nt head-
morning,
uroet after
dizzy spells,
and kindred

mber of the
g from biiious-
, or dyspepsia.
iscovery is made
dicinel principles
or the permenent
ions. It is a most
omach tonic, bowel
hener.

ry" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum,
being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested
se will show that it contains no alcohol, or harm-
is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined
gth, from the roots of native American medical,
ispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good sense is better than good looks, but few people are afflicted with either.

IBLE FIX

nan Tells How She
e Was Being Kill-
rdui Helped Her.

, Ga.—"I was in a terrible
tes Mrs. E. L. Bigham, of
, Ga. "I was so weak I could
walk across the room. I had
pains in my sides and would
up so I could hardly stand it. I
irregular and could not do my
rk. My head ached all the time,
bad at times I felt like it would kill
me. I also suffered with drawing
pains in my legs and my back hurt
and I was getting poorer every day,
but Cardui got me up able to do my
work and I feel better than I have
for some time.

"I cannot praise Cardui strongly enough. I will recommend it to all my friends."

As a tonic, for weak women, we know of nothing equal to Cardui. It gives strength and ambition, brightens the eyes, clears the complexion, regulates the system and helps you back to a new youthfulness of looks and feeling.

Made from pure vegetable ingredients, it contains no powerful, mineral drugs, or deleterious compounds. Containing no glycerin, or similar material, it has no mawkish, disagreeable taste, and has no possible bad after-effect.

Absolutely harmless, it is good for young and old and should be in every family. Try it.

Your druggist sells it.

PIPE-VALVES FITTING AND
SAW LATH SHINGLE MILLS
SHAFTING, PULLEYS, BELTS.
LOMBARD IRON WORKS, AUGUSTA, GA.

Paper-Hangers & Painters

You can greatly increase your business with no extra investment by selling Alfred Peats' Prize Wallpaper. We want one good worker in each vicinity, and to the first worthy applicant will send FREE, by prepaid express, five large sample books showing a $250,000.00 Wallpaper Stock for customers to select from. We offer liberal profits to our representatives. Answer quickly that you may get the agency in your vicinity for 1910.
ALFRED PEATS CO., New York, N. Y., & Boston, Mass.

Wanted At Once—A Man
TO Make $100 Per Month Above Expenses

1000 MEN ARE NOW MAKING BIG MONEY with our Medicines, Extracts, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stock and Poultry Preparations, Polishes, etc. We are one of the largest importers and manufacturers in the U. S. Our capital and surplus is One Million Dollars. We make over 50 products, all guaranteed. Our factories have over 5 acres of floor space.

WE NOW WANT one man in each unoccupied locality to take full charge of all deliveries to farmers and others from a wagon similar to the above; in short, a man able to take full charge of everything pertaining to our business in his district. Not every man can fill this position nor can we afford to contract with one who is too extravagant or too old or too young. We want to hear from men who have been fairly successful—honest, industrious men who will be satisfied to make not less than

$100 Per Month Clear Profit

above expenses the first year, $1800 the second year, and $3400 the third year.

If you are fairly well acquainted in your locality and you think you can fill the position, lose no time in writing us for full particulars as we are now rapidly filling all vacant territory. We do not want to hear from men under 21 or over 50 years of age, colored people, or women. To get this position a man must be able to furnish 1 or 2 horses to conduct the business, also good business men as references. If you cannot meet these requirements do not write; if you can meet them, write us; you are the man we are looking for. The position pays big is honorable and permanent.
W. T. RAWLEIGH CO. 43 Liberty St. Freeport, Ill.

Not What She Wanted.

He was pleading his cause earnestly. "I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you."

She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.

"I have had experience with the world," he continued.

She checked off another point.

"I have passed the frivolous age," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the caution and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."

He paused for an answer.

"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."—Tit-Bits.

