



A robust, manly son and a cooing baby-girl nestling in her bosom — what more can any woman ask? It is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to every woman.

Thousands fail of this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health during the period of prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. If she suffers from local weakness, nervousness or loss of vigor and virility, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only fail-safe cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and cheerful. It robes maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful specialist, who has had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many thousands of women. Medicines dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon.

"I am the mother of a nice baby four and a half months old," writes Mrs. J. B. Clough, (Box 252) of Lisbon, Grafton Co., N. H. "I cannot give too much praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Drugists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

THE EGOIST.

I am the weathercock! Listen, good people, Listen to me! Proudly ye placed me here high on my steeple, King of the air and prince of the sea!

I am the lord of the winds that blow Round the compass and high and low! When I swing to the east, it blows from the east. I call and call Till the storm rack drives o'er the meaning sand. And the rain lash scourges the shivering land, And the good must split in the shrieking squall, And I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the north, it blows from the north. I call and call

Till it tears the lake with a film of ice And whitens your autumn paradise, And you trudge to church to your knees in snow.

Poor little people that flock below To worship me on my steeple tall, For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the west, it blows from the west.

Hurrah for my westing wind!

There is health and life for the world and his wife.

When I feel in a rolicking mind, Oh, the steer is glad as he grides the earth With the share of the wallowing plow, And the plowman dreams of the husking's mirth.

The shocks and the bursting mow!

Oh, the wind is true to its master's call, For I did it all—I did it all!

John Mowatt in New York Times

A COURT MARTIAL.

General Gomez and several officers of his staff were taking their after dinner nap—"siesta" is the Spanish word for it—when there was a commotion in the thick chaparral between them and the narrow, rugged road which ran all the way from the mountains to the western coast of Cuba.

The thorny underbrush was pulled and tossed about until the billowy surface seemed to be swept and lashed by a storm.

Pedro, the watchful sentinel who was guarding the sleeping general and his companions, clutched his rifle with a firmer grip. He knew that a struggle was going on in those tangled bushes and vines, and the men who were headed in his direction might be either friends or foes.

"Quien sabe?" was Pedro's low voiced comment, after his keen eyes had taken in the situation.

The noise of the scuffle or skirmish in the chaparral suddenly died away, and the sentinel heard only an occasional oath, but the moving tops of the bushes warned him that the strangers were approaching him.

"They swear like the pious defenders of our holy cause," said Pedro, "but that is no sign. There are Spanish devils who can outwear the Cubans, and even the pig dog Yankees have learned the trick. Carrasco is a word which will soon belong to all languages."

Perhaps it would be well to awaken the general. Gomez was with a small scouting party, and after their hurried dash into the enemy's territory the tired troopers were enjoying their first nap in a week.

While the soldier was considering the matter his commander solved the problem for him. The rebel general has a way of sleeping with one eye open, and his little catnaps are easily disturbed.

"What is it, Pedro?"

The vigilant guard quietly told his wakeful general about the movements and suspicious noises in the chaparral.

By this time all of the officers and soldiers, some 30 or more, were wide awake and ready with their weapons to resist an attack or make a dash into the forest.

"Captain Vando and his men are to meet us here," said Gomez, "and it is about time. The only Spaniards in this vicinity are dead ones. Their friends

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Evolution In American Cookery — A Hanging Portfolio—Georgia Waffles.

Quick as are Americans in nearly every other respect, they are slow to learn in matters of the kitchen. They have never fully grasped the fact that the food which was altogether suitable to the men who hewed down trees, plowed land and reaped grass and grain and for the women who washed and ironed, spun and wove and led lives of unremitting and active toil is not that demanded by the bodily and mental frames of the men and women who sit at desks or bend over typewriters or sewing machines all day long.

In the one case a food is required that will produce physical heat and force, strengthen muscles and renew the fleshy tissues that are consumed in the daily labor. In the other is exacted nourishment for the nerves, brain sustenance, a diet that will supply the waste in those portions of the organism upon which comes most strain. Precisely because of a failure to appreciate this distinction are Americans, as a nation, sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion and nervous diseases in their myriad forms. With all the common sense for which they are justly noted for many years they failed to perceive that prevention is better than cure and to go back of the result in search for the cause.

