

WINTER WEAKNESS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People
That Most People Need for Blood and Nerves.

In winter the air of the close rooms in which we spend so much of the time does not furnish enough oxygen to the lungs to burn out the foul matter in the blood. In the cold season we do not exercise as much and the skin and kidneys do not throw off the waste matter as freely as usual. The system becomes overloaded with poisonous matter, and too feeble to throw it off. Relief can be had only through the use of a remedy that will promptly and thoroughly purify and strengthen the blood, and the one best adapted for this purpose is the great blood tonic known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"They acted like magic in my case," said Mrs. Clara L. Wilde, of No. 377 Farnsworth avenue, Detroit, Mich. "I was weak and thin and could not sleep. My stomach and nerves were out of order. I can't describe how miserable I really was. I dragged through six months of feebleness, growing weaker all the time until I finally hadn't strength enough to leave my bed.

"Then a glad day came, the day when I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They made me feel strong right away. My appetite came back, I took on flesh and the color returned to my cheeks. People wondered that these pills did for me what the doctors couldn't do. I took only six boxes and then I was perfectly well. If I had not found this wonderful remedy I surely think that I must have wasted to death. Believing firmly that these pills saved my life by the strength which they gave me at a critical moment, I unhesitatingly recommend them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain no stimulant but give strength that lasts. They may be obtained at any drug store.

Wise Words by Pope.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES.

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—"Would Have Died But for Cuticura."

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

The Population of Heaven.

Moncure D. Conway in his reminiscences relates a story that was told him by Helen Taylor, the stepdaughter of John Stuart Mill. While in Scotland she called on a poor woman who had lost her little son. The mother refused to be consoled, saying: "What troubles me is they be all men folk up there in heaven and won't know what to do for him."

It appears, therefore, that the New York preachers who have announced that there are no women angels can not be accepted as the discoverers of this great and interesting fact.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

From the Signature of *Wm. C. Chamberlain*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Not Otherwise.

A woman's proper place is at home, when she is needed there; not otherwise. Why should woman be expected to play the part of an indoor-grown cabbage, while we men are free, butterfly-like, to roam the world's garden on wings?—Coulson Kernahan in Ideas.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At All Druggists' 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Foods Good for the Body.

Grapes and raisins are nourishing and fattening, and apples eaten daily ensure clear, bright complexions.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. RAY'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Not the Right Time to Discover It.
"This chimney," every woman says, when she lights the lamp, "needs cleaning."—Atchison Globe.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 5-oz. package 5 cents. The Ross Company, South Bend, Ind.

Women's Work in London.

Nearly one-half of the women engaged in occupations in London, England, are domestic servants, of whom there is one to every twenty persons in the population.

KNEW LINCOLN IN YOUTH

Aged Lady Now Living in California Recalls Times of Long Ago

Twenty miles out from Los Angeles, Cal., on the seashore road, in a humble, four-roomed house, is an old woman who Abraham Lincoln was very fond of and who he teasingly named "Quinine" 70 years ago, when, a store clerk in New Salem, he boarded for \$1 a week under her father's roof.

Mrs. Vienna Lyster has just celebrated her 89th birthday. A stately old woman, she is still free of step and straight of vision, though her memory has begun to falter, recollection to waver and down the long vista of years and day-marks of her girlhood are blurred.

This long-ago friend of Lincoln sits in her son's home at Burnett and tells many stories of the Great Commoner. With a quaint tenderness comes the thought that this is the cousin, the girlhood friend, of fair Ann Rutledge, the dead love of Lincoln's youth.

For twenty years, "alike to fortune and to fame unknown," the recipient of Lincoln's whimsical nickname has made her home in the whitewashed cottage in the little town of Burnett.

Seventy-five years ago, in the summer of 1830, Lincoln released himself from parental care and started out to make his own way. This was soon after his people has removed to Illinois, and the future President was then a gaunt, tall lad of little more than 21.

The following year, just after his famous flatboat trip to New Orleans, he made his second and "permanent" appearance in New Salem, on the banks of the Sangamon river. Its population at that time probably did not exceed seventy-five men, women and children. It was one of the many

came to us, and my mother charged him about \$1 a week for his bed and board."