Speaking of gossip, exclaims the Lippincott, even the auto runs you down behind your back.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
WATERPROOF
OILED
CLOTHING
will give you full value for every dollar spent and keep you dry in the wettest weather.
SUITS $3.00
SLICKERS $3.00
POMMEL SLICKERS $3.50
SOLD EVERYWHERE
CATALOG FREE
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.

IRON FENCE
LOW PRICE HIGH GRADE
CATALOGUE FREE.
DOW WIRE & IRON WKS. LOUISVILLE, KY.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR SORE, WEAK & INFLAMED EYES.
MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE
MAKES THE USE OF DRUGS UNNECESSARY. Price, 25 Cents. Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

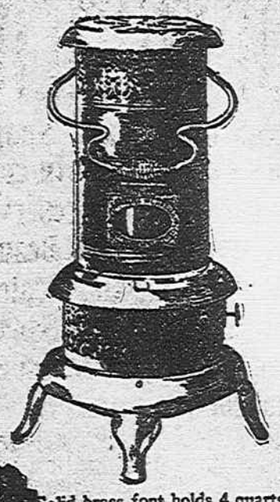
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION.—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.

BOY'S SHOES $2.00 & $2.50

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

From Arctic to Tropics
in Ten Minutes



No oil heater has a higher efficiency or greater heating power than the

PERFECTION
Oil Heater
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

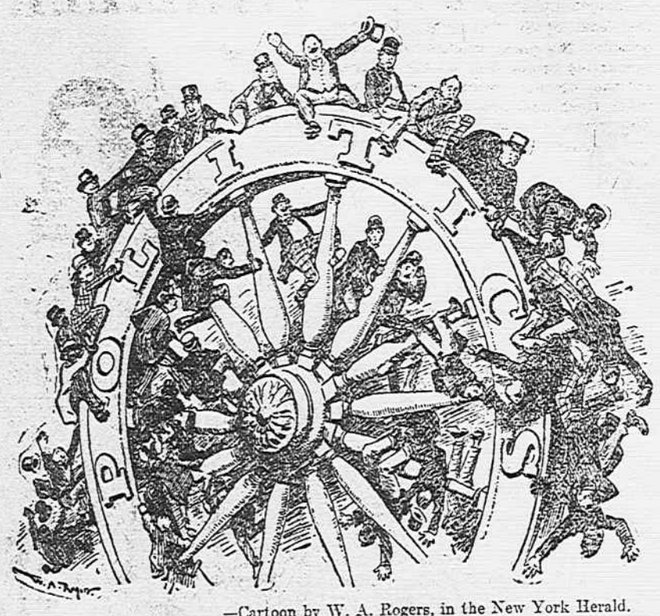
With it you can go from the cold of the Arctic to the warmth of the Tropics in 10 minutes.

The new
Automatic
Smokeless Device
prevents smoking. Removed in an instant for cleaning.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the
NDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

THE WHIRLIGIG OF POLITICS.



—Cartoon by W. A. Rogers, in the New York Herald.

UNITED STATES IN PERIL, MR. HILL TELLS MR. TAFT

Head of Great Northern Railway, in White House Call, Says High Cost of Living is Real Menace, and Urges National House Cleaning.

Washington, D. C.—President Taft's program for railroad and trust reform legislation at the next session of Congress was the lodestone that drew another railroad man to the White House. He was none other than Mr. James J. Hill, of St. Paul, Minn., president of the Great Northern Railway. He remained with the President long enough to say a good many things, and when he came out demonstrated that he was the only and original "artful dodger" in captivity. When he was asked by the newspaper men what he thought of the President's legislative ideas and what suggestions he had made to improve upon them he seemed inspired to deliver a lecture, which began in this wise:

"I am a student of history. History shows that the high cost of living is the beginning of every national decline. This country is in grave danger of entering upon a period of decadence through extravagance, public and private. Prosperity is not a cure; it is only a help."

