

FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

SOME ADVICE FOR MEN

TELLS A HUSBAND HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH HIS WIFE

Pointers About Wife's Extravagance and How a Man Should Assert Himself in the Home Circle—Women Are a Necessary Evil.

Now, today we are going to vary our usual talk to women and write a few rules for their husbands; for, as promised in the beginning, this page is not intended solely for the fair sex. Don't you hate to be called the "fair sex," girls?—and men shall come in for some advice.

In the first place they must never forget that this world was made for them and that women are a necessary evil to be endured and not put up with. There was a time when they were believed not to have souls at all; but now they are supposed to have some sort of life beyond the grave. Without doubt if some of these soulless women had been consulted they would have declared themselves sufficiently amused in this life.

Men should be careful not to allow women to encroach too much upon rights that are exclusively masculine. This makes us think of a party once given to some tourists in a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown, San Francisco, during which they observed a dinner of some Chinese merchants at which the wonderful innovation was made of allowing their wives to be present. The Chinese women sat on little stools just back of their lords and masters, and whenever one happened to think of them, he would throw back a morsel of food for his wife. If they caught the bit, well and good; if not, so much the worse for them.

This is mentioned here merely because it is an example of the delicacy and generosity of man at his best—that is when dining.

When you find grounds in the coffee you should immediately proclaim in a loud voice for fear your wife may think you are satisfied with it.

If you think your wife is dressed in a particularly unbecoming costume, say so at once. It puts her at ease. Also, if there is anything about the running of the household that you do not admire, tell your wife in costume, as if the room be filled with her friends. Never wait until you are alone with her; it would spoil her.

If you give her a dollar to spend in riotous extravagance, be sure to ask for an itemized account of it—and the change. This fosters business habits in her.

When your wife takes your arm, let it hang limply by your side. Only weak men are polite to their wives, and you don't want to appear a fool.

When your wife asks you for a week's allowance equal to what you spend for cigars, pay no attention to her. She forgets you are a man.

Assert yourself and go to the club whenever you wish, but by no means allow your wife to have company in your absence.

And when sitting at home one or two evenings a week, do not talk to your wife. Read the papers all the time. It is not well to encourage women to gossip—unless they have heard some news.

When your wife drops her handkerchief on the floor, don't pick it up unless you have company.

If you are invited out to dinner and don't want to go, tell your wife so fifty times while you are dressing and then she will be sure to know it.

When your wife spends the whole of one day packing away your winter clothes in the spring, ask for one of the coats the next day. This will cure her of putting things away.

When she is reading the paper talk all the time to her while you are reading from your conversation.

And, lastly, when your wife has spent months and nearly put out her eyes embroidering, think a match jacket, without moment's hesitation tell her it would be out of the question for you to wear it. Don't break it to her gently; it's not good for her.

These are a few suggestions from Marie.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Marie

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Robb have removed from Minneapolis to St. Paul, and have taken a flat on Nelson avenue.

Mrs. Forest H. Orton, of Goodrich avenue, entertained informally Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Kendrick, of St. Albans street, gave a small card party Saturday afternoon.

Miss Lillian Hartsten, of Nelson avenue, is visiting friends in Lindstrom.

Mrs. L. Hohmann, of Goodhue street, entertained at dinner Friday in honor of Mrs. Shearon and Miss Smith, of Chicago. Mrs. Hohmann was assisted by Mrs. R. Wolf.

Miss Lillian Hartsten, of Nelson avenue, entertained informally last Wednesday evening for Stephen Hazel, of Illinois, who is visiting friends in Minneapolis.

The marriage of Miss Mamie Letford and Horace Cryston took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents. After the ceremony the couple left for a brief visit to the East. Mr. and Mrs. Cryston will be at home to their friends after Sept. 5 at 175 East Island avenue, Minneapolis.

Myrtle Temple, No. 2, Rathbone sisters, held an enthusiastic meeting Saturday evening at Bowly hall. A large class of knights were initiated. Mrs. Olive Gilmore, grand chief of Minneapolis, and Mrs. W. J. Stock, grand

We can't guarantee you against imitations of "Chidlow" bread. You must look out for yourself. They will be offered you. Refuse them unless the label bears our signature, then you'll know it's our bread.

