

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 12.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, May 8, 1897.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Letter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

Professional Cards.

A. C. FOSTER. S. W. SCOTT.
FOSTER & SCOTT.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Civil practice exclusively, with special attention to land litigation.

Practice in all the courts and transact a general land agency business. Have complete abstract of Haskell county land titles.

H. G. McCONNELL,

Attorney at Law,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

E. E. GILBERT,

Physician & Surgeon.
Offers his services to the people of Haskell and surrounding country.

Diseases of Women a Specialty.
Office at McLemore's Drug store.

P. D. SANDERS,

LAWYER & LAND AGENT.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

J. E. LINDSEY,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

J. F. CLARK,

Jeweler and Optician,
Abilene, Tex.

PROCLAMATION.

By the Governor of the State of Texas.

Whereas, The Twenty-fifth Legislature, at its regular biennial session, which convened on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1897, passed the following Joint Resolutions, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of this State, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this State, to-wit:

Section 29. In addition to the powers of taxation granted in the foregoing sections, it shall be lawful for the land owners of certain portions of Texas, as hereinafter provided, to organize within that section of Texas, which lies west, northwest and southwest of the following counties, viz: Montague, Wise, Parker, Hood, Somervell, Bosque, Coryell, Bell, Williamson, Travis, Blanco, Gillespie, Comal, Caldwell, Gonzales, DeWitt, Goliad, Victoria, and Calhoun, irrigation districts without regard to county lines. In making provision for the cost of construction of irrigation works within said territory it shall be lawful to create an indebtedness of not exceeding fifteen dollars per acre to rest as a charge on said lands, and to be secured by a lien on the irrigable land for the use and benefit of which said irrigation works have been or may be constructed. Within the term, cost of construction, shall be included the cost of riparian rights, dam sites and reservoirs, rights of way for canal, and laterals and other appurtenant expenses of the construction of irrigation plants. In case of destruction of the works, or any part thereof, the repair or rebuilding of the same shall be construed to be within the meaning of construction. To cover the cost of construction as above defined, bonds may be issued by such irrigation districts to run in time for forty years or less, and to bear interest at the rate of not more than six per cent per annum, interest payable annually, which bonds shall be sold at not less than par. The bonds shall be liquidated by the levy and collection of a tax upon the irrigable lands within each irrigation district susceptible of irrigation from and by the system of irrigation works proposed. Such land shall be taxed in proportion to acreage and not in proportion to its value. An annual tax shall be levied and collected on such irrigable lands sufficient to pay the interest of said bonds and to create a sinking fund sufficient to liquidate the bonds above authorized. In addition to the tax above provided for, there shall be an annually levied and collected a sufficient tax from the lands actually receiving the water for irrigation of a sum-sufficient amount to cover the ordinary cost of the maintenance of the irrigation works, the distribution of the water and appurtenant charges and the collection of said tax. This charge shall be upon a basis of the amount of water controlled; provided, that this shall not interfere with the right of any land owner to demand his proportionate part of the water on

the basis of acreage. The taxes above provided for shall when assessed, be secured by lien on the land as now provided by general law for the security of State taxes, and when delinquent, shall be enforced as now provided by general law for the collection of delinquent State taxes, but the lien securing the same shall be subordinate to the lien securing the payment of State, county and municipal taxes.

None of the foregoing provisions of this amendment shall ever be construed to give authority to create a lien on or tax in any manner any lands so long as they shall belong to the State; nor after sale thereof shall any charge ever be created thereon which shall take precedence over the liens securing the balance of the purchase money due the state.

The indebtedness for the construction of irrigation works authorized under the provisions of this amendment shall be created only upon a vote of a majority of the land owners resident in the district proposed to be organized and whose lands are susceptible of irrigation from and by the system of irrigation works proposed; only qualified voters under the existing laws of Texas, being such owners of rural lands, within such districts, shall have the right to vote as aforesaid.

Any natural or artificial person having an interest in any of the irrigable lands in any such irrigation district shall have the right at any time within ninety days after the vote authorized has been declared, and not thereafter, to file a proceeding in any court having jurisdiction to test the validity of the formation of said district, the classification of the land as irrigable lands, or other details thereof. Such proceedings shall have precedence through all the courts as now provided by law in quo warranto suits.

Irrigation districts organized under the provisions of this amendment are hereby declared to be bodies corporate, and in the name of the districts they shall have the right to sue and be sued, and may acquire by purchase or condemnation proceedings as now authorized by law in the case of irrigation corporations all the property necessary for its organization, operation and existence, and may buy in under foreclosure of its taxes any property, but the property bought in at tax sales shall be held and disposed of as hereafter provided by law.

All bonds issued under the provisions of this amendment shall be passed upon and certified to by the Attorney General of the State of Texas, as now required by law in the case of county and city bonds. When approved by the Attorney General said bonds shall be registered by the Comptroller of the State, as now required by law in the case of county and city bonds, and when so registered shall be entitled to all the faith and credit of the State, and shall be subject to the same as other bonds issued by the State, or until the same are changed by general law. Said rules shall be printed under the direction of the Secretary of State, and a certified copy thereof shall be furnished to any one demanding the same upon the payment of such fees as said board may prescribe.

The Governor is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for submitting this amendment to the qualified voters of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring the amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "For amending Article 8, of the Constitution of Texas, so as to permit the formation of irrigation districts in West Texas." and those opposed to said amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "Against amending Article 8, of the Constitution of Texas, so as to permit the formation of irrigation districts in West Texas."

Approved March 3, 1897.

Joint Resolution to amend section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, so as to authorize certain counties to give aid in the construction of railroads.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That section 3, of Article XI, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended so that the same shall hereafter read:

Section 3. No county, city, or other municipal corporation shall hereafter become a subscriber to the capital of any corporation or association, or make any appropriation or donation to the same, or in anywise loan its credit, except as hereinafter provided.

It shall be lawful for any county in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Runnels, and south and west of the Colorado River, also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines, also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads, by the issuance of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county."

Thousands of Women
SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES.
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR,
ACTS AS A SPECIFIC
By Arousing to Healthy Action all her Organs.
It causes health to bloom, and joy to reign throughout the frame.
... It Never Fails to Regulate ...
"My wife has been under treatment of leading physicians three years, without benefit. After using three bottles of BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR she is now well, healthy, and happy."
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

voters of any such county voting at an election held for that purpose such aid is authorized; provided, however, that no such aid is hereinafter authorized and provided for shall ever be given or paid to any railroad company, or in aid of any such railway construction, except in proportion to and for such railway or part thereof as shall have been completely constructed and equipped within any such county. And special authority and power is hereby given the commissioners court of any county within the territory herein prescribed, wherein such aid may be authorized, to levy and collect an annual tax in addition to any other tax authorized by this Constitution upon all property in such county subject to taxation, to pay interest on and to create a sinking fund to meet said bonds or other indebtedness created for such purpose; provided, that the aggregate of such tax, in any county, shall never in any one year exceed two per centum upon the assessed valuation of the property in such county.

Full power is hereby given to said commissioners court of any such county, and it is hereby made its duty, at once, upon the petition thereto of not less than one hundred (100) qualified voters of any such county, to at any time order and in all things provide for and regulate such election, and the holding, returns and determination of the same and prescribe the form of the ballot to be used.

All bonds or other evidences of indebtedness issued by any such county, under the provisions of this section, shall, before being delivered, negotiated or floated, be approved by the Attorney General of this State, and thereupon the Comptroller of this State shall register the same and endorse the fact of such registry upon said bonds or evidences of indebtedness.

Section 2. The Governor is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for submitting this amendment to the qualified voters of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring the amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "For the amendment to Section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of Texas, authorizing all counties in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Runnels, and south and west of the Colorado River, also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines; also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads by the issuance of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county;" and those opposed to said amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "Against the amendment to Section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of Texas, authorizing all counties in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Runnels, and south and west of the Colorado river; also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines; also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads by the issuance of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county."

Approved April 22, 1897.

And whereas, the State Constitution require the publication of any proposed amendments once a week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election:

And whereas, each of said Joint Resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said Joint Resolutions to the qualified electors of the State for their adoption or rejection on the first Tuesday in August, A. D. 1897, which will be the 3rd day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, C. A. Culberson, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation, ordering that an election required by said Joint Resolu-

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Take
Simmons Liver Regulator.

evidenced by said bonds, for the levy of a tax to secure the payment of interest and the creation of a sinking fund, and that some of said bonds may therefore be held invalid by the courts:

Therefore, be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That article XI of the Constitution of the State of Texas be amended by adding thereto the following, which shall be denominated "Section 11."

Section 11. That all bonds heretofore issued by the several counties of Texas for the purpose of the erection of court houses and jails, and for the purchase or construction of bridges, and that have been purchased by the proper authorities of the State of Texas as an investment for the permanent school fund of said State, and that at the time of the creation of said debt evidenced by said bonds, the provision for the levy of a tax for the payment of the interest and the creation of a sinking fund was not made, shall not be for that reason held to be invalid; but said bonds are hereby validated, and are hereby made valid debts against the several counties by which they were issued.