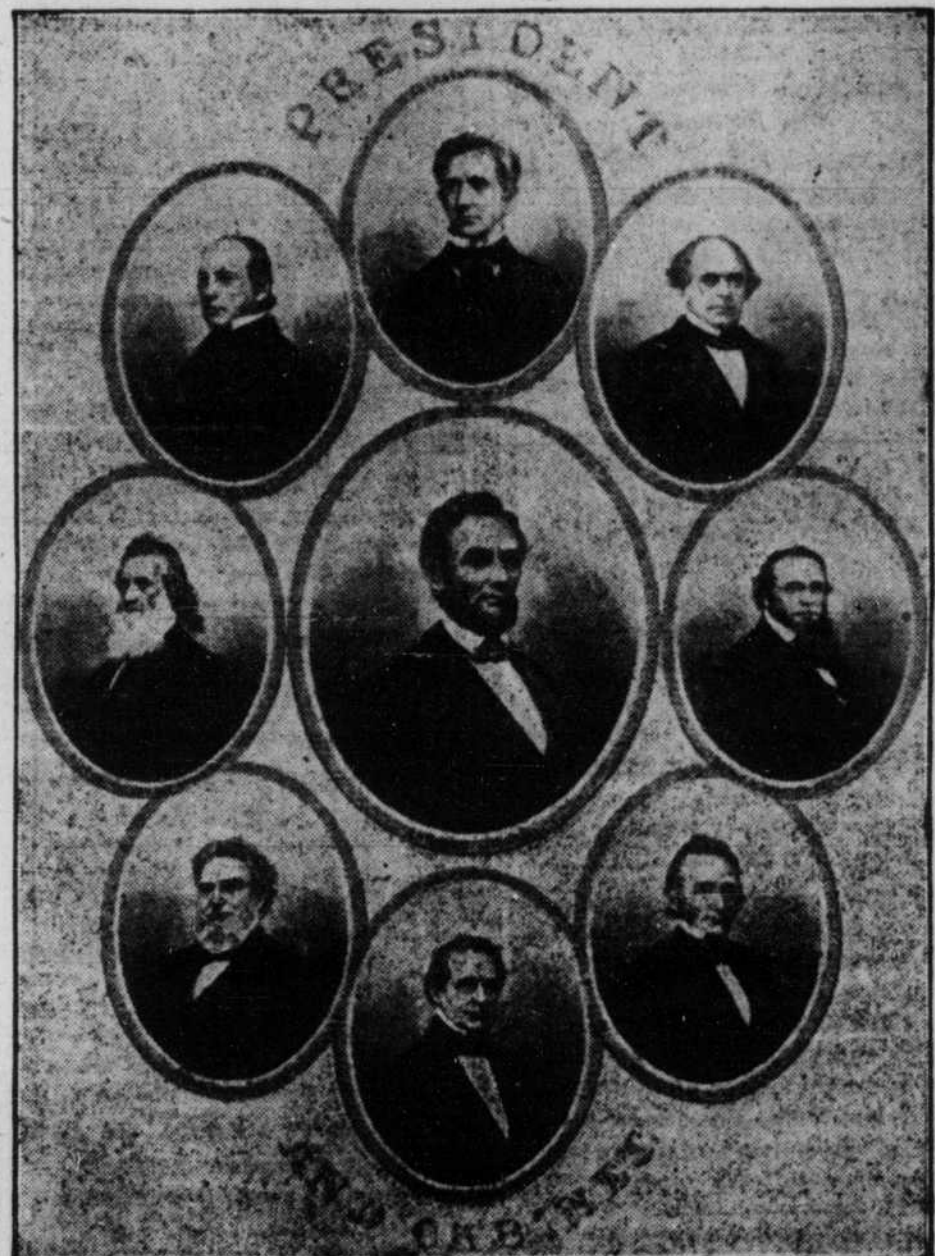
The "us girls" referred to by Mrs. Lyster were eleven in number (reinforced by one brother), and a right merry crowd for a log cabin home, it may be guessed. In the order of their ages they were: Betsy Cameron, nicknamed "Isabelle" by Lincoln; Vienna, whom the future President preferred to address as "Quinine," perhaps because at 17 she could find a sharp thrust to answer his teasing with; Thomas lone brother in a wilderness of girls, called "Tam O'Shanter" by Lincoln, and Nancy, Jane, Martha, Sarah, Salina and Sorena (the twins), Eliza, Caroline and Margaret.