Ward-Corby Co.

Answers to Correspondents

L. H.—I have pimples on my face and they worry me terribly. What shall I do?

First of all, take something to purify your blood. Pimples may come—and often do—from a disordered stomach. Eat very little rich foods and give up candy and sweets for a time, and see if your skin does not clear. Most girls—there are too many of them—keep a box of candy beside them a large part of the time, and this is a great mistake. Nothing could be worse for your complexion, and it is just as bad for your teeth. Diet has a great deal to do with your skin, and pimples are almost always the result of a disordered stomach and liver. There are some very good cold creams, one of which you might try. Rub it in well every night before going to bed. I cannot recommend any special cream here, unless you send me a stamp for a private letter. Write again in a week or two and tell me the result of the treatment and diet.

It used to be. If it is an elderly man, and he puts out his hand, you should rise at once and take his hand. But if it is a young man, you might shake hands with him without rising, if you were sure he had no disease. These matters are largely governed by the circumstances of the moment and by general good taste. Write again.

M. T.—Is it bad for me to wear a veil to the theater?

It is not so much bad for you as it is foolish; for when you are in the theater you must take your hat off, and then a veil is just so much more trouble. If you live not very far from the theater you can go without a hat; in fact, it is quite as fashionable to go about without a hat, particularly for walking and driving.

Lula T.—I had a discussion the other day with a friend about wearing gloves. She said it was not good form to wear them in the summer, and I said it was.

You were right. It is always good form to wear gloves on the street. Indeed, it looks very bad to see a woman ungloved, though in the residence district one might do it. But never down town. If you had asked me if it was done, that would be different; it is done but it is not good form.

Gertrude—Is it necessary for me to rise and shake hands with a gentleman when he enters the room?

No. I fail to see why it should be necessary. Why shake hands at all? you can bow without rising. Shaking hands is not nearly as much done as

not the schoolgirl nor the sentimental young woman of twenty to thirty. The woman who does the best service in all lines of life is the one who has fully matured, who is 'along in years,' as some would say.

"How many women are left widowed late in life perhaps at forty or forty-five, even later? How many who are thus left are without means of support? A greater number than many of us think, or know, and yet how many do make a success of life even at that late date, who make a place and become remunerative wage earners?"

"A woman who was widowed at forty, who even lost her mind from excessive mental work and was sent to an asylum, regained her mental equilibrium and took up life again and earned a competent salary. The eyes deep-sunk under over-arching brows of heavy brow; the nose was an imperious one, and the lips were indrawn and tightly held together, the chin was seriously bowed, and under all, a sinewy, many-creased throat.

I christened him Omega. There was the end of all things, and he had peace of a kind in it—but such peace as belonged to an extinct volcano, once insistent with flaming life of subterranean fires.

Yes, Omega had lived, I decided readily enough. He had squeezed this lemon of life until his nervous fingers had extracted the last drop they might force from it. The whole storm-breed of human emotions had swept upon his head, and recurring winter tempests had scourged him round his arch he reminded me of. They left their marks upon him, too, in the deep furrows of his brow and the fine network of wrinkles round his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

But his expression puzzled me. There was a bitter sweetness in his wintry smile, and, at times, he seemed to look benignly on me from the wall. Then the light would change a trifle and the mask grow ominous and malevolent. This smile, that was so sweet became an evil mocking grin, as if some jeering devil had taken up his judgment beneath that plaster skin. Anon there came an expression of one whose disappointed eyes were worn blind with seeking for the truth and never found it. Or, again, as the light softened, it seemed as if the knowledge in all his soul lay behind those sphinx-like features.

What was the meaning hidden in that smile? Or, indeed, was it a smile at all? He perhaps had a curl of the lip on which still lived a hateful mocking grin.

With curses on my life I set my heel on it, and there was only powder. The grinning devils that had leered on me from behind those plaster masks had no longer a home.

I sat down and wiped the heat dew from my forehead. The air seemed sweeter again. Perhaps I was a fool. Who knows? —S. A.

