A Money Order Clerk
In Roxbury, Mass., Post Office
Has a Blessed Experience With

Paine's Celery Compound

The World's Best Spring Medicine.

The blood plays an important part in our physical economy, and, in a liquid state, constitutes a large part of the entire body. Unhealthy conditions of the life stream affect seriously all parts of the human system. It seems unnecesary to remind intelligent people that, when vitality is low, when

T. F. McCARTHY,
Roxbury, Mass.

the appetite fails, when oppressed by tired feelings and heaviness, when headaches and insomnia make our days miserable, when itchings, skin troubles and eruptions cause alarm, that the condition of the blood calls for prompt attention.

If you have delayed the work of purifying the blood in the past months, you cannot with safety allow the spring time to pass without some effort on your part to rid yourself of perils and dangers. In the spring season Paine's Celery Compound effectively removes all impurities from the blood, so that the vital fluid goes on its health-restoring mission to heart, lungs, brain and all other parts, making you vigorous and healthy and stronger than ever before. Mr. T. F. McCarthy, Roxbury, Mass., Postoffice Money Order Clerk, and a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus, writes thus:

"I wish to express my appreciation of your most valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. I had been troubled with a violent itching on hands and feet, coupled with swelling, all due to impure blood. After using Paine's Celery Compound three days, the itching and swelling completely disappeared, and after use of one full bottle, I find myself in good health."

BOY A BORN DIPLOMAT.

He Refused a Gratuity, but Would Sell His Broken Eggs.

A little youngster sat in his express wagon at the bottom of the hill at Twenty-third and Prospect yesterday afternoon. At his feet lay a half dozen or more of crushed eggs in a torn paper sack. He was so busy studying the little ruin that he neither saw nor heard the man who asked him about his troubles.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the man. "Did you drop the eggs out of the wagon? Well, I wouldn't cry about it."

"I just wanted to coast down the hill once and them eggs fell out the back when I comed down this last time," answered the boy, as he rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes and tried to look cheerful. "I ain't got no more money to get some other eggs and I don't know what my maw'll say when I get home. I guess—well, I'm afraid to go back."

"How much were they?" asked the man, as he went down into his pocket.

"Thirteen cents, but you mustn't give me no money 'cause I ain't allowed to take none. Lots of people have stopped and offered to give me money, but I can't take none."

"Oh, nonsense," said the man. "Here take this 15 cents." But he stood and thought while he held out his hand. The boy seemed to be thinking, too, and the coins seemed to be very tempting. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"Say, mister, maybe you'd like to buy them broken eggs," he said, and the bargain was sealed.—Kansas City Journal.

IGNORANT OF BANK CHECKS.

German Merchants Do Not Know Uses of Commercial Paper.

The Berlin correspondent of Commercial Intelligence calls attention to the antiquated and cumbersome method of forwarding remittances that obtains in Germany. A check system such as has been developed and perfected in England is practically unused there, payments being usually effected by means of money orders taken out at the local postoffice. The English bank exercises the double function of adjusting accounts and guarding wealth, whereas the German bank, under favorable circumstances, scarcely does more than the latter.

For the German merchant the postoffice is, in a sense, what the clearing house of the English banking system is for the British business man; it is an active partner in the settlement of differences between debtor and creditor. Yet even under the German postal system, whereby the amount of a money order is paid at the residence of the payee by a special functionary called the "geldbriefträger," the postoffice is clearly an intolerably clumsy agent for liquidating accounts nowadays, and occasionally one hears a German bemoaning the steam roller progress of his fellow men in the technics of payment and urging reform.—London Telegraph.

Might Be More So.

Wantanno—Isn't it a wonderful sight to see a great, beautiful new vessel leave her wharf?

Duzno—It would be still more wonderful to see her take it along.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 55 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hautton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers in the U.S. Canada and Europe

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Jones St., N.Y.

FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

WOMAN WITH TACT A JOY

VERY NECESSARY IN DEALING WITH A HUSBAND

Latest Book Devoured by Women Purports to Contain the Letters of an Actress—It is Anonymous, but Nevertheless Popular—Much Red Tape in Management of Millionaire's Household.

One of the greatest charms which a woman can have, and one which will distinguish her even though she be not fair to look upon, is that of tact. One tactful woman can save a city.

It is essentially a feminine attribute, this being tactful, and without it no woman can ever be much of a success in society. The tactful woman never rubs you the wrong way, never praises your pet prejudices, never tells you your hat is unbecoming, never states unpleasant truths without necessity, never says she saw your husband at the theater without you—in a word the tactful woman keeps her lips closely sealed unless she has something pleasant to say.

A few of the things the tactful woman does are to tell you agreeable things she has heard about you, to make you think your made-over gown is better than a new one, to praise your friends and keep silent as to your enemies, and if she knows the trials of your life, to steer the conversation into safe channels when in general company. This is but a tithe of the good things done by the tactful woman. She is a constant joy, a rock of sure defense, a most loyal friend, a safe confidant, and never a vindictive enemy. The tactful woman knows that time rights most wrongs without human intervention, and she attempts no revenges, for the tactful woman is also wise. Indeed, tact—another word for a kind heart—is a species of religion, or should be.

Perhaps it is too much to say that the blunt woman, the one who is always "frank"—horrible word—is not a religious or kind woman, but at all events she is one to fly from as she is always successful in making you uncomfortable and leaving a little sting behind her. Why in the name of all that is good is the tactful, kind woman called insincere, and the awful woman who makes you wish you had not been born called honest? Does honesty consist in pin pricks, and dishonesty in pleasant words? Surely honesty and frankness are not so completely divorced from kindness of heart as some would-be moralists try to make us believe.

When a woman says to you: "Now, I am going to be perfectly frank with you," you know she is going to say something which should never be said and rush in where angels fear to tread. It is safe to say that the tactful woman—who is always a well-bred woman—never makes a friend uncomfortable, never meddles with you, never is "frank" with you, never sees or hears anything not intended for her to see or hear. In society this desirable quality in a woman is almost a necessity, for there are various elements to harmonize, and sometimes warring factions to be assimilated. And this is the work of a woman of tact, the woman with a heart, who is at the same time honest and kind.

Tact in the home, with one's husband, is also a very necessary thing; indeed a whole chapter could be devoted to this subject alone. For of all persons in the world, tact, when dealing with a man, and that man one's husband, is most needed. Many divorces and family scandals could be averted if women would use tact in dealing with their husbands. If they would be at times deaf, dumb and stupid and pass over much that might occasion family jars. But why go on? There are tactful women and there are many who do not know what that small word means. So we must be thankful if each one of us can number one possessor of it among our friends.

Among the new books which will attract the attention of women particularly is a small volume published anonymously and entitled "Letters of an Actress." This book is the result of the present craze both for "letters" and for anonymous publications which seems to have grown from the popularity of the "Confessions of a Wife" and other books of like nature. For some reason or other, women seem to be fascinated with this kind of reading. They like to hear of the intimate details of some woman's life, or to read of the workings of her soul and heart, and compare her mental processes with their own.

Taking advantage of this knowledge, the publishers are now flooding the public with a class of books of little literary value, but they sell. The letters of this actress—of whom it is strongly suspected that she never saw the back of a stage curtain—are not very high in tone, nor elevating in diction, but they are supposed to reveal the soul of a women and her aspirations, so there is a class that will eagerly read them.

The book is called quetable by the critics because the writer says things about persons and things which are true, but it cannot be denied that they have been better said before.

