"WAIT TILL YOU'RE DEAD."

You grieve because men do not seem
To understand your worth?
Because the good you try to do
Remains unknown on earth?
Because no laurel flts your brow,
Or bay entwines your head?
'Twill all be yours one of these days—
Wait till you're dead.

It saddens you because your faults
Are blazoned to the skies,
While all your virtues seem to be
Gazed on by sightless eyes?
Why worry over such a thing?
Why not rejoice, instead,
Because of all the coming fame?
Wait till you're dead.

Folks do not understand your plans,
Appreciate your deeds?
They do not laud you when you meet
Some weaker brother's needs?
They do not say kind things of you?
No rose leaves for your bed?
They'll praise you, all in goodly time—
Wait till you're dead.

Wait till you're dead. They'll tell it then;
They'll chisel it in stone,
And put it in a chosen place,
Secluded and alone.
Perhaps your splendid traits may all
In epitaphs be read—
At any rate they'll stretch the truth,
Wait till you're dead.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribun

THE GIRL WHO DID NOT LOOK.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

[illegible] Archie Dean had been [illegible] to take any interest in the moral and intellectual development of his [illegible], he had been thoroughly disgusted with the huge amount of curiosity which he found everywhere.

The [illegible] he grew the more disgusted he became, until, at the age of [illegible] it was almost a mania with him, cutting out of his own and his mother's [illegible] until that worthy lady was reduced to utter despair and his father declared their boy mildly insane.

Fortunately, Archie had chosen a profession calculated to bring him in contact with all the morbid curiosity there was going, from the curiosity of his fellow students as to the effect of drugs on themselves, and—what was worse—on other people, to that intensely irritating curiosity of the patients as to how much medicine these young doctors knew, anyhow.

But the culmination of his woes came when, college and medical school over, he joined the staff of a large hospital and in due time became ambulance surgeon.

He loved the straining necks and eyes at the which greeted him from every window as the ambulance clanged and clattered by; the noisy, [illegible] helpless throngs which invariably surrounded the poor wretch to whom he came, the inquisitive eyes which watched his slightest move, and the ride back, when, as the word went, "there's some one in!" Pew on aged men, women and little children crowded and struggled to catch one glimpse of the prostrate form beside him.

It all so dreadful to him that one evening when he tumbled sleepily out of bed—he had been called up twice during the night—he gave a whoop of joy as he realized that it was his last day at the work—that young Jim Greyson would take his place, and he would once more be at liberty to attend all the operations and autopsies there were going. There is no say about it that he never felt more comfortable when the gong rang imperiously before he was half through his breakfast, but stuck his offending head into the back of his head, [illegible] "ambulance" and jumped on the [illegible] the [illegible] the driver.

[illegible] Luther, Archie's dignified superior, as he brought his two hands down from the window sill with exasperating words, "did you hear me? Why, I've dickens has got into him! He's been as slow as an owl!"

"[illegible] of ambulance duty," murmured little Greyson deprecatingly, as he [illegible] who would be in the [illegible] and all of that hated sort.

"[illegible] hold of a police operation," snarled Luther. He, who was a crooked little dwarf, crooked, and a hump of [illegible], "they found a [illegible] who had an [illegible]" and then designing a [illegible] slab, [illegible] Archie for [illegible] from that gentleman's own notion and started off to [illegible] his morning rounds.

For Dr. Archibald S. Dean's gladness was short lived.

The case to which he had been called was a very bad one—a carpenter who had missed his footing on a high scaffold and gone crashing down to the concrete stories of feet below—and when there was such a crowd.

Crowd! Never, always was a crowd, but this one seemed, it was little, more irritating and disgusting than ever, and things grew still worse when he realized that the man, almost dying as he was, felt and resented every peering glance, every loud drawn, maddening moan of ill timed pity, as much as Archie himself.

And so, with his personal sympathy and his professional anxiety stirred to their depths, it was particularly unfortunate that on their way back they should be stopped, though only for a moment, right beside a cable car.

It was an open car, and as soon as the ambulance gong had been heard up the street everybody had turned to look; but as soon as they realized from the tangle of tracks ahead that car and ambulance would be held side by side for a moment, an expression of absolute joy swept from face to face and, as if moved by one set of springs, every soul rose to his or her feet to get one good look inside.

But Archie had forestalled them, swinging his broad shoulders round to shut off as much of the view as possible, while he faced these people with a face full of scorn and disgust.

