

# GOOD ROADS

**T**HE wise arrangement of tree growth along the lines of streets, roads and avenues is more nearly fruitful in producing financial benefit, pleasing and attractive surroundings than any other investment that can be made in the way of public improvement.

On macadamizing country roads a proper location of trees protects the roadbed from the direct rays of the sun, which dry out the plastic cushion forming the covering coat.

Properly distributed tree growth along the sides of a road has the advantage of breaking the sweep of the wind, which carries off the dried-out covering cushion of the macadam. The covering having been blown away the wind now leeches out the binding material from spaces between the stones of the pavement, the stones then become loose and picking and raveling begins, and the road becomes instead of a pleasing surface for traffic, a veritable nuisance and danger to vehicles and horses' hoofs.

The replacing and repairing of the road runs into the use of new stone—additional binding material, and top surface, together with the expensive operation of a steam roller, costing the community maintaining the road annually no small sum of money.

The proper shading of these same roads by means of trees prevents the direct action of rain, which washes out the material forming the covering coat and the binding. Properly shaded roads are less expensive to maintain, because they are shaded, and the annual cost of sprinkling, which is prosecuted for maintenance purposes, will cost seventy-five per cent. less when the advantages of tree growth are secured for a road system than when they are unshaded.

If wisely placed there is no investment for the country road which can be more helpful than tree planting. Judgment, however, must be used. On the lower grades of the road and in the valleys tree planting should not be so closely arranged as to keep the subgrade of the road too moist. In the event of this taking place, the foundation will be endangered and ruts rapidly formed. On the hill-sides, spacing can be considered safe for the ordinary growth at about forty-five feet, centre to centre. In the valleys these distances should be increased to about three times the above spacing.

Top moisture on an improved roadbed is desirable; the tree guarantees that. Sub-surface water for any road is dangerous; the tree roots drink it up. There is no one improvement that municipal engineering can arrange for that can help a suburban locality so much as tree planting.

There is much difference of opinion concerning the location of the trees of a town or village street, as to whether they should be located back of the fence line or on the curb line. If located on the curb line of sidewalks, which are of the ordinary width, the curb line will be thrown out, and irregular in proportion as the tree growth progresses. If located back of the fence line, there is inconvenience for the property owners in the shape of overshadowing the lawn, with less advantage in consequence of less shading for the road system. Trees so located in thickly settled villages or in cities are, of course, out of the question.

If the streets are of ordinary width and land not held at fancy prices so that each particular resident secures more than the ordinary twenty-five foot lot, in the interest of well-appearing and well-maintained streets, the fence line is the better location for the tree. On country roads the best location for the trees is beyond the gutter line, fairly outside of the improvement and beyond the channels which provide for the passage of the storm water.

In selecting trees for your roads, select such as thrive well in your home locality.—Henry P. Morrison, C. E. in Good Roads Magazine.

**They Lead All.**  
At a recent good roads meeting one of the speakers said that the main civilizing influences of a country should be placed in the following order of importance, viz: Good roads, public schools and churches. The point involved was that if there are not good roads, children will not go regularly to school, and if uneducated they will not have sufficient intelligence to attend and get the most good from church services.—Good Roads Magazine.

**A City of Towers.**  
Why not build office towers? The curse of the tenement is the want of light and air; and the same curse belongs to modern office buildings. An office tower would secure an abundance of light and air. It might consist of a series of rooms arranged one above the other, with the tower, with stairs and lifts in projections at the angles; or four towers, each with a room on every floor, grouped around a central lift block in the centre. These towers could be carried 300 feet high—which is about the height of the campanile of the new cathedral at Westminster. A city of spires we already know, but a city of office towers is a suggestion of what might be, and may perhaps be.—Builders' Journal.

The largest island in the world is Greenland, with an area of 2,170,000 square kilometers.

## LIVING MONTHS IN A SECOND

How a Dream Lasting But a Few Seconds Seemed Like Months.  
The duration of a dream is so seldom accurately measured that a story published in the St. Louis Medical Record is worth repeating.  
The writer, a doctor whose name is withheld, was seized with an uncontrollable drowsiness during a call, and was struggling to keep awake when he was asked by his companion, "How long may you stay in B—?" His answer, which came promptly enough, was, "That depends on the Western Union," and, catching himself, he explained that he was expecting a telegram. In fact, however, his answer related to the facts of a dream which had been sandwiched between the two parts of the sentence.  
After hearing the words "How long—" the doctor had dozed off, dreamed that after long and tedious experiments he had invented a wonderful apparatus for holding telegraph poles in a vertical position, had negotiated with the Postal Company for its sale, but unsuccessfully, and had finally gone to the authorities of the other company. They, in the dream, told him they were considering a German invention for the same purpose, and the dreamer crossed the ocean to examine the rival device, returned, explained the differences to the intending purchaser, and was writing a reply when he awoke in time to hear the end of his companion's question.  
The events of the dream had apparently consumed months, yet the actual time that elapsed was merely that required for uttering about four short words.—Evening Post.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**  
"The world is too small to afford a place of safety to the man who disobeys God."  
Much good work has been hindered by such anxiety to do better as deters one from promptly doing one's best.  
Truisms, whether they lie in the depths of thought or on the surface, are at any rate the pearls of experience.—George Meredith.  
As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is useful for you in a book or a friend, or best of all, in your own thoughts—the Eternal Thought speaking to your thought.—George Macdonald.  
Great and sacred is obedience. He who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey, with clear and open brow, a law higher than himself, is barren of all faith and love.—James Martineau.  
**A Later Day George Washington.**  
A young man of the name of George Washington was brought before the bench of Magistrates at Bendigo, charged with "illegally cutting down timber on crown lands." At first he strenuously denied his guilt, pointing out that he had nothing of the nature of a hatchet. When it was urged that by taking this line of defense he was spoiling a good tradition, he at once pleaded guilty, somewhat confusing the minds of his hearers by adding that it was worth while telling a lie if it enabled him, even feebly, to imitate his great namesake. The chairman of the bench then took up his parable. "George Washington," he said, "you have pleaded guilty in some what dubious language to a most serious charge. You have no right to go into the orchard of another to cut down trees, even though they be not cherry trees. I feel sure that in pleading guilty you are telling the truth, and that when you say you are telling a lie you are doing so, you are telling a lie. Twenty-two days." "He might have kept to the book at the end," sighed George Washington, as he went below.—Liverpool Post.

**So Gentle.**  
Medical experts are calling the attention of the public to the importance of performing the nose blowing operation in a scientific and hygienic manner. First one nostril and then the other should be blown without undue violence.  
Doctors state that the two nasal passages should never be closed at the same time. If they are obstructed, as in the case of a cold, the back of the throat is filled with compressed air, and this, together with the discharge and the microbes which it contains, may be driven through the eustachian tube into the middle ear and lead to serious results.  
A great authority on the subject used to forbid his patients to blow their noses when suffering from a cold. This course is hardly one which will commend itself to those in the habit of catching colds. The best advice would seem to be that when it is necessary to blow the nose the blowing should be done gently.—London Daily Mail.

**Original Restrictions.**  
Judge Harrison, one of the Connecticut delegates to the recent immigration conference, told the following story:  
"We have in Connecticut," said he, "many descendants of the first immigrants to America, and probably some of every kind that have come since. But we have also one small group whose ancestors never saw Europe."  
"In the eastern part of the State there is a little remnant of the original Connecticut tribes, whom the people call 'the last of the Mohicans.' They have their own church and a pastor of the old Indian stock. Before I came to this conference I talked with all sorts of people to find out the sentiment on this immigration question. Among others I spoke to this native clergyman.  
"Well," said he, "I'm in sympathy with your attempt to restrict immigration; but I hope you'll have better luck than my ancestors had 250 years ago."—New York Press.

**Quite Different.**  
"I thought they didn't allow babies in this apartment house."  
"Sh! That's the janitor's baby!"—Chicago Tribune.  
**Forced to It.**  
"Blank boasts that he lives entirely on a cash system."  
"Yes, poor fellow—his credit ran out."—Detroit Free Press.  
**The Only Safe Place.**  
"Can you lay this carpet so the children won't wear it out?"  
"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"—Harper's Bazar.  
**Mythology.**  
Teacher—"What is Ceres the goddess of?"  
Effie—"Series, ma'am, is the goddess of continued stories!"—Life.  
**Mind Reading.**  
"Perhaps smoking is offensive to you, Miss Smith."  
"On the contrary, I like the smell of a good cigar."—Chicago Tribune.  
**More Difficult.**  
Employment Agent—"I think we can suit you in a cook."  
Mrs. Holmes—"No doubt. The question is whether you can suit a cook in me."  
**A Point of Resemblance.**  
"Warships remind me of automobiles."  
"How?"  
"They are so frequently in need of repairs."  
**Her Titan Locks.**  
Leslie—"Molly gave herself away awfully yesterday."  
Carter—"How?"  
Leslie—"Tom insisted that she had a fiery temper because her hair was red, and she had to admit it was dyed to win the argument."—Detroit Free Press.  
**Smart.**  
"I hear Swellson's Grafters has got to go to jail for three months. Does he feel very badly about it?"  
"Not so very; he's just got sense enough to know that he ought to be there for the rest of his life."—Detroit Free Press.  
**One Woman's Wisdom.**  
"But," queried the visitor, "what was your object in putting a stove in this room when it is steam-heated?"  
"Oh," replied the hostess, "I did that so the baby wouldn't catch cold if it accidentally touches the steam pipes."—Chicago News.  
**Different.**  
Daughter—"Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty."  
Mother—"You needn't, dear; sensible men think very little about beauty."  
Daughter—"But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about, mamma; it's Charlie."—Town and Country.  
**An Explanation.**  
"Why is it?" said the young man with long hair, "that the average woman would rather marry money than brains?"  
"She takes less chances," answered Miss Cayenne. "The average woman is a better judge of money than she is of brains."—Washington Star.  
**His Crude Idea.**  
Instructor—"You know the law presumes that the person accused is innocent until he is proved to be guilty, do you not?"  
Shaggy-haired Pupil—"No, I didn't know that, but I know any lawyer will presume that way if you pay him enough."—Chicago Tribune.  
**Boss Was a Fiend.**  
"When the boss comes in do you hide your box of cigarettes?" asked the caller.  
"Sure," responded the office boy with a grin.  
"Ah, you are afraid to let him catch you smoking?"  
"Taint dat; I'm afraid he'll ask me fer a smoke."—Chicago News.  
**Quite the Contrary.**  
Tess—"I certainly was surprised to hear that Maud was married."  
Jess—"Yes, it was rather unexpected."  
Tess—"Her family's quite incensed, I hear. They say her husband is a man of absolutely no family."  
Jess—"That's all wrong. He was a widower with four children."—Philadelphia Press.  
**His First Intimation.**  
"How did you find out you could draw?" inquired the admirer of the celebrated illustrator.  
"By the marks I received in school for the excellence and fidelity of my work," replied the eminent one. "My work was a caricature of my beloved teacher on the blackboard and the marks came from the teacher's cane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## With the Funny Fellows



**Mother Goose Modernized.**  
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a "fresh-fruit" pie; Though his ma had read it was most ill-bred, Still he stuck in his thumb, and triumphantly said, "One can't be too careful on what one is fed; What a lucky lad am I."—Pack.  
**Quite Different.**  
"I thought they didn't allow babies in this apartment house."  
"Sh! That's the janitor's baby!"—Chicago Tribune.  
**Forced to It.**  
"Blank boasts that he lives entirely on a cash system."  
"Yes, poor fellow—his credit ran out."—Detroit Free Press.  
**The Only Safe Place.**  
"Can you lay this carpet so the children won't wear it out?"  
"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"—Harper's Bazar.  
**Mythology.**  
Teacher—"What is Ceres the goddess of?"  
Effie—"Series, ma'am, is the goddess of continued stories!"—Life.  
**Mind Reading.**  
"Perhaps smoking is offensive to you, Miss Smith."  
"On the contrary, I like the smell of a good cigar."—Chicago Tribune.  
**More Difficult.**  
Employment Agent—"I think we can suit you in a cook."  
Mrs. Holmes—"No doubt. The question is whether you can suit a cook in me."  
**A Point of Resemblance.**  
"Warships remind me of automobiles."  
"How?"  
"They are so frequently in need of repairs."  
**Her Titan Locks.**  
Leslie—"Molly gave herself away awfully yesterday."  
Carter—"How?"  
Leslie—"Tom insisted that she had a fiery temper because her hair was red, and she had to admit it was dyed to win the argument."—Detroit Free Press.  
**Smart.**  
"I hear Swellson's Grafters has got to go to jail for three months. Does he feel very badly about it?"  
"Not so very; he's just got sense enough to know that he ought to be there for the rest of his life."—Detroit Free Press.  
**One Woman's Wisdom.**  
"But," queried the visitor, "what was your object in putting a stove in this room when it is steam-heated?"  
"Oh," replied the hostess, "I did that so the baby wouldn't catch cold if it accidentally touches the steam pipes."—Chicago News.  
**Different.**  
Daughter—"Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty."  
Mother—"You needn't, dear; sensible men think very little about beauty."  
Daughter—"But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about, mamma; it's Charlie."—Town and Country.  
**An Explanation.**  
"Why is it?" said the young man with long hair, "that the average woman would rather marry money than brains?"  
"She takes less chances," answered Miss Cayenne. "The average woman is a better judge of money than she is of brains."—Washington Star.  
**His Crude Idea.**  
Instructor—"You know the law presumes that the person accused is innocent until he is proved to be guilty, do you not?"  
Shaggy-haired Pupil—"No, I didn't know that, but I know any lawyer will presume that way if you pay him enough."—Chicago Tribune.  
**Boss Was a Fiend.**  
"When the boss comes in do you hide your box of cigarettes?" asked the caller.  
"Sure," responded the office boy with a grin.  
"Ah, you are afraid to let him catch you smoking?"  
"Taint dat; I'm afraid he'll ask me fer a smoke."—Chicago News.  
**Quite the Contrary.**  
Tess—"I certainly was surprised to hear that Maud was married."  
Jess—"Yes, it was rather unexpected."  
Tess—"Her family's quite incensed, I hear. They say her husband is a man of absolutely no family."  
Jess—"That's all wrong. He was a widower with four children."—Philadelphia Press.  
**His First Intimation.**  
"How did you find out you could draw?" inquired the admirer of the celebrated illustrator.  
"By the marks I received in school for the excellence and fidelity of my work," replied the eminent one. "My work was a caricature of my beloved teacher on the blackboard and the marks came from the teacher's cane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

Some Strange Stories in the Annals of Crime.  
Some of the strangest stories in the annals of crime are those which tell of the part dreams have played in the discovery of criminals. One spring day in 1830 a farm laborer, when passing a lonely mountain lake in Sutherlandshire, saw in the waters a dead body, which, when rescued, proved to be that of a well-known peddler who had mysteriously vanished about a month earlier. The body bore marks of violence, the pockets were empty, and it was clear that the poor fellow had been brutally murdered and robbed—but by whom? That was a mystery which for many a week completely defied elucidation.  
One night, however, Kenneth Fraser, a tailor's assistant, saw in a dream the cottage of a man named Hugh Macleod, and heard a voice say in Gaelic, "the peddler's pack is lying in a cairn of stones in a hole near this house." He told the story of his singular dream to the authorities, who accompanied him to Macleod's house; and there, sure enough, beneath a heap of stones, the murdered man's property was found. Macleod was arrested, confessed, and was executed.  
Another very remarkable story is told of a tragedy in Ireland. One evening two strangers presented themselves at a wayside inn near Portland, and after taking refreshment continued their tramp in the direction of Carrick-on-Suir. The incident was commonplace enough, but it led to startling developments, for in the wayfarers the landlady of the inn recognized two men of whom she had dreamed a very strange dream the night before. In her dream she had seen one of them kill the other with a coward's blow from behind, rifle the pockets of the dead man, and stealthily bury him beneath a hedge. So impressed was her husband when this dream was told him that he made his way to the spot indicated and there discovered the body of the buried man. The assassin was pursued and arrested, and at the ensuing assizes was sentenced to death.  
There has seldom been a more mysterious crime than the murder of Mr. Stockden, a London victualler, a great many years ago; and the mystery would have remained unsolved to this day had it not been for the intervention of Mrs. Greenwood, who came forward with the statement that the murdered man had appeared to her in a dream and conducted her to a house in Thames street, where one of his assassins was to be found; while in another dream Stockden appeared and showed her the likeness of the man, on the strength of this dream she indicated the man was arrested, and not only confessed his guilt, but betrayed his accomplices—three criminals being brought to the scaffold as the result of these visions of the night.  
Some years ago a Mrs. Rutherford dreamed that her aged relative, Lady Leslie, was about to be murdered by a man whom she clearly saw. She immediately set out on a visit to Lady Leslie and asked permission to sleep in the lady's room. In the middle of the night Mrs. Rutherford heard some one trying to open the bedroom door. She raised an alarm and flung open the door, when Lady Leslie's two sons rushed out and in a moment had seized the man of her dream.  
The following story is, perhaps, the strangest of all. One night the Rev. Herbert Powys, a Church of England clergyman, dreamed that the daughter of one of his parishioners had come out into the darkness to meet her lover, who, at the time, was waiting for her in a secluded spot and spending the time in digging a grave for her. Jumping out of bed, Mr. Powys rushed to the place indicated in his dream and arrived there just as the man had hurled the girl to the ground by the side of the open grave and was about to kill her with his spade.—Tit-Bits.

**A Man Who Saved Napoleon's Life.**  
A writer in a Dublin newspaper has discovered a long forgotten book, published in London in 1820, which consists of a series of letters describing a tour in Ireland in 1812 by J. B. Trotter, who was a friend of Charles James Fox. Mr. Trotter relates that the Rev. Father Redmond, who was parish priest of the little town of Ferns on the occasion of his visit, had actually saved Napoleon's life.  
"Accident," writes Mr. Trotter, "introduced me to Rev. Mr. Redmond, priest of the place, who related to me a curious little anecdote. When pursuing his studies and finishing his course of education in France he had spent a summer in Bas Poitou, where General Bonaparte, then a slight young boy, was. He had slept in the same room with him six weeks, and perceived nothing striking or engaging in him. He was generally employed in making machinery, which he placed on a small watercourse. As the party were one day shooting, Bonaparte, who was not very active, fell into a brook five feet deep, which he endeavored to leap across. He was nearly drowned, when Mr. Redmond immediately discharged his piece and presented the end to him, by which he saved his life."  
Mr. Trotter inquired whether Napoleon had ever shown him any gratitude for this service, and was thus answered: "No, and I assure you, sir, I do not admire his principles."—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Alpine Accidents.**  
It is not the skilled English Alpinist, nor even the comparatively unskilled one who knows the limitations of his experience, who falls a victim to the perils of mountain climbing, but the inhabitants of the country bordering on the Alpine region, with whom familiarity has bred contempt.—Country Gentleman.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Esquimaux, who breathed the pure air of the Arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust; the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke.  
Professor Simon Newcomb, in his opening address before the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, dwelt upon the debt of the world to the original scientific investigators who have opened the way. They are the primary agents in the movement which has elevated man to the masterful position which he now occupies.  
The example first set by the French and afterward followed in Germany and other European countries, of employing automobiles for military purposes, has this year been initiated in the United States. In the war game at Manassas General Corbin used a steam car, and in the military maneuvers in California General McArthur employed a gasoline car.  
One of the latest devices for applying the three-color principle to the reproduction in a photographic transparency of the hues of nature is the invention of the Messrs. Lumiere, of Paris. Instead of using three separate color screens to produce the negative, they employ a single screen on which the three colors are distributed in microscopic grains.  
Although in many parts of the world the forests are receding and disappearing at a rate which causes solicitude, an opposite state of affairs is reported to exist in the southernmost district of the great plains region of Texas. On the Edwards plateau the forests are slowly spreading over the open lands. Most of the trees are of the Atlantic type, such as elms, live oaks, post oaks, walnuts, hickories, sycamores; but from the Rocky Mountains have come pinon pines, cedars and oaks.  
At the Cambridge meeting of the British Association some singular facts were presented about the influence of disease and of town life on the prevailing complexion of the population of England. Dr. F. C. Shrubbs said that blonds are found to suffer more than brunettes from rheumatic disorders, but less from tubercular. Blonds also suffer more from diseases in childhood, and consequently their number in proportion to the brunettes diminishes in the crowded areas of cities.  
The proposed new calendar of Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, begins the year at the Vernal Equinox (March 21), and to every quarter gives two months of thirty days and one month of thirty-one days. The 365th day, set aside as a fete day, is not counted in any month, two such days following leap year. The object of this plan is to make the same dates fall always on the same days of the week and thus give a calendar that is good for any year.  
Nelson's Funeral, 100 Years Ago.  
It has been settled that his lordship's corpse shall not be taken down the steps in St. Paul's to the vault, as all others have been; but that it shall be set down under the dome, where the brass grate is, the opening of which, not being sufficiently large, a number of workmen are now employed to make it large enough to let the coffin down; but it will be some time before it is complete, as there is an immense body of stone to cut through. We do not learn that any other arrangements are finally determined upon. Mr. Mylne, the architect of the Cathedral, had proposed to Lord Hawkesbury, and the dean and chapter, a plan for a monument to be erected to the memory of the hero, under the centre of the dome; but this was much objected to on account of its disfiguring the appearance of the church. Mr. Mylne has since laid before them an ancient plan of St. Peter's, at Rome, to prove that his plan would not be a disfigurement to the church. He has likewise produced an old record, in which it appears that it was Sir Christopher Wren's desire to have a monument erected under the centre of the dome to perpetuate his memory. Should Mr. Mylne's plan be adopted, a large stone pillar will rise from the grave a considerable distance above the brass grate, with a very elegant colossal figure of the deceased on the top of it. The Bishop of Lincoln, the dean, is expected in town in a few days, when a chapter will be held, for the purpose of making arrangements for the funeral. It is reported that a monument will likewise be erected in Westminster Abbey.—London Times, 1805.  
The Sincerest Flattery.  
A New England hostess quite recently entertained the wife of a Japanese statesman who had been spending a few days on the Atlantic coast. She gave, out of consideration for the guest of honor, "a Japanese ten"—a case of "carrying coals to Newcastle" which included its own fitting reward.  
When it came time to say au revoir, the little lady of the lowly Kingdom was very polite—and quite unconsciously crushing.  
"I am delighted," she declared, "at the similarity of Japanese and American ways of entertaining."—Youth's Companion.  
It is said that last year the salaries of 24,000 elementary school teachers in Ohio averaged seventy-two cents a day.

## News Notes.

Twenty-three buildings were burned at St. Albans, V. Va., causing a loss of \$75,000.  
John Gerkin, who killed Walter L. Felton, a plumber, at Newport News, was held for trial in \$5,000 bail.  
Norfolk offers a 10-acre lot, \$40,000 cash and \$5,000 a year for the new State Normal School.  
**Pointed Paragraphs.**  
She—"How sweet of you to want that you were in the wrong."  
He (absent-mindedly).—"Yes; mother always taught me that it was easier to give in to a woman than to argue with her."  
It isn't the man with a great mind who is great, but it is the man who can use it.  
Don't lose your head if ambitious to get ahead.  
There is room at the top for the man who can push the other fellow off.  
All women are angels figuratively speaking—and if wise they'll let it go at that.  
Many a man's meanness is due to chronic stomach trouble.  
FITS (sarcasm intended). No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, \$2.00 per bottle and treatment by Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.  
The works of Schopenhauer are being translated into Japanese.  
A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Hebler, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money! Pains Ointment fails to cure in 5 to 14 days—50c.

Germany is gaining on England in the exportation of coal to France.  
To Cure a Cold in one Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.  
Of the 600 female students at the University of Berlin, 483 are Germans.  
Ith cured in 30 minutes by woodcock's Sundry Lotion; never fails. Sold by Druggists. Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. Letcher, (Lawrenceville, Ind. 41.  
England's first spinning wheel to be worked by electricity has been started at Pendebury.  
He has power to move men who is immovable on God. So. 7-'06.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
E. J. CLEGGY & Co., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known E. J. CLEGGY for the last 15 years, and believe him to be honest and honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.—J. W. WALKER & J. W. WALKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, not only cures the blood and restores the purity of the system, but restores the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**  
Travel broadens the minds of some actors—and the feet of some others. Conscience will be tender where it is first worn.  
With the waning of the honeymoon, many a brave man begins to regret the failure of the faint-hearted rival.  
Cut resolutions out! You live the straight life without them, can't you?  
You can't do a dirty deed in a decent manner; no one ever did.  
Suppose you were the kind of man people think you are, would you be glad?  
A spectacular show is one the bald-headed contingent views through spectacles.  
The "I-told-you-so" of his friends adds to the hardness of the way of the transgressor.  
The man who exceeds you in politeness is a better man than you are for the time being.  
It's an easy matter for a woman to manage a husband if she has tears to shed and knows when to shed them.  
Our idea of a first class confidence man is one who possesses the ability to unload a gold brick on his wife's mother.  
When some women clean house they sweep the dust from the carpet onto the furniture, then brush it from the furniture onto the carpet again.

**A BOYS BREAKFAST**  
There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.  
There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:  
"My eleven-year-old boy is large, well developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything, for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always glistened by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal."  
"Better than all he's no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pages