

## Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weaknesses, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares, and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses, says: "The most of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife does not get needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the woman's organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his 'Favorite Prescription,' they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much outdoor air as possible, with moderate light exercise is also very important. Let the patient observe these rules and the 'Favorite Prescription' will do the rest."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

### Home-seeker's Excursion.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad will sell round trip excursion tickets to points in the North, Northwest, South, Southwest and Southeast. The rate is only one fare plus \$2.00 and less, with liberal stop-over privileges.

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## Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered. The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

## Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and it is saving more doctor's bills than any other medicine has ever saved. It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases.

Send Your Cattle and Horse Hides to the Crosby Frisian Fur Company, Rochester, N. Y., and have them converted into coats, robes, rugs, gloves and mittens; better and cheaper goods than you can buy. Never mind the distance, Crosby pays the freight. See our new illustrated catalog page 18. If interested send for it.

### Marrying an Opera Company.

The late "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, meeting a reporter on one of the New York papers, learned that Lillian Russell was to be married to Signor Perugini.

"Isn't she clever?" quoth Mrs. Eldridge. "Why, she first married a leader of the orchestra, then a composer of comic operas, and now she will wed a tenor. Bless my heart! If she keeps on, she'll have an entire operatic outfit of her own."

### Baby's Progress.

"How is Bilkins' baby boy getting along?"

"Fine. I was up there yesterday and was surprised to learn that he is beginning to talk."

"Does he pronounce his words plainly?"

"Not very. They sound like a railroad brakeman calling out stations."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Nerve.

Lazy Larry—Say, lady, I'm dat hungry I don't know w'at to do. I ain't had nothin'—Mrs. Goodart—Walk around to the kitchen, poor man, and you shall be fed. Lazy Larry—Aw, say, dat's a purty long walk, lady. Couldn't yer hand it out here just as well?—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Irremediable.

Fan—I wasn't expecting to be called on to say anything, you know, and when the president of the club asked me to make a few remarks I just went all to pieces. Nan—You remember I told you those buttons on the back of your waist wouldn't stand the slightest strain, don't you?—Chicago Tribune.

### Few Left-handed People.

About 94 per cent of otherwise normal people use the right hand in preference to the left; 6 per cent are left-handed, and it is a curious fact that one-third of the 6 per cent are ambidextrous.—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

### Why We Get Indigestion.

Recently a medical man gave it as his opinion that the oven was responsible for more dyspepsia than any other household contrivance. The modern cook finds it much easier to bake than to roast. The spit dog has almost gone out of existence, and there is seldom any one in the kitchen to take its place. It follows very reasonably that any food cooked within a confined space will not be so digestible as that done before an open fire, where all gases have freedom to escape.—Country Life.

### A Jolt.

"Did you tell your teacher that I helped you with your French exercise, Sidney?"

"Yes, father."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he wouldn't keep me in today, 'cos it didn't seem fair that I should suffer for your ignorance."

### How We Do Change!

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Jellus. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?"

"Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."—Washington Herald.

### Brought Home to Him.

Crusht—After all, right doesn't always make might, does it? Frankman—I don't know about that. The matrimonial rite seems to have made a mite of you.—Richmond Dispatch.

### Hear, Hear!

"Pa."

"Well?"

"What's women's rights?"

"Everything they want. Run away."—Cleveland Leader.

There are stars so distant that a flying machine moving at the rate of 500 miles an hour would require 500,000,000 years to reach them.

## A NEED, JUST LIKE SLEEP.

In the Instinct of Natural Death, Born in Manhood?

The most convincing fact in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that reported by Toxarsky in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Toxarsky I begged an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of this most interesting case, of which I had found but an incomplete statement. Toxarsky unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article. I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance had been taken.

In his book upon the physiology of taste, which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great-aunt, ninety-three years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed, affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, mon ami. One can always swallow liquid.' I hastened. Raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment and, looking at me with eyes which had once been very fine, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor. If ever you reach my age you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.'"

"These were her last words. Half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age in a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."—Professor Elie Metchnikoff in Harper's.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Beat a boy out of a dime and the crime will never outgrow.

Comparison may not be a detraction, but it is certainly a half sister.

The truth with unselfish people is they are liable to brag about it.

There is only one way in this world to get your own way—insist upon it.

Almost any defense would be all right if you could make people believe it.

It is just as dangerous to tell some people a secret as it is to fool with a loaded gun.

When a man submits to a procession wedding the other men look at him the way boys look at a boy whose mother makes him wear long curls.

The man who has made a failure in any line of business never has a very good opinion of the man who started in the same line at the same time and made it a success.—Atehison Globe.

