

THE WRINKLE OF LAUGHTER.

What hair he has is very thin and gray. His eyes are sometimes filled with bitter tears. And when you see him in his weary way. He is so old—so old and filled with pain. One marvels at the spirit he displays. Yet from those eyes there flashes, once again, The splendid courage of his younger days. And ever, when you greet him, you will see Upon his face a smile from worry free!

There are a hundred wrinkles on his face—Sears left by Father Time from battles grim—Yet, there is one which does deserve its place. And, wrinkle that it is, it honors him. 'Tis long and deeply marked, and some might say It marred that strong old face. That is not so! It is the badge of laughter; day by day He saw the happy side—and made it grow!

Though life has been no joke to him, He's found The value of a laugh—and passed it round. In years to come, when I am old and gray One hope I have—that men may say of me, "The wrinkles that he has we would not change—The cheerful side of life he helped us see!"—Jack Appleton, in Cincinnati Times-Star.

A RICE PUDDING

It is the first place they were both elderly, sober-minded, dignified people, so there was no possible reason why any one should be inspired to play ridiculous tricks on them when they finally decided—after twenty years of waiting—to get married and go East on a long wedding trip.

Thomas Carr was fifty-three, a deacon in the First Church at home, and a business man of standing and reputation, whose frosty side whiskers were more likely to inspire respect and awe than levity. Sarah Anderson, his bride, owned to more than forty summers, and possessed a quiet and serene disposition—which latter fact proved, after all, a great blessing.

Then they took care to see that no one was invited to the wedding who might have been moved to do anything foolish in the way of throwing old shoes or rice after the bridal party. And Thomas Carr, with a craft and guile which hurt his conscience, concealed the route they were to take and the hotel they were to stop at in Chicago—at least he thought he did.

No, indeed! There should be no foolishness about their wedding trip. They were too old to be stared and laughed at. On the train to Chicago they sat in the same seat, but Sarah looked out of the window, while her newly made husband read the morning paper, with hardly a glance in her direction. As a matter of fact he played the part of a disinterested escort too well to suit the bride, who, after all, was a woman.

On arriving in the city they took the common bus and were driven over to the Sherman House, where Thomas wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carr, Earlville, Ill.," on the register, without betraying in any way that he was doing anything unusual.

"About \$2, please," he said, when the clerk asked him what sort of a room he wanted.

"By the way, Mr. Carr," the clerk called after him as he turned to rejoin his wife, "there's a package came by express for you this morning."

"Send it up to the room," said Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr had agreed that they would spend a whole week in Chicago. Thomas had arranged to leave his business for a month or two, and there was no reason why they should hurry.

The boy brought in the package. Sarah looked at it and saw it came from Earlville.

"I wonder what it can be," she said. Thomas allowed that he had no idea. He tore off the outside wrapper, and, unpeeled, one after the other, half a dozen layers of tissue paper. Finally there stood revealed on a large china plate a curious white something, round at the top and about the shape of a half watermelon.

"What in all fishhooks is that thing?" asked Thomas. Sarah poked it questioningly with one finger. Part of it broke off and crumbled away into little particles. A look of comprehension, half amused and half angry, came over Sarah's face.

"Why, Thomas, it's a rice pudding," she said.

"A what?"

"A rice pudding. I suppose," she went on with a laugh, "they thought rice in the form would be more suitable to our age. But I thought you had concealed our stopping place?"

"What are we going to do with it?" asked Thomas, anxiously. "I can't ask anybody around the hotel to take it away without letting them into the fact that we've just been married."

"Well, Thomas," said his wife, "if we stay here the Earlville people'll be sending us all sorts of foolish things. I think we'd better keep right on East. We can take the pudding with us and leave it on the train when we get off. That'll be easy enough."

She did the pudding up carefully, plate and all, in the various papers which had originally swathed it, while her husband went down to pay his bill and arrange for taking the evening train for the East. When they got into the cab to drive to the station, she carried it on her lap. On the way a bright idea seized her.

"Thomas," she said, "we'll leave this pudding right here in the cab. Perhaps the cabman will take it home to his family. I've no doubt it's a good pudding. Looks like one of Cousin Mary's baking to me."

When they got to the railroad station there were two solicitous porters waiting at the entrance to assist passengers, but Sarah managed to get Thomas and the other bundles out in safety and then stepped down herself, leaving the pudding lying safely on the seat of the cab. She caught Thomas going down the steps and whispered to him that she had got rid of the incubus.

"Lady, lady," a voice sounded behind her just then. "You've forgot something."

It was the other porter, and in his hand he bore the devoted pudding. He came running down after her and handed over the package with a smile so compelling that Sarah felt forced to ask Thomas for a dime with which to reward him.

"Never mind," she said, "we'll get rid of it on the train all right." Her husband nodded his head.

"Let's drop it out of the window," she suggested with a sudden burst of inspiration, after they had found their seats in the sleeper. That seemed a good idea to Thomas, but, unfortunately, the train was one of the latest vestibuled arrangements, with not an unguarded opening from one end to the other. Thomas wrestled in vain with a window, and when the porter was appealed to for assistance he raised the window, indeed, but it was protected by a screen which prevented the egress of anything more substantial than a hairpin. Besides, it was cold outside, and both Thomas and Sarah were presently shivering in the draughts of icy air which swept in on them. They were both relieved when a red-faced man across the aisle leaned over and said in an injured tone: "Say, my baby isn't well, and I wish you'd put that window down."

The porter came and lowered the window with a look on his face that seemed to indicate that the two passengers in that seat were mentally unsound. In the morning, after the berths were made up, Sarah shoved the rice pudding out of sight under the back of one of the seats. Now, she was sure, they would get away from it in safety. They got off at the station, the porter assisting. Thomas felt so good at noticing the absence of the pudding that he gave the man fifty cents. They climbed into a cab and were half a block away when their ears were saluted with shrill cries from the rear. The cab came to a stop at the side of the street.

"Heads! a package you left undisturbed," said the porter, sticking his head into the open door of the cab. "I don't run 'twill Ah'm out o' breef acatchin' up to you, sub."

Thomas groaned, took the loathsome thing in his right hand and handed the porter a quarter with the other.

"Oh, don't, Thomas," his wife pleaded. "If you do we'll be arrested for littering the streets, I'm sure."

"Do you expect me to carry a rice pudding about on my lap during the whole of our wedding trip, madam?" he demanded, with dignity.

"Just wait till we get to the hotel, dear," she said. "I'll get rid of it somehow."

For more than a week the unfortunate couple were haunted by that rice pudding. A dozen times they thought they had got rid of it, only to have some porter or other messenger come running after them, pointing and out of breath, to restore the treasure and collect his fee for thoughtfulness. Once they tried to feed it to a dog, but the animal turned up his nose at rice, and almost bit Thomas, who was trying to force it to eat. They left it in a room in their hotel, and the boy who carried down their bags brought that also, with the remark: "I found dis on de top shelf in de room, m'um. Once I found a man's laundry up dere an' he give me half a dollar."

Finally they and the pudding, by this time riding their necks like a Nemesis, came to a little inn in the old Connecticut town where Thomas had been born and reared. One side of their room was occupied by an old-fashioned brick fireplace. The chimney was old and there were big cracks between the bricks.

"Now," said Sarah, "I am going to get rid of it."

She crumbled the pudding into tiny flakes of rice, her husband sitting by helplessly. Then she put a chair into the fireplace opening and climbed up on it. A handful at a time she stuffed that pudding into the cracks between the bricks on the inside of the chimney.

"Perhaps," said Sarah, when she was through, "perhaps the chimney swallows will find it."

"Thank heaven," said her husband, fervently. "What should I have done without you?"—H. M. H., in Chicago Tribune.

Fed on Roses and Currency.

A lion cub which has been on exhibition in former Alderman Van Cole's flower store in Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J., escaped from the store window yesterday and rubbed against Cole's left leg. The florist paid no attention to it, thinking it was the cat, until the cub began to claw his trousers. Then he gave a vicious kick and sprinted for the stairway, with the cub close astern. He slammed the door shut, and the baby lion began to get busy.

"He ran around the place several times," said Mr. Cole, "and broke a jardiniere on each lap. Then he quieted down somewhat and tackled a big bunch of American Beauty roses. He ate a dozen or more as if he liked them, and then tackled a pocketbook which he found on the counter. He pawed it open and chewed up eight \$10 bills."

"Then he walked into a ice box where I keep cut flowers. That was my chance. I ran from my hiding place and shut the door. I kept the cub in cold storage several minutes. Then his keeper took charge of him and thaved him out. I fear I'll never get those bills back, as they are not indigestible securities."—New York Sun.

Emperor of Japan's Pedigree.

The Emperor of Japan surpasses all sovereigns in the length of his pedigree. He is the one hundred and twenty-second member in direct, unbroken descent of his family who has sat on the throne of Japan. The founder of his house was, in Japanese legend, a goddess of the sun, and contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 606 years before the Christian era. On the other hand, the Romanoffs have reigned only since 1901, when they succeeded to the sovereignty of the then extinct house of Rurik. As for the other European rulers, King Edward can go back to Cadiz, 495 A. D., the Hapsburgs to 952 A. D., and the Hohenzollerns to the eighth century, but as kings only to 1701.—London Chronicle.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

There is No Greater Snare to the Young Man Just Beginning Life Than the Companionship of the Moderate Drinker—They Are Society's Real Bane.

"Oh, I only take a glass now and then with a friend or when I don't feel quite well. I defy any man to say he ever saw me drunk."

And so we say to you, misguided man, that for this very reason, because you drink but are never drunk, that you are the bane of society. You, and not the drunkard.

There is no greater snare to the young man just beginning life than the companionship of the moderate drinker.

He had better a thousand times have for his friend the man who lies half of the time dead drunk in the gutter. For your moderate drinker is very often a man of good morals, as the world goes, and he talks loftily of schemes for raising mankind and purifying society. He always puts something in the missionary box, and he goes to church, and helps to pay the minister, and he makes speeches at Fourth of July celebrations and Sabbath-school picnics, and, altogether, is considered a very good citizen; while his neighbor, who began with "just one glass," but had not the will power to stop there, and went on to the depths of drunkenness and despair, is despised by all and hooted and scoffed at as he staggers along the streets.

But Mr. Smith, the moderate drinker, knows where to stop, and so retains the respect of his acquaintances. And when the young man at the beginning of his career of ruin is remonstrated with by his friends, he looks surprised and refers them to Mr. Smith.

"Why, look at Mr. Smith. He has always taken a glass, and he is as high as I am sure there is no man stands any higher than Mr. Smith."

Young friends, such of you as are taking a pattern by Mr. Smith, pause a moment and consider. How do you know that, like him, you can stop before you leave the ground of safety? How do you know that your will is strong enough to keep you back from the brink of the precipice toward which you are being hurried?

Every one has not an appetite which, when once aroused, can be controlled by the will. Nine-tenths of the men who begin by taking "just one glass" end by becoming drunkards.

Again, we repeat, moderate drinkers are the bane of society, because their example is one full of insidious fascination, and the danger is never seen or realized until it is too late. To man was ever influenced to drink by the sight of one of his fellows lying beastly drunk by the roadside.

Beastly, did we say? We beg to correct ourselves. Beastly never degrade themselves to the level of men in this respect. A brute beast is a creature to be honored beside the poor wretch who prostitutes his manhood, sinks his moral resistances and, under the influence of the poison of the grape, succumbs to the temptation to him to go and do likewise? Does the sight make him anxious to become a drunkard? Never!

He shudders with disgust and hurries by. No, the drunkard never tempts a man to become like him. He never entices the young man of so-called good habits to drink. It is your gentlemanly, refined, respectable moderate drinker, who wears glossy linen and broadcloth and passes for a worthy member of society.

Society forsooth! Out upon society! Men and women of to-day, ye who would do good to your fellow-men, who would strengthen the weak and lift up the fallen, cast out from your friendship this moderate drinker. Place him under ban. Let the light of truth shine upon him, and show him in his true colors, which, beautiful though they may be, are beautiful only with the baleful glitter of a serpent's skin.

And when you pass the miserable drunkard as he lies helpless beneath the fiend of rum—when you draw your virtuous robes around you with a shiver of disgust, and pass by on the other side, remember that, loathsome and repulsive though he may be, his example is a thousand times less baneful than that of the respectable, moderate drinker whom you receive into your houses and at least, at times, treat as a companion and friend of your families.—Kate Thorne, in the New York Weekly.

Temperance for Railroad Men.

Some time since, the Boston and Maine Railroad bought a hotel at Rotterdam, N. Y., where liquor had previously been sold and turned into a place for moral and religious work among the railroad employees, who congregated in large numbers in that town. It was determined to supplant the saloon by a comfortable and pleasant place of resort, which was conducted upon moral principles and where religion might have access. The reports of the company announce that the investment has been a decidedly paying one. The employees are more sober and reliable. The danger from accidents and injuries to life and limb has been decreased, and the religious hotel is regarded as a success.

What the Saloon Does.

The other day we saw an old man pushed out and staggering from the door of a saloon. He stumbled off the sidewalk, and, falling headlong, struck his head on the pavement, and lay stunned and bleeding until some passers-by picked him up and carried him to the street. Of course, he was drunk, and probably disagreeable, and presumably had spent all his money, and so he was put out as an undesirable guest. The saloon keeper had him as a companion and friend of your families.—Kate Thorne, in the New York Weekly.

Strong Prohibitory Ordinance.

The strongest prohibitory ordinance yet adopted by the State of California is that which was recently enacted by the trustees of Lompoc, which provides for the following penalties: First violation, \$100 fine and thirty days' imprisonment; second violation, \$200 fine and sixty days' imprisonment; third violation, \$300 fine and ninety days. According to this ordinance all prescriptions for liquor must be signed by a duly accredited physician, and must state day, hour and minute when given, and must be filed within three hours of date and placed on a separate file by the druggists for inspection.

What He Had to Say.

A number of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting room of an English railway talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said: "Pray, sir, what have you to say about temperance?" "Well," replied the policeman, "all I have to say is that I never took a tot of anything in my life, nor to Wakefield house of correction, either."

Demoralizes the Natives.

Bishop Hartzell says that seventy-five per cent. of the demoralization of natives of Africa in their home life and character comes from the use of strong drink, and Rev. Charles Hatchell Morris declares that no fewer than 2,000,000 savages die every year as the result of the traffic.

Whisky Breeds Feuds.

Dr. William Goodell Frost, President of Berea College, Berea, Ky., in speaking recently upon "Feuds in our Southern Highlands," said that it is the common belief that the feud has its origin in the whisky murder that ninety-five per cent. of all these killings are performed under the influence of the whisky bottle.

Gifts For Washington's Cathedral.

Bishop Satterlee has received for the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul a beautiful silver and ebony mace as a gift from Pittsburgh Whitehouse, in memory of his father, Bishop Whitehouse, who was the founder of the cathedral system in the American Church. At the top of the mace is a beautiful silver figure of an angel, holding in one hand the sword of St. Paul and in the other the keys of St. Peter, as emblems of the two apostles from whom the cathedral bears its ancient name.

A Great Waste of Money.

A great waste of money spent on advertising has just been brought to the attention of people generally. It is when costly circulars are sent by thousands through the post. The number and variety of these circulars are always great during the holiday season, and it seems to have been especially large this year. Some of them were so elaborate in their ornamentation that the expense laid out on them must have been very heavy. Besides, the cost of postage was great. Almost invariably, of course, such circulars are tossed into the fire, unread. If a man has on sale an article or articles of which information is desired by a limited number of collectors of unique objects, generally known to him, a circular may serve his purpose; but, after all, not so well as an advertisement in a daily paper as a part of the news of the day, for then he sticks his notice on the bulletin at which all society looks.

Still another great waste in advertising is due to failure to discriminate between the value, actual and relative, of the mediums employed for it. As a general rule, of course, the more respect a newspaper commands from its readers the more respect they have for the advertising in it. A bulletin posted in a disreputable quarter does not tend to enhance the reputation of the concern using it.

Toad Poison.

The popular theory that a toad's skin contains venom has been confirmed by Professor Kravkoff's investigations. Irritation, inflammation, and even gangrene and death have been known to occur from contact with a toad's skin. Professor Kravkoff, from experiments on animals with the active principle of poison, "phrynin," has found the results of subcutaneous injection to be increased blood pressure, marked influence on the heart's action, which first beats quickly and irregularly, and finally stops. In warm-blooded animals, salivation, vomiting, diarrhoea, asthma and convulsions occur.

All three symptoms are the same as with digitalin, the active principle of the foxglove. Phrynin may also be used as a local anesthetic, like cocaine.—London Express.

Curling Popular in Canada.

One of the most popular of Canadian winter sports is curling, which is said to have originated in Scotland. To the uninitiated the sight is that of four men sweeping the ice; but there is method in the game, and the curling stones and tees are arranged carefully, for a scientific player is keen to take advantage of every ruling. The tees are placed thirty-eight yards apart; the players stand behind a tee, and the score is marked on the ice seven yards in front of each tee. Of course the game is to keep the stone within certain limits, a feat not easily accomplished.—St. Nicholas.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 131 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Gamblers on Ocean Steamers Operate in Groups of Two or Three.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound and imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be lost. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by our method. Send for circulars free. F. J. CENNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

Gives to Salzer's the highest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you will. Salzer's s.e.d.s. are a genuine seed, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

Per Acre. Salzer's Barleyed Yielded 121 bu. Salzer's Home Builder Corn... 320 bu. Salzer's and Macaroni Wheat... 80 bu. Salzer's Victoria Rape... 60,000 lbs. Salzer's Teosinte, the fodder wonder... 160,000 lbs. Salzer's Big Bell Corn... 30,000 bu. Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes... 1,000 bu. Now such yields pay and you can have them, Mr. Farmer, in 1904.