How much longer Mr. Hill would have continued to delight his hearers with this dissertation, had not some one broken in, will never be known. He was interrupted with a question as to what all that had to do with railroad and anti-trust legislation. He smiled.

"What this country needs is to clean house and spend less money and stop bothering about new laws to govern corporations," said Mr. Hill. "Deep and serious consideration should be given at once to the question of reducing the cost of food and clothing to the masses. A grave danger faces the Nation. History shows that the decline begins when the cost of living becomes a burden to the masses, but not to the rich."

Just as Mr. Hill was about to escape from his questioners he bumped squarely into a kindred spirit in the person of Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon. Mr. Bourne, as it happens, is chairman of the working subcommittee of the Senate's new Committee on Public Expenditures, of which Senator Hale, of Maine, is the head. The business of this committee is to tighten the strings of Uncle Sam's purse, and it purposes to do it.

It was fully thirty minutes before these two economists finished their little chat in the White House reception room. When it was over Senator Bourne remarked that it would never do to give away in advance what his sub-committee was going to report, but he was perfectly certain the purchasing power of a Government dollar could be increased from five to ten per cent. by the simplification of administrative methods, centralization and the elimination of unnecessary items.

Mr. Hill is likely to come back to Washington again. President Taft told him just what he has been telling other railroad men and members of both branches of Congress who have had suggestions to make to improve his annual message. In substance it was:

"What you say is interesting: it may be important. Kindly put it in writing and submit it to me again. Then I will give it due consideration."

DEATH FOLLOWS IN THE TRAIL OF THE HOPE DIAMOND.

Selim Habid, Latest Owner of Baleful Gem, Drowned in Wreck off Singapore---Ill Luck Stone With Him---Mystery in Its Final Fate, as Disaster Has Followed the Possession of the Jewel.

Paris.—The mysterious and wonderful Hope Diamond, the jewel that came out of the East in the reign of Louis XIV., and which has seemed for many long years a baleful Nemesis, pursuing to misfortune or the grave the monarchs, peers and laymen who have possessed it, and bringing sudden sorrows to the famous women whose beauty it has adorned, has gone back into the East, and as popular superstition will undoubtedly declare, is said to have been the cause of its last owner's tragic end.

A curt four-line dispatch from Singapore announces that Selim Habid was among the passengers drowned in the wreck of the French steamer Seyne in the China Sea.

"It is believed," the message says, "that Habid had the Hope diamond in his possession at the time of the wreck."

If this is so, the mystic gem, at once the bane and envy of kings and potentates, has ended its dark story at the bottom of the Malacca Strait.

It had been supposed that the Hope diamond was sold by Habid in Paris last June for $80,000. But no purchaser was ever named with authority. Habid had brought the jewel to Paris with many others of lesser fame, and it was rumored that he was an agent of Abdul Hamid, deposed Sultan of Turkey, who was said to be making vigorous attempts to dispose of his jewels.

Now it is believed that Habid did not sell it, but was taking it back to the Orient in an attempt to sell it to some Indian potentate.

Louis XIV. acquired the jewel mysteriously, and, although history gives saner causes, the French monarch's decay set in about that time. The gem was still in the crown of France when Louis XVI. died by the guillotine amid the storm of the great revolution.

Then the jewel vanished for a time, and it was not until 1830 that a London dealer, purchasing it from a stranger, sold it to the famous banker, Henry Thomas Hope.

As the "Hope Diamond," the blue stone leaped into fame. Hope's daughter brought it to her husband, the Duke of Newcastle, as part of her dowry. Her son, Lord Henry Francis Hope, inherited it, and misfortune beset him early. He married May Yohe, and soon she was wearing the diamond on the stage.

In 1899, Lord Hope was in financial difficulties and tried to sell the gem, but his family prevented this. After his divorce from May Yohe he sold it, however, to Simon Frankel, the New York jeweler. It remained in the United States until January, 1908, when rumors of the financial difficulties of Frankel Brothers were followed by the sale of the jewel. Immediately after parting company with the mysterious gem the firm paid off all creditors and returned to its former prosperity.

It is supposed that, through a secret agency, the diamond came into the possession of Abdul Hamid, then the absolute of Turkey. His throne fell before he had possessed the Hope diamond even for a year.

LOWEST DEATH RATE IN 1908.

Census Figures 15.3 Per Thousand in Area Including Seventeen States.

Washington, D. C.—The death rate for 1908 in the registration area set aside by the Census Bureau for tabulation purposes was 15.3 per 1000 population, the lowest yet recorded. In rural districts covered by the tabulation the rate was slightly lower, averaging 14 to the 1000 inhabitants. During the same period the death rate for England and Wales was 15.7 per 1000.

The total number of deaths returned for the year 1908 in the registration area was 691,574, while for the preceding year it was 687,034. This apparent increase of 4540 is explained by the fact that during 1908 two new States, Washington and Wisconsin, were added to the registration.

The month of maximum mortality in 1908 was January, with 67,763 deaths, and that of minimum mortality was June, with 49,701 deaths. The death rates of the individual States vary from 18.4 for California to 10.1 for South Dakota.

Federal Judge Decides Syrians Cannot Be Barred From Citizenship.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Judge A. G. Dayton, of the Federal court here, handed down an order which upsets an order issued by the immigration department at Washington, D. C. Judge Dayton instructs all Federal officials to admit to full citizenship natives of Syria who have proper qualification. Recently the immigration department rejected natives of Syria, claiming that they were of the Mongolian race, being under the same ban as the natives of China.

About Noted People.

Sir Morgan Crofton and his wife, whom he found in New York, returned to London.

Prince Ito was buried in a mausoleum on his estate, near Tokio, after imposing ceremonies.

The Tarrytown annual flower show closed, William Rockefeller being prominent as a prize winner.

James A. Patten, "King of the Wheat Pit," made $4,000,000 in one day by a sudden rise in cotton based on crop shortage, which made his estimated market winnings for the year $12,000,000.

Shot Forty-four Pet Dogs in Streets of Montclair, N. J.

Montclair, N. J.—Forty-four dogs were shot as the result of the proclamation issued by Mayor Henry V. Crawford, of Montclair, authorizing the destruction of all unmuzzled dogs running at large in the streets.

Policeman Hugh Seery and William Stewart, armed with double-barrelled shotguns, were busy all day killing the animals. David Steinfeldt, the official dog catcher, killed the dogs in the centre of the town. Owners pleaded in vain for lives of their pets.

Items of Interest.

Senator Aldrich made two addresses in St. Louis on monetary reform.

Colonel G. R. Colton was inaugurated at San Juan, Porto Rico, as Governor of the island.

It was agreed between the United States and Chile to submit the Alsop claim to The Hague court for arbitration.

Again risking arrest for contempt of court, President Gompers at the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor denounced Judge Wright, of Washington, D. C., who sentenced the labor leaders to jail.

"Playing the Goat."

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

A story comes from the Bear Grass Mountains, in Montana, which should sound a needed warning to those sportsmen who persist in donning disguises whether of cloth or of skins, of the nature or color of the animals they hunt. It is told by my friend, Murray Grenlet, mountain climber, camera hunter and expert gunner.

In early September Grenlet had his camp high up in a pass on the Bear Grass trail. He had located a band of goats on a mountain slope above, after three weeks of hunting for this game. He was prepared for photography, his outfit consisting of a camera with telephoto lenses, a disguise or decoy suit made of genuine white goatskins—a "four legged" suit with a headpiece comically like that of a hornless goat, and a pair of moccasins with thick, stiff soles of Indian-tanned elkskin.

Grenlet was afoot early in the morning. It was a beautiful day for stalking, a trifle cloudy, with breeze enough to carry his scent straight away. Before noon he had climbed 3000 feet above the Bear Grass River, and was in a land of snow and ice.

