

CONSOLATION

By S. MACNAUGHTAN

MRS. JEFFERSON was not more than 35 years of age, and she had spent 14 years of married life in India. She had been three of her children buried in an unhealthy station, and had been to England once, seven years before, to take two little girls home to be educated. It was on her return voyage from visiting her children that I met her.

She was so much less aggressive than most of the women on board, and demanded so little attention, that I was restless to sit quietly by her deck chair, share my books and newspapers with her, and enjoy my evening cigar by her side. Mrs. Jefferson did not object to smoking, she seemed indeed so diffident, so humble and unexpecting that I found myself wondering what the man must be like who was her husband, and hoping that he was not a selfish brute who sat upon the little woman. She was not communicative, and I found out very little about her during our long chats. Perhaps I am egotistical and talk a good deal about myself when I get a patient listener. Be that as it may, I gleaned nothing of Mrs. Jefferson's own history from her, and at last I determined to ask the captain of the ship if he knew anything about her.

"It is odd that you should ask me that," said Capt. Hargreaves, "for it was only to-day that I began to recall Mrs. Jefferson to my recollection. She told me her maiden name this morning, and said that she had traveled out with me once before, and I recollected the circumstances immediately."

"She was going out to India to be married to this man Jefferson, and a very pretty girl she was in those days, though one would hardly guess it now to look at her—one gets accustomed to that sort of thing on board these P. and O. vessels—one year a pretty girl with pink cheeks and her lover's photograph on her cabin table, going out to be married and to be happy ever afterward, and a few years later, the same girl with all the roses

washed out of her cheeks, bringing home a little boy or girl to sad good-bye to them in England, and to go back to some plantation in the hills where perhaps her husband's is the only white face she sees for most days in the year."

"Yet they'll continue to go while the world lasts," said I. "I hope Jefferson was the right sort of a man?"

"So far as I can hear," said Capt. Hargreaves, "he is very much the reverse! He got into some trouble over a business affair, and lost a good deal down in Calcutta; then he came into a little money, and bought a tea plantation somewhere in the back of beyond. But he was always something of a boaster, I fancy, and his misfortune, as men of Jefferson's type always call their misdoings, soured him. He took to drink, I believe, and this little woman doesn't have the best of times with him. She has got children at home and has lost several others out in India."

Naturally one avoided the subject of Mr. Jefferson ever afterward when talking to his wife, and I heard nothing about him till the very last day of the voyage.

It was horribly hot weather—quite exhausting for ladies. Mrs. Jefferson had been confined to her cabin for some days with a bad attack of fever and headache. She looked pathetically small and weak when she came on deck again, and curled herself up in my big deck chair which I had prepared with cushions for her, giving me at the same time a look so full of gratitude that it was enough to make any decent man feel ashamed of himself.

The rest of the passengers began to go below, card tables were put away, the principal electric lights were put out, but still Mrs. Jefferson sat in the deck chair, looking small and weak among the pillows, and I took it into my head suddenly that she wanted to say something to me, but that speech was difficult to her, and in a flash I knew intuitively that she had learned the silence which so many women have to learn.

"I want to thank you," she said at last, "for all your goodness to me on this voyage." Her voice was so low and gentle that I had to lean forward to catch exactly what she said, and as I did so she laid her hand in mine. "Perhaps you don't know," she said slowly, "quite what your friendship has been to me."

I stumbled and said something bald and stupid in response, and Mrs. Jefferson went on:

"For seven years I have lived for nothing but this visit home to England. When anything in my life was a little disappointing, I always said to myself: 'I have the children to go back to.' And every week I had their precious, foolish little letters, which told me so little and kept me hungering to see them."

"It must have been awful to leave them again," I said, and in the dark I took again the little hand which had lain in mine.