Be it further resolved, that this amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of the State of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring said proposed amendment shall write or have printed on their ballots the words "For the amendment to Article XI of the Constitution, validating bonds held by the State as an investment for the permanent school fund," and all voters opposing said amendment shall write or have printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment to Article XI of the Constitution, validating bonds held by the State as an investment for the permanent school fund."

And whereas, the State Constitution require the publication of any proposed amendments once a week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election:

And whereas, each of said Joint Resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said Joint Resolutions to the qualified electors of the State for their adoption or rejection on the first Tuesday in August, A. D. 1897, which will be the 3rd day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, C. A. Culberson, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation, ordering that an election required by said Joint Resolu-

tion be held on the day designated therein, to-wit: on Tuesday, the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1897, in the several counties of this State, for the adoption or rejection of said proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of Texas. Said election shall be held at the several polling places of the election precincts of the several counties of this State, and will be conducted by the officers holding the same in conformity with the laws of this State and in accordance with the provisions of this proclamation.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto sign my name and cause the [L. S.] Seal of State to be affixed, at the city of Austin, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1897.

C. A. CULBERSON,
Governor of Texas.

By the Governor:
J. W. MADDEN,
Secretary of State.

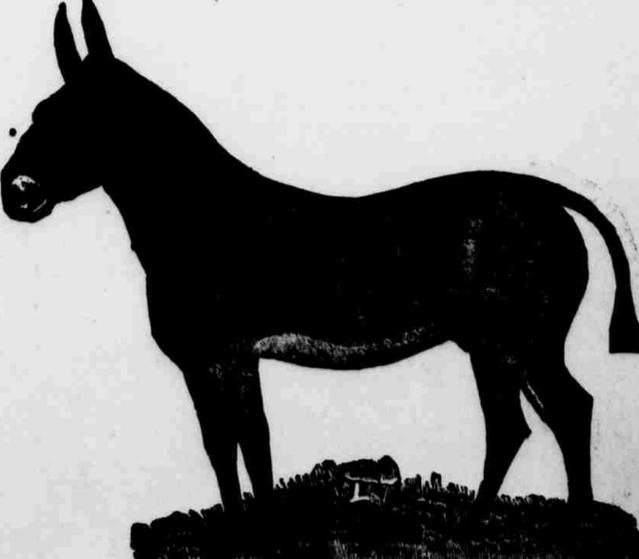
ABOUT a year ago one Rodriguez, a Mexican who had resided in this country for several years, at San Antonio, filed his application to become a naturalized citizen of the United States. To make a test case attorneys appeared at the hearing of his

J. W. EVANS,
—CARRIES THE—
Largest Stock of Groceries
—ON THE—
South Side,
And can make it to your interest to call on him before you buy your groceries.
Next to Post Office - - - Abilene, Texas.

WE TAKE PLEASURE
In informing our patrons that we are again in position to supply their demands for
BUCKEYE SUNBEAM CULTIVATORS.
Another car load of them has just arrived and we are able now to make immediate delivery. If you want the
Best Cultivator Made
Don't wait too long. We hardly think it possible to get any more this season. Yours truly,
ED. S. HUGHES & CO.
Abilene, - - - Texas.

16 to 1
This is about the ratio of summer tourists who go to
COLORADO
VIA
Ft. Worth & Denver R'y
(Texas Panhandle Route.)
As Against all Competitors.
THE REASONS ARE
Shortest Line, Quickest Time,
Superb Service, Through Trains,
Courteous Treatment.
And the constant descent of the temperature six hours after leaving Fort Worth summer heat is forgotten and balmy, spring-like breezes greet you. Try it and be convinced.
It is a Pleasure to Answer Questions.
Write any local agent, or
D. H. KEELER,
G. P. A. Ft. W. & D. C. R'y,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Awarded Highest Honor—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterants. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.



We will keep that fine Imported Black Spanish Jack of T. G. Carney's at our stable for service from Monday May 3rd to May 15th, 1897. All persons wishing mules from this excellent Jack should come at once.
YOE & GULLATT.

Right in Sight
Sure Saving Shown
We'll send you our General Catalogue and Buyers Guide, if you send us 15 cents in stamps. That pays post postage or expressage, and keeps off letters.
It's a Dictionary of Honest Values; Full of important information no matter where you buy. 700 Pages, 12,000 illustrations; tells of 40,000 articles and right price of each. One profit only between maker and user. Get it.
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
111-115 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

GOOD NEWSPAPERS
At a Very Low Price.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls. Besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc. We offer the SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the FREE PRESS for 12 months for the low clubbing price of \$2.00 cash.
This gives you three papers a week, or 168 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price. Hand in your subscription at once. This low price stands for 30 days.

ED. J. HAMNER,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Practices in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.
110 Over First National Bank

OSCAR MARTIN,
Attorney at Law,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

SADDLES AND HARNESS
When you want a saddle or a set of harness, call at
C. C. RIDDEL'S Shop.
Repairing neatly and promptly done. Give me a share of your trade and work.

The fellow servant bill was laid before the house with amendment by Mr. Ayers and the substitute by Blair as the pending question. These sought to make qualifications in the minority report which had been adopted. On motion of Mr. Tracy, the amendment and substitute were tabled and then the previous question was ordered on passage of the bill to third reading by 80 yeas to 21 nays.

The vote was taken on final passage of the Wayland fee bill and it passed by 71 yeas to 36 nays.

On motion of Mr. Dennis the pending order was suspended to take up senate bill No. 312, relating to municipal corporations, providing for the forfeiture and abolition of municipal corporations in which the offices have been vacant for a period of ten years or more in cases where such corporations have had special charters, but permitting them to reincorporate under the general laws. The motion prevailed and the bill was passed.

On motion of Mr. Blair, the pending order was suspended to take up senate bill No. 216, relating to the issuance of permits to foreign and domestic corporations, the bill equalizing the regulations applying to both. The bill was passed.

Mr. Doyle moved to suspend the regular order to take up senate bill validating certain school district corporations which had been invalidated by a decision of the supreme court. The pending orders were suspended by a vote of 75 to 16, the bill was read a second time and under a suspension of the rules passed.

Mr. Ward offered a concurrent resolution relinquishing on the part of the state all right, title and interest in and to ninety-one acres of land near Austin, known as Camp Mabey, transferred to the state December 14, 1892, to be used as a permanent location of the annual encampments of the Texas volunteer guard. The resolution provides for relinquishment of the property and improvements to John L. Feeler, trustee, on the ground that the state having held but one encampment there, viz., in 1893, having failed to hold encampments in 1894, 1895 and 1896, and this legislature having failed to make appropriation for an encampment this year, the consideration for the transfer of the property on the part of the citizens to the state had failed, and equity demanded restoration of the property to those who donated it. The resolution was referred to judiciary committee No. 1.

The bill, relating to places for holding elections in cities and towns, was ordered engrossed and passed under suspension of the rules.

Mr. Dibrell's resolution, granting permission to Judge Eugene Archer of the Thirty-eighth judicial district for a leave of absence was ordered engrossed and passed.

A bill appropriating \$10,000 for the purchase of the battle field of San Jacinto was called up. The bill was engrossed and passed under suspension of the rules without provoking discussion. No amendments were offered.

Senator Ross called up in the senate his bill prescribing the time for holding courts of civil appeals for the purpose of commencing in the house amendment adding the emergency clause. It was concurred in.

Senator Blair called up his bill allowing H. P. N. Gammell to use plates of the supreme court reports from the seventy-second volume on, for the purpose of making prints. Most of the volumes are now out of print. The bill has passed both houses, but amended in the house. Senator Dibrell moved to concur in the house. It was concurred in.

On motion of Mr. Tracy the regular order was suspended and senate bill by Mr. Yantis passed to third reading creating a more efficient road system for Milam county.

A bill by Mr. Dibrell, relating to H. P. Gammell's plates of volumes 56 to 86 inclusive, of Texas reports of decisions of the supreme court, passed.

The bill by Mr. Goss, diminishing the civil and criminal jurisdiction of county courts of King and Stone wall counties, passed.

The bill by Beall, creating a more efficient road service for Ellis county, passed.

The bill by Mr. Harris, authorizing the commissioners of Galveston, Harris, Chambers, Matagorda, Jefferson, Wharton, Brazoria, Calhoun and Victoria counties to issue bonds for the construction and maintenance of public thoroughfares, passed.

Contempt of Court. A publisher of a New York newspaper who had criticized the decisions of a judge of inferior jurisdiction was fined and imprisoned on a contempt charge. He appealed and the court of appeals reversed the decision and remanded the judge for exceeding his just and legal powers. The upper court declares that no judge has the right to punish for contempt except where the act held to be contemptuous is committed in the court or where any person or persons willfully violate any order of the court. Going further, the appellate judges hold that no court has power to punish for contempt for criticism of its rulings or decisions.