He wore no coat or waistcoat, and the suit of skins which he now donned, although clumsy to travel in, was rather comfortable. He was now on the range of his goats, and he spent an hour or two in careful exploration. He had even taken the precaution to cover the camera, which was slung under an arm, with dirty white cloth.

After a time he sighted the band he was looking for—seven of them—and on a slope below his elevation, quite where he wanted them, for if you wish to approach a mountain goat you must, as a rule, descend upon it, and that with much caution.

Upon second observation, however, which took in all their surroundings, Grenlet saw that the animals were in a position where they would be exceedingly difficult to come at unless he should, indeed, play the goat effectively. The animals were in a scoop-like basin, with a barren surface, which looked "like a crazy quilt in black and white," and there were no hollows or tree growths to screen an approach.

Grenlet had to go nearly straight down to them, keeping somewhat to the left to get a snap shot across the bottom of the little basin. He began the descent in a careless and confident fashion, taking no pains to conceal his movements or the noise of his moving. He hitched along down on all fours in the jerky fashion of an aged "billy-goat."

The sloping plateau lay like a great apron between two ridges, a high one on the left, the other a low one on the right and in front of him. The one on the left curved about to join the other, holding most of the slope in its elbow. And the hollow below had its outlet in a precipitous gulch. The only cover was here and there a boulder or a clump of mountain-sage.

Ice and frozen snow covered much of the surface to a depth of one to six inches. This made the side-hill going slippery and difficult, even for moccasined feet. Compelled to hobble along, clinging with his hands to icy surfaces and wearing only thin yarn gloves, Grenlet found that his fingers soon became stiff with the cold.

When he was within about two hundred yards of the game, and hitching gingerly down an icy slope, the goats suddenly seemed to take note of him.

The smaller ones bunched together and raised their heads, while an old leader raised himself on his hind legs, after the comical fashion of his kind, and apparently took a long and critical survey of the newcomer.

This was an agonizing moment for the camera-hunter. If he should fail to act the goat pretty satisfactorily, the animals would take to their heels, and matters would be ended for the day and perhaps for good. However, "Billy" seemed satisfied at last, and the goats resumed their nosing for stray bits of moss and frozen vegetation.

Grenlet came within a hundred yards finally, and was congratulating himself on at least a chance for success, when, with no warning at all, the goats took to flight and went up the opposing slope with a celerity that was marvelous. In his disappointment, the hunter groaned in spirit, if not aloud.

With his back and the muscles of his arms aching with unusual exertion and his fingers half-frozen, he looked about for some dry and decently level spot where he could sit to rest and beat his hands together.

He sighted a boulder and was hitching along toward it, when, high up on the left-hand ridge, he heard the crack of a rifle, and immediately the peculiar, spiteful whine of a soft-nose slug which spatted into the ice somewhere beyond him.

Was the fellow shooting at those goats on the opposite ridge? His mental question was answered by two shots, close together, and the whistle and thud of their bullets convinced him that he himself had become a target. And he owed this peril to his disguise!

He got to his feet and waved his arms in signal, and losing his footing, slipped, slid and rolled for twenty-five yards or more, till his freezing fingers clutched the tops of a low bush.

As he raised himself to a sitting posture, faint and laughing cheers—a feeble yet irritating volley—came down the wind to him from the crest of the high ridge on his left. Again, as he staggered to his feet, rifles cracked, three of them, and the fierce song of their bullets buzzed in his ear.

He knew now the occasion of this unwelcome target-practice. A party of autumn tourists from Massachusetts had passed his camp three days before, with many horses, and armed with repeating rifles. He had supposed these tenderfoots on their way over to the Gallatin valley, but they had gone into camp nearer at hand, and their mountain-climbers had found game at last!

