

HE ASKS HIM

HE GOT RID OF HIS OBSTINATE RHEUMATISM

...the physician, all of them good, one of them a specialist, had done their best for Mr. Jones at different times during these years, and still he suffered fearfully from the tortures of rheumatism.

The rheumatism that had been dormant in his system was suddenly brought to an acute stage by exposure while he was drawing ice in February, 1901. From that time on for a period of more than three years he was a constant sufferer. He tried many kinds of treatment, but the rheumatism wouldn't budge. When regular doctors failed, and one remedy after another proved useless, many said: "I should think he would give it up and save his money."

Of his condition at this time, Mr. Jones says: "My rheumatism started in my right thigh, but in time it appeared in every muscle of my body. I lost the use of my left arm, entirely and nearly lost the use of my right one. My feet were badly affected, especially the bottoms of the heels. When my right side was affected there was swelling, but the left side didn't swell when the disease settled there. The internal organs didn't seem to be affected at all. The trouble was all in the muscles and the nerves."

Among the few who still encouraged Mr. Jones to try a cure which yet he found was a friend who had reason for great confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on her advice he bought a box of them in September, 1904. The story of what followed is brief, but nothing could be more satisfactory.

"When I was on the third box," says Mr. Jones, "I could realize a change for the better. I felt sure then that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the right medicine for my case. I kept on with them for several weeks longer and now I am entirely well, and everybody is asking what I took."

Mr. Williams Jones lives at Oxford, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effect wonderful cures in rheumatism, because they work directly on the blood which is the seat of the disease. They are sold by every druggist.

Applied History.

"Dear dad," wrote the boy from college. "We are studying current history, and I am getting to understand it finely. By the way, my creditors are bothering me considerably, so please send me \$200 in addition to my usual allowance."

"My dear son," was the reply. "Your creditors have also been harassing me. I am, therefore, glad that you are so familiar with current history, as you will understand what I mean when I say that, until they are satisfied I will have to take care of your custom house."—Pittsburg Post.

I Always Had a Headache but since using Dr. Pusheck's Kuro it has disappeared entirely. This is the best medicine I ever used. It has informed many in Clayton about it. Robert Gold, Clayton, Wash.

CATCHING AN AMAZON.

Lawyer's Wit Turned Aggressive Woman's Defiant Words Against Herself.

About a year ago there was tried in a court of Kansas City a case in which there was retained as counsel Mr. Bartholdi, who is a representative from Missouri in congress.

Among the witnesses for the opposing side who were cross-examined by Mr. Bartholdi, was the lady New York Herald, who was a man of diminutive stature and sheepish manner and his wife, an individual of Amazonian proportions and a correspondingly aggressive air. The husband was evidently very much covered by his better half, for when he was being questioned he would from time to time glance timidly at the witness.

During the cross-examination to which the lady in turn was subjected by Mr. Bartholdi she showed considerable impatience. Finally, when one question was urgently repeated to her several times, she suddenly exclaimed in an angry tone: "Now, you needn't think you can catch me that way. You've tried that three or four times already. No, sir, you can't catch me!"

"Madam," observed Mr. Bartholdi, with the politest of bows, "you have no cause for alarm. I have, I assure you, no desire whatever to catch you, and your husband looks as if he were sorry he did."

Judging from the sex. She—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress? He—Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be—harder to silence!—Stray Stories.

Ostly Difference. "Father, what's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?" "About a dollar, my dear, my boy."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HONEST CONFESSION.

A Doctor's Talk on Food. There are no finer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up: "I had always had an intense prejudice, which I never was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all much advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tasted the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effect whatever, causing no eruptions (which I was formerly much troubled with) no sense of fullness, nausea, nor indigestion of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits so lightly on my stomach as this food. I am stronger and more active than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Baby's Photograph

THE photographer smiled, for business had been dull that day, but his joy at the arrival of a customer was tempered by the fact that the customer carried a baby and was accompanied by her mother and a large traveling bag besides.

After a preliminary discussion of the styles of photographs, which occupied ten or fifteen minutes, the young mother delicately raised some of the wrappings from her infant's face and peeped in at him. "Bless his darling little heart!" she exclaimed. "If he isn't sound asleep!"

Her own mother looked over her shoulder. "The angel!" she said. "It seems a pity to wake him up, doesn't it? Look at the little fist all doubled up."