An Odd Instrument. An odd instrument has just been invented combining a fan and an ear-trumpet. The deaf lady, when she wishes to hear what is being said, folds up her fan into a shape somewhat like the paper packets used by grocers, and applies the small end to her ear.

Overtook Her Breath. Wheelman—So you like coasting? Well, now, that you are at the bottom of the hill, tell me how fast you thought you went.

Wheelwoman—Gracious! I went so fast that I caught my breath.

Squirrel Caused Her Death. A squirrel fell down the chimney of the home of Mrs. Isaac Miller, an aged woman who lived alone at Versailles, Ohio, stopping the fire and preventing the escape of gas from the coal stove. Mrs. Miller was found dead next morning.

CORNER-STONE LAID

OF THE ST. PAUL SANITARIUM AT DALLAS

The Impressive Ceremonies Were Conducted by Rev. Bishop Dunne—Between 5000 and 6000 People in Attendance. Ladies' Home Industry Club

Dallas, Tex., May 3.—At 4:30 yesterday afternoon 5000 or 6000 people assembled at the St. Paul sanitarium grounds, Bryan and Hall streets, to witness the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone and the blessing of the foundation according to the beautiful ritual of the Roman Catholic church. A raised platform had been erected facing the main entrance to the hospital on Bryan street and to the left of the southwest corner of the building, where the corner was placed. The invited guests, the physicians of the city, municipal officers and the ladies and gentlemen who assisted directly or indirectly in raising funds to purchase the site, occupied chairs on the platform. The committee in charge was composed of the following gentlemen: James Moroney, Thomas F. McEnnis, Paul Girard, Robert A. Jackson, Thomas F. King, Michael Coerver, Henry S. Stimpson, John G. Fleming, John F. Tierney, Thomas P. Barry, Louis F. Riek and Edward J. Gannon.

At 4:30 Bishop Dunne, attended by Revs. Father Martinier, Blum, Hartnett, Donohue, Maguire and Crowley, preceded by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in charge of the hospital, and the sisters and orphans from St. Joseph's orphanage, Oak Cliff, proceeded from the residence of the sisters to the raised platform. They were assisted by the altar boys of the cathedral and boys from St. Joseph's orphanage acted as a guard of honor. Bishop Dunne and his assistants at 4:49 laid the corner-stone with most impressive services, after first blessing the place where the altar will be placed in the new hospital chapel, which was marked by a stately white cross. Then came the blessing of the foundation stones according to the ritual of the church.

The corner-stone is a magnificent cube of white marble from Carrara, Mo., the gift of the owner of the quarry at that place. It weighs 2600 pounds.

Ladies' Home Industry Club. Corsicana, Tex., May 3.—At the regular session of the Ladies' Home Industry club Saturday afternoon, in the absence of the president, Mrs. William Pannill presided. Forty members were present.

The committee on securing signatures to the club's pledges reported 403 names.

A committee of five judges were appointed to pass on the merits of the school children's prize essays. The selections include Messrs. H. L. Seales and R. E. Prince, and Mesdames Read and Miss Mattie McLeod.

Mesdames Smith and Baker were chosen as a committee programme and tickets for the May entertainment.

The names of Mrs. M. S. Read, Mrs. Church and Mrs. Chessnut were added to the decorating committee.

Mrs. George T. Jester, Mrs. C. W. Jester and Mrs. Fannie Halbert were selected as an executive committee to arrange for the Home Industry supper on the 14th instant.

The club received the fifth school children's essay prize, a silver and cut glass inkstand.

A Sad Affair. Cleburne, Tex., May 3.—Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock as passenger train No. 1 from the north came down the grade just north of the section-house an old gentleman by the name of Evans and his little grandchild were walking along the track. As the train neared them the little child ran up on the track in front of the engine. The old gentleman, seeing the danger, ran after it, but just as he picked it up the engine struck him, crushed his body into an unrecognizable mass. The child was knocked out of his arms and escaped unhurt.

Bound Over. Kaufman, Tex., May 3.—In the habeas corpus trial here Saturday of Burris, Blaylock, Thompson and Garlington, charged with conspiracy, heard before Judge Dillard and lasting nearly all day, the court bound them over to await the action of the grand jury. Burris' bond was fixed at \$750 and the other three at \$500 respectively. Not making bond they were remanded to jail. Their attorneys will appeal to the higher courts.

Not a Mahogany Lady. Mandy Ann Ray, Rastus, de Way-down furniture store is advertising mahogany ladies' rockers for \$1.57. You got to get me one.

Rastus—Git you nuffin'. You ain't no mahogany lady; you's ebony.—Indianapolis Journal.

Negro Shot. Grandbury, Tex., May 3.—Jurde Reese, colored, was shot about 8:30 o'clock Saturday night at the North Side market. The ball, a 44-caliber, entered his throat, glanced under his spinal column and came out at the back of his neck, passing through the windpipe. Deputies Henderson and Eminger and County Attorney Martin were standing in front of the market at the time the shot was fired, and on entering the house found Reese on the floor and three other negroes standing near him.

Sheriff Election. Ben Grankin, Tex., May 3.—The election for sheriff in this county, ordered by the court in the contested election case, was held Saturday and has resulted in the election of Mr. S. B. Turberville. There are six boxes in the county and three of them gave Turberville 216 majority. The same boxes gave Turberville 164 last fall. The other three boxes will result in gains for Turberville over the November election. Turberville's estimated majority is 160.

Monument Unveiled.

Dallas, Tex., April 30.—With impressive ceremonies and in the presence of a vast concourse of people, the monument erected in the city park by the Daughters of the Confederacy to perpetuate the valor and forever keep green the memory of the heroes of the south, was unveiled yesterday.

It was a perfect day and a magnificent audience.

The daughter and grandchildren of Jefferson Davis, the widow of one of the most illustrious and dashing chieftains, Stonewall Jackson, and the niece of that splendid Louisiana soldier, Gen. Beauregard, were the honored guests of the occasion.

Hon. John H. Reagan, for fifty years a prominent figure in national life and the surviving member of the confederate cabinet, was the orator of the day, as to him was assigned the pleasant duty of paying a tribute to the valor, statesmanship and sublime courage of his dead friend and chief executive of that government which fell—Jefferson Davis.

The street parade by the Daughters of the Confederacy, ex-confederate veterans and military, civic and industrial organizations, was the most imposing ever witnessed in the history of Dallas. The decorated floats and private carriages of citizens formed a most attractive feature of the street display.

Capt. A. P. Wozencraft officiated as grand marshal with twenty assistants, all mounted on spirited chargers. After the parade had been reviewed by the governor and his staff, Judge Reagan and other prominent confederates the lines were broken and there was a rush for that section of the park where the monument stands. Within the wire inclosure a platform had been erected for the guests of honor, the Daughters of the Confederacy and the orators of the day.

The crush was appalling and many women, overcome by the excitement of the hour and the fatigue of the day, fainted and were carried out of the crowd and away from the bustling and jostling thousands who sought to get positions of vantage within easy reach of the speakers' voices.

It was 12:49 before the regular programme was taken up and the unveiling ceremonies inaugurated. Rev. W. L. Lowrance, chaplain of camp Sterling Price, was introduced and delivered a very impressive and eloquent prayer.

Capt. Platan stated that Gen. W. L. Cabell has been unexpectedly called away and that Major J. M. Pearson of McKinney had been substituted to deliver the address of welcome in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Hon. Bryan T. Barry, mayor, was down for the address of welcome on the part of the city of Dallas. Capt. Platan announced that owing to the illness of that gentleman Col. W. L. Crawford, Texas' silver-tongued son, had consented to take the place of the chief executive of the city.

On behalf of the people of Texas, Governor Culberson was introduced to deliver the address of welcome. The governor met with a cordial reception. Mrs. Hayes and her children and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her grand children were each in turn introduced to the vast audience.

The unveiling ceremonies proper were then begun. Hon. John H. Reagan pronounced the eulogy on Jefferson Davis. His address was liberally applauded, although his voice was weak and the wind was strong. At the conclusion of his speech young Jefferson Hayes Davis pulled the cord, the veiling was torn away and the face and form of the president of the Confederacy were revealed.

Hon. George N. Aldredge pronounced the eulogy on Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Miss Lucy Hayes pulled the cord.

Hon. Henry W. Lightfoot of the court of civil appeals eulogized his old commander, Stonewall Jackson, and the eldest grandchildren of the Christian soldier unveiled the statue.

Hon. Norman G. Kittrell of Houston paid a masterly tribute to Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, Texas' adopted son, and Jeff Hayes Davis unveiled the statue.

"The Private Soldier" was the subject assigned to Hon. A. T. Watts on the programme. At the close of his eloquent tribute to the private soldier of the armies of the Confederacy, the main shaft and the central figure of the monument were unveiled and the ceremonies were over.

W. E. Gruber, a policeman, was found dead at Jacksonville, Fla., recently.

A Sign in Nature. "It seems to me," said the man who is given to far-fetched omens, "that there are certain unmistakable signs of McKinley's election in the very fields."

