IN ARCADY.

It was easy to say "I love you!" Under a summer sky, When the hours went slow and the been hummed low, And the winds went whispering by.

For we were young and happy, Nothing of life knew we; And what more sweet than with careles

feet To wander in Arcady?

To-day, in a book forgotten, I found a rose you had kissed. Do you remember the moonlight? The path to the lover's tryst? And do you sometimes, I wonder, Think of the past and me? And wish some day we could steal away And wander in Arcady?

Ah, no, 'tis a foolish fancy, The dream is dreamed and over, And you have forgotten the dear, dea

When I was your royal lover; For we were two weary worldlings, Seldom from care set free, And never again can we find the path That leads through Arcady! -Detroit Free Press.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS

Inspector Hookyer had served his twenty-five years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that casehardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it," arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story.

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining a canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant, and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore

an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone, but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been out walking with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some thirty miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she had refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime, but I, of course, at once ed to hunt up Lamprey, and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one and another, I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeplejack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed to the very top of you steeple,' pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount. 'After the storm had damaged the weather cock Jack climbed and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it.' "The man seemed to look upon Lam-

prey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travelstained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job. and had stained his clothes, and she recollected immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments. "There was sufficient to justify me in

obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job-no one knew where exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool-and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to, and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and toward evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside of Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter and night had set in, so that it was extreme ly doubtful if we could follow the man abut we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket, but do all we could we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So. hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched, but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, Plain Dealer.

much to my anger and disgust, when I KING'S WIFE IN A WORKHOUSE. arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his Sad Story of a Refined Woman and landlady said, and had left again with a

bag of clothes. "I was mighty savage, you can guess,

versation on the man I wanted. "'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the poverty and ill health could not defellow. 'About an hour ago or mayhap stroy. She was very retleent as regard-quer and give health and strength to the athlicted parts. a little more. He was going to Maccles- ed her past, but was so evidently a genfield, he said, to catch the early train tlewoman that the sympathetic visitor in the morning into Staffordshire, where exerted herself to obtain admission for tured in California recently, and ichhe's got another job. He seemed in a the invalid into a home for the dying, thyologists are in doubt what to name it. mighty hurry, too.'

this man was the one who had given ings. Lamprey warning, but whether that Before her death the stranger told was so or not his information that night her story, and a strange and romantic appeared to be correct, for I met several one it proved to be. At 17 she was inpeople who had seen Jack going across formed by her parents that she was to the fields toward Marple, which was be married, and although she had no his best way of getting to Macclesfield voice in the matter nothing could have from the place he lived in; but when I been more satisfactory. Her husband arrived at Marple station I was at fault was handsome, cultured and devoted. again, for no train had been out for They lived in a charming country quite two hours, and although I waited house, surrounded by every luxury. till the last train to Macclesfield had and four children were born to the left Lamprey did not show up.

I tramped back and got what rest 1 the long and frequent absences of her could, hoping that something might husband which he attributed to busiturn up in the morning to assist me in ness, but would explain no further. tracked.

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

are after me, and I know what for. I tute and dying, she became an inmate managed to keep out of your way to- of the workhouse. night and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to

loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire the figure of a man! "'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said station. 'He has saved me any more

trouble. "By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and of course the body hanging aloft had been seen and a crowd had already collected, every one recognizing it as that of Jack Lamprey, "'A strange freak,' I remarked to the

sergeant who was with me. going up the spire to repair the vane and enced by a denominational spirit that

(now looking the size of a little child) the selection of Sunday-school books made his way very cautiously close up be left to women, who "instinctively to the body, and, fixing a rope to it, know and feel the kind of a book which to his assistant, who was waiting on the insists that women should be given

the corpse, which he let down to the ground and everyone around me reearth, without showing the respect cause they are cheap. "A Sundayfact some actually called out 'Shame!' storm of jeers and laughter! The thing chase of only a few books at a time.' which had given us all trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's resentation of himself, and in the mid- the railing of the arena: dle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him) Brown? and left his effigy to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I re ceived. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself

"Did the fellow get clear?" asked comeone. "Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Hookyer. But he hanged himself in earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."-Tit-

Well-Paid Clergy. The Established Church in England pays its preachers well. The salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury is \$75,-000 per annum. The Archbishop of York has \$50,000; the Bishop of London, \$50,000; the Bishop of Durham. \$35,000; the Bishop of Winchester, \$32. 500; the Bishop of Bangor, \$21,000; the Bishop of Bath and Wells, \$25,000; the Bishop of Ely, \$27,500; of Gloucester. \$25,000; of Chester, \$21,000; of Exeter, \$21,000; of Hereford, Lichfield, Liverpool, Llandaff, Manchester, Ripan, St. Asaph, \$21,000 each; of Carlisle, Lincoln, Norwich, Peterborough, St. Davids, \$22,500 each; Oxford, Salisbury, Worcester, \$25,000 each; Newcastle, \$16,000; Rochester, \$19,000; St. Albans, \$16,000; Sodor and Man, \$9,000; Southwell, \$17,500; Truro, \$15,000; Wake- other instance of modern enterprise. A field, \$15,000 ;and then besides there is certain tract society commissioned a an army of deans, bishops, suffragans, canons, etc.

In View of Recent Events, "Jimson wants the Presidency of the Fifth National Bank, doesn't he?' "Yes; but he stands no show against

"What's Shumway's recommendation for the place?" "He hasn't any relatives."-Cleveland

Her Wretched End. both with myself and with the police of thetic record, and for sad vicissitudes can find them out. Aches and pains are frequented I came across a man to elderly woman in the infirmary, who whom I had previously spoken, who was a Norwegian by birth, but who seemed to know Lamprey in a very dis- spoke English and other languages flu tant sort of way, and I turned the con. ently. She had all the beaux restes of a very lovely woman, which years of in which she might pass her last days "I had reason afterward to think that iu peace and amid congenial surround-

couple. The only drawback to the per-"Tried and vexed beyond description, fect happiness of the young wife were HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

recovering the ground I had lost, but At last there came a day when the afraid that for once I had let my quarry man returned no more from his accusslip, and that I might never catch him, tomed journey, but sent his lawyer innow that he was aware he was being stead, from whom the bewildered and heartbroken woman learned that her "Sure enough, something did turn up supposed husband was the king of in the morning, and something which and that, owing to pressing reasons, confirmed my fears, though I felt that the liaison should terminate. An adesoon after 7, before it was quite light, ly with the past, she came to live in the size of a silver dollar may be clearand I had only just got up when a boy London. After some years she married by seen. came running in with a letter, which an Englishman and shortly after the had been delivered at the police station. king died, leaving a lump sum to her. It bore the Marple postmark, and was This money the husband got from her addressed to The Detective from Lon- to invest and ran off with the entire amount, leaving his unfortunate wife penniless. She had never been trained to do any sort of work, and things went "From John Lamprey. I know you from bad to worse until, utterly desti-

Sunday-School Libraries.

Edward W. Bok has been making a make an end of it. Look at the church careful and comprehensive exam nation steeple when you get this to-morrow of Sunday-school libraries, and in the Ladies' Home Journal he confesses "The church steeple was a tall and himself disgusted with the literature prominent feature whichever way you thus placed in the hands of our boys turned, and I had only to go to the end and girls. A less complete investigaof the street to get a full view of it. tion, Mr. Bok says, would not have When I got there and looked up I saw made it possible for him to believe that something that gave me a start. In the the libraries of our Sunday-schools uncertain light of the early morning I were stocked with such piles of rubcould discern against the gray sky, bish-"wishy-washy literature," as he hanging by the neck to one of the iron terms it. He quotes the titles and gives the themes of a number of books he obtained from Sunday-school libraries, to myself, as I hurried to the police his conclusions. "Such books," he conand these seem to completely warrant tends, "are an insult to the intelligence of the young people, and have a pernicious influence. Instead of being healthy books they are decidedly unhealthy in tone and teaching. Surely we are cultivating a dangerous taste for reading in the young when we feed them on such rubbish."

