THE REAL JEAN VALJEAN

THE CONVICT WHOSE RECORD IN

SPIRED "LES MISERABLES."

Memoirs of the Chief Inspector of

Prisons of the Second French

in Time of Peace-Service in the Little Pretoria Church.

The manner of my getting access to President Kruger was of itself an epitome of Krugerism, writes Poultney Bigelow. In that year, 18%, the Transvani spent about £200.000 in secret service, and part dispatch-case. I had come from Cape Town armed with the strongest possible letters of introduction to the political leaders in Pretoria, and had no other obleaders in Pretoria, and had no other object than recording truthfully my impressions. At Bloemfontein this dispatch-case was stolen from me under circumstances which left no doubt in the minds of the Chiefs of Police in the Free State and Natal that the theft had been made for strictly political reasons. It was rather awkward for me, because in the same bag were all my manuscript, my letters of introduction, and—my letter of credit. Advertising in every paper of South Africa did no good. After my visit to Pretoria, and while I was living at Pictermaritaburg, as guest of Colonel Dartnell, the Chief of the Mounted Police, this identical dispatch-case was one night deposited at police headquarters by a messenger who could give no account of himself and did not even wait for a reward. I looked carefully through my tregeures; not a thing was missing. And yet there are people who limits that the Boers are corrupt!

rupt!
When I reached Pretoria, therefore, I
was without letters, and I should have
was without manes had not a good friend been without money had not a good friend kindly lent me some. I had written ahead, however, to Dr. Leyds, detailing my pur-pose in visiting the Transvaal, and invok-ing his assistance. With this letter I enlosed one of introduction.

But the State Secretary was evidently suspicious. On the morning after my arrival in Pretoria there came to my hotel a young Hollander, whose card was decorated with a coronet and who told me that he was a secretary of Dr. Leyds, come to express that gentleman's regrets that he would not be able to receive me—that he was not in cool health—that he was he was not in good health—that he was too busy—there were lots of other good reasons, but I have forgotten them. So I was inclined to be discouraged—for

not only was I there minus my precious dispatch-case, but, apparently, the State Secretary had determined that I should not see President Kruger, nor anything else worth mentioning at the Boer capital I began to feel as I did on a certain day in St. Petersburg when the police informed me that it would not be well for my health if I undertook a cance cruise through the Czar's Empire.

But just then along came a splendld Boor friend, Mr. Jooste, of the Volks-raad. We had been fellow-passengers to the Cape, for he is one of the Transvaalers who have traveled and studied politics at first hand. He took me without further ceremony to the house of President Kru-

By the way, I notice that most of the learned editors insist upon placing two dots over the "u" in Kruger. That is not right-at least, if the President is an authority on the subject. He wrote his name for me—with some difficulty, I admit—and it had no dots over the "u." This signature I subsequently compared with several at the Government House at Natal, and there were no dots over the "u" there. Sir Walter Hely—Hutchinson, the Governor, was distinctly of opinion that Kruger did not use the dots. Consequently, it is correct to pronounce the "u" as in "true." When we reached his residence I was struck by the evidences of milliary protection at hand. He had a trooper pacing at his gate, and across the road, in a vaccint lot, was an encampment for the relect of the second. By the way, I notice that most of the

at his gate, and across the road, in a va-cent lot, was an encampment for the re-liet of this guard. There was nothing of this sort at Bioemfontein, and many Pre-toria Boers disapproved of this feature, saying that it was only a dodge of Dr. Leyds to make the country Boer believe that Oore Paul's life was in danger from the Johan esturg conspirators.

Mr. Jossie had fought under Cronje against Jameson at Krugersdorp. He was a broad-minded burgher, who sympa-thized, to some extent, with the attitude of the Johannesburg burghers in their de-sire for more liberal government, and per-sonally did his share in the popular as-

sonally did his share in the popular asthings. He was not a blind partisan of Kruger, though, of course, he resented hotly the presumption of those who thought Afrikanders should be governed

Knocked at Kruger Mansion. After passing the sentry we knocked at he front door of the Kruger mansion-which mansion, by the way, was about

the size and appearance of a farm out

building. No answer! We knocked a sec-ond time, and louder. There was no an-swer! My friend pushed the door open, and we stood in a hall which traversed. the whole house, and led to a big yard beyond. We knocked again. We went out into the yard and shoute-no answer! A negro girl poked her hea suddenly on seeing us. Evidently Mrs. Kruger disliked bells and parlor maids. Then I said to Jooste that I presumed the family were not at home; but Jooste scouted the idea. Just men I heard, in one of the neighboring apartments, a sound which suggested the lions' cage at the menagerie, about the time when food is expected. There was a heavy growling, as of surf beating up into the caves on the seashore. We approached the door and knocked-we might as well have knocked at a pilot-house in the teeth of a hurri-cane. The rumbling within rose and fell, but obviously our presence was not noted; so Mr. Jooste pushed open that door, as he had the previous one, and we entered into a cloud of smoke so thick that it reminded me of an engine-room when the steam had been leaking. For a while I saw nothing, though the quality of the vapor assured me that I was in the midst of a club of smokers—there was no doubt about that. Joeste took me by the hand, and steered me around the corners of the apartment, until we stopped by the side of an armchair, in which there sat, with a pipe between his teeth, a grand old bearded farmer—sort of apostolic cowboy— -that was Paul Kruger. He sat in state as the master of this roomful of longhaired burghers, beiching forth guttural which sounded blasphe my ears-but to those of the others it was simply everyday Low Dutch. I was re-minded of that famous Potsdam Tobacco Club, in which the Corporal "King" of Prussia made life odious to Frederick the Great. I had seen scenes roughly analogous amongst the red-shirted miners of California, and to-a certain extent ong the priests in Russian monasteries But nothing in my fancy exceeded the callty of this scene—the primitive sim-dicity, the early Christian carnestness of it, the rude yet venerable aspect of this cattle-herding congressation. The grand old Boer seemed like some latter-day Moses just down from the mountain with the law in his hands, and in a mood to smash the Ten Commandments over the head of any one who falled to agree with him. It was worth 16,000 miles of travel to have lived these moments in the company of Paul Kruger and his hirsute

When Paul Kruger caught sight of us oste whispered something in his looked at me with bovine stolidity, while the 50 apostles did the same Then he grunted, and the 50 echoes made one more grunt. I learned afterwards that these 50 burghers were not here as an official council of state; on the contrary, these were Oom Paul's friends, who had merely dropped in for a chat over a pipe and a bowl of coffee.

Made Poultney Uncomfortable.

It is but fag to Mr. Kruger to admit that he succeeded in making me feel thoroughly uncomfortable. His fixed, stelld,
trate his wickedness as a youngster. Of dates of sale and full infor
tostrutable and ambiguously benevolent
gaze rested upon me with suffocating youth were spent mainly in cattle wagons agent, 36 Morrison street

CLOSE VIEW OF OON PAUL

force. Fix 50 apostles backed their game with equally impassive eyes, all turned upon the intruder from far away, who tried meanwhile to make believe that this sort of reception was quite customary is his part of the world. There was, however, nothing in the least malevolent in these il starce; it was morbid fancy only which made it seem that blank staring fell short of the real thing in courtesy. I was treated quite as well as the customs of the place demanded. I was at the Boer court, and was experiencing effiquette a

of the piace demanded. I was at the Boer court, and was experiencing etiquette a la Kruger.

Yet, now I recall that ordeal with something of a shudder. I have met a great many Kings in my day-black Kings, white Kings and yellow ones. Monarchs of many kinds have I bowed to-millionaires, political bosses, war lords and other mighty mortals. But I confess cheerfully that no King, Kniser or Congressman ever made me feel so completely the nothever made me feel so completely the nothingness of my worthless self as did old Paul Kruger over his pipe and bowl, amidst his 50 cowboy cronies. He commanded my dread and admiration; he almost made me respect the cause he represented.

amidst his 50 cowboy cronies. He commanded my dread and admiration; he almost made me respect the cause he represented.

The venerable cattle-king gased at me for so long that the silience became pallingful. I heard nothing but the sucking of the pipestems, and the occasional thud of a heavy moist globule on the floor. When the President perceived that I had entered the room with the determination not to say the first word, he opened conversation by a grunt as of a bull in distress, and a few words that might have been firstended to place me at my case, or might have been meant as a curse. The badin-other, Which prevailed I know not.

and that he did not get an opportunity for being baptized until he was 16. But, in spite of all these educational handicaps, the Boers who led this gipsy life for so many years managed to hold fast to the Bible, and give the youngsters a whole-some dose of good, old-fashloned Caivinis-tic doctrine. But Kruger was rated as a very bad lad in his day, measured, of course, by the standards of the "Dupper Church." He told me that he was not merely the best wrestler, the best rider, and the best shot of his time, but was also noted for playing all sorts of pranks calculated to shock the good people of his community. I suppose he was a bit of a "Tom Sawyer" in his way.

"Tom Sawyer" in his way.

The first church for the new town was about ready. I forget the name-perhaps it was Rustenburg. At any rate, young Kruger, along with the rest of the people of that community, had worked upon the sacred edifice, and the time came for some solemn function connected with its dedication. On that particular day. its dedication. On that particular day,





What consarndish idiot I am! Musht got very drunk-wake up and find myself behind th' bars-first time ever in jall in m' life?"

lights.

age of the forecastle is not that of the Some years after this young Kruger ings, where many an average traveler would have been repelled by the rough outer skin. The rudeness of the President I parried with an equally clumsy joke, which raised a laugh amongst the 50 patriarchs, and from that time on I found my position in Pretoria one of com-

parative social delight. When Dr. Leyds learnt that I had seen the President, he promptly recovered from his severe illness, and for the rest of my visit showed me civility. He told me many an interesting anecdote about Kruger, and

Kruger, in turn, spun many a yarn about his early days. We are apt to think plous people neces-sarily hypocrites, and I found many English at the Cape speak contemptuously of Com Paul as a theological humbug. He did not make that impression on me at all. On the contrary, I believe that his great influence amongst those who know him lies not merely in that he belongs to a particular branch of the Protestant Church, but that he is thoroughly bonest in his practices. Of course, rumors are rife that he is corrupt, that he has put away vast sume, that his religion is merely a cloak for wickedness. That may all be true; but I, for one, have no evidence to support this view, and I find that such stories emanate usually from a class of people whose trade it is to rely mainly upon money for their influence. I do not believe Kruger is corrupt—I do not believe that all American Congressmen are corrupt-I prefer to be an optimist

On Sunday morning I saw the President, quite alone, walking toward a very shab-by church near his home. He wore a black cylinder on his head. It was that kind of hat which appears with us mainly on the negro minstrel stage. His frock coat had the hinder buttons near the middle of his back, and the bottoms of his trousers were considerably above his ankles. The whole outfit suggested a caricature of the "stage"

In Kruger's Church.

tropolis.

But that, after all, was a more detail. Lincoln also was an ungainly, if ugly, man, whom we love dearly for his very eccentricities of dress and feature. The Transvaal President, on the occasion, carried a hymn-book of portentous size in one hand, and in the other a red bandana handkerchief. The little Pretoria church could not have held more than 100 or so, yet I counted but 24 in the congregation, and of these the majority were mothers with babes in their arms. President took his ceal in an arm which had been specially provided for him beneath the pulp t—this was the only distinction he enjoyed over the rest of his fellow-worshipers. To be sure, it was a greater distinction than any President of the United States would have been per-mitted; but then, no American President, not even Washington, has played so pecullar a part as Kruger.

culiar a part as Kruger.

The service was very simple—about the sort of thing I should have found in most Methodist or Congregational meeting-bouses in an American village. There was a long prayer, a long sermen, a hymn or two, a chapter from the Book of Books and a benediction. The babies did what bables are apt to do when they fire of one position, or think it is meal time; but haby voices ruffled neither Paul Kruger, the parson nor any one else. Kruger, the parson nor any one else. There appeared nothing unnatural in babes receiving nourishment in church as well as anywhere else. The President sang the good old hymns in a voice like distant thunder, and paid close attention to the sermon. The surroundings of this poor little church were pathetically meager or tawdry, yet I can recall no more impressive service in Westminster Abbey

or St. Paul's.

salon, and I have seen men in the far with blushed with the relative force of greetings. Thus Paul Kruger can overwhelm a visitor with what we should regard as rudeness, yet on the day following show by his actions that in his beart wish. show by his actions that in his heart was must have heard him a day's journey off. only good will. Perhape it was my experience with men before the mast and on cattle ranches that made me feel my way into the inner lining of Paul Kruger's feel-that was in 1807, when 22 years of age.

That was in 1857, when 32 years of age. From that time on Kruger was a changed man—a devour Christian according to his

NATIONAL COMMITTEES.

The System by Which Our Presidents Are Made.

L. A. Coolidge in Ainslee's. The National committee is the creature of the National convention. At every convention each state delegation meets and selects the man who is to represent the party in the state and National organiza-tion, and the committee they created crases to exist when the n x. National convention is called to order. This is true both of the Republican and of the Democratic parties. But there is a difference between the active working organigation of the two great political bodies. The executive officers of the Democratic committee are selected from the committee itself. A different system has grown up among the Republicane. It has hap-pened in the last two campaigns that the man at the head of the Republican organization was not even a member of the that the candidate for President is allowed to select the chairman of the executive dve work of the campaign. In 1892 Willam J. Campbell, of Illinois, a member of the National committee, was selected as chairman. Objection was made to him on account of certain business associa-tions which, it was feared, would not be committee, President Harrison selected Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, as chairman of the executive committee, although Carter was not a member of the Naional committee at all. It was Carter who

onducted the campaign. In 1886 Mark Hanna, of Ohio, who had managed the canvass for McKinley's nomination, was rejected by the candidate to be chairman of the executive committee. The member of the National committee from Ohio was Charles L. Kurtz. In fact, the actual management of the Republican campaign in 1896 was in the hands of an executive committee which was really an excrescence upon the larger body. At least four members of the executive committee in that year, including the chairman, Mr. Hanns; the secretary, General Oeborns; the treasurer, Cornellus N. Bliss, and Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, were not members of the National committee, When General Osborne resigned as accretary to secome American Consul at London, his place was taken by Charles Dick, of Ohio, now a Representative in Congress, who had no official connection with the larger body. Besides an executive committee made up of National committee members living, as a rule, near head-quarters, the Democrats in 1836 had a Campaign Committee, consisting partly of members of the National Committee, and partly of outsiders. This body corresponded to the Executive Committee on the Republican side. Daniel J. Campau, of Micht. gan, was at its head. Other members were W. A. Clark, of Montana; Clark Howell of Georgia; James Kerr, of Pennsylvania John R. McLean, of Ohio, and Thom

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M. Moreau-Christophe, the Inspector of Prisons under the Second Empire, knew the man who served as the prototype of Jean Valjean, and whose story haunted Jean Valjean, and whose story haunted the brain of Victor Hugo and implied his famous "Miserables," says the Paris Fig-aro. M. Moreau-Christophe had a pas-sion for reforming convicts. He gathered many confessions, and knew many stranga necreta. The following story of the con-vict Urbain Lemelle is taken from his notes:

notes:

"Urbain Lemelle, like Jean Valjean, was
the abandoned child of a drunken father.
When he was only 8 years old he went
from farm to farm to offer for a piece of
bread the work that his little hands could
do. He was first taken in hand by a kindhearted peasant named Brisset, who kept
him minding cows for three years. Then
he was employed by two nelephoring hearted peasant named Brisset, who kept him minding cows for three years. Then he was employed by two neighboring farmers, who sent him to tend aheep for three years more. Urbain tired of the life of a shepherd and determined to become a salior when he reached the age of 14. He began as cabin boy in a river boat from Angers, whose captain generally spoke to him with the end of a rope. Three years passed in this way, during which Urbain's only consolation was in his friendship for the son of the captain, a young man named Gervais, who was no less badly treated than himself. This friendship was unfortunate for Urbain. One Winter's day, when the waters of the Loire were frozen and pavigation was suspended, Gervais proposed to Urbain to take away the money that was in the safe of the boat for the pay of the hands. "Then," said he, "we will go to Nanter where we will become real saliors.

"But that is robbery you propose to me! said Urbain.

"Robbery, nonsense!" replied Gervais. "Doesn't my father owe you 80 frances! Well, you can pay yourself the 30 frances!

"Doesn't my father owe you 80 francs! Well, you can pay yourself the 30 francs out of the sack, and then you will be

An hour afterward the money was ne an nour atterward the money was he longer on board the boat. Gervais had taken it away, and Urbain had hid it in the trunk of a willow tree. Next day the imprint of his feet upon the gnow led to the tree, where the treasure was found. Urbain was arrested, and, the lock of the safe having been broken, he was condemned to seven years, nearly explicitly. demned to seven years' penal servitude.

the was then only II.

During his seven years' imprisonment
Urbain was resigned, industrious, religious
and exemplary in his conduct. When he
left the penitentiary, where he had lost
seven years, he thought he had nothing to
do but to return to Angers purified completely. It was at Angers that he commitpletely. It was at Angers that he commit-ted his crime, and he wanted to prove that he was reformed. This hope was dissipated. The fact that he was an ex-convict closed all doors and all hearts to him. He found it extremely difficult to get work, and when, by chance, he did procure some arduous employment, the other workmen refused to associate with him. He was condemned to idleness, beggary and theft, One Sunday, while roaming through the country he stopped, fatigued, to rest him-self in a field where there were some horses at ilberty. He thought of the lefa that was only 30 leagues from him, and of America, that new world where he ex-pected to live as an honest workingman, The idea turned his head. He jumped like a mad man upor ene of the horses like a mad man upor one of the horses and started the animal along the road, without a suddle or bridle. He set out in the evening and arrived at the break of day at Ingrandes. Nearing that place on the edge of the road there was a prairie. There he thrmed loose the horse and entered the town. An unknown person turning a horse loose was subjected. He was followed, arresied and brought before the Mayor. He gave his name without hesitation, but while they were discussing his case he maninged to escape. He reached Nantes and tried to ship with some cap-

him. The poatman wanted help, so Ur-bain went with him to Angers. He had hardly arrived before he was arrested and put in prison on the complaint of stealing a horse. Now, it happened that the hones peasant, Brisset, was the owner of the horse in question. He testified before the court that his horse came back to him and that Urbain was too he fellow to want to steal it. But he pleaded for him in vain. The unfortunate young man was convicted a second time by the Assizes Court of Maine-et-Loire to 12

Years' penal servitude.

At Brest he served his time just as be did formerly at Toulon. In pricon his conduct was irreproachable, but after four years of tortures inflicted upon him in to the mechanical and scientific that dreadful place, he escaped. Where was he to go? Paris was the only place that could hide him from the police. He went there without encountering any diffies, and the very next day after his face. arrival he was on the Place de Greve Millions of dollars were made out of among the laboring men. There he was taken by a building contractor, with whom have operated upon the Edison systems ollowed him to the establishment of M. hands large sums of money, which Ur-bain always handled with zeal and intelli-wizard of Menlo Park. hands large sums of money, which Urbain always handled with zeal and intelligence and perfect henesty. He commenced to proeper and married an honest
working girl. Happy in the thought that
at last he was loved and respected, he
must attract the serious attention of inmust attract the serious attention of in-

lived with her for seven years.

One Sunday while he was walking 'n the suburts with his wife he met a policeman who was a former convict, who knew him at Brest. This policeman destroyed he entire happiness. He arrested him. Ur-bain was brought to Bleetre, and from there taken to Brest to finish the eight years of penal servitude that he had still to serve, in addition to the supplementary years for the crime of escaping.

It was during the few months of his de-

tention at Bicetre, in 1833, that Moreau-Christophe knew Urbain and learned his story. M. Moreau-Christophe obtained for him the favor of exemption from the first chain ging, on leaving Bleetre for Brost; and a few months later he man-aged to send him back to Paris. In oth-er words, he brought the case to the attention of the King, who pardoned the

man upon the spot.

Urhaft Lemelle lived to a great old are.

He was the best of husbands and wished to be the best of fathers, but that low was denied him. He consoled himself, nevertheless, by making pets of all the children in the place where he lived, and be awared them often by telling them. he amused them often by telling them stories of brigarde. Heaven only knows what queer stories he must have learned during his 10 years in the Bagne!

> Cause of India's Famine. Review of Reviews.

India is a country not quite half as large as the United States, with four times its population. These 200,000,000 people must be fed from their own crops, as there is, relatively, no manufacturing resource to buy food with. There are parts of India with a population of 1000 people to the square mile; and there are millions upon millions of farm laborers, vagrants, gypties and nondescript classes, whose means of living, even in times of plenty, means of living, even in times of pienty, are inscrutable. In a normal year the country, as a whole, produces a little more food than is actually necessary to support its people. But the crops are dependent on monsons—the couthwest moonsoon in the beginning of Summer, and the northeast monsoon in the Winter. If these periodic rains are late, or are insufficient in quantity trouble comes. are insufficient in quantity, trouble comes,

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and the Spring and Winter crops of wheat, barley and pulses in the north, and of rice and millets in the south, begin to suffer. When the monsoons fall absolutely, there is destitution in the af-fected d'etrict, and when a pers'stent succession of failures and partial failures tation, but while they were discussing his case he managed to escape. He reached Nantes and tried to ship with some captain on a long voyage. But to embark it was necessary to have papers, and Urbain didn't have them.

For some time he wandered along the quays almost on the verge of suicide, when a big hand touched his shoulder, the hand of a boatman of Angers, who recognized him. The boatman wanted help, so Urbain went with him to Angers. He had hardly arrived before he was arrested and put in prison on the company of the lady.

Iceted d'etrict, and when a pers'stent workers and partial failures are counts the seconds of the chapeau's elevation and of its periphery, to find them to lack some seconds of the coup just bestowed upon Madame Mieux. May I not guess that, as great oaks from little acorns grow, much of the bubble and touched his shoulder, the hand of a boatman of Angers, who recognized him. The boatman wanted help, so Urbain went with him to Angers. He had hardly arrived before he was arrested and partial failures decurs; there comes a great and terrible familier to find them to lack some seconds of the chapeau's elevation and of the chapeau's elevat

EDISON ON PATENT LAWS.

One Class of Labor That Has Inade quate Protection.

Chicago Times-Herald. The action of Thomas A. Edicon, the famous inventor, in allowing seven of his patents upon electric devices to expire without making any attempt to secure renewals is a matter of considerable interest to the mechanical and scientific world, lists in demanding the abolition of all patents may after all have been pervaded by more sanity than appeared on the

remained for three years, whose regrets while they were under the protection of allowed him to the establishment of M. letters patent issued by the Government. These inventions now become public proper received better wages. For four years Masse, a dry goods manufacturer, where These inventions now become public prophe received better wages. For four years erty, and anyone who chooses to embirk M. Masse kept him and entrusted to his in the enterprise may derive a profit from

ventors and legislators. It is well known that Mr. Edison, from long and costly experience, does not place a high value up the Government's guaranty against fringement as embodied in letters patent He has expended thousands of dollars in defending the products of his inventive skill and laborious experimentation only to find in many instances that the in fringers succeeded in enriching the selves from his invention while he w waiting upon the slow and tedious pro

Mr. Edison fourts in the courts of this country for fourteen years and spent one million dollars trying to establish his claims to the little incandescent lamp although his claims had been "protected" by letters patent from the patent office. At the expiration of the 14 years there were but three years left for the patent to live. Speaking of the impotency of our patent system Mr. Edison said: "An inventor has no show these days.

The moment he invents something that is an epoch mark in the world of commerce or science there are pirates, who spring up on all sides to contest his rights to his ideas. These pirates can readily get millions at their back. They go to the courts and enjoin the inventor from using his own creation. The inventor always gets the worst of it in the courts, even the ugh he may hold in his hand the patent from the United States Government." The inventor is entitled to full protec-

tion of his ideas and devices against infringement, and if the present laws are inadequate they should be strengthened. It may be necessary to make sult for in-fringement a criminal instead of a civil action. It is not easy to differentiate between the theft of a man's invention and the theft of his money. The people are not prepared to assent to the Populist idea that patents create monepolies and therefore should be abolished

French Manners.

I have just been studying a Petit Guide de Savior Vivre, published in Paris in 1898. According to the Petit Guide, when monsteur meets a lady he must not only "raise his hat above his head with arms | P. M.

half extended without stiffness, awkward-ness, or affectation," but he must even have his calculating wits about him to "make the gesture more or less deliberate according to the quality of the lady." I wonder what happens when Madame comprises three movements, although exe-cuted in one time: (1.) Separate the right elbow entirely from the body. (2.) Bend ellow entirely from the lody. (2.) Best the forearm sufficiently to raise the hand to the level of the elbow. (3) At the moment that the hands touch slightly elevate the right shoulder, accompanying the movement by a delicate undulation of the body, the least hint of a shadow of a suspicion of a reverence." This "reverence," so delicately suggested, is a work of art in teach It also has three movements in in itself. It also has three movem "(L) Put the left foot a ster one time: "(1.) Fut the left foot a see behind the right, bending the knece and slightly stooping. (2.) Draw the right foot in line with the other and slightly incline the body. (3.) Straighten one's self gracefully from the backward position."

Japan's Anti-Smoking Law. tion forbids smoking by persons under 2 ars old, and also forbids the selling of tobacco or other smoking material to youths of this age. Fines are provided for the smoker and for whoever sells to him the stuff. The law provides also for fining the parents of such youthful smo cause they did not teach their offspring

That's Different. Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?" "Ministry! That's an insurance agent Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No words of ours can foretell the bonefit ou would derive from Hood's Sarsapa-

TRUTHS EASILY DIGESTED.

Concerning a Method of Curing Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles. Dyspepsia and indigestion are considered incurable by many people who do not realize the advance made in modern medical science, and because by the old methods edies a cure was rarely, if ever,

Dyspepsia is now cured as readily as any other disease. What the dyspeptic wants is abundant

nutrition, which means plenty of good, wholesome, well-cooked food and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it. This is exactly the purpose for which Stuari's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted, and this is the method by which they cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia; in other words, the patient eats plenty of wholesome food, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest it for him. In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not. One of these tablets will digest 3000 grains of ment or eggs.

Your druggist will tell you that Stuart's Dyspepsia tablets is a remedy sold on its merits, and is the purest, safest and cheapest remedy sold for stomach troubles, and every trial makes one more friend for this excellent preparation.

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