

THE STORY TELLER

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

Ab, little old red schoolhouse on the hill!
In frolicked days, in cowl-like days of yore,
My heart it used to bump and jump and thrill
When I was called to mount the platform floor.
A little maiden used to pose sedate,
Her seat it was the first one front, you know.
Her eyes they dazzled me while I ranted great
About Demosthenes or Cicero.

She used to wear a pretty tucker gown,
'Twas trimmed with pink about her dainty neck;
Her golden hair in pigtail hanging down—
Ah, me, that vision sent my heart a wreck.
But, heavens! how I used to tremble then;
The while her eyes they bored me through;
I used to march a hundred thousand men
In quavering before those eyes of blue.

And when my mighty effort had been made,
And I went marching back unto my seat,
To my dismay I saw her eyes they raved
Down to the region of my clut'ring feet.
There from the vantage of my royal throne,
I'd note how very nicely and precise.
The pretty golden pigtail they had grown;
For I was brave—behind my paradise.

Ah, me! There came a day of parting there;
The school-days they are ended, and the tune
Of life it bore a sombre sounding air—
Long years ago one afternoon in June,
And I was standing in the same old spot,
With eyes fixed on a pretty maiden trim,
Each pulse within my being throbbing hot
While I declaimed with more than wonted vim.

Ah, me! The sweetness of the school-house bell!
My ears they hear your calling notes again.
Anon I'm trooping at your beck and spell
With kindred spirits down the shady lane.
The clover flower's spilling on the air
The essence of its sweetness and perfume;
And by my side a maiden wanders there
Along the fields of sunshine and of bloom.

Fond memory recalls the winding ways,
The daisy chain, the sunny brook that flows,
Each throb and thrill of childish round-elay,
The grapevine swing, the brier path, the rose.
Ah! sweeter to my heart than all the rest
Of life's delightful pleasures of the old
Was one who laid her head upon my breast
And whispered—what? I never yet have told.
—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

THE YELLOW MASK.

By Charles Newton Hood.

THE cleverness of Lemuel C. Loomis was ingenuously raised to a very high power, and if he had any local rival it was certainly his ingenious helpmeet, Lucinda L. Loomis, born Laurence. When they were married the groom had reached his fifty-second year and the bride had bidden farewell to the frivolous thirties.

As nothing will develop a latent talent for labor-saving devices more thoroughly or impart a more intimate knowledge of one's own peculiar traits than living alone, the couple entered upon their own experience unusually well equipped in both these respects, and their house-hunting was rendered both easier and more difficult. They examined a number of houses in their little village, and made the real estate agents a great deal of trouble, but they knew so well what would and what would not answer their purposes, that they were able to give prompt and decided decisions after one inspection.

Finally the choice narrowed down to two houses, at about the same price. Each was three squares from the church which they attended and four from the postoffice, and the interior arrangements of both were, in the main, satisfactory. Each, however, had one great defect. The house on Locust street had no hall, the front door opened directly into the sitting room, while the Elm street dwelling, with an ample hallway, had neither a bathroom nor any space that could be converted into one.

"Which shall it be, Lucinda?"

"What do you think, Lemuel?"

"I would rather that you would say, my dear."

"And I should prefer that you should decide, darling."

"Well, then, without either of us deciding it," said Mr. Loomis, diplomatically, "let us each write our opinion on a piece of paper, and exchange them."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Loomis.

Mr. Loomis unfolded his wife's opinion with much curiosity and read:

"I have always said I would never live in a house which did not have a front hall."

Mrs. Loomis read on her husband's slip:

"It has always seemed to me that if I were building a house, I'd build a first-class bathroom, and with what money I had left build the best house I could around it."

Both laughed heartily and rose to with one accord to give the houses another inspection.

"It would be pretty hard to build a hall on that Locust street house," said Mr. Loomis.

"But by building an addition on the west side of the Elm street house," replied Mrs. Loomis, "we could have a nice bathroom, without much cost, and build it when we can best afford to."