Mr. Bok unhesitatingly lays a part 'I don't think so,' he replied. 'Jack of the blame upon the Publication had made himself a sort of hero over Boards and Societies, which are influthere was nothing more likely to occur narrows their choice of books. Then, to his mind than to finish his career at again, it is shown that the most mediocre sort of "talent" is employed to "There was no one round Stockport write these books, and that beggarly who would venture up the spire and a prices-less than \$80 per book-are telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge paid. A share of responsibility. Mr. for a man to come and get the body Bok asserts, rests upon the men who down. It was past midday before the purchase Sunday-school libraries, who, steeplejack arrived and by that time as is most frequently the case, are not half Stockport had heard of the affair. qualified for the task, and whose ob-"I shall never forget the few minutes ject is to secure a library as cheap as that followed, while the steeplejack possible. Mr. Bok warmly urges that made his preparations for lowering it a boy or girl will read and enjoy." He top of the square tower to receive it. carte blanche to make the selections There was something awfully sad and so far as the prescribed amount of mon-"In due course the assistant received he course which he let down to the five hundred books of indifferent inmarked that he swung it roughly to the terest," which are bought simply bewhich might have been looked for. In school library cannot be created in a day, and no discouragement should be "But all at once the hush which had felt if the financial means of the church fallen upon the crowd was broken by a are contracted, and necessitate the pur-

The Chicago Stock Yards. It is very interesting to watch the sale of horses in the arena at the yards. start Lamprey had cleverly misled me You enter at a large door and are inthe night before. While I had been troduced to some horsy-looking man, wasting my time at Marple he had been commonly red-headed, and then this employed in stuffing the suit of clothes course of secret society halling and rewhich he had taken from his lodgings sponse is gone through as eligible for with straw, making a very passable rep- the higher glories of a place alongside "So you're from Chicago,

"Good town."

"We think so up there." "But she ain't in it with the National yards on mules," very decisively. "Ah," says the candidate for the esquire degree. "Is that so? Do you think so?"

"Think so?" retorts the red-haired chancellor commander, "There's no call to think. It's true." "Yes?" "Yes. And horses, too. National

yards just wallops the daylights out of Chicago on horse sales." "You don't say." "You bet I do. Why, we send horses

to Germany, Arabia, Iceland, the South Pole, Saturn, the Milky Way and Neptune. Our sales and shipments last year were-" And then he goes on rolling out cipbers and figures and statistics like a sort of volcanic eruption. If you, the candidate for further mysteries, are wise and cautious, you will assent to this villainous insult to your town's greatness and supremacy, and will be allowed to approach the arena and, indeed, may be given a cigar. The cigar, however, you should by no means smoke. It was made by an incompetent and excited non-union man, and the materials were timsonweed. and the maker was in a hurry-Chica

An Egyptian Advertisement The story of the proposed trolley line from Cairo to the pyramids recalls annainter to place religious texts on all available objects in Egypt. He traced this question on one of the pyramids

"Another painter, in the interest of a quack medicine concern, came along and added beneath: "If you do, take Blank's Pills,"-At

"Do you want to be saved?"

lanta Constitution. Nearly every man is compelled walk up hill to reach is grave

Why a weasel should hate a rat is strange as he is only an elongated rat himself. The romances of the London work- Rats and mice love hidden places, and a houses would form a thrilling and pa- weasel is about the only living thing that the place for not keeping a better lookout, but it was no use losing my head
over it, and I at once set to work dogging his footsteps after he had left his
lodgings. In the public house which he
frequented I came across a man to shun the corners where a weasel has been and pains and aches once fairly driven out by St. Jacobs Oil are permanently cured and seldom come back to their old haunts There must be patience with the treatment some chronic forms are stubborn and re-

A fish with nine mouths was cap-THE FAULTS AND FOLLIES OF THE

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic catharies. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remach constipation manifests itself, and thereby pre-vent it from becoming chronic.

