an anxious nation. And when the call to arms should sound, duty, honor and law would demand each soldier's instant answer on the battle line; then who was to kill the color, as it was always the effect of grass in a factor to be counted with. Even under the old order of things, when the cows fed on red clover, the Jersey gave such a deep color to the butter that every one thought it artificially colored. How rare was to meet this difficulty? Perhaps by heating up to 80 or 90 degrees to kill the color, as is always the effect in cheese-making. Fresh grass makes a quick flavor that favors the poor buttermaker, but the man who knows how can make just as finely flavored butter from good ensilage.—L. S. Hardin, in Jersey Bulletin.

THE COW IN SUMMER.

Effect of Grass on Butter and Milk Is More Potent than Most Dairyman Admit.

Since the year one, luxuriant pasture has been the ideal cow food for making fine milk and butter. Even this, however, must be taken with a qualification, for the cow is not so fastidious in her tastes as the dairyman. She will eat the grass of the pasture is better for her uses than the long, rank grass that grows from her droppings, for nothing but semi-starvation will make her eat that rank growth. This fact suggests that the best milk cannot be made from grass grown on ground that has been artificially made too rich. The critical dairyman quickly detects the strong, pungent odor of milk made from cows feeding on rank grass of red clover and some other grasses. I have had my own butter spoiled in that way, while I have opened tubs of butter in the store that sent its odor to the farthest end of the room. The effect of fresh grass on butter is always marked, and the dairyman who uses the new dispensation of an artificial color of effect of grass in a factor to be counted with. Even under the old order of things, when the cows fed on red clover, the Jersey gave such a deep color to the butter that every one thought it artificially colored. How rare was to meet this difficulty? Perhaps by heating up to 80 or 90 degrees to kill the color, as is always the effect in cheese-making. Fresh grass makes a quick flavor that favors the poor buttermaker, but the man who knows how can make just as finely flavored butter from good ensilage.—L. S. Hardin, in Jersey Bulletin.

Horse Exports Increasing.

Official figures from Washington show a marvelous growth in the exports of horses. The value of exports of horses in January, 1909, was \$396,000, and in January, 1910, it reached the enormous figures of \$634,000. Ten years ago, there was no export trade worth mentioning. The export trade in mules has also increased enormously, 538 head, valued at \$43,389, having been exported in January, 1900, valued at \$537,034. Much of the mule-buying has been on English account for the Transvaal war, and may never again reach present proportions, yet there is no predicting what may be the effect on the foreign demand for the good qualities of the American mule. But the export of American horses is sure to increase unless the surplus becomes exhausted.

Looking for the Right Man.

A correspondent of the Nebraska Farmer says he asked a professor in a school of agriculture if he knew a young man competent to take charge of a herd of pure-bred stock. It was not a question of wages, but a question of the right man. This professor turned under his eye in his classes probably 250 young men. After considerable hesitation he said: "Yes, I think I could name one young man; but several men are watching him; with a view to offering him a higher position and one of greater responsibility." And yet there are plenty of young men, graduates from schools of agriculture and other schools, who complain that they are not appreciated because they are offered no more wages than common laborers.

Street and Roadside Trees.

The American elm is doubtless the leading street tree in this country. There are many fine examples of avenues of elms, particularly in the country villages of the older states. The sugar maple is somewhat frequently used, but is seldom so fine as the elm. In a few instances oaks have been used with excellent effect. Linden, or basswood, makes a fairly good street tree, but is inclined to become decrepit at an early age. The Norway maple is a fine tree for the eastern states; and in the west the silver maple is not bad. Occasionally one sees an avenue of Lombardy poplars which are more than worth the room they take, but all the poplars are apt to be short-lived.—Country Gentleman.



A COMMODIOUS BARN.

How to Get the Greatest Possible Capacity in a Structure of Ordinary Size and Cost.



BARN FOR DAIRY FARM.

The plan of barn shown in the cut is well adapted for such as desire the greatest possible capacity in a barn of moderate size. The hip roof gives much additional room, while such a roof makes dormer windows to light the second floor a matter of only trifling cost. If the barn can be built on a slope the cellar will be of great advantage, as it can be partitioned off into a manure cellar, root cellar, and in the lighter rear end, a division with cemented floor for young cattle or sheep. Use high posts. It adds only a few dollars to cost, but greatly increases capacity. The interior arrangement of a barn is of the utmost importance, since on a proper arrangement depend the convenience and economy of time in doing the work. It is well, therefore, when building a barn to sit down with paper and pencil and make interior plans. When a plan has been made go to work and do the "chores" right there in the plan. Feed the stock, water it, care for it in every way as though in the real barn, and you will very quickly find the convenience of the plan. It is much easier to change a barn interior on paper than in the actual barn, and very much less expensive.—N. Y. Tribune.

NEED OF GOOD ROADS.

