Art of Animal Acting Told by Alf. Latell.

Since the earliest days of civilization the animal has been a large factor in the amusement of mankind. From the Roman arena to the modern circus is a big jump, but hardly more so than the strides recently made toward a real understanding of the life and habits of the lower species as they roam about their native wilds.

Somewhat in line with the study of animal nature is the impersonation of the beast as made by man, first in a crude sort of way merely for the amusement of his fellow man, but in these later days in a more serious manner with a somewhat higher object in view.

In the following article Alfred Latell, one of the best known of the animal impersonators of the stage, tells of his early experiences and of what it really means to try and learn through an impersonation of the domestic and wild beasts just how they live, move and what their peculiar characteristics are. In fact, Mr. Latell believes that just such a method of study may in the future lead to valuable results to the scientist in more ways than one.

"About seven years ago," says Mr. Latell, "I read an advertisement by Gus Hill, who wanted a man to portray the part of a monkey in his production of Gulliver's Travels. I had never before attempted anything of this sort, although I had been upon the stage as a legitimate actor for some time. I applied for the position, and upon securing it I went up to Central Park, and for days and days remained in the monkey houses there, studying the antics and peculiarities of the cousinly progenitors of mankind. I found it a most interesting study from the start, but when I came to put on a monkey costume and go through the same movements it was quite another matter. Climbing upon trees and alighting upon the ground necessitated many a bad fall. The peculiar cries of the ape and his signals to his fellow monks necessitate a development of the art of ventriloquism, which is true of all animal impersonations. I remember, speaking of tumbles, of an amusing incident that happened to me at one time when I was working for Belossi Kiralfy. I was climbing upon a bamboo cane in the garb or fur of a monkey. Mr. Kiralfy was standing directly beneath me, and suddenly the bamboo cane broke and I fell about nine feet, landing on top of my manager, as much to his surprise as to me. The most difficult thing about a portrayal of the monkey is the long leaps one is obliged to make, because the monkey as a rule moves so rapidly when he once gets under way.

"After the season with Gulliver's Travels I joined 'The Devil's Auction' under the management of Charles Yale, playing a mischievous cat. Next I was with Ned Wayburn's 'Kitty Town,' playing Toodles, in vaudeville. Then came John C. Fischer and Lee Shubert's 'Babes in the Woods,' when I played an English collie dog. Joe Hart's 'Polly Pickle's Pets' came next, with the role of Push, the St. Bernard dog. I then played in Charles Currie's production of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' in England. The past season I played for nine consecutive weeks at the Coliseum in London, being seen in animal parts exclusively."

"The parrot was one of my first bird impersonations, and I found it one of the most difficult of all, because of its crouching posture and the consequent tendency to fall over while walking. There are nine strings which have to be operated in working the head, bill and wings, and the work is laborious in every sense of the word. At one time when I was playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, in Boston, in the character of a parrot, I made a run toward the footlights and, losing my balance, fell into the orchestra pit, the feathers flying about in profusion. It was naturally laughable to the audience, but hardly so to me or the poor musician upon whom I landed. At this same theatre, upon another occasion when I was playing the part of a St. Bernard in "Babes in the Wood," I was advised that there was some mail for me, and accordingly went out to the stage entrance by the callboard to get what letters there were there. John C. Fischer was with me at the time. I had my dog costume on, and a real St. Bernard who belonged to the stage doorman, seeing me approach upon my hind feet, made a rush for me, and if it had not been for his master and Mr. Fischer I would in all likelihood have been 'eaten alive.' As it was, I was quite badly mauled and bitten.

"Regarding a comparison between animals as far as imitations of them are concerned, I think that I can safely say that the dog is the most difficult of all. To play the part of a dog and not to buffoon him, one is obliged to make a close study of his every action. The dog is so close to mankind that he is known more intimately than any other of the domestic beasts, with the exception possibly of the horse. When I began making a study of the canine I went down to my farm at Asbury Park, N. J., as I do every summer, and, putting on my dog costume, I went out with my own dogs and followed them around. I watched their every step and movement, their run, walk, sitting postures, noted their growls, their barks, their midnight howls, their sneezes, how they caught flies, their whines, the wag of their tails, their postures when standing in repose. I try to let nothing escape me. Frequently the real dog forgets that I am his master and I have frequently had some narrow escapes from a good "dog licking." The legs of a dog are jointed in the exact opposite relation to those of mankind, and this makes it extremely difficult to imitate him. I am now working upon an invention which will be perfected this summer which will enable me to make a joint to my hind legs which will be almost identical with those of the dog. In working with a live dog I have always found it necessary to first muzzle the animal, and this has saved me from many a bite.

"Speaking of the monkey, the best way to study him is to secure a wild animal, one fresh from the jungles where he was born; then his chatter is more easily studied and he is more as nature intended him to be than when he has spent years in captivity or been born in a cage. The tail of the monkey costume is made upon a wire which will coil up when worked by a string. The monkey I have always imitated is the white-faced South African baboon.

"The cat is a difficult animal to impersonate, though not so much so as the dog, because of the fact of its slower movements. I have gone out at night with my cat suit on and have sat for hours watching the smaller back yard pe(s)ts as they stalked along the fences or sat watching the moon rise o'er some neighboring building. I endeavor to imitate all of the cat sounds from the purr to the midnight howl, the slow and stately walk and the dignified pose as she sits licking her chops. I endeavor to imitate her affectionate way of rubbing against one, and also to imitate the way she laps up her milk from a bowl. I do this with the aid of a tube which passes from my own mouth through the mask-face and by making the same head motions as the real cat does it looks from the front as if I were really lapping up the milk. My cat costumes are so made that by the aid of a string I can raise the fur on my back just like a real cat does when angry. I use heavy pads beneath my chin to support the heavy head, and this is true with all of the animals I imitate. Thick pads beneath my hands aid me in walking, and pads upon my hips assist in the effect.

"The lion is very heavy and is therefore physically hard to impersonate. His walk is easy, however, as he moves very slowly and crouches along before making his spring upon his prey. The leap is hard to acquire and takes much practice.

"The other animals in my repertoire include the billy goat and the bear, and the birds include the rooster and the ostrich. I have seventeen different animal costumes, which, taken as a whole, have cost considerable money. When I landed in New York from England four weeks ago I had considerable difficulty in convincing the customs officer that there should not be any duty charged me for bringing them in, and the matter delayed my appearance in New York considerably. In fact, I was prevented from giving an animal impersonation act at the recent Vaudeville Comedy Club benefit.

"In concluding, I would advise any actor or actor to think a long time before he undertakes the portrayal of the lower animals. It is hard and almost thankless work, outside of the salary. There is no applause for brilliant lines rendered, and unless the impersonator is conscientious in his work he will soon find that he had ceased to be of value to his manager or to the public. First study the animals you are to portray, then have your costume made as nearly like the real animal as it is possible to make them, and then rehearse in your costume, with the animals you are impersonating in the vicinity. Don't give up at the start. Keep at it, and if you tire rapidly at first you will find that your limbs will soon accustom themselves to the awkward positions they are obliged to assume. But above all, take your work seriously and don't go about it as if you were merely playing the clown in a circus. Then your work will be recognized and you will soon be acquiring the salary that will buy houses and lots and things."

THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD HOW TO CURE THEM

In thousands of homes throughout Canada Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine used when the children are ailing, and the mother who keeps this medicine on hand my feel as safe as though there was a doctor constantly in the home. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms, and make teething easy. Guaranteed free from opiates and poisonous drugs. Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Wilson's, N. B., says: "I began using Baby's Own Tablets about five years ago, and since then have used no other medicine for my children. They never fail to bring relief, and I would advise all mothers to try them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EASY TO FROST GLASS.

French Chemist Does the Work by Using Glue.

