

CARS IN JAPAN ARE DIRTY.

Floor of Third-class Coaches Described as an Unwashed Mat.

In Japan the railway traveler buys a first, second or third class ticket, or if he wishes to go cheaper still he can get a ticket entitling him to simply stand on the platform. Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or the end. The principal difference between the first and second class coaches is the color of the upholstery. None of the cars is clean. Many of the third-class coaches could serve, without much alteration as ordinary passenger cars. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration.

An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes, or cloths, on. The European room, for example, which has been established in a few Japanese homes, is the only apartment in the whole house that is not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese mats. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean; those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigarette stumps, fruit peelings, cores and other debris. In an American Pullman, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach of Japan. All sorts of unexpected things happen. During ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tunnels serving to screen the astonishing character of these programs. The floor of the third-class coach is an unwashed mat of the flossam and jettam that usually follow in the wake of certain kinds of human craft the world over.

A bowery picnic crowd, abandoned to peanuts, popcorn and bananas, never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants en route. Only with the Japanese it is all so solemn a matter. Travel seems to afford fitting opportunity to discard all forms of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveler who wades through this car-stream waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.—General Manager.

ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS.

My first experience of the octopus, writes Frank T. Bullen in "Creatures of the Sea," was in a little bay in Stewart Island, New Zealand. A small river flowed into this bay, notable for its fine flounders; and the crew of the ship in which I was then a sailor soon discovered that the easiest way of catching them was to wade about on the fine sandy bed with bare feet, the water being only up to mid-thigh, and when they felt the flat body wriggling under their soles, to tread firmly and stoop, groping in the sand until they had the flounder safe between finger and thumb. Then they would raise him and put him in the bag strapped across their shoulders.

By and by we discovered that the nearer the sea the finer the flounders, and so one sunny afternoon I was wading in the bay near the mouth of the rivulet and picking up some fine specimens. Suddenly I trod upon something like a blob of jelly. Fearing a sting, I made to step off, only to feel both my legs gripped in several places by something that clung as if it would eat into the flesh.

I stooped, and felt a long, whip-like tentacle twisted round my right leg. I tore it off, and felt a nausea which made me feel quite giddy.

But no sooner had I removed one snaky thing than another held me, and another and another. The water was shallow, but I began to feel as if I must be dragged down, drowned and devoured by this horrible thing.

Fortunately I retained some presence of mind, and drawing my sheath-knife, I reached down cautiously to where I felt the main body of the thing, and avoiding my bare feet, I stabbed steadily into the central part of the beast. I was successful, for presently I felt the clutch of the tentacles round my legs relax, I saw the water stained with sepiæ, and I smelled the odor of stale musk, which all cuttlefish emit when disturbed.

I felt quite certain that had I been laid hold of in water out of my depth by one of these creatures, only a miracle could have saved me from drowning.

Nuggets from Georgia.

Make hay whilst de sun shines—but you can't make it wid a umbrella in one han' en a han'kerchief in de futher.

Many a man dat climbs de hills of glory loses his se'f in de mist an' has ter holier ter de worl' ter find him.

Thank de Lawd dat de worl' is ez bright ez what it is—en may de good Lawd keep de next worl' f'um brazin'.

They were Carriage Folks.
"I hear your husband was at death's door," began Mrs. Goodley.
"Pardon me, no," interrupted Mrs. North, haughtily, "the porte-cochere."
—Catholic Standard.

No man who isn't looking for trouble will attempt to argue with his wife while she is trying to arrange her hair in a new way.

Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy is seldom far from the top?

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore that refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive.

The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer. Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. FONDIS, Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with any medical advice wished, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Got Enough.
"Ferdy actually went hunting!"
"The idea! Did bug anything?"
"Yes—the knees of his trousers. He'll never go again."—Cleveland Leader.

Cause and Effect.
Smithkins—Why don't you speak to Green any more? Has he been telling lies about you?
Browning—No; the measly sinner has been telling the truth about me.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE
Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Drug-gists sell it. Don't accept any substitutes.

Missing a Kiss.
Helen—And is Harry Cauliflower really such a slow young man?
Ethel—Slow? Why, if he takes a girl on a railroad excursion she has to tell him every time they are coming to a tunnel.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a common one is ahead of nothing."
(NAME ON APPLICATION)

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

A. J. TOWER CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats

How Emerson Impressed the Guide.