"It's a bad, bad shame!" said the elder lady. "Ze p'cious 'little fist!'"

"Suppose we don't wake him," suggested the photographer, a gleam of hope in his eye. "There's nothing lovelier than a sleeping baby, and if we just propped him up on those cushions I could get a good picture of him."

"That would be sweet, wouldn't it?" said the mother. "But I can't have more than a dozen now. Would it cost anything extra to have him taken asleep and then awake?"

"Seventy-five cents extra for the extra pose," replied the photographer. "But I thought perhaps you might prefer simply to have him taken asleep. It certainly does seem a shame to wake him."

"Good gracious!" said the grandmother. "We've got to wake him, of course. Why, you couldn't see his eyes!"

"Of course, we must wake him," agreed the mother. "But don't you think it would be nice, mamma, to have some pictures of him asleep?"

"Well, just as you say, if you want to go to the extra expense, but you wouldn't want to send out pictures of a sleeping baby."

"No, but I'd like one for myself, anyway—and you would like one, of course. That would be two and we could have the rest of them awake."

"And pay 75 cents for two?" "Oh, that's so! It would be 75 cents extra; I'd forgotten about that. Well, suppose we had half a dozen extra."



"THERE! HE'S WAKING UP."

That ought not to cost any more than for the two. We are going to be short with a dozen. There's my father and mother and his sister and Pearl and Mrs. Thompson, and—

"I don't see why you want to give Pearl one. She isn't in the family. And then if you have half a dozen sleeping—"

"Half a dozen extra would be \$1.75," interrupted the photographer. "You see, it would be just the same as taking another picture. Shall I take him as he is now?"

"Let me think," said the young mother. "You say it would be 75 cents extra to give me two of them asleep?"

"Seventy-five cents extra for two poses in the dozen. You may have two or half a dozen of one kind. It won't make any difference how many of one kind you take."

"I thought you said it would be \$1.75 for a half dozen."

"For a half dozen extra—over the dozen. What I mean is that for \$4.75 you can have a dozen pictures, in two poses. You can have ten of one pose and two of the other or half a dozen of each—which you please, but if you have

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID. When over the fair frame of friend or foe The shadows of disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame or proof of thus and so Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside The ways of empathy; you may see that But may awaken strong and glorified If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own souls' hope of fair renown, Let something good be said! —James Whitcomb Riley, in Boston Budget.

A UNIVERSE ALL ALIVE.

Creed of a Man Who Gives His Life to the Study of Plant Creation.

I asked Mr. Burbank this question, writes William S. Harwood, in "A Wonder-Worker of Science," in Century: "Has anything developed in your life-work, and in your study of the great elemental forces of nature, to imperil true faith or render dead a belief in God or the immortality of the soul?"

He answered: "My theory of the laws and underlying principles of plant creation is, in many respects, diametrically opposed to the theories of the materialists. I am a sincere believer in a higher power than that of man. All my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead, material universe, tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all force, life, soul, thought, or whatever name we may choose to call it. Every atom, molecule, plant, animal, or planet only an aggregation of organized unit forces held in place by these forces, thus holding them for

18 pictures in two poses it will cost you \$5.75, because then it will be the same thing as taking two pictures. Don't you see?"

"I'm not sure that I do. You say that if I have half a dozen poses extra it will cost me—how much?"

"I say that if you have two poses—'There!' said the grandmother. 'He's waking up now, so that question's settled.'

A loud wail from the baby corroborated her statement. The photographer went over to his camera and began to arrange it, a resigned expression on his face. Then he stood for a minute or two looking helplessly at the two women attempted to soothe the infant.

"Suppose we put him up in the chair now and perhaps I can distract his attention," he said, at last. "Here! Kecher, kecher, baby! Here!"

The baby stopped crying and looked at him wonderingly.

"Kecher, kecher!" he repeated. "I guess he's all right now. If you'll get down behind the chair and hold him from the back we'll get it." With a parting "Kecher!" he hurried to the chair and shifted a screen.

"Why, mercy!" said the grandmother. "We've got to change his dress first. Does the man think we're going to have his picture taken just as he is? In the bag, Mary. If you had taken my advice and had the little mull with the lace trimming I think he would have looked much sweeter. Besuams, dear, a p'cious! Was ums going have ums picture tookened, dear? No, he musn't cy!"