But suddenly, as he looked, he saw something which made him turn actually pale, and forget about everything else, for on the end of a neighboring seat, in an excellent seeing position, sat a pretty, well dressed girl, who had never even stirred!

Only a moment, and then, with a clanging of gongs and a whir of wheels the car and the ambulance swept apart, but Archie still seemed to see a round, bright face, a lot of puffy hair under a jaunty sailor hat, and last, but by no means least, a pair of big brown eyes which had never once looked at him!

All the way back to the hospital Archie's mind was in a state of chaos. Had he found at last the girl he had despaired of finding—the girl he could love—the girl who was not curious?

He could hardly believe it, and yet he had just seen her subjected to the most thorough test he knew—a test before which everyone he had ever seen had fallen, and in vain not come out sturdily, gloriously triumphant?

He was so quiet and absent-minded all the rest of the day that at last the other boys were forced to dump him, clothes and all, into a tub of cold water in order to rouse him.

"He's all right now," said Jarvis, as he calmly locked the door on their spluttering victim. "He's beginning to swear, and that'll bring him round, sure."

"We're all kind of wet," said Greyson, with a little giggle, as some unkind remarks referring especially to him were heard behind the door.

"Yes," said Jarvis, sweetly, "but he's got on white ducks! Golly, won't they shrink!" and then, with a few farewell remarks of advice and consolation, which were evidently not received in the same kindly spirit in which they were uttered, the crowd tramped away to room No. 5, where they considerately prepared the beds for two men who were to move in that night.

But nevertheless during the next few months Archie Dean was pronounced "absolutely insane" by the rest of the staff, and in consequence was put through a course of treatment quite calculated to make the diagnosis a correct one sooner or later.

To everybody's astonishment, he suddenly became sociable. He no longer ran from the numerous visitors who invaded the hospital; he went to theatres and lectures; he courted invitations to the homes of fellows lucky enough to live in the city, and at last quite corroborated the rumors that were rife about him by actually going to church!

Now little Greyson was one of the lucky men whose paternal roof tree was near at hand, and it possessed the advantage of being a fine old mansion, presided over by a fine old gentleman who never delivered lectures on the evils of cigarette smoking but it also possessed the disadvantage of containing three as homely and toothsomely obtrusive young women as were ever lighted on one very decent brother.

It is to be hoped that little Greyson loved his sisters. At least, he was faithful to them, for though he fully realized and appreciated the feelings of the other fellows in regard to them, he unfeelingly lured as many men home to sandwich and "cream cake" which, though they bore many resemblances to angels' food, all stole, to say that in the college he had a friend who was at all presentable had come to Greyson's care, some had come before, and a few three times. These last were apt to explain that it was on account of Greyson's sisters, but it was really the supper.

Dean had so long been a member of the one night fraternity that Greyson had given up asking him months ago. Consequently he nearly tumbled over the groaning table one day when, as he was repeating his little formula to two of the new men between "courses," Dean said suddenly, "Why don't you ask me any more, Greyson?"

Greyson was too loyal to his sisters to be truthful, so he just said, "Because I hoped you'd know as well enough to come uninvited—whenever you liked."

"Thanks," said Dean, as he slipped into his coat and sauntered off. "I will;" and it took the new man nearly half an hour to restore little Greyson to his normal state of mind.

But the worst of it was that Dean went—not only once, but three and even four times, and when he started out on his fifth venture, the entire medical staff of the hospital, in solemn conclave assembled, decided that his disease had reached the stage when solitary confinement was necessary.

The three Miss Greysons were wondering among themselves who was the favored one—though each in the depths of her heart was sure she knew—and Archie himself began to think that he was getting to be a good deal of an ass—striving so vainly to reach, through his very small circle of friends, one especial girl out of the millions who existed.

This feeling swept over him in its fullest strength one evening as he sat on the parlor sofa, while the youngest Miss Greyson gushed gently on beside him, and her eldest sister sent him meaning glances over the head of a miserable little man she was supposed to be entertaining; and he rose up in desperation prepared for instant flight when he heard the middle Miss Greyson bearing down upon him from the rear.

"My dearest Betty," Miss Greyson was saying in her sweetest tones, "I'm just dying to have you meet Dr. Dean, George's most intimate friend, you know, and so lovely. Dr. Dean, this is Miss Davis—isn't she the sweetest girl you ever saw? I know you'll love each other," with which embarrassing remark Miss Greyson fluttered amiably away, leaving him standing, erect and confused, before—the girl who did not look!