EARLY FALL HAT



This very stylish model is of pale ecru felt, of very light weight. The underbrim is faced with gathered Liberty silk to match, headed by lace beading, threaded with black ribbon velvet. Folded bands and knots of the silk tie in the handsome bird, the head of which rests on the upper brim, the tail and one wing turning over on the front brim.

of Elizabeth," and now on a visit to this country, and is said greatly to desire a trip to America herself. But Lady Warwick is kept strictly in England just now chaperoning her young daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville. It is a fact hitherto unpublished that those "on the inside" think a match is imminent between Lady Marjorie and a young nobleman recently come of age, Lord Howard de Walden. Lord Howard is one of the richest peers in England, a great amount of property having come into his hands from certain divisions of wealth once held by Lord Howard's kinsman, the Duke of Devonshire, which today is neither pronounced Russophiles nor decidedly pro-Austrian.

The king's private life is as simple and democratic as if it were before his accession to the throne. He observes the court etiquette so long as it does not conflict with his democratic convictions.

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The play will be put on the stage simultaneously in New York and London.

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"There's a strange man at the door," announced the new servant from Boston.

"What does he want?" asked the master of the house, impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, in a shade of misapprehension manifest in his voice, "he wants a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."

"The old idea that the world has no place for the woman who has passed her youthful days in decrepitude," writes Rose Seelye Miller, in the August Housekeeper. "The woman of today is

He presides at every cabinet council and expresses his opinion unreservedly, and he permits the ministers to act freely and untrammelled. Unlike his predecessor, he refrains entirely from expressing any wish regarding appointments or dismissals—an unheard of innovation in the Balkans.

All letters addressed to the king, even from his relatives, seeking public appointments, are invariably handed to the chiefs of the departments concerned without even a suggestion from his majesty. Neither does he interfere in party politics nor exercise direct influence on the foreign policy of Servia, which today is neither pronounced Russophile nor decidedly pro-Austrian.

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of the "Haushaltungsseminar" in Berlin, which has served as a model for many other schools of housekeeping. When people told Frau Heyl that the place for a girl to learn housekeeping was in her own home, she replied that if all that needed to be learned was to do housework in the Balkans, the home would do, but if one wished to advance the standards of living one must learn from persons who had made sanitary chemistry, foods and bacteriology life study. The sister of the emperor was the first pupil to take this training course in homemaking. Frau Heyl believes that if the importance of their work were emphasized, domestic servants would lose much of their discontent, and one of her fondest hopes is said to be to see the time when Germany will have as many educated women as America.

A local financial man is telling with a great deal of delight a street car conductor that he has been compelled to listen to while coming down to his office the other morning. As was his usual custom, he had started in to read his morning paper when a young woman entered the car and sat directly in front of him. After the car had gone a square or two further on another young woman got on, and, seeing the first young person, in whom she recognized an acquaintance, she went up and sat alongside of her. After a few introductory remarks, evidently meant to impress the street car conductor, she was theirs for having met, the conversation drifted on in this fashion: "Oh, yes, Nellie is down with—" "Oh, you don't say so?" "She was taken with—" "The poor girl!" "As I was going to say, Nellie is—" "And she always was delicate." "Yes, but I was going to say—" "Give her my love and tell her I hope she will soon be out!" "Pardon me again; but as I started to say—"

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

"Talking about clothes and the necessity for keeping them in order," said the August girl, who was in a grumbling mood, "I'd rather any time remove a fussy tageworn all lace and ribbons than do anything to a 'tailor made.' It is the really plain gown that is so hard to keep in good condition. You can put on fresh ribbon or wash lace, but in the plain frock, where there is no trimming, every defect shows. With 'tailor made' the needle thread don't count for so much as the whiskerhood, hot iron and pressing board. I thank my happy stars that mother taught me to sponge and press for a skirt myself. I never go off to the shore or mountains that I do not carry a little ironing kit with me. It consists of a small board, with fine felting tacked down snugly all around, a small iron, stand and holder, and a spirit lamp and bottle of alcohol. An old clean cloth accompanies these utensils. If my outfit gets wet and a cockles around the buttons are a muslin gowns stringy—as it will with using Wearing—I can freshen them up in my own room without troubling my hostess or putting my dress on a line. These things are heavier outside garments need just the same care and just the same kind of care as a man's."