Mr. Loomis complimented his wife on this happy solution of the difficulty, and before night had secured a deed of the Elm street property. Then he figured a little and said:

"I don't think we can afford to build the addition this year, and I dislike to perform my ablutions in a wash-tub or—"

"Oh, I have thought that all out," replied Mrs. Loomis, smiling, "and I have such a nice idea. We will buy a handsome tub—just such as we will want for our new bathroom—and set it up back of the kitchen range. There needn't be any plumbing, except the exhaust pipe, for it will be so close to the range that one can dip the hot water from that, and by turning the top of the rain-water pump in the sink around, cold water can be pumped directly into the tub. We can have a nice broad shelf on hinges to let down over the tub, and that will make a splendid kitchen table, and nobody need ever know that there is a tub there."

While this ingenious arrangement would have been very inconvenient for some families, it was perfectly suitable for the Loomis ménage, free from even a kitchenmaid. Down behind the range proved an exceedingly cozy, warm spot in which to take a leisurely bath. The new tub was a beauty, and when the broad shelf, practically amounting to a folding table, was dropped down over it, supported by two swinging legs at the right height for a work bench, Mrs. Loomis said it was the most convenient for washing dishes on that she had ever seen, and it was not at all uncommon for Mr. Loomis to assist her in that employment, that their Sunday forenoons and all their evenings might be longer.

Mr. Loomis was a member of the village board of trustees, which held its sessions on Saturday evenings, and it was his custom, on returning from these meetings, to enjoy a thorough, leisurely bath before retiring. Then he had the kitchen all to himself and could take his time.

One particular Saturday night the village council had held such a protracted sitting that it was actually Sunday morning when Mr. Loomis stole into the kitchen, swung up the portable table, and as silently and rapidly as possible filled the tub. A flood of moonlight came in through the windows, and he did not trouble to light the gas, but was soon soaking placidly in the warm and comfortable bath.

A heated discussion over the purchase of a road roller had wearied Mr. Loomis considerably, and while reviewing the arguments as he lay in the tub, he fell asleep. This he himself denies, asserting that he heard the first touch of the burglar's hands on the window fastening. This latter statement there is no means of controverting, but it is positively known that Mr. Loomis did not enter the kitchen later than a quarter past 12 o'clock, that the intruder's presence was not observed much before two, and that it had never before taken Mr. Loomis an hour and three-quarters to bathe.

However, when he did hear the fumbling at the fastening, his first impulse was to leap from the tub and repulse the invader. His second thought was merely to flee. What he did, in the excitement of the moment, was to reach upward, grasp the swinging shelf and pull it down just as he heard the kitchen window gently raised.

Either the water had cooled a great many degrees since he entered it, or else Mr. Loomis was very much frightened (he leaned toward the former theory), or the two reasons combined to cause such a shiver that it was with difficulty that he prevented an alarming swishing in the bath. Peering cautiously over the rim of the tub, he shivered more violently than before. A man was crawling through the window. The moon had now nearly gone down, but the solid black silhouette indicated a rogue of monstrous size.

The suspense was horrible.

Before the intruder dropped quietly to the floor he shot a tiny searching ray of light into every corner, and the head of Mr. Loomis slid out of sight as a startled turtle slips off a log. In an agony of apprehension the householder heard the burglar tiptoe across to the pantry and back. Waiting as long as he could restrain his curiosity and alarm, he again peered cautiously between the table-shelf and the tub-rim.

The burglar was sitting in the middle of the room, with his back toward Mr. Loomis. By the faint light of the tiny lantern he could not see what the man was doing, and wriggled a little higher up. As he moved his feet there was a slight disturbance in the water, and Mr. Loomis realized only too well what it meant. Pending the permanent location of the bath-tub, he had, with his accustomed ingenuity, utilized a large cork as an exhaust plug, and this, loosened by his foot, had bobbed to the surface. The water was running out rapidly. When it was nearly all out the exhaust would make a hideous, gurgling wall, startling the burglar. Mr. Loomis would be discovered, and in his helplessness probably murdered.

He fumbled wildly for the cork, but it eluded every clutch, and he dared not make a noise. He tried to check the flow of the water by inserting his toes in the orifice, but this only slightly delayed the end. Nothing could stop the water—his moments were numbered.

Discovery being inevitable, it were better to be prepared for defense, he thought, before the alarm from the exhaust pipe came. As quietly as possible he pushed the shelf upward on its well-oiled hinges. Fortunately, it made no noise. He rose slowly on his benumbed limbs and stood upright in the tub. The water was getting lower and lower and he had but a moment to decide upon a plan of action.

He could now see the burglar, who was engaged in devouring a lemon pie, a sort which Mrs. Loomis made especially well, and of which Mr. Loomis was particularly fond, and which had been intended for their Sunday dinner. It was as yellow as gold, and topped with a beautiful, thick, frothy meringue. If the blood of Mr. Loomis had not been so chilled, it would have boiled at the sight of the rough-looking robber wrecking this masterpiece of pastry, and feeding with a knife at that.

The time for action had come. Mr. Loomis felt around for a weapon, but could find none. He was in despair. The last wave of the retiring water floated the big sponge against his ankles. He reached down and grasped it.

As he straightened up with it poised in his hand, he was dismayed to hear a light step on the back stairs—Mrs. Loomis was descending to see why he had not come to bed. It was a fearful crisis. At that very moment the bath-tub exhaust emitted a ghastly, gurgling groan, followed by a sucking, swirling shriek.

The very worst had come, and Mr. Loomis, steeled by a realization of the critical situation, raised the saturated sponge with careful aim, and let it fly. With a soggy splash it struck the burglar squarely in the back of the neck, forcing the villainous face violently into the center of the lemon pie, to the very bottom of the dish.

When the burglar's countenance was withdrawn it wore a mask of yellow fringed with frothy white, from which two beady eyes protruded with a horrible stare. They fell upon the open doorway of the back stairs, where a plump matron in snowy white just then sat forcibly down upon the bottom step, still clinging to a smoking lamp, whose shattered chimney fell upon the floor.

Then, as they turned in the direction from which the cold, paralyzing missile had come, and beheld the stark form of Mr. Loomis, their owner gave utterance to a cry very like that just emitted by the bath-tub, and disappeared through the open window. The clock struck two.

WEATHER SUITED PATRICK.

Philosophic Celt for Whom a Thorough Drenching Had No Terrors.

The weather often calls on the courage of the philosopher, and he is but a weak-hearted one who cannot find some charms even in its least winning moods. Perhaps prolonged drought is the most trying test of the "Mark Tapley" spirit. When one's favorite roses, strawberries and laborious lawns are burned day after day by a relentless sun, it is hard to be patient with the cloudless sky. Still worse is it when the fields of grass and wheat and corn are threatened with total destruction. The means of life are as dear as life itself. But fortunately in our climate the severest drought is tolerably sure to end before hopeless damage is done. Then follow the long days of rain, in which both man and field may revel in the refreshing moisture.

Hot and cold, wet and dry, fair and foul have their own charms for one who loves nature. One does not need a highly imaginative spirit to do that. A truly religious man is sure to be a grateful one, and gratitude has the secret of finding every day a good day.

An American lady was walking along a muddy Irish road in a drenching rain, with some discomfort, in spite of overshoes, rain coat and umbrella. She met an old man without the least protection from the downpour, the water dripping from his hat and beard, and evidently soaking him to the skin.

"Good morning, Patrick!" she said.

"This is bad weather, isn't it?"

"Good luck to ye, miss! A fine, soft day, 'tank God!"

AMONG GEORGIA "CRACKERS."

When the "Sunday Lady" Came There Was a Scramble for the Family Wash Basin.

Miss Martha Berry, describing in World's Work her labors among the poor whites in the south, recounts thus a visit to one of their houses:

I would ride my pony for miles through a zig-zag path in the resinous woods leading up to some isolated little cabin. The whole family would come out and welcome me. And these words grew quite familiar:

"Yonder comes the Sunday Lady! Hitch yo' nag and 'light-'light, and come in. We-uns be pow'ful proud to see you!"

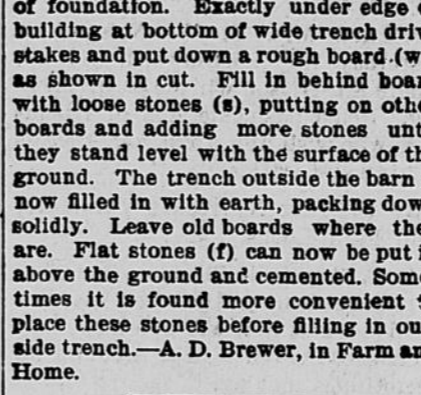
It was not always easy to "light and come in," because the doorway was usually blocked with dogs, cats, chickens and a low-headed baby, lying serenely happy in the sunshine, in a rude wooden box which did duty for a cradle. My appearance among the children was always the signal for a rush, pell-mell, to the dilapidated well. This pleased me very much, as it showed that my admonitions to wash and be clean were literally carried out. There was always a scramble among them to get possession of the family tin basin. Then, after a hasty dip, they would come forward, one after another, to give a loving greeting to the "Sunday Lady," their little bright faces and caressing hands shining and dripping with water.

ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

HINTS FOR FARM BUILDERS

How to Put a Durable Foundation Under Structures Put Up Some Seasons Before.

The illustration shows an excellent plan for putting a tight foundation under a barn or other structure that is already built. This is usually a difficult matter, particularly if the building is close to the ground. Foundation should extend down below frost line. Dig a trench (t) close to the barn, as shown, and then under the barn to required distance to accommodate width of foundation. Exactly under edge of building at bottom of wide trench drive stakes and put down a rough board (w), as shown in cut. Fill in behind board with loose stones (s), putting on other boards and adding more stones until they stand level with the surface of the ground. The trench under the barn is now filled in with earth, packing down solidly. Leave old boards where they are. Flat stones (f) can now be put in above the ground and cemented. Sometimes it is found more convenient to place these stones before filling in outside trench.—A. D. Brewer, in Farm and Home.



WASTE MUST BE STOPPED.

Many Farmers Fail Because They Do Not Practice Any Rational System of Fertilizing.

On the average the American farmer wastes each year more than enough to keep his family. Enormous wastes are going on in many ways, but the greatest one is the waste of farm-fertility. Preserve what fertility is already in the soil, and put more in it. It may be that some farmers do not know the value of manure, as some are giving it away in order to get it out of their way. Others are burning the straw-stacks instead of using the straw for bedding, which would increase the value of the manure. I know this from observation. Farmers waste much of the value of manure by putting it in piles in the barnyard, and letting it take the weather for months. If the yard happens to be near a creek or pond, a great part of the fertility finds its way into it, and probably one-half of its value is lost.

I think that if some of our farmers could visit among the rural population of Germany, and note their methods for saving manure, most of them would take a lesson home with them. Most of the German farmers are successful, and their success seems to be due to the careful saving and applying of fertility.

Why cannot we stop this waste by saving and applying all the manure, by keeping more live stock, by cultivating our soil properly and retaining the elements of fertility, and by studying the subject and applying the thoughts gained? We must stop this waste if we want our land to be kept in a high state of fertility.—E. J. Waterstrip, in Farm and Fireside.

GIVE THE BOYS POULTRY.

One Way of Inducing Children to Work Contentedly and Happily on the Old Farm.

As usual, there is loud complaint from farmers that the children brought up on the farm are getting uneasy and want to try their wings elsewhere. This is not to be wondered at when these young people hear and read of what is going on in the world. The monotony of country life seems unbearable to them, especially when from the farm they obtain only plenty of hard work, the food they eat and the clothes they wear. True, one may say that it is about all anyone gets out of life, but if we can plan some way by which the young people can make a start for themselves they will be much more contented.

The Indianapolis News thinks that poultry offers a way of trying out the feeling of the young folks at small expense. Give them a chance to raise poultry and have the proceeds for their own use, and in a year or two they will have become reconciled to country life and be willing to make it their future or they will have shown their utter lack of adaptability for it, in which case the best thing for them and for the parent is to let them leave the farm and take up the work for which they are better fitted, but don't lose your grasp on the young people without first giving them a chance to do for themselves on the farm and show what is in them.

Europe Suspects Salted Butter.

Saltin' of butter is a practice that is very old and until recently has been very popular. In fact our people have come to believe that butter without salt is of little value. Yet in Europe unsalted butter is being used to such an extent that salted butter is looked upon with suspicion. It is said that salt is put in to disguise the bad qualities. That of course is not so where the salting of butter is extensively practiced.—Farmers' Review

GOV. BACHELDER'S VIEWS.

He Demands National and State Aid for Roads as a Matter of Justice to Farmers.

New Hampshire is one of the states which is making rapid strides in the improvement of her roads. Gov. Bachelder, of that state—and he is also an officer of the National Grange—is a very enthusiastic advocate of road improvement. In a recent address he said:

"The development and prosperity of any state or nation depend in some degree upon the transportation facilities provided; and such facilities include not only our rivers and harbors and our great railway and steamboat companies, but also the highways over which all our products and all our people are transported.

"The important matter now before the friends of good roads is to arouse the people to a realization of their responsibility in securing favorable state and national legislation on the subject. The small pittance appropriated for the use of the good roads bureau of the department of agriculture is entirely out of proportion to the money appropriated for other objects of a public nature when their relative importance is considered.

"Another important matter is the construction of roads adapted to the needs of travel over them. Much harm has come to the good roads movement in some sections of the country through the advocacy of more expensive roads than the resources of the people would warrant and demand. Costly stone roads are economical upon portions of our highways, but we must not overlook the fact that there is a vast mileage of roads that could be permanently improved by the judicious expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money per mile. We should give due prominence to this fact in considering the matter from a state or national standpoint.

"As an official of the National Grange, I desire to say a word for the farmers of the country in regard to national aid for road building. The farmers have been loyal to the interests of the nation in every emergency in the past. They have contributed their full share in proportion to their wealth to the revenues for the support of the government. The ablest statesmen and most successful business men, contributing to the development and prosperity of the country, point to the farms as their birthplace. When our country has been in danger, the farmer boys have responded nobly to her defense. We have uncomplainingly contributed our share to the enormous expenditures of the national government for river and harbor improvements, the construction of canals and the erection of costly buildings in our great cities, and we do not regret it. We now ask, in the name of justice, that national aid be granted for the improvement of highways. This involves the establishment of no new policy, but the extension of the former one. We ask the loyal support of those who have been benefited by our contribution to other public matters to which I have referred. I believe the farmers of the nation, representing more than a third of our population, are practically unanimous in favor of such a movement and will give it their unqualified support."

Going East This Summer?

Get the vacation habit. Drop your work and take a trip to some of the famous Eastern Summer Resorts so easily and quickly reached by the Nickel Plate Road. Stop over allowed at Niagara Falls and Lake Chautauque on all tickets. Three elegant day coaches made up of modern Day Coaches, Dining and Sleeping Cars, running thru from Chicago to Ft. Wayne, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points. The Dining Car service of the Nickel Plate Road is up-to-date, inexpensive and as good as the best. Individual Club Meals are served at prices ranging from 35 cents to \$1.00. Meals are also served "a la carte." Passengers using the Day Coaches of the Nickel Plate Road, regardless of the class of ticket held, may be assured of the most courteous treatment by our Colored Porters in Uniform, who are instructed to give every attention to the welfare of our patrons. Tickets via the Nickel Plate Road are from 50 cents to \$3.00 lower than tickets of the same class between the same points via other lines. All trains arrive at and depart from the New La Salle Street Station, Chicago. For full information regarding tickets, rates, routes, sleeping car reservations, etc., call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, No. 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

No Gas.

Not long ago an old colored woman, of Virginia, visited a doctor and informed him that her husband was seriously ill. The doctor hastened home with her, and upon making a diagnosis of the man's case informed the wife that he had a hopeless case of gastritis.

"Gastritis?" ejaculated the old woman.

"Be lawd, knows I don't know how he ever got gastritis, 'cause I don't burn a thing but coal and ile in dis house, an' but powerful little of that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kansas City Southern Ry. Special Excursion

Sept. 13, 20 and 27, Oct. 4 and 18, 1904, to Arkansas, Indian Territory, Louisiana and Texas, via very low one way and round trip rates.

For further information, write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

Ironical.

Mother—Elsie, would you please stop playing that "slumber-song," for a little while? Your poor old grandfather is trying to take a nap.—Casell's Saturday Journal.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured.

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Every cloud has a silver lining, but the trouble in clouds never comes to us inside out.—Chicago Tribune.

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F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

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Positive, Comparative, Superlative

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years and now want a new one, also one for my wife. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common slobber as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(NAME ON APPLICATION)

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

A. J. TOWER CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats

A FIRST-CLASS GATE LATCH

It Can Be Opened Only by Human Hands and Cannot Possibly Get Out of Order.

This is a simple thing, but will save many a crop from total destruction by stock, if adopted. This gate will open only by human hands, never out of order. Cut or saw two elbow slots as indicated in the latch, large enough to slide easily on a large nail driven through the cross-piece into the slots of the latch as indicated by the two dots. The upright slots should be about one and a half inches long, and the horizontal ones about four inches long, space above latch about two inches, mortise in the post about two inches longer than width of latch.—J. D. Bible, in Farm and Fireside.

AGRICULTURAL BRIEFS.

Teach the young pigs to eat as soon as possible.

New ground reasonably rich is best for turkeys.

In horses bad dispositions are generally the result of bad management and handling.

Keep plenty of help, so that the harvesting and storing away of the crops may be done properly.

Clear salt and water on old sores, harness and saddle galls often cure them where nothing else will.

In nearly all cases it will be found best to continue the cultivation of the corn until it can be considered made.

Feed the sows after farrowing upon foods calculated to produce a large flow of rich milk. Increase as their necessities require.

All profit that comes from a dairy cow or one being fattened is derived from the food over and above that which is necessary to sustain life.

Has No Use for Catalpa.

A recent article in Scientific American deals with the financial side of growing the catalpa, and notes a 20-acre plantation 17 years old sold for about enough to pay taxes on the land. We have no faith in the catalpa as a timber tree, as we have seen but few of them that made trunks more than 10 or 12 feet long, and these were almost invariably hollow in trees of any age or size. Any of the oaks or ashes, walnut, hickory, maple, osage, orange or locust is more desirable in a timber plantation than the catalpa.—C. D. Lyon, in Farmers' Voice.

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Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Post-paid, enough to prove the value of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution than you could use—goes further—has more uses in the family and does more good than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatments of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash, we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

All leading druggists keep Paxtine, 50c. a box; if yours does not, send us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine.

Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day.

P. PAXTIN CO., 4 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

SILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Diseases in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing

THE PISO COMPANY
Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 11, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at 1150 W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill., requesting a copy of "Circular No. 11," sent.

J. P. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent.

A. N. K.—G 2-38

PISO'S CURE FOR CURSES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Gums, Sore Lips, Sore Mouth, Sore Tongue, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Gums, Sore Lips, Sore Mouth, Sore Tongue.

CONSUMPTION