The changing of the dress was an operation that the infant resisted strenuously and with all the power of its lungs. When it was over the soothing process had to be begun anew. It was only by the application of a bottle taken from the traveling bag and then the quick substitution of a bulbous contrivance of red india rubber that it was happily accomplished.

"Now, then!" said the photographer. "Wait!" said the mother. "Just look how his hair has got ruffled! Mama, see if his little brush isn't in the bag."

The brush was found and applied. "Are we all ready now?" asked the photographer.

"I think so," said the mother. "Now, will you hold him while I stand a little to one side and see how he looks? Why, if I didn't forget to put those ribbons on his sleeves. Did you ever?"

The photographer sighed deeply as the baby was carried back to the sofa and the traveling bag. When the ribbons had been adjusted he posed the infant carefully, and then producing a bell-decorated doll he stood by the camera, the shutter bulb in one hand and jingling the doll with the other while he watched for the psychological moment.

That moment came. His fingers contracted on the bulb and the mother darted in between the camera and the baby simultaneously.

"His dress was all pushed up in front, and I wanted to straighten it," she explained, meeting the photographer's reproachful gaze. "There. It's all right now."

"I'll put in another plate," said the photographer.

Before the second attempt could be made the child began to cry and had to be taken out of the chair and soothed. When the picture was taken the mother insisted that it had a startled look in its eyes, which she attributed to the belled doll.

The third time, she said she wanted a particularly thoughtful expression which the baby quite frequently wore, and declared that she would not give two cents for any picture from which that expression was absent.

The photographer explained that it was not his custom to take more than two pictures of a subject, and an animated debate ensued, in which the women were victorious. The photographer consented under protest to make one more attempt, whereas the grandmother said in that case she was going to see that the sweetest angel was perfectly comfortable beforehand. That took several minutes.

"Well," said the photographer, "I think that last was a good picture. In fact, I think the last three were. I'll send you the proof, however, and you can judge for yourself."

As the women went downstairs the grandmother remarked to the baby's mother: "Well, of all things! Did you ever see such a cranky, independent writhed in all your life? I was never so hurried and driven before. If the pictures aren't satisfactory I wouldn't take them if I were you. I'd go to somebody who was willing to take a little time and trouble."—Chicago Daily News.

a time latent, though teeming with inconceivable power. All life on our planet is, so to speak, just on the outer fringe of this infinite ocean of force. The universe is not half dead, but all alive."

THE LADIES ALL BOWED.

A Social Custom of Uruguay That Led to an Amusing Impostion.

How different the social customs of Uruguay are from those of Great Britain was well illustrated by a story related by a South American visitor, says Cassell's.

He told how a young Canadian went to Uruguay to join a friend from the United States, who had spent some years in Montevideo, the capital.

The Canadian was much struck by the friendly terms which his friend seemed to have established with the fair ones of the place, and rallied him upon the fact. The American calmly replied that he knew every lady in the city!

This struck the Canadian as a decidedly "all" statement, and his friend volunteered to convince him on the point, the two set off for a jaunt through the capital.

In the course of the walk the pair met several hundred ladies, all of whom acknowledged the American's salute with a bow and a smile, and the Canadian admitted himself convinced.

And his wonder was intense until he learned that he had been a victim of a Uruguayan custom under which any gentleman who bows to a lady in the street receives an answering bow or recognition whether she knows him or not.

Desire of His Heirs.

A New York man bet that he could drink a quart of brandy. He won, and his heirs' only regret is that the bet wasn't larger.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

ARRANGEMENT OF HOGPENS

Practical Plan Which Has Been Tried by One Farmer with Success.

The great difficulty in planning a hog-house is to get it so that it will be dry and clean. In this plan, 16x20 feet, I have four sleeping—or nest—pens, and four feed pens; close partitions between them, except passageway between John M. Jamison, in the Rural New Yorker. Each feed and nest pen is to be 5x5 feet, and the alleyway 4x20 feet. The building should stand east and west, with pens on south side, and alley on north side, and have a yard on south side as large as desirable. I would make a double doorway at two of the partitions, and make the doors so they will close

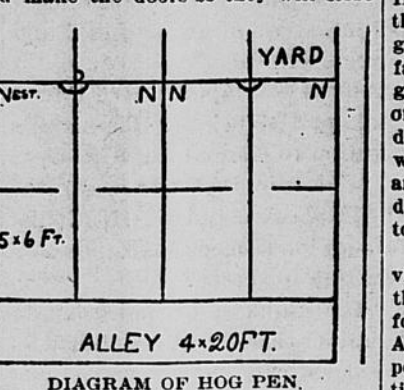


DIAGRAM OF HOG PEN.

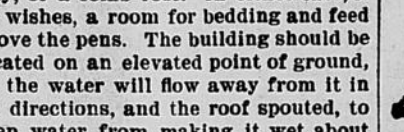
tight. As arranged, the sows can make their nests in corners away from doors, and the wind will not blow on them when the doors are open. The pens next to the alley can be used to feed in, when the weather is bad, and when good, the feeding can be done in lots outside. The more feeding done inside, the more work required to keep the house clean.

I would lay the floor with cement concrete, making the alley floors level, but the pen floors should slope from the south wall towards the alley, about three inches in the 12 feet. This will tend to cause all water to flow towards the alley, and keep the nests and feed stalls comparatively dry. The bedding from the nests, when soiled, can go into the lots or alley, just as the feeder wishes, when he cleans out the stalls. The yards should be kept clean by throwing in straw, or other coarse material. Over this floor plan the builder can put such building as suits him best; a shed in front, the roof sloping one way, or a comb run. In either case, if he wishes, a room for bedding and feed above the pens. The building should be located on an elevated point of ground, so the water will flow away from it in all directions, and the roof spouted, to keep water from making it wet about the building. Make doors at the ends of the alley. If the doors are cut in half, it will often be an advantage in airing out the pens. There should also be plenty of windows on the south side, for sunshine is a very important factor in the health and comfort of swine.

COOPS FOR HEN AND CHICK

An A-Coop, Boarded Tightly at the Back and Part of Front Is Best for Spring.

A handy coop and run for hen and chicks is shown in the cut. This is an A-coop, boarded tightly at the back



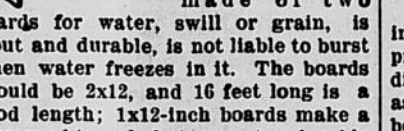
HEN COOP AND RUN.

and part of the front so as to afford protection in early spring. An A-shaped run the width and height of coop and of any length desired can be used to give the hen greater liberty.—Farm and Home.

THE BEST HOG TROUGH.

With Slat Across the Top It Will Keep the Hogs from Lying in Them.

I have tried all kinds of hog troughs and like best the one shown here, writes an Illinois farmer to the Farm and Home. It can be made of two boards for water, will or grain, is stout and durable, is not liable to burst when water freezes in it. The boards should be 2x12, and 16 feet long is a good length; 1x12-inch boards make a very good trough, but are not so durable as two-inch. The slats across the top keep the hogs from lying in the trough when it is filled with water in hot weather.



THE DEPTH OF FRAMES.

For Comb-Honey the Divisible Brood Chamber Hive Is Probably the Best.

While all are agreed as to the desirability of keeping bees on movable frames, there seems to be a great diversity of opinion regarding style and depth of same.

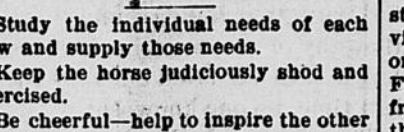
Movable frame hives may be divided into two classes as far as general principles go. One is known as the divisible brood chamber, and the other as the non-divisible, or single chamber hive. As all hives and fixtures about the apiary should be of one style and size, the beginner ought to weigh well this live problem before marrying himself to any particular one. He will find that changing from one to another is an expensive proceeding. The style or depth best for any certain locality can be ascertained only by being on the spot and studying conditions.

Whether comb or extracted honey is to be produced also has a great deal to do with it. If extracted honey is to be produced, a frame as deep, or deeper than the "L" will most probably be best. If honeycomb is the object, the divisible brood-chamber hive would probably suit better. Consider these points well before proceeding.—Midland Farmer.

DURABLE HIVE STAND.

One Made Out of Drain Tiles Proves the Most Satisfactory—Easy to Make.

Stands are convenient to keep the hives off the ground. Four drain tiles set three or four inches in ground and leveled and packed well around with earth, will make one of the cheapest and best



stands. They hold the hive up, provide no place for mice or moles, and one can easily mow around them, says Farm and Home. Put a board up in front of an alighting board and the thing is complete. Bricks set on end in the ground would be nearly as good and cheaper.

The Breeding Mare.

A Canadian horse breeder says: In selecting the mare for breeding purposes you should get one well-ribbed and wide, with length, depth, ample heart room and a good constitution. The foals often take after their dams in constitution and stamina; therefore it is highly necessary to select mares possessing these qualifications. The head and neck should be set on good sloping shoulders, the quarters big and muscular and, above all, good legs and feet. The feet should be of good size, sound, open ones, not abnormally large, but hollow below, with strong heels, and thick, tough crusts. Big, flat, overgrown feet are often the first place where a heavy horse is likely to go wrong, if overtaken by any serious illness.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLOSELY-PENED FOWLS.

The Best Results Not Obtained from the Chickens Which Have to Be Confined.

I have found by large experience that it is not advisable to pen up fowls unless they have to be penned, writes an Indiana correspondent of a farm journal. Closely penned fowls are generally deprived of many of the things which should have to enable them to do their best work. Usually the green stuff in the yard is so small in quantity that it soon disappears altogether. I have a lady friend who was very anxious to keep hens. She had a house built for them, about ten by ten feet in size, and a yard about as wide as the house, and 30 feet long. She bought four beautiful White Rocks and a rooster. How pretty they looked in the yard, bright with green grass! If she had but been content with the little flock, she might have been keeping hens yet.

But alas! She thought if 80 eggs a month would be far better, so she bought 20 more fowls of the same breed. That made a flock of 25. How the grass did disappear from that yard! By midsummer not a green thing was left there. When the fall rains began, even the roots of the grasses that had made up the texture of the sod had disappeared, having decayed in a few weeks after the tops were killed. The birds spattered around in a lake of mud. How they did look, covered with mud from foot to wing.

Their mistress no longer took her visitors out to see them. Her enthusiasm had died out, and she gave the fowls as little attention as possible. Another month, and they had disappeared. The lady said she had got tired of keeping chickens, "they are so dirty."

Now, if my friend had retained her little flock and at the same time retained that bit of green grass, she would not have become disgusted. Looks count for a great deal.

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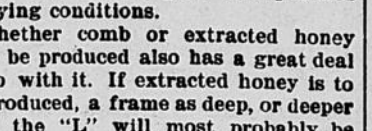
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QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Heartily Approves of Peruna For the Nerves.

In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., Miss Julia Marlowe, of New York City, writes the following:

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna, as a nerve tonic. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe.

Nervousness is very common among women. This condition is due to anemic nerve centers. The nerve centers are the reservoirs of nervous vitality. These centers become bloodless for want of proper nutrition.

This is especially true in the spring season. Every spring a host of invalids are produced as the direct result of weak nerves.

This can be easily obviated by using Peruna. Peruna strikes at the root of the difficulty by correcting the digestion.

Digestion furnishes nutrition for the nerve centers. Properly digested food furnishes these reservoirs of life with vitality which leads to strong, steady nerves and thus nourishes life.

Peruna is in great favor among women, especially those who have vocations that are trying to the nerves.

Buy a bottle of Peruna today. If you do not receive all the benefits from Peruna that you expected, write to Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Say Plainly to Your Grocer

That you want LION COFFEE always, and he, being a square man, will not try to sell you anything else. You may not care for our opinion, but

What About the United Judgment of Millions

of housekeepers who have used LION COFFEE for over a quarter of a century?

Is there any stronger proof of merit, than the

Confidence of the People

and ever increasing popularity? LION COFFEE is carefully selected at the plantation, shipped direct to our various factories, where it is skillfully roasted and carefully packed in sealed packages—unlike loose coffee, which is exposed to germs, dust, insects, etc. LION COFFEE reaches you as pure and clean as when it left the factory. Sold only in 1 lb. packages.

Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE
WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-tress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pains in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Get this Little Bear Family Signature GENUINE MUST BEAR Family Signature REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FARMS

IN THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS

Mild climate, good soil. \$2.50 to \$5.00 per acre, liberal terms. Greatest cattle country on earth. Five railroads running into it. CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO LANDSEEKERS. Crowds are coming. Best chance for a HOME. Write to THE AMERICAN PASTORAL COMPANY, Ld., P. O.