THE FARMVILLÆ HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XV — FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1904. — NO. 10.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL—H. E. Barrow.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—H. E. Wall, W. P. Gilliam, W. E. Anderson.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, Walker Scott, W. M. Duvall.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, H. E. Wall, Walker Scott.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert, W. M. Duvall.
Light—W. M. Duvall, S. W. Watkins, W. T. Doyne.
Street—S. W. Watkins, W. E. Anderson, E. L. Erambert.
Salaries—E. L. Erambert, W. P. Gilliam, H. E. Barrow.
Bonds—W. P. Gilliam, H. E. Wall, S. W. Watkins.
Opera House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Erambert, W. T. Doyne.
Fire—W. T. Doyne, Walker Scott, S. W. Watkins.
Poor—E. L. Erambert, W. E. Anderson, H. E. Barrow.
Water—H. E. Barrow, W. P. Gilliam, H. E. H. E. Wall.
Safety—Walker Scott, E. L. Erambert, W. M. Duvall.
Town Clerk—Jos. E. Garland.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—P. H. C. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—Leslie Fogus and J. D. Gilliam.
Chief Fire Department—G. M. Robeson.
Street Commissioner—J. S. Hart.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. George J. Hundley.
Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—E. J. Whitehead.
Deputy Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—J. E. Garland.
Treasurer—W. H. Ewing.
Commissioner of Revenue—R. J. Carter.
Sheriff—T. H. Dickinson.
Commonwealth's Attorney—A. D. Watkins.
Board of Supervisors—Farmville District, J. Verser; Buffalo District, R. Lee Price; Hampden District, E. L. Dupuy, (Chairman); Lockett District, W. H. Hubbard; Leigh District, A. A. Haskins.

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FARMVILLE, VA.

A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

More fair than all the other days
She dawns upon our sight,
Some holy spell is in the air,
New radiance in the light
That sweeps the waking village street
And makes the dewy dooryards sweet.

Still is the river's bustling din,
The mill wheel is asleep;
The hands of labor filled with flowers
Rest in the silent deep.
No ruder noise is there afloat
Than music from a robin's throat.

Even the wild fields seem to know
That it is Sunday's face
That beams upon them with so fair
And delicate a grace;
The smallest blossom on the sod
Seems holding some new thought of God.

The fragrant breezes whisper rest,
The Sunday faces glow
With some still brightness from within
The week days never know.
The Sunday step is light as air,
The Sunday joy is everywhere.

And when the shadowy evening falls
And soft stars edge the hills
A peace that is not of the world
The brooding silence fills,
There is no dread of morrow's care,
The blossoms fold like hands in prayer.

And all the weary, heated week,
Sweet remnants of her rest
The heart hoards softly till once more
She comes with healing blest;
And the clear music of the bells
Again upon the silence swells.
—Susan Hartley Swett, in Congregationalist.

A NEGLECTED VIRTUE.

The Old-Fashioned Hospitality Is Lacking Among Most People To-Day.

Hospitality is one of the first virtues, as well as one of the finest courtesies of life. One can do nothing better for a friend or confer a higher honor upon a stranger than to throw open the doors of his house with a generous invitation to join the family circle for a time. In the construction of a modern house a blunder fully as serious as the omission of a bathroom or a heating plant is the failure to provide one room more than the family will ordinarily need—a guest chamber. As an aid to culture and refinement, as a means to the proper training of children in good manners and self-respect, there is nothing more effective than a wise and liberal hospitality. To the fact that his parent kept open house for the circuit preacher, the occasional sojourner, the visiting friend from the old home in the east, many a young person in the middle and western part of the country owes his early and useful knowledge of the ways of the world, his ease in society, and a fund of information gathered from the conversation to which often he has listened with breathless interest.

Hospitality is only one degree less valuable as an educational measure than travel. Next to seeing all lands and peoples and customs is to meet those who have traveled in distant parts and brought back in their conversation specimens of what their faculty of observation picked up, understood and retained. If it is true that "as iron sharpens iron so a man sharpens the countenance of his friend," the parent who denies himself and his family of growing children the benefit and pleasure of an occasional guest must be regarded as stupid and stingy and selfish.

But this virtue should find its spring not only in the fact that a guest in the house is a source of inspiration, that he leaves behind him the influences of his individuality, that the scripture enjoins hospitality on the ground that we may be entertaining angels unawares, but also in the truth and obligation of brotherhood.

Emerson, in his essay on "Friendship,' 'says: "We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness?"

Yet this is the very thing men need. When they come on voyages of discovery in our neighborhood they do not relish a flight of poisoned arrows, but they seek the gold and silver of our hearts. In some directions mankind is not slow to recognize and act upon this fact. The sick are visited, the dead are buried, the orphan is housed. In these matters benevolence lies in actions, not in feelings and sentiments. Are we aware that the possession of the capacity of hospitality carries with it an obligation of use? Many are not unlike Rebecca's Aunt Miranda. The child had been sent to represent the family at a missionary meeting in the church. During the session the speaker offered to remain in the town for two days and tell more of the Lord's work if entertainment could be provided. "A pall of silence," says the evidently observing and well-informed author of "Rebecca," "settled over the assembly. There was some cogent reason why every sister there was disinclined for company." The little girl could not withstand the insult of that silence and therefore invited the missionary with his wife and children to the "brick house." But when she got home and imparted the news that company would be at the house within two hours, to stay all night and the next day, she met this rebuke from her Aunt Miranda: "Explain, if you can, who gave you any authority to invite a passel of strangers to stop here over night, when you know we ain't had any company for 20 years, and don't intend to have any for another 20—or at any rate, while I'm the head of the house."

I say that there are a good many people who belong to the same hard-shell club as Aunt Miranda, whose motto seems to be: "Don't do anything for anybody unless you can't help yourself; and when you can't help yourself, do just as little as you can."

It is a sad commentary upon the deficiency of the Christian people in our churches in respect to hospitality, says Frank E. R. Miller, in Baptist Standard, to know that a commercial traveler who visits a given circuit of towns, each town on an average of two Sundays in a year and a half, and makes himself known to his brethren, teaching in Sunday school, leading an occasional young people's meeting, never in the course of 12 years has had an invitation to step into a Christian home. Look in the direction of the transient young people in the school and business life of almost any community and it will be found that the same outrageous neglect obtains.

Who is not acquainted with a substantial two-story dwelling, planted firmly and attractively on a little natural terrace that fronts a fine residence street in his town? Neatly kept, its outbuildings screened from view by a stone wall or a painted fence, it meets the approval of one's eye and inflames his pride in the town of which it is an ornament. But one day when the sight-seeing stranger asks, "Whose house is that?" the resident is astonished to find that he has little more to say than, "Why, that—that house over yonder?—that's old Scroogeley's place." For he remembers that he have never been invited to step within its doors, that he has never seen its curtains up at night and a cheerful light within, that he has never heard of a generous feast being spread upon its board or a visitor being conducted to its guest chamber from one year's end to another. Somehow he is sorry that the stranger ever saw that house at all. Turning to the sight-seer he says: "But, have you seen Mr. Greatheart's cottage? It isn't much of a house architecturally; but, sir, I tell you it's a fine place to visit."

Is the reader sure that Scroogeley is a non-professor of religion and that Greatheart is a deacon in the church? Where is the pastor who does not sigh for householders who are given to the cultivation of the neglected virtue of hospitality?

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Story of Cromwell's Day Which Is a Rebuke Against Anxious Worry.

It would be well for many of the people who are worrying to pay heed to the following story of Cromwell's time.

The protector was sending a special envoy to Sweden in the person of Bushrod Whitelock, a most devout man, but one of an extremely nervous, anxious temperament.

As the ambassador was about to depart on his journey he was detained at Harwich by a storm. He was so troubled with the affairs of the nation that he tossed, turned and groaned in his bed, unable to get to sleep.

At last his confidential servant, who had won Whitelock's respect and confidence through his faithfulness and good sense on many a trying occasion, ventured to say: "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Do you not think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly I do," said Whitelock.

"And," continued the servant, "do you not think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"To be sure He will," responded the master promptly.

"Then, sir, excuse me, but may you not trust him to govern it the little while you are to live in it?"

Whitelock made no reply to this pertinent question, says the British Weekly, but he turned over, and was soon asleep; and on his return he repeated the story of this bit of advice with much appreciation.

THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

Most people make their religious bargain days come on Sunday.—Ram's Horn.

The men who are surest of God dominate the race and lead it farthest toward the Heavenely heights.

As the man on the watch-tower has the widest horizon, so he who is nearest God has the fullest vision.—United Presbyterian.

"There is nothing so surely smooths the rough places in the pathway of duty and lines the clouds that will at times hang over it as a heart active in the interests of others."

It has always appeared to those who have come nearest to Christ that in discovering man to himself, in awakening with him the consciousness of a need of a Redeemer, he at the same moment declares his own obligation to supply the answer to that need in the bearing of sin.—R. J. Campbell.

When our ambition has cooled, and we are satisfied with things as they are, men will expect nothing more of us. They see that we have laid down our arms and have gone to the rear. There is nothing before us but a grave. —United Presbyterian.

Religion comes through men to make man perfect. Since it does not come to man as already perfect, it falls necessarily under the law of human progress. You cannot create a perfect moral character. A perfect physical creature may be created, but a perfect moral character is incapable of creation. He must act, he must be disciplined, he must be taught, he is made perfect by the things which he suffers. —A. M. Fairbairn.

Degrees.

"She says she's 'saddest when she sings'?"

"Nonsense, she may be sadder than usual, but it's her audience that's saddest."—Philadelphia Press.

Before the Convention.

Politician—The trouble is that some of the candidates are not well enough known.

Correspondent—Yes, and others are too well known.—Puck.

His Credit Was Good.

"What was the price of it?"

"Five dollars."

"D'you pay him net?"

"No; I paid him nit."—Houston Post.

Defined.

"What is an altruist, father. ."

"The modern altruist, my son, is the man who thinks he's the only good thing on earth."—Brooklyn Life.

Maidenly Frankness.

Annabel—Do you believe in long engagements?

Amaryllis—I believe in any kind—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Women love a clear, healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

SCHOOLS OF CHICAGO

THEY REFLECT INDUSTRIAL SITUATION OF THE CITY.

PLENTY OF OFFICE BOYS

Forced from the School Rooms by Need of Food—The Exodus from the City—Start of Small Merchants.

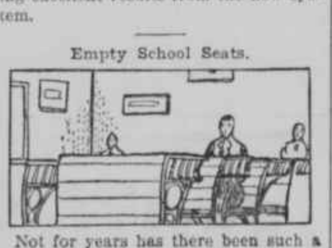
Chicago.—From the pleasure of labor day frolics to the schoolroom was the experience of some 300,000 Chicago youngsters. They started into not only a new year of study, but a new method of study as well.

The course of study that has been in vogue in Chicago's schools up to the opening of the present term was adopted seven years ago. During that seven years the whole system has been attacked time and again as being senseless to a large extent, and many parents have signed for the return of the old days of the orthodox three R's. The work of revising the school study system has been in progress for the last two years, and the educational authorities believe it is now as near perfectly adapted to modern requirements as it is possible to get.

Under the system now in vogue the pupil will not only learn that three feet make one yard, but with the aid of a rule will learn just how long three feet are. That is the spirit of the new educational system, and it will be carried through the greater number of studies. Drawing is given more importance, so that the pupils may make designs of what they are studying about. Nature study occupies an important place, but it differs in the different schools of the city, according to the material at hand.

