The younger brother had, after the first juvenile heats of radicalism, become a moderate republican, holding his convictions resolutely. Having op-posed the hereditary consulate for Napoleon, he withdrew, unmindful of any reward he might have claimed for his services of Brumaire, to lead a life of study and cultivate his inborn literary tastes. On the death of his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, he married, in direct opposition to Napoleon's wishes, the beautiful and accomplished Mme. de Jauberthon. This was in 1803. He had been importuned to put her away and lend himself to the project of buttressing the empire by himself accepting a crown and contracting a royal marriage. He was by far the ablest and most courageous of the Bonaparte brothers, but his heart was true, his principles were fixed, and he was utterly indifferent to the rise of Napoleonic em-

It was with reluctance that he came to Mantua. There are two accounts of what happened there-that which has long been accepted of Napoleon offering and Lucien hotly refusing the crown of Portugal, with the hand of Prince Ferdinand for his daughter Charlotte, and that which makes the first offer to have been Etruria. Both accounts agree, however, that the bid was raised to the promise of Italy-all on condition that he should divorce his wife and rule in the interest of his brother's imperial Lucien disdained even this bribe, declaring that he would accept the crown, but that he would rule in the interests of his subjects, and that he would in no case consider a divorce. Angry words were spoken. Napoleon crushed in his hand a watch with which he had been toying, hissing out that thus he would crush wills which opposed his. "I defy you to commit a crime, retorted Lucien.

Before parting there was a half reconciliation, and Napoleon requested that at least his brother's eldest daughter might be sent to Paris for use in his scheme of royal alliances. Lucien assented, and the child, a clever girl of about 14, was sent to live with Mme. Mere. She was thoroughly discontented and wrote bright, sarcastic letters to her stepmother, whom she loved, depicting the avarice of her grandmother and the foibles of her other relatives. These, like all other suspected letters of the time, were intercepted and read in the "cabinet noir." Their contents being made known to Napoleon, he sent the petulant, witty writer back to her father. Despairing of any support from Lucien or his family, Napoleon formally adopted his stepson Eugene, the viceroy, with a view to consolidating and confirming the Italian feeling of dependence on France,-Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

"Will it pay?" should be the first question asked when looking over the old clothes with a view to making over. Time should be considered first, and if it can be put to a better use then let the garment go and buy a new one. If time will permit, then consider whether the garment will look well enough whencompleted to be satisfactory. Will it have a shabby, made over look, and, if so, will a quantity of new material remove that objection? Then consider the expense of the new goods, make a few figures if necessary, and, once deciding that it is a paying investment, rip, cleanse and make, with a hearty faith in the good results.-Ladies' Home

Saw the Tickets Were Used. Miss Prim-You didn't bring your little girls to the Sunday school entertain-

Mrs. Fussy-No, I didn't dare There's so much measles fever around, you ke

Cleveland Plain Dealer

COLUMBIAN PRIZE WINNERS.

CONOVER **PIANOS**

CHICAGO COTTAGE **ORGANS**

WERE GIVEN

HIGHEST AWARDS

At the World's Exposition for excellent manufacture, quality, uniformity and volume of tone, elasticity of touch, artistic cases, materials and workmanship of highest grade.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION PREM.

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO. OHIOAGO, ILL.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF EANOS AND ORGANS IN THE WORLD



HAS STUDIED NEGRO SONGS.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy and Her Favorite Fac

drawing-room entertainment is hardly considered complete nowadays unless it includes something by a gultar or banjo performer. Among these few are more popular than Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy of New York, herself a composer of not a few pleasing little songs. Her unusual success is the natural result of giving the subject of negro songs a great deal of attention. Born and raised in the South, she early imbibed a great love for the peculiarly plaintive airs with which the negro men and women lighten their work. Like all other Southern children of wellto-do parents she had a "mammy," and it happened that this colored woman was renowned for her ability as a sing-

er. Mrs. Murphy recently said:

"As a child I used to follow this old colored woman about when she was busy just to near her sing, caring more for the sound of her voice than for the sweetest Northern music. As I grew up I began to wonder as to the reason of the strange fascination of the negro songs for all classes of people. I found It was not merely in the mu-'c or words, for the quaintest of darky melodies rendered by one unfamiliar with the negroes instantly lost its charm. I finalgrew so curious about the matter that a few years ago, in Tallahassee, I set about to solve the problem for my own satisfaction. I found to my delight that the weird effect of the plantation songs is from the observance among the darkles, probably unconsciously, of certain rules in regard to the accent and breathing. They never take breath, as we do, at the end of a line or phrase, connecting their sentences with that peculiar wavering tone so full of pathos and melancholy. Another singular thing is the heavy accent on the latter



MRS. JEANETTE ROBINSON MURPHY. part of every monosyllabic word, thus giving two musical tones for each word one syllable, with the same, longdrawn, wailing sound between the tones. There are many other peculiarities in the exact rendering of the plantation songs, but these are the most essential and the most strongly marked that have come to my notice.

Mrs. Murphy does not confine herself to parlor recitals, but gives her services gratuitously to prisons, hospitals and missions.

Only One Way to Get Volunteers. There had been a lack of men joining the ranks, and the colonel was visiting a recruiting station, inspecting the workings of his recruiting sergeants. Suddenly a terrible noise of shouting and shuffling of feet came through the open window. Now it came from the stairway, intermingled with sundry loud bumps and knocks, and the door burst open, showing a red-faced, persing and tugging at a big country lad. The latter was doing his best to escape the firm grip of the soldier. "Halt!" cried the colonel. "How is this?" he said to the sergeant. "Is this the way you secure recruits-by force, sir?" The red-faced sergeant looked up and down, then at the colonel, and blurted out: "Sure, sir, the only way to get them volunteers is by force, sir."

Trained. "Are you afraid, Lily, when you go driving with Mr. Phillips, that the horse will run away?"

"No, indeed. Mr. Phillips has trainof his horse to drive without lines."-

How mixed up divorced people must get in their kin affairs!

When the planet Mars is nearest the

earth it is 86,000,000 miles away. AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE.

The man who is charitable to himself will The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistan or made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the resions of the giands that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my cear sir, or medam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Some St. Louis physicians insist that the anti-toxine treatment will cure the consumption as well as the diphtheria.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitution all remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the nucous links of Eustachian Tube. When this tube gais inflamed you have a rumbing sound of imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out said this tube restored to its normal co-dition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrin, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the macous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrin) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrin Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Beld by Druggists, 750.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medi-cine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

FITS.—All fi's stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvious cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, \$31 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THY GERMEA for breakfast.

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c SURE CURE FOR PILES

An Echo of the Truckee Smash-Up

Many Will Recall This Sad Affair Which Happened in 1892.

Mr. B. Watkins, of This City, Who Was Injured in the Wreck Tells of His Terrible Sufferings and Final Cure.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal. Mr. H. Watkins lives at 2008 Geary street, San Francisco. He is a railway postal clerk, and has been in that business for years. When seen at his home he gladly told his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He narrates the facts leading up to his trying them, the benefits he has enjoyed by their use and the re-

sults of recommending them to others. He said: "I have suffered from rheumatism for years. At times I have been so bad that I could not raise my arms over my head. No one had worse rheumatism than I had. I got it first in the Truckee smash-up. I was laid on the snow in the wreck and then taken to the railroad hospital. Ever since then I have suffered at times terribly, that is to say, up till a year ago. Once at Redlands, in San Bernardino county, I thought I should die, and at Promontory I was so crippled that I had to be carried to the mail car. No one who has not had it can understand the agony. I was not able to get out of bed at times. I had to erawl on hands and knees from the bedroom to the kitchen.

Occasionally when I tried to rise in the morning the pains would seize me and I had to be caught to prevent my falling. I tried every kind of medicine. The only thing that helped me at all up to a year ago was some fear-ful stuff an old Mormon gave me when I was taken down in Utah. It was horrible stuff to take and only eased me for a short time.

"About a year ago I went into the 'No Percentage Pharmacy,' on Market street. While I was there an old man named Cowen, of Vallejo Junction, came in. He told me he was going to get Pink Pills for his rheumatism. I told him if they could do him good they might help me too. He had been up to Byron Springs and was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. The doctors told him just as they had told me, that medicine would do him no good. Well, I didn't give up. I am young man and you would not expect me to give myself up as a hopeless rheumatic at my age. I was ready to try anything. I bought two or three boxes of the pills and began to take them. The way in which they took hold of me was simply wonderful. I did not take many of the pills either, and of course, I am careful not to expose myself. I have never been lame since and have never lost a night's sleep from rheumatism. I recommended the pills to my friends and I have yet to hear from the first one who has not been benefited. As for myself, I would gladly make affidavit to the good they have done me, in fact I am only too happy to do so, for I cannot say too much for the benefit I have re-

on my train one day I saw the old He replied they are fine.'

well again.

rarely I use them now."

He Was Not at Gettysburg.

"People sometimes ask me," said an old soldier, "if I was at Gettysburg, and when I tell them the fact that I was not, do you know that I sort of imagine that some of them think that then I couldn't have been very much of a soldier? I suppose it's natural enough too. It is perfectly natural that people should be most impressed by the greatest battles of the war, and natural enough to get an idea that the greater the battle the greater the danger and the greater the call for bravery, but as a matter of fact, a man can be killed just as dead in a little fight as in a big one."-New

It is now claimed that foods stored in an atmosphere of carbolic acid gas are preserved indefinitely, the freshness and flavor being retained better than by the use of dangerous antiseptices or of ice.

Oxalate of lime is found in the bark of trees. The strange discovery has recently been made by Dr. Kraus, in Germany, showing that there is a steady loss of these crystals during the

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to knock at his door will need a thick cushion on his

The trouble with the man who is always talking about what he'd do if he had plenty of money, is that he never has any.

Over 800,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various particular use! For this one room our parts of the world. Of these, butter-flice are among the very rarest, as less than twenty specimens all told, have

THE HURRICANE

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh; I know thy breath in the burning sky; And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,

Through the boundless arch of heaven be

Silent and slow, and terribly strong, The mighty shadow is borne along,

Like the dark eternity to come; While the world below, dismayed and dumb, Through the calm of the thick, hot at mosphere Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast, and the golden blaze Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze

And he sends through the shade a funeral glare that is neither night nor day, A beam that touches with hues of death The clouds above and the earth beneath To its covert glides the silent bird, While the hurricane's voice is heard Uplifted among the mountains round,

And the forests hear and answer the He is come! he is come! do ye not behold His ample robes on the wind unrolled? Giant of air! we bid thee hail!

gale; How his huge and writhing arms are ben To clasp the sone of the firmament, And fold at length, in their dark embrace, From mountain to mountain the visible

Darker-still darker! the whirlwinds bear The dust of the plains to the middle air; And hark to the crashing, long and loud, Of the charlot of God in the thunder cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that From the rapid wheels wher'er they dart

As the fire-bolts leap to the world below, And flood the skies with a lurid glow. What roar is that?-'tis the rain that

breaks In torrents away from the airy lakes, Heavily poured on the shuddering ground And shedding a nameless horror round. Ahl well-known woods, and mountains,

and skies, With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my I seek ye vainly, and see in your place .

The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space, whirling ocean that fills the wall Of the crystal heaven and buries all. And I, cut off from the world, remain Alone with the terrible hurricane. -William Cullen Bryant.

SIX CENTS A DOZEN.

She lives on Forquer street-a bright faced, smiling little Italian woman. Her husband is out of work, and she is fighting the wolf from the door, partly by being foster-mother for a baby of six months, and partly by finishing boys' pants for 6 cents a dozen pair.

I could not believe it at first-it seem ed impossible that anyone could ask human fingers to toll for so little, but then, flesh and blood is cheap, and we must have bargains!

. There is a small cottage-a miserable hut it seems to an American eye, in one of the sunniest valleys of Southern Italy. The humble roof shelters five "Going through Vallejo Junction people—the father, a dark-browed, but kindly man of steady habits; his wife. gentleman, Mr. Cowen, and I called not very neat nor very enlightened, out to him 'how are the Pink Pills.' but eminently plous; a daughter, 14 years of age; a son, of 12, and a diminu- this: I was down in Los Angeles and tive old woman-called by courtesy, called upon a postal clerk, a friend of child-of 5. To-day there is a commo mine. He told me that his wife was a tion within, for to-morrow the priest great sufferer from rheumatism. I told will pass on his regular round of visitaher to try the Pink Pills, and now tion, and the house must be set in orthere is no one in Los Angeles who der. And, indeed, it is fairly clean; thinks more of the pills than Mrs. for despite not very cleanly instincts, Carr, that is her name. "I don't think things can scarcely get so bad in Italy she had rheumatism quite so badly at as with us. To begin with, the cottage I, but she was just as anxious to get rid stands by itself, and tumble-down as of it, and she is just as grateful to be it is, the fresh breezes and the soft perfumes of the little garden, and, "I always keep a box of the pills above all, the genial Italian sunshine, handy just in case I should need them, keep it free from the dreadful condithough my wife will tell you how tions one day's carelessness breeds in

Forquer street. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in And now the house is tidied. The a condensed form, all the elements little basket of fresh eggs is ready. necessary to give new life and richness Flowers deck the tiny place, the best to the blood and restore shattered holiday attire is put on, and at last nerves. They are an unfailing specific in the distance the reverend man of for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, God appears. He enters the humble partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, door, pausing on the threshold to be-solatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervestow his blessing, and in its new coat ous headache, the after effect of la of whitewash, the little hut seems grippe, palpitaiton of the heart, pale worthy to receive it. The due rites and sallow complexions, all forms of are performed, the eggs laid in the weakness either in male or female. attendant's basket, and with words of Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or peace the priest rises to depart. But will be sent postpaid on receipt of no, there is another matter. Will the price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for father hear of it? And then the hus-\$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or band tells that they are going to Amerby the 100), by addressing Dr. Wil- ica. He has heard wonderful tales of liams' Medicine Company, Shenectady, that far-away country-and it is never hard to get bread there. They have longed to go for many months, and now a cousin has offered them a loan for their passage-money-it will be easy to repay it, once there-and be fore the father comes again they will be gone. Will he not give them a special blessing this time? Oh, it would not be for always. When they had grown rich, they would come back Dealer. and live out their old age in dear Italy. Nevertheless the aged man, who loves them, lets fall a tear, and his voice trembles when, with uplifted hands he invokes the divine sanction and blessing upon their long journey.

Castle Garden! What dreadful noises! And still they can feel the throb of the great ocean steamer's beart, and they sway on the stable land as if still on deck, but no time must be lost. Chicago, the great hearted city of the West, is to be their home, and again their journeying is resumed. But at last they are here. And what a greeting! The rain is drizzling down into the dirty gutters, already full to over flowing, the streets reek with foul odors, and the room they are to call home is not by itself, and these is no place for a garden. They have the twelfth family under the single rooffamilies that have only one, two, or at the most, three rooms to call their own-as long as they can pay the rent. Their own single room tenement is the front one in the basement, and is eighteen feet long, eleven and one-half feet wide, and seven and one-half feet high. And yet some people are so extravagant that they really believe it is necessary to the health, for each individual in a room to have 506 cubic feet of air space for his own friends are to pay \$8.50 per month. Here the five must live, eat and sleep, with the smell attending washing and

cooking emulpresent. Is it any won-der the good wife hopes their fortune will soon be made, so that she may feel the soft air of Italy again?

But some way, the fortune comes the father is so fortunate as to secure work on the streets, and his wages of \$1.25 per days seems princely, until he finds with what ready facility money slips away even from an Italian in Chicago. The boy is soon initiated by his comrades into boot blacking and paper selling, and in the early full the elder daughter goes into a tailor shop where she alts all day over work that is taking all the youthful vigor and beauty out of her, and worst of all, the poor mother moans, she scoffs and leers now at the old, simple life in Italy, and manages to pass half the night-she doesn't know where, or with whom. Her wages are not making them rich, either-who said money was easy to get in Chicago-her wages are only \$1.50 a week.

And her son-he curses and drinks and refuses to go to confession. Even her husband, so good and plous in Italy, doesn't seem to care any more for what the priest says, and often comes home drunk. Oh, why did they How his gray skirts toss in the whirling come to America? And the one room gets dirtier and dirtier, while they become poorer and poorer. Winter comes, and the father is out of work. Then the mother visits the tailor shop and comes home with an armful of boy's pants to finish-for which she gets 6 cents per dozen pair. If she works hard she can make eighteen, possibly twenty-four cents a day. Truly, a fortune is easily made in Chicago!

But the depths are not yet. The husband, taking pattern after his neighbors, thinks they might take a lodger or two; and they make their appearance the next night-two lowbrowed, victous-looking countrymen, whom five years in Chicago have brutalized, and the desperate mother shudders when she sees the glances they bestow upon her daughter-now 15, and all innocence well night stamped out of her.

Then, by and by, she gives up hope, and sits and broods day after day with an ominous look in her eyes, when by chance they rest upon ber little 6year old daughter. What chance is there for ber?

Morning papers! Times-Herald, Tribune, News! All about the murder and suicide! Paper, sir? And Christians and philanthropists read and shudder-and then dismiss the matter as an every-day occurrence. A poor Italian women, "in a temporary fit of insanity," has killed her little 6-yearold daughter, stabbing her to the heart with a knife, and then, with the same weapon, she cut her own throat. The reporter says there seemed to be "no special reason for her madness." And mothers exclaimed over the lack of maternal instinct among the poor-and then went shopping, and were so blind they could not see the blood that everywhere stained the ready-made garments exposed for sale!

And the Recording Angel wrote down the word Murder!-but not after an Italian name; and opposite many thousands of names, respectable and revered on earth, he wrote: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

Then a great city was called to judgment, and the verdict upon her was

"She maketh her poor a reproach and a shame, compelling them to live in conditions under which it is impossible to be pure. Because of her worshp of money, and 'because of men's blood and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein, the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer IL' "-Ram's Horn.

How Edison Learned to Tell Stories. "It seemed like a waste of time," said a gentleman who passed an evening with Mr. Edison in Norwalk, Ohio, recently, "to hear Mr. Edison rolling off story after story, and demanding of all his acquaintances to tell him more, when he knewshow much information we might have received from him. I finally asked him bow he got to be such a story teller. 'Well,' he replied, 'when I was quite a young man I was a telegraph operator during the war. I was stationed at St. Louis, which was a sort of distributing point for a large district, and when we would get our batch of stuff off, and we still had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one he would wire it to me. Then I would send that off to Louisville and New York and Cinciunati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back, "Ha, ha." over the wire. In this way we would get all the heat stories there were going, and we would always write them out for the day men. It got to be a sort of passion after a while, and has stuck to me ever since."-Cleveland Plain

A Mystery of the Rifle.

Something that no man understands is why a rifle, clapped in an immovable vice, will not put the bullets in the same hole every time, even if the wind does not laterfere. A correspondent of Shooting and Fishing tells how he put a rifle of 32 caliber into a vise and fired it ten times, the sights being always aimed at a mark. The bullets went all over a four-inch circle at fifty yards. Theoretically all ought to have gone into the same hole.

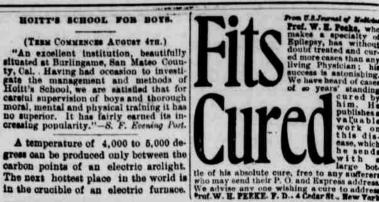
A man who holds his rifle gripped hard at one time and easily at another will not shoot as well as one who takes the same hold of his rifle every time. The best results are obtained from bench rests when the man puts his shoulder against the rifle butt.

Young Cockerels as Broilers. fowls, especially the cockerels, is when they attain the right size for broilers. They will bring more then then after they have attained full growth in the fall, when most of the thinning out is usually done by farmers and when the market is sure to be glutted. For early brollers in June and the fore part of July an extra price can generally be obtained, as the market then is not so well supplied as it is later.

Telegraphs in the United States. This country has 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wires enough to reach forty HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

(TERM COMMENCES AUGUST 4TH.) "An excellent institution, beautifully situated at Burlingame, San Mateo County, Cal. . Having had occasion to investigate the management and methods of Hoitt's School, we are satisfied that for careful supervision of boys and thorough moral, mental and physical training it has no superior. It has fairly earned its increasing popularity."—S. F. Evening Past.

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increases every year. Try it and you will see why.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

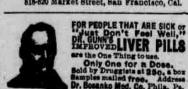
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"Knocks Out All Others."

The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock. 6からからいいいいい

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is ful in relieving the backaches, headaches which burden and shorten a woman's women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists, BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

AGENTS WANTED, Ladles or Gentlemen, J mevery town, for one of the best selling articles made. Used by every man, woman and child, Fredericks kanitary Tooth Brush with Tongue Cheaning Attachment. Endorsed by all the leading physicians and dentists. Send 15c. for sample. Retails for 25c and 5c. WILL & FINK CO., S15-820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
- FOR CHILDREN TRETHING For sale by all Draggieta. 25 Cente a bettle.

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Is this what ails you?

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