

LAUGHS OF THE WEEK

AT THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE HUMORISTS.

The Healing Art in Africa—Spring Menus—How She Lost Him—A Hand in Aid of the Lord—Flam and Jeanism from the Tide.

An Error Made. Auntie Leafy (giving dinner)—Nephew, is this young woman to whom you have become engaged, a handmaid of the Lord?

Clarence Expectations (flippant from old port)—Really, Aunt, I don't know whether she's hand made or machine made; but I do know that she's a jolly good-looking maid!

The herald bowed low. "I have heard," he announced, "he says court."

His majesty turned to the lord chamberlain. "I told you," his royal highness hoarsely whispered, "your salaries would be taken care of."

Mrs. Householder—The ice man didn't call this morning! Cook—Yes, ma'am, he did. There is a puddle on the doorstep.

Great Benevolence. In large cities of the United States the condition of the poor is constantly being improved by the benevolence of wealthy people.

Saving. Jinks—Do you really write your wife one letter a day when she is absent? Filkins—Oh, yes; the postage is a great deal cheaper than to pay tolls on her telegrams.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely unfit you for any whole system through entering it through the mucous membrane.

What Bothered Him. Weary Wraggles—Chauncey, I see they have got another trust on whisky.

DO NOT DELAY. An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, Dear Sirs: I used one bottle of your "5 Drops," and it did me more good than any medicine I ever used.

Probably a Lie. Robbins—I understand there are two as out west. I shall say so. There is one as so small that when a train stops at a station, the last car is outside the town limits.

Some idea of the attention that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is now paying to its passenger traffic may be gained from the fact that during the past eighteen months nearly 800 passenger cars received thorough and ordinary repairs, 606 being repainted.

Correct. "What did the Englishman say to you, dear?" "He said he was beastly hungry."

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. Dr. J. C. C. Co. All druggists refund money.

Why Suffer From Headache. When the will stop! Ask your druggist for Dale's Headache Powders. 10c a box. Kin or no kin, we refuse to worry about anyone who has gone to the Klondike.

COUGHING LEADS TO CONSUMPTION. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go on once; delays are dangerous.

Female commercial travelers in Berlin make their rounds on tricycles, which are well adapted to carry samples of their goods.

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WOMAN AND THE WHEEL.

From The Gazette, Delaware, Ohio.

The healthfulness of bicycle riding for women is still a disputed question between eminent physicians and health reformers.

Used in moderation it surely creates for women a means of outdoor exercise, the benefit of which all physicians concede.

Used to excess, like any other pastime, its effect is likely to be dangerous.

The experience of Miss Bertha Reed, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. J. R. Reed, 225 Lake St., Delaware, Ohio, may point a moral for parents who, like Mr. and Mrs. Reed, have experienced some concern for their daughters who are fond of wheeling.

In the fall of '96 Miss Bertha had ridden a great deal, began to fall in and gain weight, and her complexion grew pale and thinner, and it appeared she was going into consumption.

Her mother, Mrs. Reed, who is a physician, had her daughter examined by a physician, who found her pulse at 104—a high pulse for her age.

Thinking that she might have been suffering from some temporary nervousness when he examined her, he watched her closely, but her pulse continued to be high.

She was satisfied then, from her high pulse and steadily wasting condition, that she was suffering from anemia or a bloodless condition of the body.

She became extremely weak, and could not stand the least exertion, and was recommended by a friend to get some of that famous blood medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

She did so, and almost from the first dose Bertha began to improve. She continued to take the pills and was by means of those pills made entirely well, and more grateful people than her parents could be found in the whole state of Ohio.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a boon to womankind. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore to the requisite vitality to all parts of the body.

Creating functional regularity and perfect harmony through the nervous system, the pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow plump and animation is increased and good health returns.

Help. The waters of Rock Bay broke into myriad ripples at the magic touch of the breeze, and the cranberries on Cape Cod glistened in the sunlight.

"I fear," the maiden mused, "I do not understand myself." The auditor who had come from afar to seek her hand, smiled.

"Permit me," he remarked, "to assist you." Saying which, he produced from his portmanteau a dictionary of the English language in thirty-six volumes.

What Bothered Him. Weary Wraggles—Chauncey, I see they have got another trust on whisky.

Chauncey—"That's easy, my boy. I wish I could get another whisky on trust."

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.) "H'm," remarked Barbara, with another sniff, "perhaps not. But for all that, Miss Dorothy—Ma'am, I should say—David Stevenson was a mean boy, and I never could abide meanness in man, woman nor child."