A New York man fond of passing much of his time in the Adirondacks tells Harper's Weekly a story with reference to a visit made to that picturesque region by Ralph Waldo Emerson. According to one of the old guides, who remembered the philosopher, Emerson had enjoyed his stay immensely. Once some one asked this guide, known as "Steve," what sort of an impression the Sage of Concord had made upon the natives. "Well, sir," obligingly responded the guide, "he was a gentleman, every inch of him; as nice a chap as you'd care to see—pleasant and kind. And he was a scholar, too, allus fingerin', studin' and writin', though we did think he'd had a better time a-huntin' an' a-fishin'; but, sir, I'm here to state that he was the all-fired, homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

"HAVE USED PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD THREE YEARS"

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS & SHEEP

I have used Prussian Stock Food for the past three years for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. As a fattening food it has no equal. I find it a thorough renovator. It tones up the system in general and puts new life and vigor in the individual when fed according to directions it will increase the flow of milk to a marked degree. Also with young animals, calves in particular, that are subject to Scours, Prussian Stock Food will check the malady as if by magic. I have tried many kinds of foods but consider the Prussian Stock Food the best on the market today. EMIL GILBE.
Every one owning stock will find it pays to use Prussian Stock Food. It saves time, feeding money and keeps stock in a healthy paying condition.
Price, 50c and \$1.00. 25 lb. tin, 100 feeds \$3.50. One cent for three feeds.
Write us how many stock you have. Ask us for our Stock Book. FREE or write us for it. PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD CO., ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Germain Seed Co., So. Cal. Agents, Los Angeles

The old farmer had strayed into a music emporium and was listening with open-mouthed astonishment to a phonograph.

"Wa-all, by grass!" exclaimed the old man. "That 'ere mercheen certainly do be a queer sort uv a contraption."

"Can't I sell you one?" queried the proprietor. "It will store up everything you say and repeat it to you later."

"Gosh, no!" replied the rural party. "I've got a wife tew home that kin dew all uv that, by hen!"

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10ct. package colors Silk, Wool and Cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10cts. a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., ON ONVILLE, MISSOURI.

Recognized the Description.

The man with the pessimistic hair happens to overhear the conversation of the gentlemen on the seat ahead of him. The one who is doing most of the talking is saying:

"And so there is a constant current of cold air circulating inside of it. This is distributed over the house by pipes which lead to whatever point you desire. But always it will produce a sufficient supply of cold air to—"

"Excuse me," interrupts the man with the pessimistic hair, "aren't you Mr. Gilthers, the hardware and stove man?"

"Yes, sir."
"And may I ask what contrivance you are describing?"
"A cold air plant for a meat storage house."

"Pardon me again. I thought perhaps you were telling your friend about the furnace you sold me last winter."

And He Was "It."
Judge Lueders—There isn't any evidence against this man, officer. Why did you arrest him?
Officer Green—Well, there wasn't any evidence against any one else. Your Honor, and I had to arrest somebody.

Her Private Opinion.
"Madam," queried the police magistrate, "do you know the nature of an oath?"
"Yes, sir," replied the female witness. "I consider an oath very ill-natured."

About the Size of It.
"Travel," remarked the optimist, "is apt to take the conceit out of a man."
"True," rejoined the pessimist, "but coming home puts twice as much in him again."

What Becomes of the Bibles.
The announcement of Dr. James Morrow, secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, that his organization alone distributed 10,000,000 Bibles last year, while 5,000,000 were sold by the trade, again calls attention to the immense circulation of the book. Where all the Bibles issued go to is a wonder even among the agencies that are concerned in the work. Distributions are supposed to cover, as far as possible, places and persons not yet reached, but it would appear that there are no longer any such places and persons left. Even supposing there were Bibles in the knapsacks of some or even all of the slaughtered thousands on the field or buried with their clothes on at Port Arthur and Mukden, that would be but a drop in the ocean of production. The proportion of Bibles to be found on second-hand book stalls is not greater than of other books, nor are they probably stored away more than other books are. Persons who have investigated this question say it is one of the unexplained mysteries.—Philadelphia Press.

Progress in Indian Territory.

Indian Territory is beginning to find herself. Her trade, which has always been large and profitable, has suddenly become a prize to be striven for. Homeseekers, not waiting for the government to act on Statehood or other permanent form of civil organization, are pouring into a land which seems to be especially favored in the gifts that make for successful agriculture. Already, even while the people are facing annoying restrictions and complicated problems of taxation, money is free, development is almost magic in its rapidity, and the future appears to be sure. —St. Louis Republic.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine.

It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

BIGGEST WINDMILL OF ALL.

Pumps Water Into Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

The largest windmill in the United States, if, indeed, not the largest in the whole world, has recently been constructed near San Francisco. This gigantic mill is located directly on the ocean beach, near the famous seal rocks. It is used for pumping water up into Golden Gate Park.

The huge, strong wooden tower supporting the wind arms rises 130 feet. It is 40 feet square at the base, securely anchored and gradually tapers upward, assuming a round shape.

There are four immense wooden arms, or vanes. Each arm measures 80 feet from the center or hub—thus making a diameter of 160 feet in describing the circle. The wind vanes are 6 feet wide and extend nearly the entire length of the huge arms.

This windmill is located upon a prominent elevation, so that it may catch every available wind arising in that section.

This colossal windmill is capable of developing 50-horse power. Its pumping capacity is 200,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

The water is taken from the wells and forced through a large iron main sixteen inches in diameter, for nearly four miles up into an immense reservoir several hundred feet higher than the ocean beach. From this reservoir the water is distributed in all directions through the park.

During the dry, hot season the arms of this giant windmill are kept whirling day and night to supply the thirsty demand. As the mill stands on the wide, open beach, there is rarely, if ever, any lack of wind; in fact, the winds occasionally blow with such violence that the mill is compelled to be shut down, as it would be risky to attempt to run it during a fierce gale.

Hot-Cross Bun Memorial.

At Bromley-by-Bow, England, is a public-house with the sign of The Widow's Son, and there a curious old custom is maintained. Once the tavern was kept by a widow with an only son. He started on a sea voyage on a Good Friday, and promised that he would be back by that day in the following year. He did not come, but for years the mother kept her promise to prepare a hot cross bun for his return. Each year she lived the anxious mother observed the custom, which has been maintained by successive hosts and hostesses of the inn ever since. Now, as for long time past, "within its guest-chamber may be seen old oaken rafters with buns hung up between."

Undesirable.

Miss Gushing—I suppose you find life a bed of roses, Mr. Millyun?
Young Millyun—I should hope not.
Miss Gushing—Why do you say that?
Young Millyun—Because a rose bed is anything but clean.

Frenzied Advertising.

In these days of frenzied advertising, it is hard for all of us to tell the real thing, and it naturally follows that the safest way is to pin our faith to those articles and products which are backed and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable concerns.

The Pillsbury Company of Minneapolis, with a word wide reputation for BEST quality, guarantees to you that in buying their ideal breakfast food, "Pillsbury's VITOS—the Meat of the Wheat," you actually purchase a product which is free from impurities, and at the same time a most economical food. It is truly the white heart of the wheat kernel, sterilized, nothing added, nothing taken away; no flavoring, no cooking, and a two pound package will make you twelve pounds of delicious white food. Figure the economy of this.

If you are looking for the best, and are willing to accept the statements of the largest and most respected of firms, whose product are the yardstick by which all competitors measure their lines, you will not hesitate. Ask your grocer today for "Pillsbury's VITOS—the Meat of the Wheat."

ODD COLONY IN PARAGUAY.

Community Mocked After Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

A community which closely approximates Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is Cosme, a little settlement near Asuncion, Paraguay, described by Wilhelm Laemann in the Leipzig Grenzboten. Equality, democracy and community of wealth and work are the principles on which it was founded in 1894 by a split in a colony of Austrian immigrants to Paraguay. "The houses of the settlers lie together and form a small village, and are small, pretty and clean; they have only one story, and are built of boards and shingled or roofed with masega grass. The roof hangs far over the side walls and is supported by posts, a detail which affords for a wide veranda—a most welcome adjunct in the hot weather. On one side of the house is a small out-building which contains the kitchen, and every house has its garden. Little plantations of sugar cane lie between the houses and the gardens."

Up to the present the dwelling houses cover only a quarter of the space which has been reserved for the village, and when Herr Laemann visited the place there were some twenty houses occupied and 108 in course of erection. In time the buildings will form a great square, which will lie about a larger open square. In addition a number of smaller public places have been provided for, which will lie, as those already in existence, between the houses. "There is an absolute community of goods in Cosme, the only exception being that objects of household or personal use—furniture, cooking utensils, clothing and food—remain the property of their users. When one enters the colony he must bring his entire property in, with these exceptions. When, however, one wishes to withdraw he does not receive back the amount of his contribution, but only the amount which corresponds to his share for the last working period."

Everyone must go through a probationary period of one year, and before this period is completed no membership is obtained nor any contribution of goods made. Every applicant upon entering must pay into the treasury \$5 for each adult member of the family and half of this amount for each child. If then the probationers decide not to remain in the colony their expenses to Buenos Ayres are paid, but this is not done unless the applicant remains in the colony three months. The only requirements are that the applicant be strong and healthy. "Under no circumstances are colored persons admitted."