A short Eton coat has two wide bias bands stretched across the bottom. A deep point is stitched down the center of the back and on each side are two overlapping shoulder capes. Rows of silver buttons extend from the shoulder seams down the back for a distance of six inches or so, and these buttons are in the line with two rows of buttons on the wrinkled girde attached to the skirt. This girde is made like the wrinkled kid belted; it has between the white underbodice is glimpse of the white underbodice is had between the jacket and girde.

Any number of black gowns have been worn this summer. One extreme is a very pretty one of taffeta, with the perforated embroidery in leaf shape, similar to the embroidery done on white gowns years ago. The edges of these pieces are joined together and make an openwork strip at the outside of each sleeve, and the same effect is produced in the bodice with the skillful use of the embroidery in the skirt causes it to fit smoothly at the top, without spilling the leaf designs. An openwork black hat is worn with it.

The Countess Festetics is wearing a pretty hat in an unusual shade of pinkish straw, a coarse braid, with a trim rolling over the crown from the brim. It is trimmed with shaded half-blown roses in coral red and pink.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

No Summer Bowel Troubles



Not for me! I'm safe from all of them and happy. The heat of summer causes organic matter everywhere to decay. All dead vegetable or animal matter rots if not kept on ice. All undigested food in the human body will ferment a hundred times as quickly in summer as in winter. Consequence—stomach, liver, bowels poisoned, thrown out of order—sour stomach, gases, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, appendicitis, and in some regions yellow fever and the plague. Little children suffer terribly everywhere. What does good sense tell you to do? You can't keep the human body on ice, and the drinking of ice-cold drinks does more harm than good because it stops digestion and chills the internal organs. The proper thing is to keep all impure and unnecessary matter out of the body every day, not give it a chance to sour and decay in the stomach and bowels, and poison the blood and the whole body. In this way you will stop all hot, feverish conditions, and keep healthy. To do it, use a medicine that is not offensive to the taste and not harsh and violent in its action. There is only one safe system-cleaner to take in the summer time, because it will not cause diarrhoea or griping, and that is

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, etc., 50c, 25c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed pure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

They were in the studio when I took it over.

He was on one side of the big window; she was on the other.

I was interested in them from the first.

The intervals of my work—and there were many intervals in those days—I would often glance at them by the half-hour together.

They were only plaster casts, so it was not rude.

Yet I could never understand them. At first, I think he attracted me more than she. His face was gnarled and knotted like the bole of some ancient forest oak. It was thin to attenuation, the skin tight-drawn over the prominent bones, the eyes deep-sunk under over-arching brows of heavy brow; the nose was an imperious one, and the lips were indrawn and tightly held together, the chin was seriously bowed, and under all, a sinewy, many-creased throat.

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CITY NOTICE

Office of the City Treasurer, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 25, 1903. Notice is hereby given that at a special term of the District Court in and for the County of Ramsey, State of Minnesota, to be held on Saturday, the 5th day of September, 1903, at the Court House, in the City of St. Paul, in said County and State, I will report to said Court the assessment warrant in my hands for collection, and upon which the assessments hereinafter described have become delinquent, for the amount assessed against said lots or parcels, respectively, with interest and costs.

The following is a description of the said warrant and the special assessment for collection of which the same was issued, the lots or parcels of land benefited and described in said warrant against which judgment is sought, and the names of the supposed owners of said lots or parcels of land, with the amount assessed against said lots or parcels, respectively, all of said land being situated in the City of St. Paul, said County and State.

Warrant for the Assessment for paving with asphalt Ninth street from Jackson street to Smith avenue, in the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, in accordance with an order of the Common Council of said City, approved Nov. 21, 1902, under date of June 2, 1903, and received by me on the 4th day of June, 1903.

Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Est. of E. Langevin, 1 15 \$214.80 same, except south 1/2 of lot 15, 15 252.00 same, except west 3/4 of lot 15, 15 246.66 Wm. B. Dean, west 3/4 of lot 15, 15 16.78 Alex. Sternberg, south 1/2 of lot 15, 15 236.89 same, south 2-3 of lot 15, 15 239.00 B. W. Davidson, lot 10 Bal. 10 650.00 Watson P. Davidson, 1 14 650.00 Mary E. Robinson, except St. Luke's Hospital, 4 14 478.00 Wm. F. Davidson, 1/2 of lot 15, 15 553.30 same, 7 11 382.40 Lamprey's Subdivision of Part of Block 11, Robert & Randall's Addition.

Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Peter Christopherson, 8 8 \$138.50 Robert and Randall's Addition.

Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Wm. J. Cullen, all of lot 15, 15 254.10 James McNaughton, except w/2 of lot 15, 15 135.33 of lot 15, 15 234.55 Bazille's and Guerin's Addition.

Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Thos. Fitzpatrick, 8 8 \$119.50 100 ft. of E. 1/2 of lot 15, 15 239.00 south 100 ft. of lot 15, 15 216.00 Thomas Fitzpatrick, south 50 ft. of lot 15, 15 216.00 same, south 50 ft. of lot 15, 15 216.00

Rice and Irvine's Addition. Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Etta M. Heath, north 40 ft. of lot 15, 15 252.30 Margaret Troll, west 20 ft. of lot 15, 15 157.40 North Minnesota Land Co., north 37 1/2 ft. of lot 15, 15 252.30 Anton Weinholzer, 2 4 214.80 The St. Paul Medical Dispensary, w/2 of lot 15, 15 8.70 same, 4 4 214.80 Irvine's Encroachment to Rice & Irvine's Addition.

Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Anna W. Sweeney, 6 57 \$211.80 Wm. Biigel, 7 7 214.80 Katherine Spangenberg, south 1/2 of lot 15, 15 306.65

All persons interested are requested to attend at said term of Court and all objections to the recovery of judgment on any of said assessments must be served on the Corporation Attorney of the City of St. Paul at least five days prior to the date of said application for judgment. OTTO BREMER, City Treasurer.

Aug. 25-1903-11.

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Warrant for the Assessment for Paving Both Roadways of Central Avenue, from Cedar Street to Robert Street, with asphalt, on concrete foundation, in the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, in accordance with an order of the Common Council of said City, approved Feb. 24th, 1903, and received by me on the 4th day of June, 1903.

Central Park Addition. Supposed Owner and Lot. Block. Assmt. Description. Amt. of Est. of Wm. Dawson, east 1/2 of lot 1, 1 1 \$489.00 Hannah Kerwin, 1/2 of lot 1, 1 7 465.69 same, except south 1/2 of lot 1, 1 7 465.69

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Aug. 25-1903-11.

POEMS OF THE DAY

MUTABILITY. God keep for aye the bond 'twixt thee and me. He knows I have no dearer prayer than this; Whatsoever my outward action be, No boon that so my inmost soul would miss. "God keep the bond 'twixt thee and me."

Although they sing Love's immortality, Each day the highway's dust upon us lays And dims our souls—till mutability Is e'en the common lot, My heart but prays "God keep the bond 'twixt thee and me."

The only saint whose halo I can see, The white shield of my struggling days, art thou. The choirs invisible beyond may be: My groping footsteps need a guidance now. "God keep the bond 'twixt thee and me." —Eugene Ulrich.

THEY KISSED. Beneath a spreading tree they sat, He held her hand and she held his hat, I held my breath and lay down flat, They kissed—I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime; She held her head up every time; I held my breath and wrote this rhyme— They never thought I knew it.

THIS IS HOW SHE CAME TO ME. This is how she came to me— With tremulous throbbing of her throat, With lips that shook unceasingly, With breast that fluttered like a bird, With eyes where love was all afloat, A voice the sweetest ever heard, In all this world were only we— And this is how she came to me.

This is how she went away— With still hands folded on her breast, So like a little child might pray, With silent lips laid close and sweet, And smiling came through roof and wall, While lips laid about her feet, The promise of a further day— And this is how she went away. —Foot Wheeler.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. FELIX GORRAL'S ORIGINAL REMEDY FOR SKIN DISEASES. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty. It is a sure and safe remedy. It has stood the test of 25 years, and is so harmless as to be used by the most delicate. Accept no imitations. Dr. T. Felix Gorral, 27 E. Superior St., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by all druggists. A fancy glass bottle, 50c. Sent by mail for 75c. Postage paid. Dr. T. Felix Gorral, 27 E. Superior St., St. Paul, Minn.

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