Now Miss Betty Davis was a moderately attractive young woman, and pretty, but she had never before inspired such sudden—such evident and intense admiration as they did now, and she could not help feeling flattered by it—so much so that when, at the end of only half an hour, the young man asked if he might call, she rashly answered "Yes," reflecting that though she knew nothing of him, the Greysons did, and he must be "all right" if she met him at their house.

She did not know to what straits the Greyson girls' brother was sometimes reduced in the matter of men.

But during the next few weeks she did many more curious things than that, for Archie's wooing was of a swift, passionate, determined nature, which burst down all barriers and carried away the girl herself, though dazed and wondering, by the very resistlessness of its force.

He did not care that there was already an accepted suitor in the field—he did not seem even to realize the fact until one evening when that young man most righteously attempted to knock him down.

Then Archie simply demonstrated that physically, at least, he was the better man of the two, after which he gently picked his rival up, escorted him home, and apologized most humbly for the broken head—but went right on with his destruction of the poor man's heart.

He cared not a whit what Betty's other charms or faults might be, she fulfilled the ideal which his fad had set up for him, she was the only girl in the world whom he could love, and win her he must and would—a purpose in which he succeeded so well that in a few weeks Betty had discarded a love which had been part of her life ever since she had worn short frocks and a pigtail, and four months later was not only engaged but married to her new and ardent suitor.

In fact, everything was done in such a whirl that it was not until they stepped into the carriage after the ceremony that either of them fully realized what had happened—they had lived in such a state of nervous excitement, of strain and hurry and opposition, ever since they had known each other, that they had not had time to think, and Archie suddenly remembered that his new made wife had never even heard the beginning of their story.

"Betty," he said softly, as he drew her yellow head down on his shoulder, "I don't believe you know when I fell in love with you."

"Why—why"—with a little stammer of surprise—"wasn't it——"

"At the Greysons'? No, ma'am; I'd been madly in love with you for months before that;" and then, with her big eyes looking wonderingly into his, he went on: "It all happened one day just about a year ago, when I was taking some poor chap home in the ambulance and we got caught right by a cable car. You were sitting very near me, and you were the only one of all those people——" But he got no further, for she had jumped up, her face flushed with excitement.

"Oh, Archie," she cried, "was it really you on that ambulance? It seems too good to be true—I've been just dying to know all about it ever since. It was before I had my glasses, you know, and it wouldn't have done me a bit of good if I had looked; but it nearly broke my heart, and I got some glasses the very next day—I wasn't going to be caught that way again.

"Why, what makes you look so glum, dear? Do tell me all about it, Archie—won't you please—quick? Because you know," as she nestled closer to him, with a joyful little laugh, "I'm just the most curious person in all the world!"—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chinese girls are being employed in San Francisco as telephone operators for the accomodation of Chinese merchants.

The famine breed upon which 70,000 persons in northern Sweden are now subsisting is made from ground pine bark and Iceland moss.

The widespread impression that much of the "worst beef of old England" is supplied from the shambles of Chicago may find a rude shock in fresh English statistics, which show that 7-10s of the beef consumed in England is produced on its farms.

The remains of no fewer than 59 species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate white color of the larkspur, the scarlet of the poppy, and the chlorophyll in the leaves remaining.

The date of the Deluge is given variously by various chronologers. According to Usher it occurred in B. C. 2348. But 11 other authorities place the cataclysm as follows: One in the thirty-second century, five in the thirty-first century, one in the twenty-ninth century, one in the twenty-sixth century, four in the twenty-third century and two in the twenty-second century B. C.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old, and old eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about 30 days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become black as ink and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

The halls of houses were stone cold, even in Boston and New York City, in the forties, and, of course, in the country towns. Families in winter for economy's sake lived chiefly in one room or had a fire in the living-room in the morning, and in the afternoon lighted one in the parlor stove also. Owls and there some rich man had a burning furnace, and occasionally one had a hall stove; but little heat from these was diffused over the whole house.

A LAND OF LITTLE RAIN.

DEATH VALLEY THE LONELIEST REGION IN THE WORLD.

The Palpable Sense of Mystery in the Desert Air Breeds Fables Chiefly of Lost Treasure—Hills That Have the Lotus Charm.

Properly equipped, it is possible to go safely across that ghastly sink (Death valley—the Armagosa desert in eastern California), yet every year it takes its toll of death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry string where one looked for running water—there is no help for any of those things.

