

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination: but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swelled, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A Juggler's Feat.

Paul Cinquevalli, the king of jugglers, used to throw a fork some ten feet into the air, making it revolve all the time, and when it reached a certain spot, threw up a potato which just affixed itself to the prongs of the fork, while at the same time through a tube he held in his mouth he blew a puff of air which stuck into the underside of the potato. As the three objects thus joined together fell he caught them on the edge of a knife which he drew from a belt at his side and balanced them in that position. This took two years and eight months of incessant practice to learn, but it was finished so quickly that the audience was never able to appreciate it sufficiently, and it was consequently ineffective, so that after doing it for about a fortnight Mr. Cinquevalli discarded it entirely.

When you're constipated, undigested food rots in your stomach like garbage in a swill barrel. Clean it out with Cascarets Candy Cathartic! 10c, 25c, 50c.

How do you feel about the Hall of Fame?

It's all nonsense—putting men in there who will be famous anyhow; the kind thing to do would be to make statues of authors who won't be heard of in five years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hoitt's School

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Now you know what a "tee" is, said Bunker, explaining the game. Now, then, a "caddie"—

Oh! I see; she interrupted, that's what you put the tea in. Of course, I know what a "tea-caddie" is.—Philadelphia Press.

A JOSSHOUSE.

Pen Picture of the One in San Francisco's Chinese Quarter.

In one corner is a miniature wooden warrior, frantically riding a fiery steed toward a joss who stands in his doorway awaiting the rider's coming. A teapot of unique design, filled with fresh tea every day, and a very small cup and saucer are always ready for the warrior. This represents a man killed in battle, whose noble steed, missing his master, refused to eat and so pined away and died. A welcome is assured to them in the better land if the work of man can accomplish it. The horse and rider are to them (the Chinese) what the images of saints are to Christians. In another corner is a tiny bowl of water. The gods occasionally come down and wash. At certain times of the year direct questions are written on slips of paper and put into the hands of one of the greatest josses. These disappear, and then the joss either nods or shakes his head in answer.

On the altar or altars are several brass and copper vessels, in which the worshiper leaves a sandalwood punk burning in such a position that the ashes will fall on the fine sand in the vessel. When one of these is full, it is emptied into an immense bronze vase on the balcony, and this, in turn, is emptied into the ocean. The Chinese take good care of their living and never forget their dead. Once a year, the fourteenth day of the seventh month, they have a solemn ceremony by which they send gold and silver and cloth to the great army of the departed.

A furnace is a necessity in a joss-house. It is lighted on ceremonial days, and paper representing cloth, gold and silver is burned, the ashes of the materials being, in their minds, useful in spirit land. Private families send to their relatives and friends whatever they want by throwing the gold, the silver and the cloth paper, also fruits, into a fire built in the street in front of their houses. The days of worship come on the 1st and 15th of each month.—Modern Culture.

Looking For Work.

"Yes, ma'am," said the ragged fat man, "I'm lookin fur work. Yer ain't got no odd jobs of scrubbin or washin ter be did, have yer?"

"Why, you surely don't do scrubbing or work of that sort?" said the housekeeper.

"Sure not. I'm lookin fur work fur me wife."—Philadelphia Record.

PRETTY IRISH GIRLS.

Why the Lassies of the Emerald Isle Are Beautiful.

The Irish peasant girls have long been famous for their beautiful, clear skins and healthy complexions. They owe much of their loveliness to the moisture of the climate and the simplicity of their lives. Plain, wholesome fare and rainwater for the wash basin tell their own tale. No matter how homely are the features of the genuine peasant girl, her skin is almost invariably soft and firm, the arms nicely rounded, the eyes brilliant and expressive.

There are no eyes finer than those of the healthy daughter of Erin's Isle. Soft and tender one moment, to flash with passion if aroused; dark blue, gray or brown, the Irish eye is peculiarly lovely and possesses a luster all its own. Long lashes shadow these bewitching orbs—lashes that curl upward to sweep the cheek when the face is betrayed into blushes.

So much time is spent out of doors that the feet, usually bare, become enlarged. The ankle, however, is usually well shaped and neat, the instep high and the skin of baby fineness. The Irish girl of humble station is proud of her shapely feet and believes that walking through the grass before sunrise in summer enhances their beauty, which, of course, it does.

No need to powder that fair skin—it owes its peachy bloom to health, happiness and the freedom of outdoor life; no need to resort to the rouge pot—the roses are there hard and fast, nature's own coloring. The hands may be rough by hard work, not diminutive, but shapely; the hair burnished and often luxuriant.—London Answers.

How a Dog Stopped a Dogfight.

On one of the most pleasant side streets of Cleveland live two dogs—a large, dignified hound and a saucy, small fox terrier. The two are the best of friends, and the big dog is always watching over the little one and doing his best to keep the pert fellow out of a fight. But the other day his watchfulness failed. Another terrier came and yelled defiance at the hound's comrade, and when the big dog arrived upon the scene it was to behold a frantic, tumbling, snapping heap, of which his favorite was part.

He seemed to consider the state of things, then gave a sigh of patient dignity and began to walk around the combatants, keeping a critical eye on the struggle and evidently acting the part of umpire. His favorite was getting the worst of it, but he did not interfere. Maybe he thought the punishment of defeat was better than any he could bestow. He watched silently till all at once his friend gave a yelp of real pain and trouble. Then suddenly the big dog awoke. With a bound he was beside the other two. With one tap of his paw he sent the victor over into the dust, grabbed his favorite in his mouth as a cat grabs her kitten and made off to his own back yard.

During the next hour he licked, scolded and fondled the repentant terrier. And now the two are more devoted than ever, though the little dog seems more meek and decidedly more obedient than of yore.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Kindly Joke.

Judge Braxfield, famous in England for his love for hanging criminals, when on circuit always put up near Perth with a crony who was devoted to chess. The laird had rather the better of his lordship at the game. In the revolution of the circuits Braxfield found himself trying his hospitable friend, who had got awkwardly mixed up in some abduction of cattle. The evidence was clear, the panel was convicted and the judge passed the solemn sentence of death. Then, bending down, he chuckled to the unfortunate prisoner—the accommodation in the provincial courts was cramped—"And now, Donald, my friend, I think I've checkmated you for once." But Braxfield delighted in a kindly joke.

Trifling With Charon.

Just as Charon was about to make the ferry slip the ex-distiller nudged him in the ribs.

"If it isn't too much trouble," said the latter, "I wish you would put me with the arrivals from Boston."

"But you are from St. Louis," protested Charon. "Wouldn't you feel out of place among so much culture?"

"No, indeed. I always feel at home in the midst of refined spirits."

Thereupon the ancient ferryman tossed the ex-distiller in the Styx.—Chicago News.

Capers.

Those curious little appetizers, capers, without which the boiled leg of mutton is incomplete, are cultivated largely in southern France, especially Savoy, but many come to us from the Balearic islands, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Spain, where they grow wild. The vines clamber over the rock in a very beautiful manner, and the berry, which is the seed vessel of the plant, is gathered by the peasantry. Capers are publicly sold in the market places of Balearic towns and shipped to Spanish or French ports for exportation.

The Czar now asserts that he is strongly for universal peace. Evidently the Czar thinks he has a shade the best of every one else under the existing conditions.—Chicago Post.

The Other Way.

He—Bertha. I am going to ask you a question, a question which will have a lasting effect upon my life as you answer it. Bertha, dear, will you be a sister to me?

She—Charley. I can't do that, but I will be your wife.—Boston Transcript.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills

Cure constipation, sick headaches, biliousness, dyspepsia, 10 cents, 25 cents. Druggists.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease. It originates in a scrofulous condition of the blood and depends on that condition.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs, disturbs the stomach.

It is always radically and permanently cured by the blood-purifying, alterative and tonic action of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine has wrought the most wonderful cures of all diseases depending on scrofula or the scrofulous habit.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic.

Brought Down the House.

On one occasion, when Arthur Roberts, the English actor, was performing the part of Captain Crosstree in the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" at Glasgow, he converted an awkward contretemps into a hit. In one of the scenes Crosstree enters supposed to be inebriated and staggers about the stage. In doing so Mr. Roberts accidentally came in contact with the scenery of the inn, bringing the whole set down. The curtain had to be lowered, and the vivacious comedian came to the front and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you see when we come to Glasgow we always bring down the house."

Poco, Premo, Korona, Graphic, Cyclone, Vive, Hawkeye, Al-Vista Cameras and Eastman Kodaks in stock. Send for special catalog of any of them. Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter Street, S. F.

Kitty: But he is such an indigestible man.

Klara: Yes; he always disagrees with me.—Chicago Free Press.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay, Price 50c.

Coated with chocolate, very small and easy to take as sugar are Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills, for sick headache, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sallow complexion. They purify the blood, 10 cents, 25 cents. Druggists.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Parrots.

Some parrots are very quick in acquiring words and are generally fond of displaying these new acquisitions, but occasionally a bird will be profoundly silent until the teacher despairs of her mastering a certain phrase or word; then all at once and unexpectedly the "scholar" will repeat her lesson.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay, Price 25 cents.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE \$2.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
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