"He was most generous," said Dorothy, with a sigh. "Yes, to serve his own ends," said Barbara sharply. "You may take such generosity as that for me. Not that I was speaking of that man, for as I wasn't, but of the time when David was a boy—a horrid boy, who thought nothing of stealing the best apples and letting another take the blame of it."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" cried Dorothy, "you've got hold of a wrong story. Why, I know that once when David stole some of auntie's apples, and young Tom Merriman got the blame, David came and told auntie himself."

"Yes; and for why?" demanded Barbara, with uncompromising sternness. "Because I happened to have caught the young limb at it and collared him before he could get away. You are stealing Mrs. Dimdale's apples, David Stevenson," said David, looking at him sulkily. "And you stole them from me!"

"Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

"So do I," echoed Dorothy promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough, good-by, Barbara."

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her enter the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day.

On her fair hair, loosely arranged, yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet, made with ribbon and a cluster of glorio de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-coat of some thin and light-tinted material.

It was a very simple and cheap toilet, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes. Indeed, more than one person thought so as she passed up the street.

"Well, so I suppose he gave in," said Dorothy. "Well, of course, he had to," returned Barbara, with practical plainness; "but all the same, he never forgave me for having been the one to get the better of him, and never forgot it, not to the very last day of his life."

"Barbara, Barbara," cried Dorothy chidingly, "not for me?" "Well, if you had put it in that way, Miss Dorothy, you might have got over me," the old woman answered.

But stay! I think I ought to say here that although I have called her old in many parts of this story, Barbara was not, and could not reasonably be called an old woman in the common acceptance of the word. She was a year or so over fifty, and a very strong, hale woman at that, and with a vigor to Dorothy she was a very rare and rarer of strength.

Well, by virtue of the letter from Esther Brand and in the joy and expectation of her coming, Dorothy passed that day with quite a light heart, and even sat down to the little piano and sang one or two of the songs that Dick liked best. And then she went to bed and slept, leaving the door open between her room and Barbara's company, and she dreamed, as she always did, about Dick.

Now was it a pleasant dream. She saw Dick on board of a large steamer, wearing white clothes and a sailor hat, looking very bronzed and happy. He was leaning over the side of the ship, with a cigarette in his mouth, just as she had seen him many a time, and by his side there stood a beautiful lady—not a girl like Dorothy herself, but a beautiful woman of about thirty years old, such as Dorothy fancied her old friend at home, Lady Jane Sturd.

They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and after a time—such a long time it seemed in her dream—Dick took one of the lady's hands and raised it to his lips; then she laughed and said something, and Dick caught her to him and kissed her on the lips. Immediately afterward, while Dorothy, with frozen lips, was gazing at them, Dick turned his head and looked her full in the eyes with the glance of an utter stranger.

CHAPTER XX. WITH a shriek Dorothy awoke—the sun was streaming in at the window-blinds, and Barbara was sitting on the edge of her bed, just coming through the doorway with a little tray bearing Dorothy's early cup of tea.

"Did I scream, Barbara?" Dorothy asked. "A bit of a cry, what ailed you, ma'am?" Barbara asked. "Oh! I was so frightened—I had such a horrid dream about the master."

"I thought—"

But Dorothy did not complete the sentence, for Barbara put out her hand with a horrified look. "Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, don't tell it. Whatever you do, don't tell me."

"But why?" cried Dorothy, open-eyed. "You should never tell a dream before noon, Miss Dorothy," returned Barbara, portentously. "Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "isn't it lucky?" She knew that Barbara was a great believer in luck, and signs and omens.

"It's fatal," answered Barbara solemnly, whereas Dorothy burst out laughing, and the worst feelings of dread with which she had awakened passed away.

"I think," she said after breakfast when Barbara was clearing the table—"that I shall put on my hat and go up to the High Street—I cannot do this until I get some more lace!" she said, and it up and showed it off to Barbara. "Isn't it sweet?" she exclaimed with intense satisfaction.

Light Out Of

JOHN STRANGE AND WINTER DARNLEY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. "It's lovely," returned Barbara, who was overjoyed at the prospect of a baby. "Then do you wish me to go with you, ma'am, or will you go alone?"

"Do you want to go?" Dorothy asked. "Well, ma'am, to be honest, I don't want to turn out the room for Miss Estey. You see, she may come early, by as fast as her letter, and I shouldn't like to put her into a dirty room."

"It can't be dirty, Barbara," cried Dorothy, laughing, "because nobody has ever slept in it."

"Well, ma'am," Barbara retorted, "I don't know if I know a dirtier person than Mrs. No-body—or the whole."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, then you evidently have a lot to do, and I would just as soon go alone. So I get you soon, before I get tired or the day gets hot; for although September was half over, the weather just then was small stuff, trying to those not in the best of health."

