Away, away, from the dusty town,
In the depths of the woodlands your grief
to drown:
From the bitter strife
Where the world is rife
With song and bloom, and the breath of
life! -Atlanta Constitution.

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

"Noah Rawson tells me he expects to start in on his new barn to-morrow," said Isaac Grose, interrupting a protracted discussion of the tariff question.

"What, Friday?" exclaimed Uncle 'Bijah Neal, rousing himself from the doze, or perhaps reverie, in which he had been indulging.

"And why not on Friday?" demanded young Abner Harmon, ready enough to drop the tariff for some other subject of controversy. "I hope that you don't hold to the notion that Friday is an unlucky day?" "I haven't said that I did," replied the old man, meekly.

"That's one of those old superstitions that sensible people outgrew long ago," persisted Abner.

"Just what I told Mother Gleason one Friday long before you were born," said Uncle 'Bijah, his face lighting up with the glow of reminiscence. "I guess I shall never forget that particular Friday, and the kind of luck I had," he continued, with a clearing of the throat that the company assembled in Lufkin's precursor of some simple tale of bygone days.

"My wife's mother was visiting us at the time. Mother Gleason was an excellent woman, and sensible in the main, though I suppose she was hardly up to Abner's standard, for she had her superstitions that she held to half-feeling that there was something why, I hadn't a word to say!" in her notions. Most of 'em weren't new to me, anyway, for my aunt that brought me up was as full of signs "Well, one morning my next neigh- day."

bor brought me a letter from the postoffice, and come to open it, it Pottertown. She wrote that she was its bad name." thinking serious of selling her woodlot, and if I was a mind to come over and see her, maybe we could trade.

"I was a good deal pleased, for I'd two years; but the widow was independently rich, for those parts, and seemed to make any headway.

to let any grass grow under my feet; and I told the women-folks that I was going to hitch up and drive down | shoot. to Pooduck Centre and draw my money out of the savings-bank, and o over to Pottertown in the

on and see if I couldn't close de right up. t Mother Gleason spoke up,

is important as that on a Fri-

it was kind of a wet blanket at first, for I'd forgotten about stead of my gun!" ig Friday; but in less than a y mind was made up. lat's just what I'm going to

would like that wood-lot, and I'm not going to risk losing the best chance I've ever had to make some money on account of an old superstition that no sensible person really believes in,' I says.

"I didn't mean to hurt Mother Gleason's feelings, but you see I had to put it pretty strong for the sake of keeping my own courage up. "'Well,' says she, terrible solemn,

'I only hope you won't regret it,' and it kinder sounded as if she rather hoped I would.

'However, I harnessed up and drove down to the Centre and drew all my money out of the bank. It was along early in the spring and pretty hard traveling, and coming back, old black Charlie slipped on a patch of ice and went down on all fours, barking his knees and breaking one of the shafts. I patched it up and got home as best I could, and I tried to make light of it to the women-folks; but when I let on that I meant to foot it over to Pottertown that afternoon, Mother Gleason she

warned me again. "'You take my advice and give it up for to-day,' says she. 'It's one of the surest signs of ill luck even to dream of a black horse down, let alone actually seeing one tumble on

a Friday,' says she. "But I wouldn't hear to her, and started off for Pottertown- a good

six miles. "After I'd gone a piece, I thought of a path through the woods that would cut off quite a little of the distance, and then I wished I had taken my gun. Of course I wasn't really afraid to go through the woods with some of those little kinks that your that money in my pocket, but I mind gets into in your younger

be company for me. "So I went back and got it, but I was most sorry I did so, for it gave Mother Gleason a chance to expatiate on another of her signs. She said it always meant bad luck to turn round I do suppose if I was Noah Rawson, I

and come back for something after you'd once started off. "I suppose all this prophesying of disaster must have made me a little nervous, for I was all eyes and ears when I struck into that lonesome path. But the only living thing I saw was a rabbit. He was in the

and he seemed to be nosing round for wild berries under the snow. "'Now,' thinks I. 'I'll have a crack at that fellow just for luck.' So I stole round cautiously through the comment, "if she had spent that bushes, and finally knelt down behind money at the drygoods stores."a fallen log without his seeing me. Atchison Globe.

middle of a kind of swampy place.