Even now, when the cooking teacher is abroad, there are not lacking conservatives who sneer at the modern modes and class all innovations as French fads. In a large number of cases they frankly do not like the change and prefer the dishes to which they have always been accustomed.

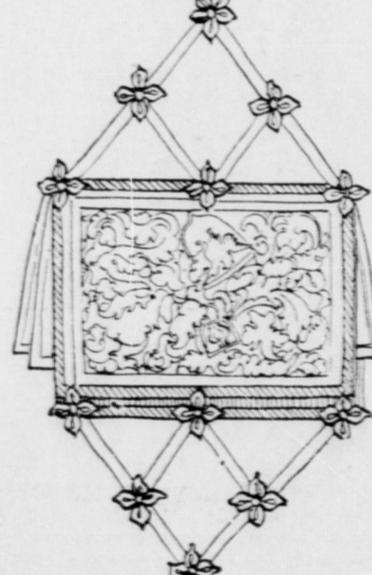
Nevertheless the fresh influence is beginning to make itself felt. The best is being gleaned from the culinary wisdom of other nations and the practices they have tried and proved good are making themselves a place in the United States.

The light breakfasts in place of the heavy early meal, the luncheons and dinners served in several courses instead of in two or three, the savory entrees and made dishes as a variation upon the eternal roast and boiled, the growing taste for salads and skill in their preparation, the delicate desserts that have largely superseded heavy pies and puddings, the afternoon tea with its simple refreshments that has taken the position once accorded to the formal reception with its set supper, are all the results of the grafting of foreign modes upon the sturdy American colonial stock.

The new shoots have already attained a promising growth, and the fruit thereof is pleasant to the taste and excellent to the digestion.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

A Hanging Portfolio.

A mural decoration that is as useful as it is ornamental is a hanging portfolio made of repousse leather, direc-



FOR PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAPERS.

tions for the stamping of which can easily be obtained from any textbook on the subject. The portfolio is fastened to the wall by a pretty arrangement of red, white or dark blue narrow girthings fastened together at each angle with a saddler's rosette. A portfolio of this kind is particularly convenient for large photographs, or for illustrated papers, or in fact anything that is not easily disposed of.

Georgia Waffles.

Whoever has once been fortunate enough to eat Georgia waffles prepared by one of the good old mammy cooks of that state will rank them "far above the rest" of the waffle fraternity. Two eggs, one pint of flour, 1 1/2 cupfuls of milk or cream, butter the size of a walnut and a saltspoonful of salt are the requisite ingredients, to which may be added a scant teaspoonful of baking powder if one wishes to make assurance of lightness doubly sure. Mix the baking powder—if used—and the salt well in the flour by sifting and rub in the butter. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add to the milk, then to the flour and beat again until about the consistency of rather thin paste. Have the waffles iron very hot and well greased and bake immediately. Serve with butter, syrup or honey.

Uses of Nasturtiums.

A bed of bright nasturtiums is a constant delight from various points of view. While always ornamental, the nasturtium leaves, blossoms and seeds are appetizingly edible as well. The leaves, sprinkled lightly with salt and spread between thin slices of bread and butter, are among the daintiest of sandwiches for the picnic basket or the afternoon tea. The blossoms are delicious in a salad with a French dressing, while the seeds, gathered when small and green, before the inner kernel has become hard, are admirable substitutes for capers or a welcome addition to any mixed pickle.

Wonderful Figure.

One of the most marvelous workmen in the world is Hananuma Masakichi of Tokyo, who has carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side it is said to be almost impossible to tell which lives and breathes and which does not.

By several connoisseurs in art this wooden figure has been pronounced the most perfect and human image of man ever made. Masakichi has faithfully reproduced every scar, vein and wrinkle to be seen on his own body. The figure is composed of 2,000 pieces of wood, dovetailed and jointed with such wonderful skill that no seams can be detected.

Tiny holes were drilled for the reception of hairs, and the wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes in which no dissimilarity to Masakichi's own can be detected.

