



SISTER'S BEAU.



Please, Mr. Downy, if you'll give me a lock of your hair to make a paint brush wif I'll paint your portrait in my book.—Chicago Journal.

#### One Thing He Didn't Show.

"Now," said the pert salesman, sarcastically, as he started to put back the rolls of silk, "can't you think of something more I might show you, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied the shopper, "but I don't think you have it."

"What is it?"

"More courtesy."—Tit-Bits.

#### A Good Definition.

Teacher—What is the ninth commandment?

Small Johnny—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Teacher—What is meant by bearing false witness against a neighbor?

Small Johnny—It's when nobody does anything and somebody goes and tells it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### The Theory.

"Deacon," said the minister after the congregation had been dismissed, "how do you account for the unusually poor collection this morning?"

"Well, parson," replied the deacon, "the only way I can account for it is that the people have decided to pay according to the sermons delivered."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### NEEDED IT.



Mr. Latours—My dearsh (hic), I had to work late (hic) on my books to (hic) get my balance.

Mrs. Latours—Such a pity you didn't bring it home with you.—Chicago Daily News.

#### Believer.

"You cannot eat your cake," they say, "and have it, too." And since I took an ocean trip I believe the saying's true.—Chicago Daily News.

#### Sizing Him Up.

"Pardon me," said the seedy-looking man, who was laboring over a letter in the hotel writing room, "but can you tell me how to spell 'temporarily'?"

"Certainly," replied his shrewd neighbor, giving the desired information, "and the other word is 'e-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-e-d'."—Philadelphia Press.

#### A Brother.

"Marie," he cried, passionately, as he threw himself at the feet of the rich widow, "will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John," she murmured, putting her arms about his neck. "It means the sacrifice of my fortune, for my income from my late husband's estate ceases at my second marriage; but my love for you is such—"

"Marie, I cannot accept the sacrifice! It is too much! I will be a brother to you!"—Smith's Weekly.

#### One Is Bad Enough.

The Wife—Bigamy is a cruel crime which ought to be severely punished.

The Bachelor Friend—Serve the beggar right to make him live in a small house with both women.

The Husband (shuddering)—What a horrible idea! If you had been a married man, you would never have suggested anything so brutal.—Ally Sloper.

#### The Condition.

To be a college president  
Requires no learned toil;  
You need not delve in ancient Greece;  
Get next to Standard Oil.  
—Brooklyn Life.

#### DIDN'T NEED TO ASK.



"I hope you didn't ask for more cake at Mrs. Moxby's, Tommy."

"No'm, I didn't have to. The plate was so near me that I could help myself."—Boston Globe.

#### All He Felt.

Mrs. Anntek—We haven't a piece of furniture that is less than 100 years old. That bed you slept in last night is 130 years old.

Mr. Newman—You must have taken good care of it. It didn't seem to me that it had ever seen more than four springs.—Brooklyn Life.

#### What He Learned.

"Do you think that religion and politics can be made to harmonize?"

"Yes," answered the man who had consented to become a candidate. "The first thing I learned from the campaign managers is that it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Washington Star.

#### Just So.

"Well, I went to church this morning," said the patent-churn man, on a recent Sabbath. "Your pastor is a very dogmatic man, isn't he?"

"Just tollably so," returned the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "He owns only about ten or 'leven of 'em."—Puck.

#### No Choice in the Matter.

"And the charity is supported by voluntary contributions?"

"Why," said the clergyman, "I can't say that it is exactly. The fact is that some of the ladies on our committee are so persuasive and so persistent that people just have to contribute."—Brooklyn Life.

#### Heredity.

Binks—Speaking of heredity, do you remember Forrester, who bought some wild land and turned it into a farm?

Winks—Yes; he was the inventor of a very effective stump puller.

Binks—Just so. Well, his son is a very successful dentist.—N. Y. Week.

## JAP SOLDIERS WELL FED.

Stories of Their Abstemiousness Are Legendary, Says This Authority.

The Japanese soldier eats three meals a day, and his vaunted abstemiousness is a legend. In former times he was satisfied with a little rice, but now his appetite has increased enormously, says a Tokio letter to the Cologne Gazette. He rarely gets prepared rice; the custom is to give him cooked rice with decorated grain, which, by the way, he likes less than pure rice. This diet is prescribed to increase his physical strength, and to guard him against beriberi. At present the Jap soldier is served with fish and meat. For breakfast he has boiled corn and rice, bean soup and preserved vegetables. For dinner he has fish, meat, boiled rice and corn, and cooked vegetables. For supper the menu of the dinner is repeated. Consequently the Jap soldier sleeps comfortably.

In addition to this, he has the privilege of buying bread at the canteen. It is generally white bread, which he calls pan. He hates black bread, or kurapan, as he calls it. He can also procure at the canteen a sort of sweet biscuit. Katapan, about as large as the palm of the hand and as thick as the little finger. The canteen is run by the corporals and under officers, who have the same fare as the soldiers. Rice, wine and beer can be also had at the canteen. On New Year's day, the anniversary of the foundation of the empire, and on the birthday of the Mikado, the troops get carefully prepared rations, including a cake of soft rice, a white cake and a red cake and katapans, in addition, of course, to the usual fare. So it appears that fish, meat, rice and corn form the nourishment of the Japanese soldiers, a nourishment far superior to that of the ordinary Jap. In the barracks the soldier sleeps in a wooden bed with woolen covering.

In time of war, on the day of mobilization, the Jap trooper receives a red bed covering. In his sack, which has many little pockets, he carries dry crushed rice and salted prunes. He has a bamboo tube filled with water. The company wagon carries, in addition to dried vegetables, dried fish, preserved meat, chajou (extract of beans), wine and cigarettes. The troop has a cooking stove, said to be made of pressed paper, rendered incombustible through some chemical process. It is carried in the haversack. They use a great deal of paper in the Japanese army. The winter underclothing of the troops is made of waterproof paper.

On the march the man carries only his rifle, his cartridges, his crushed rice. The coolies, Chinese and Korean, carry the rest far in the rear.

The bivouacs are arranged in a manner to procure the greatest possible comfort. The officers and men are supplied with furniture made of braided straw, campbeds and carpets. For the generals regular little houses are set up in short order. A great number of women follow the army. They cook the meals for the soldiers, and care for the wounded. Among them are many Chinese.

The war mail now organized for the first time, renders excellent service. The soldier is forbidden to mention the regiment to which he belongs or the place from which he starts. He can write from the field of battle, but without indicating the locality or giving the date. The military administration attends to the work of transmitting the replies.

#### Improved by Whipping.

Spain is about to abolish bull fighting. No country in the civilized world has changed so much in the last six years as Spain. The effect of the prompt and unequivocal defeat administered to her navy by the United States has been highly beneficial to the nation. Her people no longer stand against a wall and whine. The loss of their colonies has proved an incentive to the development of the resources of the peninsula. The lowering of the traditional Spanish pride has induced inhabitants of city and country to work as never before since the Roman invasion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

#### Japanese in Battle.

I saw two soldiers who were pretty badly shot; one of them had at least three bullet wounds. The only thought of these men seemed to be to conceal their wounds. They hurried into the thick of the fray, and upon them was that thievish air which you sometimes catch in a bad boy or a man who is hounded—the air which seemed so ill at east on the face of a Nippon soldier, and so striking, too, because so rare. They were frightened, these fellows who laughed in the face of death, lest they might be caught by the hospital corps.—Leslie's Monthly.

#### In Proper Form.

Old Friend—So you have at last consented to marry some one. How did it happen?

Miss Flippant—Well, every man that has ever proposed before has said: "Will you be my wife?" But Harold asked if he might have the honor of being my husband.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Lamb's Wool.

"When a person's wool gathering hat means he's lazy, doesn't it, pa?"

"Not necessarily, my son. He may be gathering the wool off the lambs in Wall street."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Proper Name

The Daughter—No, mother, dear, I could not marry Mr. Smith; he squints.

The Mother—My dear girl, a man who has \$100,000 a year may be affected with a slight optical indecision—but a squint, never.—London Tatler.

Physicians assert that disease is spread by the saloon free lunch. The doctors apparently do not understand that no man is entitled to sample the free lunch until he has bought a germkiller.—Washington Post.

The next legislature is expected to take cognizance that trains going in opposite directions on a single track are not to be passed lightly.—Kansas City Star.

They who say that beautifying is foolish dispute their own eyes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The population of London increases by 70,000 annually.

## Blot on California.

They were discussing the charms of the California climate.

"I never knew but two persons who could resist the wiles of that delightful land," one of the company said, "and they were a mother and daughter from the Hub. They came to Pasadena while we were there, and they stayed just two days. One of us chanced to express surprise at their brief sojourn, and the older woman explained: 'It is beautiful here, of course. We realize that. But, after all, it is so far from Boston!'"

"And they went that very day."—N. Y. Sun.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

## Faithful Friend.

Jobbs—I stood by my friend Bill the last time he got in trouble.

Dobbs—Yes; I heard you were the best man.—Chicago Journal.



The letters of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, and Miss Claussen, prove beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Miss Claussen Saved from a Surgical Operation.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It seems to me that all the endorsements that I have read of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound do not express one-half of the virtue the great medicine really possesses. I know that it saved my life and I want to give the credit where it belongs. I suffered with ovarian trouble for five years, had three operations and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines but this did not cure me after all.

"However, what doctors and medicines failed to do, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did. Twenty bottles restored me to perfect health and I feel sure that had I known of its value before, and let the doctors alone, I would have been spared all the pain and expense that fruitless operations cost me. If the women who are suffering, and the doctors do not help them, will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they will not be disappointed with the results."—Miss CLARA M. CLAUSSEN, 1307 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

FOR

Burns  
and  
Scalds

FOR

Cuts  
and  
Bruises

For  
Sprains  
and  
Strains

use

Mexican  
Mustang  
Liniment