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An old toper is satisfied if he can keep his head above water.

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Theory alone never accomplished anything worth while.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.—Epictetus.

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Gallant Blind Man. "Ah, you're a pretty lady." "What's that? I thought you were blind."

"In a sense only. I never see the ugly women."—Journal Amusant.

Facetious Operator. "I say, mister," said the cadaverous man, entering the telegraph office, "could you trust me for a telegram I want to send my wife? I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Sorry, sir," said the operator, "but we are terribly rushed these days and there isn't a tick in the office that isn't working overtime as it is."—Harper's Weekly.

LYNCH LAW.



Eastman—Yes, I'm broke! Bank's suspended; what can a fellow do? Alkali Bill—Wall, kain't tell what you'd do here, but out my way we'd suspend the banker! Savvy?

SHE QUIT COFFEE
And Much Good Came From It.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years. I was scarcely able to go around at all. Had no energy, and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. I felt as though I was liable to die any time."

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day, it came over me, and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I can indulge myself in coffee?"

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions, and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right, and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework, and have done a great deal besides."

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason." "Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

Henry's Business Judgment.

How He Selected His Wife's Easter Hat

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

DECLARE, Mrs. Granmore sighed, "I just don't know what to do about a new hat this spring."

"Of course you don't," Henry Granmore agreed with her, sourly. "Of course you don't. There never was a woman who knew what to do about a new Easter hat—except to buy one."

He chuckled at his own sarcasm, which is a way men have. Sarcasm isn't worth a cent to your genuinely sarcastic man unless he can chuckle over it and repeat it mentally to himself and roll it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. Especially is this true of sarcasm about Easter bonnets. Regarding these very necessary appurtenances of the attire of a woman, man follows the beaten track of all the jokesmiths since Samson, who made the first riddle, and waxes sarcastic as custom dictates.

"I don't see," Henry resumed, having sated himself with chuckles over his own sarcasm, "why in the name of time a woman thinks she has to have a new hat for Easter."

"Why, every woman has one," his wife argued, meekly.

"That's the answer. Every woman gets one because she thinks every other woman will have one. And not a confounded one of the lot uses any business judgment in selecting or buying her hat. The milliners know all about women—they're women themselves. So they boost the prices up at Easter time, and laugh in their sleeves at their sisters who come trailing in and go trailing out with the contraptions the milliners are pleased to call bonnets. Bah! I'll bet no milliner will make her own hat. I'll bet she has to go to some other milliner just to have the feminine gratification of being stung. Humpf! Have you brought your hat home?"

"Why, no. I said I didn't know what to do about one."

"You might have brought one home and still have been in the dark."

Henry treated himself to a few more chuckles over this sarcastic remark. The way men carry on about Easter hats, it seems right to have to pay big prices for them. Now, if a man would just be calm and philosophical about it, and sit down and reason the matter out, ten to one his wife would either buy a cheaper hat or maybe she wouldn't buy any at all. Maybe, that is. At any rate, she would be happier with the hat when she got it.

"Well, Henry," his wife said, "I know how you always feel about my hats and what they cost, and I have decided this year to act on your advice. I want you to take an hour or so with me tomorrow and pick out a hat for me. Then you'll be sure at least to please yourself with the cost of it—and sometimes I feel that you could exercise perhaps a little more artistic taste than I can, for you are out in the world more, and you know more about what harmonizes and what suits a person, and so on."

Mrs. Granmore looked meek when she said that, but if you could have looked into her mind you would have seen the craftiest little thoughts hopping around and nudging each other in the ribs. She knew the vanity of man. She knew that if you tell a man you rely on his judgment as to anything from setting a hen to making an airship he will modestly accept your estimate of his capacity and offer you his expert services.

"Well," Henry said, "now you're talking sense. I'll meet you at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon and we'll go and get that hat. No use to put in a lot of time over it. I'll show you how to pick out a hat, have it boxed, paid for and sent home, without any wear and tear on your nervous system and without losing a lot of valuable time."

Next afternoon he met her as per agreement and together they found their way to the millinery store. It irked Mr. Granmore a bit to have to wait half an hour before they could be waited on, but he profited by the wait by inspecting a number of new pattern hats and scoffing and sniffing at them. By the time Miss Morgan was ready to wait on him he was ready with a plenty of good professional advice on bonnet making for her.

"Taking a bunch of straw and a feather and a yard of ribbon and jamming them together isn't any way to make a hat," he declared. "People ought to use a little thought, as well as materials."

"That's what I think, Mr. Granmore," Miss Morgan said. "You know the finest milliners in the world are men. They have a greater aptness at originating new designs than we women have. I wish we had a man milliner here. I do, indeed."

"Well, I don't claim to be a milliner," Henry said, "but I know what I like when I see it. Now, I've only got a few minutes to spare, and I'll just pick out a hat for my wife and let you send it home."