CAT'S MIRROR TRAPS BIRDS.

Tabby Watches Her Prey and Awaits the Time to Jump.

Laelonia boasts of a cat which combines science with her natural instincts of bird-hunting to rather a remarkable degree.

Pussy is evidently fond of fresh live English sparrows, and by experience doubtless found that they are wary, quick-motioned and hard to catch. She also has discovered that when she turns her back toward a flock of sparrows in the street they pay little or no attention to her and approach quite closely.

She has also discovered that the plate-glass show window of a jewelry store makes an excellent mirror under certain conditions of light, and that by looking toward the window she can watch the chippies in the street and at the same time give the birds no reason to suspect that she is interested in anything except gold rings and jewelry display.

The cat's method of obtaining English sparrow for dinner is to take her position on the edge of a good view of the reflector in the show window. Sparrows come along the street every few minutes, and, although at first rather shy of the cat, they evidently observe that she is paying no attention to them, and gradually work up quite close to her in their search for food.

Pussy keeps perfectly passive until one of the birds happens to stray within easy jumping distance, and then she turns like a flash and captures the unlucky bird in an instant.

People who observe the cat for the first time gazing at the reflection of the sparrows obtain an idea that she herself is being fooled by the reflection and stop to watch, expecting that she will finally jump against the show window in her efforts to catch the birds, but they find that they have underestimated kitty's intelligence when a bird approaches too near the dead line.—Laelonia, N. H., Democrat.

Daily Object Lesson.

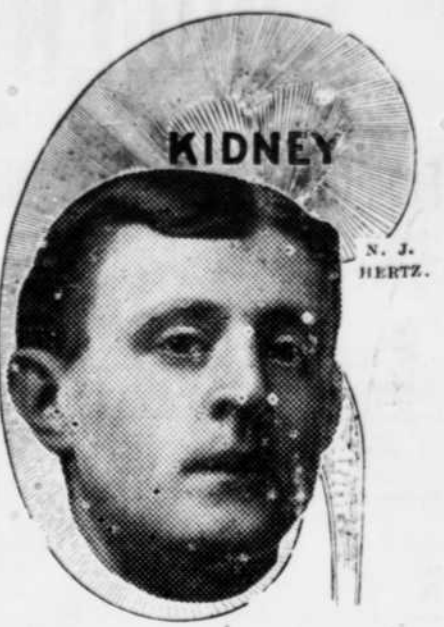
To the left, gentlemen and ladies, the Pugilist looms into view. He is an advocate of physical culture. In his little rear hall-room, which he calls his "apartments," he has two heavy dumbbells. He raises these to hold the door open and to tack sporting lithographs upon the wall.

Does he work. Yes; bartenders, mostly. He has never been in a ring yet, but he hopes to be. The large bundle of papers he carries is a package of challenges. He is now on his way to a newspaper office to ask for a press notice. He used to drive a cab. Why does not the Pugilist go home? He is afraid his wife will caress him with a mop stick. The pugilist derives his name from an old Roman term applied to a man who once bet forty ducaats on four spades and a diamond and was found.

The Pugilist is called in all civilized countries and Chicago.

You may occasionally get a crumb of comfort, but the trouble that is due you comes in loaves.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH.



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA in Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, Member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol Lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street Hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work.

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna.

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again.

"I still continue to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well.

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chronic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Retrospection.
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliggins.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband in a startled tone, as he turned around from his shaving glass.

"The idea of a grown man like you standing there for five minutes at a time admiring yourself."

"I'm not admiring myself. My feelings are those of astonishment, not admiration. I can't realize that I'm the same person who years ago was called 'precious pet' and held on people's knees and kissed by the neighbors. It's an awful thought."—Washington Star.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Trying to Make It Go.

Out in California, where they sprinkle the streets with oil, one day a man said to a boy:

"Where does that street go to, my boy?"

"It don't go at all; it stays right where it is," replied the smart youngster.

"Well," replied the man after reflection, "they're trying to make it go somewhere, I guess; they're oiling it." —Yonkers Statesman.

Barely Possible.

She (at the reception)—I wonder why Mrs. Goodman looks so awfully unhappy?

He—Don't know; unless it's because her husband doesn't neglect her enough.

Still Had Them.

Judge Lueders—I see you lost a couple of teeth in the mixup.
Policeman—No, your honor; I didn't lose them.
Judge Lueders—But they are missing.
Policeman—Yes; I swallowed them.

\$100 REWARD \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Williams' Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 25c trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLING, Ltd., 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CENTS

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Halls' Use in time. Sold by druggists.

L. A. N. U. 1906-41