A French chemist has discovered a very simple and easy way to frost glass, say The Practical Druggist. The method is to cover a tumbler or bottle or other glass object with a thin, smooth and thoroughly laid on covering of glue. Either very good cabinet-maker's glue or fish glue will serve perfectly. The only care that must be taken is to see that there are no air bubbles in the glue after it has been applied, and that the coating is uniform and of even thickness over the entire article.

Glue thus applied to glass sticks to it very tightly. Then it begins to contract as it dries. Now, its tight hold on the glass prevents the layers of glue from contracting without pulling at the glass, and thus, little by little, the glue slits and splits tiny fragments from the surface of the glass.

If certain salts are added to the glue the effect is still more beautiful, because then the splitting of the tiny fragments is done in such a manner that the result forms a perfect resemblance to a frosted window pane. A glass tumbler or flask so treated becomes a beautiful ornament to the room or the glass cabinet.

An aristocrat is a person who thinks more of his ancestors than he does of his posterity.

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Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

MR. GNAGG UNDERSTANDS

WHAT IS MEANT WHEN ASKED TO VISIT THE TAILOR'S.

Feminine Arithmetic by Which the Wife is Entitled to Four Spring Suits When the Husband Gets Two—Besides, What Use Has a Slave for Fine Raiment?

Mr. Gnagg, being asked by Mrs. Gnagg when he intends to order a couple of spring suits for himself, pounces upon the opportunity to unfold the following cheerful generalizations:

Oh, that's it, is it? You want me to stake myself to some togs, do you

Well, I'd like to connect with the real answer to that. Must be a stinger in it somewhere. Sounds too good to be on the level. It's about 20 to 1 that there's a hornet hidden in that suggestion if I could only spring it.

Let's see. You are sitting there handing me the high and noble look and asking me when I'm going to get my Bertillon taken for two suits of clothes. Now I could dope out the meaning of that if you'd only mention one suit.

That'd mean of course that you yourself had an eye on a couple of suits for yourself. I'm hep to that much of course. I haven't been dubbing around in double harness all this time without finding out that when you yourself have it in mind to gouge me for a whole lot, why, your procedure invariably is to begin by suggesting that I myself get a little bit.

It gets me winging, I confess, when you talk about my getting two suits for myself. Am I to understand from that that you've got an eye on four suits for yourself?

Four suits for you is kind o' squeezing the mourners a little, isn't it? Of course I wouldn't mind getting you four or eight or sixteen or thirty-two suits if I owned a couple more railroads besides the road you think I already own, but when you pull it on me in so many words that you've marked for your own four suits that you must and will have or there won't be a dime's worth of peace around here, why——

Hoy's that? You didn't say anything about getting four suits or any suits at all for yourself? Oh, you don't have to pin me down as to words, you know. I'm not saying that you skated right to the centre and emitted a piercing shriek for four suits of clothes for yourself, but that's the only possible deduction when you mooch out into the suggesting line and ask me when I'm going to get two suits of clothes for myself.

I just reckon, sort o', that I won't fall for that subtle line of suggesting this time, you know. 'Twas pretty deep and all like that on your part and I'm not withholding credit from you for the science you are learning how to put into your systematic exploitation of me; but I guess I'll decline to be the Patsy this time, just for once, if only to see how it feels.

What makes you think that you've got to have four spring suits for yourself at one fell swoop, anyhow? I know, of course, speaking in a general way, that it must be terribly hard on you to reflect that the Duchess of Marlborough probably has four spring suits every year of her life, while sometimes you only have as many as three, but then you know all of us have to endure these grisly reflections.

I've got to give in to you, though; it's one great little system. Every time, for example, that you suggest to me that I go get a haircut for myself, why, on the same day you nudge downtown and blow $3.85 or some such matter to have your hair treated, as you call it. I get a haircut for thirty-five cents, with fifteen cents to the barber, which makes four bits, but your little seance with the hair treatist sets you—which of course means me—back about eight times four bits, which is kind o' crowding the average when you stop to think it over.

Same way about a lot of other things. For example, when you tell me that my hat is getting to be sort of on the tobog and kindly suggest that I go get another, why, a day or so later you're right there with the little bee that stings me for about $38 for a new lid for yourself. I see it all now. My bonnet flings me back, at the outside, five men, whereas, yours eats up forty or fifty of the same, thus maintaining the average.

When you fix the glassy stare on one of my neckties and suggest that you'd better get me a few more as my stock of 'em is running down you go out and lay down all of $3 for fifteen or twenty neckties for me that look like the cravatry worn at an east side wedding, and then you come right back at me for an Irish crochet lace waist that puts a $25 dent in me.

Getting back, though, to those two suits of clothes that you so unselfishly suggested that I have made for myself—there aren't going to be any two suits. There isn't going to be any suit. I'm going to dub along with the duds that I've got.

That's the only way I've got of beating your system. Anyhow, I don't want any clothes. I may need them. As a matter of fact I do need them, for I look so much like a bum when I go out I'm afraid of being arrested for vagrancy.

A reason why I'm not going to get any clothes for myself this year is that they'd be no of no use to me. Where do I go, anyhow, that I have to have clothes? I don't have to dress up like a broken arm to go to the office, and that's about all there is to my life—the office. All the time that I'm not at the office I have to poke around this plant; and I'd be a fine gink, wouldn't I, to get a whole lot of clothes to just wear around here!

The whole truth of the matter is that I'm dished and done for. The game's all over for me. I never have a chance to get out anywhere without having ten or fifteen gallons of the weeps pulled on me. I never have a——

Huh? You're always telling me that I ought to go out three or four evenings a week and mix more with men; and you're perfectly willing that I should do so?

Oh, I know all that stuff. Sure, I've been hearing that for a million years or so; but just let me try that going out gag once or twice and then stand by to see the rough house around here! I'm tied, chained, hawsered, hobbled, bound, bucked and gagged, that's all there is to it; and I'm just the little Sunlocks that knows it.

Oh, that's an old, old gag with you women. You make a mockery of a man when it comes to this liberty thing. When you know that you've got him sewed up so that he can't move a muscle without taking a chance on a domestic explosion, why, you sardonically inform him that he's foolish not to trot out right often of evenings for a good time.

Why, say, look a-here; it's been so long since I've trotted any kind of a little harmless down town beat of a night that positively I wouldn't know how to behave if I got rid of my leash for one night even. Wouldn't know where to go. Wouldn't know where to find anybody. Wouldn't know how to behave if I did find 'em.

If they saw me nudging in they'd all think I was a ghost and beat it away from there or call a cop and have me arrested for being a wraith or something. I'd behave like a namateur at his first performance if I happened to light in upon a party of people down town of a night—people I used to be chummy with back in the eocene period.

So what's the use of my having any clothes, huh? You wouldn't want me to put 'em on after I came home here and walk up and down in front of the glass, grinning at myself, would you?

Of course if I could by any remote chance get you to see the reasonableness and the common sense of spending a month or two out of town during the warm weather and letting me stick along back here about my business it would be different. I'd need a suit or two of clothes then, because once in a while I'd be able to pop into a show of a night or drop around and see one of the fellows, or something like that, and I'd want to look decent.

No, there's no chance on earth of my ever being able to get you to see that. It's perfectly useless for me to paint out to you that the best minds of this period are overwhelmingly of the opinion that married couples should be away from each other for at least two months of the year in order that each may have a chance to sort of think things over and take a new grip on matters and be all the more appreciative of the other's society when the reunion occurs.

How's that? We tried that once in the summer of 1900 and I wired you to come home before you'd been away two weeks, and when you got home you found my stomach all out of kilter and you had to sit down and nurse me for nearly a month?

That's it; toss up to me that little bit of nursing you did for me once back at the beginning of the century. Hurl it up to me. I'm used to that hurl up thing.

You don't happen to recall, though, do you, that I was suffering from ptomaine poisoning on that occasion? How's that? The doctor told you that my stomach had been knocked out from drinking too many different kinds of——

Oh, well, shucks, what's the use? The next thing I you'll be pulling on me will be that I had the delirium tremens and that I was tied to a bed in Bellevue when you came hustling back that summer.

I don't remember sending you any telegram to come back, either. You said that you had a telegram from me asking you to come back, but that's what they all say. You never showed me any such a telegram, and you were there with some kind of a yarn that you'd destroyed the telegram, but that sounded pretty pellucid, for a woman keeps a telegram as long as she lives, and if I sent you any such a fool wire as that, why, it must have been while I was in what they call the subconscious state.

Now, look a-here! Seeing that you're taking that casting up and cantankerous tone about it, why, I just guess I'll change my mind about that clothes business. Guess I'll just get myself a couple of suits of the finest little togs that can be built in this man's town, if not three or four suits, and I'll try the game of going around dressed up like a vaudeville knockabout man, that's what I'll do.

I'll get out of here once in a while in the evening too, or know the reason why. I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, and when you start in to tell me that I had the do to's not so long ago and that it took ten or fifteen alcoholic experts to save my life, why, it's up to me to start something, and I'm going to start it, that's all!

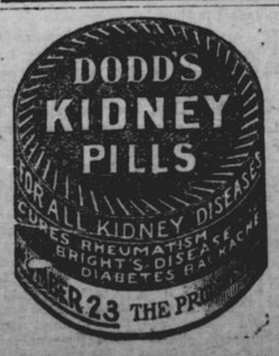
Origin of the Great St. Bernard Hospice.

In an article dealing with the rescue dogs of St. Bernard, a writer in the Wide World Magazine states that the famous Hospice was founded in the year 962 by Barnard de Menthon, a neighboring nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims journeying to Rome.

For many years after it was erected it was continually being attacked by bands of robbers who infested the mountains. In those days the brave monks were compelled at times to barricade the doors of their stronghold and wait until the weather drove the besiegers away before they dared venture forth. Once it was destroyed by fire, while it was here that Napoleon was entertained when he took his army over the Alps into Italy in the spring of 1800. One hundred and eighty of his soldiers held the pass for a year.

Tourists visiting the hospice from Western Europe naturally ascend the pass on the Swiss side. The last village one passes is Bourg St. Pierre, and at the inn here the landlord will point with pride to the tiny table and cloth-covered arm-chair which were used by the great soldier as he sat at breakfast early on the morning before he set out on that memorable journey across the Alps. His army numbered thirty thousand men, and for miles they had literally to fight their way, foot by foot, waist-deep in snow. Napoleon converted the hospice into barracks, and the great room where travellers are now sheltered was turned into a huge hospital ward.

Blobbs—My wife is cleaning house; I actually hate to go home; everything is at sixes and sevens. Slobbs—It's a good thing you're not superstitious; sixes and sevens, you know, make thirteens.



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PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

GIRLS' IDEAL OF "THE HUSBAND."

HUNDRED YOUNG WOMEN'S COMPOSITE MODEL MANLY.

Many Write to Pastor—One Inspired to Rhyme and Another Says Spouse Must Buy Her Two Hats a Year.

(Chicago Tribune.)

More than 100 Chicago girls, pretty, vivacious and fairly well to do, want husbands—that is, if they can find the right ones. The responses of these young women, describing their ideal man, were read last night at the Halstead Street Institutional Church by Rev. D. D. Vaughan, pastor of the congregation, during the course of a sermon on "The Model Husband."

A majority of the young women writers surprised both the pastor and audience by stating positively that they wanted their husbands to be the real "boss." They also declared it was not necessary that he be handsome, wealthy, talented, or a 'swell dresser." But it was insisted in every case that he be a man who was capable of real love. The word "love" was underscored in most of the letters.

The feminine candidates for matrimonial honors also were practically agreed that their future "better halves" must be "good hearted, kind and affectionate." Business or professional men were not preferred by most of the young women, but "clean, honest men who make clean money" were desired.

PASTOR ASKS NINE QUESTIONS.

Dr. Vaughan secured the opinions of the young woman by sending out a letter in which he expressed his desire to get the opinion of thoughtful women on the subject, and then propounded the following questions regarding the model husband:

1. Do you want him to be the head of the house?
2. Do you want him to always follow your bidding?
3. Do you want him to give his time to succeed in business or to his home?
4. Do you care whether he loves you or do you merely want a home?
5. Do you prefer a business or a professional man?
6. Must he be wealthy?
7. Must he be handsome?
8. Must he be a swell dresser?
9. Must he be educated or talented?

ONE INSPIRED TO POETRY.

One young woman was so enthusiastic over the "ideal husband" that she described the man she wanted to marry in the following rhyme:

He may be the head of the family,
If that place he chooses to hold,
But if he follows my bidding
I'm afraid he will soon grow old.

He need not be so wealthy,
But poverty I could not stand—
In fact I'd prefer him healthy
More than all the wealth of the land.

He need not be so handsome,
Nor to overdress need he,
But if he should be good looking,
There would be no objection from me.

Now, as to his education,
A point most important in life,
To meet my anticipation
He needs this if I am his wife.

MUST BE "WE," NOT "I."

One young woman wrote regarding the question whether the "model husband" should be educated or talented.

"He must be educated enough to make an honest living and be interested enough in the affairs of his country to make a good citizen and compete with men in the middle class. Some day I hope to fall in love with a manly man, who will love me and treat me as his equal, and be a chum as well as a husband. Some men forget they have a 'better half,' and speak of 'I,' 'me,' 'mine,' instead of 'ours,' 'us' and 'we.'"

Another matrimonial aspirant declared her husband must not necessarily be wealthy. "But," she continued, "he must be able to buy me a $25 hat twice every season. And he need not be a swell dresser, but he must be extremely neat."

One girl said she wanted her husband to love her all the time, and that it was necessary for him to be a Methodist in religion, prohibitionist in politics, and intensely interested in missionary work. She also wanted him to be agreeable, unselfish and thoughtful of detail.

The pastor, in his sermon, described the model husband as a man who did not drink, smoke, chew, swear or stay out late of nights. He also said that no girl should marry a man who had "sown wild oats." Next Sunday night he will preach on the subject of "The Model Wife."

MEN TO HAVE INNING.

Following the sermon last night Dr. Vaughan called a meeting of the men in the congregation and distributed blanks with the following question:

THE IDEAL WIFE.

1. Must she be pretty?
2. Must she be a good cook and a good housekeeper?
3. Must she be vivacious or quiet?
4. Must she be stylish?
5. Must she be a society or a home girl?
6. Must she be a college graduate?
7. Must she be talented?
8. Do you prefer a "new woman" or the old fasioned kind?
9. Must she have a good disposition?
10. May she be a clubwoman, reformer or interested in politics?
11. Do you want a clinging ivy or a sturdy oak?

Dr. Vaughan will use in his sermon next Sunday night the answers he receives to the above questions.

AT THE OPERA.

"Out of sight in that gown, isn't she?" observed a gentleman in the balcony, pointing to Mrs. De Koltay, who occupied a front seat in one of the lower tier of boxes.

"Out of sight? Well, hardly. It strikes me it is the other way about," responded his companion dryly.

Which goes to show the elasticity of the American language, which says one thing and means another. It also shows—but, upon second thoughts, we must respectfully but firmly decline going into any further details.—From the May Bohemian.

Assistant—I don't think the new reporter will do. City Editor—What's the matter with him? Assistant—Here he has written up that story of the execution down at Movamensing and never mentioned that the condemned ate a hearty breakfast and what it consisted of.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

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Kinsley, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
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Cornwallville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. K. Housh, 7 Eastview Av
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Imse, 853 1st St., *German.*

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Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Louisignont, 207 S. Market St.
Paterson, N.J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 195 Hamburgh Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.

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Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. Pratt Street.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Atwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2135 Gilbert Avenue.
Mogadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Manges, Box 131.
Dewittville, N.Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
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Adrian, Ga.—Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
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Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Meldrum Avenue, *German.*

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Lewiston, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 56 Orford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shamrock, Mo.—Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 22.
Marlton, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 49.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Ocilla, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Pendleton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R.R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

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Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 465 Ogden Av.
Paw Paw, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Draper.
Flushing, Mich.—Mrs. Burt Loyd, R. F. D. No. 3; care of D. A. Sanborn.
Coffeeville, Miss.—Mrs. S. J. Jones.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Flora Ahr, 1269 Ernest Street.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Miss Lizzie Steiger, 5510 Fleet Avenue, S.E.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D. 1.
Dyersburg, Tenn.—Mrs. Lue Millard, R.R. 1.
Hayfield, Va.—Mrs. Mayme Windle.

Irregularity.
Herrin, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Folkel.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal.
Dyer, Ind.—Mrs. Wm. Oberloh, R. F. D. No. 1.
Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne Street.
Roxbury, Mass.—Mrs. Francis Merkle, 13 Field Street.
Clarkedale, Mo.—Miss Anna Wallace.
Guysville, Ohio.—Mrs. Ella Michael, R.F.D.3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. Ida Hale, Box 28, National Military Home.
Lebanon, Pa.—Mrs. Harry L. Rittle, 238 Lehman Street.
Sykes, Tenn.—Minnie Hall.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Louisa Jung, 322 Chestnut St.

Ovarian Trouble.
Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Syl B. Jernald, 508 N. Tenth Street.
Gardiner, Maine.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14; Box 29.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2467 N. Garnet Street.
Plattsburg, Miss.—Miss Verna Wilkes, R.F.D.1.

Female Weakness.
Willimantic, Conn.—Mrs. Etta Donovan, Box 289.
Woodside, Idaho.—Mrs. Rachel Johnson.
Rockland, Maine.—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Avenue.
Scottville, Mich.—Mrs. J. O. Johnson, R.F.D.3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. F. R. Smith, 461 Elm St.
Erie, Pa.—Mrs. J. P. Erdlich, R. F. D. No. 7.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. F. Boyd, 2169 Seventh Avenue.
Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. I. A. Dunham, Box 188.
Fort Hunter, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Jane Shatto.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lynb, R.F.D. 2.
Vienna, W. Va.—Mrs. Emma Wheaton.

Nervous Prostration.
Oronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Tillie Waters, 451 Liberty Street.
Joseph, Oregon.—Mrs. Alice Huffman.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. John Johnston, 2139 Siegel Street.
Christiana, Tenn.—Mrs. Mary Wood, R. F. D. No. 2.
Pecos, Texas.—Mrs. Ada Young Eggleston.
Graniteville, Vt.—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

"BIBLICAL LESSONS."

A tyrant smiled on his princess;
A tyrant spoke to his own;
"Cities of strength surrender to me,
And nations build my throne;
My glory is for my kingdom
And I gild my gods of stone
That are greater than Israel's,"
Said the tyrant to his own.

A nation bowed to false idols;
A prophet spoke to his own;
"Israel shall feel a tyrant's wrath
To melt her hearts of stone;
The rod of his anger shall cease,
And the lands of tyrant groan;
For I speak the truth of my God;"
Said the prophet to his own.

The Lord inspired His true prophet;
The prophet spoke to his own;
"Lo! desolate thy cities shall be
Thy fair land white with bones;
Jerusalem shall be a heap,
And her den of dragons moan;
And water of gall they shal drink;"
Said the prophet to his own.

An angel stood in a temple;
An angel spoke to the aged;
"Joy and gladness shall come unto thee
Good tidings my message;
Thy wife shall be blessed with a son
At a holy heritage;
Thou shalt call thy noble son, John;"
Said the angel to the aged.

An angel came to a virgin;
An angel spoke to Mary;
"Thou that art favored highly by God,
Hail, the Lord is with thee;
Fear not, for thou favor hast found;
Shalt bring forth a Son, most high;
And His kingdom shall know no end;"
Said the angel to Mary.

Wise men to Jerusalem came;
Three wise men spoke to a king;
"Where is the King, the King of the Jews,
His Star in the heavens swings?
We come, yea, to worship the King;
From the east presents we bring.
The King of the Jews that is born;"
Said these wise men to a king.

The wilderness yields a prophet;
The prophet spoke of the Lord;
"Prepare the way, repent and be saved,
Be baptized for the Lord;
After me there cometh, He
That is mightier than I;
Who'll baptize with the Holy Ghost;"
Said the prophet of the Lord.

The word was with the beginning;
Our Savior spoke to his own;
"Light of the world, King of kings am I,
Salvation I bring alone;
My glory shall crown Calvary,
And the righteous see My throne;
"My Kingdom on earth shall prosper;"
Said our Savior to His own.

An apostle spoke to the Savior,
"Israel, wilt thou rebuild?"
Answered the Lord, "For you it is not
To know thy Father's will;
Ye shall receive power, after
Ye receive the Holy Ghost;
Ye shall be witness unto me,
Yea, save to the uttermost.

Eyes gazed steadfastly to heaven.
They watched the world's Shepherd go;
Spoke unto them, two men robed in white,
"Why stand ye gazing so?
Men of Galilee, He has gone
To His Father's heavenly throne;
He shall come as He went from thee,
Come again to claim His own."

* * *

A shoot shall come out of a stalk;
The branch in justice shall speak;
Trust not his eyes or ears to reprove,
But righteousness shall seek;
He shall Israel gather home,
When the lion rests in peace,
When a little child shall lead them,
And false Judah's envy cease.

W. M. J.

Floating Island in the Androscoggin.

One of the peculiar relics of the high water on the Androscoggin came ashore on the Lewiston bank of the river above the falls Friday.

It was a regular floating island which came drifting down and into shallow water. It was one of quite respectable size and on it were trees, several of them described as being six or eight inches in diameter. They were probably part of an overhanging bank which the water undermined and when they broke loose were held together by the intertwined roots.—Kennebec Journal.

The Power of a Tune.

"After the siege of the Pekin Legations, a dozen Russian soldiers, bent on loot and outrage, raided the house in which one of my band-boys lived with his young mother and beautiful sister," said Sir Robert Hart recently, at a dinner at the Authors' Club, London. "The boy snatched his violin and played the Russian National Anthem, and the looters stood to attention. They they left the house without molesting any one."

DIET FOR DROWSINESS.

Attacks of Sleepiness—Often Result of Owlish Habits.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering, but it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental awakeness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal and indicates something wrong either in the body of the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off the drowsiness disappears and then, relieved of its burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his wilsh habit, go to bed bedtimes and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach, so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us the after dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal and in such cases there is always some poison at work in the nervous centres—usually a self-manufactured poison which because it is made in too great quantity or because constipation or kidney diseases prevents its rapid elimination accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.—Youth's Companion.

Tobacco in Kentucky Mountains.

Not only will the greatest crop of tobacco in history be grown in central and northern Kentucky, which has heretofore comprised the burley belt of the State, but from reports which have reached here the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky, stimulated by the high prices which the organization of the Burley Society has recently secured will this season take up the growth of the weed and the creek bottoms of the mountains will be dotted with little patches of burley tobacco. A resident of this city who recently returned from a trip through Clay and Owsley Counties states that many farmers in that section have planted tobacco beds and are getting ready to plant their rich bottom lands and newly cleared hillsides in tobacco. He says that the crop from this new territory will this year form an inconsiderable quantity. There will be no danger from night riders in that vicinity, and the planters expect to ship their matured crops of tobacco to market down the creeks and rivers by rafts and small boats to Frankfort or Louisville for sale.—Lexington Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.

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