

You Need a Tonic

If you feel languid and depressed all the time. The best thing to help nature build up the system is

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

This great tonic is not a false stimulant as many of the so-called "spring tonics." It is a natural strength-giver. For all run-down conditions of the health it is an invaluable remedy; imparts new life and vigor and builds up the entire system.

Sold by All Leading Druggists in two size bottles, 50c and 35c

XANTHINE

Rectores Gray Hair to Natural Color. REMOVES DANDRUFF AND SCALP. LAVIGORATES AND PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia.

The Ideal PALATAL Cream of Cathartics. GASTRO-INTESTINAL CURE. THE SPOON. Relieves Flatulency, Gases, Glugles, Aids Digestion. 25c. ALL DRUG STORES.

These aviating fellows had better take swimming lessons.

Don't dose yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pain comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Flamin's Viscard Oil will stop it immediately.

Southern railroads will get a share of the chief executive's \$25,000 expense account.

FOR COLDS AND GRIP. Flick's CAPSINE is the best remedy. It relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. It is liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c at drug stores.

There are pleasures in madness known only to madmen.—Dr. Johnson.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope For Despairing Ones.

Kidney troubles make weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. E. G. Corbin, 84 N. Depot St., Dalton, Ga., says: "My body was racked with kidney aches and pains, and sometimes my arms were numb. I was dull and miserable all the time and hoped for death to relieve me. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought improvement, and finally made me a well woman."

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

Goat's Horn Kills Python.

A goat caused the death of the royal rajah python which Gus Lanbrigger was exhibiting at Logansport, Ind., last week. The python, which is said to have been more than 100 years old, was twenty-seven feet long and weighed 300 pounds.

The snake, aroused from its dormant state, showed signs of hunger. Pythons eat nothing but live animals, and although Hildebrandt, officer of the local humane society, had served notice on Lanbrigger, ordering him to kill all animals before giving them to the snake, a live goat was forced into the feeding pen.

The huge python fastened its eyes on the cowering animal, and soon had it "charmed."

Then, before the spell was broken, the snake sprang forward and wrapped its huge body about the terrified goat.

Bones were crushed like egg shells and life was squeezed from the animal almost in the twinkling of an eye. The snake then began to swallow the goat whole.

One of Billy's horns became imbedded in the python's throat and in the snake's effort to obtain relief, the horn severed an artery. In its dying agonies, the python lashed and squirmed about the tent. Cages were knocked down, monkeys were liberated, and one of the employees was struck and knocked fifteen feet.

Poor maids have more lovers than husbands.—John Webster.

Ready Cooked.

The crisp, brown flakes of

Post Toasties

Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

A Dead Shot on Ring Worms.

Mr. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for which please send me at once Tetterine. It is a dead shot on ring worms. Yours truly, J. T. Shuptrine.

Tetterine cures Eczema, S. Dukey, Ring Worm, Ground Itch, Itching Piles, Infant's Sore Head, Pimples, Boils, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Girl Itching Sores, Dandruff, Cankered Scalp, Bunions, Corns, Chills and every form of Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c. Tetterine Soap 25c. Your druggist, or by mail from the manufacturer, The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.

Jack Binns, who has gained lasting fame for his D. C. C. messages that brought recte to the Florida is being to rest moving picture concerns from belittling his fame in putting the presentation on the canvass. He asks \$25,000 damage from the viagraph company.

FOR HEADACHE—BILIOUS—CAPSINE Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsine will relieve you. It is liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

The New York lawyer whose life was saved by a fountain pen probably feels that the pen is also mightier than the bullet. So. 34-'09

Dr. Higgins Backberry Cordial Will convince the most skeptical when it comes to curing Diarrhea, Dysentery, Children's Teething, etc. 25c and 50c per bottle

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

Chronic dyspepsia results from neglecting slight attacks of indigestion. Take Panikler (Ferry Davis) for cramps and indigestion.

Count Zeppelin does not seem to be allowing any grass to grow under his dirigible.

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

There are enough guards, policemen, gendarmes, etc., accompanying Tsar Nicholas to prevent his becoming St. Nicholas.

Rough on Rats, Unbeatable exterminator. Rough on Fleas, Lice, Neat Powder, 25c. Rough on Bedbugs, Powder or Liquid, 25c. Rough on Flies, Powder or Liquid, 25c. Rough on Roaches, Powder, 15c., Liquid, 25c. Rough on Moth and Ants, Powder, 25c. Rough on Sneakers, accessible in use, 25c. R. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Writ to Get Dog Out.

Atlanta, Ga., Special.—Four lawyers, a sheriff, five or six of his deputies, a negro woman and a learned judge are tangled up in an argument over one yellow mongrel dog, for which a writ of habeas corpus was sworn out here.

The dog, named Wilbur, is held as a witness in an assault case. The animal is believed to have been with William Webb, a negro, when he assaulted Mrs. Exa Brown, a young white woman. Webb narrowly escaped lynching. The victim identified the dog and the State ordered Wilbur locked up until the trial, when it will be expected to identify Webb by running up to him in court.

Grace Davis, a negro and a friend of Webb, owns the dog and has hired lawyers to get it out of jail.

The petition declares that "the canine is of a tender age, under six years, is uneducated and knows nothing of the solemnity or nature of an oath, and therefore could not be a competent witness in any event. Further, the said canine has been entitled to three square meals a day and the privilege of all canines at night of baying at the moon and hunting fresh eggs in the neighborhood."

The sheriff did not consider the writ a joke and became angry. The ordinary of the county has granted the writ and will hear the case.

Proverbs and Phrases.

Rage furnishes no weapon. In prosperity no alms smoke. He that hath a trade hath an estate.—Franklin.

A good man's pedigree is little hunted up.—Spanish.

He who helps the wicked repents it before long.—Phaedrus.

The internal condition of Spain has been such as to make Cip Castro feel quite at home.

THE WAIL OF THE SOCIALIST BABY.

(From Judge.)

Whose little baby am I? Nobody seems to know. I've cooed and I've cried till I've almost died.

But it doesn't appear to go. And there isn't any muzzer, And there aren't any nuzzes, And I have even a grandma to see that a boy needs pants.

I haven't any playthings, I haven't any folks; I can't quite frame a name I can claim—I'm as vague as a funny man's jokes. I own everything around me, And every one here owns me, And it's awfully kind of mixing, as I think you'll all agree.

I'm everybody's bruzzer, But nobody loves just me. I can pout or can smile in my own cutest style, But who's there to watch and see? I have even a grandma to see that a boy needs pants.

And if any one wants to take me, I don't think it could be wrong? I am lonely and sad, and I'm not very bad, And I'd mighty like to belong. For the care and all its riches, Are as nothing to the bliss Of a pair of arms around you, and your sweetest muzzer's kiss.

—Emma H. De Zouche.

A Suburban Diplomatist.

By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

Nobody could have looked at Cyrus Toppan on the evening of his return from a visit to his nephew without knowing that he had enjoyed the week "I've got a little something to tell you about my new niece," he said to Captain Saunders and Captain Bolles, when his wife had thoughtfully departed to a neighbor's house, and left him with his two friends.

"Tell us," said the two captains, promptly. "You let us light up, and then you needn't look for anything in the line of interruptions," added Captain Bolles. "We'll nod if we see occasion."

"You know I've always had some doubts what kind of a wife a feller like Henry, with his head way up in the clouds, would pick him out," said Mr. Toppan, and the captains nodded.

"Well, I guess Providence had a hand in the choosing of Emily," continued the host. "She's as neat a little craft as ever I set eyes on, and she's got a first-class head-piece, what's more. They're living about ten miles out of the city, in a mighty pretty little suburb, and they've got the corner lot in a good neighborhood—nice houses on both streets."

"I said to Henry, 'Doesn't it cost ye pretty steep?' For I knew his writing didn't bring him in any great of an income yet, though he's coming on. And he said, 'It don't cost what you'd think 'twould. In fact, this wasn't considered a very desirable lot till Emily got to work on it.'"

"Well, of course I wanted to know the meaning of that. So he told me just what happened. Seems they wanted to be about that far from town, and they met the agent for a lot of new houses somewhere, and he told 'em of this place. Said he and his wife had lived there for a few months and then moved in town, and 'twas a pretty place. So they went right along out to see it. The rent was reasonable, so reasonable that Emily got kind of thoughtful. Henry was for taking it, as he always does good things, as if the ravens had fetched it to him. But Emily's built different."

"She looked the agent right in the eye, and she said, 'What's the out about it?' And he saw 'twasn't any use to make up any pretty stories or beat round the bush, so he told the truth."

"You see that big house down there?" he said. "Well, that man pays rent for three of these houses, his own and two married sons' and he keeps 'em."

"Henry said Emily began to smile and nod.

"And every afternoon when they're let out they make right for this corner lot," says the agent. "I don't know what 'tis attracts 'em so, whether it's the slope, or the grass is greener, or what, but here's where they land, and scratch and dig till they're called home for supper. And he says he can not help it—small fowl have got to have their liberty. And my wife likes a flower garden and smooth grass."

"I see," Emily said, when he stopped. "So do I like a garden, and I shall have a pretty one here. And that very day Henry signed a five years' lease, with a couple of portable hen-houses thrown in."

"Going to keep kens?" the agent asked her, when she bartered for the hen-houses, and Emily smiled and said, "For a while, maybe."

"Henry was kind of uneasy till she explained her plans to him, for he's no farmer, nor he never took to hens. But he saw the light after she'd talked to him a while. They did their work and moving mornings till the day they moved in—that was their first afternoon. Emily took a rest after dinner, and when she got up and looked out on the lawn, there sure enough, was a whole posse of hens and some chickens! Henry set their portable hen-houses up that night, and next morning a farmer brought them some hens and put 'em in the houses, likewise chickens. Henry superintended the job. Emily never went near 'em nor asked a question.

"That afternoon Henry let out their live stock while Emily was taking her rest. Then he sat down and wrote for an hour or so in a complete little place they call his 'study,' at the back of the house. When Emily waked up she went in there and rumbled up his hair and told him he'd written long enough, and to lay off and take a snooze before tea-time, same as was their usual arrangement.

"I'll call the hens and feed 'em, and get 'em under cover," says Emily. "That'll be my part of the work."

"Well, Henry said he stretched out on the lounge she has all fixed up cozy for him, and fell off into a doze. When he waked up 'twas most dark, and he lay there listening to voices, Emily's and a man's. Emily's was cool and

Household Matters

To Remove Dirt.

To remove dirt from brown boots dissolve a little saddle soap in warm, soft water. Put the boots in this and with a piece of sponge wash the boots thoroughly without making the leather very wet. Wash off the soapy water and dry in the air. Then polish the boots in the usual way.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Quaint Little Clock.

An odd little clock is in the form of a crystal ball suspended by a leather strap to the top of a stirrup iron. The iron, which is really of silver or gunmetal, stands on the desk or dresser on the metal base on which the foot rests when one rides, and the clock swings from its tiny leather strap.

This would make an ideal gift for the girl who rides and drives and loves horses.—New York Times.

Washable Rugs.

The washable rug is being manufactured by fingers proficient in the use of the crochet hook. Any of the materials, old or new, cotton, silk or wool, which are suitable for rag carpeting, may be used for the crocheted rug. For a thin rug adapted to bath or bedroom, variegated cretonnes combined with plain colors are pretty and durable; figured flannel makes thicker and softer rugs. Strips for these rugs are torn about half an inch wide and are sewed-together.—New Haven Register.

Rack For Lids.

The tidy housekeeper finds the many lids of pots, pans and kettles needed in the kitchen a problem to arrange with any degree of order and neatness.

They cannot be hung up, many of them, owing to the shape, will not lie in a pile and are woefully unhandy in the dresser drawers.

A bright woman to whom the lids were as the hosts of the evening has now solved the question in a way both easy and inexpensive.

She got a length of strong wire, stretched it across the pots and pans shelf by means of a couple of nails, and on this the lids accompanying all the cooking utensils are neatly arranged. The wire supports them perfectly, and the even row of shiny tin things is by no means unornamental in addition to its handiness.—New York Times.

Shelf Covers.

Have you ever peeped into the kitchen of some German hausfrau and been enraptured by its immaculate cleanliness, not to say the various attractions that make you want to linger there?

The German matron never hides her own exclusive workshop; she does not screen off its very door as if she were ashamed to own such a room. It is to her the most important in her home, as is evidenced by the scoured pots and kettles and by all her little efforts at beautifying.

Her closet shelves are covered, not with manila or lace paper, nor with painted oilcloth, but with homespun linen resembling our coarse crash. This is fastened by a few buttonholes slipped over some small china knobs at the back of the shelf.

The cover hangs down, lambrequin like, over the front edge of the shelf, and it is on this fall of linen that the German pots, pans and kettles are reproduced in cross-stitch in a nice Delft blue to match some of the platters and soup plates that stand in rows on the shelves. The patterns appear only at intervals, and the linen is finished by a row of coarse buttonholing along its straight edge. The Danish do these nice household bits, and the goose and gander are popular designs for outlined work on many of their hangings.—Boston Post.

Chocolate Caramels.

One-half cup molasses, one cup sugar, two and one-half cups milk, flavor with vanilla. Boil fifteen to twenty minutes. Pour in greased tins and cut in squares.

Fried Rice.—Cook one cupful of rice in three cupfuls of milk and a little salt. When tender put into a deep dish. When cool cut in slices, dip in flour or egg and crumbs and fry.

Raisin Pie.—Cover one-third pound raisins with water and stew until soft. Make crust as usual. Cover bottom crust thick with flour, add raisins and sprinkle with sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of juice from stewing and one glass of sugar.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, with three tablespoonfuls of flour; stir well and moisten with three pints of white (veal) broth. Put in the equivalent of half a bunch of asparagus; add a bouquet (parsley, celery, thyme and bay leaf), pepper and salt to taste. Boil thoroughly for thirty minutes. Strain and add a cupful of cream. Serve with cooked asparagus tops of crotons (bits of toast).

Lettuce Salad.—Slice lettuce into a dish together with several onions; hard boil three eggs, fry until crisp three thin slices of bacon and add to salad; take yolks of one or two eggs and mash with one tablespoonful of sugar, teaspoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, some pepper, dilute with water and one-half cup of vinegar. Stir this into bacon grease on stove and stir until it thickens; then pour over lettuce. Garnish dish with sliced eggs. Must be served immediately.

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Discreet.

"May I—may I kiss you, dear?" Said he. "First I want one thing made clear," Said she.

"Have you ever kissed maid before, Or tried?" "No," he answered—she was sure He lied.

Then, with willing lips, she whispered. "Well, Yes, you may, since you don't kiss And tell." —Boston Transcript.

True to Life.

Teacher—"Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is?" Johnnie—"Yessum. It's de t'ing rot yousse hunts fer while de ink gets ivery."—Chicago Daily News.

Quite So.

"New thought will beautify the plainest girl." "That may be so, but very few girls are going to give up lotions for aotions."—Milwaukee Journal.

The Truth.

"I love my work." "Now be honest. Do you really love work?" "Well, it's an extremely platonic affection."—Washington Herald.

Avoided Misunderstanding.

"Did you tell your wife you had a new typewriter?" "I did not; I told her I had purchased a new typewriting machine. I believe in being explicit."—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Mabel—"I don't believe you really meant it when you said you were anxious to hear me sing." Sam—"Oh, I assure you I did! You see, I had never heard you sing before."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Gilded Grinch.

"Wealth does not always bring happiness." "No," answered the woman who had been reading the latest divorce news, "sometimes it merely brings scrappiness."—Washington Star.

A Failure.

"Did you have any sort of a joy ride?" "Nothing to brag of. We did hit three or four pedestrians, but not one was hurt seriously enough to go to a hospital."—Baltimore American.

His Joke.

De Style—"What makes you think Gotrox has almost finished the cigars his wife gave him for Christmas?" Gunbusta—"Why, I met him today, and he said he was almost at the end of his rope."—Harper's Weekly.

Rubbing It In.

"Yes, I was fined \$500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

The Usual Way.

"In the natural fitness of things, I wonder—" ruminated the Curious Youth, who was always wondering. "Yes?" inquired the Wise Chum. "If they could get anything out of a milk trust by pumping it?"—Baltimore American.

A Haunting Fear.

"What do you think of this whisky question, Colonel?" asked the brisk reporter. "I am afraid, sah," said the Kentucky Colonel, gloomily, "that straight whisky is going to get a crooked deal."—Baltimore American.

Just the Word "Old."

Gunner—"Yes, that's a girl's yachting club and they run a yacht without any male help." Gayer—"And they will never forgive that editor for writing them up." Gunner—"Why, he merely said they were 'tars.'" Gayer—"No, he said they were 'old tars.'"—Boston Post.

Into the Vernacular.

"My dear woman," said the literary visitor, seeking local color in the slums, "do you ever castigate your offspring?" "Wotyer mean?" asked the lady of the tenement, with a scowl at the fancy talk. "She means," translated the accompanying settlement worker, "do you ever wallop your kids?"—Baltimore American.

Meaneest Man on Earth.

Irate Barber (to customer as he seats him in chair)—"You see that guy going out the door?" Customer—"Yes. What of it?" Barber—"He's the meaneest mazz on earth."

Customer—"What has he done?" Barber—"Why, the scoundrel sat in my chair for half an hour and never told me he was deaf."—Everybody's Magazine.

Placing Him.

"And what, may I ask, is your business?" "I am a writer of popular songs." "Indeed? That must be a very interesting occupation. Do you belong to the Love me all the time In rain or shine, or to the Then unto me did say school of popular song writers?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rare Exception.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—Kansas City Times.

It is said that in the last five years the membership in temperance societies in Germany has more than doubled.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Man is the only animal whose nostrils open downward. Even in the highest apes the nostrils open to the front.

The sensitiveness of growing plants to the influence of light is well illustrated by the results of recent research on heliotropism—the bending of stems toward light.

Beetles possess an enormous amount of strength. The common beetle can draw 500 times its own weight, and a stag beetle has been known to escape from underneath a box on which a weight had been placed 1700 times greater than the insect's body.

One of the most remarkable applications of wireless telegraphy is an ingenious arrangement by which the message received works the keyboard of a typewriter. This invention has further been applied