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I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sicknes and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.
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In Lighter Vein.

He Felt It.

The man got into the tramcar and crowded into a seat next to a sharp-faced woman in the corner. He squeezed her up against the end of the car, took out a newspaper, and, shoving it half across her face, began to read. She stood it for about five minutes, when she said:—

"Excuse me, are you a married man?" He dropped his paper and looked at her.

"Yes," he replied curtly. "I thought so," she went on. "Isn't your wife a little woman that can't say her soul's her own, and lets you impose on her all you want to?"

"I don't impose on her madam," he said stiffly. "You don't let her impose on you much, I expect."

The man tried to read his paper again.

"I suppose she carries in the coals, makes the fire, gets your slippers, does the marketing, mends your clothes, tends to the children, submits like a lamb when you find fault, and is generally an excellent wife, isn't she?"

"Madam—" he began. "Don't say a word," she interrupted; "I'm not your wife, am I?"

"No and I'm—" "That's all right. And as I am not, I don't propose to have you sitting down on me and crowding me up in this corner till I can't breathe without wheezing like a steam-engine. Why don't you get out and walk?" And the passengers sniggered so that he did.

A Born Lunatic.

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?" "I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time. Finally, at his wit's end, he said: "I give it up."

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha—Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you Lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled: "Oh, that's what you bite on."—The Circle.

A Surprise For Jim

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity.

"Jim," exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet pertaters."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!"

"Yassum," said Jim. "So was I, or I wouldn't be here!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Man of Many Offices.

Mr. Gilbert's "Pooh-Bah" was clever at accumulating offices and titles, but a Maine man whose biography has been printed seems to have the advantage of him in some respects. This gentleman, who was engaged on a narrow-gauge railway, gradually became director, general freight and passenger-agent, purchasing-agent, station-agent, conductor, brakeman, baggage-master, mail-clerk, express-agent and telegraph-operator all at the same time. When he was elected town treasurer four years ago somebody complimented him with the remark that, so far as the town and the railroad were concerned, he seemed to have no more worlds to conquer. But then, with a twinkle in his eye, the man of many offices told a story of a farmer who, visiting the city, was congratulated on his appointment as post-master. "You must be

quite a man in your town now, Silas," remarked the friend. "Well, yes," answered Silas. "You see, besides being postmaster, I am the town clerk, a member of the school committee, tax-collector, correspondent for the Bee, a paper printed up our way, express-agent, and road-commissioner." "Is that so, Silas? You must hold pretty near all the important offices in your town." "No," said Silas dejectedly. "You know Rube Simpkins? Well, he's constable."

The Double Dose

The appearance of the applicant for the vacant post of porter warranted the belief that he had quarrelled with soap and water for many years. But help was badly needed, labour scarce, and the manager decided to give him at least a chance. "Here, my man," he said, handing him a shilling, "go out and take a bath. Then come back, and maybe I'll take you on."

The man started for the door. Then he turned back.

"Wot shall I do with the change, guv'ner?" he asked huskily.

"Oh," replied the manager, "if there's any change left, take another bath!"

No Shirking.

There is a big, joyous hearty way of accepting what life brings you, but women have not been taught as men have that it is a disgrace to shirk. They seem to think it the proper thing to do, or finding shirking out of the question they are prone to settle down, to relinquish impressions of romance, renounce artistic instincts and narrow themselves to what they call the practical. In this they hugely abuse the practical. A woman may be practical without losing the habits of mirth and laughter that made her girlhood so lovable.

Indeed, if she is thoroughly practical she will see that it is her own personality she should cultivate for her own sake, rather than stupid economies and hard, morbid sacrifices by which she deliberately destroys much of her feminine grace and charm.

Hospitable

Policeman (to tramp)—I want your name and address.

Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number One, the open air. If yer call on me don't trouble to knock, but just walk in.—Scotsman.

"Any Excuse Is—"

When Herbert went over to Paris for a two weeks' stay, his mother primed him with instructions of every description—what to say to the Customs' officials, how to avoid the Apaches, how much to pay the "cabbies," and, above all, what to pack up in his bag.

He was a very young man, and before he landed in France he was seasick, and when he landed in France he was homesick. For two days he stood it, and then booked his passage back to London.

When he rang the bell at his home in Hampstead, his mother opened the door.

"Why, Herbert," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, please," answered Herbert innocently, holding out his hand, "I forgot my toothbrush!"

A Rude Awakening

It was a cold, dark night, but Sandy and William were happy, because there sat between them the most charming young lady in Farsley. It was a spirited horse they had hired, and the trap bowled merrily along o'er moor and fell. William held the reins, and as he could dimly perceive, in spite of the darkness, that his side of the lady's muff was unoccupied, he slipped his own disengaged hand into it, and—well, two hands were very soon pressing each other. And so the happy moments flew, and the drive home came almost to an end.

When you gentlemen have done with