

A DESPAIRING WOMAN.

Weak, Nervous and Wretched From Wasting Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Henry A. Reamer, Main and First Sts., South Bend, Ind., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was so weak I could hardly drag myself across the room. I was wretched and nervous, and had backache, bearing-down pain, headache, dizziness and weak eyes. Dropsy set in and bloating of the chest choked me and threatened the heart. I had little hope, but to my untold surprise Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief and saved my life. I shall never forget it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Moon Is Constant.
The old idea that changes are taking place on the moon carefully has been investigated by M. Pulseux, a French astronomer. Going over all records, from the earliest observations to the latest, he concludes that the reality of the supposed changes has not been proved, and that the varying sensitiveness of the retina to faint objects is sufficient to account for differences seen, while different conditions of exposure might explain all appearances in the photographs.

Would Brand Criminals.
A British magistrate has made the remarkable suggestion that criminals caught committing a crime under an alias should be branded with their real name.

FACIAL PARALYSIS

Nervous Distortion of Face Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

What appears to be a slight nervous attack may be the forerunner of a severe disorder. No nervous sufferer should neglect the warning symptoms, but should see that the starved nerves are nourished before the injury to the delicate organism has gone to an extent that renders a cure a difficult matter. The nerves receive their nourishment through the blood, the same as every other part of the body, and the best nerve tonic and food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The experience of Mr. Harry Bemis, of Druthville, Washington county, N. Y., substantiates this.

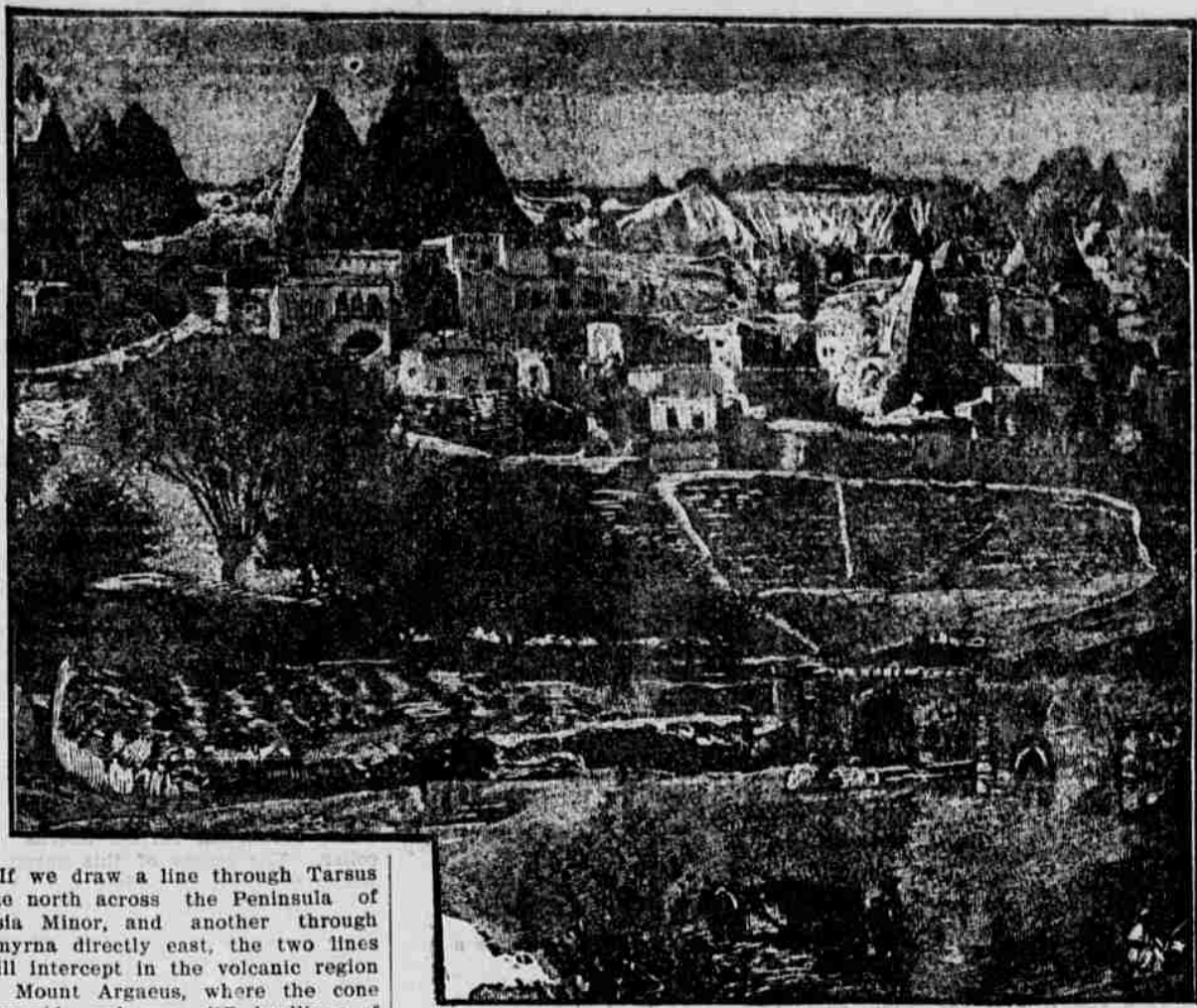
"I had been feeling badly for a long time," said Mr. Bemis, "and in the early part of September, 1905, I was compelled to quit work on account of my ill health. My trouble was at first extreme nervousness, then my sight became affected and I consulted an oculist who said I was suffering from paralysis. He treated me for some time, but I got no benefit. I tried another doctor and again failed to obtain any relief. My nervousness increased. Slight noises would almost make me wild. My mouth was drawn so I could scarcely eat and one eye was affected so I could hardly see. I had very little use of my limbs, in fact I was almost a complete wreck. I am all right now and am at work. That is because I followed my wife's advice and took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had used the same remedy herself with the most gratifying results and she persuaded me to try them when it appeared that the doctors were unable to help me. They acted very surely in my case; my face came back into shape and in time I was entirely well."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or by mail by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet on Nervous Disorders sent free on request.