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"They were so fond of me," said Mrs. Jefferson, still in the same halting fashion, like one who speaks an unfamiliar language. "I mean when they were little things. I do not think quite tiny children could ever have been more fond of their mother. And"—she hesitated for a moment, and said, with so much difficulty that it seemed almost like cruelty to allow her to proceed—"I always thought they would remember me, although they were so little." She paused again, and went on: "You must think that I was silly about them, or that I expected too much. . . . I always thought at first they might be a little bit shy of me. . . . But they didn't even know me, and they were certainly disappointed in me. . . . One of them was five years old when I said good-bye to her. Now she is a school-girl of 13. . . . Her only photograph of me was taken long ago, so it is no wonder that she didn't know me."

I did not fill in the pause by any banal remark.

"They have been brought up in a very prim household," went on the gentle voice, "in which love, I fear, is not a thing that is reckoned with or encouraged. They rather despised me for laughing and crying over them when we met, and it is only natural of course—all their little confidences were for the people who brought them up, and all their ways of thinking are their ways, and not mine. One of my little girls, I found, is not a very truthful child, and the other, when I asked her what she would like best to do seemed more content at home."

"But you made friends and got over all that before you left?" I said, encouragingly.

"If only I had had a little more time!" said Mrs. Jefferson.

It would have been so much better for her if she could have wept. She looked her thin hands together, and said with a sort of wail in her voice: "If only I had had a little more time!"

After while she went on quite quietly, and told me that her husband had sent for her to return to him, and she had been obliged to leave the children.

"Of course a man wants his wife in a solitary life like ours," she went on, excitedly. "And so I said good-bye to them. . . . I don't think anybody was very sorry when I came away."

The decks were quite deserted now. Tomorrow they would be alive with passengers preparing to leave the ship, and ship's officials, and hurrying agents and perspiring stewards. Tonight they were quite deserted save for Mrs. Jefferson and me.

"We live quite an isolated life at the tea garden," she said, presently, "but I left a little dog there of which I am very fond. . . . I am afraid I will think me very morbid and imaginative," she added in her deprecatory little way, "but I think I have based all my possibilities of bearing things upon the question of whether or not my dog knows me again and is glad to see me."

I still held Mrs. Jefferson's hand in mine, and now I raised it to my lips and kissed it. "You will let me know," I said, huskily, and found to my surprise that I could not say more.

"Yes, I will let you know," said Mrs. Jefferson.

And one day I got a little note from her which said: "The dog knew me," and that was all.—Temple Bar.

STORK SWIFTEST OF BIRDS
Makes a Journey of 2,400 Miles at the Rate of 100 Miles an Hour.

There are certain species of ducks that are given the credit by naturalists of being the fleetest of winged creatures. Recently, however, it has been ascertained that the learned men were in error, and the stork is found to outstrip by far all denizens of the air in speed. After an exhaustive survey of the field it is now declared that no living thing, not even a scared jack rabbit, can travel with the speed displayed by such birds as the stork and the northern bluethroat. Not only do these birds fly with a speed that can hardly be conceived, but they keep up their rapid flight for 1,000 or 2,000 miles at a stretch without apparently tiring.

Evidence has been collected recently which shows that the bluethroat flies from central Africa to the shores of the North sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, in less than a day and a night, and making stop-over, in one uninterrupted flight.

The storks which spend their summers in Austria-Hungary and their winters in India and Central Africa are also marvelous travelers and make their journeys twice a year in unbroken flight each time. From Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, to Lahore, in India, is 2,400 miles in an air line, and the storks make the journey in 24 hours, thus traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour for the whole distance. The storks which spend the summer in central Europe and winter in central Africa travel with the same rapidity.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.
Chances of Matrimony for Women Ranging in Years from Twenty to Sixty.

"At present your chance of marrying," said the statistician to the young girl, "is five in six. It would be easier, in fact, for you to marry than to remain single."

She looked pleased, relates the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Thank you," she said. "Do you speak with authority?"

"With the greatest authority," he answered, "for I have collected marriage statistics for seven years. My researches show that, from 20 to 27, a girl of ordinary good looks can marry almost anyone. Five bachelors out of six are ready to propose to her."

"The matrimonial chances of a maiden lady of 50 are only two in 10,000. Those of a maiden lady of 40 are two in 1,000. Those of a maiden lady of 30 are two in 100."