The scenes behind the scenes have always had a fascination, and not for women alone, but infinitely more for men. However, if books of introspection, of a record of the growth of souls, depended upon the sales of them to men, they would soon die out. It is women who buy these books, mark them and lend them to their dearest friends, who mark them again and return them without a word. You can almost know a woman's history by reading a book she has marked. Actresses will also buy this book and read it, though if it be a fraud, as many suppose, they will be quick to detect it. It is painful to think that this is but the beginning, and that we must suffer a deluge of these heartrending volumes which record the heart histories of women who dare not write over their own names.

Mary Elizabeth Carter, whoever she may be, has written a book which will interest a certain class of readers, called "Millionaire Households and Their Domestic Economy." The writer has evidently been a working housekeeper and knows whereof she speaks. She tells how these millionaire houses are managed, how the head of the house employs servants to watch other servants, and what an infinite amount of work and red tape is necessary to keep in good order an extensive modern establishment.

Here we read of the head housekeeper, who is given full authority by the wife of the millionaire, who hires and discharges the servants and acts in every way as the head of the establishment, save that she does not sit at the head of the table. There is the chef, the butler, the lady's maid, the valet, the footman, the coachman, stablemen, innumerable house servants, all of whom are pieces of the general machinery which in a well managed house runs like clockwork. It can readily be seen how necessary is this housekeeper to the woman who has her social duties to attend to, and her entertaining to plan for.

Then there is the immense amount of correspondence to look after, for few who have knowledge of the matter can guess the number of begging letters which come daily to the millionaire. In some large houses there are engraved cards kept for the purpose of replying to these suppliants, upon which is a regular formula informing the applicant that his letter has been received and that the family regrets its inability to do what is asked. These cards are sometimes surmounted with a crest and monogram which must help to soothe the feelings of the writers of the letters.

The answering of invitations and the sending out of invitations in a house where the hostess is a famous entertainer, means much work and thought. Many women in society have their social secretaries who attend to these things and take charge only of the entertaining. These positions are usually filled by young women of well known social standing who have lost their money and are obliged to earn their living. This is but a small part of the information given by the writer as to the details of living of the very rich, but they serve to show that their lives are not all play and the running of their households a matter of considerable thought and effort, not to mention the tremendous outlay in money.

—The Looker-On.

St. Paul, March 12, 1903.

THE NEW SHAPE TURBAN

Brim and top, which is in plaque form, made of plaited black tulle and ruffled horsehair braid in alternate rows. Underbrim of black lace over white tulle. Jet ornament holds tulle rosette, with aigrette above. Large flat rosettes of plaited ribbon on each side, with jet ornament in center.

SOCIAL.

Miss Martha Scott Anderson will give a tea tomorrow afternoon in the office of the Minneapolis Journal, from 4 until 6 o'clock, for Wadsworth Harris, of the "Tempest" company. Mr. Harris is well in St. Paul through his frequent professional visits. Several years ago he spent several months in St. Paul and Minneapolis visiting friends, the early closing of Modjeska's season giving him that opportunity. Mr. Harris is a dilghtful parlor entertainer, and has a liking for that kind of dramatic work. He gave a recital for the Schubert club during his extended visit, and read at private entertainments. He has not visited St. Paul for several years, his last appearance being with Modjeska in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

* * *

Mrs. Anton Shimonek, of Laurel avenue, gave an informal thimble bee Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. C. R. Harte, of Boston, who is visiting Miss Otis, of Summit avenue. Mrs. C. G. Hartin, of Dayton avenue, gave a luncheon for her on Tuesday.

* * *

Mrs. Edward Lucas, of East Fifth street, gave a dinner yesterday for Maj. Carpenter and Miss Carpenter, of Watertown, N. D.

* * *

The officers at Fort Snelling will give a dancing party Friday evening in the post hall.

* * *

Mrs. Heinrich, of Nelson avenue, will entertain informally at cards this evening.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The men of the Dayton's Bluff German M. E. church will give a supper and entertainment this evening in the parlors of the church.

Mrs. Charles Ekwall, of Iglehart street, will entertain the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Sigfrid's Church this afternoon.