Along springs and sunken watercourses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the front face of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. Southlooking hills are nearly bare, and the tree-line higher here by a thousand feet. Canyons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes and marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well defined areas of growth, the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slit that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin valley. The yucca bustles with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of fetid greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly, hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fearful. Before the yucca has come to full flower the Indians roast its buds for their own delectation. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must must be preempted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded perfect growth. In Death valley, reputed the very center of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species. Above the treeline, which is also the snow line, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of pinon, juniper branched nearly to the ground, lilac, sage, and white pine.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind fertilized plants, but everywhere the demand for and evidence of insect life. Now where there are seeds and insects there will be birds and small mammals, and where these are will come the stinking sharp-toothed kind that prey on them. Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you can not go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and gum on the white, hot sands. Birds, booming-birds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, rexless waste rings the tangle of the night-singing mockingbird, if it be summer and the sun will down, there will be a harrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricksy things dare express the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote.

The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert, where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you go far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their lifted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there, and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this lone brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender, bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattlemen, will tell you this, not so fluently, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the divinest, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house-weary breeds. There is promise there of great wealth in ores and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water-bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the tawny hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensation, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpitant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.—Mary Austin, in the Atlantic Monthly.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

How It Should Be Done in the Interests of Health.

"I understand that by reason of President Roosevelt's devotion to horseback riding this healthful exercise has taken on new life in the capital," said Albert Townsend, son of a well-known attorney of New York, "and if my experience will be of benefit to those in Washington who are seeking health—and I believe it will—I gladly give it.

"I am on my way from the metropolis to Atlanta on horseback. These trips are often recommended by physicians to delicate young men, but I think I can tell you why they do not in most cases prove a success. They have with me, and season and weather do not count under proper conditions. I am journeying south, and each day I have improved and expect to continue to do so; in summer you can go in any direction, but in the fall and winter it must be toward the south.

"I have changed myself from a pale, underweight man to one of sound physique with increased weight, but it has taken time and considerable money. I travel alone on my trips, that is, without human companions, and with only my bulldog Boxer, and, by the way, Boxer is a cashardened traveller and fighter. I found that when I travelled with a companion when I wanted to tie up at a place for better weather or any other reason, or when I wished to push ahead or turn this way or that, my riding companion, be it that he was otherwise agreeable, usually had a positive or sit at objection. This kills sport of this kind. I found it to have a bad effect upon the nerves, temper and appetite. Absolute freedom of individual action must prevail. Again, my companions have always been in a hurry to get on to the next town; if one was not hurry on a horseback trip for health, then stay at home.

"Doing as you please relieves these trips of monotony which otherwise is detrimental. With a good fighting dog to whom you are attached, you are entertained on the road. Boxer has fought and whipped, except on one memorable day, every dog from Communipaw to Washington that he was engaged. I have had the fun of getting him out of the dog catchers' hands three times, and on the other side of Wilmington he went up against three Great Danes that exceeded him in size and weight, but not in courage. He lost that half of his right ear," observed Mr. Townsend, admiringly, indicating a handsome big bull lying at his feet who was minus a good piece out of one ear, "in that one-sided fight, but I got him away with the broken butt of my riding whip. I expect him to be in the record with the dogs south of the Mason and Dixon line will we get to Atlanta.

"Practice makes on horseback riding perfect, for it is rich is that you must have a good, sound horse, and you must not allow yourself to feel lonely or discouraged. Blend with the exercise a resting spirit, even if that be unnatural; it can soon be cultivated. Have a small trunkful of serviceable clothes sent ahead from point to point, as a great woollen soft, a short, warm jacket and rubber slicker, the latter two to be carried back of the saddle, are all you need. Stay as short or as long a time in a place as you feel inclined; this is one of the beauties of the trip. Every minute there is something to interest or attract your attention and to take your mind off yourself—the great desideratum to all those seeking health.

"Practise up on riding for a little while before you begin to toughen the muscles. Once you are under way the first thing you will notice about yourself is that you are hungry; many a wood give a large yearly sum to feel genuinely hungry twice a day. You are astonished at your capacity for food so soon, and you sleep through the night. Your nerves are strengthened wonderfully and you begin to wonder why you ever thought you had "troubles." You can largely avoid taking cold by never venturing out in the face of a storm."—Washington Star.

Precedence in Australia.