"Maiden ladies, up to the age of 60, incline to think that men desire to marry them. At 60, as a matter of fact, a maiden lady has no chance of marriage at all unless she is enormously rich—not one chance in a million, in a billion, in a trillion."

—Country Gentleman.

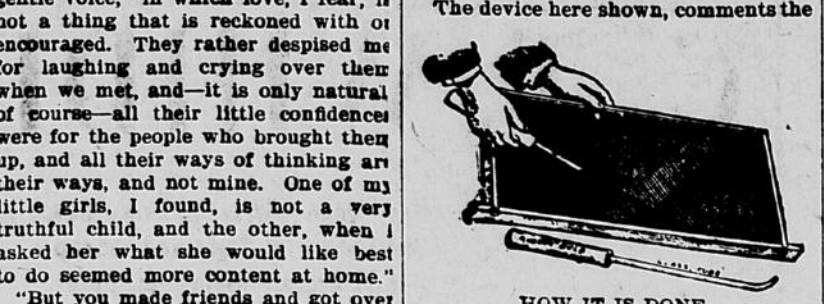
AGRICULTURAL HINTS

TO FASTEN FOUNDATION.

Connecticut Man Gives His Version of the Problem—Comments by "Bee Culture."

I send a sample of the wax-tube foundation-faster that I use. I do not use rosin, but pure beeswax, and have no trouble. I use the tube as I would a dropper. The glass tube must be so that it can be readily pulled out, for once in awhile I forget and hold it point up, and the wax runs down inside and hardens. I cannot control the stream from the Van Deusen tube so as to use it for fastening super foundation. These fastenings of mine cost me seven cents for the material, buying at retail, says S. J. Griffen, of Bridgeport, Conn.

The device here shown, comments the



HOW IT IS DONE.

Gleanings, in Bee Culture, is made up of an ordinary piece of glass tubing that can be obtained at any drug store, perhaps 12 inches long, and a short length of one-half inch rubber tubing just right to slip over the glass tube. The other end of the rubber tubing is plugged up. The glass tube is bent in an alcohol flame, the end brought down to a small orifice. This any druggist can do for you if you will show him the illustration. To operate, squeeze the rubber tube in the hand while the glass tube is immersed in a pan of hot wax. Release the pressure on the globe, when the wax will flow up into the glass tube. Next draw the open end of the tube along the edge of foundation where it comes in contact with the top-bar. While drawing the tube, increase the pressure on the rubber handle, forcing the hot wax out in a fine stream.

This principle is all right, but we do not find it as convenient to handle as our regular Van Deusen fastener with an orifice in the handle that regulates perfectly the flow of wax. I might say that within 12 months we had made a change in the Van Deusen method of manipulation. The hole for the air-vent is put in the handle, so that there is no danger of burning the fingers, and the tube is made of drawn brass. This is cheaper to make (sells about the same price), and in our experience it gives a more even flow of wax. The Griffen tool, above shown, requires a uniformly increasing pressure on the rubber handle, otherwise the wax will not run out.

MAKE THE ROWS NARROW.

Nebraska Man Declares That Strawberry Cultivation May Be a Success If Patch Is Narrow.

The man that makes a business of cultivating strawberries can afford to have rows two feet wide, as some of them do, but for the farmer that has little time to put into the care of the strawberry patch the narrower the rows the better, for it is then easier to keep down weeds by use of the horse and cultivator. I grow only enough strawberries for my own family, but that requires quite a bed, says Milton Knight, of Cheng county, Nebraska, in Farmers' Review. I used to have wide rows, but found it extremely difficult to keep out weeds and grass.

I could cultivate between the rows but the weeds grew up in the midst of the strawberries, especially where for one reason and another the strawberry plants were thin on the ground. This made it necessary to get down and pull up the grass and weeds by hand, which is an operation that eats up so much time that one has to stop flight for 1,000 or 2,000 miles at a stretch without apparently tiring.

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PROTECTION FOR YOUNG PIGS.

The cut shows one method of affording means for the young pigs to secure protection against the sow. The end pieces "c" are from six to eight inches high and as wide as the protecting board "a," which may be either six or eight inches wide. It will be found best to have this board extend all the way around the farrowing pen, or on three sides at least. Where boards are not conveniently at hand light poles may be used, or any other material that will serve the purpose of providing a suitable place, "b," where the pig may be protected.

