

He Wanted to Burn Them.
 Husband (looking up from his paper)—What asses men can make of themselves!

Wife—What is the matter now, dear? H—I am looking at the love letters in this breach of promise case.

W.—Are they interesting?

H.—Interesting? They are absolutely sickening. Hear this: "My dear ducky," "My lovely dovey." Ha, ha, ha!

W. (demurely)—It does sound rather foolish, doesn't it?

H. (with a burst of laughter)—Foolish? Idiiotic, you mean. It's the worst nonsense imaginable. To think that any man in his senses could write such stuff as this: "I send you a million kisses, my goosie poosie, sweetie peety!" Ha, ha, ha!

W.—Perhaps he loved her when he wrote those letters.

H.—Suppose he did! Is that any excuse for writing such bosh?

W.—Yes, it should be. Here are some letters I found today when looking over my old relics—relics of courtship. They are very foolish, but very precious to me, I assure you. They are your letters. One of them begins, "My ownest own precouset little ducky darling, my"

H. (hastily)—That will do. Put them in the fire.—London Scraps.

Gunpowder.

The explosion of gunpowder is divided into three distinct stages, called the ignition, inflammation and combustion. The ignition is the setting on fire of the first grain, while the inflammation is the spreading of the flame over the surface of the powder from the point of ignition. Combustion is the burning up of each grain. The value of gunpowder is due to the fact that when subjected to sufficient heat it becomes a gas which expands with frightful rapidity. The so called explosion that takes place when a match is touched to gunpowder is merely a chemical change, during which there is a sudden evolution of gases from the original solid. It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times or fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in a solid form. When this chemical change takes place in a closed vessel the expansion may be made to do a work like that of forcing a projectile along the bore of the great gun or test tube in the line of least resistance.

Why Snow is White.

The reason snow is white is that all the elementary colors are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the crystals, which may be examined in such a way as to detect these colors before they are mingled together to give the eye the impression of whiteness. The whiteness of the snow is also in some degree referable to the quantity of air which is left among the frozen particles. Considerably more than a thousand distinct forms of snow crystals have been enumerated. These minute crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Pink and various other tints may be seen reflected from sheets of snow under certain angles of sunshine. So much light is reflected by snow in the day that the eyes often suffer from it, and enough is given in the night to guide the traveler in the absence of artificial light or moonlight.—Chicago Tribune.

The Eleventh.

Archbishop Usher was once washed ashore from a wreck off the coast of Ireland. Almost destitute of clothing, he wandered to the house of a church dignitary and asked for shelter and aid of a brother clergyman.

"How many commandments are there?" inquired the other, thinking to detect an impostor.

"I can at once satisfy you that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for," replied the archbishop. "There are eleven commandments."

"No," was the sneering comment; "there are but ten commandments in my Bible. Tell me the eleventh and I will relieve you."

"There it is," said the archbishop; "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Holding His Job.

Michael Callahan, a section boss for the Southern railroad, has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon while walking along the railroad tracks he found a section hand placidly sleeping beside the rails. Callahan looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Run of Luck.

Ruffien—Old fellow, you look blue. Are you on the wrong side of the market? Trumbull—Market be hanged! I moved yesterday. The van man broke \$5 worth of the furniture. I lost a five pound Bank of England note, the gas company held me up for double the usual deposit, and I've just been summoned on a jury.—London Mail.

A Choice of Evils.

"Your daughter can come to me for her music lessons and can do her practicing at home."

"I'd rather you'd give her her lessons here at home and have her do her practicing at your rooms."—Houston Post.

A Mountain View.

She (on their wedding trip in the mountains)—Carlo, what's that long white streak on the ground over toward our inn? He—My Lord! That's probably our bill!—Transatlantic Tales.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.

Pipes and the Lips.

The constant habit of smoking pipes has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger, and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the stem in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked, not only altering the form of the lips, but of the one entire side of the face, causing the wrinkles that are the result of age to deepen and instead of following the natural course of facial wrinkles to change their course so as to radiate from the part of the mouth where the pipe is habitually carried. Furthermore, one or both lips often protrude, just like the lips of people who used to suck their thumbs when children.—Medical Record.

Wanted the "Grocery Seats."

