

Chicken Salad.
Cut meat from your cold chicken, add equal quantity of shredded lettuce; when you have cut chicken into narrow strips two inches long, mix in bowl and prepare following dressing: Beat yolks of two eggs, salt lightly and beat in, few drops at a time, four teaspoonsful of oil, then add gradually three teaspoonfuls extract of celery. The mixture should be thick as cream. Pour over meat and lettuce. Stir up with a silver fork; place salad in dish.

Toothache in the Wind.
"How the wind howls tonight!" said the melancholy boaster.
"I shouldn't wonder if it had the toothache," suggested Mr. Asbury Peppers.

Toothache.
"Yes. Have you never heard of the teeth of the gate?"

Disheveled Drafts.
When the stomach dishevels the drafts made up by the rest of the system it is necessarily because it is in a very low condition. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, soon begins to pay out vigor in the form of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of nerve, bone and brain. As a consequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clockwork. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinvigorated.

An interest is added to the shrine of Santa Lajo de Compostela, by singing the twelfth century hymns.

Dobbin's Floating-Borax Soap has not one atom of adulteration in it. It is 100 per cent pure. Try it once. Be sure you get the genuine. Your grocer has it or will get it for you. Wrappers printed in red.

L'Inchall was the first successful short-distance flying machine inventor.

Fitstopped machine and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use. Dr. Kline's GREAT NERVE TONIC. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 861 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

It afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Drop twice a day in each eye.

Good Food's Sarsaparilla

Blood is what gives strong nerves, vigor, vitality. Good blood and good health come by taking Good Food's Sarsaparilla.

The Yoke of Today.
In nearly all the accounts of fashionable dressing in Paris and London we read of yokes, but the yokes of today are quite different to those of past seasons. They are either quite narrow—merely a band across the upper portion of the neck, attached to a rounded drapery drooping over the arm—or they are wide enough to cover entirely the top of the bodice to the bust, the newest being a close-set white cord, braided in an important pattern. As the seasons grow the ornamentations of dresses are more and more gaudy. Gold spirals are covered with floral sprays in pearls, garnets and emeralds, and muslin is encrusted with diamonds or rhinestones, as well as with jet and pearls, sapphires, opals and opalescent shells.

Baked Pears.
Select fine, even pears, not too ripe, wash them and put them into a baking pan. Sprinkle over them plenty of white or brown sugar and pour a little water on the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven, letting them cook slowly until they are soft. Put on a flat glass dish, pour the syrup over them and serve with rich cream.

HESITATE NO LONGER.
Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms. No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They could not say to the physician and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the physician does not understand the cause and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their hearts and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you. Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

FROM... a slight chafe TO... the worst old 20-years' case of Kezema. CURES THEM ALL! TETTERINE.

1 box by mail for 50c. In cash or stamps pay to J. T. SHUTE, 115 N. W. 1st St., Savannah, Ga. It cures all Skin Diseases.

ENGINES FOR CANNING.

Most economical and durable. Cheapest and best. Patent law suits and STANDARD IMPROVED PATENT VENTILATING SYSTEMS. A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd., Pennsylvania Avenue, Wash., D. C.

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THE TIME OF ROSES.

HY have you so persistently avoided me ever since—well, since Lady Barkston's garden party?" I inquired of Miss Windram as soon as I succeeded in elbowing my way through the dead wall of Mrs. Bennett Wyse's guests who stood between us. The result of a brief calculation, entered on the next morning, was to convince me that, during the six minutes it took me to play the part of a pick, in order to reach Miss Windram, I made as many enemies as I had made during the thirty years of my life preceding Mrs. Bennett Wyse's "At Home."

"I dare say. That may be all very well, but people who get gold medals conferred on them can't expect to be treated as ordinary people?"

"I suppose you are right. But do they expect to be treated as ordinary people?"

"That's quite a side issue. I decline to discuss it."

"And that's all?"

"All? All? Heavens! what did you expect?"

"Sense—that is, a moderate amount of sense; reason—that is, a moderate amount of reason; frankness, that is, a son-of-a-bitch. Supper? Oh, let them go to—supper."

"We were left practically alone. 'Are you engaged to any man for supper?' I asked of Miss Windram."

"Yes," she replied. "I believed that I detected a mournful tone. If I had not detected that note I would have left her side."

"And I am engaged to some woman. Let us go to some place together," said I.

"The reasonableness of the suggestion—that is, the modicum of reasonableness—seemed to strike her. We reached one of the conservatories without having to tell a single lie, but that was probably because we met no one en route; every one was at supper. I strolled her to a seat under a palm. The light was very dim. A fountain splashed under the electric lamp in the distance."

"I'll tell you," said I. "That was how it commenced. I saw that she was very pale; and I had felt her hand trembling as it rested on my arm a minute before. I perceived that she fancied I had led her hither to tell her something, and I was anxious to reassure her. It was I who wanted to be told something."

"All?" said she.

"All?" said I.

"I was mamma," she said quite meekly.

"I guessed as much. And that is all?"

"Isn't it enough? You're a man. You know her."

"Ah—now."

"Now, I said now. But a year ago—"

"And a month? If you hadn't remembered the exact date I should probably be as supper now. A year and a month ago she was my one enemy. She knew that I loved you—yes, a year and a month ago I loved you in a sort of way—not the way I do now; and she knew that you loved me—in a sort of way. She commanded you to keep me at a distance. Your mother is not a woman of genius, but upon occasions she can be quite as disagreeable as though she were. She prefers, however, being disagreeable by deputy. You were her deputy, a year ago—and a month."

Miss Windram got up from beside me and took a few steps to the side of the conservatory, up which a splendid rose was climbing. She had her eyes fixed on a spray. It would have been out of the reach of most girls, but she was very tall, and she managed to break it off the parent stem. She returned to her seat.

"Well?" she said.

"Then my poor uncle—"

"Poor?" she gave a laugh.

"My poor rich uncle died, leaving his money to me, and your mother told you that you were to draw me on. I could swear that those were her exact words. Did you pluck those roses for me?"

"One rose lay wreathed at her feet. The other dropped from her hand and lay complete among the crimson flakes. She put her hands before her face."

"But instead of drawing me, you persistently avoided me, and, in fact, did everything that was in your power to make me believe that you were sincere when you told me, that you had never heard anything more ridiculous than my suggestion. We should have done each other; and that you hoped I would not think it necessary to repeat anything so absurd. You have failed in your aim, Rosamund; you did not make me believe in your sincerity. Was I right?"

I am certain she gave a sob; but she did not take her hands down from her face.

"Look at your feet," I said suddenly. She was startled, and glanced down quickly. (Her gloves, I perceived, were ruined.) "Look at your feet. Which is to be my future—or future-in-law? Rosamund? Which? The wrecked rose or the other?"

She picked up the complete rose and handed it to me.

I kissed it, and then—

Then a man came up and said that we would do well to hurry into the supper room if we wanted a bite of anything.—Black and White.

Exterminating the Alligator.
"Next to the disappearance of the buffalo for remarkably rapid extermination came the killing of the alligator," said A. L. Stephens, of Jacksonville, Fla., at the Elliott. "There are a good many of the sanitarium left in a very few localities, but they are becoming scarce every day, and in ten years, possibly in half that time, there will not be a wild alligator left in the United States, except in impassable swamps like the Everglades. Ten years ago every stream in Florida and many of those in Louisiana were filled with the reptiles, and a common recreation for tourists was shooting alligators. Now the St. Johns River, that formerly teemed with them, has not an alligator in it, unless he has happened to come from one of the creeks. I have not heard of an alligator having been seen in Louisiana during the past three years, and it is very rare that the tourist through Florida obtains a glimpse of a saurian. They are still being industriously hunted, their hides being valuable, and it cannot take a great while for them to be entirely exterminated."—Washington Star.

There are 35,000 names on the British medical register.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

OPALS FOR FAIR WOMEN.

Of all the stones for fair women the opal is, perhaps, the most beautiful. For a generation at least superstition declared it to be unlucky, but nowadays such beliefs are little regarded. The opal is a gem of many colors with its milky whiteness and flashes of colored fire, takes its due rank.

MICHIGAN'S AMBITIOUS WOMEN.

In Michigan, two towns, Deatin and Marcellus, seem to be under feminine control. In the former town, with a population of 1500, all the town officers are said to be women. The leading physician of the town is a woman; one of the most popular pastors is a woman. Two women conduct the principal restaurant. The proprietor of the largest dry goods store is a woman; one of the best shoemakers is a woman, and there are women painters, harnessmakers, florists and broilers. The postmaster of the town is also a woman. The women have shut up the saloons of the town.

REASON FOR ABANDONING CORSETS.

Science has found still another reason why women should abandon corsets. It affects, however, only those of the fair sex who thirst for the higher education. At a certain young women's college it was noticed that the delicate electrical instruments underwent sudden and extraordinary changes. Every one in a while, when a girl came up to explain what she had learned about volts, ohms and resistance, she would grate wildly and the needles in the various dials would scribe in a most unaccountable manner. Finally the professor discovered where the trouble lay. It was the steel in the girl's corsets, and the faculty thereupon passed a law debarring all corseted girls from the electrical department.

At first the girls tried to evade the rule by the utterance of mild tirades. But the inexorable professor circumvented them by making the class, as it entered, pass in single file beside a delicate galvanometer. The instructor stood beside it in apparent unconcern, but the instrument "spotted" every steel-corseted girl with unerring fidelity. One lecture under the conditions was enough, and the girls have all gone in for hygienic waists or dress reform.—Argonaut.

CYCLING FOR WOMEN.

In an article in the Nineteenth Century entitled "A Medical View of Cycling for Ladies," the author, Dr. W. H. Fenton, indorses the exercise, asserting that it has done more to improve the health of women than almost anything that has ever been invented. It is a most valuable and economical means of exercise, and women can cycle with as much impunity as a man. Thank heaven, we know now that this is not one more of the sexual problems of the day. Sex has nothing to do with it, beyond the adaptation of machine to dress and dress to the machine. Women are capable of great physical improvement where the opportunity exists. Dress even how heavily handicaps them. How fatiguing and dangerous was heavy petticoated riding in the days of the past. A few years ago the plucky pioneers alone can tell us.

"Inappropriate dress has a certain number of evils to account for. When fair practice has been made, and the 'hot stage,' so to speak is over, the feet, ankles, neck and arms get very cold when working up against wind. Gaiters or spats, high collars and close-fitting sleeves meet this difficulty. Summer or winter, it is far safer to wear warm, absorbent under-clothing and avoid cotton."

"The dress of women takes a front place in our social life; but, if looked into, ninety per cent. of them are functional ailments, begotten of egotism and lack of opportunity of some means of working off their superfluous muscular, nervous and organic energy. The effect of cycling within the physical capacity of a woman acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism and indigestion. Sleeplessness, so-called 'nerves' and all these pests, missed for which the remedy is not to be found in the 'hot stage,' disappear in the most extraordinary way with the fresh air inhaled, and with the tissue destruction and reconstruction effected by exercise and exhilaration."

"The large abdominal muscles do little in riding down hill or on level ground, but in hill climbing great strain is thrown upon them. There are many reasons why women should not overtax this group. Already thousands of women qualifying for general invalidation are very subject to cycling. Women are very subject to cramps in the legs. Cycling often rids them of this trouble. A girl who has to stand for hours and hours serving behind a counter gets relief untold from an evening spin on her 'bike.' Her circulation has been improved, and the aches and pains which would have shortly made an old woman of her have gone and a sense of exhilaration and relief has taken their place."

FASHION NOTES.

The belt slightly tilted front and back gives a very much better figure than the perfectly round one.

There was a chic little cap, beretta-shaped, made of the plaid goods, with a twist of brown velvet and a quill, that goes with a gait costume. It is made of the same sort of plaid and is very much like a top hat, but it is better for those than a piece of toilet comb, nicely washed, wrapped in oil linen, and covered in a piece of glazed calico. To those can be attached a loop or ribbon so they can hang on a nail near the window frame and always be ready for use.—Detroit Free Press.

The horse "Norma," which the Russian Czar rode at his coronation festivities, has henceforth to spend his life as a pensioner of the royal stables. He is not to be ridden again.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Of the 991 cases of smallpox in Austria during 1895 no less than 2366 occurred in Galicia.

They say there are about 200 different shapes and varieties of tooth-pulling forceps on the market.

Professor Hadden claims that Stephens obtained his idea of the railway coach from an Irish jaunting car.

In the West Indian islands, such as Saba and Santa Lucia, are several promising sulphur deposits close to the ocean.

A steel wire fly wheel, twenty-five feet in diameter and requiring 250 miles of wire in its construction, has been made in Germany.

Compressed air has proved so satisfactory in use in Pullman, Ill., that it is likely to come into general use there for power transmission.

Perhaps the largest boiler in the United States is that of the New York Heating Company. It was recently put in place, and weighs 119,000 pounds.

The advantages claimed for the tri-phase electric railway to be installed at Lugano, Switzerland, are that the cars will go as fast up hill as down. Two overhead trolleys are used.

By taking the current directly from the rail the electric train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad made a speed of eighty miles an hour recently. This is reckoned a triumph for the "third rail" system.

The Japanese are keeping up with the discoveries of science. A series of sixteen reproductions of photographs has been issued by Professors Y. Yamaguchi and T. Mizano, of Tokio University.

Long distance telephones have been placed in the smallest Swiss villages, making it possible to communicate from one end to the other of the country on instruments kept in perfect repair, and on which one can hear distinctly. The fee varies from two to eight cents a message. Electric lighting from water power has been introduced in even small places.

Insurance companies have decided that electric lighting, when the wiring is well done—and they have formulated special rules on the subject—the cost of all illuminants. Statistics show the following comparative risks: Fires in one year from paraffin and kerosene, 259; from gas, 110; matches used for gas, 35; candles, 88; electric lights, 7, and incandescent electric lights, only 1.

The Wonderful Bell-Shaped Mountain. When the Alaska steamers are getting toward Sitka they go through a passageway known as Finlanson's Canal, and if they happen to pass a certain point in the daytime a most unusual-looking mountain can be seen. It has been named the "Bell-shaped Mountain," and a more appropriate cognomen could not be found.

This peak, which has always been one of the sights for tourists, occupies a most unusual position. It is directly in the center of the channel, and the steamers are going northward when it seems to break further progress. For several miles before the mountain is reached the passageway is not any too wide, and the steep mountains come close to the water's edge on both sides. They seem to join the lower portion of the bell-shaped mountains and form an impassable barrier across the roadway.

As the steamer is heading directly for the mountain it shows to the best advantage. Rising abruptly from the mirror-like surface of the water, it rear: its head about 1000 feet toward the sky and reveals the most perfect symmetry in its outlines. The sides slope inward, and on the top there is a little knoll, the whole combination forming a perfect bell.

If the mountain is seen in the early morning, when the steamer is about five miles away, it will appear as a honneted gale on the sky. The edges are dark and sharp, and it is hard to believe that it is not the work of human hands. It really looks like a monster bell placed in the channel.

The sides of this mountain are covered with a thick growth of pine trees, and as the steamer draws nearer it loses some of its peculiar appearance. The vessel keeps head on as if to run it down, but when quite close makes a sharp turn to port and passes through a channel so narrow that it is possible to throw a stone on the mountain from the deck. The mountain is much larger than the wide, and does not look the least like a bell as soon as the steamer has passed so that it can be seen over the stern.—San Francisco Sun.

Marvels to the Natives.

Dr. Gregory, in exploring the lofty ranges of Mount Kenya in Africa, was accompanied by native followers from the coast, to whom the frost and snow met with great altitudes were inexplicable wonders, that could be attributed only to magical agencies. "They came to tell me," writes the traveler, "that the water they had left in their cooking-pots was all bewitched. They said it was with a stick, which would not go in. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it, and I implored me to go to it. The water, of course, had frozen solid. I handled the ice and told the men they were silly to be afraid of it, for this change always came over water on the tops of high mountains. I put one of the pots on the fire, and predicted it would soon turn again into water. The men sat around and anxiously watched it when it had melted they joyfully told me that the demon was expelled, and I told them they could now use the water; but as soon as my back was turned they poured it away, and refilled their pots from an adjoining brook."

Rotting Windows.

To stop windows rattling on a windy night so as to insure sleep is often a puzzle, and few people realize that they have the remedy awaiting them on the toilet table. Take a dressing comb, wrap it in two or three thicknesses of soft paper and squeeze it, teeth downwards, between the two sashes, or where one fits into the frame. Some several wedges, and nothing is better for these than a piece of toilet comb, nicely washed, wrapped in oil linen, and covered in a piece of glazed calico. To those can be attached a loop or ribbon so they can hang on a nail near the window frame and always be ready for use.—Detroit Free Press.

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THE RED AND THE WHITE.

Chastised roses in your emerald nest, Married with moss and dappled with the dew.

By woodland winds no more to be caressed, When, as you lie upon the earth's soft breast, Some careless hand shall call you out anew.

Perchance to-night the rich red Jacquemont Shall lend its beauty to some lowly maid, And loveliness attend her looks shall glow When languorous music rhythmically slow, That thrills the ear with harmony divine, Pulsates and flashes in a sensuous flow.

And thou, with petals like the rifted snow, And soft suggestion in thy dewy breath, To-night, held fast in some cold hand shall be Death.

To share the mourner's lonely watch with Death, And yield thy fragrance as a balm for woe.—The Bookman.

PITH AND POINT.

A Blank Easily Filled: He—"Man proposes"—what's the rest of that quotation?" She—"Woman accepts."—Chicago News.

Dr. Jalap—"Let me see your tongue, please." Patient—"Oh, Doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel!"—Boston Transcript.

One bitter drop spoils a cup; When ice sells by the splinter We cannot have the hot water To use them in the winter.—Chicago Record.

"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him." "Did you give him satisfaction?" "Guess I did. He pounded me until he was tired."—Omaha World.

Hedges—"Sappy" is continually falling off his wheel." Rose—"What can you expect from a fellow who isn't well-balanced."—Philadelphia North American.

The Real Reason: "Abon Ben Adhem (to the angel)—'Why doth my name lead all the rest.' 'Angels—'Because we arrange them alphabetically.'—Harlem Life.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him." "How?" "He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote 'hooney' for 'bonny.'"—Tit-Bits.

Though you may not take vacation On your very slender pay, There's a vacation for you, In the boss that goes away.—Chicago Record.

All Through: "Well, old man, I've spent every cent of money I have in the world on my doctor." "Does he know it?" "I guess he does. He has pronounced me a well man."—Life.

"I suppose you are fond of Shak spears," said one legitimate actor to another. "Of course I am. 'Then why is the name of humanity do you insist on acting his plays?'"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Mackey—"An' so ye have no mother now?" "Jimmie," "mum." Mrs. Mackey—"Well, me boy, whenever ye feel the want of a good lickin' come to me, and I'll be ye mother to ye."—Tit-Bits.

"Excuse me, my poor fellow, do not before offering a few words of condolence. I didn't hear of your loss until to-day. How long have you been a widower?" "Since the death of my dear wife."—Flying Blade.

A Little Misunderstanding: "Sir, your son's performance on the French horn is execrable. It will drive everybody from my house. You told me he was a teacher." "I did not. I said he was a tooter."—Detroit Free Press.

"What's this I hear about the plumber and the painter in the next square? Haven't they been exchanging houses?" "Not exactly. They did a lot of work for each other, and each had to take the other's house for his pay."—Tit-Bits.

Taken Literally: Horton—"What would you do if I should ask you to lend me ten dollars?" Bixby (who thinks it is a conundrum)—"Give it up." Horton—"Thanks, old man. That's very good of you. I'll pay you back at the first possible moment, 'pon honor.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Hot Water as a Motive Power.

The New York Central Company is experimenting with a new motor. Its motive power is steam, steam, not hot water under enormous pressure. This is stored in supply boilers and then charged under the same pressure in the battery cylinders of the motor. Its great merit is said to be its cheapness. Extensive plants are not required, and the cars can be operated on any track. All that is necessary are a number of boiler-houses along the road.

The New York Central has had an experimental motor constructed, and a freight car has been fitted up as a boiler-house to supply it with vertical boilers, the latter being eight feet in height and six feet in diameter. In the middle of the large boiler is a great copper coil. Two iron pipes project from the side of the freight car and are connected with socket couplings to pipes in the motor car alongside. The hot water is run through these pipes into the motor car's battery cylinders, and then the motor is ready to start.

The motor car has been put on the main track of the company a number of times, has been run for five to ten minutes each time, and it is said, a high speed has been attained.

Chauncey Depew, the President of the New York Central, says the new motor will be used in the suburban service of the Grand Central if it proves to be the success predicted for it. The series of experiments started with it have not yet been finished, and it is therefore still an object of study and uncertainty, but some engineers believe that it will revolutionize railroad locomotion.

Automatic Fishing Reel.

A Chicago genius was recently granted a patent on an automatic fishing reel. This great labor saving device consists of a rod and holder cocked and poised upon a strong spring. In this position it may be let upon the shore by the hook and cast into the water. When the fish seizes the bait, the tug it gives the line the trigger, and the fish is jerked ashore and landed high and dry by the uncoupling of the spring. This invention at once removes fishing from the list of laborious occupations and makes it nothing but pastime.

Largest Clock in Germany. The largest clock in Germany is in the tower of St. Michael's Church, in Hamburg. This church spire is one of the tallest landmarks in the city, and can be seen far out at sea. The four dials of the clock each measure twenty-five feet in diameter. The minute hands are twelve feet and the hour hands ten feet in length. The chimes can be heard for two or three miles in every direction.

Importance of Noonday Appetite.

Persons who keep close watch upon themselves are of the opinion that the hour of noon is the most critical period of life. At that time the human frame undergoes serious changes. The stomach has dispatched the morning meal and sends scouting parties out in search of another. The eyes and brain are on the alert, and there is a sort of all-goneness pervading the anatomy that sharpens the faculties and puts a new edge on the teeth. It is nature's dining time, and everything about the healthy man or woman is attuned to the domination of enjoyment of what is called a "good square meal."

Those who pay heed to the prompting of nature at this dining hour have their reward in good appetite, good temper and excellent digestion, which is conducive to all the good that flesh is heir to. But those who, following the imperious dictates of fashion, defer the hour of dining until all natural longings are dead, and have to be resurrected by adventurous aids, lay a train of evils and discomforts which sooner or later become the plague of their lives. It is a well known fact that the noon diners are healthier and stronger and have better chances for long life than others.—Chicago Chronicle.

Help Wanted. Men that can produce business to sell monthly installment bonds, Liberal commissions and bonus paid. Address: U. S. Bond and Mortgage Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Too Much to Ask. "Y's," said Miss Bellfield, doleful "it is all over between George—I mean Mr. Homewood—and myself."

"What was the matter?" asked Miss Bloomfield. "I thought you loved each other devotedly."

"Oh, we do, or rather did. But it was this way. When he asked me to marry him I said I would if he would give up smoking. He said he would give up smoking if I would give up my pug dog, but of course I could not think of such a thing as parting with my dear Fido, and so it ended.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

They are smartening gowns now with yokes and sleeves of plaid silk, a plaid that harmonizes with the fabric of the skirt and blouse.

A black gown is combined with white tulle silk that is checked in black and cream and orange.—New York Press.

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Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.