He waved his arms and shouted, but the wind was against his voice, and the response was more shots and the uncomfortable whine of high-power bullets. Grenlet scanned the ridge for some sight of the enemy, but the men were lying flat and their smokeless ammunition gave no sign.

The camera-hunter realized quickly that demonstration would be useless. Dressed as he was in a dirty-white and wooly suit of indefinite outlines, he could appear to these tourists only as game in the shape of an animated blotch on the mottled surface of the slope. Whatever sort of game these Easterners thought him, they were likely to keep firing till they hit him.

Although the shooting was wild, being down-hill and at long range, yet the ridge commanded every square rod of the basin, and there was fair prospect that the poorest of shots might chance to pot him before he should be able to get out of range.

Grenlet determined to get rid of his disguise. To take off his skin and cast it from him ought, he reasoned, to arrest the shooting. To this end he flung himself on his back in a depression, which would serve to lessen a trifle the target space of his body, and set frantically to work upon the lacings of his goatskins.

Of necessity, on account of the rough scrambling, the leathern strings which fastened his decoy suit had been tied in hard knots. Grenlet's fingers were absolutely without feeling—as useless as dry bones. He tried to beat them into warmth; but lying on one's back on the ice, and in a state of nervous fear, is not conducive to warming exercise.

In the meantime his movements were seen, or at least his animated body, and the firing grew sharper and more accurate. When a slug struck the frozen earth within a few inches of his head and he felt the sting of lead spattered into his face, flight became the only recourse. He dared not feign death, for fear that at closer range some hunter might wish to make sure with some final shots.

He considered briefly the lines of retreat, the routes to cover.

The way into the gulch below would have been most speedy, but the slope he had already reached was difficult enough, its foothold barely tenable. To return the way he had come would have been to lessen the distance between himself and the shooters.

So Grenlet chose a straightaway scramble up the lower ridge, over which the goats had fled—and he would have been glad enough could he have emulated the speed of those fortunate animals.

And now began a dodging, scrambling flight along a scarp full enough of danger without the added peril of bombardment.

The hunters at this moment were guessing their range with a better degree of accuracy. Their bullets were striking, spat, spat, spat, within a radius of ten or twenty yards.

At least four men were firing as rapidly as they could work the mechanism of their guns.

Go! He went in every way that a mortal could go, dodging and curving, leaping and scrambling, much of the time, of necessity, on all fours. For a minute the spat, spat of ounce slugs followed. Then, to his immeasurable relief, the firing ceased. He scrambled straight ahead now, until suspicion of that lull in the firing attacked him.

He halted, and briefly scanned the curved crest of the ridge in his rear. And he discovered his tormentors racing like a swarm of monkeys across a shorter and less steep slope of their heights. They were gaining gorund swiftly, and he saw that they would considerably lessen their range before he could pass over his ridge. Should he wait and trust to signaling at a nearer view?

He dared not, but turned to a labor of superhuman exertion in getting up the icy slope. When he had a little more than covered half the distance to safety, the firing began again, and from a point nearly at his level on the ridge directly behind. The crack of rifles sounded distinctly nearer.

He dared not now halt for a single second. To present the uncertainty of an erratically moving target was his only hope. Twice he was hit by pieces of ice or of frozen earth knocked up by bullets. He felt the sting of these missiles so sharply that for the moment he believed he had been wounded.

Then in a flash his reprieve came.

He was slightly above the level of the shooters now, and a depression on his left suddenly offered its protection. He rolled into this little hollow joyfully. From this point his way round a curve on the ridge and to its top was of safe and easier ascent.

Once on the height, and with his whole body glowing, his fingers tingling from recent fierce exertion, he speedily got out of his goat-skins.

He turned the suit inside out and wrapped it about his camera.

Dressed in a woolen skirt and khaki knee-breeches, he was seated in a sunny spot on a boulder when five men, armed with rifles, came tearing over the ridge.

They did not see him at first, and were surprised to discover him in their path a moment later. Sweating and panting, the tourists halted. With labored breath, one greeted him.