### Too Deep.

The story is told of a lank, disconsolate looking farmer who one day during the progress of a political meeting in Cooper Institute stood on the steps with the air of one who has been surfeited with a feast of some sort.

"Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger briskly, pausing for a moment beside the disconsolate farmer, "or are you just going in?"

"No, sir. I've just come out," said the farmer decidedly. "Mr. Everts is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a knotted hand across his forehead.

### A Pet Tiger.

Out of a river bed where it had tumbled when its dam was put to flight some hunters in India fished a tiger cub. In two days it was as tame as a kitten and grew up the playmate of the camp terriers. It was very fond of them and the terriers worshiped the tiger. To allay the fears of a woman visitor the tigeress was one night chained up. Next morning the animal was found with a man under her. She had not hurt him. He was a thief and, not knowing of her existence, had come within the area which her length of chain enabled her to command. She sprang upon him, lay on him and kept him prisoner until guards came to release him.

### A Famous Tenor.

Apart from its wide range, the natural beauty and sweetness of the voice of Sims Reeves held his audiences spellbound and fully entitled him to be termed the finest English tenor of his day. He especially excelled in oratorio parts, while in opera his success was scarcely less pronounced. Perhaps it was as a singer of English ballads that Sims Reeves appealed to the majority, and it will probably be many a long day before we shall hear a more exquisite rendering of "Sally in Our Alley" than that of which this great tenor was capable.—London Mail.

### Neglected Ruins.

Visiting Britisher—But you have nothing to see over here—nothing, I mean, in the way of grand old things that have long since fallen into disuse. Gothamite—We haven't, eh? Wait till you get a copy of the city ordinances.—Life.

### Comparing Notes.

Bleeker—My wife got the best of me in an argument this morning. Meeker—My wife never got the best of me but once. Bleeker—When was that? Meeker—When she married me.—Chicago News.

## ALMANACH DE GOTHA.

History of This Old and World Famous Institution.

The Almanach de Gotha is more than an almanac. It is an institution. Bravely arrayed in red and gold, it lies on the table of every diplomatist, is in constant request in the newspaper offices of all countries and makes a wider and more international appeal than any other annual of reference in the world. It is to Europe what Burke and DeBrett and the other peerages are to the British Isles, and it is also the lineal ancestor and model of such topical encyclopedias as our Whittaker, our Hazell and our Statesman's Yearbook. A political and social history of the world for the last 150 years could be written from its back numbers if these were readily accessible to students. But they are not. The Almanach de Gotha began to appear in 1763, but the purchasers did not file it for reference. The earliest numbers in the British museum are those for 1774 and 1783, and a complete set can be consulted nowhere except in the editorial office in Friedrich's Alley in the little Thuringian capital. Probably not one in ten thousand of those who currently use the almanac has any knowledge of its interesting history.

It had of course its predecessors. The bibliographies of almanacs are ponderous tomes, and the middle of the eighteenth century was the golden age of this kind of literature. In Paris alone as many as seventy-three almanacs were published in the year 1760. Including a royal almanac, an almanac for merchants, an almanac for Freemasons, an almanac of beasts, an almanac of badinage, etc. The city of Gotha itself had its own almanac from a still earlier date in the shape of an "improved Gotha genealogical and writing calendar," the origin of which is lost in the mist of antiquity, though a copy dated 1740 survives.—Francis Gribble in Scribner's.

## A FEAT OF MEMORY.

Zangwill's Knowledge of the Famous Trials of History.

As an indication of the quality of Zangwill's mental processes I may relate an incident that occurred while we were producing "The Children of the Ghetto." Mr. Zangwill was seated in my office, and we were going over some of the details of the play. It was the day that Labor, intimately connected with the Dreyfus case in Paris, was assassinated. Knowing that Zangwill had intimate knowledge of the case, a New York newspaper sent a representative up to see him. The reporter entered and after conveying the news said:

"Mr. Zangwill, we want from you a history of all the famous trials you can call to mind for our paper."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Zangwill. "I think I can prepare that for you. Come to see me in three or four days, and I will give it ready."

"We wait it now," objected the newspaper man. "We want to print it in our paper tomorrow morning."

"But you surely don't expect me to quote you dates and facts out of my mind on the spur of the moment, do you?" asked Mr. Zangwill in astonishment. "Such a thing is out of reason."

"I'm sorry, but it's the only way we can make use of it," replied the newspaper man firmly. Mr. Zangwill thought a moment and then asked if he could have my stenographer for a short time. He was called in, and Zangwill dictated to him then and there a two column resume of all the famous trials of history, from Savonarola down, and quoted every important date and historical feature connected with each.—From "Israel Zangwill," by George C. Tyler, in Bohemian.

## The Crowning Blow.

"Mothers and nurses have devised and invented many ways of procuring obedience and correct behavior from their little charges," said a park policeman. "The familiar 'boggy man' is still employed, but the times change and the people with them. The last fine day, when the park was filled with mothers and nurses, I heard a new way of appealing to the love or fear of a child. A stylishly dressed young woman leading an irrepressible youngster, after making all sorts of threats and promises without effect, said, 'Child, child, you give me wrinkles under my eyes!'—New York Press.

## To Cure a Bad Habit.

A way to cure a bad habit is thus explained by the Rev. Samuel McComb in the New York World: If you have a habit you wish to get rid of put your mind upon it after going to bed. Resolve to discard that habit at the moment you are lapsing from semiconsciousness into complete unconsciousness. Repeat the operation several nights, several weeks if necessary, and cure will follow, provided that the day after the first night the experiment is started you obey the impulse that will come on you to avoid the accustomed habit.

## The Bad Place.

"What! Fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the clergyman reprovingly. "Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?"

"Huh. I guess dat's right," replied the bad boy disgustedly. "I couldn't 'a' struck no worse place dan dis."—Philadelphia Press.

## Decorated.

Hubby—My pet, you will pardon me, but aren't these griddle cakes a little burned? Wifey (almost in tears)—Oh, Tom, and I tried to make them so pretty for you with that pyrograph set you gave me!—Boston Transcript.

Let me tell you that every misery I miss is a new blessing.—Walton.

## ADVERTISING AN ART.

But It Should Be Made an Art That Calls Beauty to Its Service.

Advertising has indeed become an art. It remains for it to become, if not a fine art, at least an art that calls beauty to its service. When it does, much of the energy that is now misdirected, much of the money that is now prodigally wasted in destroying the world's beauty, will be saved.

The right procedure is indicated by the most conspicuous medium for public advertising. The press, in its daily, weekly or monthly forms, offers altogether the best means for calling public attention to all sorts of things. The best of public journals—those which are recognized as the most desirable mediums for advertising and which consequently obtain the highest prices for their services—make it a rule to classify and restrict in a judicious manner the advertisements that they print. They confine them to certain parts of the publication, they restrict their display to certain decorous styles of type, recognizing that to admit a helter skelter distribution through all columns or to display them in incoherent fashion according to the whims of the advertisers would largely destroy the very objects held in view. The readers of these journals would resent the intrusion of advertising matter into the space set apart for news, editorials, etc., and the influence that gives the advertising its value would decline.

In the same way the forms of advertising that now give exceeding offense to the community ought to be restricted and kept within proper limits. If this were effected the practice would change from the public nuisance that it now is to a function that, in a considerable degree, might couple genuine service to the public with a presentation of its material in an interesting and even esthetically attractive fashion.—Sylvester Baxter in Century.

## WEARING A WIG.

A Help to the Health of Those With Bald Heads.

An eminent American who while in Paris consulted a famous physician of that city to ascertain if there was any remedy for baldness was told by the doctor that the best thing to do was to wear a toupee or wig. The American said that he always regarded the wearing of a wig as an evidence of a man's vanity, but he was quite surprised when the French physician replied: "You are quite mistaken. The wearing of a wig is regarded by those who have carefully studied the subject of health as a beneficent safeguard. A man who from any cause has lost a good part of his hair usually loses it some time after middle life, when his vitality begins to ebb. You must bear in mind that the scalp is filled with myriads of blood vessels, and when it is exposed without the covering that nature intended to give it a man is apt to suffer from sudden and acute attacks of cold, catarrh and influenza. I have often prescribed the wearing of a toupee or wig to a patient who has come to me complaining of his susceptibility to colds, and in nine cases out of ten after the wig has been worn the susceptibility has ceased at once. Many cases of deafness I have traced to colds constantly recurring in those who have lost their hair and who have provided no substitute for nature's covering. Some cases of chronic sore throat are traceable to the same cause. In some instances patients suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs in the early stages have found decided protection from colds by wearing a wig. Those who need to wear a wig and will not do so must be regarded as victims of vanity rather than those who, accepting the inevitable, make the best of their misfortune, for I regard baldness as nothing less than a misfortune to any man or woman."—Leslie's Weekly.

## Children and Dogs.

The child who is taught to love animals and to have a dog as a companion is introduced to a friend of the truest and best kind—the kind of friendship that lasts. Have you never had a dog? Then you don't know what pleasure can be had in his companionship in rambles, in his quiet presence in your room, his unobtrusiveness when human company would bore you; a "chum" who always adapts himself to your mood when man or woman would jar upon you. By all means cultivate in children a love of animals, especially of "man's best friend," the dog.—New York Herald.

## Anglicized French.

For two centuries we have been crying "Encore!" at the end of a song, where a Frenchman never says it, his own equivalent for it strangely being the Latin "Bis!" And "on the tapis" appears in English far more often than in French, and misunderstood at that, since it does not mean "on the carpet," but on the tablecloth of the council table for discussion.—London Chronicle.

## Both Satisfied.

"I should like to break it off, but I can't bear to give up this diamond ring."

"Then why don't you tell him so? He told me he'd be willing to lose the ring if he could get out of the engagement."—Sketchy Bits.

## He Might Succeed.

Professional Humorist—Wit should never seem forced. Now, I never try to be funny. His Vis-a-vis—Oh, but you should, Mr. Woodshine! One never knows what one can do till one tries.—Puck.

Building character is far more important than building castles.—Tamarao Times.

## THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS.

Keep Your Face to the Sunlight and Smile Through Your Tears.

I know an old man who has had a great deal of trouble and many losses and misfortunes, but he started out in life with a firm determination to extract just as much real enjoyment from it as he went along as possible—not in dissipation, but in wholesome recreation and fun. He has always tried to see the humorous side of things, the bright side and the duty of happiness.

The result is that, although this man has had more than his share of sorrow in his career, he has developed the inestimable faculty of making the best of every situation and of always facing the sun and turning his back to the shadows. This life habit of cheerfulness and optimism has brought out a sweetness of character and a poise and serenity of mind which are the envy of all who know him. Although he has lost his property and the most of his family and relatives, yet he radiates sunshine and helpfulness wherever he goes.

A man who can laugh outside when he is crying inside, who can smile when he feels badly, has a great accomplishment. We all love the one who believes the sun shines when he cannot see it.

A potted rose in a window will turn its face away from the darkness toward the light. Turn it as often as you will, it always turns away from the darkness and lifts its face upward toward the sun.

So we instinctively shrink from cold, melancholy, inky natures and turn our faces toward the bright, the cheerful and the sunny. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole atmosphere of cloud and gloom.

Your ability to carry your own sunshine with you, your own lubricant, your own light, so that, no matter how heavy the load or dark the way, you will be equal to the emergency, will measure your ability to continue and to achieve.—Success.

## A FRIEND.

A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tight rope of life.

A watch which beats true for all time and never "runs down."

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

One who loves the truth and who will tell the truth in spite of you.

The triple alliance of the three great powers—love, sympathy and help.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs and whose honesty is inviolable.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who considers my need before my deservings.—London Tit-Bits' Prize Competition.

## How Clark Received the Gift.

Broken by ill health and bowed down by disappointment, Clark retired to private life in bitterness of soul and passed his remaining twenty-three years of craggy existence in obscurity and poverty. Friends called attention to Clark's sad condition a few years before he died, and the legislature of Virginia grandiloquently acknowledged his great services and sent him a jeweled sword. The old hero's anger was aroused. "When Virginia needed a sword I gave her one," he exclaimed to the messenger. "She now sends me this toy. I want bread." And he thrust the blade of the costly gift into the ground and broke it at the hilt.—Lyman Tew Sprague, in "George Roberts Clark and His Conquest of the Middle West," in Outing Magazine.

## The Joke Maker.

"The way I learned my trade," said the man who makes jokes for a living, "was to take advantage of every little thing that happened to come along. Whatever it might be, sad or gay, serious or merry, I squeezed a joke out of it. At first they were very poor, but after a great deal of labor I found my brand of humor improving. True, I often made my best friends my deadly enemies and turned every man's hand against me on more than one occasion, but at last I triumphed. I won't tell you what my salary is—you may not believe me. But you can take my word for it, young man, that there's money in making jokes."—New York Post.

## His Specialty.

Young Foley looked so downcast that the market man asked why he carried such a long face.

"Fired," returned Foley concisely.

"Fired?" repeated the market man. "Give you any reason for doing it?"

"Yep," Foley said, with the air of a martyr. "The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making."

"Is that so? What were you making?"

"Mistakes."

## Death!

He (exhorted)—I tell you the hand-some dress that millionaire's wife is wearing was paid for by blood money. She (calmly)—Ah, that accounts for the gore in the skirt!—Baltimore American.

## The Little Pinner.

Said Edith to her doll: "There, don't answer me back. You mustn't be angry no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother!"

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