Then I took a good aim and let drive

"Well, that rabbit didn't fall in his tracks as I expected! I doubt if he even realized what a narrow escape he'd had. He just looked round for a minute as if he was a little surprised at the noise, and then he seemed to think that on the whole he'd better seek some other field of labor.

"I was a good deal worked up about it, for I considered myself a good shot in those days, and for me to miss such an easy chance as that seemed like a surer sign of ill luck than any of Mother Gleason's. To make matters worse, in going back to the path I caught my foot on an old root, and fell among the bushes and scratched my face ridiculous.

"I suppose it must have been going on toward five o'clock when I finally reached the Widow Lincoln's, though I couldn't say exactly, for when I went to look at my watch just before I got there, lo and behold, it was gone!

"It was an old bull's-eye and not worth so very much, but I valued it because it had belonged to my grandfather. Besides, I couldn't help thinking how I'd heard that it always caused ill luck to lose an old family heirloom.

"So I wasn't over and above cheerful when I entered the widow's yard, and I was still less so when I came out.

"I didn't so much mind her setting the dog on me, for he didn't really bite through my cowhide boots, and she called him off as soon as she found out who it was. And I could have stood the dressing down she gave me for coming there with a gun and my face all bloody, scaring a lone woman half out of her wits. store had learned to recognize as the as she said. But when, finally, she 'lowed that she wouldn't sell her wood-lot to me at any price, I did feel considerable down 't the heel.

"But there was no use arguing with her, and all that was left for me to do was to just trudge back. And when at last I got home, long after dark, and Mother Gleason told me like Gospel truth. I used to laugh at that all the trouble came from my her some, but all the time I had a undertaking new business on Friday,

"The day of the week had nothing whatever to do with it," declared Abner. "It was merely a coincidence herself as the Old Farmers' Almanac. that your hard luck came on a Fri-

"No doubt you're right," admitted Uncle 'Bijah. "Probably it was just was from the Widow Lincoln over to such coincidences that gave Friday

"Didn't you ever find your watch, Mr. Neal?" asked the storekeeper, with a kindly interest.

"Oh, yes," he replied, resuming been trying to dicker with Mis' Lin- his narrative with this encouragecoln for that wood-lot for more than ment. "I went over to that swampy place the next morning, and found the watch right under the log where kind of crotchety, and I hadn't I was when I fired at the rabbit. It hadn't taken a mite of harm-ticking "So now I made up my mind not away as cheerful as could be when I picked it up. I had my gun with me, but of course I didn't see anything to

"I was kind of curious, though, to know where my bullet went the day before, so I rummaged round a little, and finally I spied the very hole that ought to have been made in that rabbit. It was in the butt of an old e says, 'I guess you've forgot- dead tree, and come to look at it at day of the week it is, Abi- close, I saw something yellow and ouldn't start in on any- sticky oozing out. I took up a little on my forefinger, and touched my tongue to it; and then I says to myself, 'I wish I'd brought my ax in-

"I clipped it for home, and got my ax and two twelve-quart pails, and came back to that tree, and got out 1 says. 'There's other folks all I wanted to carry of as prime honey as I should ever wish to see.

"When I'd got most home I met Hosea Ross. Before I had a chance to show him my prize, he sung out, Well, 'Bije, how much money did you have in the Pooduck Savings-Bank?

"'Why,' says I, 'I did have quite a number of hundred dollars, but I drew it all out yesterday,' says I. "'Well, you are a lucky dog!' says

"'Why so?' says I.

"'Why, haven't you heard?' says

"Then he went on to tell how the burglars had blown open the savingsbank safe the night before, and got off with all the funds before the Pooduck Centre people had fairly waked up. You must recollect hearing about that robbery, Mr. Lufkin,

if it was forty odd years ago?" "Sartin I do, as if it was yesterday," said the storekeeper. "So you got your money out just in the nick of time! How did you finally invest

it, if it is a civil question?" "Oh, I bought the wood-lot with it. The Widow Lincoln came over to see me that very afternoon, and said she felt as if she had been a little hasty; and finally she offered me the lot for six hundred and fifty, which was fifty dollars less than I'd calculated I'd have to pay. I made quite a speck after I'd tended to old Charlie's out of that wood-lot," he added, comknees and eaten a late dinner, I placently. "So, as I told Mother Gleason, my Friday luck turned out good in the end, after all."

"I should think that after that you would have been completely rid of the Friday superstition," said Abner.

"Well, you would think so; but I d'know how it is. It's curious about thought that the gun would kind of years! Maybe you think you've got 'em all straightened out, but the chances are they don't stay so.

"Now I know in all reason as well as you do, Abner, that Friday is no different from any other day, and yet should put off commencing on that barn till the first of the week."-Youth's Companion.

## Feminine Philosophy.

Tell a woman of the murder of a woman in Kansas City recently becently because she distrusted banks and carried her money with her, and she will not see the suggestion in the incident that the woman should have trusted the banks. "The woman would have been wiser," she will



Work of Swedish Women. Many enthusiastic and seriouswork in the organization of the politness. Swedish white ribboners. The work taken up by the Swedish women is of a most practical nature. Their plan self and a particularly nice time, beof establishing temperance restaurants for all classes leads the world. No other country has made such a success. Royal personages and others of high social rank indorse the movement by dedicating the temperance restaurants and giving them their patronage.-Philadelphia Rec-

Children Define Idea of Lady.

ord.

The time-honored task of defining "lady" was submitted the other day to a score of little girls in one of the public schools in this city and brought out the usual variety of answers in which the possession of wealth stood out as an almost indispensable condition in the juvenile minds. It is noticeable, however, that kindness and "good manners" are rated equally highly. "A lady is rich and very kind to the servants," one description ran and it was added "The servants have to be clean and tidy in work as well as the ladies." One of the more ambitious efforts at

quite a nice little income. So it stands to reason that he who has only minded women are enlisted in tem- his affection to offer, with no income perance work in Sweden. Am ... g to back it, frowned through that time them is Mrs. Vendia Hollstrand, of until he could take his departure, Upsala, who has achieved a great which was early, and with chilling

Croesus-the comparative Croesus

cause the girl was piqued by the chilliness of the farewell of the first, and so made herself unusually agreeable. But, poor girl (and this is where the oracle comes in), she spent most of the night in tears because she didn't see how the impoverished one

could be so silly, and never, never would she say she was sorry, and so, of course, he would never come again to see her.

But the oracle shook her head and spoke thus:

"You are wrong. It isn't wrong to have the other man call upon you if you are not trying to flirt with him. If you are you are acting disloyally and unfairly. Your mistake is in saying you will not write the first one | air. Old William entered, stamped to come again. You are not seeing his side. It is not necessarily jealousy or ugliness that sent him away; he was hurt. One of the hardest things a man has to live through is the consciousness, when he honestly loves a girl that he hasn't money enough to make a home forher. Many | cry came from outside. description ran: "A lady is a person other men could, and when he sees

> Diced Turnips.-Wash and pare the turnips, then cut into inch-square dice. Drop into boiling water and cook tender, adding for each quart of turnips one tablespoonful of sugar. Drain off all water, then return to the fire, adding salt and pepper to season and three tablespoonfuls of cream beaten up with an egg. Shake over the fire until the mxture boils up once, then serve.

who has all her manners and who has, one of those with the girl he loves he a little money with which to help is humiliated by the comparison with the poor. She generally is busy about something, and lives in a large house with a lawn in front." "Ladies should have good manners," wrote another child, "and they ought to send a lot of presents to poor people because they have nothing else to do." It is hard to realize the cynicism was unconscious in: "A lady is a woman with a lot of money, but she ought to know her manners as well."-New York Press.

aste in Your

### To Appear Well Gowned Use hairpins, visible, invisible and

all kinds. Wear a net or thin veil to keep in vagrant locks.

Cleanse your face with cream every night before going to bed.

Keep your shoes polished and don't allow the heels to become run over.

Wear immaculate neckwear, a clean shirtwaist and gloves without holes.

Don't allow the public glimpses of a soiled white skirt or a shredded silk | Star.

Don't display a hole in your stock ing right above your heel when you hold up your dress.

Don't go around with soiled nails or nails that are as vindictively long

as a mandarin's. Don't wear your collar pins awry, and don't forget to sew on missing

buttons. Don't wear a veil with a slit across the face, and don't wear one at al!

unless you can adjust it neatly. But, above all, look at your back

in the glass before you start out; the punishment of Lct's wife does not await you if you do.—Indianapolis

Boston to Form New Club. A group of influential Boston women again are busily at work on the organization of a woman's club in the Hub, to be founded and conducted on much the same lines as the Colony Club in this city. The project was mooted last year, and the first response was so satisfactory it looked as if success was assured. Most of the leading women in the Back Bay joined the organizing committee, and charter members actually were paying their subscriptions and being enrolled when a hitch arose. It is hinted that one or two social undesirables managed to find a place "on the ground floor," and the exclusive ones at once withdrew. It was decided to return all subscriptions and call the whole scheme off, and these tactics have made it possible for the original organizers to get together once more and start all over again, though this time with a far stricter censorship over those permitted to take part. There is certainly no lack of money to stand in the way of the new club, and tentative negotiations are said to be under way for the purchase of Mrs. John G. Phillips' home in Berkeley street, at present occupied by Governor and Mrs. Draper, and the remodeling of it for the club house .--New York Press.

## For the Young Girl.

The pretty girl of the house was in a quandary, and so she went to the household oracle to submit her case. Her difficulty was this: Two men callers had arrived at practically the same hour the night before. She expected only one, but every girl knows there sometimes arrives another who would be more welcome, had he chosen a different time. The first arrival was one to whom this girl is engaged, or would be had he money enough to make a home for her. He undoubtedly thinks that the second arrival is a real rival, and he knows, alas, that the second has money- slightly above the normal westline.

himself and a little afraid, too.

"It isn't a disagreeable fear, but a human one, because he cannot know whether the girl really cares for him. And may not the advantages the other man can offer be greater to her than is his love. It is this combination of humiliation and fear that makes many a man sit silent.

"So, as you were hostess, I think you should write first and say you are sorry he was hurt, or ask him to come again soon to see you. Each girl has her own way of mending matters when they have gone wrong, and you will be sweeter and much happier if you make the first advance in this instance. You will know from the way it is met whether the man is ugly or only hurt, and in either case Little kicking balls of wool and flanyou will have nothing with which to nel stirred in the shadow of every reproach yourself."

"I think I'll write to him now," the girl said softly. And there is the by the snow-hound that roared outmoral for those who need it .- Rosanna Schuyler, in the Washington



Silk batistes, with the most alluring designs in soft colors, are being shown.

orately employed on waists and skirts.

decidedly curved. A very satisfactory material, and

an inexpensive one, for a tailored suit, is Venetian cloth. A handsome sweater, worn with an

outing costume, is of angora, with hood and gloves to match.

The many-ribbed pagoda-topped parasols, as well as the square ones, promise to give a touch of variety. The Russian blouse is the feature

place of the long coat. Whole gowns are being made of baby Irish lace, with one-button, short coats, small revers and long sleeves.

open V-shaped in the front. The cord groupings, shown in the new dimities and other wash fabrics are unusual. Some of the plaid ef-

fects are especially charming. Rat-tail braid is used on many of the new suits of tailored style, much in the same way that soutache was used in the past, but less promi-

Rough weaves continue in the ascendant, but a vogue of smooth serges is promised, and some light-colored suits of these materials are in evi-

nently.

Pique in a variety of colors, embroidered and dotted promises to be popular for children's dresses. These are ornamented with linen or embroidered buttons.

An odd and pretty neck accessory consists of an inch-wide band of colored velvet, joined by a hook and eye at the front, where is a frill in straight jabot effect, made of net or lace, with ends dropping below the lower edge of the velvet, finished with tassels.

Even coats are now belted. Those for street wear have them of the material or of soft patent leather run through mother-of-pearl buckles in front, and those for motoring or driving have heavy stitched belts attached to the foundation and lifted

# THE LAMBING.

Farmer's Wife's Fight With the Snow-Hound.

The old cuckoo clock on the mantel shelf whirred rustily, and a headless cuckoo hopped out, cuckooed 2 o'clock, and retired jerkily. In the darkness without a sudden sally of wind, sweeping with flaws of snow ard sleet, roared in the wide chimney. From outside the big ruddywalled kitchen faint little twitters and quavering "ba-as" came in each

lull of the snowy wind. "Not long for t' first 'un," old Meg said, pitching a great pile of wood on | much cheaper school books, to be the bubbling fire. "Soon after two owd Blacky, for t' past five yeer at ony rate, has been reg'lar as th' owd cuckoo there."

She filled the big milk can by the fire with steaming milk, and bent to arrange the rampart of flannels in the corner. A flurry of snow came, impalpable as dust, beneath the rat--had the rest of the evening to himtling door. Through the deep-set window one could see it whirling and jigging through the blackness of the early morning. A yellow lantern tossed like a fallen comet among the outbuildings and flickered out again. Meg ceased stirring the milk and listened.

"Hark!" she said, her old blueveined hand uplifted.

In the low symphony of "ba-as" and twitterings outside a tiny cry of complaining rose suddenly. The lantern light gleamed in the flying snow, men's voices sounded. Meg bent down to her milk can.

"First 'un!" she said solemnly. "The Lord send a good lambin'!"

The door opened with a swift sparkle of snow and an icy rush of the snow from his feet. Something that whined and cried bulged beneath the driving rug he wore.

"Owd Blacky, as usual," he said. putting the ridiculous little bundle of long legs and stupid face, bleating, into Meg's lap. Another quavering

"They're comin' gradely now," William said, pulling at the big jug on the oven top.

The door closed behind him. Meg, with her red arms bare, poured warm milk down the avid throat of the long-legged thing on her knee, and bundled it in flannel as the door opened again.

"Welly near gone, this 'un," Willlam said briefly. "Lord save t' rest!" said Meg.

without any irreverence. The limp silent bundle with long legs hanging piteously quiet sprawled across her knee. The red arms worked like flails, pummeling the snow-chilled thing, drumming on the pulseless ribs, sidling swiftly over the almost dead spine, kneading the cold flesh. A faint bleat sighed up from the thin throat, the legs twitched . . . The sweat on Meg's brow glistened in the lamplight, her swaying shadow sprawled ialf across the stone floor . . The white bundle cried and struggled

and the battle was won. That battle. But there were others. The big kitchen was full of plaintive bleatings and whimperings. Little still bundles corner. would never kick, victims snatched side, lay quiet.

"'Save no more'll go," Meg said. pummeling the warm life into the frozen thing on her knee. "Winter, ridin' on t' buttock o' spring, is horriple bad for the lambies. Eh, dear!" William tramped in with an icy blast of snow.

"One o' th' ewes goin'," he said shortly, pulling a handful of medicine bottles from the cupboard. The great fire-lit kitchen was alive

with the new-born. Two score, whining and bleating, half a dozen still and cold. The headless cuckoo Embroidery and braiding are elab- had whirred three times. Outside the snow had ceased, and far down in the cup of the whitened hills an Some of the smartest quills seen early morning train crawled like a on hats are heavily gilded, and are yellow glow-worm. A faint confusion of sound from the Herdwick ewes, gathered from the stony wilds of the mountains where they roamed, timid as goats half the year, floated with the drifting snow through the chinks of the rattling door. Old Meg in the ruddy kitchen still fought with the snow-hound. A lusty young lamb tumbled blindly along the stone floor and tripped over a brother that lay cold and dead. Meg's tireless red arms worked like a windmill, pum-

of novelty, and shares popularity of meling, caressing, feeding and fightthe short jacket, which has taken the ing grimly. The light came slowly up out of the east, whitening the great creased cloth of the hills, striking rosily the glistening shoulder of the Snake. The world developed slowly like a photographic negative, rising whitely from the black of the morning. Inside the stables faint little whimperings and suckings and scufflings sounded. Old Meg, tired-eyed and dishevelled, stood at the door, listened, and smiled at the whorls of powdered snow that danced in the farmyard.-London Daily News.

#### Almost Toc Far. "Very good repartee. Very good.

But, perhaps, a little strong. The speaker was Henry E. Dixey,

the actor. He resumed: "It reminds me of a dialogue at the Lambs between a New England poet and a Scot

'Bah,' said the Scot, hearing that the poet had a press agent. 'Bah, you Americans are possessed with an itch fever for notoriety.' "The poet tossed back his long

locks fiercely.

"'Well,' he cried, 'an itch for notoriety is better than a notoriety for-"But with a 'Tut, tut, gentle-

The average weekly income of what is known as "a poor family" in New York City is \$11.30, and the families

average five and two-fifths persons.

men!" " said Mr. Dixey, "I ended this

unseemly wrangle ere it went too

far."-Washington Star.



The thickness of a razor edge has been reckoned at about one-millionth of an inch.

The twelve principal crops of the United States alone show a value of over \$5,000,000,000 at last reports.

Children of the public schools in the Province of Ontario are to have supplied by the Provisional Government under a five-year contract, from August 1, 1909.

Dislike of Scotland and Scotchmen was one of Samuel Johnson's pet hob-

A Boston firm of building wreckers has brought out a circular saw that will cut through nails and bolts 'as well as through wood, enabling them to cut into regular sizes of secondhand lumber that otherwise would be valueless.

Because Dante Gabriel Rossetti's father was forced to leave Italy for political reasons, England gained a noted painter and poet.

Shelley and Spenser are poets' poets. Each has been the favorite and influencer of many great masters

Edgar Allan Poe won a prize of \$100 with his story, "The Gold Bug," in 1843. It was submitted in competition to the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper. Thomas Prince's "Chronological

History of New England" comes

down only to the year 1633 because the author overwhelmed his main purpose by a long introduction which began with the creation of the world. The chestnut tree of Longfellow's

The first anti-slavery work to appear in book form in this country was Lydia Maria F. Child's "Appeal in tors prescribed for him, but he kept Behalf of That Class of Americans Called Africans." It was published in 1833. -

"Village Blacksmith" was cut down

in 1876.

Sheridan's play, "The Duenna," had a run of seventy-five nights in London in 1775-6, a remarkable success for those days.

Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," was suggested by the twenty-ninth letter of the Greek, Philostratus. The letter commences "Drink to me with your eyes

# ..................... The Germ Hobgoblin.

I trust that no one will misunderstand or will think that I cherish unbanish it, but the knowledge tending cago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909." to prolong life has made life in many ways so much less worth living that some of us would rather go back to shorter and merrier days. I am all compassion for a piteous childhood, brought up no longer in the fear of the Lord, but in the fear of the "germ." A young friend of mine, not long since, told me of her little sister, aged five, who came home daily from the park full of enthusiasm over a new acquaintance made there, a little girl of about her own size. The family, interested, pressed her with inquiries about her friend, very naturally asking her name. The youngster bore the questioning for some time, but at last burst into tears with, "I don't know her last name, but her first name is Dorothy, and she hasn't any germs!"

The story made me recall a tiny niece, all too young for such horrid thoughts, disciplining a still younger sister on a railway train for having put a splinter from the porter's whisk-broom into her mouth. The infant's idea of what might be on that whisk-broom appalled me: "Worms, and wriggly, crawly things that will get inside you and eat you up." I remember, too, the four-year-old daughter of a friend who resolutely refused to kiss her sick mother because, the little monster averred, she was afraid of getting sick herself. Are these bacteriologists in miniature to be endured? What shall be done with a childhood, robbed of its legitimate fear of bogie and hobgoblin, and left to construct from distorted facts such an unattractive mythology of its own? Are not erlking and witch wife as true as many a bacillus legend, and far more enticing?

If the minds of those on the very threshold of life are thus overshadowed, what shall be said of the mind of eld? Uneasy age, waking to the import of recent discoveries, finds wretchedness in the place of long comfort. Isolated facts hit hard when used as missiles, and the younger generations do not hesitate to hurl them as fast as they can pick them up. Heaven help the unprotected old gray heads!-From Scribner's Magazine.

## Some Truth in It.

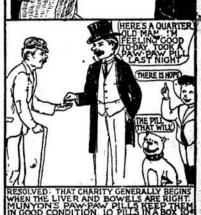
Discussing the proposed laws against scorching motorists, Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, said: "It is time to check these men.

They are getting quite too reckless. There was more truth than humor in a burlesque dialogue I read in a manuscript play the other night.

"'If there's one thing more than another I hate to run over,' said a burlesque chauffeur, 'it's a baby.' 'Quite right,' his companion

agreed. 'Those feeding bottles do play hob with a tire, don't they?" "-Washington Star.





Kunyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weake they are a tonic to the stomach, live and nerves; invigorate instead of weak at They are a rich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, bealing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, writt Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 63d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Feeding the Pu. 3.

Miss M .- Tip feeds pups four or five times a day, mostly stale bread soaked in milk or gravy. Now and then a little finely chopped meat with broken puppy biscuit. As they grow older knock off meals, until when grown they have but two a daybiscuits soaked in gravy in the morning and biscuits with meat and vegetables in the evening. Plenty of exercise and fresh air. Do not bother about powders to which you refer, but take it to a "vet." It will behave itself in time if you allow it outside as much as possible and correct as you have done.-New York

Not an Inch of Healthy Skin Left. "My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doc-

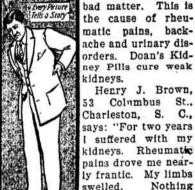
getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college. but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, out it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he cleanliness when I confess that I entirely cured, and a stronger and deeply regret the advance made by healthier boy you never saw than modern science in bacteriology. It is he is to-day, twelve years or more not that I love disease, or fail to share since the cure was effected. Robert the enthusiasm of those who would Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chi-

# Coasting Flying Machines.

In Switzerland the coasting flying machine furnishes great fun. Sleighs are fitted with wings, or gliders, and taken to the top of a steep hill. They dash down with lightning speed, and when the wings are released the sleighs rises into the air for a beautiful slide. It is an easy way to learn flying, but aside from this the new sport beats coasting all to pieces .-New York Press.

#### WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.

When the kidneys do their duty the blood is filtered clear of uric acid and other waste. Weak kidneys do not filter off all the



ney Pills cure weak kidneys. Henry J. Brown, 53 Columbus St., Charleston, S. C., says: "For two years suffered with my kidneys. Rheumatic pains drove me nearly frantic. My limbs swelled.

helped me until I be-

gan using Doan's

Kidney Pills, and by that time I had nearly given up hope. They brought me quick relief and a final cure." Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 50 cents a box.

# Female Doctors.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Manchester Royal Infirmary it was decided by a large majority that women should not be resident physicians and surgeons. Bishop Welldon argued that women doctors were not worth as much as men for the treatment of all cases, and most patients disliked to be treated by women physicians. There is no such foolish prejudice here in New York. -New York Press.

## Cause of Temperance.

"The cause of temperance is working great headway in Norway. We have adopted the local option policy with excellent results," said P. Anensen, a manufacturer of white paper, from Skien, Norway. "Whenever the people of a certain district or county wish to abolish drinking houses an election is held, at which all adult males in that territory are supposed to vote. If any are absent their votes are counted for prehibition. Another election cannot be held until after five years."