

HE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion. and is the synonym for h and purity. It is sold ost all the civilized courthe globe.

eod fish became extinct d be a world-wide calamause the oil that comes liver surpasses all other nourishing and life-giving

ies. Thirty years ago prietors of Scott's Emuland a way of preparing r oil so that everyone can and get the full value of without the objectionable Scott's Emulsion is the ng in the world for weak. rd children, thin, delicate and all conditions of and lost strength.

Send for free sumple & BOWNE, CHEMISTS TORONTO, ONT.

OUT MOROCCO.

and \$1.00. All draggests.

AND GERMAN REPRESEN-IVES GET TOGETHER

ence. Von Dadowitz remarked

ou know we could not let? re that we shall not ask for M. Revoil.

as near as the two diplomats main question.

finish the work in hand.



it is unnecessary. Without knowledge from actual ex-

am's Standing Invitation. affering from any form of messare invited to promptly shed the eternal confidence s. Pinkham and the wome which has never been which she has to draw from, than possible that she has very knowledge that will pt your good-will, and her rich or poor, is very foolish not take advantage of this

er of assistance. ill, don't hesitate to get a iia E. Pinkham's Vegetable tonce, and write Mrs. Pink-Mass., for special advice. edicine has been successful to health so many women, well say, without trying it, elieve it will help me."

IF YOU ENJOY A GOOD CUP OF TEA

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Ceylon Tea. The tea of unrivaled flavor and purity Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

with the first touch of severity he has on the face of the earth. I would rather save the sough of the wind among the ever seen in her face, "you have done be his wife than be Queen of Italy." Pleaves and the rustle of the vine at her wrong-very wrong! You have done more harm than you just now can real- wife than he should be King of Engize. She must go back!"

"Never!" says Hal. Then he tells her how the count has planned to carry her off to Russia. thing goes on in novels, but-"

"It is true, every word of it," says Hal. "Think, Jeanne! Put yourself in am rather," says Jeanne, suppression of place—wouldn't you run away if sing a weary sight and she is: but not less terror Jeanne argues with herself. You must forgive me! I frighten myself barbering is in its desuetude.

Restless, battling against this name bed-room furniture. It divides honors bed-room furniture. It divides honors with handsome quartered oak for librarof, and carried to the end of the world against your will? Oh, Jeanne, I thought you would have felt for her, if

Jeanne is touched, and the tears start to her eyes as she looks from one to the

"But what can I do?" she asks, very seriously. "And-and you don't know at what a cost I have obeyed your summons, Hal. We start for England tomorrow."

"What!" says Hal, jumping up almost to the ceiling-he has been sitting on the table. "What! you start for England. Hurrah! Don't you see, Jeanne? How dull you are! Of course Verona goes with us. Nothing better could have happened. Look up, Verona!" and he goes down on his knee to her; "look up! We all go to England to-morrow!

Verona looks up. Very pale is she and still frightened; and at sight of the nobly-sweet face so tearful and agitated, all Jeanne's worldly wisdom departs. With a word of endearment, she goes over to her, and puts her arm around her as only a woman can; and in a few

minutes Verona is herself again. stay. What will the marquis say?"

What, indeed, will the marquis say? from his perch on the table, is struck she sinks onto a chair, and, pushing her and springs to the window. by another idea.

"I tell you what I'd better do. I'd bet- into order. She herselfe can scarcely ter ride back to the castle, and explain | persuade herself that it is not a dream. affairs to Vane."

feanne; but Hal has some conscience. "Impossible, he has been too hard at it all day. No, I'll go, and be back as soon that the rustle of leaves on the vine Do you not know me? It is I-Clar- new, rich blood, which flushes them addicted to blood-letting. In the reign For the famous Banbury tarts of old as I can; then you can remain with an | that climbs and covers the balcony ence!" easy conscience, Jeanne, ch?"

be made, and Hal, with a sigh, proceeds the foot of the cliffs. to put its adoption into operation.

everything, and no one need be any the happiness had accompanied her fare. through which he has ridden. Mrs. Fleming can come here and go with fingers. What was the love that had face.

"Yes," says Verona in a low voice; "if the long night which promised no re- the count-does he know?' -if-they do not find me before we turning day.

Hal winces, but only for a moment. and we start at daybreak to-morrow-I shall be back before then. And now I'll go." "I will go and see about our rooms,

she murmurs, and so leaves the two alone together for a minute or two. There are two rooms, a door communieating between them, and the landlady promises to make ready the second one-

the first is already prepared-for Jeanne. "Will milady permit me to offer her a selection from my wardrobe?" she asks But Jeanne declines. In her own she has resolved

ride back to the eastle at the break of day and will not take off her habit. When she goes down again Verona hoofs denotes that Hal has already gone from me-gone forever."

and George appears. lady, that I should be in the stable if brow. you wanted me," ne says, respectfully.

Jeanne smiles with a look of satisfac-"Very well," she says. "So we are forgotten to give her a watch. not left all alone, dear," she adds, put-

ting her arm around Verona.

ply. "I feared that fou would think bed by this time, or nearly, Hal has perhaps that I had done wrong! But reached the castle and is telling Vane hensively. His words, his manner, are what could I do? And, oh, Jeanne, I that I am here—at Durbach. Will he be all languid, which is entirely beyond her as men teachers are put down as "age love him so! He is so brave and strong, angry."

from he. And when he bade me come her danger. Wrapped in her love she gives nerves and alarms her vaguely. he that I must go to the end of the moment he may be on her track, and "Why have you come-have they dis- -240 men and 260 women. world. I must go. I love him so, then what shall I do?"

She says this, and more, with her dark eyes upturned to Jeanne's, and sets down the light. Peaceful as a child's, ment I heard where you were, came portion of very youthful teachers ih with the simple straightforwardness of the beautiful face lies upon the pillow, without the los of a moment child. Jeanne bends and kisses her. | the lips half parted with a smile. "Hal ought to be very happy!" she "Dreaming," says Jeanne, turning at says Jeanne.

"He is poor, yes," says Verona, quiet- in thes distance.

"Hal," says Jeanne, interrupting him, s flushes, proudly. "There is no one nobler "And he would rather you were his feet.

land!" says Jeanne. "Is that wine? I'm fearfully thirsty." "Pshaw!" says Jeanne; "that sort of glass, kneeling at Jeanne's feet as she sound we are dreading to hear—any-

"You look tired, dear," she says. tired with her ride. "I think we had early to-morrow."

Verona, with a little wistful smile. " shall think it all a dream-" "Until Hal comes back," says Jeanee

With old-world politeness, the landlady and her daughter precede their guests up the low flight of stairs, and throw open the bed-room door. Jeanne, Verona following, goes into the room opening onto the balcony.

"I'll have this room," she says. "Let me stay with you," murmurs Verona; but Jeanne, who does not in tend to sleep, and is anxious that Verona should, laughingly refuses.

"What, and break those good people's hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door agar, and to all intents it is one room. And don't be frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over

Jeanne smiles rather constrainedly. Jeanne, who has sat beside her until figure. the dark eyes droop and close, arises For a moment she thinks her senses Hal, who had been kicking his legs and returns to her own room. Wearily have deserted her, the next she turns hair from her forehead, tries to draw Why not let George go?" suggests ly to find herself back at thecastle in window. her own room.

The cliffs! the dear old house!

"We've got the bays," he says, quietly, night of her wedding day has she wept; thought, one idea has taken posession. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney gress. Hone also records the death table lines. But it must be rubbed in her heart sore and aching; but now, in alone with the woman he has loved so Dr. Williams' Pak Pills actually well-known barber, who had reduced stain, or it may not be efficacious. Afthis wayside inn, she can weep. Is it long, and now loves with a passion that make new, rich blood. In that way the price of shaving to one penny. His ter the glycerine has been applied wash because she feels so lonely? Is it be- overwhelms and masters him. cause distance, actual, tangible dis- "Jeanne," he says, and his voice sounds indigestion, kidney trouble, liver com- for cheapening his service, but he kept coloration will come out with it, so this tance, is between her and the man she dry and harsh, when he would have it plaint, crysipelas, skin diseases, neural- seven chairs in his shop and died loves, making the gulf which always soft and tender. "Jeanne, are you and gia, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ail- worth \$15,000, a sum that was more

> goes to the window. is spent away from her home in a way- why have you come"

side inn. She smiles sadly. to my room, and Hal will be there and knew you were alone and unhappy ?" is standing at the window peering out explain everything. If he had missed me, "Unhappy!" says Jeanne, vaguely.

Suddenly there is a knock 23 the door | dow and steps out on the balcony. It is not seen how unhappy your life has | Men Numbering 120,000 and 330,000 Wo-

and her hand goes to her watch pocket; you think that one sigh, one sad glance

thinks, looking wistfully at the black troubled and perplexed. "Why do you | -one in fifteen. "You are not angry with me, my ridge of hills which she can just see in kneel there? I am not frightened now. the horizon. "It must be near dawn. My Arise, Lord Lane." "Who could be angry with you, I won- suddenly-so mysteriously? and why did spiration from his forehead with an un- and 25. he look and speak so sternly? What are certain hand, his eyes never leaving her "I am glad of that," says Verona, sim- they doing now? They have all gone to face for a moment.

The largest proportion of men teachers says Jeanne, turning at the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—ona; and I—I am very happy, too. And so long ago—and have awakened."

With another sigh she closes the door, where they you thought of the future, dear? With another sigh she closes the door, and you are hot and tired," says Jeanne.

The largest proportion of men teachers solutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; and I—I am very happy, too. And where they you thought of the future, dear? With another sigh she closes the door, and you are hot and tired," says Jeanne.

The largest proportion of men teachers solutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; and I—I am very happy, too. And where they you thought of the future, dear? With another sigh she closes the door, and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; and I—I am very happy, too. And where they you thought of the future, dear? With another sigh she closes the door, and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; and I—I am very happy, too. And where they have you thought of the future, dear? With another sigh she closes the door, and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; says Jeanne.

Well-grown child. Absolutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; says Jeanne.

Well-grown child. Absolutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; says Jeanne.

Well-grown child. Absolutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—one; says Jeanne.

The largest proportion of well-grown child. Absolutely safe and abtouch the door and looking back at her. "Yes," he replies, eagerly. "Yes," he replies, eager

"But not noble!" and her face | Listening for a moment, with suspend- best to be done."

ed breath, the sound develops into the thud-thud of a horse.

Jeanne's color comes. "It is Hal. No. Too soon, unless he

has turned back." Instinctively she thinks of the count, and glances toward the inner room. If it should be he, what should she da? While she is vainly trying to decide on some line of action, the sound suddenly ceases, and, with a sigh of relief, she closes the

"A few hours longer," she thinks, and the dawn will have broken. Hal and Vane will be here, and-" here her anticipations cease; she is too tired to indulge

Suddenly there comes through the flutter of the leaves a repetition of the thud -thud, and this time more distinct. With start Jeanne holds her breath, and listens, as before, until the sound dies away. But Jeanne cannot rest inside the room, it seems like a veritable prison, hot, stifling and peopled with creatures her over-strained imagination. At moment rises before her the voice of count, angry, accusing, demanding at her hands the runaway Verona; at the next Vane, haggard and stern, appears Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happi-

proach and blame. With a hot, uncertain hand she opens the window again, and bends over the balcony. But not a sound reaches her car,

There then falls upon Jeanne that vague, indefinable dread which all of us have felt at some time or other-a hor-"Let me give you some," says Verona, ror of the silence, a longing for some and she darts to the table and gets a sharp and suddden sound, though it be the thing to break the horrible tension of the overstrained nerves.

She is not alone, in the next room, not better get to bed, as you have to be up a dozen paces distant, lies Verona; the people of the house are close at hand; Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen- cept for trimming hair and beards. It "When I awake in the morning," says and above all, within call lies George, whose devotion can be relied on. And after all, what has she to fear?

With a quivering laugh, she goes back into her room. Opposite the window is a large mirror, set into her room. Op- dearly, how entirely, until I saw you to sit in "the barber's chair, that is in an old, carved frame-one of those pieces of antique which would fetchhundreds of guineas.

As Jeanne crosses the room, she catches sight of her figure in this mirror, and starts at the pale face which looks down at her. "Afraid of my own shadow," she says, half aloud. "Where has all my old cour-

age gone ? And, with an effort she goes up to the glass and arranges her hair, trying to call up a smile on her pale lips. "Three such nights as this," she laughs and all the beauty which poor old Fleming is never tired of talking about would be fled. Ah, and who would care ?"

She sighs, and is about to turn away, By a course of judicious soothing and when suddenly her heart seems to turn | Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stab- | against the cowards that date not a strong solution of tartaric acid and loving banter, Jeanne at last gets her to stone; for there in the glass is re-"But you, Jeanne? You must not way, and Verona, worn out by excite- fleeted, not only herself, but someone ment and emotion, lies fast asleep, and else, and that with a man's face and

"Look here!" he says, rather ruefully; the tangled skein of the day's events knee at her feet, and speaks her name.

All is still within the house, so still Heaven's sake do not look so terrified; sure cure for sick kidneys. They make modern wielders of the razor are still ward.

sounds on her ears like the distant "Clarence-Lord Lane!" she gasps, work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the bers were separately incorporated. It is the wisest suggestion that can swish of thesea as it flows softly at and staggers against the window-frame. kidneys right, and make lame, aching From immemorial time the barber inches square and in the centre of each "What-what are you doing here?" backs strong and well. Mr. George has been a gossip and his shop a put a spoonful of raspberry, curent, "Mind," he says, filing his pipe and | "I shall see it soon, in a day or two," with suppressed excitement; his riding- says: "My son, now eighteen years and Rome and so in medieval Lon- the corners together, fold in half and looking wistfully at Verona, "you are she thinks," and her head droops. With coat covered with dust, and his hand, old, suffered from kidney trouble and don. Of old it was the fashion for press the edges, sealing them tightly. both to go to bed, and to make your what unutterable feelings she had left minds easy; Vane and I will arrange it; what anticipations of delight and torn by the brambles and undergrowth ed him many a sleepless night. We cal instruments in the shop with

A tear drops onto the skirt of her his soul is in a whirl, his eyes drink in gone, and he was as healthy as any barbers in London in the eighteenth mends glycerine for removing those tea habit, and Jeanne stars; not since the hastily the pale beauty of her face; one boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. century, and one of them was a ne- stains that are such enemies to fine pride has dried up her tears and keeps of al his senses; he is alone with her— trouble in its most severe form."

at London in 1817 of John Falconer, a before boiling has set its seal on the

With a sudden effort she arises and "Expect you?" says Jeanne; "no, I regularity of their blood. The genuine for shaving a face expect to leave \$15,did not expect you. How did you dis- pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' | 000 to their heirs? It is her last night in Germany; and it cover that I was here-who sent you- Pink Pills for Pale People," on the

"Can you ask me?" he says, answer- had from all dealers or by mail at 50 "Will they have missed me?" she ing her last question with gentle recents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, thaks. "No, they will think I have gone proach. "Could I stay away when I by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine

Co., Brockville, Ont. at the night and the clatter of a horse's | would he have cared? No, Vane's love has "Yes,' he repeats, fervently, his lips trembling, his eyes fixed on her face. Half mechanically she opens the win- "Do you think I have not known, have warm inside the house, and the night air been ? Has there been an hour of the "Master Hal, desired me to say, my blows cool and refreshing upon he hot day since we have been together, do you think, that I have not hung upon your "I wonder what time it is?" she thinks, words, and watched your face? And do

solution as yet. Jeanne is no flirt, has unknown." no suspicion of the truth, and yet there and yet so gentle with me! I could not | Then her thoughts fly off to Verona. is something in that haggard, anxious | the United States, thus divided between -could not let them take him away Poor child-how little she makes of face and passionate glance which untract the two sexes: 7,700 men and 13,300 wo-

covered us ?'

"It was your horse I heard, then ?"

BETTER BE

In matters of doubt buy

utes-these precious minutes I have for

months waited for-foretaste of the

I have been waiting, longing for so pa-

not often men love as I do!"

Unendurable.

(To be continued.)

SICK KIDNEYS,

TEA. Doubt then changes to certainty, certainty of quality.

Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon Tea.

He shakes his head, and comes closer | years. In 1871 there were 125,000, States has increased greatly in recent "No!" he says. "Why arouse them? 1880, 225,000; in 1890, 340,000, and it is I want nothing while you are near me, at present 450.000. Jeanne. Let me have these few min-

---A STREAKED INVENTION.

long, blissful time that lies before us! How the Safety Razer is Yurting the ness is if I am spared to teach you! The Barber's Trade.

rest of my life shall be spent in the en-Barbers are complaining that a cerdeavor to make you happy-and I shall tain patented safety razor, recently succeed-I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry put on the market and now very pop- the collection of household conveniences. everything before it! Look at me, ular, has damaged their business to Jeanne, give me one word—the one word | an appreciable extent. One barber, not a particularly melancholy wight, perpendicular handle. Its use saves Jeanne's face has been quickly who conducts a shop in a leading hogrowing from white to crimson, and tel, declares that the safety razor from crimson to white again. With has taken away 20 per cent, of his wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. trade. Some of his steadiest cus-"Are you-or am I-mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he tomers have caught the craze for shav-

sometimes! I think no one has loved The wonder is, all things considered, ies, and it is liked for dining-rooms when as I love you-don't shrink from me, that there was a barber's trade, ex- it can be obtained. you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I extravangant and the timid, it might outer covering of paper and the cheese loved you then, but I did not know how be supposed, would wait their turn kept in a cool place. soul, and made me tempest-tossed and and his kind, and as the tradesmen will have disappeared. weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is that flourish most are those that deal in the necessaries of life, it is likely follows: Boil together half a cup of speak until he unfolds the truth, and he wrath. Even the soical William Cobgoes on-sometimes hurriedly, sometimes bett's fiery invective against men that with a lingering, imploring tenderness: suffered a barber to shave them did wrath. Even the stoical William Cobbett, in deed, deemed it effeminate for tablespoonfuls of milk and a teaspoonful a man in shaving himself to use warm of sifted flour. Mix carefully and saute water or a looking glass. He would! I rage had he lived to the present day,

shave except with a safety razor. bing Pains That Make Life Almost An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs | Ezekiel mentions the barber's razor, the sun again, and when the stain is of pain-that is kidney trouble. The and so does Homer. The Egyptians nearly dry wash in more suds. This is a kidneys are really a spongy filter-a of antiquity shaved the head as well good method. human filter to take poison from the as the face, as the Chinese do, and As she does so, a man drops on one blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot they, therefore, employed barbers. and shoes mix together in a saucepan filter the blood properly. The delicate During the middle ages the barber's over the fire two parts of tallow and one human filters get clogged with impur- trade ranked as a profession, and the part of resin; warm the boots and apply With a low cry, Jeanne shrinks back, ities, and the poison is left in the sys. | barber was also a surgeon. A statute | the hot mixture with a painter's brush and that she will not awaken present still instinctively trying to close the tem to cause backaches, headaches, rheu of Henry VIII. enacted that barbers till they will not absorb any more. If matism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. should confine thier surgical operations | well polished before applying the mater "Jeanne," says the voice again, "for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one to blood-letting and pulling teeth. Some proofing they will take the polish afterclean and gives them strength for their of George II. the surgeons and the bar- England, have on hand a good piece of

farm. We were advised to try Dr. der a dull razor. It is to be questioned whether Clar- pills for a couple of months, when curious miscellaneous information, tells ture, but it adds little to the flavor. stretched between them more distant gry with me for coming Did you not ments of growing girls and women whose in 1817 than it is in 1905. How many that hot water should not be used in health depends upon the richness and barbers that get 15 cents or 25 cents

under the ban of medical science and

the surgeon's knife is already whetted

BABY'S TONGUE TELLS.

Little tongues that cannot talk tell

is white, or coated, or yellow, especially

trouble, indigestion, cold or feverishness.

ing these and the other minor ills of

good for the new born baby as for the

wrapper around each box, and may be Physiological Elimination. (Detroit Free Press.) Now it is the tonsil which has fallen

FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION. for the fray which promises to separate mankind from another section of anatomy with which a well-meaning but apparently misguided Creator endowed bank notes. men Employed as Teachers. him. It is not so many years since The army of education in the United mortal man was content to wander States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of about ignorant of the fact that somewhom 120,000 are men, and 330,000 wothere reposed a veriform appendix capbut in her hurried departure Fleming had of yours has passed unnoticed, unfelt by men. The overwhelming majority of the able of tying its possessor in a hard teachers are natives of the United States, knot on the slightest provocation. Now | The only way for a man to get over "Darkest before dawn, they say," she "I—I—do not understand!" says she, less than 30,000 having been born abroad all is changed and the possession of the illusions about his first love is to such an adjunct is considered bad form. | marry her. Most of the men teachers are between Nor is the movement to stop here if Much devotion and respect may be acthe years of 25 and 35. The majority we are to accept this latest theory and counted for by the attractiveness of a "Angry! no!" says Jeanne ,tenderly. last night. Why does Vane go back so spiration from his forehead with an un-

There are 2,300 men teachers over 65. portions of the system? Surely the lim- youth flies out the window.—New Or-There are less than 1,500 women teachers it has not yet been reached. over 65. Three times as many women

There are 21,000 colored teachers in men. There are 500 Indian teachers in mothers just as plainly that their own- parrot and the cat while I was away?" she ith him I obeyed; if he were to tell searcely a thought to the count. At this "You have not told me yet," she says. the Indian schools of the United States

The average age of teachers in the I toward the root, it is a sign of stomach Instinctively she goes back into the "No.' he says eagerly, "not yet; but United States is higher than in England With a sigh, almost of envy, Jeanne there is no time to lose. I came the mo- and lower than in Germany. The promuch greater in the country than in the babyhood and childhood. They are as city districts.

Do you know—of course, he has told and goes toward the balcony to shut the Jeanne. "If you will go down to the found in Vermont, where they form 90 worms. I could hardly feel safe with- The philosopher arose grumbling. you that he is very poor, and not noble window, As she does so, as her hand front of the house and ring them up, per cent. of the whole number. The out the Tablets in the house." Sold by "Darn it," he muttered, "I forgot this is on the latch, she hears a faint sound and they shall get you some refresh- standard of education is much higher in all medicine dealers, or by mail, at 25 was washday." ments. Then you can advise me what is Vermont than it is in West Virginia. cents a box, by writing the Dr. Wilbest to be done."

The number of teachers in the United liams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. famous quest.—Philadelpphia Ledger.

For the Housewife

Excellent Recipes and Household Suggestions

Ylushing the pipes and drains once a week with copper as solution will remove all odors and sediment. To make the leaves of the rubber plant glossy and bright sponge them with

For removing threads and hairs from all sorts or brushes there comes a small steel rake with long tines. Black ants dislike the odor of sassa-

fras and red ants will disappear if sulphur is sprinkled in the places they fre-Bon-bon and fruit dishes in Watteau

decoration and varied shapes represent some recent artistic productions in table It is claimed that if silverware and

especially knives, forks and spoons, are packed in dry flour they will remain dry and untarnished.