More attention than ever is being paid to the study of the English language, and it is in this that the new system shows the most pronounced change from the old. Instead of analyzing sentences from a grammar the pupil is now taught to write sentences of his own. From the lowest grades the little tots must write letters to each other that they may in this way become familiar with the use of correct English. Chicago teachers are expecting excellent results from the new system.

Empty School Seats.



Not for years has there been such a demand from parents for permits for their children to work instead of being forced to attend school as at the beginning of the present term. Weeping mothers have assured the officials that nothing but the boy's wages stood between the family and starvation. Investigation has proved the truth of these statements, and conditions have forced the issuing of an unusual number of permits for children to work.

These conditions have left many a vacant desk in the poorer districts of the city, and a falling off in the birthrate is causing empty schoolrooms in the rich residence sections. Mayor Harrison's ward is an instance of the latter cause of empty seats. With a steadily growing population there are to-day a less number of children of school age in the ward than there were two years ago. In aristocratic Kenwood, where the school seating capacity has been greatly increased, the percentage of children has remained almost stationary, and in several other sections of the city "race suicide" is very much in evidence.

In the poorer sections of the city it is such things as the stock yards strike and the closing down of factories that are sending the children away from the schoolrooms to the stores and offices and onto the streets. At the opening of school one year ago cash girls for the stores were at a premium. Six, seven, eight and even nine dollars a week were not unusual wages for a bright boy of 14, armed with a permission to work from the school authorities. To-day the price of office boys has been cut in half, and the number far exceeds the demand. In time of industrial stress it is the boys and girls who must keep the wolf from the doors of the ghetto districts, and it is at such times that the schoolrooms are depopulated.

Start of Small Merchants.

From a stock yards striker to a country merchant may be a long cry, but many such evolutions have been performed within the past month. Innumerable tales of suffering on the part of strikers and their families are being printed every day, and one thinks of the strikers as a poverty-stricken class. There are exceptions, however. Among them may be found many who have saved a small capital, and it is from this class that the merchants are recruited.

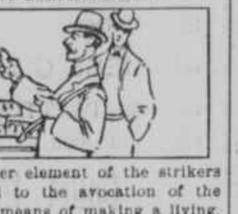
A firm in the city that makes a specialty of stocking small stores claim to be fitting out a number of the strikers with general stocks, and shipping many such stocks for them to country towns. The values of the stocks vary from $50 up to $500. The same concern is authority for the statement that the sons of toil from the city who invade the commercial world in the smaller towns seldom make a failure of their enterprises.

Others of the strikers are, and have been for a number of weeks, leaving the city. Many of them are so nearly destitute that railroad fare is out of the question, and whole families are forced to walk. It is a safe estimate to say that not less than 5,000 people have left the city in this way within the past month. They are looking for work on the farms and in the villages where the cost of living is small by comparison with what it is in the city. Several hundred of them struck for the harvest fields of the northwestern states and the Canadian territories. They say they cannot be worse off than they are by staying in the city, and the change may be for the better.

Others of those with a small capital to invest are seeking the country to either buy small farms or take up government claims and many of this class have gone into the Canadian northwest for the latter purpose.

Altogether, but little more than half of the men who struck at the yards a few weeks ago are now to be found in the city. They are scattered to all parts of the world, for a number of them returned to different countries of Europe.

Invade Peddlers Ranks.



Yet another element of the strikers have turned to the avocation of the pedler as a means of making a living, and of these a part remain in the city and a part invade the country, supplied with a small stock that may be carried from house to house or sold from a tray upon the street corners.

The necessity of earning a living have led some of them into odd lines. One who calls at my home two or three times a week now is selling dressed chickens, and pushes the fowls as a substitute for the proscribed beefsteaks. He was more fortunate than many of his fellows, for he had a cottage and small yard back of the stock yards, in which he had been raising chickens, and is but selling off his own stock. He insists that he proposes to remain in the business, as he has found it more lucrative than work in the yards.

Another that I know of attempted to invade the field of selling vegetables, but was driven out of the lucrative territory by the Greeks, who virtually have a monopoly in that line, and divide the territory among a recognized few. These few find many ways in which to discourage competition. From vegetables he went to fruit, but in this he found the Italians as closely banded together as the Greeks had been in the line of vegetables. He is now selling popcorn at a school house corner and advertising his wares as a good substitute for beef.

One entire family, consisting of the father, mother and five children, are scattered over the city selling shoestrings, lead pencils and chewing gum. They claim to be making a much better living than they did when employed by the packers.

No Statue of Washington.

There are probably few if any other cities in this country in which stronger efforts are made to impress upon the young the name and fame of George Washington than in Chicago. There is no other city in the land of anything like equal size or importance in which may not be found a statue of "the Father of His Country," but Chicago has none.

But few cities in America, and especially those of the central and western states, have a larger collection or greater assortment of bronze figures than is to be found in Chicago, but George Washington is not numbered among the men so honored. The heroic statue of Lincoln at the entrance of Lincoln park is one of the sights of the city that is really worth seeing. The Grant statue in the same park is deserving of attention. The Logan statue on the lake front may be questionable in execution, but is not lacking in showing of sentiment for that illustrious son of Illinois. Statues of Beethoven, Frederick von Shiller, Goethe and others may be found in Lincoln park. Humboldt park has its statues to Von Humboldt and Reuter. At the city hall is the monument to Columbus. Such historic incidents as the Fort Dearborn massacre and the fire of 1871 are perpetuated in bronze, but nowhere in the city is there as yet a monument to Washington.

The city, however, is soon to have a statue of Washington. The pedestal for one is being erected in Washington park and the statue to be placed upon it, though small, will be an artistic masterpiece, of which the city may be proud.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

By Comparison.

Happiness doesn't seem to consist so much in what a man has as it does in what some one else has.—Cassell's.

Varied Impressions.

"What do you think of Mr. Bliggins?"

"He's one of those human enigmas," answered the smart girl. "You can't make up your mind whether he looks stupider than he is or whether he is stupider than he looks."—Washington Star.

Not Angelic So Far.

"How long have you been married?"

"Oh, about two years."

"And do you consider your wife an angel yet?"

"No, not yet."—Superior (Wis.) Telegram.

Sotto Voce.

The Groom (to himself)—What a brute I've been, and how I must have frightened her.

The Bride (to herself)—Well, I'm glad he is going to be so easily managed. —Brooklyn Life.

Canned Goods.

Church—Do you speak any foreign languages?

Gotham—No, sir; the only foreign tongue I ever had any use for came in a tin box.—Yonkers Statesman.

Herald and N. Y. World, $1.60.

The Language of Feminine Clothes in Japan

Douglas Sladen, Author of "Queer Things About Japan," Writes of Women's Dress.

IN JAPAN nothing is as simple as it looks, for everything has a double meaning, too subtle for the ordinary tourist to discover.

Not knowing the language of clothes, they at first sight seemed to me delightfully simple, if, from a feminine standpoint, rather lacking in excitement. In a country where millinery is an unknown quantity, and the style and cut of your gowns never change, what can the ordinary woman have to think about? Imagine a land without fashion papers or advertisements of straight-fronted corsets!

A woman's wardrobe appears to consist of an outer and inner kimono, a gorgeous obi or sash, some exquisite hair-combs, and a fan, while, instead of a watch, she carries a valuable tobacco pouch and pipe-case.

There are, of course, a few more articles of seemingly less importance, such as the tabi, or thick, white foot-gloves, which serve as both stockings and slippers, and the high wooden clogs or gata, worn in place of boots, and always put on at the front door on going out, and knocked off there on entering the house; and last, but not least, the dress-improver or obi-age, which supports the butterfly sash, and gives it the correct hump.

But if women in Japan do not tight-lace their straight-fronted corsets, they make up for this western idiosyncrasy in dress by binding up their loins so closely that they cannot walk, and are compelled to shuffle along with that peculiar rythm of movement which is quite their own.

Although a Japanese woman seems to be much more simply dressed than her western sister (and certainly she has reduced the number of her garments down to a very fine point), she is none the less a daughter of Eve in her love of personal adornment. For instance, every time her hair is taken down, two hours are spent in redressing it, and nothing would induce her to go to a picnic or to the theater without popping into the sleeve of her kimono her little dressing-case made of scarlet brocade, which contains her steel mirror and diminutive boxes of lip-salve, face powder and eyebrow renovator, nor would she go to her temple to pray if her obi did not sit just as an obi ought to sit, and has sat ever since they were adopted by her remote ancestors.

Undoubtedly with a Japanese woman the richness of her hair ornaments, and the splendor of her obi, constitute her chief vanities and extravagances in dress, and it is, after all, only in her short years of mousmeehood that she has much opportunity for annoying other women, or pleasing the opposite sex by the beauty and variety of these vanities of the flesh. Of the young wife, the husband demands that the wearing of her fine trousseau shall be reserved for his own and his parents' eyes only.

The older a woman grows, the sadder and duller her clothes become (as a child she is resplendent as a butterfly), and the less ostentatious the fine chignon of glossy black hair which she piles on the top of her head to proclaim her wifehood in the eyes of the world; and, alas! if she is left a widow, her fine head of hair is shaven off to show her desolation.

In Japan the wedding ring is not the sign manual of a married woman, but the dressing of her hair, and not the length of her kimono sleeves. A mousmee must not have such long sleeves as a matron, and her hair is less elaborately dressed. The tying of an obi in front of the waist instead of behind places a woman amongst the unclassed, but such a sight is never seen outside the limits of the Yoshiwara or on the stage. Gay hairpins of enormous length and variety standing out from a woman's head like hatpins on a pincushion, are also the signs by which ye shall know the women who are compelled to live in the "city of no night." Women of the higher classes only adorn their heads with veritable works of art in dull gold lacquer, carved tortoise-shell, and coral; they are careful never to wear the skewer-like ornaments with which all the world is familiarized in paintings and on fans, used by their less fortunate susters.

The magnificence and richness of a girl's wedding trousseau does not so much denote the wealth of the parents as their devotion to her as a child, for her mother begins to save up and purchase, bit by bit, her daughter's wedding outfit from her very infancy, and her bridal dress, which is always white, does not signify her virginal nature, as it does with us, but her burial shroud (for white is the mourning color in Japan, and, therefore, never worn by children); for a bride goes to be married dressed like a corpse, to show that from henceforth she is dead to her own parents, and although her trousseau should be large enough to supply her with clothes for the rest of her life, she must pay her first visit to her own people after her marriage in a kimono bought by her husband, and stamped with his crest.

THE JAPANESE WOMAN IN WALKING DRESS.

A Japanese woman flirts (as far as she knows the meaning of the word), with her sleeves and fan, and not with her eyes and smiles. By the different movements of the ends of her kimono sleeves, she manages to convey to her admirers all sorts of messages.

Between the sexes in Japan there is very little difference in the main features of dress, and little children are only beautiful little miniatures of their parents, more gaily and richly dressed. A tiny girl may wear the richest embroideries and stiffest brocades of flaming scarlets and gold made in exactly the same way as the soft gray or brown kimono of her mother. In tiny children the distinction of sex is shown by the color of the clothes, not the style in which they are made. Boys wear yellow, girls red.

Under his kimono a man of the upper class wears a sort of kilted, divided skirt, something approaching the nature of trousers. This is called the hakama, and is always made of stiff silk. A woman wears, instead, an under-kimono. Both sexes wear two little aprons round the loins, called koshi-maki, and a sort of shirt called the suso-yoke. Neither a man's obi nor his hair are, of course, his glory and pride as they are with a woman; the narrow male sash is not an item of great importance, for although it is always made of rich silk, it is worn not so much for show as for use, to keep his kimono in place, and to serve as a waist-belt through which he can draw the rich chain and netsuke (button) of his tobacco and pipe-case, and if he is a merchant, his long-handled inkpot and pen-holder.

In the severest weather both the sexes wear padded kimonos, and the men have a short haori, or over-jacket, which only reaches to about their knees. A woman's complete outfit costs much more than a man's, although the actual number of the garments she wears at one time are fewer. Prof. Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," says: "A Japanese lady's dress will often represent a value of $200, without counting the ornaments for her hair. A woman of the smaller shop-keeping class may have on her, when she goes out holiday-making, some $40 or $50 worth. A gentleman will rarely spend on his clothes as much as he lets his wife spend on hers. Perhaps he may not have on more than $60 worth. Thence, through a gradual decline in price, we come to the coolie's poor trappings, which may represent as little as five dollars, or even two dollars, as he stands."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Kidneys and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the unusual attending aches vanish under its searching and horough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by White & Co., Druggists.

Fight Will be Bitter.

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beall, of Beall Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every sympton of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her. Guaranteed by White & Co. Druggists. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

Her Sweet Little Brother.

Dashaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perhaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day.

Willie—Not this time. I played a trick on her.

Dashaway—What did you do?

"I said you were another fellow!" exclaimed Willie, triumphantly.—Tit-Bits.

No New Experience.

Miss de Muir—I'm sorry, Mr. Spoonamore, but it cannot be. . . . Pardon me for asking the question, but have you ever been disappointed in love before?

Young Spoonamore—Hundreds of times, Miss de Muir; hundreds of times. It's nothing. I always get over it. . . . Pardon my lapse of memory, but didn't I propose to you once or twice before?—Chicago Tribune.

Very Plausible.

Magistrate (severely)—You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will, and on the public highway.

Prisoner—She was in a bicycle costume, and I mistook her for my long lost brother.

Magistrate (briskly)—Discharged! Call th' next case.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Deadlock.

"The only way to swim," said the man who assumes to give instructions about everything, "is to have confidence."

"Yes," answered the novice, "and the only way to have confidence is to be perfectly sure you can swim."—Washington Star.

Eminently Satisfactory.

Medical Examiner—Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do?

Student—Charge him five dollars for the examination, and then send him to you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Explained.

"And why did you insist upon standing by Miss Sniffem all through the reception? I know you don't like her."

"Of course I don't. Didn't you notice how my new gown made her's look cold and dead?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Found an Angel.

Husband—Got a new girl, I see.

Wife—Yes, and she's an angel, too.

"How can you know that.. She hasn't been here half a day yet."

"True, but she tells me that she once lived with your mother, and stood it for three weeks."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Concrete Application.

Little five-year-old Edith was taken to a dentist, who removed an aching tooth. That evening at prayers her mother was surprised to hear her say:

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."—Little Chronicle.

Relieved.

The Wife—I have given orders to have the duck carved in the kitchen, to-day, dear.

The Husband—Ah! then I can give thanks in good faith.—Yonkers Statesman.

Defining Him.

"Explain, if you please," said Miss Prim,
"What you mean by that slangy word 'slob.'"
Said Miss Pert: "It's a man with a long mustach
Who eats green corn on the cob."
—Chicago Tribune.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

"Say, but wouldn't I make a dandy umpire. I'm so used ter callin' fellers out on strikes!"—N. Y. Herald.

'Twill Be Lower.

Don't fret because coal may be high
Next winter; just begin
To think—'twill low and lower get
When once it's in the bin.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A New Experiment.

Inquiring Friend—What on earth induced you to marry, old man?

De Bauchee Loosefish—Why, dear boy—you see, I've tried everything else.—Ally Sloper.

About Even.

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?"

"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

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