AMMUNITION FOR THE PASTOR.
Sinners Alone Need Have Feared Contents of This Box.

The Rev. Edward Lloyd Jones, a Manchester, England, minister, tells a story of his experience in Fenian days. He was traveling from a Welsh village to Brecon, and had with him a strong wooden box filled with heavy theological books. At Shrewsbury the detectives who were on the lookout for explosive machines and the like suspected this heavy box and word was sent on to Brecon. When the young minister stepped out of the train he was astonished to find a sergeant and several constables awaiting him. "I think you have a box with you," said the sergeant. "Quite right," said the preacher, who began to scent a joke. Out came the box and its weight excited fresh suspicion about its contents. "This is your box?" "Yes." "It contains ammunition?" "It does." "Very well, consider yourself in charge. Open the box." The company stood away while the sergeant found it contained nothing more explosive than Adam Clarke's "Theology" he expressed his indignation freely to the minister. All that he got back was the soft answer: "Why, bless my soul, man, you asked if the box contained ammunition. That is my ammunition. I am a Methodist parson, and that's what I shoot with."

Queer Homes of Troglodytes of the Twentieth Century



A TROGLODYTE VILLAGE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

If we draw a line through Tarsus due north across the Peninsula of Asia Minor, and another through Smyrna directly east, the two lines will intersect in the volcanic region of Mount Argaeus, where the cone pyramids and pure cliff dwellings of Cappadocia are found, writes J. R. Sitlington Sterrett, an English traveler and artist, who has recently visited that out of the way country. The whole region is of volcanic formation, which covers a vast area extending west to Seime and south to Soghanlu Dere, and is composed of a deep layer of pumice stone, tufa or pelerine, overlaid in the region of Tatlar by rugged lava fields. The pumice or tufa is of almost incredible thickness, but the overlaid layer of lava is comparatively thin, not more than three feet at any point. The tufa is so soft that it can be dug away with the thumbnail, so that only time and patience were necessary to excavate it into chambers of any required size. It is known that a chamber 25 feet long, 13 feet broad, and 10 feet high was excavated by a single workman in the space of thirty days.

In this region the troglodytes of Cappadocia have the wonderful dwellings which were first described by Paul Lukas, who traveled in Asia Minor on the commission of Louis XIV. His story was discredited, but it is correct in every vital particular, and he perhaps understated the truth when he estimated the number of cones at 50,000. The region was visited in succession by Texler, Hamilton, Tschichatschew, Ainsworth, Barth and Mordtmann, but it is still virtually unknown. The height of the cones varies greatly, ranging perhaps from 50 to 300 feet. The tallest cones usually stand in the center of an eroded valley, but not always. The process of disintegration by the solvent action of water still continues, of course, and in many cones the exterior wall has been worn away to such an extent that the chambers are laid bare. Such exposed chambers, if they lie fairly in the sun, are used for drying grapes and other fruit, as they are safe against invasion by animals. Often the cones are almost perfect in shape and originally all of them were crowned by caps of lava, which were the primal cause of the cone formation. The caps maintain their position as they form one integral conglomerate mass with the cone.

