SPINNING WHEEL.

THOSE ANARCHISTS.

Fourteen Anarchists very far from clean:
One took a bath and then there were thirteen.

Thirteen Anarchists wouldn't dig or delve:
One went to hoeing—then there were but twelve.

Twelve little Anarchists never thought of heaven:
One got good and then there were but 'leven.

'Leven little Anarchists cooped within a pen:
One blew the gas out—then there were but ten.

Ten little Anarchists pausing 'neath a sign:
One had a nickel—then there were but nine.

Nine little Anarchists cursing loud at fate:
One met a p'liceman—then there were but eight.

Eight little Anarchists staying out 'till 'leven:
One went to bed and then there were but seven.

Seven little Anarchists in an awful fix:
One stretched a clothes line—then there were but six.

Six little Anarchists pleased they were alive:
One called a doctor—then there were but five.

Five little Anarchists glad there were no more:
One skipped the quintette—then there were but four.

Four little Anarchists couldn't all agree:
One got a furlough—then there were but three.

Three little Anarchists rather overdue:
One didn't get there—then there were but two.

Two little Anarchists having lots of fun:
One drew a razor—then there was but one.

One little Anarchist far and widely sought:
Yellow journal scooped him—there was but naught.

Fourteen Anarchists seem quite a many:
'Specially when later news shows there wasn't any.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—:o:—

The 12-year-oldson of a Topeka fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs, says the Capital. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems, these youngsters knew of a "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster and caught him fast and hard.

He felt so badly about it that he started in turn to "sell" someone else. His father was the victim.

"Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail its eyes will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking—well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he remarked to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, guinea pigs have no tails."—Topeka Capital.

—:o:—

The moment had come for the maiden in the ancient ballade to escape from the battlemented tower.

"But," she faltered, shrinking suddenly back, "my hair is not sufficiently luxuriant to serve me in the stead of attire!"

The good fairy, who was nothing if not resourceful, bethought herself to hark forward a few centuries.

"There is enough of it to pass for a rainy-day costume!" cried the good fairy, in all confidence.

Hereupon there seemed to be no reason why the regular programme should not be proceeded with.—Detroit Journal.

—:o:—

It was a busted theatrical manager getting home on the proceeds of his watch, and when he had admitted as much he was asked by a fellow-passenger:

"Was the play a failure, that you got left?"

"Oh, no. The play was all right," was the reply.

"Anything wrong with the actors?"

"Nothing at all."

"Strike a streak of bad weather to make light houses?"

"No, weather was all right, and the houses were crowded."

"And no one ran away with the beadle?"

"No, sir."

"Then I don't exactly understand how you made a failure of it," persisted the interrogator.

"Easiest thing in the world," explained the busted. "We'd been out four weeks and were doing a smashing business when the old woman of the play struck me for $7 worth of salary and busted the show all to smash. I'd counted on that $7 to help us fill forty-two dates, but she would have it, and the rest of the people are walking home."

—:o:—

"What," he exclaimed as he hurried to where the crowd had gathered, "was the ambulance called for?"

"They've just taken a man away in a precarious condition."

"Do you know what happened to him?"

"It was a case of heart disease. He had made an appointment to meet his wife here on this corner at 3 o'clock precisely."

"Yes?"

"He got here exactly on time."

"And he had to run so hard to do this that his heart went back on him?"

"No. He didn't run at all. He found the lady waiting when he got there."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—:o:—

"I was out in the country the other day," said the talkative man, "and, having nothing else to do, I attended a ball game. It was a red-hot game, if not scientific, and excitement ran high. The only thing, however, that I was interested in was the umpire, who never uttered a word during the whole game. A strike was indicated by raising the right hand with one finger held up. When he wished to call a ball, he held up his left hand. There were other signals as well and it was not necessary for him to open his mouth.

"What interested me more than anything else was the way that the players and spectators took his decision. The game was a final one, and the bitter feeling that had existed during the whole season had come to a point where there was danger of blood being shed. Yet when the umpire made a rank decision, which was pretty often, not a man said a word; even the rooters seemed awed into silence.

"At last the umpire made a particularly rank decision against the club that I had picked out for a winner and I couldn't resist yelling 'Rotten!'

"'Taint no use yellin' at that feller,' said a party who was sitting near me, 'he's deaf and dumb.'