Salicylic acid, boric acid, borax and formaldehyde are some of the chemicals added to prevent milk from souring.

All Fastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tea Garden Drippe" is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufac-tured by the Pactric Coast Syrup Co. All gen-nine "Tra Garden Drips" have the manufac-turer's name lithographed on every can.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895. In the fiords of the Norway coasts I had got my man dead if I had missed quate sum was settled on her and the the clearness of the water is wonderful. him alive. The postman came around children, and, wishing to break entire. At a depth of thirty fathoms objects

> A wealthy gentleman in Paris, whose wife could not resist the desire to gamble; has secured a legal seperation from In six months she had lost 435,-

A - proposition to reorganize forty counties in Western Kansas in four large ones is being agitated in that state.

> **Warner's Safe Cure** IN LARGE BOTTLES.

wwwwwwww



Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warner's Safe Cure Co. have put } on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at all druggists at half the price of the large bottle.

Dafe Cure is not only a scientific vegetable claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess pe-



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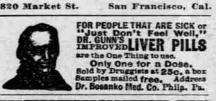
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N.P.N.U. No. 696.—S.F.N.U. No. 778

Most British geologists are now prepared to admit that the earth has passed through several glacial periods, instead of only one, as is commonly

A London scientist has invented a dressing a letter? Why do we write mirror of celuloid which accurately re- "Dear Sir" even in addressing the veriflects every object. The celuloid mir- est stranger? Why do we subscribe ror is unbreakable, and is cheaper than ourselves to all correspondents as glass and lighter.

The hissing sound produced by serpents is greatly exaggerated, as the quantity of air contained in a snake's grams, yet we do not feel that we are lungs is too small to produce a loud In the opinion of Crispi, former end of the dispatch without any flour-

working to prepare a future for the peo- direct, simple and truthful in our let ple of the Old World which is not an ters as in our telegrams?

facture of soft bats. cial game of the rodents.

prisons by electricity is under consider-ation, and is proposed to erect a more than 8,000 persons in writing special description of treadwheel to "Dear Sir," "Yours truly," "Mr." and supply the motive power.

St. Louis, Mo., is the largest streetcar manufacturing city in the world. The output last year was about 3,000

Her Physician: in Iowa Said She Was to tell the postman that J. Wintersmith Going Into a Decline, and That Her Lungs Were Affected-They Sent Her to Nevada.

But to Fight Lung Troubles or Any Wasting Disease, Build up Your Flesh.

From the Express, Los Angeles, Cal. Two years ago, back in Eastern Iowa. Miss Maude Lease began to go into a decline. She lost flesh rapidly. Her appetite failed. Fearful headaches nearly drove her frantic. She consulted local physicians-good, honest, practitioners. They told her that her lungs were affected; that medicine might alleviate, but a change of climate was the only remedy that offered a prospect or Hon. Daniel Webster. of cure.

Ill and despondent she delayed as long as possible her departure, but at last it became imperative, and she came to an aunt at Verdi, Nevada, in the hope of finding health and strength in the pure air and among the pines of the Sierra Nevadas. But she continued to fail, and to add to her miseries, learned to know the anguished sufferings which attend that complication of ills, that for want of better nomenclature, has been denominated "female weakness." And now comes the miraculous part

of the story, just as she told it to the interviewer last night:

"I ran down to 118 pounds," she said. "suffered tortures from those terrible beadaches and from sleeplessness. liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I or read a page of law. My aunt persuaded me to try Dr. Wiland hoped for none from these pills. But to please auntie I began to take them. From the first day I noticed a beneficial effect. The headaches grew ess severe; my appetite gradually returned. I could sleep nights and began to get good and strong.

"I used to take one of them thre times a day. In two months I weighed 138 pounds, and was entirely well, and have been well ever since. The winters at Verdi were very cold and, be-"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have

helped me more than anything I have ever taken. I thank them for my health and ability to enjoy life. I am living at No. 800 Hope street, Los Angeles, and shall be only too glad to repeat what I have just said to anybody, either in person or by letter." So spoke young and attractive Maud

Lease, and no one who saw her big eyes snap as she said it could doubt the earnestness and sincerity of her state-

And that is why we say the story of a miracle is floating through the air, although now the miracle has become an established fact. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in

a condensed torm, 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 la grippe palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid 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.

The banks of Newfoundland are made by the sand, ice and stone brought from the north by the icebergs.

\$100 REWARD \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded d sease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure knows to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and naucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the toundation of the disease, and giving the readers. tient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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A SURVIVAL OF NONSENSE.

Absurdities Connected with Letter Writing. Why do we write "Esq." after a

"Yours truly," or other words to that

meaningless effect? We do none of these things in telediscourteous to John Jones when we address him by telegraph solely as John Jones and sign our names at the prime minister of Italy, Americans are ish of words. Why should we not be as All these practices are survivals from

Hunters in Kansas earn about \$2 a an age of leisure, extravagance and day slaying jack rabbits. The skins surdity and a costly one. More than are sold for three cents each to Eastern three billion letters are written every hatters, who use the hair in the manuyear in the United States. Allowing half a minute as the time consumed in In the mountains of Swetlen, Norway writing "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly" and Lapland all vegetation would be inside and "Mr." and "Esq." outside destroyed by the Norway rats were it of each of these letters, and allowing not for the white foxes, that make spe- 300 working days of ten hours each to the year, the people of the United States waste in this way 8,333 years The lighting of certain of the London of time every year. In other words, "Esq." At the lowest calculation the time thus wasted each year is worth ten millions of dollars, or half a river and harbor bill.

The sole purpose of a superscription on a letter is to tell the postoffice peo-The velocity of light is 186,880 miles ple to whom and where to deliver it. All that is necessary for that purpose is to write the name and address, "J. A Young Woman Gains 20 Pounds Wintersmith, 34 John street, New York

City," completely fills the requirement.

All else is waste. There is no occasion is a clergyman by writing "Rev." before his name, or that he is a woman and unmarried by writing "Miss" there, or that J. W. aforesald is a married woman, or has been, by writing "Mrs." But we have worse habits than these. In addition to the meaningless "Mr." and the absurd "Esq." we are constantly addressing men as "Hon." or "Col." or "Rev." Why do we do it?

As every little politician who gets himself elected an alderman or a member of the Legislature is thenceforth forever called "Hon.," why should anybody think it a requirement of courtesy to address so justly distinguished a man as William L. Wilson, for example, as "Hon. W. L. Wilson?" We do not speak of Hon. Thomas Jefferson

Military titles are necessary in military life. In addressing a general or a colonel in the field an indication of his rank helps to find him, and perhaps it helps discipline, too. But why should we go on calling men colonel, general. major and the like long after they have retired to civil life, merely because they held such rank in the volunteer forces of thirty-odd years ago or because some governor has appointed them to his staff? We do not speak or think of Gen. George Washington or Gen. Hannibal or Gen. Julius Caesar.

Still worse is the title gratuitously conferred, the "honorary" title of colonel and the like. There are tens of thousands of "colonels" in this country who never commanded a squad, and "judges" who never sat on any bench

It is all falsehood and flummery. As is convenient when the first name of the person addressed or referred to is not used. So are "Mrs." and "Miss' in like circumstances. All the rest are "leather and prunella," which is the poet's phrase for stuff and nonsense,-New York World.

The First Literary Critic. While the writings of Aristotle, Plato and other eminent philosophers, before the Christian era, are in a sense critisides, I had heard so much about South- cal, those of Plato especially bearing ern California that I came to Los this character, the first professional literary critic, who can be classed as such, was Longinus, a Greek philosopher, born A. D. 213, and put to death at Palmyra, A. D. 273, by Aurelian, after Zenobia had been defeated and Palmyra taken. The works of Longinus have been preserved only in fragmentary form, but laid down the lines of criticism, which, in most essential particulars, have been followed by subsequent writers. The fragment of his essay "On the Sublime" has been the model for subsequent essayists, even

> A Ring in a Cow. A gold ring that is supposed to have

the great Burke not disdaining to imi-

tate his style of handling a subject.

spent nearly two years in a cow's stomach was sent the other day to its owner. a young lady of Homestead, Pa. Two years ago the young lady was visiting on a dairy farm, and while in the barn picked up a kitten and tossed it in a pile of chop and, bran. With the kitten went a gold ring from her finger, which could not be found, and was given up and finally forgotten. Several days ago Edward Jones, a butcher, bought a cow from the dairyman, and when the cow was killed the ring, with the young lady's name engraved upon it, was found in its stomach.

This Is Hard to Believe. A queer story is told of an English naturalist, who died in 1860, and was buried at Blankey, in Lincolnshire, Among his pets was a large gray bat. This bat was permitted to enter the tomb, and was sealed up alive along with the corpse of his dead master. In 1866 the vault was opened, and to the surprise of all the bat was alive and fat. On four different occasions since the relatives of the dead man have looked after the welfare of his pet, and each time it has been reported that the bat was still in the land of the living

Tacky's Wisdom. "Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a perfectly beautiful Christmas present?"

although occupying quarters with the

dead. It was last seen in 1892.

"Yes, indeed." "Then now is the time to double my allowance, so's I'll have the money to buy it when Christmas comes."-Harper's Bazar.

Barbers in the early days of the Christian era were not permitted to talk while shaving a patron. Indeed. silence was so much appreciated by persons while under the barber's hands that mutes were preferred for this ser-

On the Right Track. "Tommy, what is a miracle?" "Som'thin' that never happens

mum." "No; it isn't exactly that. But can you illustrate what you mean." "All I know is that mom says it would be a miracle if pap come home sober."-Philadelphia North American.

A man is occasionally called chickenhearted because he refuses to steal.

NOW WITHOUT A RIVAL.

man's name or "Mr." before it in ad- No Remedy to Compare With Paine's Celery Compound.

> Read the Really Wonderful Experience of Rev. Dr. Bailey and His Good Wife, and the Indorsements of Other Eminent Divines.



should read carefully.

faith in the remedies he or she has nally, tried because none of them has done any good-every one who is sick ought to be cheered up and filled with new Wells, Richardson & Co.: hope and determination by the letter Gentlemen-It is impossible for me written by Rev. William T. Bailey, to express the emotions of my heart on pastor of the Curtis Bay Church, the the great good Mrs. Bailey and I have most influential church in South Balti- derived from the use of Paine's celery

On March 31, 1896, the Baltimore Sun, under display headlines, pub- I wish to continue its use. The people lished the following news of Rev. Mr. of my church are very kind to the poor, Bailey's affliction:

"Rev. Wm. T. Bailey, pastor of the Curtis Bay Baptist church, was para-lyzed in the tongue while preaching you wish and I will with pleasure Sunday night, and lost the power of answer all communications sent me. I speech. The congregation was at once dismissed, and Dr. -- was called. He said Mr. Bailey was suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration caused by hard study and overwork, and that he must have rest and quiet.' The whole city was shocked. The papers soon began to record an improve-

On April 13, 1896, the following open letter was addressed to the proprietors New York City. Rev. Dr. Meek, editor of Paine's celery compound:

Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co.: had used nearly every kind of 'prescrip-an honest, self-respecting people, why My doctor could not help me, so I dis-Murphy, told the public how Paine's celery compound with crushing effect. his family. I will not hesitate to say that it is the best medicine in the world. I am, Fraternally.

compound. I married, six years ago.

had a great deal of trouble and expense.

Here is a letter from the pastor of attended her, and one bottle of Paine's the most influential church in South celery compound has done her more Baltimore, that every truth-seeker good than all of the other medicine. She and I are together using Paine's Every disheartened sick person and celery compound, and I will with pleasevery man or woman who has lost ure let you know the result. Frater-William T. Bailey.

compound. I am a new man. We have taken together eight bottles, and and I have given to some of the poor money with which to purchase the believe the remedy is the best in the Yours very truly,

William T. Bailey, Pastor Curtiss Bay Baptist Church.

A few weeks ago there was published testimonal of the great virtue of Paine's celery compound from Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D. D., LL. D. the eminent Presbyterian preacher of of the Central Methodist, recently South Baltimore, Md., April 13, 1896. wrote an open letter, telling that Paine's celery compound had worked a remark-Gentlemen-I was taken very ill able cure in his case. And tast month charged him and began to use Paine's celery compound had been a blessing in

William T. Bailey. this wonderful remedy received still Such persons fill up the army of broken

Gentlemen-I propose to do what I to purify the blood and regulate the can to let people know of your Paine's nerves. Carry home today-not by and celery compound, the medicine that has by-a bottle of Paine's celery comdone me so much good. I shall in my own pound. Cure nervousness, neuralgia, way, in speaking of my rapid and great and rheumatism this spring. You can provement, from the pulpit, give, as now put your health on a sound basis is justly due, tribute to Paine's celery by means of Paine's celery compound. Miss Lillie B. Dunnavant, a lady well tend to your own health and that of known in social life, the niece of Capt. your family. Robert F. Lewis, U. S. navy. During Paine's celery compound is within the whole six years she has been an in- reach of every family where there is a valid, suffering from hysteria, laugh- member afflicted by any stomach, liver

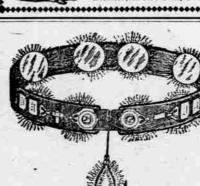
Every one knows conscientious, charitable persons who are too busy, more often too procrastinating, to save their health from going to pieces, and find it Later in the year the proprietors of easier to help others than themselves. another letter from Dr. Bailey, as fol- down business men and sickly women. Every one in this spring time needs

ing, crying and screaming, so that she or kidney trouble. It cures permanentcould be heard for squares. I have ly and rapidly. It must be distinguished from all Eighteen doctors have, first and last, other remedies

REASONS FOR USING-Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. 1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. Because beans of the finest quality are used. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired

the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.

Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent



YOUNG MAN!

You have exceeded the limit allowed by nature in the enjoyment of worl ly pleasures. You have at some time overtaxed your nervous system, and there is a weakness lurking there, ready to break forth in all its pitiable, destructive effects upon you. Do not disregard these little symptoms, which you teel from day to day; they are messages telling of the suffering of your nerves, and warning you that a break-down is near. It may come tomorrow, and then it will be too late to mend.

Mend now. What energy is left you, put it forth and save yourself. Call on or write to Dr. Sanden and study his plan. Study how so many unfortunates have been saved.

portance to you. Have you read or heard of the wonderful cures which are being accomplished by Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt

There is not a hamlet on the Pacific coast but has one or more who owe heir happiness to it. This is the record of five years of good work. "Belt has proved entirely satisfactory; my appetite is great, digestion good memory improving, muscles hard and strong, bowels in good order, sexual strength improving, great increase of confidence. Can do more work with greater ease than I ever have done before."-R. B. DOUGLAS, Stamwood

What a record this paper could show if people cured of such troubles would allow their names to be used! Every day some grateful, restored man gives thanks to Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. So will you if you try it.

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how so many unfortunates have been saved Don't wait; not today. It is of vital im-