PIG-WEANING POINTS.

Young Shots May Be Fed Blood-Warm Slop When Three Weeks Old, and Weaned at Six.

When pigs are some three weeks old they would be given a blood-warm slop made with skim milk and middlings. Adding a little blood meal will show good results. This must be fed in a small trough to which the mother has no access. The little fellows will not eat much at three weeks of age, yet generally begin to feed them when and think it desirable to do so, says F. A. Stroehlein, in Farmers' Review. After six weeks the pigs will eat fairly well and many then wean them. This is really too soon. They should stay with their mothers till they are at least eight weeks old. It is very seldom that some are not weaker than others, and it is a good plan to remove the strong ones and let the weaker ones suck a few weeks longer. This will make the whole lot four in one, and they will sell better in the fall. When weaning the pigs go not pen them, but give them all the freedom possible.

For several years we have let our pigs run with their mothers until the old sows untook the weaning themselves. Pigs treated in this way will make a remarkable growth. Of course when a fall litter is to be raised such a practice cannot be followed. We are able to feed our sows cheaply with skim milk and pasture, otherwise it might be cheaper to separate the pigs from the sows after eight weeks and fatten and sell them as soon as possible.

GARDEN SCRAPPINGS.

Plant everything in rows, the long way of the garden, and have your garden at least twice as long as wide. You can till it better and the shaps will relieve it from the appearance of a neglected family burying ground.

When one has a small garden he can make the most of a little space by setting a strawberry plant between each two hills of early potatoes. When the potatoes are dug the strawberry plants are hoed and ready for a growth that will surprise you.

A new form of kerosene emulsion has been used by Prof. F. T. Shutt, of Canada, who uses flour in place of soap in making the emulsion. To one quart of kerosene stir in eight ounces of flour, then add two gallons of water and churn or pump vigorously for two or three minutes. If the flour is first scalded it will make a better emulsion and a less quantity may be employed if spraying is done within a short time.—Farm and Home.

Hessian Fly West.

A Des Moines letter says that the Hessian fly destroyed at least 5,000,000 bushels of the winter-wheat crop of Nebraska. This is the widest devastation which the fly has ever been known to commit in this western state. Gradually the little pest has been working its way west. Kansas is also said to be suffering from the ravages of the fly, and her crop of winter wheat will be cut short because of it.

—Country Gentleman.

MAKE CHANGE GRADUALLY.

When turning horses on pasture for rest and recuperation, do not take all the grain away from them, as the change is too sudden and always works harm.—Farm and Home.

RAILWAY RATE LEGISLATION

At the conference of the Managers of the New York Central Lines, held in New York June 6th, all lines being represented by their General Managers and Passenger officials, it was decided, beginning with the regular summer change, to run the New York Central Limited, from June 18th, to quicken the speed of the "Twentieth Century Limited" so as to make the time between New York and Chicago eighteen hours instead of twenty hours, the New York Central Lines having made the twenty-hour time during the past three years, and having also made the run between New York and Chicago in twenty hours with their "Exposition Flyer" for the one hundred and eighty days of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, twelve years ago.

The New York Central Lines make the point that the New York Central has had in service the "Empire State Express"—which has been the fastest train in the world for its distance, 440 miles—for four years, having held the world's record for that time, and for three years and 180 days having held the world's record for a thousand mile train in twenty hours. The proposed schedule for the "Twentieth Century Limited" is simply the extension of the time of the "Empire State Express" through from Buffalo to Chicago, the time having been made the regular summer change, between New York and Buffalo. On this new schedule, the train will leave Chicago at 2:30 p. m., arriving Grand Central Station, New York, at 9:30 next morning, and returning will leave New York 3:30 p. m., reaching Chicago 8:30 a. m. following day.

At the same time, the Erie Shore Limited will be quickened up an hour and will make the time from Chicago to New York in 23 hours instead of 24, leaving Chicago 5:30 p. m., the Erie Shore arriving New York 5:30 p. m. by the New York Central.

The "Southwestern Limited" train, No. 12, which leaves Grand Central Station at 1:00 p. m., will, beginning June 18th, leave at 2:04 p. m., saving an hour to an hour and a half on the present journey to St. Louis and Cincinnati.

At a Summer Garden.

Fritz—Id's to rain, ain't it? Let's get under cover once.

Hans—Vas der use yet? Ain't we got lids to our steins, already?—Cleveland Leader.

Reduced Rates to Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. Annual Meeting B. F. O. Elks, July 11th to 13th. The Nickel Plate Road offers low rates with long Limit and Stop-over at Chautauque Lake, N. Y. Full information of Agents or address J. Y. Callahan, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

If you have that tired feeling which makes you reluctant to move, just give you a shove into the roadway of a street that is popular with the automobilists.—Indianapolis News.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, and can be substituted. Trial pack FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Where Lies the East? I've just returned from a two month's visit in the east. The Portland young lady was saying, "and, oh, I had such a lovely time! Those easterners are so different from us, though." "What point did you visit?" inquired the newcomer in Oregon. "I do hope you saw dear old Boston?" "Boston?" the Portland girl ejaculated. "I should say not. I was in Montana."—Portland Oregonian.

When a man is making for the office in the morning, fighting the spring fever germs at every step, it doesn't help much to run into a display window filled with nice, shiny fishing tackle.—Sioux City Journal.

The fact that the Russian general kisses his soldiers hardly accounts for it. They ought to feel like fighting after that.—Binghamton Leader.

Locker Sampson, whose name is inseparably connected with the Rowfant library, now awaiting some such customer on the shelves of a New York book house, once complained to Bedford, the famous bookbinder, that one of his recently bound treasures "cooked"; that is to say, opened of its own accord. Bedford, scrutinizing first the book and then the owner, said with great severity: "You've been reading it."

An Englishman in Canada writes home in considerable excitement as follows: "The majority of Canadians never read an English paper of any kind whatever; all their literature is American. All the booksellers' shops are filled with American books, American reviews, American papers. And with what result? There can be only one result—Canadians will think 'Americanity.'"

Gen. Miles has a story of a corporal in a regiment under his command in the old Indian fighting days. This corporal was much chaffed by his comrades for his oft-repeated expressions of belief in "helter" and "destiny." One day it appears that the corporal, while off duty, was preparing to take a little horseback exercise and recreation. A private observed that the corporal took care to attach a brace of pistols to his saddle. "Hello!" shouted the private to the corporal, "what are you taking the guns for? They won't save you if your time has come." "True for you," grimly responded the corporal, "but I may happen to meet an Apache whose last day has come."

OLD-WORLD ODDITIES.

A new and unwelcome visitor has been recognized in England. He is the Surinam cockroach, and is destructive to greenhouse plants. The insects are believed to have been introduced in a consignment of orchids.

The town of Thurso, Scotland, comes to the front with a family record which will not be beaten easily. John Gibson, 37 years old, still follows his duties as superintendent of some flagstone quarries. Among the workmen he has seven sons, six sons-in-law, 29 grandsons, four grandsons-in-law and two great-grandsons. Forty-nine members of one family, all connected with the same trade, employed in the same work and living in the same district, is something decidedly odd.

Baron Rothschild, head of the French branch of the family, recently received a curious legacy. This was the fortune of an ancient beggar named Abraham Fidler, who died in a garret at Nice, and was found to possess 1,250,000 francs. He bequeathed it to the other millionaire, on the plea that "money must seek money." Baron Rothschild was not of the opinion, in this case at any rate, and he proceeded to hunt up the lamented Fidler's relations, three of whom were found at Odessa and a fourth at Brooklyn. The legatees divided the million and a quarter among them.

An Awful Jolt.

"No," said young DeBorem, "I never let people draw me out."

"What do you do?" queried Miss Wearyun. "Hang around till they throw you out!"—Chicago News.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene F. Lario, of 751 Twentieth Avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Poster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Ancient Egypt

Know the Virtues of the "King of Foods."

Since the earliest annals of Old Egypt, wheat has been recognized as the king of foods.

It has held its sway down to the present day, notwithstanding the fact that in many forms of making wheat into food products, some of the best elements are lost.

Bread has been aptly termed, "the staff of life," as it alone of known foods has all the elements that are needed to sustain life.

Egg-O-See contains all the best elements of wheat in a far more healthful and delicious form than any bread, crackers or ordinary wheat foods. In addition to the best whole wheat delicately flaked and crushed, it is made still more digestible by the addition of refined diastase, the highest grade of malt.

There are no premiums or gifts in the Egg-O-See package; nothing but full measure of the highest grade of cereal food in the world.

A large package at any grocery 10c

THE EGG-O-SEE CO. Quincy, Ill.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, RUFFLED LIVER, etc. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE!

GENUINE MUST BE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

NAMES BEST DOCTOR

MR. BAYSON PUBLISHES RESULTS OF VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

A Former Pronounced Dyspeptic He Now Rejoices in Perfect Freedom from Miseries of Indigestion.

Thousands of sufferers know that the reason why they are irritable and depressed and nervous and sleepless is because their food does not digest, but how to get rid of the difficulty is the puzzling question.

Good digestion calls for strong digestive organs, and strength comes from a supply of good rich blood. For this reason Mr. Bayson took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of indigestion.

"They have been my best doctor," he says. "I was suffering from dyspepsia. The pains in my stomach after meals were almost unbearable. My sleep was very irregular and my complexion was sallow. As the result of using eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the merits of which I learned from friends in France, I have escaped all these troubles, and am able again to take pleasure in eating."

A very simple story, but if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills it might have been a tragic one. When discomfort begins with eating, fills up the intervals between meals with pain, and prevents sleep at night, there certainly cannot be much pleasure in living. A final general breaking down must be merely a question of time.

Mr. Joseph Bayson is a native of Aix-les-Bains, France, but now resides at No. 2439 Larkin street, San Francisco, Cal. He is one of a great number who can testify to the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of obstinate disorders of the stomach.

If you would get rid of nausea, pain or burning in the stomach, vertigo, nervousness, insomnia, or any of the other miseries of a dyspeptic, get rid of the weakness of the digestive organs by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are sold by druggists everywhere.

Proper diet is, of course, a great aid in forwarding recovery once begun, and a little book, "What to Eat and How to Eat," may be obtained by any one who makes a request for it by writing to the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Schenectady, N. Y. This valuable diet book contains an important chapter on the simplest means for the cure of constipation.

TALES OF THE TOTS.

"Say, papa," queried little Harold, looking up from his book, "do they plant birds seed when they want to raise sparrow grass?"

Little Elsie's father was a very homely man. One day, after looking at him steadily for some time, Elsie said: "Mamma, didn't they have any good-looking men in stock when you went shopping for a husband?"

"The Bible says there will be no marrying in Heaven," said small Harry. "I wonder if that is true?"

"Of course it is," replied his little sister. "How could the women marry when there are no men in the place?"

Small Bobby had just returned from an afternoon children's party.

"What kind of refreshments did you have?" asked his mother.

"Liquid," answered Bobby.

"Liquid!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the son of his father. "Us boys all ran away from the girls and went swimming."

Two little girls became involved in a quarrel, the other day, which culminated in physical violence. One of the mothers took her little daughter to task very severely. Wishing to emphasize the enormity of her offense, the mother said: "It's the devil who tells you to do such naughty things." The little girl replied between sobs: "He may have told me to pull her hair, but I thought of kicking her shins all by myself."

Thinks He Can Afford It Then.

"I know what will happen when I'm worth a million."

"Yes, you'll try to be satisfied."

"No, I'll try to be honest."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Limit.

"Is it true that the Bloopers are living beyond their income?"

"Worse than that. They're living beyond their credit."—Brooklyn Life.

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WINCHESTER

"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOTGUN SHELLS

Carefully inspected shells, the best of powder, shot and wadding, loaded by machines which give invariable results account for the superiority of Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells. Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetration are determined by scientific apparatus and practical experiments. They are THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT