

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has made itself welcome in the homes of the people the world over, by its wonderful cures of all blood diseases and run-down conditions.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs.

## Greenwich Village.

We hope that the extent of emigration from Greenwich has been overstated. It is hard to believe that O Greenwich would want to leave that most favored district of Manhattan. It has a thousand attractions all its own. There of pleasant evenings people sit upon their own front porches engaged in neighborly gossip, sometimes bursting into song; there the tenement has not shouldered out private dwellings, there youths dote upon the fun of perplexing visiting cousins by showing them where two parallel streets, Tenth and Fourth, cross; there in ancient taverns yet faintly linger echoes of an earlier and less vexed day when sturdy smugglers landed brandy, tobacco and silks from low, rakish craft anchored in the North River. In Greenwich village English is spoken, heads of families wearing silk hats lead their households to church on Sundays, female servants and hired girls, marons make afternoon calls wearing black silk gowns and many other evidences of American simple life may be noted by the admiring stroller through the quiet streets. — New York Sun.

## WOMEN'S ILLS.

Many women who suffer with backache, bearing-down pain, headaches and nervousness do not know that these ailments are usually due to trouble with the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills remove the cause. Mrs. Rudolph Rucke, 44 Wilson St., East Buffalo, N. Y., says: "For several years I had severe headaches and was so dizzy I feared to go out. I lost thirty pounds in weight and for a whole year could not do my housework. After doctoring and using different remedies without help, Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief and finally a cure."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale at all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Rather Previous.

Mayor Lyons, of Mobile, said in a recent interview:

"No; I cannot pronounce judgment on this occasion yet. Do you take me for Judge Tallafiero?"

"Judge Tallafiero," the Mayor explained with a smile, "was holding court back before the war in the little court house at Citronelle. It was a cloudy spring afternoon and a very difficult and puzzling case was on. The lawyers wrangled, quoted from great law books and broke into grand flights of eloquence, while Judge Tallafiero listened solemnly or gazed out of the window at the approaching storm."

"It grew darker. The Judge snatched a sheet of paper, scribbled a line or two upon it and placing it beneath a paper weight took up his hat."

"Colonel," he said briskly to the lawyer who had the floor, "excuse me for interrupting you, sah; and I want that you should go right on with your argument, fo' it's a darned good one. But it's suah goin' to rain this evenin', Colonel, an' I just natcherly got to set out my sweet potatoes right away. But you go right on, Colonel, an' Majah, you follow him up; an' when you two gentlemen get through you'll find my decision under this heap weight."

"And the Judge disappeared through the door before the lawyers had time to exchange one astonished glance." — Detroit Free Press.

## The Story of Four Uncles.

"I have four uncles," writes a correspondent, "who are all widowers. Uncle Sam and his wife used to fight, Uncle Tom was always flirting with other women, and Uncle Joe was ruined by his wife's extravagance. Uncle Martin alone loved his wife, and when she died he was broken-hearted. Still, he is the only one who married again. He married a girl who has all the qualities he used to proudly boast his wife lacked. Men are funny, and grow fonder as you know them better." — Atchison Globe.

## What Thinking Takes Out

Of the brain, and activity out of the body, must be

## Put Back by Proper Food

Or brain-fag and nervous prostration are sure to follow.

If you want to know the keenest joy on earth—the joy that comes with being well, try

## Grape-Nuts

Food

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

## PARADISE UNGAINED.

The world's too much with me!  
Though I would fain withdraw myself  
To sylvan grove like timid elf,  
Or lodge in some vast wilderness,  
In everglade where men ne'er press  
cannot hidden be!

Too much perhaps I try!  
I bid the world in trumpet tone  
Be calm, begone! Leave me alone!  
With powers of might I wrangle loud  
That I may not arouse the crowd,  
Attract its loathsome eye!

I long to be unknown!  
Subdued beneath my cloak of gold,  
Announced by bell, by trumpet bold,  
The herald's din proclaiming me,  
I seek, with violet's modesty,  
To be unseen—alone!  
—Edward W. Townsend, in New York Sun.

## THE ULTIMATUM.

By ANNA YORKE.

Robert Wendall laid a kindly hand on Shirley's shoulder.

"I have tried my best, Miss Thomas, but at present I cannot find an opening such as I desire for you. Of course I haven't given up hope of ultimately discovering one, but in the meantime you and your mother have to live. Now, Paul Grandison, of the Empire, told me this morning that he needs another soprano in his chorus, and I thought perhaps—you—" he hesitated.

Shirley's eyes opened wide in consternation.

"Oh, Mr. Wendall, I could never do it," she exclaimed with a sharp intake of breath. "A chorus girl! Why, mother would die if she thought I had to support her that way." She turned her head away to hide the tears which she felt were imminent.

"But, Miss Thomas, there is really no other way. The salary, \$25 a week, will, I am sure, mean many comforts for you and your mother which your small income from the estate does not at present permit you to enjoy. And, as I said, it will only be for a comparatively short time, as I mean to work hard to place you where your voice warrants your being placed. Besides, you will not have to know any of the others who do not care to know. Your mother will still be free, in my estimation, to cherish her family traditions, and, really, there is no reason why you should consider yourself a discredit to those traditions if you consent to sing at the Empire." He spoke persuasively, but the tenets of a Puritan ancestry were too deeply rooted in Shirley's mind to permit of an unrelenting acquiescence. She shook her head.

"No, it is impossible. Even if I should contemplate it, mother would never let me do it." She turned to him impulsively. "Please do not think me ungrateful, Mr. Wendall. You understand—don't you?"

He took her outstretched hand, smiling whimsically as he noted its thinness. "My dear little friend," he said to her. Then—"As a favor I am going to ask you to give this matter a little thought to-night, and to come to me to-morrow with your decision. Surely, he went on, "you know that I would not advise you to do what I did not consider was best? Please promise me that you will consider it."

Shirley met his earnest gaze, then her own faltered a little and she tried hard to choke back the lump which had risen in her throat. After a while, "I promise," she half whispered, and was gone.

When she reached home she went up to her room feeling that she could not bear just then her mother's inevitable, "What did Mr. Wendall have to say, dear?" and racking her brains to invent an answer that would not bring pain to the one she loved best in the world. Bitterly she thought of the discomforts her mother, who was an invalid, had been compelled by their poverty to endure. For herself Shirley cared little, knowing that she was young and strong and of a buoyant temperament. Yet the knowledge of Robert Wendall's failure, even though he had assured her it was a temporary one, to secure a suitable engagement for her, had come as a crushing disappointment. For years, when their income had been sufficient to warrant it, she had trained her voice, one which her instructors had told her was of exceptional quality. At first their praise had meant nothing to her, but when, two years before, the crash had come which had left them poor, she had clung to the thought of her voice as their only salvation. With it she would retrieve their little fortune, she had told herself happily, and the dear mother would not have to suffer hardship for long when she was so well fitted to care for her.

Mrs. Thomas had demurred even at the idea of Shirley singing in opera, but she had been finally won over by Mr. Wendall's eloquence and Shirley's coaxing. Shirley remembered with mixed feelings the day the gentle lady, herself as rigid in her ideas as her great-grandmother was reputed to have been, had capitulated, and how, when Shirley had painted her future so glowingly, she had at last become almost enthusiastic in her shy way. And now came this other proposition, and a Thomas was to be a chorus girl. Shirley shuddered involuntarily at the thought of the blow it would be to her loved one. And yet, as Mr. Wendall had told her, it was the only way, the one courageous thing to do.

A cough disturbed her reflections, and running downstairs, Shirley entered the darkened parlor, where her mother lay on a couch. Kneeling beside her, she took one of the thin, white hands in her own shapely ones. In the dimness her mother seemed more frail than usual to the girl, and the delicately chiselled features had a pinched look which had never been apparent to her before.

At once came the question, asked in the softest and most musical of voices, and Shirley was not prepared with her answer. In that moment her mind worked more rapidly than it ever had in her life. What, she asked herself, would she say? Her mother, wondering at her silence, looked at her in mild surprise. Suddenly a light broke upon Shir-

ley and she half sobbed in relief. She saw a way out of her difficulty; saw how she could supply all the delicacies the invalid needed without in the slightest degree wounding her pride in the family name or causing her uneasiness regarding her whereabouts. Why should her mother, who scarcely ever left her couch, have to know where the money came from?

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, laying her head on the other's shoulder, "I have the best news in the world for you! I am to have good roles in the operas, just as we all planned, and, oh—it's going to be splendid for us both, mother mine. I am so glad, dear."

It was some moments before she lifted her head to receive the happy woman's kiss.—Boston Post.

## London Traffic Problems.

By JOHN L. GRIFFITHS.

The primary difficulty in handling the enormous and constantly increasing London traffic arises from the manner of London's growth through the centuries. It was not laid out as Washington was, but developed in this direction or that in response to the immediate pressing need, and until recent times with little regard to future requirements. The result is an extremely picturesque city, but not one altogether adapted to the transportation needs of its vast population.

It is proposed now to make an extensive survey of the traffic necessities of the city, taking into consideration its possible future expansion, with the view of establishing great arterial traffic thoroughfares for the purpose of relieving the congestion at the centre, and of furnishing adequate communication between the centre and the outlying districts. To show the need of such thoroughfares it is only necessary to mention that while there are 102 miles of boulevards and avenues ninety-eight and a half feet or more wide in Paris, London has only eight and one-half miles, and while Paris has forty-two roads radiating into the country, London, with a population twice as great, has only twenty, and ordinarily they are narrower than the French roads.

The proportions of the London traffic problem are shown by the fact that 87,934 new buildings were erected in the County of London (the city embraces the entire county and portions of other counties) from 1897 to 1908, and by the further fact that in the same period 148 miles of new streets were laid out.

It is estimated that by the middle of the present year the population of Greater London will number 7,500,000 people, of whom 4,873,000 will dwell within the county of London proper, and 2,627,000 outside. Upon a conservative estimate an annual addition of 100,000 may be expected to this population.

The experience of London is similar to that of all other great cities in that, for many years past, the population of the outer area has been increasing much more rapidly than in the central districts, and the difficulties of the traffic situation have been thereby seriously augmented. The total number of passengers conveyed in 1908 was 1,377,620,180, as against 972,465,682 in 1903. The total number of passengers carried in 1881 was only 269,662,649. These figures, however, are not complete, for they do not include the cab traffic, nor all of the omnibus traffic, and neither do they cover the great suburban traffic of the trunk railways.

The average length of the individual journey is increasing as people move farther out. The development in the facilities of transportation have not kept pace with the growth in population, and the time is approaching, it is predicted, when the increase of travel and the outward movement of the population will each be checked unless provision is made to keep such facilities abreast with the growing demand.

While there were 43,538 empty houses and tenements in twenty-six of the twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs of London in August last, there has been a phenomenal increase in the population—in the last decade especially—of almost all of the outlying or suburban districts. Tramways, as has been a London is concerned, it is believed, have practically reached their limit of development, but the motor omnibus is probably only in its infancy.—Daily Consular Reports.

## The Stony British Glare.

Lord Crewe made a very interesting little speech yesterday at the annual meeting of the Atlantic Union, a society which works for the improvement of Anglo-American cordiality and of the relations between Englishmen and men of other nations generally. He said that one grave cause of international misunderstanding was our "notorious stiffness of demeanor," and he referred to that delightful drawing by Du Maurier in Punch in which the table d'hôte of a foreign hotel in the slack season was depicted as populated only by two Englishmen, sitting at opposite ends of the table, glaring speechlessly at each other. All that he said was true enough. We are undemonstrative. We are not men and brothers the whole world round as we should be, and as we shall be when Robert Burns' millennium comes at last. If we may be allowed to say so, we can hardly picture Lord Crewe himself responding with a leap into the air and a joyful howl to the "How do, sonny?" of an Ontario mine manager. He would probably smile charmingly, bow most courteously and extend a friendly hand; but the colonist would take all that for coolness and the Atlantic Union would have to explain.—London Evening Standard.

## Or an Immunity Bath.

A colored man who was much worried by the attentions paid to his wife by a man of the same color went to the judge and told him all about it. The magistrate advised him to begin at once proceedings for a divorce. "But I don't want a divorce," protested the complainant; "I want an injunction." — Everybody's Magazine.



## If You Want to Be Liked.

Don't be always cornering people and telling them of your troubles. They're quite enough of their own, and it's only to be expected that your friends will like you better if you bring sunshine when you come to visit them.—Home Chat.

## Abolish the Kiss?

While it is generally asserted by the serious that there is an excess of kissing in the world, this little act of tenderness goes steadily on. Although lovers protest that there is too much wasted sweetness (when Miriam bestows just one on father), hearts keep on beating and pulses throb the same as ever. Much has been said against the habit, and science has stormed its denunciations against a "mechanical duty" that disseminates disease, but she sees little hope of abolishing the kiss.—New York Press.

## Mrs. Sage Travels "Light."

The well known simplicity of Mrs. Russell Sage's personal tastes received a further exemplification a few days ago when she landed in New York on her return from a visit to the Pacific coast. That she would not be burdened with an extravagant amount of baggage was to be expected, but few women even of humble means would think it possible to travel 3000 miles from home as "light" as did Mrs. Sage. The baggage man to whom her checks were handed, and who learned her identity thereby, insisted there must be a mistake when only one small trunk and a leather valise were forthcoming for transfer to Mrs. Sage's Fifth avenue home, and all her requirements for the run across the continent were contained in two small handbags. The possession she guarded most carefully on the train was a pot of Easter lilies, a gift from a little Pasadena girl, who boarded the train there to bid her good-bye.—New York Press.

## Wash Petticoats.

If you expect to make your own petticoats select white muslin, blue chambray, tan chambray, white insertion or unbleached muslin and gingham for bands. In making the

**Our Out-of-Door Recipe.** Make in your neighborhood.

**Marshmallow Cake.**—Cream three-fourths cup of butter with two cups of sugar; mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with two and one-half cups of sifted flour. Add gradually to the creamed butter, one cup of milk, alternating a small amount of milk with a small amount of flour. Fold in six stiffly beaten egg whites.

unbleached muslin petticoat cut the skirt in gores and attach a founce. Trim the founce with a narrow band of gingham and head it with a fold of gingham. Both materials will wash nicely. In selecting a muslin by all means eliminate lime-filled. It is cheap and soon turns yellow. If a ruffle of Swiss embroidery is used, select the kind with small notched edges and it will be less liable to tear. If laces are wanted the valenciennes are durable, but a heavier linen variety can be used over and over again. For a chambray petticoat a net ruffle gives a pretty effect. Curtain net will serve the purpose. Hem it and head the hem with a very narrow fold of petticoat material. Three small bands look pretty on it. A serviceable petticoat is made of black or navy near silk. It wears well, has a silk finish and may be washed.—Detroit News Tribune.

## The Brotherless Girl.

The grown-up brother of the family often has a role assigned him—a role he does not take up voluntarily—that of matchmaker for his sisters. And I reckon it is his blissful unconsciousness that enables him to play the part to perfection.

The brotherless girl has fewer chances of meeting eligible men, and when she does the opportunity of cultivating and fostering the acquaintance may not be forthcoming.

True, she may have a matchmaking mother, but this is often a handicap rather than a help. The unwilling benedict too often discerns the par: that a maneuvering mamma is playing in the affair and resents it. But when one of his friends takes him home to dinner or invites him for a week end visit he goes without being in the least aware of the danger there might be in it for a freedom loving bachelor.

The brother is usually blind to the charms of his own womenfolk; that the idea of any one falling in love with them never strikes him, and when at last he realizes the truth he does not always approve of it. But the brother has no longer any part in the matter; his work is done. Decidedly the girl with brothers has more advantages, matrimonially speaking, than the girl without. She has everything done for her without any connivance or planning on her own part.—Elinor Hite, in the Washington Herald.

## Present For Baby.

One of the prettiest baby presents we know of is the hood and cape, and there can be devised no more necessary garment for throwing round the little one.

Plain challis, French flannel or fine cashmere will make a beautiful cape; perhaps the last named is the most satisfactory.

There are two ways of making a comfortable cape. It may be lined with China silk or left without a lining, but in either case the hood demands a soft lining against the head. A twist of ribbon passes round the back of the neck on the outside, holding in the fullness of cap and cape and ending in a rosette at each side of the tiny face. From this point hangs an end of ribbon to tie the cape together at the throat.

A tiny circular design of flowers

and stems is often embroidered on each of the pointed ends of the cape and on each side of the cap above the rosette.

Whatever linings you have decided to use are now basted in, and the scallop along the edge is worked through cashmere and lining silk.

Delicate blue or pink, embroidered in self tones, will make a most attractive gift for some little stranger if the ribbons used for strings and rosettes are the rich wide variety of the wash quality in the same shade.—Washington Star.

## Correct Ways to Sign Names.

"Dear Miss Schuyler: "Should a married woman use 'Mrs.' in signing letters, or should she use her maiden name with married name? I would like to know the rule for all correspondence, business, acquaintances and friends. I have enjoyed your articles so much. "A CONSTANT READER."

Only when brackets are used may a woman write the prefix "Mrs." or "Miss" to her name when she is signing a communication.

If she is corresponding with persons who are strangers, whether the matter be business or personal, she may frequently write her note in the third person. In business it is always advisable to do this. For instance, if a woman wishes an article from the grocery or dry goods shop she should begin the letter by saying "Mrs. Howard Van Sluyck wishes," etc. The address is then placed at the bottom of the note. Should she write in the first person to a shop and wish to sign her name she may do it in either of two ways. If she prefers to use her individual name the signature should read "(Mrs.) Mary Ellen Van Sluyck" or "Mary Ellen Van Sluyck," putting directly beneath it in brackets "(Mrs. Howard Van Sluyck.)"

The latter, that is, both signatures, is the form always to be employed when writing in the first person to social equals who do not know the name. For example, a woman may have occasion to write to another woman about a servant's reference and the one receiving the letter, being a total stranger and perhaps never having heard of the writer, must be treated with the utmost formality,

but of course, as an equal. Therefore, the writer should sign her note as she would to a friend, putting beneath it her married name.

An unmarried woman, having but one name, would sign hers in full, putting Miss in brackets beside it.

I can think of no place, save on a hotel register, or when writing a visiting card, that a woman signs her name with its prefix, without brackets. When she wishes to use her married name, that is, her husband's, her own must be written in full with the married name beneath in brackets.—Miss Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.



Steel ornaments are very much much used.

Raffia is used for many smart shopping bags.

Rich embroidery is much in evidence this season.

Tussore and satin tailored costumes replace velvet.

The pretty fluffly jabots are prominent in neckwear.

The bib front is a distinctive feature of many dresses.

In foulards pin and polka dots and big coin spots prevail.

White belts are worn with the most elegant lingerie gowns.

The dressy colored blouse is enjoying a revival this season.

Dots and rings are much employed in the new foulard designs.

This is essentially a silk season, with foulards to the front.

Tailormade gowns of silk will be more in evidence than ever before.

On Louis XII. coats one sees three pocket flaps, one above the other.

Taffeta has come back to us again, soft and supple, with a satiny sheen.

Peasant frocks of white linen are decidedly smart for the small daughter.

Much self-trimming is used in bias bands, cordings, shirtings and the like.

Everything in the way of changeable material will be much worn this season.

"Indro" is a shanting of light weight, and is very suitable for dressy frocks.

Brilliant satin or foulard linings replace those of self-color for coats and wraps.

## THE MAID AND THE CANARY.

She watched the canary,  
This maiden contrary,  
So busily preening himself  
In the sun;  
His feathers he oiled  
With his bill, and he toiled  
To smooth and to polish  
Each disarranged one.  
He pulled out the stray ones,  
The ragged and gray ones,  
His wee little body,  
He shook in delight,  
He eyed himself gravely,  
Then, satisfied, bravely  
A wagging sound little,  
He gave with his might.

"Oh, Dick," cried the lass,  
"Shall I buy you a glass?  
For a soft chinne rasing,  
And primping, I swear;  
You're all the time fussing  
Your feathers, or dining,  
To make yourself pretty  
Seems only four care."  
The way that you slick  
Up your feathers, now, Dick,  
And spend so much time  
On your looks is absurd.  
You're a little, proud little,  
Stuck up young bird."

Then she fixed her back hair,  
And reached down somewhere  
For a soft chinne rasing,  
And she powdered her nose,  
And she straightened her belt,  
And she, womanlike, felt  
At the back, to be sure  
Of just what goodness knows.  
From his perch Dick looked down,  
As she fussed with her gown,  
And straightened each pleat,  
As if women oft did,  
And he said with a jerk  
Of his head and a smirk:  
"When it comes to conceit  
I've nothing on you."  
—Detroit Free Press.



The culture which knows how to burn money without making too much of a smudge is at all events a very practical culture.—Puck.

"Call of your dog," said the agent. "What do you want?" the woman asked. "If you don't call off the dog I won't tell you," said the agent.—Buffalo Express.

Hamm—"Do you recognize the profession?" Ticket Man—"Yes. But if you'll stand out of the line quietly I won't give you away."—Cleveland Leader.

I like to give an honest deal  
As I go through this life,  
But I can't love the folks who feel  
So sorry for my wife.

"It's an awful night. You can't go home in this weather. Stay and have supper with us." "Oh! It isn't as hopeless as that, thank you!"—Cleveland Leader.

"What did you find particularly shocking at that play?" "The people I saw in the audience whom I had hitherto regarded as sedate and conservative people."—Washington Star.

Bills—"Are you aware of the fact that there may be millions of germs on a dollar bill?" "Yes, sir. That's one reason why I prefer bills of a higher denomination."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"And where is your sailor son now?" "Well, I don't rightly mind, mum, if he be gone to Gibraltar in the Jupiter, or to Jupiter in the Gibraltar, but it be somewhere in them parts."—Punch.

Excess just now no mortal can  
Within life's groove,  
The calm contentment of the man  
Who didn't move.

"You have an enviable collection of postcards, haven't you?" said the caller, looking through the lot. "Why, what's this one—all blank on one side?" she added. "That? That's a Government postal card—a rare bird these days," the owner said, after consulting her catalogue.—Buffalo Express.

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Dr. Cutler has recently turned to osteopathy." "You don't say," replied her hostess after she had tossed a \$5 gold piece and told him to move on: "I always expected something of that kind to happen to him. Didn't you ever notice that he seemed to have such a stony stare?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Many a family tree would make mighty poor lumber.

Public abuse demonstrates that a man may be literally kicked into prominence.

There are lots of better actresses off the stage than on.

The girls who have the most cheek seldom use it in blushing.

Many a self-made man had pretty poor material to begin with.

In the matter of tongues even a woman should be able to hold her own.

Any man can fool a woman, provided she doesn't fool him first.

Love frequently starves to death trying to see how little it can live on.

A woman never sees a man's worst side till she becomes his better half.

It isn't altogether politeness that causes us to bow to the inevitable.

No man has such a horror of old age as to want to die young.

When a widow reads her husband's obituary she is apt to be surprised to learn what a fine man he really was.

People straight to the point and people will say that you are blunt.

Lots of us never know what we want till we realize we can't get it.

The doctor should see that his patients are well healed.

Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—that is, if you don't care anything about making friends.—From "Musings of the Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

Umbrellas For Party Leaders.  
A parcel of umbrellas arrived at the House of Commons yesterday addressed to the leaders of the Liberal party. They came from Mr. Wright, of Glasgow, who sent a similar token to Mr. Gladstone when he was entering upon his home rule campaign. "on the ground that the fighting men of the Liberal party are in need of a strong shelter at the present moment."—London Daily Mail.

## A Package Mailed Free on Request of

# MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Raw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal order, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEO-PATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**A Witty Bishop.**  
"The late Bishop Foss," said a Philadelphia physician, "once visited me for some trifling ailment. "Do you, sir," I said to him, in the course of my examination, "talk in your sleep?" "No, sir," he answered. "I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?"—Washington Star.

**Her Scalp Itched Intolerably.**  
"Just about two years ago, some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching, but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair the scalp became raw and the ends of the comb-teeth would be wet with blood. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way, very much as a bad, raw burn, if deep, will itch and smart when first beginning to heal. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scabs. This continued growing worse and over half my hair fell out. I was in despair, really afraid of becoming totally bald.

"Sometimes the pain was so great that, when partially awake, I would scratch the worst places so that my finger-tips would be bloody. I could not sleep well and, after being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. A neighbor said it must be salt rheum. Having used Cuticura Soap merely as a toilet soap before, I now decided to order a set of the Cuticura Remedies.—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them according to directions for perhaps six weeks, then left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated, but toward spring eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticura treatment at once, so had very little trouble. On my scalp I used about one-half a cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment in all. The first time I took six or seven bottles of Cuticura Pills and the last time three bottles—neither an expensive or tedious treatment. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind. Standing up, with my hair unbound, it comes to my knees, and had it not been for Cuticura I should doubtless be wholly bald.