"Very well," Miss Morgan replied. "I wish all our customers were as good as you. They so seldom seem able to make up their minds."

"That's it," Henry asserted. "Wo-

men never know what they want. They fiddle around and can't decide. A man is used to making prompt decisions. His time means something to him; besides, he reasons things out logically."

"What hat had you in mind for Mrs. Granmore?"

"That little gray one over there would look good on her."

"This one?" Miss Morgan smiled, taking the hat from the case. "It would be lovely."

Henry caught sight of the price mark. It was \$150. He stopped Miss Morgan with a wave of his hand.

"Put it back," he said. "Now that I see the other side of it it wouldn't suit her style of beauty at all. That blue one to the left is a better shape."

Mrs. Morgan put the blue one on Miss Granmore's head, and as she did so Henry observed the price ticket. It read \$175. He was quick in his disapproval.

"It's too old for her," he stated. "I thought so when I first looked at it, and now that she has it on I see I was right. Bring out that one with the bunch of grapes on it."

To exercise his expert judgment he took this one in his hands and slyly peeped at the price mark. It read \$125. He pursed his lips and shook his head sagely.

"I know without her trying this one on that it would make her look too dark," he said. "She needs a hat to bring out her natural beauty and not to hide it."

Mrs. Granmore stood by meekly, while Henry had hat after hat brought out for his inspection. One after the other he condemned. This one had too wide a brim, that one was too narrow; this one was overtrimmed, that one was too plain—but each and all of them bore price marks that gave Henry chills of the heart.

At last Miss Morgan brought a pretty bonnet to him.

"This one," she said, "may be a trifle giddy for your taste, but—"

"It's pretty jaunty," Henry agreed, taking the hat and turning it back and forth until he saw the price, \$45, in the crown. "It's a bit frivolous, but hang it all! She isn't going to wear the thing as a penance. It isn't a bit too giddy for her. Mrs. Granmore has a natural dignity which overcomes any little touch of giddiness in her hats. Now, there's a hat that looks like it might have been made for her. Try it on, my dear. Why, you could hunt the world over and never find a bonnet that becomes you like that. That's my choice. Have it sent home."

"Malice is more easily disarmed by indifference than by conflict or retaliation."—Mrs. Sigourney.

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And most of our troubles are magnified at short range.



"Now There's a Hat That Looks Like It Might Have Been Made for Her."

and I'll pay for it. There. I must get back to my office. Now, you see how a man does things. No worry, no argument—just finding the right thing and stopping with that. Good day."

And he was gone. Mrs. Granmore seized Miss Morgan's hand and shook it.

"That was splendid!" she exclaimed.

"It was perfectly dear of you to put all those big price marks on the other hats and show them to him first, but I was horribly afraid some one else might have taken this hat since I decided on it yesterday, even though I did ask you to hold it for me."

"Oh," Miss Morgan laughed, "I wouldn't show it to anybody else. I knew Mr. Granmore would pick it out."

"I'll bet," Mr. Granmore said on Easter morning, "that you couldn't have found a hat that suited you better than this one does."

"I'm sure I couldn't, dear," Mrs. Granmore answered, gratefully. Which remark filled Henry with a perfectly justifiable pride.

CONSIDERING THE LILIES.

The lilies on the Easter hat— They neither toll nor spin; They smirk with lazy impudence. Sometimes they seem to grin; They never grew in any field; Nor prinked the meadow green; They nod, and have their being, just Because of a machine.

The lilies on the Easter hat— Of every hue and shade In them the wives of Solomon, Could never be arrayed. Three hundred wives had Solomon, And shekels he could hoard, But such a bunch of bonnets was More than he could afford.

The lilies on the Easter hat— The gaudy hoses, too— They never work; but this is what They do for me and you; They make us work, and toil, and strive, And bustle with a will, That we may have the cash to pay The millinery bill.

Troubles Laid to "In-Law." "The cause of more than half the family scraps that are scrapped to a finish," says an exchange, "is the 'in-law.' A man or a woman marries some one absolutely antagonistic to all the other members of the family, and then, putting this person on a pedestal, demands that all shall do her or his will. For the sake of courtesy, often a whole family will yield many points, and gradually the 'in-law' becomes more and more insistent, and so things drift along, always the one side giving in, until some straw, some trifle, will prove the drop too much, and after that the fracas. With the air cleared, a beginning can be made over again on a basis of equal rights, or else all intercourse can cease. Either way much has been gained."

A Frequent Type.

"Spooneigh is a connoisseur of happiness."

"How do you define a connoisseur of happiness?"

"A person who knows how to be happy but can't."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Reason.

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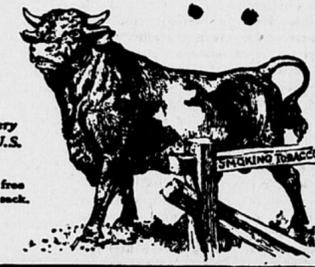
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