She was soon ready, and went into the cozy little kitchen to ask Barbara if there was anything she wanted, but she did not happen to want anything at all.

"Do I look all right?" Dorothy asked, turning herself about. "Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

"So do I," echoed Dorothy promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough, good-by, Barbara."

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Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures itching, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The oldest freemason in New England is Wm. Earle Cook, of Portsmouth R. I., who has just celebrated his 101st birthday.

Colorado Gold Field. Colorado is the banner gold-producing state in the Union. Production in 1907 over \$20,000,000. This year promises to exceed \$30,000,000. New strikes are being made every day. Nothing like it since the days of '49. Would you know all about these things? Then send twenty-five cents for a six-months' trial subscription to the "MINING WORLD," an eight-page illustrated weekly paper. Regular subscription, \$1.00 a year. The newest mining newspaper in the world. Address "World," P. O. Box 1611, Denver, Colorado.

When people hear a piece of gossip, they never stop to ask before repeating it, "Is it probable?"

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25c and 50c.

The tasks of 75,000 elephants are required every year to supply the world's ivory knife-handles, billiard balls, and piano-keys.

Lindeell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. Modernized and refurnished. Rooms and meals \$2.50 per day and upwards. Rooms only \$1.00 per day and upwards. Restaurant with popular prices.

Whistling has been discovered in the Fiji Islands. It only whistles when excited.

Stop That Headache. Get Dale's Headache Powders. If your druggist doesn't have them, send 2c stamp for sample box. Dale & Sheridan, Sumner, Ill.

Handkerchiefs to the number of 320,000,000 are annually worn out by the people of the United States.

TO SELL OUT, buy or trade property of any kind, anywhere in the U. S., or change location of business, write Dr. P. McColton, David City, Neb. He has customers everywhere. He charges no commission. Send 10 cents for catalogue.

The number of female clerks in the United States has quadrupled within the past twenty-five years.

For lung and chest diseases, Pilo's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

No loafer respects the rights of a busy man.

One's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best cold and cough quickener in the world. It is always reliable. Try it.

Youth is worth more than riches and fame combined.

Female Help. Ladies do sewing and needlework at home, steady work \$1.00 per day. Sewing machine repaired and cleaned. Earthquake sleepers are in use on some of the Japanese railroads.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. Dr. J. C. C. Co. All druggists refund money.

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Gradually it came to be known in the parish that their scholarly and eloquent rector was as much at home amid the mysteries of the nursery, the warming of a child's mug of milk, the arranging of a child's hair, as he was familiar with the mazes of theology and the changing phases of Biblical questions.

Four years slipped by, and one Easter Sunday, when the church was adorned with wreaths and lilies of sweetest perfume, the child was placed as usual in the corner of a front pew, and the service went on until the sermon began. This was on the Mother of Christ; her agony of heart at the cross; her wonder at the news of the Resurrection; and from this he turned to tell of the sadness and misery of those who "feel the mother-want in this world."

The face of the motherless child gave unusual earnestness as he pictured that wonderful mother love.

In conclusion he said: "Think what a child's life is without a mother's love! Who can tend, who cherish, who can love—who but a mother?"

"And in the depth of his feeling the rector's strong voice halted, as if for an answer.

In the hush of the great congregation a little childish voice spoke out very sweetly from the front pew, "A mother (father) would do just 'e'st his will as well, pa, dear!"

The rector closed the service somewhat abruptly, his voice trembling as he gave the benediction.

The little child ran into the vestry, and the rector clasped her to his heart, as the little one, in a half-frightened tone, asked, "I forgot ev'body was a lina'ng."

From Baby in the High Chair

to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at 1/4 the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Rarely, indeed, is a blue-eyed person found to be color-blind.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Care guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Starling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

There are about 1,900 breweries in the United States.

Star Tobacco is the leading brand of the world, because it is the best.

All the carpet weaving in Persia is done by women.

A WOMAN'S BODY. What Its Neglect Leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence.

Their backs ache and heads throbb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves.

These are the positive fore-runners of serious work complications, and unless given immediate attention will result in untold misery, if not death.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, beyond the question of a doubt, relieve all this trouble before it becomes serious, and it has cured many after their troubles had become chronic.

The Compound should be taken immediately upon the appearance of any of these symptoms above enumerated. It is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and stimulates the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the case of any sick woman as it did with Mrs. Chas. King, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., whose letter we attach:

"I write these few lines, thanking you for restoring my health. For twelve years I suffered with pains impossible to describe. I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I was afraid to stay alone, for I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors and tried many patent medicines. Two years ago I was so bad that I had to go to bed and have a trained nurse. Through her, I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I have taken eight bottles, and am now enjoying the best of health again. I can truthfully say it has cured me."

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