The Twin City alumni and students of the Winona normal school will hold a reception and banquet at the Nicollet house, in Minneapolis, Friday evening, March 27. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. C. W. Van Tuyl, 505 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis. Present and former members of the faculty will be present.

Mrs. Lottie Smith will give a song recital at the Commons this evening, assisted by Miss Mamie Larson.

Rev. J. W. Gray, pastor of the Pacific Congregational church, addressed the meeting of the Arlington Hills Mothers' club, which met yesterday afternoon in the John Ericsson school.

Mrs. E. F. Collins, of North Exchange street, will entertain the members of the relief society of St. Paul chapter, O. E. S., this afternoon.

The Chapman Circle of the First M. E. Church will give an entertainment tomorrow evening in the parlors of the church for the benefit of the home missions.

The ladies of the House of Hope church will give a reception March 25 in the parlors of the church for their new pastor, Rev. W. H. W. Boyle.

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Goodrich Avenue Presbyterian Church will hold its annual meeting this afternoon in the parlors of the church.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Coats, of Summit avenue, will leave this evening for the South.

Miss Ryan, of Laurel avenue, and Miss Lucy Cooper, of Portland avenue, who have been visiting in Chicago for several days, will return home today.

Mr. and Mrs. George Prince will leave for the South tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Schumaker, of Red Rock, are guests of Mrs. Jones, of Bates avenue.

Mrs. J. D. Moran, of Laurel avenue, is in Seattle, where she was called by the illness of her husband.

Mrs. Samuel Joy, of Laurel avenue, has returned from Grand Forks.

Miss Georgia Grant, of Holly avenue, will leave this evening for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dampier, who have been in the South since the first of the year, will return to St. Paul tomorrow.

Miss Anne Sloane, of Summit avenue, returned yesterday from a visit in Milwaukee.

Atheistic Tendencies in College Girls.

English people are beginning rather to open their eyes at the ethical culture tendencies of Newnham and Girton college women. Herbert Burrows, one of the leaders of ethical thought in England, says the brilliantly educated girls there are manifesting pronounced atheistic tendencies. "It's a curious fact," Mr. Burrows said, "but Oxford and Cambridge men are for the most part (I mean those who go in for religion at all) extreme ritualists, while university women generally go to the other extreme, and approach rationalism of one degree or another. I suppose this is accounted for by the fact that as yet only reasonably clever women go to the university, while college doors have long been open to men of poor talents. "People can laugh at Englishwomen all they like, make fun of their dressing and their conventionalities," continued Mr. Burrows, "but when it comes to real intellectual attainment and progressive thought the English woman holds second position to none. In the ethical culture movement she is still in the minority as compared to men, but it is a very fair minority. I am willing to make the general statement that the English college woman's outlook on life is distinctly broader than that of her brother who is educated in the same university."

Sensational Sequel to Divorce Suit.

LONDON, March 11.—A sensational sequel has been furnished to the scandalous Gordon trial which occupied the divorce court for three weeks by the flight of Lady Granville Gordon with the child, Cicely, for the possession of which the suit was brought. In giving judgment yesterday Sir Francis Jeune, the presiding justice, so scathingly commented on Lady Granville's conduct that it was easy to guess what the verdict would be long before the justice wound up with ordering the child to be delivered to his father. Lady Granville left the court and went home. She has since disappeared, and Lord Granville declares he does not know her whereabouts.

Reason for Segregation.

CHICAGO, March 11.—The difference in degrees of maturity between boys and girls in the freshman year is a fundamental reason for segregation, according to a statement just issued by Dr. W. E. Harper, president of the University of Chicago. Dr. Harper says:

"When thrown together in a new environment on entrance to the university boys and girls become conscious of differences before unnoticed and the personal element creeps in too strongly for the best work. In the secondary school this is not the case, for the reason that the boys and girls there have been growing up together and do not notice that one group matured earlier than the other."

Fresh Eggs.

After the 1st of March eggs begin to become common in spite of all the attempts of speculators to get control of the markets. Fresh eggs are soon within the reach of everyone. Omelette and poached eggs are luxuries which no one can prevent at this season of the year. Eggs delicately fried are not especially common in this country, though coarse, greasy fried eggs are common enough. Cooked in lard, as they frequently are to avoid their turning dark, they have a flavor that renders them unfit for food. Fried in butter they may be delicious, but they invariably turn dark. There is only one article that eggs can be fried in successfully. That is good, sweet oil. Place in a frying pan on a hot range two tablespoonsfuls of perfectly sound, sweet olive oil. When it is hot and smoking break into it one fresh egg. Turn it over with a tableknife, fold the right side of the egg over the yolk and cook for a quarter of a minute longer. The egg may now be turned with a cake turner and cooked for a quarter of a minute on the other side. Slip it with a cake turner on to a hot plate and it is ready to serve. If it is cooked any longer it will be overdone. If the egg is perfectly fresh the yolk will not break. Eggs that are so stale that the yolks break and separate from the whites are not fit for poaching or frying.

A delicious way to cook fresh eggs for the table in the spring is with mushrooms. These are always in market from the greenhouses if not from the field. A quarter of a pound of mushrooms is enough to serve with twelve eggs. After peeling and trimming the mushrooms melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper. Then add the mushrooms, properly cleaned and trimmed, squeezing in two drops of lemon juice. Cover the saucepan and let the mushrooms cook for ten minutes on a slow fire. Add a tablespoonful of wine and simmer the mushrooms for about three minutes longer, or until the liquid has been reduced one-half. Now add three tablespoonsfuls of cream and let the mushrooms boil up again. Dish the mushrooms in the center of a hot platter without the liquid around them. Lay twelve poached eggs in a circle around the mushrooms. Pour the liquid of the mushrooms over them and around the eggs. This dish is nice without wine, simply served with the three tablespoonfuls of cream added to the mushrooms.

Homage to Mrs. Davis.

In a little world of her own Mrs. Jefferson Davis is living her remaining days in New York. She has an apartment in the old Hotel Gerard in West Forty-fourth street, and the wife of the Southern leader lives on the fourteenth floor. Her windows overlook the surrounding roofs, and only on few occasions does she ever leave her rooms. She walks with difficulty, and does not have to visit, as her friends pay court to her as if she were a royal personage. Mrs. Davis uses a tall cane, as people did 100 years ago, and the head is of tortoise shell and gold. She has as a companion a sweet-faced Southern woman, who is always with her. On Wednesday afternoons the famous woman sits in a high-backed chair that came from Beauvoir, the Davis homestead, and then she receives the long file of admiring women who call. These are notable gatherings, and there are as many Northerners as women from south of the Mason and Dixon line.

On these occasions Mrs. Davis wears stiff black silk, with old lace at her throat, and despite her years her white hair is abundant and glistens brilliantly in the afternoon light. The companion serves tea, and Mrs. Davis, who is a noted conversationalist, holds the attention of everyone without an effort. Her mind is remarkably alert, and she keeps abreast of the topics of the day. In her interesting rooms nothing is so engrossing as the portrait of Miss Winnie Davis, her daughter. It is an excellent likeness, and the former Child of the Confederacy is depicted wearing the royal robes of the queen of mardi Gras. The picture is surrounded by incandescent bulbs, and before this portrait the mother spends much of her time gazing and thinking. In the portrait Miss Davis is smiling, and it is the same expression that endeared her to people when she was alive. Mrs. Davis' other daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hays, is in the West, but she visits New York frequently.

Beautiful American Philanthropist.