Very often the doorways are quite elaborate, and display an attempt at architectural and decorative effect, more especially in the case of cones that have been turned into temples, churches or chapels. On entering the doorway of any of these cone dwellings we find ourselves within a spacious chamber, about the walls of which niches and shelves for the storage of small household effects have been cut into the stone. The stairways leading to the upper stories are like wells or round chimneys, and one ascends to an upper story by means of ladder holes cut in the rock. The floor between the stories are usually thick enough to withstand any weight that might be put upon it, but occasionally the excavators miscalculated the thickness of the floor, and so had to make one lofty chamber instead of two. As many as nine stories may occur in one cone, but most have only two, three, or four stories, which can be counted by the windows. Great numbers of the cone dwellings are used to-day as dovecotes for hosts of pigeons, the eggs and flesh of which are used by the cave dwellers. The windows of such pigeon houses are always walled in, holes being left for the passage of the birds.

The natives of this region are still, to all intents and purposes troglodytes, but if we leave out of consideration the fact that their dwellings are at least partially underground, they differ in habits and customs in no whit from the ordinary Turkish villagers with ordinary humdrum surroundings. Sometimes the front of the house is built of blocks of pumice stone, while all the rest of the abode is subterranean, the cone or cliff being used as an annex; but in most cases a modern dwelling is excavated, not in a cone, but in the face of the bluff, and thus becomes a cliff dwelling, properly so-called. This is true of the business street of the town of Urgub, where the front room or facade opening on the street, is the only room in the dwelling into which the light comes. The other

rooms are in midnight darkness all the year round.

The owner of such an abode can extend his dwelling indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, a feature which is not without its advantage in a land where the wise man conceals the fact that he is wealthy. The interior chambers are used chiefly for granaries and storage; even their chaff, which is made to take the place of our hay, is safely stowed away in these dry and dark chambers.

The landscapes amid which the modern troglodyte dwells are never tame, and are often startling. The modern troglodyte usages add rather than detract from the general weirdness of the prospect. The soil is fertile and produces vegetables and fruit, chiefly apricots of superb quality. Indeed, one of the old travelers claims this region as the original home of the apricot. Garden and desert are often close neighbors for the reason that the garden flourishes wherever the stone hats rotted sufficiently; whereas the adjacent but unrotted stone is the most barren of deserts. The real center of these cones and troglodyte abodes is the region about Udj Assaru, a huge mass of pumice stone rising in the midst of many branching valleys. The Turkish name means the Castle of Udj, but it is not known whether Udj was the name of some princeling or of a district. It is a mere shell, honeycombed to the very pinnacle with chambers sufficient in number to satisfy even the wealthiest troglodyte.

It is very difficult to fix a date for the origin of these cave dwellings. They are mentioned by no classical author, except perhaps Cicero; but there is an allusion in the works of Leo Diaconus, who flourished about 950 A. D. Prof. Sayce, however, believes that the cones of Cappadocia were well known and inhabited in the Hittite period about 1900 B. C., a date beyond which we cannot and need not try to go.—New York Times.

ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

Struggle for Wealth Almost Equal to Wall Street Frenzy.

A young fellow, a fellow passenger, was leaning upon the rail beside me, looking upon the scene below. He told me to watch and he would show me some sport. He drew a dime out of his pocket. He waved his arm to attract the attention of the negroes down upon the lower deck, and then he flung the coin. It fell tinkling, and rolled between two cotton bales. With yells, the negroes rushed at it tumultuously, piling over one another, a tangled mass of waving arms and legs, whence issued muffled groans and grunts. Then, suddenly, the mass dissolved again into a mob of roustabouts, gaping up at us with rolling yellow eyes, and heaving chests and dilated nostrils. Another piece of silver twinkled in the air and fell among them. Leaping and grabbing, the negroes snatched at the falling coin, then plunged again into heap.

By this time others of the passengers had heard the noise and the scuffling, and soon quite a crowd was gathered along the rail. A shower of change began to fall upon the deck below and into the crowd of now half frantic blacks.

It was a comical spectacle. A little while before the negroes had been quietly busied about their own affairs; a handful of cheap silver had fallen among them, and in less than a minute their small world was transformed into a pandemonium. I have heard it said that the same phenomenon occurs sometimes on the stock exchange.—Harper's Magazine.

Man and Wife.

The snow was falling. The day was still and gray and cold. Dr. Parkhurst, shaking the white flakes from his shoulders, said:

"I have just witnessed an instructive happening—a happening that might teach us why some marriages do not succeed.

"A man and his wife were walking down a back street. The man had his hands in his pockets. The woman carried a basket filled with cabbage and beets.

"A group of boys danced like imps

on a corner. They had snowballs in their hands. As soon as the married couple had passed them they let drive.

"But only the woman was struck. She got two heavy blows about the head and face. Every snowball, somehow missed the man.

He looked at his wife as she brushed the snow out of her ears and hair, and then he shook his fists at the boys and shouted:

"It's a good thing for you, you young rascals, that you didn't hit me."

TALE OF BIRDS' DEVOTION

Stories of affection and apparent reason among wild animals have divided the "nature-writers" into two schools. One believes that animals act merely from instinct; the other holds that the dumb brute feels and reasons. In "The Life of a Scotch Naturalist" M. Smiles quotes from the journal of Thomas Edward the story of how a little flock of terns rescued a wounded companion which the naturalist had shot.

I fired, and he came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought together the party he had left, in order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm.

After surveying their wounded brother round and round, as he was drifting unwittingly toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the air with their

screams. These they continued to utter, regardless of their own individual safety, until I began to make preparations for receiving the approaching bird. I could already see that it was a beautiful adult specimen, and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, since I was not very far from the water's edge.

While matters were in this position I beheld to my utter astonishment two of the unwounded terns take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water and bear him out seaward. They were followed by two other birds.

After having carried him about six or seven yards they let him gently down again and the two who had hitherto been inactive took him up.

In this way they continued to carry him alternately until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

Castles for Sale

Former Homes of the Aristocracy of France Offered in Open Market

(Special Correspondence.)

Castles in Spain are probably the cheapest in the world, for a person with a sanguine temperament and a little imagination may build them at any time. In this respect they have an advantage over the chateaux of France shown in the illustration.

But some of these French chateaux are wonderfully cheap—are, indeed, almost in the class of abandoned farms. Castles on the Rhine used to be within the reach of moderate fortunes, but they have greatly increased in price lately. In the same way there has been an increase in the price of Italian palaces.

Nether the Rhine castles nor the Italian palaces are so numerous as the chateaux of France. There were many of them built many years ago, some of them dating from the days of Louis XIII.

That these places should be purchased at small prices is due to the centralization in the life of France which has taken so many of the population to the cities. Young men in the families that owned these houses in the past had usually enough to live on and possibly maintain the chateau in a meager fashion that was a strange contrast to its early grandeur.

Sometimes a wealthy marriage helped the owner to hold on to the chateau. These conditions all existed until the time came when these places were offered for sale.

This was the result of the feeling among young Frenchmen that it was not beneath their dignity to work. Nowadays men of the oldest families are anxious to make a name and a fortune just as if they had not a long line of titled ancestors behind them.

Heirs Are at Work.

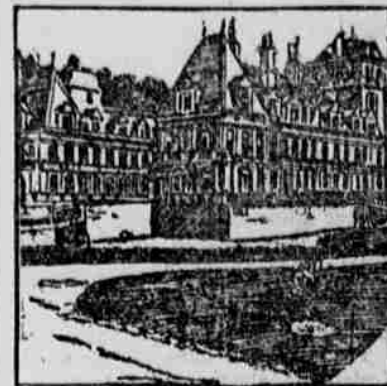
They enter all professions. They are lawyers, engineers, architects and scientists. These professions take them to Paris if they do not lead them far beyond the borders of their own country.

Such houses as those shown in the pictures are little more expensive than the best of the "own your own home"

tiquty, although that would not endear it to many persons who seek for more beauty in a home. To those who want a castle that not only is really old but also looks old the unadorned exterior would not be repellent.

For \$30,000 there is a beautiful chateau in the style of Louis XIV., that possesses a park of twenty acres and a facade of stone columns from one end of the house to the other. There are also beautiful woods and architectural gardens attached to it.

Another chateau, that looks as big as a railroad station, can be bought

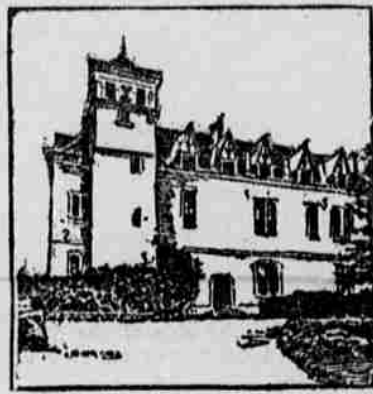


Chateau De Farguette.

for \$32,000, although it was put up in 1760 by one of the most noted architects of his day. Then there are sixty-two acres of wild and ornamented ground about the house.

Another chateau more modern but beautiful can be had for \$23,000, along with its twelve acres. It has existed for about a century and years ago received the name of Le Chateau des Penitents because of its rather ecclesiastical aspect. The Seine runs at the foot of the lawn and the views from the windows stretch through the valley to Paris.

There are many other chateaux of the same kind offered for sale, but these are typical and show that next to Spain France is an easy country to acquire a home in.



Chateau De Villandry.

houses offered for sale near New York. The noble pile with the sloping roof known as the Chateau de Villandry can be bought for \$28,000. It was built toward the close of the sixteenth century and is regarded as a very pure specimen of that period.

The wings of the house enclose a beautiful court of honor. There are ornamental gardens in the French and English style done by experienced landscape gardeners toward the close of the last century.

A lake lies in the woods of the large park surrounding the house and there are conservatories, terraces in the front of the chateau and several islands in the River Cher that belong to the property.

Older still is the chateau near Drueux which was put up in the days of Louis XIII. and is called a perfect specimen of the architecture of that period, having undergone no alterations or changes in any other style since it was first built. There is a court of honor, and the lake, as the picture shows, stretches almost to the windows in one wing of the house.

Just as It Was Built.

The principal building is two and a half stories high and is accounted remarkable both in original beauty and in its present state of preservation.

There are kitchen and fruit gardens, conservatories and a very old chapel



Louis XIII. Castle.

antdating even the building of the main house. The park was laid out by the famous Le Notre.

Built in Sixteenth Century.

The Chateau de Farguette stands near a palace famous in medieval days. The castle is medieval in architecture, having been built in the sixteenth century. It is in good preservation, however, and has been occupied until recently, when it was put on the market. The cost of this house and its twenty acres is but \$18,000.

The severe and forbidding architecture of the house is proof of its an-

TRICK EASILY SEEN THROUGH.

Mine Promoters Not Sharp Enough to Deceive Hannah.

"Hannah, I can't make this out," said the old farmer, as he looked up from his paper. "Here is a company out west that advertises a gold mine. It has \$1,000,000 worth of ore in sight. It estimates the amount of ore on the claim to be at least \$100,000,000. Its shares are \$100 per value and non-assessable. It offers shares at one cent each to the first 1,000 people who apply. It reads straight enough, but—"

"Samuel, what an old blockhead you are," exclaimed the wife. "Why, even a blind man could see through that trick."

"Wall, what's the trick?" "Why, they want to make you a shareholder, and as soon as that's done they'll send on a begging letter asking you to contribute \$5 toward a steeple for some Baptist church somewhere. You just let that stock alone. We have been Methodists for over thirty years, and we have got along without a steeple to our church, and if the Baptists can't do the same let 'em sell off their cows to build one."

"I guess you're right, Hannah. What tricks they do invent nowadays to make a man think he is going to get something for nothing and then find himself flippopped."—Baltimore American.

Too Scaly to Believe.

Miss Maria Wilde, an authority on ceramics, told this little story recently of her early days as a collector:

"I was buying some pieces of Beleck one day when the salesman asked me if I knew the secret of the high glaze of the Irish Beleck. On my replying in the negative he said he had it from good authority that it was obtained by putting powdered fish scales in the mixture.

"The next time I saw J. Hart Brewer, the Trenton potter, who succeeded in making American Beleck superior to the original Irish product, I told him with some elation that I had discovered the secret of the glaze and related the powdered fish scale story. As Mr. Brewer listened a look of amusement overspread his countenance, and when I had finished he said: "Miss Wilde, that's a fish story."

Told of King Alfonso.

The king of Spain is young and likes to have a good time; yet he is often obliged to work twelve hours or more a day. Not long ago he handed his prime minister a sealed petition, with the request that it should be granted unconditionally. When it was opened it was found to be in the king's own handwriting. He demanded for himself an eight hour day and no work on Sundays and holidays. On another occasion his automobile was stopped by a policeman who did not recognize him at once, but who presently began to apologize profusely. "Why was the automobile stopped, anyway?" said the king. "Because motor wagons are not allowed on this street." "Very well," retorted Alfonso; "then I shall have to be more careful in future."

Some mothers save slipper soles and spoil their children.