What clerk to-day would walk five miles daily between his store and his boarding house? Lincoln did it for months, striding from "Parson" Cameron's log cabin in the early mornings to Denton Offutt's general store, and back again at dusk.

He loved exercise in the open, he was proud—may be at time a trifle boastful—of his physical strength and great powers of endurance, but aside from that, one cannot help wondering if John Cameron's merry household of buxom daughters may not have been a keener inspiration for those daily trudges than love of Nature and of Nature's moods.

Mrs. Lyster remembers "Abe" striding steadily, but unburiedly "home," gaunt shoulders drooped, shaggy head bent and eyes glued to the pages of a grammar that he held well up as he walked.

Awaiting him at the long tramp's end were the friends who, in accepting



"boom" towns of what was then the Far Western State of Illinois.

The ensuing five years, 1831 to 1836, cover one of the most interesting periods of Lincoln's early life, when he learned the lessons of love and death and to rise above the bitterness of despair. It was during this period that Mrs. Lyster (then Vienna Cameron) knew him, received at his hands the odd nickname of "Quinine," and became a quiet observer of his courtship of her beautiful cousin, Ann Rutledge.

One of the foremost men of the New Salem neighborhood was the Rev. John Cameron, Mrs. Lloyd's father. He preached in the Presbyterian church on Sundays, and, after the custom of those sturdy times, turned a shrewd eye to business during the week. He it was, indeed who, with his wife's brother, the James Rutledge mentioned by historians in connection with the lustrum of Lincoln's life, laid out the town site of New Salem.

At the time of Lincoln's advent in New Salem "Parson" Cameron with his wife and family—eleven daughters and one son—had his home in the proverbial log house of the period, a few miles from town on the banks of the Sangamon stream, close to the Rutledge & Cameron mill. This latter combined the business of sawing timber and grinding grist. The mill, on a dam that jutted out a few hundred feet into the river, was one of the last landmarks of the locality to crumble away. Lincoln for a short time was in charge of it.

Mrs. Lyster does not recall the day that Lincoln first came to her father's home to board, but reference to what meager data is extant indicates that it was in the winter or spring of 1833.

"Lincoln was a great, big, hulking fellow then," says Mrs. Lyster, "full to the chin with fun and always playing droll pranks on us girls. He was a clerk in Denton Offutt's store when he

the \$1-a-week board, had taken him in and made him one of themselves.

"Lincoln, or 'Abe,' as we one and all soon came to call him was a member of the family as long as he stayed with us," Mrs. Lyster says. "To him my mother was 'Aunt Polly,' a fact borne out by historians.

"Lincoln," says Mrs. Lyster, recalling those rare days, "was a remarkable young man for pranks. He had a nickname for each one of us girls, but I can only remember a few. One of his tricks was to pluck his friends by their ears—he was always doing that. I have heard my father speak of seeing 'Abe' standing at a corner, or in the road, telling one of his droll stories or engaged in earnest discussion, and, at a climax in the tale or conversation, stretching out one of his long arms, and gently pulling the listener's ear, instead of plucking the lapel of his coat. From more than one of us Cameron girls 'Abe' caught a scolding for not leaving our ears alone."

Lincoln's Mother's Tribute.

Though so fond of his books it must not be supposed that he cared only for work and serious study. He was a social, sunny-tempered lad, as fond of jokes and fun as he was kindly and industrious. His stepmother said of him: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. I must say that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."—From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln" in St. Nicholas.

Clock 700 Years Old.

The clock in Exeter cathedral, England, is 700 years old. The dial is seven feet in diameter. The dials show the time of day and the moon's age.

TO HIS WIFE.

The Married Man Sends a Valentine

I want some kind of a valentine,
To send to that little wife of mine,
Who's waiting at home for me;
Not paper Cupids and gilded darts,
Nor silly verses, nor satin hearts,
But something—let me see—

Suppose I send her a bunch of posies,
Some violets or a box of roses—
A dollar apiece, you say?
Good Lord! She would ask me what I meant
By spending so much on sentiment,
And flowers, anyway!

By Jove! I'll get her some gloves! Eh, what?
Her size? Great heavens, I have forgot!
Now am I not a dunce?
Alas, that a man should grow so stupid!
Give me an inspiration, Cupid!
I used to have them once.

I used to send her gloves and rings,
Bonbons and flowers, fans and things,
And kisses to her I carried.
But, oh, it was all so different then!
Alas! could we only live over again
Those days before we married!

I might write for her a little rhyme,
And I really would if I had the time
And knew what I want to say;
But the grind of work has dulled my brain!
Besides I have got to catch a train,
So I'll write no rhymes to-day.

Ah, well! it is useless trying to think!
Bring me my check book and pen and ink.
Hang sentiment by the neck
What's the use of St. Valentine's Day?
I'll settle the thing in the same old way,
With a forty-dollar check!
—New York Press.

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

The Heart Hunt and Other Amusing Games and Pastimes.



The first suggestion for a Valentine day party is in the form of a heart hunt. Small paper hearts, red and white, should be hidden all about the room, with occasional chocolate or other candy hearts here and there. The object is for each person to search for the hearts, and the one who finds the greatest number of paper ones, which are the real counters in the game, wins the first prize.

The first prize should be something in the form of a heart, say a photograph holder, a charm, a locket, or a bonbonniere. Some of the hearts should be broken into two pieces if candy ones, or torn if paper, and special prizes offered to those who find the pieces that fit together.

The player who finds most hearts is supposed to be the one who will first be married. To the one who finds least, a consolation prize should be given. If a girl, a suitable prize would be a tea cup and saucer, or a worsted kitten, as she is destined to be an "old maid." A suitable consolation prize for a boy would be a card

If it chance to hit the white,
You will meet your fate to-night.
All alone your years will mellow,
Should your arrow meet the yellow.
If the dart go wide astray,
You will throw your heart away.
Should it pierce the heart of gold,
Joy for you, and love untold!

If you have a Valentine day party you will serve refreshments, and the idea of the day of hearts and love must be carried out as far as possible in everything arranged.

A very pretty way to send your guests to the dining-room is to have some pink flowers in two separate baskets, pink carnations for the boys and pink roses for the girls, for pink is the special color of the god of love. Write beforehand on small cards the names of some famous lovers of history and fiction, fastening the cards with the names of men to the carnations and those with the names of women to the roses. Such names should be selected as Romeo and Juliet, Orlando and Rosalind, Hamlet and Ophelia, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, John Alden and Priscilla, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and so on.

Then as each boy takes a carnation



The King of Hearts and the Fortune-telling Target.

of buttons, or a little work basket, as he will have to learn the use of them in his bachelorhood.

Another game appropriate to the day is "Broken Hearts." Cut out of red cardboard as many hearts, about six inches across, as you will have pairs of guests. Then, with sharp shears, cut each of these into many small pieces, square, crescent shaped, wedge shaped, and so on, keeping the pieces of each heart separate from the others by putting them into an envelope.

Now, from different colored papers cut small hearts, two of each, and put them into two bowls. The players then select one each, the girls from one bowl, the boys from another, and the boys then find their partners in the girls who have hearts matching in color those they have selected.

The envelopes are then distributed, one to each couple, and they must try to put the pieces together to form a perfect heart. The two who first do this stand up and are crowned with red roses made of paper, as this was a classic honor bestowed upon Cupid, the god of love. If you prefer, the girl may be crowned with roses and the boy with a laurel wreath.

This diversion is especially good fun. Get a sheet of heavy cardboard, twenty-five or thirty inches square, and draw on it as large a heart as you can. Then cut the heart out and cover it with white muslin to strengthen it; it may also be braced at the back by strips of wood.

Around the edge of the heart paint a border in green, about three inches wide, which of course, gives you the outlines of a green heart. Inside this paint a black heart of the same width, and again a third in yellow, a fourth in blue, a fifth in red, and in the center a bull's-eye of gold paint, leaving a space of white unpainted.

Having prepared as many arrows as there are guests and a gilded Cupid's

and reads the name on the card, he must find the card with the corresponding rose card; that is to say, Romeo must find Juliet, Orlando must find Rosalind, and so on, and they go to the dining-room matched in that way.

The dining-room decorations should be in pink, and as far as possible, heart shaped. Pink crepe paper can be effectively used to give the shape to all the dishes. The ice cream should be served in heart shaped molds or in the form of two doves billing and cooing, and the cream might be pink in color.

"Pink hearts, with little love verses attached, should be placed at the guests' places, and these may be taken away as souvenirs of the evening. Following are a few verses that might be used:

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream. —Moore.
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. —Dryden.
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. —Scott.
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all. —Tennyson.
There's beggary in the love that can be
reckoned. —Shakespeare.

For toasts, those who remember any other quotations about love may recite them, or each guest might read aloud, between the times of serving, the quotations on the heart shaped cards.

Above the table a bow and an arrow might be suspended, or a cupid, or both.

When the guests have come back from the dining-room to the parlor, hand to each one a little lace edged valentine, with a pencil attached, by means of a narrow pink ribbon, and on the back of which the following questions are written. The answers to the questions all begin with the

POISONS NOT ALWAYS DEADLY.

In the Hands of Physicians—Some Make Valuable Remedies.

"The venom of the rattlesnake has been known to cure locomotor ataxia and scarlet fever," said a chemist. "Homeopathic physicians often prescribe it.

"You know the curars, the deadly poison that the South American Indians smear on their arrow tips? Well curara is very helpful in hydrophobia

"There is a seaweed called 'bladder-wrack.' They make of this an antifat, a marvelous antifat. By the use of this antifat I know a man who reduced his weight forty pounds in three months.

"There is a deadly fungus, the fly agaric, which unfortunate people sometimes eat in mistake for mushrooms. They make a medicine of the fly agaric, a medicine called muscarine nitrate, which, injected under the skin, causes a copious flow of tears. French actresses in weeping scenes such as 'La Dame aux Camelias' sometimes use this drug.

"Cocaine causes wakefulness. I once worked forty-eight hours at a stretch, thanks to cocaine.

"Coca stimulates, exhilarates and removes all desire for food or drink. An Alpine guide will chew fifty or sixty grains of it before commencing a difficult ascent."

DIFFICULTY EASILY GET OVER.

Sixteen Feet of Snow No Great Moment for Winnipeggers.

The men in the fur cap let it be known that he was from Winnipeg, and he was presently asked: "You have pretty hard winters there, don't you?"

"Yes, pretty hard."
"And great falls of snow?"
"Yes, a good deal of snow."



Everybody Made Use of Stilts Eighteen Feet High.

"How deep did you ever see it?"
"Well, two years ago it was 16 feet deep on the level, and stood that way for a month."

"Why, all the houses must have been snowed in to the second-story windows and the streets rendered impassable?"

"Yes, but we had an easy way of getting around," said the Canadian. "Everybody made use of stilts 18 feet high, you see, and sawed them off as the snow settled down."

Parisian Jeweler's Work of Art.

A wonderful work of art entitled the "Way of Life," is the masterpiece of a Parisian jeweler was exhibited in London recently. It is a monument some nine feet wide at the base, and as many feet high. It is made of onyx and unpolished marble, to which are added much gold, stones, diamonds and rubies, and other precious stones, besides 150 figures cut in ivory and gold. As the legend runs, it is an attempt to depict artistically, and with the help of precious stones and metals, the notions mankind may have of God and His nature, of created beings and of their nature, of the connection of created beings with each other, and of their connection with God our Maker." The exhibit took thirty years to complete.—Montreal Herald.

False Teeth for Sailors.

A dentist held up a set of false teeth.

"See this stay here," he said, "this brace and this reinforcement? The set is for a sailor, and sailors' false teeth are always made extra strong, on account of the unconquerable salt-beef and the granite ship biscuit that are eaten at sea.

"On his beef and biscuit a sailor would crush ordinary false teeth in no time. He would chew them up and swallow them in mistake for ordinary food.

"Hence false teeth for sea use are always reinforced with all manner of braces and backstays."

Skillful Penmanship.



A fancy head in which nothing but letters of the alphabet are employed.

Big Eagle Killed in Florida.
Mr. Hill, Corson killed a bald eagle down on Tit's last week that measured seven feet and two inches from tip to tip of its wings and was big enough almost to carry off a grown sheep.—De Funik Breeze.