Mrs. Alfred Stead, the American daughter-in-law of William T. Stead, did not leave her philanthropic instincts behind her when she left America for England. This beautiful young woman, whose marriage with Alfred Stead took place in Indianapolis two years ago, is interesting herself in all sorts of remarkable charity work in England, but has been so persistently quiet about it that little has been known of her. When, however, her name appears as one of four on a committee of patronesses which includes Mary Anderson de Navarro and Miss Marie Corelli, Mrs. Stead must submit to a little notoriety. These women have consented to stand as permanent sponsors for a London exhibition of work done in the lace schools of Italy. Countess Detalmo di Brazza-Savorgnan, formerly Miss Cora Slocomb, of New Orleans, induced Mary Anderson, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Stead and the well known society woman, Mrs. Slade, to watch the interests of Italian lace in England, while she, the countess, pushes the industry at home. Countess Brazza, the title by which she is familiarly known, has returned to Italy after what she considered a successful six weeks in London. She held an exhibition of Italian laces, arranged for their permanent display and settled with Miss Hayward, special commissioner in Europe for the St. Louis exhibition, as to what Italian women should send to the fair in 1904. Countess Brazza is the woman who managed the remarkable display of Italian laces in Chicago in 1893. Her efforts for the women of Italy have been eminently helpful and have met the commendation and co-operation of Queen Margherita.

Miss Roosevelt's Souvenir.

One souvenir of her Mardi Gras trip which Miss Alice Roosevelt will treasure is a horseshoe. It is the shoe, or rather the racing plate of the great mare L'Etrenne. In the group which surrounded Miss Roosevelt on one of her visits to the track of the Crescent City Jockey club were Rear Admiral Schley and Gen. Joseph H. Wheeler, who vied with one another in gallant attentions to the daughter of the president. Miss Roosevelt, like her father, is fond of horses, and Admiral Schley and Gen. Wheeler asked her to express her preference in the various races.

In one event Miss Roosevelt picked the imported French mare L'Etrenne, whose recent performances scarcely justified her selection as a winner. She had been beaten at the track by horses supposedly her inferiors, and although she was regarded as fast, she was evidently not in form.

But this fact bore no weight with either Admiral Schley or Gen. Wheeler, and they backed Miss Roosevelt's judgment with chivalric disregard of the pecuniary outcome. L'Etrenne came home a winner in a gallop, but as she passed the judges' stand she cast a shoe. Edward Corrigan, the owner of L'Etrenne, was told after the race that Miss Roosevelt had picked his horse to win. He had the horseshoe mounted and sent to Miss Roosevelt as a souvenir of the race. It is probable that this gift of the bluff horseman will constitute one of the most valued mementos of Miss Roosevelt's trip to the Crescent City.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A woman in English society says that a crusade against "bridge" is being started. This game has of late monopolized all the time both in London and in country houses. Music, conversation and games are all neglected, says this woman. Even young girls with light purses are seen knitting their brows or stiffening their pretty faces over the intricacies of bridge. The qualities that make a good gambler do not go to the making of an ideal woman. Let anyone notice the prevailing expression on the faces around the tables in a gaming house; the habitues have greed and selfishness indelibly stamped on every line of their features.

"Beauty sleep" and rest are words one seldom hears nowadays. Perhaps this is the reason one hears so much of rest cures and insomnia, things almost unknown in the days when people took naps at regular times and long, really restful vacations.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, says an English society writer, seems to possess a good deal of the indefatigable spirit of her presidential papa. Socially she is certainly one of the most strenuously active young women of her time. She is almost as much in evidence at fashionable functions in New York as she is in Washington, and thinks nothing of making the trip back and forth between the two cities (it takes five or six hours) simply to be present at the entertainment of some friend. Mrs. Sloane gave a dance the other week to her debutante daughter Jessie, and Miss Roosevelt arrived in Fifth avenue on a Tuesday afternoon, danced pretty well all night, and rushed back to Washington early next morning in order to attend a White house dinner in the evening. It would astonish English girls to see how this daughter of the ruler of the great republic makes these flying trips. She seldom travels with a maid, and when alone carries her own jewel case and dressing bag. When she reaches her destination she calls up her own cab and makes arrangements in regard to any luggage she may have. Miss Roosevelt is a remarkably healthy, bright-looking girl, and does not show in the least the hard work that must be the result of being a belle in two cities. Late hours, six out of seven nights a week, combined with a series of receptions, luncheons and dinners, to say nothing of innumerable train journeyings, art apt to prove a bit fatiguing, but the indefatigable young woman from the White house shows no sign of flagging in her pursuit of pleasure, and is evidently enjoying herself enormously.

