



It covers a good deal of ground—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer \$500 reward for an incurable case.

TAXATION IN ITALY.

Government Takes Nearly One-Third of the People's Earnings.

Low Wages and High Prices Keep the Working Classes in a Perpetual State of Poverty—Financial Mismanagement. The cities of Italy, the communes and the provinces are threatened with political extinction as well as with financial ruin, says an Italian correspondent of the New York Independent.

Income from landed estates pays a tax of 43 per cent. for national and local purposes; rent on houses pays 34 per cent.; the earnings of merchants are taxed 13 cents on the dollar. All incomes above \$120 pay one-seventh of the amount to the government.

One would imagine that, if taxes and the cost of living were so high, wages would be correspondingly high, but just the opposite is true. Farm laborers get but 20 cents a day on an average.

The best handles of small tools, says an expert on the subject, are made from the wood of the apple tree, which is extremely hard when dry, and possesses a fine grain.

THE CHRONICLE is prepared to do all kinds of job printing.

LEGENDS OF HAUNTED HILL.

Traditions of Love and Hate That Are Floating Around Among the Indians. Haunted hill, in Frazier, on the road from Springfield to Pottsville, is an odd-looking mound which is wrapped up in the mysteries of several Indian legends, says the Tulare (Cal.) Times.

Two legends are told—one a tale of Indian love and jealousy, the other the story of a dreadful and fatal battle between the Tule river Indians and their enemies, the Mexicans residing near San Diego, in this state.

The other legend is perhaps the more authentic; it is the one sadly told by the few surviving members of the once prosperous and numerous Tule Indians. In brief, it is this: The Mexicans from southern California were wont to make raids into this valley and drive away the ponies of the Indians.

NOT HEREDITARY.

You May Get Consumption in Various Ways, But Not by Birth. The accumulation of evidence is becoming so great that every physician of experience is forced to share the belief of the communicability of consumption.

The Morality of Athens. The city in Europe which makes the best showing, so far as morality is concerned, is Athens. Within the memory of the present generation, there has been no single matrimonial scandal that has taken place in the society of the Grecian metropolis.

According to the dispatch from Winona, Minn., twelve thousand dollars in bills has been found in a piano stool among the effects of Lena Weinberg, the housekeeper of the old Huff house, who died two years ago.

CONCERNING DYNAMITE.

Several Millions Dollars Invested in Its Manufacture in the United States. Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put.

Nitro-glycerine is the force of all high explosives. Dynamite is the name most usually given to these explosives, though other names are sometimes used. Dynamite, says the Detroit Free Press, is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chili, carbonate of magnesium and wood pulp. Dynamite is put in paper shells usually one and a quarter inches in diameter and eight inches in length.

Dynamite will not explode from any ordinary fall or jar; it will burn without explosion and freezes at forty-two degrees, ten degrees above ordinary freezing point. The bomb of the anarchist is made of metal or glass and filled with pure nitro-glycerine arranged so as to explode by severe contact with any hard object.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

A Thief and a Vagrant Traded Identities for Mutual Advantage. Here is a bald statement of facts, says the Pall Mall Gazette, and it reads like an ingenious bit of fiction. It only happened recently, and the authority is the report of the police office. A poor man wandering in the Paris streets came up to a constable and entreated to be arrested. He said he was penniless and hungry, and that at the lockup he would at least get a bed and a breakfast.

LIGHT OF COMING DAYS.

A Scientist Thinks Phosphorescent Glow Will Supercede Electricity. It seems hard to believe that in a very few years the incandescent lamp, which we now regard as in many respects an almost perfect light, will be regarded as a crude makeshift, which mankind availed itself of while science stood on the threshold of the discovery of the perfect luminant.

ANCIENT AMERICA.

Supposed to Have Been Atlantis a Powerful Empire. According to an Egyptian Legend the Whole Continent Was Engulfed in the Sea by a Convulsion of Nature.

In a volume entitled "The Lost Atlantis," by the late Sir Daniel Wilson president of the university of Toronto an interesting study is made of the legends which suggest that America was known to the ancients. In two of Plato's dialogues, the Timaeus and Critias, it is related that Solon, the great Athenian law-giver, during a visit he made to Sais, in Egypt, some thirty-four hundred years ago, was informed by the priests of the former existence, west of the strait of Gibraltar, of an island continent in the Atlantic ocean, says the Baltimore Sun.

Has this legend a basis of fact? It cannot be accepted as a whole, it appears, because the Atlantic, in the opinion of geologists, has been substantially what it is for many millions of years. Geology shows evidences of local upheavals, but none of the submergence of extensive continental areas. Sir Daniel accordingly feels compelled to reject the sinking of Atlantis as a detail of the story he is disposed to accept.

When the Egyptians ceased to rove the sea Atlantis was lost to view at Sais and became a dim legend. Evidences of Egyptian intercourse with it are to be sought, according to the author, among the ruined cities of Central America. Such evidences may yet be forthcoming.

AN ODD PROFESSION.