"I say—how are you? Did you—by any chance—notice a gray old grizzly—loping over this way? The beast was probably," he added, with a panting touch of humor, "probably bleeding from every pore."

"No, I haven't seen a grizzly," Grenlet drawled. "Some goats came this way from down yonder, and I saw your shooting. A man," he said, "snow-blind, with one arm and a sawed-off musket, could have got that superannuated old billy-goat."

A burst of chagrined laughter greeted his dry raillary, and it is needless to add that the strangers were not taken further into the camera-hunter's confidence. — Youth's Companion.

About 60,000,000 barrels (of 196 pounds each) of wheat flour are consumed annually in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

With the Funny Fellows

A Rita Meter.

Rita, Rita,
Growing swita
Every day;
Will you never,
Never, ever
Come my way?

Rita, Rita,
When you mita
Chap like me.
You should copper
Such an oppor-
Tunity.

Rita, Rita,
Why, pray, trita
Fellow so?
Won't you ever,
Ever, never
Not say: "No?"
—W. J. Lampton, in Lippincott's.

The Journalistic Touch.

"At this time of year wasps are a subject of perennial interest."—The London Telegraph.

Heard in a Restaurant.

"It gave me the slip."

"What did?"

"You're dead slow. The cash register."—Boston Transcript.

Bad Outlook For Cholly.

Maud—"Has Cholly Sapleigh a sister?"

Ethel—"No, but he will have one if he proposes to me."—Boston Transcript.

All Sinners Washed.

Vicar—"All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow."

Mary (anxiously)—"Not them as truly repents, sir, I 'opes, sir."—The Tatler.

Disclosures Coming.

Ball—"Gall has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors."

Hall—"Well, the inventory of his estate ought to show about half a dozen of my umbrellas."—New York Press.

At Either Pole.

She—"Confess, now, that you would like to see women voters at the polls."

He—"I should, indeed! Either of 'em, North or South."—Illustrated Bits.

The Angler.

He—"What showy hats Miss Catch-em wears."

She—"Yes; she evidently thinks that you men are like trout, easiest caught with a gaudy feather."—Boston Transcript.

Pons Fashionorium.

Mrs. Upper Tenne—"Yes, doctor, black and red spots appear before my eyes every night. What would you advise me to do for it?"

Doctor—"Stop playing bridge, madame."—Boston Transcript.

Some Excuse Needed.

Wife—"Why did you tell the Jemsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know that I can't even boil a potato?"

Hubby—"I had to give some excuse, dear, and I didn't know what else to say."—Illustrated Bits.

A Joint Deal.

"My dear."

"What is it, hubby?"

"I wish you would drop around at the market to-day and inspect a steak that I hold an option on. Then, if you like it, call at my office, and we'll sign the transfer papers."—Kansas City Journal.

Looked Promising.

Mrs. Highsome—"Why did you leave your last place?"

Applicant (for position as cook)—"To tell ye the honest truth, ma'am, the missus discharged me."

Mrs. Highsome—"Then you didn't leave of your own accord. I'll take you!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Serious Question.

"Will the discovery of the pole result in any tangible benefit to mankind?"

"I don't know as it will," answered the press humorist. "I doubt if the few new jokes it afforded will offset the raft of good old jokes it put out of commission."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Smith
Jove, there
me. I've
everything, seen everything!"

The Scotch Member—"Young man, did ye ever have D. T.'s?"

Smith—"D. T.'s! Great Scott, no!"

The Scotch Member—"Then ye've seen nowt."—The Sketch.

Why She Wept.

Mr. Styles—"What are you crying about, dear?"

Mrs. Styles—"I'm crying because I didn't spend that $20 you gave me this morning."

Mr. Styles—"Well, you shouldn't cry about that. You're better off not to have spent it."

Mrs. Styles—"No, I'm not, either. I lost it!"—Dublin Statesman.