"It was so. The rivalry that had existed between the clubs had been so fierce that no one else could be found to umpire the game and stand the abuse. It might be a good idea to adopt the idea generally, at least until the fans learn to talk with their fingers."—Ex.

—:o:—

The proprietor of the quick-lunch cafe: "Here, Stubby, git ready to tackle dat feller dat's just comin' in."

The waiter: "De one in th' shirt-waist?"

The proprietor: "Dat's de one."

The waiter: "Say, he's bigger dan me."

The proprietor: "Go 'long. Dont' you ketch on? I've hired dat feller by de hour to come in here in his shirtwaist an' git thrown out and come back and get thrown out again, an' den sue me fer ten thousand, see? I ain't a goin' to have dese high-class grub joints monopolizin' all de free advertisin'."—Ex.

—:o:—

The following is a pretty story of the Princess of Wales and one of the wounded soldiers now lying in Netley hospital, says a London correspondent. The prince and princess not long ago visited Netley hospital, in which some of the earlier victims of the war are now under treatment. The princess, in the course of her tour, kept exclaiming: "Oh, this terrible war—this terrible war!" One of the men had been shot through the right cheek, the bullet carrying away with it the teeth and the greater portion of the jaw. The tender-hearted princess was much moved at the man's suffering, and she said to him: "Poor fellow! Can you manage to smoke at all?"

The man said: "Yes, your royal highness."

The princess immediately turned to the Prince of Wales, and, putting her hand on his shoulder, said: "Will you let me have your cigarette case?"

The prince smilingly gave it to the princess, who, taking out all the cigarettes, handed them to the delighted wounded man, saying: "Smoke these, my fine fellow. I think they are good ones; at least I know the prince enjoys them. May you do the same."

—:o:—

A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining-room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask.

"Suppose," said the lady—"now, only suppose, you understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?"

The girl looked the lady square in the eyes for a moment before asking: "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?"

"Boarders," answered the lady.

"Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl.

She was engaged.

—:o:—

"She isn't a very expert stenographer," said one young woman, "and yet the political orator for whom she takes dictation has raised her salary three times this year."

"Yes," answered the other. "She isn't expert, but she is clever. She told me about it. She always giggles out loud when she comes to any portion of a speech that he obviously intends to be funny."—Washington Star.

—:o:—

At Ramsbury manor there once resided a poulterer's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting to church the nurse ran upstairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off. "What be going to call un, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed," said the invalid, "call un plain Bill." In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plainbill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly. Ono Titchiner of Peckham was named under the following circumstances: On arriving at the church his name was not settled upon, and when the clergyman said "Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said, "Oh, no," meaning not John; and as no one else spoke the clergyman thought that was to be his name, and baptized him Ono.

—:o:—

Fuddy—"A fellow can't think much of a girl to eat onions just previous to calling upon her."

Duddy—"Oh, I don't know. It may be he is so sure of her he doesn't care; or, perhaps, there could be no stronger proof of his devotion than the fact that he could not keep away even after eating onions."—Boston Transcript.

—:o:—

The following Whistler story is told by Justin McCarthy:

"Whistler—'the master,' as his followers delight to call him—was once painting a portrait of a distinguished novelist, who was extremely clever but also extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished, the sitter did not seem satisfied with it. 'You don't seem to like it,' Whistler said. The sitter confessed that he did not, and said in self-justification: 'You must admit that it is a bad work of art.' 'Yes,' Whistler replied; 'but I think you must admit that you are a bad work of nature.'"

—:o:—

Observing the manager of the drug department, the woman accosted him, in a spirit of badinage.

"I have kleptomania," she said. "What would you advie me to take?"

"The elevator, by all means!" said the manager wittily.

"And not something just as good?" exclaimed the woman, affecting great surprise.—Detroit Journal.

—:o:—

Alfred (whose sportive opportunities have been limited by parental decree): "Papa, what does it mean by base on balls?"

Papa (who is reading an account of the latest heavyweight fight): 'Alfred, you could better employ yourself with your Sunday school lession. I'm too busy now to explain."

Alfred (still thirsting for knowledge): "Did it mean the same as base on balls when you telephoned last night that as mamma was away you were to go out on a bat?"

Mamma (who is always listening): "Benjamin Ridgely, you will take time right now to make two explanations, with the most important one coming to me."—Denver News.

—:o:—

Ah, me!

Yesterday my husband exclaimed "Parbleu!" at golf.

This evening he has just exclaimed, "Hoot, mon!" at my fete champetre.

How humiliating to be married to such a clod of a man, with no soul, none of the finer sensibilities!—Detroit Journal.

—:o:—

Elderly Spinster (horrified)—"Little boy, aren't you ashamed to go in bathing in such a public place with such a bathing suit as that on?"

Small Boy—"Yes'm, but me mother makes me wear it. I'll take it off, though, if you'll promise not to say nothing to her about it.—Leslie's Weekly.

—:o:—

Foreman—"De telegraph page is all pied!"

Editor—"Never mind: run it as it is, and I'll label it the only original Chinese dispatch, translation to follow tomorrow."—Syracuse Herald.

—:o:—

Johnny—"Pa, what is the difference between a walker and a pedestrian?"

Pas—"One has corns and wears tight shoes, but I forget which one it is."—Boston Transcript.

BIG CHURNINGS.

Work of the Highest-Salaried Butter-Maker in the United States.

There is a Dane in Kansas City, says the Journal of that city, who churns the milk from 20,000 cows daily. It takes him only forty minutes to churn 1250 pounds of butter, and he makes ten of these churnings a day. In one day's churning he turns out more butter than all the housewives of Missouri and Kansas combined. This wonderful Dane is A. M. Larson, buttermaker for the Brady-Meridan Creamery company. He learned the business in Denmark, and is said to be the highest-salaried buttermaker in the United States. The walls of his workroom are covered with butter diplomas, one having been awarded him at the World's Fair in Chicago. He knows precisely when the cream is "ripe" for churning, knows just what the flavor and color should be, knows to a grain how much salt to put in it—in fact, knows it all.

It is an interesting sight to watch the transformation of cream into butter in the place where Mr. Larson works. The cream arrives in large ten and twenty gallon milk cans. It is poured from these cans into five immense tanks holding 300 gallons each. In each tank is a metallic coil of pipe, through which is forced water from an artesian well 600 feet deep. While the water is running through these pipes, machinery moves the pipes back and forth in the vat, keeping the cream in constant motion. This work is all done at night, and after four hours of the cooling process the cream is reduced to a temperature of 52 degrees. In the six or eight hours remaining before daylight the cream ripens, and in the morning the smooth, satin-like fluid is ready for the great churn. This is an immense barrel, 20 feet long and 10 feet through, which is revolved by machinery, churning and working the butter at the same time. After forty minutes of revolving, the churn is opened and there are 1250 pounds of butter ready to be packed into cans, wooden boxes and tubs, and to be molded into coardless one-pound prints or bricks. Piled against the wall of the churning room were more than 100 barrels. "That's salt," said the butter-maker. "We use salt here by the carload. It takes 75 pounds for one churning."

There are forty-three skimming stations within a radius of sixty miles of Kansas City, which supply this great churn with cream. At each of these stations is a separator run by machinery which separates the cream from the milk, the farmer or dairyman taking the skimmed milk back with him. The separator is a wonderful machine. It performs the office of skimming the milk, only it doesn't have to wait for the cream to rise. It will take the milk within thirty minutes after it comes from the cow, while it is still warm and fresh and covered with foam, and separate every particle of cream from it. The milk is revolved with tremendous rapidity, the cream coming from one spout in the separator and the milk from another, by centrifugal force.

Something New.

It has always been conceded that no ordinary paint equalled an enamel for all interior decorative purposes, as the former does not give the beautiful, smooth, mirror-like surface that the latter does.

The economical housewife of to-day has the walls, bath room and bedrooms enameled, as once done it lasts for years. Rubbed with a soft cloth once in a while, such rooms are kept clean and healthy with practically no labor.

Old articles of furniture are made to look like new with a coat of enamel and give good service for years when otherwise it would have been necessary to discard them.

In the past the price of enamel has been almost double that of paint, but Florentine Enamel Colors are sold at the same price as ordinary mixed paint and come ready for use. This brand of enamel is put up in twenty-three colors and comes in all size packages from pint to gallon cans, and we understand that nearly all dealers of paint carry it in stock on account of the great demand that exists for it. By writing to the manufacturers, Bradley & Vrooman Co., 2629-31-33-35 Dearborn street, Chicago, and stating what color is desired, anyone can get a sample package free of charge.

A Curious Hawaiian Cave.

A curious cave has been discovered two miles from Hilo, Hawaii. The cave runs toward the mountain in the form of a tunnel. Down the middle of the cave is a ditch that looks like the bed of an ancient stream. This channel is about three feet deep and four feet wide, with evenly-worn sides, forming two benches. On one of these benches was found the skeleton of a woman, in sitting posture.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Trees Protect River Banks.

The planting of trees along the banks of streams to prevent erosion has been undertaken in a number of instances. Thus, in Arkansas one man has planted red birch, native willows and soft maple for two miles along a stream to prevent the washing of the banks. The plants were taken from the woods. Similar work has been done near Mahwak, N. J., on the estate of Theodore Havemeyer.—Washington Star.

New German Invention.

A new invention that is already on the market in Germany is that of artificial stone steps. A design imitating staircase carpets of any desired color is pressed into the steps when still soft, and as the design or figures penetrate to a considerable depth they last as long as the steps. Beautiful designs can be used and have been found suitable for fine residences.

Floating Theaters.

A floating variety theater, to be towed from one watering place to another along the coast, is in process of construction in England.

—Forty-two inventions relating to cycles were taken out last year by women.

HAS THIRTY THOUSAND TEETH

The Snail is Well Equipped with Its Band-Saw Tongue.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant not to say loathsome creature to handle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Anyone who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. This is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth it has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time—not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4000 or 5000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as a bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

"By use the teeth wear off or become dull. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of his coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown on again in the idle portion—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed."

Such Cruel Parents.

"Please, mamma, please!"

"Papa, I beg of you, do not refuse!"

Cordelia Pasdetout clung wildly about her fond but obdurate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did likewise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail; the elder Pasdetouts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard-shelled crab from out a scalp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders. Then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordelia, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the past ten years it has been nothing but move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on us packing up and going elsewhere that you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse!"

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything.

But their firm parents remained firm.

"No," continued Mr. Pasdetout, "we will not, absolutely will not, celebrate our silver wedding again in order to prove to people that you two cannot be over 24 at the outside. The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

Old Lady was a Romancer.

Tit-Bits tells of a droll mistake made by an imaginative old dame who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed just by the side of her house, waited upon the telegraph officials to complain that she could get no sleep of a night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head.

"I don't think, sir," said she, "you can be aware of all that's said along them wires. There's a deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it."

The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal, and that in future only young women of great respectability would be employed, so there would be no danger of her propriety being shocked again.

Improvement Is Needed.

Although we lead the world in aggregate wheat production, in yield per acre we are far behind the most enlightened countries of Europe, and stand next in order, and but little above, the average attained by the miserable ryot of India or the but lately-emancipated serf of Russia. Although we make millions of pounds of the best butter and cheese in the world, we still expend time and energy in producing tons of stuff hardly worthy the name of butter. We still have to build up our reputation in many markets where it has suffered by the unscrupulousness of some of our farmers and shippers.—International Monthly.

French Tea Culture.

The year 1894 was the first in which tea from one of her colonies was offered in France. In that year 7500 pounds were received from Anam. In 1896 the receipts jumped to 10,296 pounds; in 1897, to 13,000 pounds. In 1898 the imports of tea from Anam into France were 42,262 pounds. The figures for 1899 are not accessible, but it is estimated that the exports will be not less than 140,000 pounds.

Average Annual Rainfall.

The average annual total of water which falls as rain or snow in the United States is 1407 cubic miles. This amount of rain would more than twice fill Lake Ontario. To raise this water to the clouds from which it fell would require the work of 500,000,000 horses working ten hours a day throughout the year.

TRAMPING IN FINE RAIMEMT.

Leaning on His Gold-Headed Cane, He Told of His Hard-Up Condition.

A tramp, attired in silk tile and Prince Albert coat, set East Twenty-seventh street agog with conjecture recently. Spotless linen, a clean-shaven face and a glib tongue added to the make-up of the beggar. Many thought him to be an estray from the ranks of the Cook County Marching club of Chicago, which cut such a dash here during the Bryan notification meeting last week.

Early in the morning he appeared at the kitchen door of the home of Fred O. Ball, Ash and Twenty-seventh streets. He trembled as he spoke of the hardship that ill luck had forced upon him. He leaned on a gold-headed cane as he told Mr. Ball of his hunger.

"This is my first visit to any man's back door, my friend," he said in a tone of pathos. "This is the first time I ever begged in my life, and I'll give you this, my last nickel, for a bite of breakfast." He held out a nickel to the man whom he sought to be his good Samaritan, but Mr. Ball refused it.

Mr. Ball led him into the kitchen, and soon the handsome beggar was making away with a bowl of oatmeal and offering profuse thanks between spoonfuls. He had the tone of a polished man, and when he had finished a good meal he arose to go. Turning to Mr. Ball, he said: "My young friend, you will yet hear from this act of kindness. I am a music teacher by profession and have taught in some of the best conservatories in the country. Misfortune overtook me and I confess that right now I am holding the short end. But I'll pull out yet and will remember you."

Tears trickled down the fellow's face as he left his benefactor and wended his way toward the railroad yards.—Indianapolis Press.

Von Buelow was Equal to the Occasion.

On one occasion, when Von Buelow had to conduct an orchestral concert at which a piece written by an aristocratic amateur was to be performed, the composer requested permission to direct a rehearsal, and, on obtaining it, opened a parcel containing seventy pencils, which he handed to the members of the band, asking them to mark his intentions in their parts, as he would give them by word of month. Hans von Buelow noted this matter of detail, and left the hall. Presently he returned, also with a parcel, and, on resuming his place at the desk, gravely handed out seventy pieces of india rubber, with which the players were to erase the directions which the composer had given them.

What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

A Mexican Invention.

Among the exhibits sent to the Paris expesition from Mexico is an air compressor by a poor Mexican mechanic of Toluca. It is said to be of great economic value, as it can be used for the transmission of all kinds of motor force. The inventor has been appointed honorary member of the National Academy of Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures of Paris.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Red Clover Drives Flies.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the red clover, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint, fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other flytraps and flypapers can ever collect.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Sarah Bernhardt on Diamonds.

Sarah Bernhardt says that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expression of the face, dims the fire of the eyes and makes the teeth look like chalk.

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 25 and 50c.

Marriages by Mistake.

In the British isles, during the Nineteenth century, seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

Carter's Ink is Scientifically

compounded of the best materials. If your dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

—In China the coinage is pierced with a square hole in the center, and in place of a purse John Chinaman carries a piece of string on which the coins are slung.

—China has had her "Joan of Arc." Tradition tells of a maiden, Mou-Len, who, in the garb of a man, led the armies of the Empire to victory.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

—More doctors, it is claimed, are kept busy in Australia than in any other country.

—There are very few Chinese in England—only 767 all told, according to the latest enumeration. Yet only three counties are wholly without Chinamen—Hereford, Rutland and Westmoreland.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by druggists.

—A curious criminal law exists in Greece. A man who is there sentenced to death awaits two years before the execution of the sentence.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

—There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Wisconsin Hair Grower and Dandruff Cure. A guaranteed dandruff cure and hair promoter. Send for booklet, Wisconsin Pharmacal Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

—India has a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world.

Cockroach Exitor is a sure exterminator for cockroaches, bedbugs, red ants, etc. Sent by mail for $1. M. Frye & Co., 218 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

—Irish-bred horses win three-fourths of the steeplechase races in England.

Fisher's Flavoring Extracts are Endorsed by pure food laws and the U. S. government for their PURITY and STRENGTH. A. J. Hilbert Co., Milw.

—One hundred thousand tons of apples are raised on British soil yearly.

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

—Flying fish will cover as much as 150 yards at a single flight.

KIDNEY TROUBLES OF WOMEN

Miss Frederick's Letters Show How She Relied on Mrs. Pinkham and Was Cured.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired and have bearing down pains. Menses have not appeared for three months; sometimes am troubled with a white discharge. Also have kidney and bladder trouble.

I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you and see if you could do me any good."—Miss Edna Frederick, Troy, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1899.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. Now I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me."—Miss Edna Frederick, Troy, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1899.

Backache Cured

"Dear Mrs. Pineham:—I write to thank you for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. It is the only medicine I have found that helped me. I doctored with one of the best physicians in the city of New York, but received no benefit. I had been ailing for about sixteen years, was so weak and nervous that I could hardly walk; had continued pain in my back and was troubled with leucorrhœa. Menses were irregular and painful. Words cannot express the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. Mary Barshinger, Windsor, Pa.

M. N. U. ..... No. 36, 1900