"How is that?" asked his companion, with a bored expression.

"Look at that goldenrod—never saw such a crop of it before."—Washington Times.

Depot Burned. Rockwall, Tex., April 30.—The Missouri, Kansas and Texas depot with its contents burned Wednesday night at 12 o'clock. Circumstances point to its having been of incendiary origin. The passenger train due here at 11:35 was five minutes late. In twenty minutes after the train had passed nearly the whole building was in flames. Geo. Gardenhire and Barnes were sleeping in the office, and so rapidly did it burn that they barely escaped. The building was worth about \$3000.

Found Dead. Austin, Tex., April 30.—William R. Sheen of Lawrence, Kan., who has been in the city for some time a guest at the Capitol hotel, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. He took his own life by swallowing a deadly drug. He left a couple of letters one addressed to his wife, in which he requested her to look after the children. He had been a despondent frame of mind for the past few days. His remains will be shipped to Kansas for burial.

Matters at Austin.

Austin, Tex., May 1.—There was a quorum present in the senate yesterday morning. After the morning call had been concluded Mr. Preiser stated that both sides of the text book matter had agreed to let the bill come up for final passage, and he therefore moved that pending business be suspended and the text book bill be taken up. The motion prevailed. Mr. Wayland offered an amendment exempting from the provisions of this act cities having a population of 2000 or more, according to the last United States census, who have control of their schools and have adopted a system of text books, providing, however, when they do change the text book board will select the books.

Mr. Tillett offered an amendment to the amendment striking out "2000" according to last United States census. Lost, yeas 11, nays 12.

The Wayland amendment was adopted, Yeas 13, nays 8.

The appropriation bill was then laid before the senate.

The bill was engrossed and the senate adjourned till morning.

Austin, Tex., May 1.—At 9:35 the speaker rapped for order.

Mr. Sluder was recognized and made a motion that the absentees be excused. The yeas and nays were demanded by the opposition and the motion was defeated by a vote of 63 to 25, two-thirds being required.

The fellow servant bill was laid before the house with amendment by Mr. Ayers and the substitute by Blair as the pending question. These sought to make qualifications in the minority report which had been adopted. On motion of Mr. Tracy, the amendment and substitute were tabled and then the previous question was ordered on passage of the bill to third reading by 80 yeas to 21 nays.

The vote was taken on final passage of the Wayland fee bill and it passed by 71 yeas to 36 nays and it was nullified down by a motion to reconsider, and tabled.

The house adjourned to 9:30 to-day, the long fight on the fee bill being over.

Six Negroes Hanged. Hempstead, Tex., May 1.—Six negroes were hanged on a lone oak tree on the prairie sixteen miles below Hempstead, charged with most diabolical crime ever committed in Waller county. On Tuesday night the four Thomas boys, F. Rhoad and Will Gates went to the house of Henry Daniels, a negro farmer, living on the "Caneey place, and killed Henry by knocking him in the head. They placed his body back in bed. Then they assaulted his step-daughter, killed her and placed her back in bed. Then they hunted up the little 6-year-old daughter of Henry, who was hiding in the grass a hundred yards from the house, assaulted the poor child, killed her and threw her body in a well. They burned the house to destroy all traces of the crime. Mr. M. Galevisky, a prominent merchant of Hempstead, on Wednesday napped to drive near the ruins of the house. He discovered the charred remains of a man and woman and notified the neighbors and officers of the find. The officers procured the bloodhounds of Mr. Steele, returned to the scene of the murder, and without any trouble the bloodhounds tracked down the perpetrators of the crime. A crowd of at least fifty black and white citizens of the neighborhood too k charge of them. After confessing their guilt they were strung up to the first tree, and their bodies are still hanging for a warning to others. Another most horrible murder examining trial is going on in the justice court. A poor old negro was maltreated and poisoned. Three negroes are charged with the crime.

A Woman Diver. There is a professional woman diver in Gravesend, England, who often makes as much as \$35 a day in her strange calling.

Non-Compromise Cities. Itasca, Tex., May 1.—E. E. Griffin of Itasca, J. E. Walker of Grand View and W. L. McKee of Abbott, will start for Austin to-night. They go to represent those towns before the railroad commissioners in the matter of cotton tariff that comes up on May 3. They suggest that all the representatives of non-compromise towns meet at the Driskill hotel in Austin on May 2 and organize for the purpose of presenting the case of the non-compromise towns before the commissioners next day.

Odd Fellows Met. Kaufman, Tex., May 1.—The Odd Fellows' lodge at this place celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of the fraternity Thursday night. Hon. Stillwell H. Russell of Dallas was orator of the occasion. After the speaking was over they repaired to the St. James hotel, where they had a sumptuous feast. During the afternoon Grand Secretary G. C. Fahm of Dallas organized a Rebekah lodge, with twenty members.

A Novel Desk. An out of the ordinary dish at the wedding breakfast of Mr. and Mrs. Larding at Brockton, Mass., the other day was peaches canned twenty-two years ago in Mercer, Me., the day after the bride was born.

Old Roman Bridges. Many of the oldest of the Roman bridges, especially those erected for strategic purposes, were built partly of wood and partly of stone, such as that created by Caesar across the Rhine, and described by him in his commentaries.

A Heavy Horse. The heaviest horse in New England is said to be owned in Somerset, Vt., and used in lumbering on the mountains. It is a Clydesdale, is 5 years old, stands eighteen hands high, and weighs 2,100 pounds. A horse weighing 1,500 pounds is noticeably big.

Cure for Sleeplessness. Sleeplessness is often cured by the administration of from one-half pint to a pint of warm liquid food—say soup or milk—just before retiring. This draws the blood from the brain to the stomach.

GREECE LOSING HOPE.

CONTINUING THE WAR IS VIRTUALLY ABANDONED.

The Fleet Has Returned to Volo for the Protection of the Inhabitants—Details of the Fight at Pentepigadia—Government Receipts and Expenditures.

London, May 3.—Capt. Rabbek, of King George's personal staff, wired from Athens Saturday that the right wing of the Greek army had repulsed the Turks, but that the left had retreated behind the old frontier line to avoid being circumvented.

Capt. Rabbek adds: "The Greek army in Epirus after defeat at Pentepigadia has retired to Arta. All hope of continuing the war is virtually abandoned. The fleet has returned to Volo for the protection of the inhabitants."

London, May 3.—A correspondent at Patras, giving further details of the fighting at Pentepigadia notes the neglect of the officers to provide for the timely arrival of reinforcements, that matter so difficult in that wild section of the country and proceeds:

"When the Turks opened the attack I realized that their fierce onslaught might expel the mere handful of Greeks, but I did not realize that this one blow would throw the entire Greek army in Epirus into a hopeless panic and cause the loss of all the positions gained since the opening of the campaign. Six thousand Turks sealed the mountain, covered as it is with bushes and rocks and in the face of firing which was rapid and continuous. They lost heavily, in spite of the fact that two Greek guns were inexplicably removed from action shortly after the fusillade began. The evzones fought bravely, but were compelled to retire. The rest of the Greek positions have been abandoned. There has been apparently no stand anywhere and the whole army is crumbling without firing a shot. We entered Kumuzades which six Axis had deserted, accompanied by the terrified villagers carrying their property, and then we descended the rough pass, where for hours we met no one. The retreating and panic-stricken troops were far ahead. About midnight we and our mournful procession of villagers overtook the routed army on the road crowded and in utter confusion packed with a mass of humanity stumbling on through the darkness, without hurry and silently, for it was a strange panic that had seized the men, a sullen, unexcited, stubborn determination not to fight, but to press on toward Arta in a sluggish irresistible wave. The officers, like the regiments, walked with gloomy and shame-faced expression quite unable to get their men in hand. At Kanapouli Col. Botzari and his staff vainly tried to check the rout and to make a stand, but the mass continually growing kept rolling along. Presently there mingled with the troops the scared inhabitants of the villages on the line of retreat who, fearing Turkish vengeance for assisting the Greeks were fleeing to Arta with their families and chattels, their cattle, sheep and goats, bawling, bleating, trampling and killing each other while the glare of the burning homes behind reminded them of all they had lost."

Government Receipts and Expenditures. Washington, May 3.—The comparative statement of the government receipts and expenditures for the month of April shows that the total receipts were \$37,812,135, and the expenditures \$32,072,997, leaving the surplus for the month, \$5,740,038, as compared with a deficit for the month of April, 1896, of \$4,704,488. For the last ten months a deficit is shown of \$33,166,696. During April the receipts of customs amounted to \$24,454,351.

From internal revenue \$11,447,213, from miscellaneous sources \$1,910,570. These figures show a gain in the receipts from customs as compared with April, 1896, of \$12,628,620, or over 100 per cent.

The gain from internal revenue sources was about \$221,500.