A mental stepladder, much more durable and stronger than the regulation wooden ladder, is a recent addition to A labor saving device though not especially new, is the dustpan with long many a crick in the muscles of the back. Wet tea leaves, hot or cold, are rec-

remedy for burns. They should be covered with a strip of cotton or linen and kept on for one or two hours. Mahogany, has the preference among

ommended as a cheap and convenient

Cheese may be kept from getting let me pour out my heart? Let me tell is so easy to shave oneself, and so mouldy by wrapping it in a cloth that you how I have loved you ever since economical of time and money, that has been dipped n vinegar and wrung that old time at Newton Regis, when only the indolent, the luxurious, the nearly dry. The cloth should have an

Grease spots on matting may be reno longer a happy, gay-hearted girl, but all," as Shakespeare's clown describes moved if the grease is covered with a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, it. But as the majority of mankind French chalk and then sprinkled with Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing have never followed the self-help pre- benzine. After the benzine has evappassion, which has grasped me, body and cepts of the worthy Samuel Smiles orated, brush off the chalk and the spot A good chocolate filling is made as

Speechless, smitten dumb with sur- that the barber will thrive in spite chocolate, half a cup of milk and a scant prise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not of safety razors until the final day of cup of sugar until very thick, and spread quickly between soft layers of Danbury eggs are prepared as follows: To every well beaten egg add three

> them in a hot pan, stirring them occahave worked himself into a glorious sionally as you would scrambled eggs. To take out iron rust dip the spot into expose to the sun. When dry wet the Scarcely any occupation is more an- article with warm soapsuds; rub the cient than the barber's. The prophet stain with ripe tomato juice, expose to

To prepare waterproofing for boots

puff paste. Cut it in small pieces six His handsome face is pale and agitated Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., lounging place. It was so in Athens strawberry or gooseberry fam. Place

tried several medicines, but they did which patrons amused themselves when made as follows: Mash some boilwiser. Look here-I've got it all cut well, and now-with a long sigh, Jeanne looks down at him, panting in not help him, and he grew so weak while waiting for their turn. One can ed sweet potatoes, season them highly and dried, Jeanne! You and Vane can covers her face in her hands, and the her effort to recover composure, and that he could not do the work that imagine the torture of being played at with salt and pepper and add to every go to the boat in the ordinary way, and tears trickle slowly through her white with wild, half-fearful questioning in her falls to the lot of a young boy on a by a bad musician while squirming un-Verona! Nothing could be easier or promised to bring her such happiness? Williams' Pink Pills, and this was more safe, if we keep quiet!"

Why are you here?" she repeats; Williams' Pink Pills, and this was more safe, if we keep quiet!"

Why are you here?" she repeats; Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the love that had a very small piece of butter. Form into croquettes, roll each in egg and bread-the williams Hone, to whom the world is crumbs and fry in deep fat. Somecause of the trouble. He took the indebted for a precious collection of times a little sherry is put in the mix-

they strike at the root of anaemia, competitors in the trade reviled him it all out in tepid water, and the dis-

authority says. washing fine table linen or embroidered doilies. Cold water, white soap, and borax, if not borax soap, should be used instead. One wonders if all stains could be removed with cold water, but the suggestion is worth passing on. Certainly, every housekeeper has at times had difficulty in laundering table linen

satisfactorily.

Paste Jewels. Many a fire of love is kindled with

Duty is happiness grown humdrum. There are still many vacant lots in Don't Worry street. How poor is he who hath only wealth! Stained-glass sermons don't make

appendices and tonsils, why not other | When experience comes in the door

leans Picayune. Self-Help.

Ethel's mistress had spent a week in ing some necessary inquiries "I hope you looked after the canaries, the

ers are not well. When baby's tongue said Baby's Own Tables act like magic in cur- cry. I don't suppose that did any harm. mum," Ethel explained. "She ate the parrel