Every Interest, Social and Commercial, Would Be Benefited by Improved Highways.

Good roads are a business necessity, not only to the farmer, but to every municipality, industry and enterprise, and all would be equally benefited by improved highways. This proposition is not without supporting evidence, which can be accumulated in abundance. The farmer who must haul to a distant market the products of his acres finds that such transportation is excessively expensive in time and labor involved and in the maintenance of vehicles and beasts of burden. All this increases the selling cost of the product, without conferring any compensating benefit upon anybody. Consumers everywhere are thus compelled to pay a heavy fine for neglect of road improvement. On the contrary, if the public roads should be made solid, smooth and of easy grade hauls from the farm to the preferred market would be rendered of shorter duration and physically less difficult and the stock and vehicle account would be shortened. These facts are so obvious that they ought to appeal forcefully to every progressive citizen.—Philadelphia Record.

Causes of Streaky Butter.

Dryness at the time of salting and insufficient working immediately thereafter are specific causes of streaky butter. If the butter is dry when salted, worked lightly and left several hours, streaks are almost certain to result. Use a little more salt than is necessary, work it through the mass carefully and evenly, then give the contents of the bowl a cold-water bath to remove surplus salt and buttermilk, and there will be no streaks after the final working. Utilize this salt rinsing water on the asparagus bed or on cut feed or hay for cattle.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Loss in Watering Stock.

If you figured up the time spent every year or every winter in driving cattle a quarter of a mile to the brook and back again, twice or even once a day, and computed it at a fair price for labor, and then added to it the value of the milk lost and the extra food consumed to keep up the system to its normal temperature, he would find that from even a few cows it would not take long to reach the cost of a good electric, or some other method of having the water right in the yard, or even in the stalls so that the cattle could drink without man or beast going out of doors.

Butter, to keep well, must have nearly or quite all the buttermilk washed or worked out of it.

GOOD COUNTRY ROADS.

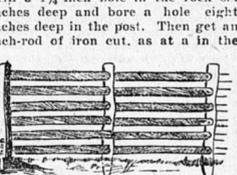
How They Increased the Value of Farm Lands in Some Parts of Wayne Co., Ohio.

A subject which is of great importance to farmers is that of good roads. In several localities of this state the ordinary dirt wagon roads are impassable during some parts of the year. In such localities, even where the soil is very productive, land sells at a very low price—about \$50 an acre, which is very low for good land in the vicinity of a large city. Some of our farmers wanted to build good roads, but we found that the only way to accomplish this was to pave the roads with stone and gravel, and in many localities taxes were levied to build the roads. The tax was on an average about five dollars to each acre of land. This seemed like a high tax, but it did not prove so in the end. The building of these roads was expensive, because in those localities no stone is to be found and in some parts not even gravel, so that stone had to be shipped in. But it was a paying investment, for in less than ten years the land has risen from \$50 an acre to \$130, and farmers are not as anxious to sell at this price as they were to sell at \$50 before they had the pike roads. We think it would be better at all localities were compelled to build pike roads. Now a few words as to how to build these roads: The roadbed should be raised about two feet higher than the land (some places it may be less) and a pile of bricks and junk, or there should be a good ditch on each side of the road. The earth taken from the ditch can be used in elevating the road. The width of the road should be such that two loaded wagons may pass. After the road has been sufficiently raised, top it with about 18 inches of stone and gravel. Then you have a good road and need do your best to keep it in the year. A good road is one of the comforts and luxuries of life.—J. C. E. Jacot, in Prairie Farmer.

DURABLE FARM FENCE.

When Properly Constructed and of Good Material, It Should Last Twenty Years.

This fence has six rails to the panel. One post and 12 20 penny nails make an excellent fence, taking very little space to stand on. The way the rails are nailed to the posts forms a brace and balances the fence. A fence built of good, durable timber should be good for 20 years.



A DURABLE FENCE.

ent, 15 inches long, drive one end in the post; set post up with the lower end of the rod in the hole in the rock, plumb the post, then pour melted sulphur in the hole around the rod until full; keep post still until the sulphur gets cold and you will be surprised at the solidity of your post. Sulphur is different from almost anything else; it contracts when heated and expands when cooled, therefore it is better for the purpose mentioned than anything else known.—W. A. Sharp, in Farm and Home.

SEE TO THE WALLS.

A Danger in Schoolrooms and How to Prevent It.

Owing to the gathering of so many different classes of persons therein, the interior walls of schoolhouses, hospitals, etc., are apt to become repositories of disease germs unless preventive measures are taken. These walls should always be coated with a clean and pure cement, such as Alabastine, which is disinfectant in its nature and more convenient to renew and retouch than any other wall covering. The first cost is no greater than for inferior work, while renewals are more easily and cheaply made.

Not Too Well Done.

Pepper—No, I won't have anything more for you. Your work last week displeased me very much.

Laundryman—What's the matter; wasn't it? "Yes, too well done. I like my shirts rare."—Philadelphia Record.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Foot Easy, Cures Corns, Chafing, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen B. Olmsted, Lo Roy, N. Y.

Recreation.

"Have you had a vacation this summer, Mr. Cavil?" asked Tenpot. "Well, my wife took me to the cemetery once to see the grave of her first husband."—Judge.

The Shriners at Washington.

On May 19th, 20th and 21st the Big Four and G. & O. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Washington at one fare for round trip. For maps, rates, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

The hen-pecked husband finds small consolation in the fact that she won't let anyone else nag him.—Chicago Democrat.

It requires no experience to dye with FERRIS' FADLESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

In every family you'll find an old man trying to quit smoking, and a young one trying to learn.—Acheson Globe.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Be polite to some people, and they will at once become disagreeable and impudent.—Acheson Globe.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

It's funny that a fellow isn't "in the swim" when society throws him overboard.—Philadelphia Record.

Carter's Ink Is the Best Ink

made, but no deaver than the poorest. Has the largest sale of any ink in the world. All lists are not horse jokes.—Chicago Democrat.

HE MADE HER TIRED.

And She Gave Him to Understand as Much in a Most Emphatic Manner.

"Anything wrong?" asked the hotel clerk of the New York drummer who had just got home from the west, relates the Buffalo Courier. "I was thinking," was the reply. "I rode from Toledo to Buffalo with the prettiest girl I ever saw. But that didn't hurt you. Who was she?" "I can't tell." "You didn't introduce yourself and get her card in return?" "No." "No particular trouble, eh?" solicitously insisted the clerk. "Well, it was this way," replied the traveler, as he braced up for the explanation. "She sat opposite me, you know, and I tried for an hour to catch her eye. She simply ignored me and gazed out of the window. Then I rose and handed her a magazine, but she declined with thanks. Ten minutes later I bought the latest novel out, but she said she didn't care to read. Then I bought some fruit, but she would accept none. She also ignored me when I tried to draw her out on music."

"But you persisted?" "Oh, yes. That is, I was about to make another attempt to enter into conversation when the train came to a halt at a town and the girl beckoned me over. I was there in an instant, and with the sweetest smile you ever saw she asked me if I would do her a slight favor."

"With all my heart," I hastened to say. "Well, she said, smiling even more sweetly, 'suppose you leave the train here and take the next one that follows, for you have made me dead tired, and I feel like taking a nap.'"

"Good gracious," whispered the clerk. "Yes, sir," said the drummer, as he reached for a cigar, and I was to go up to my room and sit and think and try and figure it out. Perhaps it's time I left the road and settled down at home."

Easily Done.

"How did they open the Paris exposition, George?" "I've got the paper containing the account of it." "Why, it was a simple and impressive ceremony. Looby stepped up and—well, he was the president of the French republic. Looby walked up and pushed away a painter's ladder, and kicked aside a painter's horse out of the way, and tore down the 'Positively No Admittance' card—in French, of course, and he said, 'I am a Frenchman, and I have the right to go in and out of the door, and then gave the knob a yank—and the exposition was wide open! Simple, isn't it?'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In a like manner, when men and women keep their bodily strength with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of attacks from disease. The old-time remedy enriches the blood, builds up the muscles, steadies the nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.

Unwelcome Friendship.

"I want to say to you," roared the red-faced passenger, "that I am a friend to the Bears all the time." "Well," said the slim passenger, who is in a corner of the car, where he couldn't see, "I had thought much about it, but if you are with me, I am sorry for them myself."—Indianapolis Press.

Ostentation.

"Such ostentation I never saw in my life," declared Mrs. Nugget, of Dawson City, after her return from church on Easter Sunday. "What was it, my dear?" asked Mr. Nugget, who had remained at home. "Why, that odious Mrs. Placer had her new bonnet festooned with strings of dried beans."

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Be polite to some people, and they will at once become disagreeable and impudent.—Acheson Globe.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

It's funny that a fellow isn't "in the swim" when society throws him overboard.—Philadelphia Record.

Carter's Ink Is the Best Ink

made, but no deaver than the poorest. Has the largest sale of any ink in the world. All lists are not horse jokes.—Chicago Democrat.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid; and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of his Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1887.

A. W. GLASSON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, "The Hall's Family Pills are the best."

Hyssop—"Does your wife make any fuss when you bring home one of your friends to dinner without giving her previous notice?" "Birds-eye," no, she never makes any fuss until after my friend has gone."—Boston Transcript.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It doesn't make a bill any smaller to file it away.—Philadelphia Record.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."

—Miss MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your letter I began the use of your remedies, taking both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am now regular every month and suffer no pain. Your medicine is the best that any suffering girl can take."—Miss MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy