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WHOLE NUMBER 1,042

HAIR HELP

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its lustre. It looks dead.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed.

And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in restoring my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have ever used, and I shall continue to recommend it to my friends."

MATTIE HOVEY, Burlington, N. C., Sept. 24, 1898.

If you do not obtain all the benefits mentioned from the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Mother's Care

Every mother can have, free, a copy of this wonderful book. It tells how to keep her children healthy and happy, and how to treat their ailments.

FREY'S VERMIFUGE

A remedy especially adapted to the treatment of intestinal parasites. It is a safe and effective medicine.

E. & F. FREY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Castoreo

Best for the bowels.

Genuine stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

DON'T TOBACCO SPOIT AND SMOKE

Your Lifeaway!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco poisoning. It makes you strong, healthy and happy.

Address: FRED J. COXE, Wadesboro, N. C.

W. F. GRAY, D. D. S.,

Office in Smith & Lanap Building. Wadesboro, North Carolina. ALL OPERATIONS WARRANTED.

Fred J. Coxe,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, WADESBORO, N. C. Prompt Attention Given to All Legal Business.

Special care taken in the management of estates for Executors, Administrators and Guardians; investigation of titles to real estate; collection of claims; and drafting of all kinds of legal instruments. Will be in residence on the second and fourth Fridays in each month. Office: Third door below the Southern Express Office.

Questions for Women

Are you nervous? Are you completely exhausted? Do you suffer from headache? If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, you have illness which Wine of Cardui cures. Do you appreciate what perfect health would be to you? After taking Wine of Cardui, thousands like you have realized it. Nervous strain, loss of sleep, or indigestion starts menstrual disorders that are not noticeable at first, but day by day steadily grow into troublesome complications. Wine of Cardui, used just before the menstrual period, will keep the female system in perfect condition. This medicine is taken quietly at home. There is nothing like it to help women enjoy good health. It costs only \$1 to test this remedy, which is endorsed by 1,000,000 cured women.

Mrs. Lena J. Frisberg, East St. Louis, Ill., writes: "I am physically a new woman. I feel like a new creature."

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ARP HAS BIRTHDAY.

Barlow Philosopher Has Reached His 75th Year--Ke Stops to Meditate.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

To-day is the seventy-fifth anniversary of my advent into this world--my coming into this mysterious, wonderful condition that we call life. It is a fitting time for meditation, contemplation, cogitation and rumination. An aged poetess played double with herself and said:

Life! We've been long together. Through pleasant and through cloudy weather, Say not "goodnight," give little warning, And in some brighter clime bid me "good morning."

She did not care to linger and languish on her last bed. The doctors had not vented or discovered heart failure then, but that's the way she wished to go. I do not. I would have some little time for the last loving words, and looks--some time for tears and sorrow on the faces of those who love me. The death of the aged is only a change--a parting, a beginning of another life. It is no calamity, no horror, no shock, no unreasonably thing. It is the law of our being and the old are not far ahead of the young. How kind it is in providence to reconcile us to it as we near the goal. I remember when I thought it was an awful thing to die. I dared not think of it, much less to ponder it and it seemed to me that there was some possible escape from it and I might not surely die. But as we near the allotted age and realize the symptoms of decay we become less reluctant, less alarmed and like Job are ready to exclaim, "I would not live always; I ask not to stay."

But some how I do not feel old--not very old--not infirm. My eyes, are weak and my hearing impaired, and when I stoop long at work in the garden or picking strawberries my back aches and my knee bones crack when I straighten up, but I soon get over it. I love work--easy work--and it keeps me in good health, but I don't like to work by the day or for the job for somebody else. I don't like to have a master or a boss except my wife, who wants me right now to transplant her peppers. I gently hinted that they should be planted by a high-tempered woman to do well, and she said she thought an impatient man would do as well and I had better attend to it right away. Sometimes I think I have worked enough, for the poet says we should grow--

"A youth of labor with an age of ease," and so I like to work when I feel like it and quit when I please. I have never distressed myself about the work that the toilers have to do. Work has its hardships and its blessings, too. The law of compensation governs every trade or occupation or condition in life. There is a good side and a bad side. There are lights and shadows. Work is nature's law. "By the sweat of the brow shalt thou eat bread," and no idle man is happy. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," said Solomon, and the doctor tells us that bodily exercise promotes good digestion. Work brings contentment. The wealthy who don't work and don't have to be always looking for something they haven't got. Something that money can't buy, it will not buy good health nor good children, nor make the home happy. The peace and gratitude of the cotter's Saturday night is unknown to the rich. The toilers as a class are the happiest people I know. They enjoy their food and their rest and their Sundays. I had rather take the chances for happiness on earth and a home in heaven of the working man than those of the millionaire. Byron says "The man who must always labor for the few," and Cobe says "the god Lord made poor men just to keep rich men in money," but the good book says a poor man can squeeze through the eye of a needle and a rich man can't. Cobe is a good confederate veteran and enjoys his record and his religion and his tobacco. That is all he has and he is content.

One of the greatest comforts of old age is in contemplating the happiness of children. It delights me to sit in the shade of my veranda and watch for two little girls who are four and six years old, and waving a welcome and a smile at me. I rejoice to watch larger ones as they play croquet on the tennis court near by and to hear their merry voices and unconsciously I breathe a prayer that they may always be happy and no calamity or affliction befall them in the years to come. If I ever get to heaven and St. Peter asks me what vocation I would choose, I think I would say, "Please, good Saint, make me a guardian angel of the little children I left behind me, and give me power to shield them from all harm." I think I would like that--I think that I would. I like it now as far as I can do it. It is a privilege and a delight to an old man to make others happy. Time was when my chief concern was for myself and wife and our children, but as hours comes on the heart enlarges and softens. The vanities and ambitions and selfishness of our youth disappear and we recall the lines of Bolart:

"Count the day lost if the descending sun Views from thy hand no generous action done."

Last--a day lost! How many days have we all lost in our brief lives. How many days in which we made no one happy, nor even with a smile.

But these reflections are too gloomy for the day. They remind us of Hervey's meditations among the tombs, or Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." I am old, I know; but I do not feel old nor sad. My desire is to grow old gracefully--and for

"An age that melts in unperceived decay And glides in quiet unconscious away."

Bill Arp.

Call at Jas. A. Harrison's drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are an elegant physic. They also improve the appetite, strengthen the digestion and regulate the liver and bowels. They are

will fight to the death about the things that don't matter. Sensible, rational couples will grow up families have bickered since the first week of their marriage over some trifling detail that they would look to scorn if they heard the people next door quarrel about it. In most families there is some small bone of discord, which crops up again and again at every meal--a mean, contemptible cause of strife that none agree to bury decently once and for all. Between husband and wife some petty difference gradually grows which touches each on the raw whenever it appears with Jack-in-the-box regularity. A tactful, womanly management in the early stages would prevent the stupendous growing power of these matrimonial bogies.

MANAGEMENT OF HUSBANDS.

How Wives May Make Married Life a Success.

"Lucy Grey" in the last number of the Kansas City Independent addresses a sensible little sermon to "this year's crop of young brides," and tells them as follows "how to make married life the success it should always be":

"June is the month of brides, and Kansas City is now witnessing the usual rich harvest. It is to these young brides--happy faced creatures in a perpetual flutter--that I want to address myself. The average young matron's library is invariably overstocked with fat cook books, volumes on babies, essays on gardening, helpful household hints, etc., but never, by any chance, a little brochure on the management of men.

"Man, the central figure of the domestic department, is boycotted on the family bookshelf. His management and care--often a most difficult and intricate matter--has been left for the bride to try her 'prentice' hand on. Hundreds of girls wreck their domestic backs and the unsuspecting shoals and quicksands presenting themselves on the honeymoon voyage.

"It is easy to manage a man when once you are married to him is the first and final proposition laid down by inexperienced girls who find their fiances reticent and inclined to 'kick' under the tight feminine reins of an engagement. Older and wiser women know that it is much easier to manage a man when you are not married to him.

"Now it is most assuredly a woman's province to manage her husband and make the best of the man and the marriage ordained on her by the fates presiding over these matters. That is what she was mainly created for, though often she does not know it.

"After all, it is such a clumsy, inartistic proceeding to take part in turning out the ill-assorted, bickering marriages of which there are far too many examples nowadays. It is such a miserable confession of failure on the very threshold of life for a woman to admit that she 'cannot get on with her husband.' If a young man engaged in business falls into the bankruptcy court his friends may be sorry for him, but there is invariably a flavor of contempt mixed with their pity. In the greater number of cases the failure has resulted from neglect of work or lack of common sense. He is a 'bad manager.'"

"Now it is a woman's special business to make her marriage a success. Of course in marriage, as in commerce, there must always be a small percentage of absolutely unavoidable failures allowed for. But in nine cases out of ten marriages would turn out comfortably and happily enough if their respective partners invested as much energy and interest in the marriage business as they put into the affairs of a literary or country club. Many modern women strive to become golf or tennis champions. Why are no wife championships opened up to competition? It is much easier to be a prize 'putter' than to be an artist in the management of men. If I submit articles to an editor and a subsequent public it is clearly my business to please both. Similarly if I marry a husband it is equally my business to carry the partnership through to a happy and comfortable end.

Next Time She'll Take the Necktie.

Chicago Chronicle.

The wife of one Wall street broker learned a curious lesson during the recent stock whirl. One day her husband saw a chance to make a good turn and plunged. Before going home that evening he was \$15,000 richer. "It was like finding it," says the broker, "and when I went home I asked my wife to come down with me next morning and buy a \$15,000 necktie I had admired. She said that such a purchase would be extravagant and that she really didn't care for such a necktie. I knew my own weakness for blowing my money that was velvet, but I could not convince her that it was wise to buy the necktie. The next morning when the exchange opened that \$15,000 bothered me. I plunged again, and on my judgment, but because I happened to have that money, and this time I not only lost it all but half as much more. I have never felt flash enough since that time to take my wife to the celebrated store for all summer drives, from simple cramps to the most aggravating forms of cholera morbus or dysentery. No household should be without the Pain-Killer. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c."

Read It in His Newspaper.

George Schaub, a well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the Dayton Volkszeitung. He knows that this paper aims to advertise only the best in its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain-Balm advertised therein for lumbic ache, he did not hesitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pain-Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew, and before saying the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and the cold again take up her household duties.' He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise will bear off her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by Jas. A. Harrison.

Not Paupers, But Guests.

Atlanta Constitution.

In a communication to the Constitution Mr. W. T. Nichols, of Toombsboro, Ga., protests against the use of the word charity in speaking of the State's action in providing a home for the old soldiers.

Mr. Nichols is right. Instead of being an act of charity it is merely an act of justice which the State has rendered to the men who during the dark days of the sixties jeopardized everything save honor in defense of the State's rights. They have nobly earned the gratitude of the State and they have given value received for every dollar which the State proposes to spend in providing them with comforts in the event of life, and so far from feeling that they are paupers they should rather feel that they are the State's honored guests. They have no reason to blush for shame in accepting favors at the hands of the State, because they are richly entitled to what the State gives them and they are in no sense mendicants or beggars.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and it procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Jas. A. Harrison.

A Negro Town.

Hobson City, Ala., is owned and governed entirely by negroes, having a mayor and council and municipal officers and a postmaster of that color. The population is 500, all negroes. The police force consists of one man. The town was incorporated in 1839 and is said to be doing well.

My Condition Could Have Been No Worse.

I contracted Blood Poison. I tried three doctors and did me no good; I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out; ulcers appeared in my throat; my ears were almost covered with copper colored spots and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my feelings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I met a friend who had tried Chamberlain's S. S. S. but must confess I had little faith in it. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly wonderful. I was able to go to my usual work and to feel that I was getting better and better. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my feelings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I met a friend who had tried Chamberlain's S. S. S. but must confess I had little faith in it. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly wonderful. I was able to go to my usual work and to feel that I was getting better and better. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my feelings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I met a friend who had tried Chamberlain's S. S. S. but must confess I had little faith in it. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly wonderful. I was able to go to my usual work and to feel that I was getting better and better. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my feelings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I met a friend who had tried Chamberlain's S. S. S. but must confess I had little faith in it. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly wonderful. I was able to go to my usual work and to feel that I was getting better and better.

CASTORIA.

Who Raised Truck and Let it Rot in the Field, Died Near Fayetteville.

The Fayetteville Observer has the following:

"Mr. L. N. Calvary died at his home in Gray's Creek during last night of heart disease, aged about seventy years. He lived alone in a large home just off from the river about fifteen miles from Fayetteville, and was found by his neighbors sitting in a chair dead this morning."

"The deceased was a strange character and very little is known of him. He arrived in Gray's Creek about thirteen years ago from Newburgh, N. Y., and bought two acres of land on which he started a vineyard. He built him a large eight room house, which he handsomely furnished, and here he has since lived alone. He has worked on his vineyard and truck farm ever since, but has never been known to make a shipment. Each year's harvest was allowed to rot."

"He would work ten hours a day, tilling himself as if he were working for some one else."

"He recently returned from a trip to New York, where he said he went to look after some financial matters, and where he had his bank account."

"In his home is a quantity of fine silverware which he said his sister left on her death. He had also about \$200 on his person when found this morning."

"County Attorney Shaw and Coroner Dr. A. S. Rose who went to Gray's Creek to make an investigation of the death of the mysterious citizen of the township, were due to natural causes, and Dr. Rose said an inquest was not necessary."

"Mr. Shaw found among the dead man's effects two bank books, showing good accounts at these institutions which are located in New York. He also found the name of Mr. Calvary's financial agent, North and when he reached town, he telegraphed him of the death. He received an answer stating that the body had shipped at once to Newburgh, N. Y. So Undertaker McNeil was sent down to Gray's Creek, and he reached the city with the body shortly after midnight, and it remained in the undertaker's establishment until this afternoon when it was expressed North via Maxton."

How the Apples Were Sold.

The Washington Post declares that half the members of the House of Representatives basined themselves during a leisure hour, over the following problem given them by Representative Loudenlager of New Jersey.

A man who had three sons called them together, and told them that he proposed to make a disposition of his property. He said that he had one hundred and fifty apples, of which he would give fifteen to his youngest son, fifty to his second son, and eighty-five to his eldest son.

"Now," he said, "I want you to go out and sell these apples at the same price, and yet each of you bring me the same amount of money, and the eldest must fix the price."

When the congressmen heard this problem they laughed, as if they were being imposed upon.

"I can't be sold," said one.

"It is all sold," asked another.

"Nothing but the sell of the apples," replied Mr. Loudenlager.

With this assurance the statesmen began to work. For a quarter of an hour they figured, and then they gave it up, as the children say.

"Well," said Mr. Loudenlager, "the boys went out on the street, and the youngest son met a man who asked him what he would sell his apples for."

Key to Success.

Philadelphia Press.

Towne--Yes, Professor Kravynum is going in for politics. Why shouldn't he be successful? Why speaks seven languages fluently, while the average politician today--

Browne--Succeeds because he is able to keep his mouth shut in one language.

Disheartening.

Exchanges.

Even the clergyman, noble and inspiring as his vocation is, has now and then his bad moments.

"O sir," said a poor woman to a Scotch minister, who was by no means a popular preacher, "well do I like the day when you give me the sermon."

"Indeed," said the minister, flushing with pleasure. "I wish there were more like you, my good woman; it is seldom I hear such words from any one."

"Maybe thy hearing's stronger than mine, sir," said the woman promptly, "but when you preach I can always find a good seat."

Will Soon Wear off.

Tit-Bits.

Bridegroom--I'm afraid we shall look so happy and contented that everyone will know we are just married.

Best Man (consoling)--Don't worry, old chap, it will only be for a day or two, you know!

Tragic Death of a Diver.

New York, June 18--Martin Anderson, a professional diver, lost his life while at work in the East river to-day. At the foot of East Twenty-sixth street the government is removing a ledge of rock from the bottom of the river. Anderson went down to clean out some blast holes which had been cut in the rock and put dynamite in the drill holes. While he was at the bottom of the river, the air machine connections became clogged and although the men at the air pumps kept up the work of pumping, they failed to supply the diver with air.

When the pumpers found they could get no response to their signals they drew Anderson to the surface. When he was hauled to the deck and the diving suit opened, it was found that Anderson was dead. The contractor, George Logers, was arrested and remanded to the custody of the coroner. Logers told the magistrate that the pumps appeared to be working all right and that he was unable to account for the accident.

More than 20,000,000,000 of checks are used annually in the United States, and of this amount something like 15,000 are "raised."

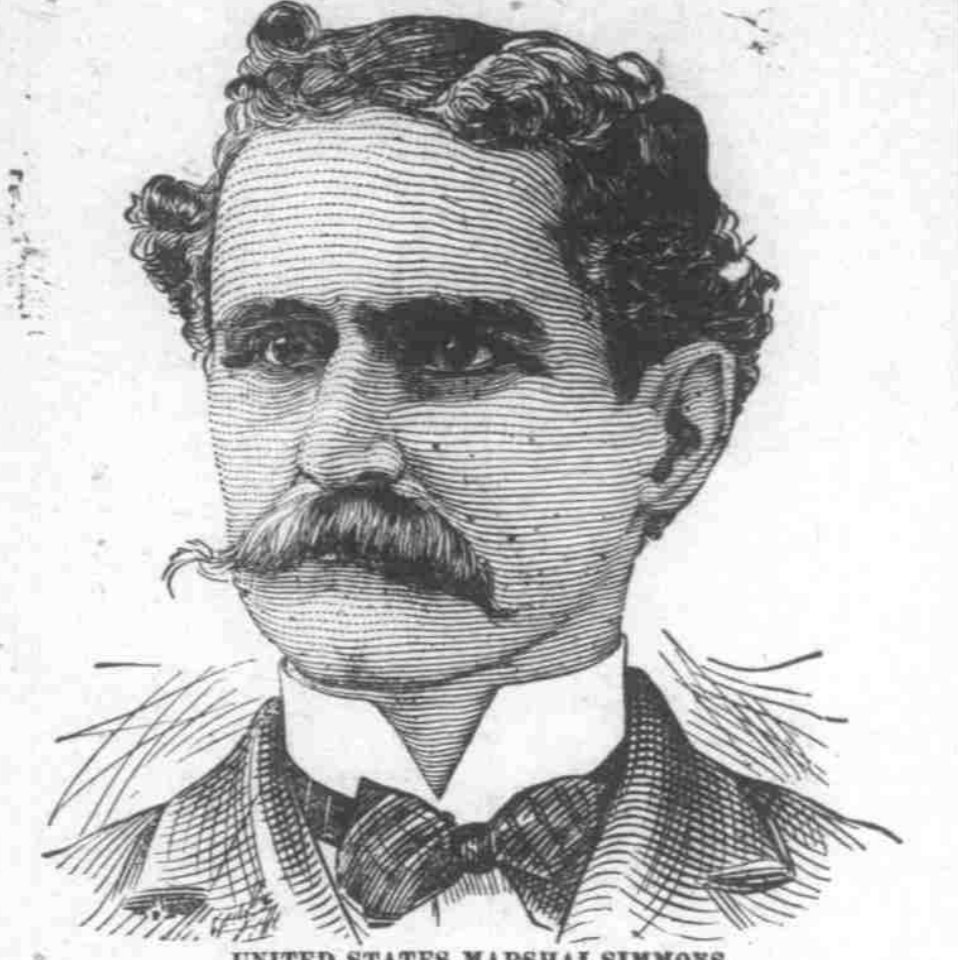
Oliver Reims, an inmate at the Mercer County (Pa.) Alms-house, for eighteen months has refused to eat. In order to save her life a rubber hose is fastened through her mouth into her stomach daily, and she is fed on milk. Her mania is to starve herself.

Persons, although water, should try to cure pimples. De Witt's Witch Ham ointment is a sure cure.

CASTORIA.

SYSTEMIC CATARRH

And Grip Prostration Afflicts the People All Summer.



Hon. F. P. Simmons, United States Marshal, Mobile, Alabama, speaks in high praise of the merits of Peruna. In a letter written from Washington, D. C., he says:

"After having used Peruna for a short time I find that it is the most excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh ever prepared. I can heartily recommend it to any one." Yours sincerely, F. Simmons.

Even a slight attack of the grippe sows the seeds of discord and degenerates all through the system. Recovery seems impossible. The strength does not return. The whole system seems deranged. Every function is disturbed. Appetite and digestion demoralized. Creeping rigors, hot flashes, cold sweats and fitful sleep linger to make life almost unbearable.

Remarkable Case of Combustion.

A special dispatch from Louisville, Ky., to the New York Tribune says: "A remarkable case that must certainly prove of interest to the medical world generally is contained in a letter from Dr. B. C. Wilson, of Soldier, Ky., to Dr. Samuel E. Woody, professor of chemistry at the Kentucky School of Medicine. It relates to a case of spontaneous combustion in connection with the customary treatment of severe burns. The case is fully reported by Dr. Wilson. His letter, in part is as follows:

"A child about 5 years old was burned on the fire. The burns in each locality being of moderate severity and strictly superficial were not sufficient to have caused a fatal result. The burns were dressed in the following manner: First dusted with sublimate of bismuth, then linned oil was freely poured on, and the parts wrapped in cotton batting and a sheet wrapped around it snugly, and lastly, a quilt was wrapped around this. The child was put to bed and instructions were given not to remove the dressing. The child complained bitterly all night long, the parents thinking that the suffering was due to the original burn."

"About daylight they saw smoke arising from the bed, but being very ignorant people, thought it was the 'fire lighting the burn,' and did not remove the dressing until later, when the child was dying. Upon removing the dressing they found the inner surface of the sheet was scorched, the cotton batting burned almost entirely up (over the abdomen) and still smoldering. The child was buried into the bedclothes in three places and died in a few minutes. There was not the least evidence or remote possibility of the second fire originating from the outside, and there was absolutely nothing used but the bismuth and linned oil."

"Replying to Dr. Wilson's letter, Dr. Woody wrote his opinion, as follows:

"Under the circumstances it must have been spontaneous combustion of the linned oil. The bismuth sublimate and cotton, divided finely, distributed the oil and exposed a large surface to the action of the oxygen of the air. The warmth of the body added to the heat and hastened the oxidation, and the covering confined the heat until the oxidation became an actual combustion."

Colony of Palestine.

Colonizing Palestine.

If, as is earnestly hoped and somewhat confidently expected, the recent interview between Dr. Hertz and the Sultan of Turkey shall prove to be productive of concessions to the Jews who wish to return to the land of their fathers, these home-coming Israelites will find that the way has been made smooth for them by the foresight of their brethren. The Zionist movement, which is at its latest phase is practical as well as sentimental, has a tremendous following and is rapidly increasing in membership. Details for the return to the Holy Land are constantly discussed, and nothing remains but to make it so greatly to the Sultan's advantage that he will be willing to give his permission to colonize as widely as the Jews may wish. Not only have the Zionists been busy, but organizations which are free from bias one way or the other have been working among the Jews already resident in Palestine and have created a leave of expert farmers which would be sufficient to give life to the whole mass of Jewish dwellers who would constitute the bulk of the immigrant population. There are now about 50,000 Jews in the Holy Land, forming about 9 per cent of the entire population. The laws of Turkey which stand at present forbidding the entrance into Palestine of any Jew except for a period of six months; not long ago the limit was one month. In all there are 23 colonies in Palestine founded by Jews for Jews, and teaching the members to become expert growers of grapes, oranges, wheat and the like, and to raise cattle according to scientific principles. To float the scheme of the Colonial Bank, which is to finance the return whenever the Sultan gives the word, the Zionist clubs, even the poorest, combine to buy shares. The wish to return is there, and the money with which to accomplish it. The one thing needful is the consent of the Sultan, and that Dr. Hertz is laboring to obtain and may have brought near. It is not to the interest of the movement that he should speak too soon; but it is at least permitted to good Zionists to hope.

Questions for Women.

Are you nervous? Are you completely exhausted? Do you suffer from headache? If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, you have illness which Wine of Cardui cures. Do you appreciate what perfect health would be to you? After taking Wine of Cardui, thousands like you have realized it. Nervous strain, loss of sleep, or indigestion starts menstrual disorders that are not noticeable at first, but day by day steadily grow into troublesome complications. Wine of Cardui, used just before the menstrual period, will keep the female system in perfect condition. This medicine is taken quietly at home. There is nothing like it to help women enjoy good health. It costs only \$1 to test this remedy, which is endorsed by 1,000,000 cured women.

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