Good Incomes Are Earned by Finding Lost Articles in Shops. Few women shoppers in their rush for bargains stop to think of the number of things that are lost by that great army of bargain hunters every day. Pushing and pulling at each other as they do in their attempts to get near some special bargain, the unnoticed dropping of a handkerchief, pocket-book or fan is a common occurrence, according to the New York World.

COMFORT HOT AND COLD.

It is to Be Found in the Reflection That There Are Worse Climates. Which is the very hottest region of the globe is disputed warmly sometimes by travelers. The thermometer will not decide in the sense we refer to, says the London Standard, because local conditions have such great influence on our feeling of misery. Those who have been quartered at Aden would not allow that any spot on this upper earth can be more awful than that. But unfortunately who have dwelt in Scinde mock the terrors of Aden. Visitors to Bushire, in the Persian gulf, talk lightly of Scinde; and Russians assert that there are districts in central Asia more terrible than all three.

APOLLO IN DISGUISE.

The Man Who Delights in Posing Before Passengers in Horse Cars. "Do you see that man standing in the center of the car?" said a conductor on the Columbus avenue line to a Boston Herald reporter the other day while on a downtown trip about ten o'clock in the morning.

"Yes; anything usual about him?" "Only that he is stuck on himself." "How does he show it?" "By declining to take a seat when a passenger leaves. I have been watching him now for three or four weeks, if there are a number of ladies in the car when he enters he insists on standing, notwithstanding the amount of vacant space at his disposal. From his actions one would believe he did not see it, and frequently it happens that some kind-hearted old gentleman who never loses an opportunity to be of service to his fellow man will poke Mr. Vanity in the back with his cane and direct his attention to a seat. He always meets a solicitation of this nature with "No, thank you; I prefer standing, as I intend getting out shortly."

"If there is a pretty girl in the car he manages to get as near her as possible, so that when the car sways in taking a curve he can jostle against her and go through the street-car etiquette of lifting his hat and begging her pardon." "If he enters a car that is sparsely occupied, and no ladies are present, he takes a seat as close to the door as he can, in order to be the first one to rise when a lady does come in. The "thank you" he receives for his disguised courtesy he interprets as a recognition of his personal attractiveness, and his actions during the remainder of the trip are based on this presumption. If the lady should by chance happen to look toward him it adds strength to his false supposition and additional height to his mountain of conceit. When she leaves the car he follows her with his eyes until she is out of sight, with the hope that she will turn and give him some sign of recognition.

SUED FOR STOLEN TIME.

How an Old Proverb Led to an Innocent Man's Conviction. A rather striking case has just been brought before a Victorian justice of the peace, says the Australasian Traveler. A man named Rathbone sued one Jackson for time.

"Well," said the justice, when the case was called, "you have brought an action here for time, but you do not specify. Did you give this man Jackson so much of your time and has he refused to pay you for it?" "Your honor, this man has had my time and does refuse to pay me. I will explain. I live on the road and above him and some time ago bought a fine clock on the installment plan. The other day the fellow came around to collect the installment, and it occurred to me that, as Jackson could hear the clock strike, he ought to help me pay for it. I looked into the matter and found that he had no clock and I also learned that his hours were regulated by my timepiece. Then I told him that he owed me for my time and explained to him, but he refused to entertain my claim."

AN EDITOR'S TALK.

He Tells What Names Are Popular Among So-Called Literary Women. An Old Editor: I wonder if any woman ever liked her own name? When I was in the harness I used to have to read all the manuscript that came to the office. Most of our contributors were women. Women, I have sometimes thought, are naturally inclined to literature. I never knew one who didn't drift into writing for the press if she had the slightest encouragement. And when they begin to write of course the first thing they do is to select a nom de plume. These assumed names used to amuse me and I took a fancy one day to keep track of them for one year. At the expiration of that time I discovered that the dame "Maude" led the list. The next was "Lillian," and then they scattered off into the realms of fiction. "Boula," "Mispah," "Rowena," and the like. Occasionally I found one who assumed a commonplace tag, and I noticed that such a one, as a rule, generally made her way to the front. I wonder whatever became of that long procession of sorrowful-looking creatures who used to come to my desk with great bundles of manuscript and beseech me to examine it and use it, at the same time telling me of the sick children at home who were famishing for bread, and who couldn't get any until "this article" was printed. At first I was soft-hearted and listened to these appeals, but soon found that I had more manuscript on hand than I had columns in the paper. Then I grew hard-hearted. For instance, I would ask one: "How many children have you?" If she said more than two I asked their names. Then I would ask the nature of their diseases and she would tell me. I would take the story and label it, "Katie-measles." Then of the next applicant the same query. Then the label, "Johnny—the mumps," and then I would lay the MSS. away in a pigeon-hole and occasionally I would look them over and wonder how the invalid corps were progressing. When I felt a little womanish in my heart I would select the "disease" which I thought was most dangerous and use it. And then I used to watch the obituary column. But I never saw the announcement of the death of any of the starving ones whose names were on the parchment in my pigeon-holes.—Chicago Tribune.

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