Leigh Lynch while he lived was a happy man. In the first place, he was the husband of lovely and gentle Anna Teresa Berger, the belle of the bell ringers in her girlhood; secondly, he had the years long friendship and intimate companionship of Eugene Field; thirdly, he was the father of a family of children in whom was centered his unselfish hope. He used to carry his business cares and pleasures home, where he was always sure of ready and generous sympathy. For several years he was treasurer of the Union Square theater in New York. One evening at dinner, in the presence of his little daughter, Mrs. Lynch mentioned to Mrs. Lynch that the gross receipts of the week had been an unprecedented height. The next day Marie asked to be taken to the matinee.

"All right, dumpling," assented the fond father. "What seats would you like?"

"Well, papa," she replied, "I'd like to have them grocery seats you told us about."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fatal Austrian Flag.

Once there was an epidemic of plague at Odessa, in Russia, which lasted more than a year. It had a most remarkable origin, being due to a fatal flag. An Austrian vessel arrived at Odessa, bringing one of the crew who had died during the voyage. The sailor was duly interred in the Catholic cemetery at the port, and at the funeral the Austrian flag was carried by two seamen. On their way back to the vessel the men entered a great number of saloons and laid down the flag while drinking. A very short time afterward the sailors who had carried the flag died, and before long it was found that people were ill in all the houses where the men had called with the fatal flag. Soon the plague spread throughout Odessa, filling all with terror and claiming a frightful toll. There is no doubt that the flag contained the plague bacilli in the folds and so spread the disease.—Baltimore Sun.

Strictly Business.

"Sir," began a stranger as he walked directly up to a business man, "I am strictly on business."
 "So am I."
 "Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone."
 "So do I."
 "Good again! I want to raise \$25 to pay for a stone over my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I wait a business answer."
 "You shall have it, sir. Unless you immediately take your departure I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse."
 The stranger hurried off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Golf.

Golf as a recreation appeals to practically all ages. Impetuous youth, staid middle age and the man in the evening walk of life alike feel its fascination and enjoy its manifold pleasures. Golf entails walking, the best of exercises for the average man. It trains the eye and the arm, and, while it tries, it ought also to train the temper.—Liverpool Courier.

A Warm Time Coming.

"I'm doin' me best with the fire, sir," said the janitor at the door of Galley's office one cold morning, "but I'm afraid I can't make it very warm for you. You see, sir!"
 "Never mind," feverishly replied Galley, who had been out all night. "My wife will be here shortly, I expect."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Loaded.

Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick.—Bystander.

Standards.

She—Men and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps. He—And a woman by the servants she can't keep.—Judge.

Time to Get Busy.

"But life has no bright side!" wailed the pessimist.
 "Then get busy and polish up the dark side," rejoined the optimist.—Chicago News.

One of the most rare kinds of courage is the courage to wait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHING DAY AFLOAT

When the Sailor Lads in the Navy Turn Laundrymen.

A HARD JOB IN BAD WEATHER

Each Man, With His Feet and Legs Bare, Scrubs His Own Clothes and Gets Them Ready For Inspection. "Jimmy Legs" and the "Lucky Bag."

Have you ever noticed how clean and well dressed a sailor lad looks when on shore leave, how white his clothes look when you board the ship on visiting days? But did you ever realize that he was his own washerman?

With a shrill blast of his silver whistle the chief boatswain's mate will pipe, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and every man hurries to his bucket, gets his soiled clothes, salt water soap, draws a bucket of briny or fresh water, as the case may be, and begins his washing.

He is generally barefooted at this time, so that he will not wet his shoes and stockings. He wears his trousers very bell shaped at the bottom in order that he may roll them up over the knees.

After scrubbing and rubbing his clothes until clean he turns them inside out and with "stops" proceeds to get them ready for hanging up. These stops are short pieces of twine, twisted and with whipped ends, that he uses in lieu of clothespins. They are fastened in eyelets placed at the side seams and bottom of his shirts and the waistband of his trousers. He turns all his washed clothes inside out to prevent the right side getting soiled.

They are then hung on a line which, says the Youth's Companion, is run from the bow to the topmast or upper top of a fighting mast. The well informed man now usually puts his clothes to soak the night before in a bucket half full of water into which he has either sprinkled a handful of soap powder or a small piece of salt water soap. In the morning a little rubbing and his clothes are clean and hung up, while the "landlubber" has just begun.

When they have been thoroughly dried, the chief boatswain again pipes, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and every man rushes for the clothesline to claim his own. If he fails to secure them within a reasonable time, the master at arms, or "Jimmy Legs," takes them down, and they go into the "lucky bag." Then the only recourse the unlucky owner has is to go to the mast, or the "stick," as the court on board ship is commonly called, and petition the "first lieutenant" or executive officer, to order them released.

As a rule, Jimmy Legs, who has charge of the cleanliness of the decks, always has extra cleaning, painting and so forth in mind, and the man whose clothes get into the lucky bag receives so many hours' extra duty as a gentle reminder to be more careful in the future. His name goes on Jimmy Legs' time book, and when there is any extra labor to be performed he is called upon to assist.

This is usually the lot of the "landsman" who has not been aboard long enough to "learn the ropes."
 After they are taken from the line the stops are taken out and the clothes rolled in such a manner that they need no ironing. These rolls are then tied at each end with the stops and are stowed away in the clothes bag. In this way all his clothes, both blue and white, are kept clean, and when Sunday morning comes and there is general inspection on the quarter deck he has no fear of being reprimanded for having on a soiled uniform.

The hardest things of a sailor's outfit to wash are his blanket and hammock. The hammock forms part of his equipment, but belongs to the ship. He is, however, required to keep it clean. His mattress and blanket are lashed into the hammock and stowed in the nettings or crates provided for that purpose.

Every day a couple or more men are detailed to stow them away and at night to break them out. It is this handling so much that gets them fearfully dirty, especially while a ship is coaling. When washing his hammock,

Medicine That is Medicine.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at May & Gorham's drug store.

a sailor lays it flat on the deck and uses a wire brush to get it clean, with the assistance of soap and lots of "elbow grease."

In visiting a foreign port and before the ship has come to anchor it will be surrounded by "bumboats," generally bringing out washerwomen, who are usually negroes and who clamor for any work in the laundry line. They do good work and charge very little for it. They always show their references from the last ship and always want a new one to add to their already long list.

It is in wet and stormy weather that the sailor has his own troubles trying to dry his clothes. Round the uptakes of the smokestack there is a drying room in which clothes may be hung, but as they grow yellowish when hung there often this room is used as little as possible. In the newer men-of-war there are installed washing and drying machines which greatly facilitate the laundry work, making it inexcusable for a sailor to have soiled clothes. This machine, which dries clothes by centrifugal motion, does the work rapidly and well.

These machines, which are being added to all the new ships, will in time do away with all hand work. The old familiar sight of a long line of clothes strung from bow to masthead will no longer be seen, and the boatswain's mate will forget how to pipe, "Scrub and wash clothes!"

"To Eat Crow."

Although the use of the expression "to eat crow" in a metaphorical sense, meaning to eat one's words, may well have dated from the time of Noah, when the bird was first looked upon as unclean and not fit to serve as food for man, it seems to have arisen from the old tale of the officer and the private.

A soldier, having shot a tame crow belonging to one of his officers, was discovered by the owner with the bird in his hand. Seizing the private's gun, the officer commanded him to eat the bird as a punishment. With the firearm pointed at his head, the soldier fell to, but no sooner had the officer laid aside the gun than the culprit grasped it and compelled his superior to join in the distasteful banquet.

The private was court martialed the next day, and when he was asked by the examiners what had occurred he replied, "Nothing, except that Captain Blank and I dined together."—Washington Star.

College Chums.

A rich and well known citizen of an eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs. It is rumored that the envy and frequently the skepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question, and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's essays. One evening at dinner the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him he was astonished to find on the fly leaf this inscription:

"To John Blank, From His Old Friend and Classmate, Mike Montaigne."—Harper's Weekly.

Reading a Pig's Tail.

"Don't buy that pig," said the older butcher hastily.
 "Why not?" asked the younger man.
 "Look at his tail," was the reply.
 "See how loose it hangs, like the tail of a rat. That is a sign that the animal is in bad health."
 "You can read a pig's condition by its tail. The tighter it is curled the fitter is the pig. And when the tail hangs straight, as this one does, the pig ought to take to his bed and send for the veterinary."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Unmentioned Ancestor.

Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking:

"If you climb much farther up your family tree you will come face to face with the monkey."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

At times when you don't feel just right, when you have a bad stomach, take something right away that will assist digestion; not something that will stimulate for a time but something that will positively do the very work that the stomach performs under ordinary normal conditions, something that will make the food digest. To do this you must take a natural digestant like Kodol For Dyspepsia. Kodol is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids with natural digestants and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Each dose will digest more than 3,000 grains of good food. It is sure to afford prompt relief; it digests what you eat and is pleasant to take. Sold by May & Gorham.

CHARMS FOR LUCK.

The Sort of Superstitions Some Wall Street Men Harbor.

Let all the dear readers, feminine gender, take cognizance of what follows, for surely the fairer sex is, after all, the stronger sex. Women know no such subject obedience to superstitious fears and signs as do the men. With a view to eliciting something of interest, the writer had a chance to put a certain question to a captain of industry. "Tut, tut," he replied suspiciously, "you'd be getting me into trouble, would you?" With a promise that no names would be mentioned, he finally agreed to tell a thing or two.

The question was, "Aren't men in Wall street carrying all sorts of queer things to try to change their luck?" In answer to this the writer heard some curious stories. One man of worldwide fame, for example, carries a cane in the center of which there is a slender steel rod. Circling the rod there are rings made of leather and of hard rubber, like the washers that plumbers use. Each seventh ring is made of leather from the soles of the shoes worn by the billionaire during what he considered his luckiest year. Elephants and pigs as lucky charms there are of course in plenty, but the proper paper is to wear the animal plumed inside on the watch bob pocket. Then there is another great financier who carries with him a gold ink well and would never sign a document with fluid from another receptacle. Once upon a time, when he had, say, only a playunc million or two, he signed a paper in a deal that doubled, then tripled, his wealth. The ink used that day was emptied into a long gold tube or well that he now carries. The ink was used up, but to the well, so he thinks, the good luck power has been translated. Lucky coins pass from father to son in several of the multimillionaire families, and the man who inherits them would never be without them. We have few secret drawers in desks or doors in houses, as they had in olden times, but there are many secret pockets in the suits made by smart tailors.—Brooklyn Life.

A GRATEFUL GUEST.

The Reward She Bestowed Upon Those Who Entertained Her.

"Human nature is a queer thing," said the philosopher.
 "Not long ago some friends of mine got badly down on their luck. Times were so hard for them that they scarcely knew which way to turn for the necessities of life."

"At that most inopportune time they received word from a woman friend of theirs that she was coming to visit them for a few days. They were dismayed, but by the exercise of great ingenuity and by depriving themselves to almost the vanishing point they managed to entertain her and really to set before her most excellent meals."

"After she left their affairs continued to grow even worse, if possible, and while they kept up a brave front I

THIS GLORIOUS GOLDEN CLOCK FREE POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

for a few minutes of your time. No one who has a home to live in can afford to miss this truly **GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY** **NOT TO TARNISH, AND TO KEEP TIME FOR TEN YEARS.**

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS GREAT OFFER

To get this beautiful Clock FREE is the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is write me a postal card and say you want to get it. I will then send you by mail, prepaid, a carefully wrapped package of handsome portraits of George Washington, and ask you to show them to your neighbors. These portraits are copies of the best known painting of the first President of the United States, and are different from and handsomer than any picture of the kind you ever saw. This is just the picture for the dining-room or sitting room, and because the very name George Washington strengthens the love of home and country in old and young alike, everybody will want one of them and will be glad to pay for it on the liberal proposition I will authorize you to make. You only have to collect \$5 in this way to make this Glorious Clock yours forever. **TWO EXTRA GIFTS Go with this Clock**



TWO BEAUTIFUL EXTRA GIFTS

In addition to the Clock I have two other lovely presents which I will give you—two more handsome ornaments which anyone who loves a pretty home will be delighted with. One of these gifts I will send to you FREE AND PREPAID as soon as I receive the postal card with your name on it. The other I will tell you all about the second extra gift, when I send the first one, which I will do as soon as I hear from you, so HURRY UP.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES in writing to me, because, if the Clock does not prove to be even better than I have described it, and if it does not delight you in every way, you may send it back and I will pay you handsomely in cash for your trouble. Also, if you get sick or for any other reason fail to collect all of the \$5, I will pay you well for what you do. So you see, **YOU CAN'T LOSE**, so sit right down and write to me as follows: "D. R. OSBORNE, Manager, Nashville, Tenn. Please send me the portraits of George Washington and complete outfit for earning the Glorious Golden Clock, with the understanding that this does not bind me to pay you one cent." Then put your name and address.

Women's troubles very often occur regularly at a certain time every month. Because this may have been so all your life, is no reason why it should continue. Many thousands of women, who had previously suffered from troubles similar to yours, due to disorder of the womanly organs, have found welcome relief or cure in that wonderfully successful medicine for women,

For Woman's Eye Wine of Cardui

Mrs. Lucia Forte, of Toledo, Ill., writes: "I am well pleased with the results of using Cardui. I have taken three bottles and am now perfectly well, free from pain and have gained 25 pounds in weight."

WRITE US A LETTER Write today for a free copy of valuable 64-page illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.