



MOTHERHOOD

The greatest ambition of American men and women is to have homes blessed with children. The woman afflicted with female disease is constantly menaced with becoming a childless wife.

WINE OF CARDUI

143 Market Street, Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1901. In February, 1901, I took one bottle of Wine of Cardui and one package of Theodor's Black-Draught.

GOING HOME TO MARRY.

Champion of Working Girls Won by a Gallant Officer. Miss Irene M. Ashby of London, who has been in this country a little more than a year, a part of that time investigating the child labor problem in the south under a commission from the American Federation of Labor.



Working girls Miss Ashby has achieved international fame. She is going to marry Alfred N. Macfadyen, a member of the British civil service force, who volunteered for duty in South Africa.

THE BLACK VENUS.

An Ugly Stone Figure Worshipped by Peasants of Brittany. Even false religions die hard, and there are reminders of all extinct myths still existing in the world.

The statue is that of a huge, unlovely woman, with a sullen, angry countenance, her face enveloped in a ghastly mantle.

A MINISTER'S GOOD WORK.

I had a severe attack of bilious colic, and a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took me to bed and was entirely cured.

and if the anger of the black woman is further roused a tidal wave sweeps over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry.

About two centuries ago Count Pierre de Lannion, on whose estate the figure stood, in order to save the statue from both friends and enemies, dragged it by 40 yoke of oxen to his own chateau and set it up in the courtyard.

The count and his chateau are both gone, but the huge black woman, overgrown with moss, still stands in the forest, and the peasants still beseech her to bless their crops.

TEACHING A YOUNG LARK.

How its Mother Coaches it to Hop About and Fly.

J. M. Barrie, the noted Scottish story writer, in Scribner's Magazine told how a young lark got its first lesson. A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground on which it was to practice hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment to say, "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly, and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half remembering. "What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came and glued the little bird's wings together. "I shall never be able to fly or sing," it wailed.

Then of a sudden it began to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears and putting a smile in every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. "Thank you, sun!"

The laws of health require the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you.

Thank you! Thank you! Oh, mother, did you hear me? I can sing. Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" to the sun. "Oh, mother, do you see me? I am flying!"

LIBEL IN ENGLAND.

Not Hard There to Give Cause for Actions at Law.

England's libel law is a terror to the defendants. A short time ago a young playwright sold a piece to a London manager and drew a small royalty each week, which was paid by check. One week when the playwright presented the check to the bank for cashing it was returned to him marked "No funds." The playwright had the check framed and hung conspicuously in his study.

Over in England the railway companies, or at least one of them, put up in the station placards bearing the names of passengers who had violated rules of the road, with addresses, the nature of the offense and fines imposed. The offenders took the matter into court, and now the placards show only the words opposite the offense, "A passenger."

It frequently happens that names given to villains and ridiculous characters in fiction will duplicate in real life. A certain English novel had its scene laid on the west coast of Africa, and the villain of the book was a major in the army, supposed to be stationed there. To the novelist's dismay there appeared one day out of the unknown a real major, bearing the name of the villain of the novel, who also had been stationed on the west coast of Africa.

A Birmingham lawyer held that one could libel a man effectually enough by leaving out his name. He brought an action against a local paper for persistently omitting his name from its reports of cases in which he professionally was engaged. Presumably he imagined that the loss of the advertisement he would have obtained by his name repeatedly appearing was damage enough. He was unsuited, however.

They Changed.

A Vienna paper relates an anecdote of the painter Makart, who was sometimes as tactless as Von Moltke. One evening at a dinner he sat for an hour next to the sottobrete Josephine Gallmeyer without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience and exclaimed, "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE," which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS!! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum, but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in tea or coffee, and believe to-day that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading improvement.

Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, thus placing within the reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. C740, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

"THE FRENCH SHORE."

Where Misery, Squalor, Hunger and Cold Rule in Newfoundland.

Misery, squalor and wretchedness, accentuated by an almost ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold, are the portion of the inhabitants of the "North Shore," in Newfoundland. Their little hamlets are perched in the rifts in the almost unbroken hills, and the fierce storms sweep the surface almost to their doorsteps, while for seven months of the year their coast is blockaded with ice and they are cut off from all communication with the outside world.

The only industry is codfishing, and cod is the sole medium of exchange. The people rarely see money, and barter is the system of trading, a quintal of cod being the unit of value. The needs of the fisher folk are only supplied by the itinerant trader, his schooner being laden with provisions, clothing and fishing appliances. Thus have these people lived for generations. They are ignorant, for the means of education are nonexistent, the children being content with what satisfied their fathers. The common objects of everyday life are unknown to them. They have neither horses nor cattle. Only a few of the older folk who have ventured south have any knowledge of these things.

There are no roads and therefore no vehicles. Travel is by boat during the summer and over the ice floes during the rest of the year. The few letters for the clergy and others who can read are conveyed to the settlements by dog teams during the winter, and, save for the fortnightly visit of the mailboat during the period of open navigation, a steamer is never seen by the residents.

A MAN AND HIS VIOLETS.

The Story of the Vivacious Maid Who Received the Flowers.

"Yes, it was a lovely bunch of violets," sighed the girl who received them, "but I wish they had never come to me. You see, it was this way: The man who sent them is one of those awfully nice fellows who bore you to death—the kind you feel so glad to see talking to some one else, don't you know," she ended appealingly.

"Yes; I've seen the type," sympathetically replied her auditor. "Well, on my birthday he sent that lovely bunch of violets—perfect beauties they were—with a dear little note to the effect that he had to go out of town, but would be represented by these little purple clad messengers, so like my eyes and whose fragrance always reminded him of me. I thought the note rather nice," she concluded pensively, "and put the flowers in the parlor on the center table, writing back that I had done so. Why in the world was I so prompt?" she wailed. "It was no more than polite."

"My baby was terribly sick with diarrhoea," says J. H. Doak, of Williams, Oregon. "We were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance, and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure." For sale by Wight & Bro. and all medicine dealers.

"Oh, much more! My dear, it is always idiotic to go into details like that. Well, he did not go out of town, but was 'fortunately' detained and came around after all to tell me so. And those wretched violets!" "Surely they were all right?" "I had loaned them to Annie to wear to the Blanks' dinner. Of course I had to tell him that the heat of the room was too great, and I had put them in the icebox. Just as he was going and I was congratulating myself on my escape in saluted that miserable girl, violets and all! If he had only gone, as he said he would, it would have been all right. Men are so unreliable!"—New York Mail and Express.

Animal Peculiarities.

If a female fox (vixen) gets caught in a steel trap and is discovered by the male or fox dog, it is said he invariably kills her, although I have not heard it stated that the vixen would kill the dog fox or another vixen or the male another male.

If a cow becomes impaled on a fence and groans with pain, the whole herd instantly rush wildly to the spot, fight and apparently do their best to destroy her if not beaten off.

A hog confined with others in a pen breaks out and on being returned to the pen is at once set upon and bitten by the others.

Why, with all the instinct animals possess, is the desire so strong to injure or destroy rather than to help or rescue?—New York Sun.

"As Mad as a Hatter."

Probably very few persons who frequently use the expression "As mad as a hatter" have any idea as to what it means or why a hatter is necessarily any more subject to fits of anger than a plumber, a blacksmith or a carpenter. The expression is said to have come into use half a century ago, when the manufacture of hats was done wholly by hand. The most striking thing about the process was that of the beating up of the felt. The hatter first dipped the mass of wool and hair frequently into hot water; then, seizing a stick in each hand, he belabored the mass most vigorously, stopping now and then to get his breath, until the material was matted together in a rough sort of felt. The lively beating administered to the felt, as if the workman were actually incensed, gave rise to the familiar simile.

An Uneven Contest.

"They had a lively boxing match at Splinter's the other night." "How was that?" "Splinter came home late, and as he passed through the hall his wife's tail-est palm touched him on the cheek. Splinter was in an excited condition and thought it was somebody's fingers. So he struck out wildly with both fists and succeeded in knocking over two palms and severely bumping his own head."

"But why do you call it a boxing match?" "Because Splinter put up his knuckles against his wife's palms."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why His Life Was a Failure.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure." "Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spent all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit."—Life.

Knew When to Go.

"Give us proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl. "I will," he said and flew away.—Philadelphia Times.

P. T. Thomas, Sumterville, Ala., "I was suffering from dyspepsia when I commenced taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I took several bottles and can digest anything." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only preparation containing all the natural digestive fluids. It gives weak stomachs entire rest, restoring their natural condition. All dealers.

Advertisement for agricultural products including Potash, Cotton Culture, and Farming Guide. Text: No crop can be grown without Potash Supply enough Potash and your profits will be large; without Potash your crop will be "scrubby."

Advertisement for "Its Hand Made" Red Coon Whisk Lint. Text: "Its Hand Made" TRADE MARK. RED COON WHISK LINT. Positions Guaranteed. Under \$5,000 Cash Deposit.

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OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY (SAVANNAH LINE). By Land, and Sea. Short Rail Ride to Savannah. Three ships each week to New York, making close connection with New York-Boston ships, or Sound liners. Tickets on sale daily. Rates from Jacksonville \$42.80 and \$49.10.

Pan-American Exposition, BUFFALO, N. Y., May 1-November 7, 1901. The Seaboard Air Line Railway LOW EXCURSION RATES From all Florida Points. Tickets on sale daily. Rates from Jacksonville \$42.80 and \$49.10.

Table with columns: Head Down, STATIONS, Head Up. Lists stations like Carrabelle, Lanark, Curtis Mills, Sopchoppy, Ashmore, Arran, Hilliardville, Spring Hill, Tallahassee with arrival and departure times.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED MURDOCK'S CATARRH CURE. It Goes to Every Part, Sure, Safe and Pleasant. For years has the medical fraternity sought a reliable and sure cure for Catarrh. In the endeavor many hundreds of nostrums have been offered to a suffering public, and the health of thousands have been completely ruined by taking them.