The recent distinction conferred by the king on the cities of Melbourne and Sydney in giving their chief magistrates the enhanced dignity of lord mayor and the title of right honorable, has raised some questions of etiquette and precedence. It is contended in some quarters that the title of right honorable gives the lord mayor of Melbourne, the temporary capital of the commonwealth, rank and precedence over the president of the federal senate and the speaker of the house of representatives, who are only honorables. If at the next great vice-regal function the lord mayor of Melbourne attempts to go in ahead of the commonwealth, complications may possibly arise. But perhaps in the meantime the Herald's college in London will be consulted on this and kindred points, and an amicable solution arrived at. By the way, Montreal and Toronto, the leading cities of Canada, are inquiring why they also should not have lord mayors. Well, if they bestir themselves and request in the right quarter, doubtless their ambition will be gratified. The Canadians are not so pushful in "making representations" as the Australians.—London Chronicle.

The record yield of timber from one tree is 80,000 feet from a redwood 30 feet in diameter, cut last year in California.

Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I can conscientiously recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss Guila Gannon, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

How Another Young Sufferer Was Cured.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered terribly every month at time of menstruation, and was not able to work. Your medicine has cured me of my trouble. I feel relieved after taking one bottle. I know of no medicine as good as yours for female troubles."—Miss Edith Cross, 169 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass

Remember, Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free, and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. No other person has such vast experience, and has helped so many women. Write to-day.

$5000 FORFEIT if above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness, cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Kansas man, developing a fruit farm in Cuba, writes this enthusiastically about his surroundings: "We have forty-five acres of bananas in, that will bring us in eighteen months $5,000, almost $200 per acre. Show me the farm in the United States of this size that can match it. The labor will not exceed $1,000. Profit! Man! Why, this is paradise. I am not gassing either. The port is two miles away and we have been offered 40 cents per bunch at dock, 500 bunches to the acre. Pineapples pay $500 to $750, while oranges in six years groth $350 to $500 per acre.

The cry of the penitent sinner has always been and still is for mercy. Nothing but mercy from an omnipotent God can redeem us.

Nothing will "lay you up," "play you out," "put you to bed" quicker than a kidney cold. Thousands feel the first effect of cold in the kidneys; back-ache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, retention of urine, infrequent and too frequent urinary discharge fill of kidneys out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills from common back-ache to dangerous diabetes.

A. T. Ritenour, owner of the wood yard at 125 East Cork street, Winchester, Va., says: "Ever since I had la grippe I have been a sufferer from kidney troubles, which made themselves apparent in racking pains through the region of the kidneys and across the small of my back. The pains were always severe, and sometimes so sharp and biting that they compelled me to take to my bed. The kidney secretions furnished further evidence of disorder. They were off color, irregular and painful of passage. Added to this there was an annoying weakness. The newspaper advertisements of Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention, and I procured a box of that remedy at Franck Baker & Sons' drug store. The relief I experienced was magical. The pills lifted me from my bed of sickness, placed me on my feet and made me a well man. I can work as well as ever. Doan's Kidney Pills, I believe, saved my life. They are a great remedy to stop kidney troubles resulting from colds."

A Free Trial of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Ritenour will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

When Mr. Chamberlain was about to commence the speech which he made from the balcony of the Marine Hotel, at Durban, he was startled by the sudden apparition of a reporter, who slid down a pillar on the roof and arrived breathless, dusty, but notebook in hand. Mr. Chamberlain was astonished. "Whom do you represent?" he said. "The entire press of the Empire," was the reply.

CURE BLOOD POISON, CANCER.

Aching Bones, Shifting Pains, Itching Skin, Pimples, Eating Sores, Etc.

If you have Pimples or Offensive Eruptions, Spotches, or Copper-Colored Eruptions, or rash on the skin, Festering Swellings, Glands Swollen, Ulcers on any part of the body, old Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pains and Aches in Bones or Joints, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, persistent Sore Mouth, Gums or Throat, then you have Blood Poison. Take Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) Soon all Sores, Pimples and Eruptions will heal perfectly. Aches and Pains cease, Swellings subside and a perfect cure is to return cure made. B.B.B. cures Cancers of all kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eating Sores, Ugly Ulcers, after all else fails, healing the sores perfectly. If you have a persistent pimple, wart, swollen glands, shooting, stinging pains, take Blood Balm and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. Druggists, $1 per large bottle, including complete directions for home cure. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., 19 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Since 1861 the Bible Society of Scotland has issued nearly 22,000,000 copies of the Scriptures.

Write to Dr. Taber Mfg. Co., Peoria, Ill., for free sample Taber's Pepsin Compound, the guaranteed cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all stomach ills.

The man who is everybody's friend is his own worst enemy. So. 14.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The worst thing about being good-natured is that you are apt to be imposed upon.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The boaster doesn't have to be loaded to shoot off his mouth.