The Japanese artist posed between two mirrors while modeling this figure, and for some time after its completion he posed frequently beside it, to the confusion of spectators, who were often entirely at a loss as to which was the artist. The figure stands with a little mask in one hand and an instrument for carving in the other. The lifelike eyes are apparently gazing at the mask, and the face wears a look of intense absorption.

The Opium Cannons.

"Well, now, can you, from your extensive experience, give us your opinion as to the state of Chinese opinion in regard to the opium habit, looking at the state of things not only among the working classes, but also the merchants, the literati, the official classes, and also can you tell us what you saw during your sojourn in the interior which would give you an opportunity of forming an opinion as to how the Chinese regard this question?"

"As regards Chinese popular opinion in respect to the opium habit, it is decidedly against it. There is a common Cantonese saying which sums up rather oppositely 'the ten cannot' with regard to the opium sot. It says, 'First, give up the habit; second, enjoy sleep; third, wait for his turn when sharing his pipe with his friends; fourth, rise early; fifth, be cured if sick; sixth, help relations in need; seventh, enjoy wealth; eighth, plan anything; ninth, get credit; even when an old customer; tenth, walk any long distance.' That, I think, sums up the popular view of the Chinese with regard to the opium habit."

—Opium Commission Report.

How Galvin Caught Ward Napping.

"There never was a pitcher in this country who could excel old Jimmy Galvin in catching base runners napping," said Jack Crooks. "I remember seeing the old fellow catch the foxiest base runners in the country asleep off the bags with the quickest kind of a motion. There was one occasion when 'Gavie' played a star trick of this kind on Johnny Ward. The Pittsburghers were playing the New Yorks, and the score was very close, in favor of the former. The New Yorks had two men on bases, and Ward at the bat, with two out. Galvin signaled to George Miller to step to one side of the plate and deliberately gave four balls to Ward. Johnny trotted to first, and the next instant Galvin caught him napping, big Beckley blocking him off. It was a put up job, and old 'Gavie' didn't do a thing to Lawyer Ward but laugh at him all the way to the bench. It was a feather in the old man's cap, for Ward at that time was the star base runner of the League."—New York Sun.

FULL OF BUSINESS.

The following old time handbill is issued near Lancaster, England, must have come from one who was emulating the example of the man who had five talents and made of them five talents more. Let us hope he was rewarded:

"James Williams, parish clerk, sexton, town crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts haberdashery, groceries, etc.; likewise hair and wigs dressed and cut on shortest notice. N. B.—I keep an evening school where I teach at humble rates reading, riting and rithmetic and singing. N. B.—I play an hooby occasionally if wanted. N. B.—By shop next door see where I bleed, draw teeth and shoe horses with greatest scil. N. B.—Children taught to dance by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coats; boots and shoes cleaned and mended. A ball on Wednesdays and Tuesdays."

The Paris Bill Poster.

The bill poster of Paris is a more picturesque personage than his brother of New York. He plies his trade in all winds and weather, and he is nothing daunted by the assignment of a bleak suburban district on a rainy day.

He ties his posters—incased in a waterproof cover—across his back. He fastens on his paste pot. He mounts his bicycle. Then he opens his umbrella—for he is an expert wheelman and can manage it and his wheel at once. All over the umbrella are advertisements in little form of the article or the event which he intends to advertise in large by his posters, so his entire route is placarded, and he himself is a living advertisement.—Paris Correspondent.

Cries the Hours.

In Ely place, Holborn, the old custom of "crying the hours of the night by Charley" still exists. Charley, better known nowadays as the night watchman, has to call the hours in this spot from 11 p. m. till 5 a. m. Wet or fine, he must not neglect his duty.—London Globe.

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Sealed Orders.

The custom of having warships sail "under sealed orders" has arisen from the desire of maritime powers to prevent their plans from becoming known to the enemy.

In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger, who knows nothing of their contents.

Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port.

By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Sailing under sealed orders is now the common naval practice in time of war.

These instructions are found in the packet of "sealed orders," which is opened when well out to sea.

When John Law Boomed It.

A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit. She was successful and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which converted into our currency represents nearly £5,000,000. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about £40 a year now brought in more than £800 a month. A cobbler made about £10 a day by letting out a few chairs in his stall, and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than £7,000 by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk.—Professor Nicholson's "Money and Monetary Problems."

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