Cutting and Shooting Scrape. Chattanooga, Tenn., May 3.—A special from Glasgow, Ala., says: "At a picnic held at Sulphur Springs, St. Clair county, Ala., Saturday, a man named Stewart interfered in a fight between two small boys, slapping one of them. Tom McKinley, a young man standing near by, became enraged at Stewart, and springing upon him with a knife, cut his neck and severed his head nearly from his body. Stewart fell to the ground, and then, rapidly bleeding to death, drew a pistol, and as McKinley ran, shot him in the back, and as McKinley fell he was again shot by Stewart, the second bullet piercing the heart. Both men were dead fifteen minutes after the fight started."

Mormons Whipped. Montgomery, Ala., May 3.—One night last week some religious partisans in Jackson county carried into the woods, stripped and severely whipped 200 Mormon elders. The elders subsequently appealed to Gov. Johnson for protection, representing they had been threatened with death if they remained in the state. The governor has promised to protect them and has instructed the sheriff of the county to make them his special charge. The governor of the state says the constitution guarantees religious liberty, and that the Mormons are entitled to it.

Miller M. Spangler, an old pioneer of Cleveland, O., died the other day.

The Wisconsin Beet Sugar company made an assignment recently.

About 250,000 canaries are raised every year in Germany and, besides the 100,000 birds that are sent to America, the English market takes about 50,000, the next best customers being Brazil, China, the Argentine Republic and Austria, to which countries salesmen are sent with large numbers of birds yearly.

Big Pittsburg Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 3.—The immense wholesale grocery house of T. C. Jenkins, on Liberty avenue, was in flames last night and will probably be a total loss. Several buildings in the immediate vicinity were burning and among them the American Press association offices.

The fire had extended across Penn avenue, and was eating up Joseph Horn & Co.'s big dry goods store and W. P. Pierre & Co.'s china house.

With Horn & Co.'s building went those of the Mayer's glove house. Horn's office building, containing a large number of offices, W. P. Pierre & Co.'s china store, Snaman's carpet house and the Methodist Episcopal publishing concern, all on Penn avenue. On Liberty street, Hucks's cigar factory and Hall Bros.

"The Jenkins building is a total loss, and the walls have fallen in. Estimates of the loss are only guesswork as yet, but it will reach at least \$2,000,000, supposed to be well insured.

The origin of the fire in the Jenkins building is not known, but it is supposed to have been smoldering for hours in a dust heap at the foot of the elevator shaft. The watchman tried to get the flames under control, but gave up the attempt and sent in a general alarm and soon all the engines in the city were on hand. It was seen at once that the city fire department was not sufficient and the Allegheny City department was called on and responded quickly, sending almost their entire force.

At 1:30 this morning some of the total losses may be stated as follows: T. C. Jenkins, wholesale grocery, occupying an entire block, running through from Liberty to Penn avenue, loss fully \$500,000; Jos. Horn & Co.'s dry goods house, corner Fifth and Penn, loss over \$1,000,000, building and stock; Horn's office building adjoining their store buildings, occupied by W. P. Grier & Co., china house, Penn avenue, Mayer's glove store and Snaman's carpet house.

Huck's cigar factory and Hall Bros.' building, in which the American Press association had its offices, and Lee Smith's dental establishment, is particularly destroyed. The Duquesne theater adjoins the Methodist Episcopal house and were burning and will be a total loss. The Surprise clothing house, on the opposite side of Pennsylvania avenue from the theater, was also in flames, and will probably be ruined.

A large number of buildings in the vicinity had windows broken and were being deluged with water.

This is the greatest fire that has visited this city since the memorable one of 1845, and at 2:30 o'clock this morning was still burning fiercely.

Tennessee Exposition. Nashville, Tenn., May 3.—At the exposition grounds the chief events today will be the closing public exercises of the Esoteric Knights and the formal opening of the woman's building, and all of its beautiful departments at 11 o'clock. Mrs. V. I. Kirkman, president of the woman's board, will deliver the address of welcome, and addresses will be delivered by Mrs. C. N. Grossenor, vice president for west Tennessee, and Miss Mary B. Temple, vice president for east Tennessee. The leading musician in to-day's exercises at the woman's building will be Corinne Moore Lawson of New York. Every room in the woman's building is charmingly and elaborately furnished and decorated, and this building will be one of the most attractive of all the exposition buildings.

The Johanna Towed In. Lewes, Del., May 3.—The German steamship Johanna of Flenburg, with 1200 tons of sugar from Rosario for the Delaware breaker, arrived last night in tow of the Austrian steamship Pandora, from Barbadoes for New York. On April 21 the Johanna broke her tail shaft and lost her propeller. She lay for six days without sighting a vessel. While trying to make port under sail she lost her sails in a north-east gale. Then she lay entirely helpless until the 27th, when the Pandora took her in tow. The steamer experienced very rough weather while towing, the hawser breaking three times, compelling the Pandora to lay by and wait favorable opportunity to make it fast again.

Work of a Waterspout. Montecello, Ky., May 3.—A wagon driver who arrived here, brings news of a terrible disaster on White Oak creek, in Tennessee, several miles from this town. A waterspout struck the house of a farmer named Brucker, demolishing the house and killing the farmer, his wife and one child. Two farm hands, sleeping upstairs, were so badly mangled that they died in a few hours. No further damage was done in the neighborhood, so far as the teamster learned.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod Hotel. McLeod Hotel, 311 to 321 Main Street. Rooms \$10 to \$15. Bathing, etc. Rates \$1.00 per day. Free use of bath. Free use of bath. Free use of bath.

McLeod

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED)

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentailon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Ah!" he said, stopping before him humbly, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

"The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Desprez.

"It appeared the patient was about the same."

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, confessed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscience. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie. "And I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No, but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time, "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

and observed the boyardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a feverish when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning.

He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary plunions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the slight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat, and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor but one air—Malbrock's "Ten va-t'en guerres," even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Desprez, with unusual eagerness.

"Do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

"The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good-morning," he said. "I wish you too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial liquor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexorably assured—that you are no human being. No, boy—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acoustic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being." And so accept my humble salutations and adieu!"

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion; and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER III.

ADAME DESPREZ who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout brute, with cool, smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes, and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctures, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperceptibly good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the Doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and perhaps vainly imitated.

Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the Doctor; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Alas, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe mackerel, a fish from the river in a remorabeau Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The Doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote-Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the Doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Alline led the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my dear," said the Doctor, "that you should be so well as you are."

"I am very well, thank you," returned the Doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again

tor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole—Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health fees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be combed, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed. "Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the Doctor, solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because—" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain his complete exercise. To the proof: instead of attempting to doak my inconsistency, I have by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an accounting. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night, I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated, with a twitter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri is this an idiotic pleasure, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

"To be continued."

TEST OF MANNERS.

Good Manners Come of Refined Home Life.

It would seem that the surest road to excellent manners is by way of generous enlightenment which softens character and uplifts the point of view from which we regard our fellow citizens of the world, says the Chautauquan.

Politeness is regard for the other person's feelings. If you are solicitous about giving pleasure to those you meet there is little danger of any glaring breach of manners, albeit some conventional rules may be infringed. An unselfish purpose rarely offends. Almost always the truly vulgar person is offensively selfish. He wants his own way; she demands notice; the obvious thing in this person's conduct is assumption of personal importance, as if expecting admiration and exceptional treatment from everybody. Politeness is a mark of self-control and a proof of self-sufficiency for any occasion; but from it is quite absent any anxiety about oneself or the impression one is making upon others. If I were compelled to express with a single word what it is that the character must have in order to a person's credit of politeness, I should say adjustability. A set habit, no matter how morally correct in outline, is death to that which gives to a man or woman the presence of welcome and the expression of being at home with company. Politeness so illuminates conventionalities that we see only the radiance and forget the machinery. Every close observer has been able to detect the difference between manners assumed for an occasion or exigency and the perfectly natural acts of a well-bred person. A man may lift his hat with a movement indicative of generations whose culture and grace form the innermost essence of his character; another may attempt the same and show by it that only yesterday he took his first credit lesson in conventional politeness. It is the same with women. Good manners come of refined home life; they must be worn every day and they will not be worn with ease and unconscious grace. And this unconscious grace is not mere gracefulness; it lies deeper. A generous soul must shine out.

Wart-Wort Sap for Cancer.

Some remarkable results have been obtained by M. Dentsenko, a Russian physician, in experiments with the sap of the wart-wort—Chelidonium Major, Linn—which in Russia and elsewhere is a popular remedy for warts. M. Dentsenko has used this sap in cases of cancer growth, where surgical treatment seem to have caused the growth to disappear or become greatly reduced. A cancer growth in the esophagus has so much diminished that the patient, who formerly took liquid food, can now swallow chopped meat, bread and hard boiled eggs. Other physicians are urged to test the remedy that has produced astonishing effects, in order to verify its apparent great value, and to determine whether the two deadly alkaloids contained in the chelidonium sap are dangerous in long continued small doses. On account of its poisonous nature the remedy must never be tried without the prescription of a medical man.

Lots of News.