SEND 10c. IN STAMPS To the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get them free. Catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. [A.C.L.]

The most valuable feathers are those of the mirasol, a bird of Argentina.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c. a bottle.

Copenhagen has the largest inclosed deer park in the world. Its area is 4200 acres.

For 30c. and This Notice

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will send free 1 pk. May 1st Carrot... 10c. 1 pk. Earliest Green Eating Onion... 10c. 1 pk. Peep of Day Tomatoes... 10c. 1 pk. Salzer's Flash Light Radish... 10c. 1 pk. Long Quick Quick Radish... 10c. 1 pk. Salzer's Queen of All Radish... 10c. Above six rare varieties, the choicest and finest of their kind, have a retail value of 70c., but they are mailed to you free, together with Salzer's big catalog, well worth \$105.00 to every wide-awake gardener, all upon receipt of but 30c. in postage and this notice. [A.C.L.]

A locomotive, when going at express speed, gives 1034 pulses per mile.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

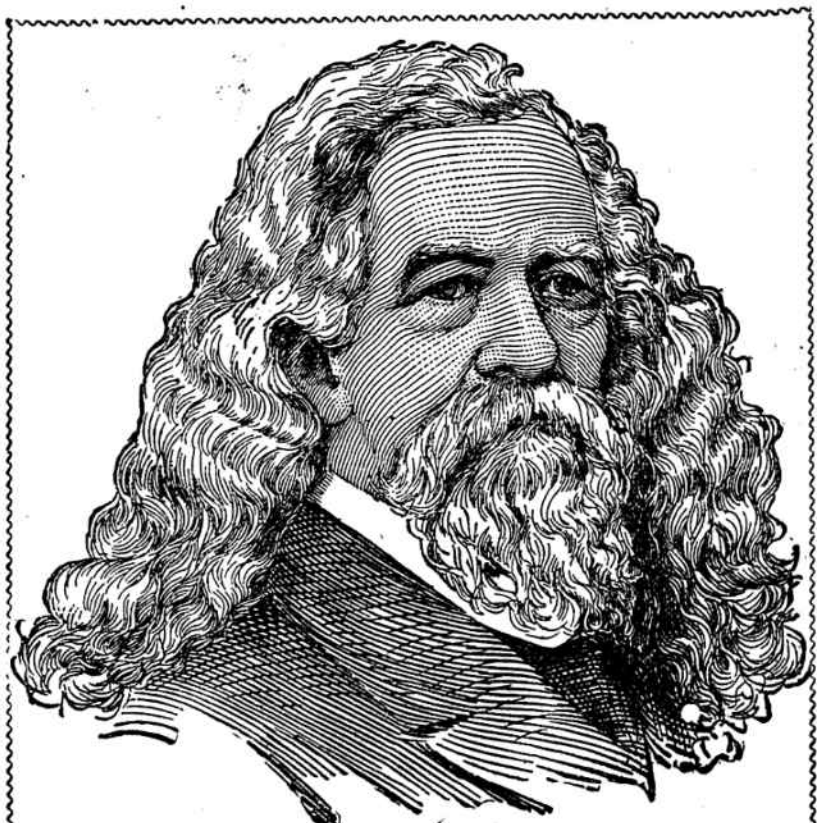
In a cubic foot of honeycomb there are about 9000 cells.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. G. ENSLEY, Vanburner, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The first ruler honored with the title of "His Majesty" was Louis XI. of France.

A COMRADE OF GENERAL GRANT

Says: "I Do Not Believe Pe-ru-na Has a Superior for Catarrh."



BENJAMIN F. HAWKES.

Benjamin F. Hawkes, of Washington, D. C., is One of the Three Living Comrades of General Grant in His Cadet Days at West Point.

In a recent letter from 611 G Street, S. W., Washington, D. C., this venerable gentleman says of Peruna:

"I have tried Peruna after having tried in vain other remedies for catarrh, and I can say without reservation that I never felt a symptom of relief until I had given Peruna the simple trial that its advocates advise. I do not believe it has a superior, either as a remedy for catarrh or as a tonic for the depressed and exhausted condition which is one of the effects of the disease."—Benjamin F. Hawkes.

ISAAC BROCK, a citizen of McLennan County, Texas, has lived for 114 years. In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says: "Peruna exactly meets all my requirements. It protects me from the evil effects of sudden changes; it keeps me in good appetite; it gives me strength; it keeps my blood in good circulation. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine."

"When epidemics of the gripe first began to make their appearance in this country I was a sufferer from this disease. I had several long sieges with the gripe. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that the gripe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peruna for the gripe, and found it to be just the thing."—Isaac Brock.

Pe-ru-na Used in the Family for Years.

Mrs. E. West, 137 Main street, Menasha, Wis., writes: "We have used Peruna in our family for a number of years and when I say that it is a fine medicine for catarrh and colds, I know what I am talking about. I have taken it every spring and fall for four years and I find that it keeps me robust, strong, with splendid appetite, and free from any illness. A few years ago it cured me of catarrh of the stomach, which the doctors had pronounced incurable. I am very much pleased with Peruna. I am 87 years old."—Mrs. E. West.

ALABASTINE
the Durable Wall Coating,
Won't Rub Off.

WHY?
Because it cements to, and is not stuck on the wall with decaying, animal glue, as are the various so-called "wall finishes," which are kalsomines sold under fanciful names.

You can apply Alabastine.

Australian Hardwood.

To the fact that Australia possesses the finest hardwoods in the world is due the mammoth order which South Africa recently placed with a Sydney firm for the supply of 470,000 railway ties. These were five feet long, ten inches wide, five inches deep, and to consist of black-butt, box and mahogany. The first shipment, consisting of 32,000 ties, represented a superficial measurement of 1,000,000 feet, and a dead weight of 3000 tons. The second shipment consisted of 70,000 ties, representing 6000 tons.

There are fifty four mills in all Mexico.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass. The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons of hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grow Salzer's Teosinte, the fodder wonder, 60,000 lbs. per acre. [A.C.L.]

JUST SEND 10c. IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples.

A weekly paper published in Athens, Greece, is written entirely in verse.



Indispensable
For all aches from head to foot

has curative qualities to reach the

St. Jacobs Oil

PAINS and ACHES
of the human family, and to relieve and cure them promptly.

Price 25c. and 50c.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. G. ENSLEY, Vanburner, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

ALABASTINE

The Only Sanitary and Permanent Wall Coating

ALABASTINE is not a disease-breeding, hot water glue wall finish, enabling a lodgment and harbor-ground for disease germs; it is a natural, rock-hard composition, in white and many exquisitely beautiful tints; in powder form, ready for use by simply mixing with cold water. Anyone can brush it on.

ALABASTINE cements to walls, destroys disease germs and vermin, and never rubs off or scales. Other wall coatings, under fanciful names, and usually mixed with hot water, are unhealthful kalsomines, stuck on the wall with glue, which soon rots, nourishes germs of deadly disease, rubs and scales, spoiling walls, clothing and furniture. When it is necessary to refinish, the old coats must be washed off—an expensive, nasty, disagreeable job, making the rooms damp and unfit to live in.

When walls are once coated with Alabastine, succeeding coats may be applied, year after year, without washing the walls, thus saving great expense and annoyance.

Hot and Cold Water Kalsomines Have No Merit

Some dealers try to sell them, buying them cheap, and trying to sell on Alabastine's demand, until such time as their customers learn of the imposition.

THEY ARE WORTHLESS PREPARATIONS

If you cannot buy Alabastine of your hardware, paint or drug dealer, refuse all imitations, and write us. We will tell you where you can get Alabastine without delay, or sell it to you direct. \$500.00 GIVEN AWAY. Write for particulars.

Leaflet of dainty tints, hints on decorating, and our artists' up-to-date ideas on beautifying the home, free. Buy Alabastine only in packages, properly labeled.

Alabastine Company GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
and 105 Water St., New York City.

Getting Too Near Home.

A Yorkshire Socialist, explaining to a friend the principles of Socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the Socialist. "And if you had two cows, would you do the same?" "Of course I should." "Well, supposing now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one?" "Eh, that's gettin' over near home," said the other slyly; "tha knows I've got two pigs."—V. C.