HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA.

Has a Good Farm, Lots of Stock and Pays Little Taxes.

Dominion City, Man., Jan. 17, 1898.

At the request of the Immigration Department of the Canadian Government, I give the following information:

I immigrated to Manitoba in October, 1892, from Luverne, Rock County, Minn., and took land in Dominion City, Manitoba, where I now reside. I have been very successful in Manitoba, and have more than doubled my capital since I went to Canada. I took about $2,500 worth of wheat, 200 bushels of flax and 600 bushels of oats; I do mixed farming. I milk as many as ten cows. Dairying and stock raising has paid me well. I have on the farm now 44 head of cattle and 18 head of horses, and sold during the past year, 1897, $425 worth of fat cattle. I have good buildings and a comfortable house and good stable. My children have had better school advantages in Manitoba than they had in Minnesota. The district schools are very thorough and good. My son, now 16 years of age, is teaching the public school in our district, and receives a salary of $420 per year. All my children have done well at school. I have $1,700 insurance on my buildings on the farm. I also own my personal warehouse, and ship all my grain through it to the railway station at Dominion City. It is free of debt.

I have no prejudice against the state of Minnesota, as I made a living and a little more while in the state, but would not take a farm as a gift in Minnesota and leave Manitoba. The taxation in Minnesota was too great. I paid taxes on my stock and chattels. No such taxes have ever been exacted in Manitoba from me, and my land tax is about one-half or less than it was in Minnesota. I am delighted with my new home, and expect in a few years to be in circumstances that will enable me to take life easy. Yours very truly, S. G. MAYNES.

P. S.—Any person that may take exception to the foregoing letter will kindly investigate, for I can back up every word it contains. I am not an Immigration Agent, nor the agent of any corporation, but simply a farmer. S. G. MAYNES.

The above letter was written at the request of C. W. Speers, in the state of Minnesota, where I am at present with my wife visiting my friends in my old home. It is my intention to do what I can to have them remove to Canada, where I have done so well.

Having called upon Mr. Davies of St. Paul, Minn., I was received with every courtesy, and got some valuable information, as well as literature pertaining to Western Canada.

SAMUEL G. MAYNES.

Matrimonial Measles.

Measles led to marriage in Glasgow, Ky. A young lady there was repeatedly kissed by a young man who was just recovering from the measles. She took the disease, and her father sued the young man for $50 for his outlay for medical attendance. The suit was compromised by the defendant marrying the girl.

The Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway Company has changed its dining car system from table de hote to a la carte, with the result of increased profits, better service and greater satisfaction on the part of the patrons. The cars are open for business during the entire time they are on the train and the innovation seems to have met with the approval of the passengers.

High hats have been denounced from the pulpit by Rev. A. E. Smith of Defiance, Ohio. He thinks that the ladies ought to have more sense than to wear them in church.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 1224 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

The cards of admission to a recent theatrical entertainment in Boston contained this inscription: "Ladies are requested to remove their hats as far as possible."

Why Suffer From Headache

When 10c. will stop it? Ask your druggist for Dale's Headache Powders. 10c. a box.

The saloon-keepers in Slater, Mo., refuse to sell liquor to any person who is already overloaded.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

In every million of people in the world there are eight hundred who are blind.

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

On the west and southwest coasts of Corea the tides rise and fall from 26 to 38 feet.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it

Don't count your rich relation's money until he is dead.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

From St. Lawrence Plaindealer, Canton, N. Y.

To suffer for years with a prevailing painful ailment, which baffled skillful medical treatment, yet which was cured by a simple household remedy, is the lot which befell Mrs. George L. Rogers, of West Main Street, Canton, N. Y.

"Thirteen years ago," said Mrs. Rogers to a reporter, "I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism and a complication of diseases. You can judge somewhat of what I endured, when you look at these hands. They were distorted, twisted and swollen. My foot, too, is so much out of shape that the big toe lays across the others, the end touching the little toe.

Goes to Church.

"Notwithstanding I am sixty-five years old, have a pleasant home and other comforts, life to me was far from enjoyable, for all other things pale into insignificance when you are without good health. I tried different doctors and many proprietary remedies, but was not benefited.

"Last March I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and before I had finished the first box I began to feel that they were doing me good. I continued using them and steadily grew better.

"I have used thirteen boxes of the pills and to-day feel better than for the past fifteen years. My appetite is good, I feel bright, cheerful and have a desire to live and enjoy society.

"I have been a member of the Methodist church for many years, but for six years was unable to attend. I am able now to attend the church services regularly and certainly appreciate that privilege. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful medicine and am confident no other medicine could have effected the wonderful cure they have in my case." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are composed of vegetable remedies that exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood thus curing many diseases.

A pretty custom, which is very much in vogue, is for the bride to give a luncheon or dinner a few days before her wedding day to her maid of honor and bridesmaids. At the table, or after the meal is over, she presents them each with a gift of some kind—a pin, ring, or bracelet—in remembrance of the occasion. The groom does the same graceful act by his ushers and groomsmen and best man. He generally gives them scarf pins or cuff buttons.—April Demorests.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, 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.

Public ovens are established on most of the residential streets of Japanese cities, where people can have their dinners and suppers cooked for them at trifling expense.

Merit Means Money Made.

You cannot advertise money out of people's pocket all the time; you may do it now and then, but if you don't give them something of absolute merit in return, advertising will never prove successful. The kind of advertising that pays is advertising a good thing. As it has merit the people will use it again and again. Never has this been better illustrated than in the great success of Cascarets, candy cathartic, that we have been lately advertising in this paper. All druggists call Cascarets, repeaters; that is, people buy them again and recommend them to their friends. Cascarets are guaranteed to cure constipation or money refunded, and are a delightful laxative and liver stimulant; the best medicine ever made. We recommend all our readers to try them.

A simple remedy for sleeplessness is in common use in Sweden. A napkin is dipped in cold water, slightly wrung, and then laid across the eyes.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Nearly all of the canvasback ducks eaten in the United States come from Alaska. They start on their southern tour at the close of summer.

To Cure Constipation Forever

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

Some British dentists use molten glass for filling teeth. It is prepared with some chemicals, which make the glass malleable and durable.

Have You a Headache?

Dale's Headache Powders will cure it 10c. a box, all druggists.

A life-boat made of pumice stone has been tested. It continued afloat with a load even when full of water.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble, which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. I always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma, and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Heretofore, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up in full size bottles only, at $1.00 per bottle. To meet a world-wide demand for a smaller package, the remedy is now put up in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Write for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and learn more of the cures effected by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

B. P. O. ELKS.

New Orleans, La.

MAY 10-13, 1898.

ONE FARE Round Trip,

VIA

"Big Four Route"

Tickets will be on sale May 6th, 7th and 8th. Returning tickets will be good fifteen days from date of sale.

For full information call on Agents Big Four Route, or address the undersigned.

J. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traf. Mgr. WARREN J. LYNCH, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. & Ticket Agt

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Mention this paper when you write.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit

DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Oh, weeding and toddling about picking up stones and—and doing odd jobs generally," answered David, who was beginning to get rather uncomfortable under the fire of her truthful eyes and the terrible directness of her questions.

"In fact, you have made Isaac undering, laborer, slavey to your grand new gardener, is that it?" she cried.

"Oh, come now," he began, but Dorothy stood still in the road and confronted him angrily.

"Is it so or not?" she asked.

"Well, something like that," he admitted, unwillingly.

"Is it absolutely so or not?" Dorothy asked again.

"Well, I'm afraid it is," said David, with a great air of making a clean breast of the whole matter. "You see, Dorothy, the old fellow never was much of a hand at gardening——"

"He was good enough for us," sighed Dorothy, in heart broken voice.

"Yes; but indeed he really was past his work, or I should never have thought of displacing him. And if it hadn't been for you—that he was a good many years your gardener——"

"Nearly forty years," put in Dorothy.

"Well, of course, if it hadn't been for that I should just have replaced him without troubling any further about him. As it was, I made a place for him, and I gave him ten shillings a week for what I could get better done by a boy for six."

"And the cottage?" asked she.

"Oh, well, of course, the cottage goes with the situation," answered David, who was getting rather sulky.

There was a moment's silence; then Dorothy suddenly stopped and turned to face him. "David," she flashed out, "you may be a good farmer, but you are a hard man, a hard man. One of these days you'll come to be—but, there, what is the good of talking to you? If long and faithful service will not touch your heart, what else will?"

"There is one thing which will always have power to touch my heart," he said, eagerly. "Shall I tell you what?"

"No," said Dorothy, wearily. "I probably should not believe it. If forty years would not do it, nothing else could."

As she spoke she turned down the street which led to Palace Mansions, for she saw that it was hopeless now to try to prevent his finding out where she lived; and, indeed, now that Dick was safely out of the country, she did not think that it mattered much. David, for his part, took advantage of the quiet side street, and spoke out what was in his mind.

"Dorothy," he said, "come back to the Hall, and I will show you whether I am a hard man or not; only come back and let us forget the past, nobody need know anything. I will never remind you of it. Only come back, my dear, and everything shall be as you wish—as you direct. I'll send the new gardener to Holroyd, and Isaac shall be head gardener at the Hall, with a couple of men under him to do the work. Does that sound like being hard, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, coldly—"hardest of all, because you would not hesitate to buy me, body and soul, through my compassion and pity for those poor unfortunate ones, who can not help themselves, and can not fight against the hard power which your money and your strength give you."

"Oh, Dorothy, it is not so," he cried. "I only ask you to come back because I love you and want you. Besides, I can not bear to see you as you look now—tired and worn, and ten years older than when you turned your back on all your old friends for the sake of a fellow who has brought you to this."

"To what?" Dorothy cried, her eyes opening wide, and her tones expressing such astonishment that David fairly quailed before her look.

"To a ghost of your old self," he answered curtly. But it was all of no use. Dorothy could be curt, too, on occasions, and she was so then.

"It seems to me that you are making mistakes all round, David," she said, coldly. "I am not very well, and the heat has tired me—but I am not what you take me for. I have been, thank God for it, a blessedly happy wife for many months. I will wish you good morning, David."

She turned away without giving him time to say a word, and went as quickly as was possible toward her home, and went in without turning her head to see what had become of him. As for David Stevenson, he simply stood rooted to the spot where she had left him, until she disappeared from his sight; then he took a step or two as if to follow her, but changed his mind, and retraced his steps, with a face like a thunder cloud.

He was so occupied with his own thoughts and his own disappointment that he never noticed a smart victoria and pair which was drawn up just within the corner of the quiet street, but its occupant, an old, white-haired gentleman, had noticed him, and took keen stock of him as he passed. David Stevenson would have been considerably surprised if he could have heard the order which the same old gentleman gave his coachman just after he had swung past. "Follow that gentleman closely. Don't lose sight of him."

"Yes, m' lord," said the servant, and hopped up onto the box, giving the order to the coachman.

"All right," murmured that dignitary in reply, then added in a lower voice still, "What's the old codger up to now, I wonder?"

"Uncommon pretty girl," answered Charles, in an equally low tone. "We've been after her some time."

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. 'Arris. Lives in Palace Mansions," with a wink.

"H'm! I wishes her joy of 'im," said the coachman, screwing his face up into a thousand expressive wrinkles.

"Me, too," said the footman, sniggering. "Hi, he's going into the Park," whereat the coachman turned his horses in at Prince's Gate, also, and they drove in abreast of David Stevenson, who was looking no more at peace with the world or with himself than he had been when he turned into the High street, out of the quiet road in which Palace Mansions may be found.

"Still faithful to Master Dick, or else the new-comer not attractive enough," thought Lord Aylmer, with a sneer, as he gave a sharp, keen look at the tall young man's lowering face.

CHAPTER XXI.

I THINK that David Stevenson had never been in such a towering rage in his life as when he turned in at the Park gates and went swinging along in the direction of the Achilles. For during those few moments when he watched her after she left him and before she disappeared into Palace Mansions, he had realized that she had gone from him forever. He realized that whether she was actually married or not, she was not for him, and he had suddenly become aware, almost without knowing why, that there was a cause for her altered looks—a cause which would be forever a bar to the fond hopes which he had cherished during nearly all his life, certainly ever since Dorothy as a wee, toddling, soft-eyed child had come, fatherless and motherless, to be the light and life of the old Hall and the very joy of Miss Dimsdale's lonely hearth.

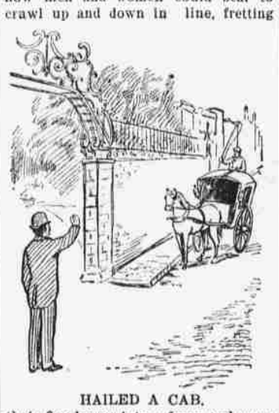
So that fellow had got round her, after all—his bitter thoughts ran, as he strode along—and all the worship and devotion of his life had been flung aside as naught for the sake of a specious tongue and a swaggering, army sort of manner.

As a matter of fact, Dick had not the very smallest shade of a swagger about him, but David Stevenson was the kind of man who invariably judges every man by a type, and to him an army man was a man who turned his toes out a good deal more than was necessary and said "Haw!" after every three words he spoke. That the man who had stolen Dorothy's love from him did neither of these things made no difference to David's conception of him. He had stolen Dorothy from him, and that was enough to make David endow him in his own mind with all the most hateful attributes of his detestable class.

Nor did he even stop to consider that he was distinctly unjust in crediting Harris with stealing Dorothy's love from him. For it is impossible to steal from any man what that man had never had to lose, and most emphatically he had never possessed one little tiny corner of Dorothy Strode's heart; to be plain, Dorothy had always detested him.

For an hour or more David strode about the Park till the storm of fury which possessed him had somewhat calmed down, and always the smart victoria, with its pair of high stepping, fiery horses and its pair of wooden-faced, imperturbable servants in their white and crimson liveries, dogged his steps and kept him fairly in sight; and at last David noticed them.

"Damn that supercilious old brute," he muttered, as they passed him for the twentieth time; then he stood at the railings a minute or two and thought how slow it was—wondered how men and women could bear to crawl up and down in line, fretting



HAILED A CAB.

their fine horses into a fever and never getting beyond a foot's pace.

He turned away from the row into a side path, but the next moment he saw that the smart victoria had turned into that road also.

"Confound him, he must be watching me," he thought, irritably, "and yet what should he want to watch me for? Oh, hang it, I'll go home!"

Without a moment's hesitation he turned his steps toward Apsley House and made his way out at the big gates, where he hailed a cab and gave the man the address of his hotel, and forgot about the white-haired old gentleman in the smart victoria.

But the victoria was there, nevertheless, following immediately behind the modest cab; and when David got out and went into the Grand Hotel, Lord Aylmer called to the footman:

"Charles, I want you to take a message. Barker, stop."

Barker pulled up the horses beside the broad pavement and Charles got down to hear his lord's orders.

"Go into the Grand and find out that gentleman's name—don't mention mine."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles.

Now, Charles happened to be an ingenious youth who was not troubled with any nice scruples about his honor, and believed that the easiest way was invariably the best way. He therefore, secure in the halo which his smart white and crimson livery was enough to cast around him, went into the hotel and addressed himself to the stately house porter of the establishment.

"I say, porter," said he, "my master, the Dook of Middlesex, wants to know the name of a gentleman just come in—came in a 'ansom—tall, fairish chap, looks like a country gentleman."

"D'year mean that one?" asked the house porter, taking Charles to a glass door leading to the reading room and pointing out David.

"Yes, that's the one," Charles answered.

"Oh, yes; that's Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd," said the house porter.

"And where's Holroyd?"

"A mile or two from Harwich," answered the other. "At least, I heard him say so last night. His post-town is Harwich."

"Ah! yes—thanks. The Dook fancied he knoo him, but I fancy he was mistook. Good day to you, porter."

"Good-day to you, my fine cock-pheasant," returned the big house porter, contemptuously; but Charles had already reached the door and was going back, serene in the power of his own impudence, to impart the information which he had gathered to his master.

"The gentleman's name is Stevenson, my lord," he said. "Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd, Harwich."

"Ah, yes," and then the old savage pulled out his notebook and jotted the name down without comment. "How did you find out?"

"I said my master, the Dook of Middlesex, wished to know, as he fancied he knoo the gentleman," Charles answered, promptly.

Lord Aylmer burst out laughing. "Ah! very clever—clever. Home."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles.

Lord Aylmer laughed more than once on the way home; he was so intensely amused at the inventive genius displayed by Charles, whom he had not before credited with much sharpness of that kind. He was a man who never took the trouble to make subterfuges to his servants; if he wanted a bit of information, he simply told one of them to get it, without caring what means were taken or giving any reason for wanting it. For instance, he would never say, "Go and find out who that gentleman is," and add, as ninety-nine people out of a hundred would do, "I think I know him"—no, he never troubled to do that; it was simply after the manner of the centurion, "Go and find out who that is?"

(To be continued.)

STUDY MME. DE SEVIGNE.

A Plea for the Lost but Gentle Art of Letter Writing.

Much as the modern woman prides herself upon her advancement there is one important particular in which, as an Irishwoman might say, she has progressed backward, and that is the gentle art of letter writing, says the New Orleans Picayune. With our grandmothers it was a charming accomplishment that every gentlewoman possessed, and no girl's education was considered complete unless she was able to write a fluent and graceful letter, penned in a handwriting that was as clear and fine as copperplate. How immeasurably shocked the grand dames of those days would have been could they have seen the missives that the modern girl considers good enough for her correspondent, when, indeed, she condescends to answer a letter at all and sends by way of reply a scroll that seems to have been penned with a toothpick and that jumps from one sheet to another in a will-o'-the-wisp way that is scarcely worth following. In truth the woman of today hates letter writing, and is fertile in devising ways to avoid it. She telephones her messages in town, she makes visits, she even neglects friends rather than sit down to her desk and write a letter. One might well fancy that she shared in the sentiment of the heroine of one of Rhoda Broughton's novels, where the girl, an arrant flirt, thanked God that whatever she might have said there was not a scratch of her handwriting in the length and breadth of England. It is a strange and unreasonable prejudice, but a very real one nevertheless. You write to a friend and ask some question that is of great moment to you, but you know you are on a fruitless quest. In time you may get a reply, but no one takes the trouble to answer a question in a letter. They wait and wait before writing until everything that is of special personal import in your letter had faded from your mind, and then they answer with glittering generalities that sometimes are simply maddening. Yet what is so charming as a real, gossipy letter full of dear, delightful details, and breathing the writer's personality at every line? Perhaps some one member of the family goes back to the old country home, or to visit scenes that are sacred with childish associations. You, left at home, would like to know so many little things—what Aunt So-and-So had on, whether she was sitting in the same old chair, with the same old cat curled up at her feet; whether the violets still grew in prim rows along the garden walk; how even the rickety old wellhouse looks. How eagerly you wait for the letter, but, alas, when it comes it is a hurried scrawl, and says: "All well. Everything much the same as ever." But we all share in the general condemnation. We neglect to write the little word of congratulation when some happiness comes to a friend, or to send a line of sympathy for their sorrow, yet these are little golden links in the chain of life that bind people to us. They show that we have not forgotten them, and so our notes might become white-winged carrier doves that would be messengers of peace and good will if only we would take the time and thought and trouble to write them. Facility in letter writing, as in any other accomplishment, only comes with practice, and it is time we inaugurated a much-needed reform and went back and recovered the lost art of letter writing.

Human Mechanism Requires Lubricant.

"Oil is always required for lubricating, and the human machine is not an exception," says Mrs. S. T. Rorer, telling how dyspepsia may be cured, in the Ladies Home Journal. "Fats, however, must in cases of intestinal indigestion be used sparingly and carefully. Ten drops of pure olive oil once a day may be taken either after the noon or night meal. It may be put on a piece of bread and thoroughly masticated. Well-made butter is an exceedingly good form of fat, but should be used without salt. A teaspoonful of cream taken slowly, held in the mouth and then swallowed, will also answer the purpose. Bear in mind that a small quantity of any one of these frequently administered is much more easily borne than the whole quantity at a single dose."

The Sacred Fires of India.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exist was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwada, near Bulsar, is visited by Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Or if He Wears a Collar When He Plows.

Sniff—It's not safe to always judge from appearances.

Swiggins—That's true. We must not imagine that every man has horse sense who is constantly giving a horse laugh.

As It Should Be.

Smith—"What's Blank doing now?"

Jones—"You fail to put the question properly."

Smith—"Why, how's that?"

Jones—"You should have asked who he is doing now."

Pat's All Right.

"Out of work again, Pat? I thought that old Skinflint gave you a job?" "He did, sor, but Oi'll be kilt afore Oi'll starve to death for the sake of kapin' aloive, sor."—Detroit Free Press.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Railroad Variety of Ties—Progressive Farming—Before and After—The Beginning and the End—A Clinching Argument, Etc., Etc.

Seasonable Rhymes.

When baby first starts in to cry,
We know by that same token
That baby's lungs are quite intact,
Howe'er his heart is broken.

For then the baby's voice was raised
As if he couldn't stop it;
But pretty soon there comes a lull
In which he'd all but drop it.

That rouses him to roar again
With energies redoubled,
Altho' he's quite forgot the grief
By which his heart was troubled.

Monotonous, e'en to himself,
The baby's bawls are growing;
But, having started in to cry,
He's bound to keep it going.
—Boston Globe.

She Clinched It.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card. "I have also," she said, "my father's lovely checkbook." Within thirty minutes their engagement was announced.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Railroad Variety.

Hamm—Pardon me, Junius, for rudely breaking in upon your meditations. Were you thinking of the ties that once bound you to a happy home?

Fatt—No; I was thinking of the ties that now separate me from home.—Up-to-Date.

Before and After.

Bagley—I say, Bailey, how about that ten?

Bailey—Oh, you wouldn't strike a man for money just before his vacation, would you?

(Three weeks later.)

Bagley—Well, Bailey, have you got that ten?

Bailey—Oh, I say, Bagley, just after my vacation!—Puck.

Where the Danger Lay.

Second (to duelist, who, on confronting his adversary, has suddenly grown pale, and is only just prevented from falling)—"Take courage, man. I know your opponent is going to fire in the air."

Duelist—"That's just what makes me afraid. He's such a notoriously bad shot."—Tit-Bits.

Notice.

The Court—Has the defendant been notified of these proceedings?

Applicant for Divorce—I have published the notice in a newspaper of general circulation.

The Court—Well, I must be sure that she is notified. Send her a copy of the newspaper with the notice cut out.—Puck.

The Beginning and the End.

Judge—Did you see the beginning of his trouble?

Witness—I did, your honor; it occurred five years ago.

Judge—Why, how was that?

Witness—It began when the minister pronounced them man and wife.—Chicago News.

An Opinion.

"I have been making quite a study of naval warfare," said the deliberate citizen, "and I find the subject very interesting. Now, what do you think is the best way to equip battleships?"

And without hesitation the laconic friend answered:

"In a hurry."—Washington Star.

Useless.

"What do you think of the bill I have prepared to introduce?" inquired one member of the legislature.

"It is a sheer waste of time," replied the other. "It isn't practical enough to become a law, nor foolish enough to get your name into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

Progressive Farming.

Ike Stubbles—Hi, what was yer oblick in buyin' that 'er patch o' sterile land down to Stony Corners?

Hiram Oatbin—One of my schemes, Ike. I'm goin' to pastur' the cows on that 'er land an' give them city folks that new-fangled sterilized milk right from the cow.—Up-to-Date.

Why He Gave It Up.

Tramp (in the country)—Yes, I once rode er wheel, but I had to give it up.

Biker—Why?

Tramp—Well, yer see, the owner wuz comin' down the road behind me, and the policeman had a rope stretched across in front.—Tit-Bits.

Too New.

"Why does Mrs. Murray Hill so cordially hate Boston?"

"She went there in the interest of the Society of Colonial Dames and was snubbed by the Daughters of the Peloponnesian War."—Truth.

In Nevada.

Tourist—"How far away is the nearest village?"

Native—"Well, six miles to the north you'll find Fitzsimmonsville, and five miles to the west you'll come to Solurplexustown."—Facts.

Didn't Fall Out.

Bessie—Did you have a nice moonlight drive with Charlie last night?

Jessie—It was lovely. He is such a good all-around man.

A Long Look Ahead.

Politicians are even now weighing the possibilities involved in the next Presidential election. The papers are full of predictions as to the future which are somewhat too self-confident. But it is safe to say that a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will renew health in the bilious, rheumatic or nervous.

A dollar requires more watching than a prisoner, to prevent its getting away.

Casually Speaking.

"He read me one of his jokes to-day, and I never heard a more pointless one, in all my existence."

"Ah, indeed; true to life, then, wasn't it?"

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean Blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, cleans your blood and keeps it clean by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25, 50c.

Many lawyers believe that it is more of a crime to confess a crime than it is to commit one.

THE SECRET OF A GOOD DISPOSITION.

Mrs. Pinkham Says a Careful Regard for Bodily Health Makes Women Sweet and Attractive to All.

The world is filled with sweet women who are held back from usefulness by some trouble of the female organs.

Fretfulness and nervousness rapidly destroy sweet dispositions.

Sickly all-worn-out women cannot live happy lives. Nearly every woman may be well and happy if she will follow Mrs. Pinkham's advice. See what Mrs. Craig says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhœa, and thought that I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."

—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safeguard of woman's health is clearly proven by the thousands of letters constantly being received. Here is one from Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Ave., Camden, N. J.:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before writing to you I felt very bad, had terrible sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side; was tired and nervous, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything, had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person."

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