Mrs. Gadabout. "What was the news at the sewing circle today, my dear?" Mrs. Outrage. "Mrs. Buddins has a new cook, and Mrs. Remnant has the same one she got two days ago." Philadelphia North American.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FRANCHARD UNFOLDING."

LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "And She Went and Came and Gleaned in the Fields After the Reapers; and Her Husband Was to Light."—Ruth 2:3.



THE time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem to harvest time, was a season when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of taking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it, and get their bread. But you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and you expect that Ruth, the young and beautiful, should toil in the sun and heat, and be afflicted to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly."

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils trembled, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered. A very dark start is a conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!"

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go;" and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert and we are pumiled and failed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so:

"Thy shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on thee, nor any heat; for the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse mistreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; the wild are to be hung on his throne, crowns and heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far. Ere long shall swell from star to star; That light, the breaking day which tips The golden-spired Apocalypse.

Madame de Staël did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying, all around about us without our word of comfort! We want more Abigail, more Hannah, more Rebecca, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind and soul, to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered up all straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and

another, and another, and then she brought them altogether, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burrill learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abner, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life, and find golden opportunities, which, gathered up, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in the field, then let Ruth take heed to Naomi, Naomi this sheaf of gleaning. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

STUB ENDS OF RELIGION.

Devotion is the first child of Faith. Great people always have small enemies.

An old crank is usually found upon an old drinker.

A jag of whisky costs more than a jag of wood.

To be a lion for a day would spoil a sheep forever.

Habits are the ruts worn in a road habitually traveled.

The secret of a secret is to know how and when to tell it.

The hardest problems to solve are the providences of God.

The cheer of the ball room has caused many a cheerless life.

God will give every Daniel a chance to go into the lion's den.

Grief is an outcast, and no man grasps his hand cordially.

Every man is our neighbor, who needs our compassion and help.

Every blow aimed at the saloon is bound to hit the devil somewhere.

Heaven and hell are not far apart, but the gulf between is very deep.

The knack of easy travel is in knowing how to keep ready all the time.

Getting into heaven is getting hell out of us, and then heaven is within us.

Some people keep such a close lookout for the devil, that they ever fail to see God.

It is a long start toward evil, to move in a circle that is moving away from Christ.

The man who gets up in this world by pushing another man down, loses more than he gains.

There is nobody we like better than the man who is willing to speak his opinions, except the man who is willing to keep them to himself—Rams Horn.

The Dragon-Fly.

One of the most useful of insects is, owing to the ignorance of the public, forever being killed. It is known as the dragon-fly, the needle-case and the devil's darned-needle. Says a writer of authority: In its larval state it subsists almost entirely on those small squirming threads which can be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into sweet-singing mosquito. As soon as the dragon-fly leaves its watery nursing-ground, and climbing some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away, it is helping man again. Its quarry now is the house-fly. Not long ago the writer saw one of these insects knocked down in a veranda, where it had been doing yeoman's service, and the children and women seemed delighted, although they shrank back from the poor, wounded dragon-fly. They all thought it had an awful sting at the end of its long body; a cruel injustice. When the writer took the insect up there was general wonderment, which was increased when a captured fly was offered it and it ate greedily. The boys of the household will never harm a dragon-fly again.

Quite a Difference.

All disciples of Isaac Walton will appreciate the story which is going the rounds, concerning Mr. Andrew Lang, the English critic and essayist. An exchange publishes the anecdote which one of Mr. Lang's literary friends tells: It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. Having noticed a pleasant river which seemed to promise excellent fishing, I spoke of it to my landlady. "Oh yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing." "What kind of people come here?" I asked. "Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir. We had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here." "Oh, really! does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?" "Yes, sir, he fishes beautifully." "Really! does he catch much?" "Oh no, sir, he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."

A Characteristic Reply.

The incurability of General Walker, late president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was above all suspicion. A characteristic anecdote is told of him by J. J. Spencer in the Review of Reviews: At one time when General Walker held a government position, a place shared in a measure by another, he was approached with the suggestion that, since the whole department was under their control, by working in harmony they could have whatever they desired. "I have no desires," said General Walker. "But, general," said his coadjutor, "do you not see that we can push forward our friends and relatives into good places?" "I have no friends," was the reply.

THE SHEEP OF LEBANON.

They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strasburg.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for the St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. His crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that. The tree-owner purchases one of those queer big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs twenty pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness; and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more the women of the house feed it; and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call, leading her sheep by a string, and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half-a-dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged in the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing time the fat is tried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter.

DIGNITY OF DINING.

Some 200 or 300 years ago Italy led in cooking and France laughed and mocked at the Italian devotion to the science of the kitchen. Then came days in France when masters of the art of cooking, such as Bechamel, serving Louis the Magnificent, and Vatel, the famous steward of theprince de Conde, ruled over the dinner table, and great ladies thought it no indignity to prepare a favorite dish.

The princess of Soubise invented the soup now called after her, while the princess of Conde gave her name to a particular mode of serving a breast of mutton. The duchess of Mally, vying with her, invented a special way of dressing a leg of the animal. Louise de la Valliere was skilled in the culinary art.

Mme. de Maintenon became so alarmed at the delight of Louis XIV. over the breast of mutton a la Conde that she called in Pere La Chaise and Pere Duillet, and the trio evolved the duck au Douillet; this dish is famous in history as the means of weaning the susceptible monarch from the princess de Conde to the triumphant Maintenon.

Moderation in manner of eating and choice of food has not always characterized men of history. Both Napoleon I. and Carlyle are said to have ruined their digestions and tempers by rapid eating. On the other hand, the care with which Gladstone partakes of the viands set before him has been acknowledged over and over again as one of the greatest factors which has worked to prolong his life.

One of the Presents.

Hogan—"How did you get that oyster?" Brogan—"I cultivated me bird' day lasht avenin'."—Judge.

PERSONALS.

Senator Hale's residence, The Pines, at Ellsworth, Me., built to replace his fine house burned last summer, has just been finished.

A daughter of Jenny Lind has composed the incidental music for the new play, "The Alchemist," which is to be tried this week in Birmingham, England.

Ex-Postmaster General William L. Wilson has been selected to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration next June at Harvard. The poem will be read by Dr. E. W. Emerson, Harvard, '66.

An example of the appreciation in value of a painting was given by the recent sale in London for \$1,500 of a Countess of Derby, by Sir T. Laurence. In 1863 the picture was sold for \$395.

Gen. Rosecrans, now living in retirement in California at the age of 78, writes thus concerning the arbitration treaty: "I hail as the rainbow of promise the noble inspiration of arbitration in place of war."

The old Washington Hall in Durham, which is supposed by some to have been the seat of George Washington's ancestors, has been bought by an American for only \$2,000. It is picturesque and full of rheumatism.

The revival of the night-cap is taken very seriously in England along with other early Victorian revivals. A cap of silk or lace, with ribbon bows, all in the shape of a half-handkerchief and having a "curtain" behind, is said to be the most popular.

Ellen Terry's son appears as Imogen (Miss Terry's) brother in the Lyceum cast of "Cymbeline," and, where the role demands, carries her off the stage quite easily. It appears from an article on the actress in the Deutsche Revue that to test her son's muscular ability to perform this feat Miss Terry made him race with her in his arms twelve times around a table.

The life of the late Rev. Cobham Brewer was a monument to painstaking industry. He was 85 when he finished compiling the last edition of his bulky "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable." But perhaps the most remarkable thing was that he had acquired these habits of industry before he went to college, and that he paid his way through Cambridge with his pen and had \$150 left on commencement day.

OPIUM-MORPHINE.

A YOUNG PHYSICIAN HAS DISCOVERED A CERTAIN CURE.

He Has a Good Thing and Preferring to Let It Stand on Its Merits, Declines to Advertise in the Press or Elsewhere.

Your speaking of advertising reminds me of an occurrence in Memphis Tenn., about one and a half years ago. Dr. R. S. Lipscomb had discovered some time previous that under a certain line of treatment to the glandular system the habits of morphine or opium, whether by the mouth or needle, would yield; the unnatural craving would go to return no more. He has a good thing, but positively refuses to advertise. He declared it unnecessary, and that a good sound cure was worth more to him than printer's ink.

These habits have puzzled the physicians for years—all were more or less anxious to see the doctor put his theory into execution. He selected as a patient a young man who was an attendant of the oldest physician of that city, who was using from 40 to 60 grains of Sul. of Morphine per day. He invited his professional brothers to visit the patient from the beginning to the end and at all hours of treatment. The Commercial Appeal, one of the largest daily papers in the South, asked permission and sent one of its reporters, who gave daily reports for the benefit of humanity, and concluded by saying: "The Commercial Appeal takes pleasure in endorsing this cure." Strange to say, without an effort on his part, people afflicted with these habits, go or send to him from every state in the Union. At the conclusion of this case the medical fraternity readily recognized the efficacy of these wonderful remedies. In the eyes of the profession the success in that case was so great the doctor opened a sanitarium to treat no other troubles. He has now most all he can accommodate.