The English courts have decided that a bicycle is neither a "carriage hung on springs" nor a "beast of draught," and at the same time have given the more practical decision that only pedestrian tolls may be charged for it. The case arose out of a cyclist having been charged twopence, instead of the ordinary toll for foot travelers, one penny. The Cyclist Touring club took up the case and carried it through all the courts at considerable expense, with the result that the extra penny was declared to have been an exorbitant charge.

A French scientist has recently published a curious pamphlet stating that there is a relation between certain maladies and certain odors, and that a doctor with keen olfactory nerves could almost diagnose a case with his eyes shut. An American doctor declares that by the odor alone he can diagnose scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis and even epilepsy.

KEEP AT IT!

Work and the world works for you;
Quit and the nobler things
Of living and creed,
Of thought and of deed,
Are lost in the dust that it brings.

Work and the world works for you;
Quit and the rust begins
To gather its stain
On the brawn and brain,
Corroding the spirit that wins.

Work and the world works for you;
Quit and the tale is told
Of a weakling who
Lacked the heart to do
And wearily let go his hold.

Work and the world works for you;
Quit and the hurrying throng
Keeps on in the race
For the foremost place,
Although it be hard and long.

Work and the world works for you;
Quit and it lets you drop.
With your tak undone,
And your race half run,
For the world can never stop.

—William J. Lampton in New York Herald.

HER TAKING WAYS.

She took the book I sent her and on me
her thanks bestowed.
She took the rhymes I wrote for her
professing love undying,
She took the flowers that I gave, for
which my sheckels flowed,
She took the bits of music that I took
delight in buying.

She even with her kodak took my picture
once, and framed
The mounted print for her boudoir with
ribbons red and yellow,
She took a view at last, for which the
girl I've often blamed—
She took conceit all out of me, and took
the other fellow!

—Roy Farrell Greene.

THE PINKHAM CURES

ATTRACTING GREAT ATTENTION AMONG THINKING WOMEN.

Mrs. Frances Stafford, of 243 E. 114th St., N.Y. City, adds her testimony to the hundreds of thousands on Mrs. Pinkham's files.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies were first introduced skeptics all over the country frowned upon their curative claims, but as year after year has rolled by and the little group of women who had been cured by the new discovery has since grown into a vast army of hundreds of thousands, doubts and skepticisms have been swept away as by a mighty flood, until to-day the great good that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and her other medicines are doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, physicians and thinking people.

Merit alone could win such fame; wise, therefore, is the woman who for a cure relies upon **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

SAVE COAL!

The Gas Range season will open about April 1st. Be prepared for it. Although the cost of Gas Ranges has been advanced to us we will continue until further notice to sell our 18 inch Oven Range for $15, and will make connections on our present mains free of charge. Water heaters are getting to be very popular. We sell them at cost.

St. Paul Gas Light Co.

YARMOUTH TO WED HEIRESS.

Noble Earl to Give Up Role of Strolling Actor for That of Rich Girl's Husband.

Miss Alice Thaw, of Pittsburg, whose mother is worth $10,000,000, is soon to marry the Earl of Yarmouth, known on the stage as "Eric Hope." It is true that Mrs. Thaw strenuously objected to the engagement and now objects to an early marriage, but the earl and his fiancee expect to overcome her objections.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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IF YOU WANT BIG CROPS.
NORTHERN GROWN. TRIED AND TRUE.
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