The cured patients turned out daily from his sanitarium in prima facie evidence that his remedies are safe and effectual. The cure is perfect, so much so the doctor guarantees a cure, in every respect, either at home or in the sanitarium, and allows each patient to be the judge of his own cure.

Dr. Lipscomb says a man or woman who takes this drug in the most minute quantity is as helpless in freeing him or herself as those using the greatest amount. For the benefit of a drummer friend of my house I wrote the doctor and received in answer a nice business letter. He gave the names of many patients he had cured in our state and many others. I wrote and received the following:

Blacksburg, Va., March 2, 1897.
Dear Sir: Yours received and answered with pleasure. Dr. Lipscomb of Memphis, Tenn., cured me of the morphine habit of eleven years' standing (48 to 50 grains a day hypodermically) in 27 days.

You can assure your friend it is absolutely painless in every respect; also permanent, as I have met patients who were cured over a year ago. I possibly lost one night's rest, but am personally acquainted with a lady of Wesson, Miss., who slept through the entire course of treatment. This is an unprecedented occurrence in any other sanitarium for the cure of the opium habit. The physicians of Memphis recognize him as their leader in this line of work. The Women's Christian Temperance Union and Women's Council are constantly doing him honor. If you will write to Dr. Lipscomb he will tell you what is best, and you can rely upon what he says.

Yours truly,
E. L. WRIGHT, M. D.

THE OLD VIRGINIA FIDDLER.

A Holiday Figure That Has Disappeared from View.

What has become of the old Virginia fiddler, whose services used to be in incessant demand at the holiday season and who was known and greeted by all the younger people for miles around? Of old there could be no Christmas in the country without him, says the Richmond Dispatch. He was as indispensable as the children's stockings, the mince pie or the stuffed turkey. He was the important functionary at every dance and called out the figures in an unchangeable voice, which grew fiercer and fiercer as he warmed up to his work. Has our old fiddler disappeared? Is his fiddle cracked and his bow unstrung? Has he been unable to withstand the invasion of his territory by the piano and the piano agent? We fear so. We hear of him very seldom now; whereas in the times bygone at Christmas his name was on every tongue and his bow was a scepter wielded over many wailing subjects. Happy for him that he found suitable relief before his type was extinct. Dr. George W. Barclay, the great humorist and player upon the heart strings of men, in numerous sketches, and the founder of this paper, in his delightful, realistic reminiscences, has described and immortalized the old Virginia fiddler. And well they did; for he is becoming as rare as the buffalo upon the western prairies. But well he served his day and generation before he laid down "de fiddle and de hoe."

Bret Newman, stepson of H. McClellan, who lives near Paducah, Ky., is only six years old, but he weighs 102 pounds and is 4 feet 9 inches in height. He is taking on flesh at the rate of three or four pounds a month.

The grand total of hydraulic power at Niagara Falls secured through electrical appliances is over 20,000 horsepower.

In the Belgian parliament when a member is making a long speech he may be supplied with brandy and water at the government expense.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 150 tons of water.

Mr. Caleb Fall, of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, is one of the oldest men in journalism. He recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary of his beginning newspaper work.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

(Catharine Young Glen in Leslie's Popular Monthly.)

HE apple tree, nestling against the old white house, had put on its new spring gown. Never before did the leaves come out so green, nor the shy buds blush so deep a pink; never before did the bees hum so loudly, or the wind carry the fragrance so far.

On one of the sweetest mornings in all the May came two birds to the tree—two robins, in their honeymoon, who were out in search of a house. They put their heads first on this side, then on that; wished, perhaps, it had been a cherry tree; calculated the probable number of small boys in the neighborhood who were making collections of eggs; the angle-worm crop in the fields below; in short, all those minor details of house-hunting less interesting to an outsider than to parties concerned.

Robin Red Breast bent his head very near his wife, and they talked it all over with a great deal of twittering and many a tender glance! "So sweet a spot, dear love! Shall it be here?" Nobody heard what the little bride-robins said. If she spoke at all it was very low—there was need that but only a look. Be that as it may, the mate stretched his brown wings twice, thrice for the joy of it, and darted off and away, down over the meadow, his red breast twinkling above the green. "Home! home! home!" he sang over and over; "home! home!" His heart was overflowing, and he could not keep it to himself.

All this while his wife was taking account of her surroundings. She hopped on one twig, then on another, twisted her head, and turned her bright eyes, until one might justly conclude she had viewed the matter from every side. She saw one thing, too, that neither had noticed before. Through the open window, framed in with apple boughs, some one was watching them—a child with great dark eyes and a halo of golden hair. So sweet a face—but, oh, so thin and white! If the little bird had been on the bough just above she might have seen that the child sat in a large wheel-chair—sat without moving, her hands clasped in her lap, and hardly daring to breathe for fear of frightening the robins away.

The little bride-robins stood still, too, looked her all over, and waited. By the time they had finished their tour of the fields, however, for reasons best known to herself, she was ready to begin.

"Should it be the crotch at the corner, or the one right under the window between the two big boughs? The crotch at the corner was wider, a fine breezy locality, but the other was so sheltered, no one could possibly peep from without. Some foolish peep, you know, always will take to 'love in a cottage.' They wanted very few words over the matter—there is little argument when both argue on one side—it was all taken out in hopping and chirping.

"Mamma, mamma!" whispered the little girl at the window; "come softly! I think they are building a nest!" She turned her head by inches in her fear of making a stir. There was a light step, a rustle of silken skirts, and a lady stood by the chair—a lady who had eyes like the child's, dear eyes in which the love almost covered the pain—quite hiding it when the little girl raised hers to look into them! Her hands played as by habit with the curly hair. She, too, looked out, not at the birds, but way beyond through the apple-boughs. "They?" she asked, dreamily; "who, dear love?" and she used the very name, though she knew it not, that the little mate had just called his bride, for love is always the same.

"The robins," answered the child. "You are too high, mamma! Be soft! Right here, do you see? The dearest husband and wife, and he has the reddest breast, and they have been talking so! Listen, mamma, just hear!" In her excitement she spoke so fast that the mate-robins heard, and stopped short, with a long straw in his bill, which was to serve as a foundation for the house. He rolled his round eyes while, then turned and looked at his wife, but she was hopping about with the utmost unconcern; so after some reflection, he, too, went to work. "Oh!" breathed the little girl, "they are building a nest!"

"You are too high, mamma! Be soft! Right here, do you see? The dearest husband and wife, and he has the reddest breast, and they have been talking so! Listen, mamma, just hear!" In her excitement she spoke so fast that the mate-robins heard, and stopped short, with a long straw in his bill, which was to serve as a foundation for the house. He rolled his round eyes while, then turned and looked at his wife, but she was hopping about with the utmost unconcern; so after some reflection, he, too, went to work. "Oh!" breathed the little girl, "they are building a nest!"

SO SWEET A FACE.
girl, with a long sigh of relief, "he is going to stay, after all. I thought I had scared him away."

The robins were no go, however, and in some mysterious way it came to be an understood thing that they should build their nest below the window, and that the little girl, and often the sweet lady, too, should watch. The shy wife might have told you that some of the shreds woven into the snug home had been found hanging conveniently on the twigs, as though they had fallen from the window, this, set to mention an ever-ready supply of crumbs, only waiting to be gathered when no one was at hand. In the bird-world, as in ours, fortune distributes her favors unevenly.

When the bright-eyed husband remembered how many of his friends had to support their families from the gab-barels, there was a puffed feeling

A BRAVE OLD MAN.

A PERILOUS UNDERTAKING OF CAPTAIN JAMES.

He Saved the Lives of the Crew of a British Schooner Under Very Difficult Circumstances—Is Seventy Years Old and Very Vigorous.

NE evening during the winter the British schooner *Ulrica*, stranded on Nantasket Beach, Mass., about three miles from Point Allerton life-saving station. A telegraphic message to the keeper of this station, Capt. Joshua James, informed him of the accident, and a special train was immediately placed at his disposal. Leaving two of his crew to bring the gun and tackle over the road, Capt. James, with the other surfmen under his command, hurried to the scene of the calamity.

The keeper lost not a moment in attempting to force the life boat off shore. Two efforts were ineffectual. At the third a huge breaker caught the little craft and tossed it twenty feet in air. The seasoned surfmen held their seats, but by some mischance Capt. James, who was at the stern, lost his balance and fell into the surf.

The instant that it touched the sand the crew sprang to their feet and rushed to the rescue of their chief, who was up and making a brave fight for his life when one of the giant surfmen reached him. By this time the gun had arrived, and Capt. James, though bruised and chilled through, was not the least unnerved, took aim and fired the shot line. The hawser was hauled on board, but the half-frozen surfmen were too exhausted to mount to the rigging and make it secure. They made it fast to the anchor chains, which left the rope so slack that the breeches buoy could not be run upon it. The poor fellows must have perished had not a brilliant though perilous scheme occurred to the keeper. A rope was tied to the life boat's stern, the other end of the rope was placed in the hands of the crew and had collected on the beach, the surfmen took their places beside the oars, but each grasped the hawser instead, and the slow, heavy work commenced pulling the boat through the surf by main strength. The *Ulrica* was reached, the despairing surfmen were assisted into the gallant little boat, and Capt. James signaled to "Haul ashore!" It was a moment of suspense, and then a loud shout of joy and triumph went on Nantasket Beach, whose echoes were caught and repeated with enthusiasm all over the state of Massachusetts. But while the Boston papers were lavish in their praise of the indomitable keeper who organized and led this rescue in the face of a terrible tempest, not one of them once mentioned the fact that Captain James is seventy years of age. Now, the physical examination before



THEY SHOULD WATCH.

ran over in one continual song from the top of the tree. The little girl looked like a guardian spirit from above.

"My birds, my birds!" she whispered, over her clasped hands; "my very, very own!"

The color that had come with the robins slowly faded from cheek and eye—as the birdlings in the nest grew stronger, the one in the old house grew weaker, and still the days went by. The father-robins sobered down with five wide mouths to feed, the mother had to stretch her wings a little further every night to keep the nestlings in. The apple buds had long since swelled into blossoms, the blossoms had flown off on the wind in scented showers, leaving the small, green balls that were to be apples in the far-off fall, and the leaves had turned to a darker hue. The little girl rested on pillows now, in the wheel-chair; her mother lifted her when she looked down into the nest.

"Mamma, how long will it be before the robins fly?" she asked.

The mother laid her head by the one on the pillow, and the child caught only the whisper that was not meant for her: "Oh, my love, my love!"

At last the wheel-chair stood alone by the window. The little girl lay very still within the curtained bed. "I must not miss it," she whispered, morning and night. "You will watch, mamma, dear, will you not, and wake me—when—the birdlings—fly?"

The answer was always the same; "I am watching, I am watching! Lie still for a while and rest!"

The times for resting grew longer and the times for waking shorter.

The sun, sending his last shafts of light through the leaves one late afternoon, touched the eyes so often closed, and they opened at his kiss.

"Is it sunset?" she asked. "Take me up, mamma. I have not said good-night to the robins in so very long." Tenderly the mother lifted her, while the sweet breeze of the meadow came up on the breeze, and the leaves were quivering in the golden light. The red-breasted robin was winging his way home; the brown mother was crooning a slumber song to her nest. The child stretched out her hands, the radiance glorifying face and hair.

"Good-night, good-night, my birdlings! Mamma, see how the sun goes down! 'Twill be so beautiful—tomorrow—I think they will not stay!" The head drooped wearily on the pillow that night. "You will wake me—so early—mamma, dear!"

The stars shone and paled, the gray light stole slowly back again, and the faint, faint blue to the sky. And in the early morning One, long-awaited came, and two went out into the sunrise, into the hush of the sweet young day—leaving a void in the old white house that nothing on earth could fill.

The one who was left stood very still at the window, and looked through the apple boughs with eyes that saw them not. There was no need now that love should hide the pain. As she turned away her glance fell on the robin's nest. Lo! it was empty—only a broken shell lay where five birdlings had nestled beneath the mother's wings. Then the tears came to eyes that had not wept, and a great thanksgiving to an aching heart—for her darling, who had "wakened early," and for the robins, who had waited to fly with her.

Much Devotion Uncovered.
A feature of the religious revival in progress at Hortonville, Ind., is that the conversions have had the effect of uncovering more or less dishonesty and other offenses. One penitent paid back \$40, which he had taken from the owner of a steam thrashing machine. Another acknowledged to the injured party that he had sworn falsely against him in court. Confessions have been lively and still the good work goes on.

A 16-YEAR OLD GIRL HAS NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Revivifying Effects of a Proper Nerve Food Demonstrated.

From the *Even Bradford, Pa.*

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Carlton Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery.

It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was procured and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half dozen boxes had been used, the young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness.

Miss Watrous concluded that the cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Carlton Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as anyone could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A stranger upon being presented to Speaker Reed asked his weight. "Two hundred pounds," was the reply. "You must weigh more than that," said the candid visitor. "No gentleman ever weighs more than 200 pounds," responded the speaker, solemnly.

The Bank of England employs about 1100 men, and has a salary list, including pensions, of about \$1,500,000 per annum.

Canadian apple growers say that barrel heads made of paper or pulp boards preserve the fruit better than wood.

A large increase in tobacco acreage over that of last year is predicted in Pennsylvania.

St. Louis has a public library of 115,000 volumes and no place to put it except in rented rooms.

This is the season when we begin to remember we never enjoy hot weather.

A package of PERUVIAN, the best kidney cure on earth, sent FREE to any sufferer if written for promptly. Peruvian Kidney Cure, 206 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thirteen million sterling is the yearly value of the potato crop of the united kingdom.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Many a man who thinks he is smart, can't prove it.

GET STRENGTH AND APPETITE. Use Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

The best people occasionally slip into gossiping without realizing it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Most people can look at a woman, and tell whether she is gray.

LIQOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED. Home Treatment—Written guarantee given—no cure, no pay. Send 25c. for treatise. Guaranteed by Dr. J. C. H. Williams, N. Y.

When a man reaches the age when he has time to be gay, his liver refuses to let him.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Every one occasionally wishes that his friends would worry more about his condition.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other cure known after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOOK. Write to Dr. J. C. H. Williams, N. Y.

We would rather be a fat man than a fat woman.

A 16-YEAR OLD GIRL HAS NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Revivifying Effects of a Proper Nerve Food Demonstrated.

From the *Even Bradford, Pa.*

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Carlton Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery.

It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was procured and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half dozen boxes had been used, the young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness.

Miss Watrous concluded that the cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Carlton Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as anyone could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A stranger upon being presented to Speaker Reed asked his weight. "Two hundred pounds," was the reply. "You must weigh more than that," said the candid visitor. "No gentleman ever weighs more than 200 pounds," responded the speaker, solemnly.

The Bank of England employs about 1100 men, and has a salary list, including pensions, of about \$1,500,000 per annum.

Canadian apple growers say that barrel heads made of paper or pulp boards preserve the fruit better than wood.

A large increase in tobacco acreage over that of last year is predicted in Pennsylvania.

St. Louis has a public library of 115,000 volumes and no place to put it except in rented rooms.

This is the season when we begin to remember we never enjoy hot weather.

A package of PERUVIAN, the best kidney cure on earth, sent FREE to any sufferer if written for promptly. Peruvian Kidney Cure, 206 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thirteen million sterling is the yearly value of the potato crop of the united kingdom.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Many a man who thinks he is smart, can't prove it.

GET STRENGTH AND APPETITE. Use Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

The best people occasionally slip into gossiping without realizing it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Most people can look at a woman, and tell whether she is gray.

LIQOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED. Home Treatment—Written guarantee given—no cure, no pay. Send 25c. for treatise. Guaranteed by Dr. J. C. H. Williams, N. Y.

When a man reaches the age when he has time to be gay, his liver refuses to let him.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Every one occasionally wishes that his friends would worry more about his condition.

A 16-YEAR OLD GIRL HAS NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Revivifying Effects of a Proper Nerve Food Demonstrated.

From the *Even Bradford, Pa.*

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Carlton Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery.

It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was procured and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half dozen boxes had been used, the young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness.

Miss Watrous concluded that the cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Carlton Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as anyone could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A stranger upon being presented to Speaker Reed asked his weight. "Two hundred pounds," was the reply. "You must weigh more than that," said the candid visitor. "No gentleman ever weighs more than 200 pounds," responded the speaker, solemnly.

The Bank of England employs about 1100 men, and has a salary list, including pensions, of about \$1,500,000 per annum.

Canadian apple growers say that barrel heads made of paper or pulp boards preserve the fruit better than wood.

A large increase in tobacco acreage over that of last year is predicted in Pennsylvania.

St. Louis has a public library of 115,000 volumes and no place to put it except in rented rooms.

This is the season when we begin to remember we never enjoy hot weather.

A package of PERUVIAN, the best kidney cure on earth, sent FREE to any sufferer if written for promptly. Peruvian Kidney Cure, 206 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thirteen million sterling is the yearly value of the potato crop of the united kingdom.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Many a man who thinks he is smart, can't prove it.

GET STRENGTH AND APPETITE. Use Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

The best people occasionally slip into gossiping without realizing it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Most people can look at a woman, and tell whether she is gray.

LIQOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED. Home Treatment—Written guarantee given—no cure, no pay. Send 25c. for treatise. Guaranteed by Dr. J. C. H. Williams, N. Y.

When a man reaches the age when he has time to be gay, his liver refuses to let him.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Every one occasionally wishes that his friends would worry more about his condition.

A 16-YEAR OLD GIRL HAS NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Revivifying Effects of a Proper Nerve Food Demonstrated.

From the *Even Bradford, Pa.*

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Carlton Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment

