

This is Friday. Yesterday was a fine day. Things rather quiet in Billville. Another baby up at Jett Tasy's Hoorary for Jett!

Our wife spent yesterday over in West Elderberlyville. Grandma Hanks was 94 yesterday. Congratulations, granny. One of the Tweedy twins is quite sick with symptoms of scarlet rash.

Messias are in Billville. Two of John Prouty's children are down with them. They are light. Sam Sharkey has painted his front fence and is laying a new boardwalk before his house. That's right, Sam.

Elder Tweek will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday. Those who have heard him say he is fine. Well, come, elder. Dave Tenney treated his wife to a new three ply ingrain parlor carpet last week and a new sofa. Wish we could do the same by our wife.

Uncle Billy Hendricks was 85 yesterday and celebrated the day by walking over to Pikeville, six miles from here. Go it while you're young, Uncle Billy. Will some of our former friends bring us a cord of well seasoned hickory wood in return for a subscription to The Clarion? A fair exchange is no robbery.

Y editor will be 41 years old next Monday. On our last birthday we received the gift of a barrel of flour and two hams from appreciative citizens of the town in which we then lived. Our wife's grandmother deceased in Indiana last week, aged 90 years, 1 month, 1 week and 3 days. Had she lived eight months, two weeks and four days longer she would have been 91.

Our wife did not go on to the merchant. Aunt Jane Poolo has just completed a quilt containing 2,640 pieces. The design is of her own get up, and it is a dandy. Keep at it, Aunt Jane. Mush and milk sociable in the Baptist church Monday night. Proceeds to go toward a double seated baby carriage for the pastor's twins, born three weeks ago. The cause is a good one, and it has our best wishes for its success.

We would like to give advertising or job work in return for a ten gallon keg of new sorghum molasses. Would also be pleased to negotiate for a barrel of sauerkraut. We must eat to live. Grandpa Byler killed and dressed a 240 pound hog all by himself last Tuesday. Pretty good for a man 83 years. Ain't laid on the shelf yet, are you, granddad?—New York Sunday World.

Reflections of a Bachelor. A girl may be as pretty as a picture and yet be hung in a bad light. Women love babies so much because they don't seem to care a hang. Most women don't know enough to be egotists; most men know too much. When a woman doesn't know anything about it, she tries to hide it by being very positive. When a girl begins to study elocution, she is never happy till she learns to recite a dialect poem.

His Object. "I wish," said the artist who had been so absorbed in his work as to neglect his catting, "that you would send out and get a nice large head of cabbage." "Certainly," replied his wife. "Have you an inspiration for a new still life?" "No, I merely want it for a pot boiler."—Washington Star.

The Amazonian Cut. First Amazon of Dahomey—I was completely hemmed in by the enemy, but I cut my way out. Second Amazon of Dahomey—What? I said I told you, but I did it. I just didn't notice them any more than if they weren't there at all.—Detroit Journal.

The Place to Pad. Tailor (to mother who is having a suit made for her boy)—Do you want the shoulders padded? Little Boy—No, mamma; tell him to pad the pants.—New York Sunday Journal.

His Explanation. My partner (expected), you see. He's very rich and wealthy Miss B. She writes, "Have a cigarette, old." Poor old girl—getting old. Is that why I love her? Well—out! Now, the Pitts helped out on the night with a girl who was "there for the night." As far as Miss B. is concerned, "Some cousin or niece" (They've a dozen a-piece)—I consented with thoughtless impulse.

You'll excuse me just here if I swear—That girl had most glorious hair. And I acted the bear. When my partner is poor—Yes, I acted the bear. With that rose tinted beauty of mine. And not till this moment, from you. Have I learned what would make a girl blue?—That's allowed that million. And thought that she hadn't a son.—Tom Hall in New York Sunday World.

Not the Stomach's Fault. "Doctor," said the patient, "I lie here there is something wrong with my stomach." "Not a bit," replied the medical very promptly. "God made your stomach, and he knows how to make it. There's something wrong with the you put in it, maybe, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in. Stop it down, but your stomach it is all right."

And then the patient immediately went out to find a physician who understood his business.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

New Era in Medicine.

This tells of a discovery that alleviates suffering and prolongs life. It is inexpensive, effective. Medical science is revolutionized over this, one of the greatest achievements of modern times.

It seemed impossible to correct or even to check the disorder. The fact that several dollars spent for the right medicine has effected a cure where a skilled and expensive physician aided by the latest and most ingenious instrument of science, had failed, is a matter of much importance. Important, because it opens to downcast sufferers a new, inexpensive and sure avenue to the restoration of health and the full enjoyment of the pleasures of life. Such was the experience of Mrs. Ada M. Herr, of 439 North Charlotte Street, Lancaster, Pa.

From a weak, nervous, desponding person, she was made a strong, active woman and a cheerful, helpful wife. Her story is interesting. Mrs. Herr suffered terribly from female disorders. Her nervous became unstrung, cramps gripped her and caused the most intense pain. So weak and physically demoralized was she, that the slightest labor weighed her and household duties were a burden.

Wrestling With the Czar. One of the stories of Peter the Great heard in St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragon. Once in the imperial palace, so the story goes, Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, he called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars. Is there among you one who will wrestle with me to pass the time and amuse the czar?"

There was no reply, and the czar repeated his challenge. No prince or nobleman dared wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, Orthodox czar," he said, "I will wrestle with thee." "Well, young dragon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee, but if thou art thrown thou shalt be beheaded. Will thou wrestle on those conditions?"

A Queen's Indiscretion. In connection with the stories of Bismarck's enemies among royal ladies the following anecdote, which has never been publicly related, may now be printed: Queen Sophia of the Netherlands, the first wife of King William III of Holland, was too great a friend of the Emperor Napoleon III, the Empress Eugenie and of France generally to take kindly to the great chancellor. Before the war of 1870 and probably some time after the Luxembourg squabble there was an international exhibition in Amsterdam, which the queen visited. She was conducted over the whole place by the committee, and as they came to a certain section one of the members said, "Now your majesty will see the greatest enemy of Germany." "Ah! Bismarck!" she cried with some glee. The members stood aghast and never repeated this rash exclamation.

Chocolate and Coffee For Caramels. Put into a granite saucepan a quarter of a pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate, four ounces of butter, one pound of brown sugar, a gill of molasses, a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the whole over the fire until thoroughly mixed, when boil slightly until it cracks or hardens when dropped into ice water. Turn into greased shallow pans of a depth of half an inch and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold, grease a sharp knife with olive oil and mark the caramels into squares, cutting part way through the mixture. When cold, break apart, wrap in waxed paper and put in tin boxes to keep.

The Alligator's Dinner Hour. Miss Vera Gould of Thirty-ninth and Baring streets has a pet alligator which was sent to her from Florida. Since the arrival of the alligator, which is about 18 inches long, Miss Gould incurs the loss of a pet kitten, and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Alligator usually receives the best of attention and after a good square meal is at peace with the world, dozing in his tank until mealtime comes again. The tank is located in the dining room, and the other day his midday meal was forgotten—that is, forgotten by everybody except the alligator. He proved, however, that he was not entirely dependent upon others when his appetite was assailed.

Missing Fire. "Glad to hear your son is getting on so well in the volunteers, Wicks. I understand he is making quite a stir in the regiment on account of his shooting." "That's right," said Wicks proudly. "He's going in for the Bisley shoot next year. That boy can use the rifle, and I'm going to let him develop his talent. He'll be one of the best shots in the world." "Well, I hope for his sake that the old idea isn't true—that the next world is really a continuation of what we do here." "What do you mean, sir?" "However good a shot he may be in this world, I suppose, you hope he will miss fire in the next."

Much in Little

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chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold, or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A FEMALE MEMBER.

EVERY GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS HAS CONTAINED A WOMAN.

It is a Weakness of the Sex, and They Are Frequently Very Clever—Some of the Women Who Have Been Convicted of Making and Passing "Queer" Money.

Women have a weakness for counterfeiting. The first person ever executed for that crime was a woman. She was an English woman named Barbara Spencer and was put to death in 1731 for making false shillings. She was strangled and buried at the stake. Curiously enough, her accomplices were acquitted. Nancy Kidd was one of the most remarkable female counterfeiter ever known in this country. She belonged to a family of noted forgers. She carried on her nefarious trade for more than 30 years in Chicago, and was arrested there many times. On one of these occasions a lot of paper money was discovered on her person. The government officials were completely at a loss to know how she had obtained this. Finally she confessed that a chemical solution had been used to wash the faces of the notes and make them perfectly clean. This she was in the habit of taking \$1 bills and changing them into larger denominations. The government authorities released her in return for this valuable information and for telling them what the solution was. However, they had her shadowed by detectives and finally caught her with \$17,000 worth of counterfeit money in a box. She was found guilty upon seven different indictments for counterfeiting and was sentenced to eight years in the state prison, where she finally died.

One of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam was invented by a woman who lived in Philadelphia. Her plan was to take \$10 and \$20 goldpieces and with a small drill worked by steam power to bore out the insides and then refill them with some base metal, being very careful that they should weigh exactly the right amount when she had finished. This she accomplished by drilling through the milled edge of the coin, and then, after filling the hole, cover it with a little of the extracted gold. In this way she made \$7.50 on every eagle and about \$16 on every double eagle. The officials of the secret service say that this is the safest device ever invented for cheating the treasury.

Counterfeiting is very apt to run in families. This, of course, is natural, as a father brings up his son or daughter to follow his profession. Women who would otherwise be good are often led into this sort of crime by marrying men who carry it on as a business. But sometimes it works the other way—women teach their husbands how to make false money. This is what happened when Ben Boyd married Mary Ackerman of Indiana. Her father was one of the most successful counterfeiter of his day, and his daughter had a thorough acquaintance with the art. Mrs. Boyd carefully taught her husband all the secrets of the trade, and he became one of the most famous forgers of the age.

They carried on the business with such a high degree of skill that they were not captured for years, and when at last the secret service Hawleyshes did run them down not a single counterfeit plate, note or coin was found in their possession. When their house was searched, \$8,000 in good money was found. This small amount was all the money they had accumulated during all their years of crime. Of course the officers could not touch it. Afterward sufficient evidence was secured to convict them, and they were sent to prison. They both claimed to be converted while in state prison, and after their release settled in Chicago, where they apparently lived an honest life.

A case that annoyed the secret service very much was that of a woman who employed a clever doctor. She went to a large shop and selected a valuable shawl. To pay for this she handed the clerk a United States treasury note for \$1,000. He took the money and disappeared, not returning for several minutes. When he came back, she asked him why he had kept her waiting, and he confessed that he had taken the bill to a bank near by to be sure that it was good. She pretended to be very angry and said that she would not buy the shawl on any account and walked out of the shop. A little later in the day she returned and said that as she could not find any other shop she had decided to take it in spite of the insult offered her. She gave him the \$1,000 bill, and getting the shawl and the change, left the shop. The owner of the shop afterward discovered that the note he finally accepted was a counterfeit. The first bill had been good, but on her return she gave him the false one, which was a wonderfully clever imitation. The secret service was much agitated about this, which turned up, but they have since captured the plates.

Practically every gang of counterfeiters ever arrested has had women associates. In the office of the secret service in Washington there is a large frame, 4 feet square, filled with the photographs of women who have either made or passed false money. Men almost always employ their wives or daughters for the purpose of "showing" their counterfeits.—Washington Post.

Set Out Trees In the Spring. Spring is a better time to set trees than fall, because at that season trees are in a condition to grow and will, therefore, be in a condition to respond more readily to treatment, while in fall they are unlikely to establish themselves before the winter sets in. Preserve the roots to the fullest possible extent and do not disturb the tree until after it has ripened and shed its foliage. If the roots are cut away, as they almost invariably are in spring planting, be sure to cut them off proportionately.—Eben E. Reardon in Ladies' Home Journal.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WILLIAM HENRY FORTISKEW

Der's a con down on de avernew Named William Henry Fortiskew, I see cross me twenty dollahs, tew. Dat I never made day wid me, Yit when I g'oned dat coon ter pay Ho kiffas me off from day ter day— He down hean deat dat a way— Fill I see dis bawlin wand.

New, I tell yo' 'at I gwinter do 'e William Henry Fortiskew, 'Les be done settle up wid me. De nez' time I calls roan, 'I'll fell dat atugh tew de floor, An crack his head agin de door, 'Till he done wetish in his goze, 'Dat a me, right up an down!

I do danned a danned dat Fortiskew, 'I see cuss'd him till de air git blue, Dezo warned him dat I'd lick him, tew, 'Fer treatin me like dat. 'Terday befo' de sun done set, 'Et he don't liquitate dat debt, 'I'll fraid him out ser fine, yo' bot, 'He won't know whar he's at.

I'll do dis like I sox I'll do 'Tid William Henry Fortiskew, 'Et he don't g'onne dat money up 'Terday when I calls roan, 'I'll swamp dat coon ter fell de floor, 'An flood his fin wid cullid goze, 'He won't coon lunko folks no more— 'Dat a me, right up an down.

—B. G. Wheeler in Boston Traveller.

THEY WERE BAD MEN

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLSWORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back In the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now—How Some of the Citizens Settled—Wild Bill and Jim Curry.

"Ellsworth" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, cottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, located on the outskirts of the village.

"What is that building?" I asked of the gray bearded man who had shared my seat for the last 30 miles.

"That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer."

"They have picked on a very quiet town in which to rendezvous."

"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 30 years ago, when Ellsworth was bell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than bell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the corner six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved on west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then the carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens—after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder.

"Apache Bill, scout and tough, took up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half bred Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff."

"Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Curry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent."

"Wild Bill was a merry man and did some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keen eye and ready revolver were not master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time—well, Bill was gone himself when the second time came to a climax.

"I will tell you the story of the time I was present. Now, I never knew Bill in self defense or there was no other way to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would have peacefully if he could, forcibly if he must. Jim Curry was a coward, but he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Curry thought he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.

"So he sent Bill word he would kill him on sight, but that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.

"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do he had his gun against Bill's head and said, 'Now, you long haired—I've got you, and you're going to die.' Bill never batted an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not shoot a man down without giving him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wouldn't I? What show did you ever give any one, you?'—"

"The Dutchman was dancing around like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for him and Bill to shake hands. If they would, he would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: 'Now, Jim, I got nothing ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet here and lots of savvy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to get more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to get there than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer to enjoy it and be happier than if you kept up projectu with me. So now let's drop this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you.'—Indianapolis Journal.

BLOSSOM TIME.

High above in the cherry tree The bees are holding a jubilee. The bees are busy, and the wind is shy, And the air is sweet with the rare perfume.

"We need not wait for the fruit to grow," The bees seem busy as they go. "The blossoms are sweet, and the wind is shy, He loves to scatter them by and by!"

High above, among the blossoms gay, The bees are gathering sweets today, And Robin wisely shakes his head, "They're welcome; I'll wait for the cherries and!"

—Agnes Lewis Mitchell in St. Nicholas.

THE GIANT CACTUS.

Mexicans and Indians Make Many Uses of the Ugly Plant.

Southern New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Texas embrace a region totally unlike any other section of the United States. This portion of our country bears evidence of its Mexican origin in its swartly population and its low built "adobe" houses, while its bleak mountains, hiding treasures of precious metal, and its sandy deserts, among whose greenwood and mesquite bushes live the poisonous tarantula, the venomous rattlesnake and the stinging scorpion, seem but part and parcel of our sister republic on the south.

That which strikes the traveler most forcibly, however, in journeying through the sandy wastes is the wonderful luxuriance of the cactus family, which appears to grow everywhere, the lowly cholla (choyayah), the redlike ocaillia (o-kah-lee-yah) and that unsightly giant, the great sabaara (sah-wah-rah). The drier the sand and the hotter the sun the better the cactus seems to flourish. On some mountain sides the chollas grow so thick one cannot pass through them, so fierce are the sharp spines of the cholla "balls." Carved at their ends like fishhooks, these little spines pierce leather and fasten upon the skin of the foot, causing the most intense pain.

Rough and repulsive as these various kinds of cactus are, however, yet a use has been found for most of them. After treating the stems of some of the smaller varieties furniture is manufactured from them—chairs, tables and other small articles. The tall, graceful stems of the ocaillia are gathered and woven into fences, while the weird, uncounted sabaara is put to a number of uses which will require a more detailed description.

The sabaara, easily the king of the cactus family, is peculiar to Arizona, its fluted columns, with its gaunt, upward growing arms, covering the deserts in some places like a veritable forest. It is often 20 feet in height, and its heart is a watery pulp protected by long parallel strips of tough, fibrous wood, reaching from base to top, the whole covered with a thick, green skin which successfully turns the sun's rays and prevents the evaporation of the water within. Where the sabaara gets its water is a mystery, since it grows in the driest of places, at almost yearly intervals. This water, however, is of no use to man, as many a poor prospector has found to his sorrow. It is strongest and bitter, serving only to increase thirst.

The Indians of the country—Apaches, Pimas, Papagoes, Maricopas—use the straight, flexible poles which form the skeleton of the sabaara in the construction of their huts. Like the prickly pear, the giant cactus also bears a fruit which grows on the very tips of the parent stalk and its branches. This fruit is nearly the size and shape of a hen's egg. When ripe, it is of a scarlet hue and splits open into four lobes, disclosing a pulpy mass about the consistency of a fig and filled with minute black seeds. The Mexicans and Indians are passionately fond of this fruit—and so are the birds. The former, if so fortunate as to get ahead of their feathered rivals, take long poles and knock the fruit from the top of the stalk. The Indians squaw dry it and prepare it into a dish resembling fig paste.

But there is a use to which the squaw put the fruit which is not so commendable. It is pressed in wide, shallow baskets and the juice collected in pottery ollas (o-yahs), vessels of native manufacture. The ollas are then stored in a small room where a fire is kept burning until the appearance of a white froth on the surface of the liquid indicates that fermentation has commenced. It is then a strong drink called "tizwin," for which the Indians show a deplorable fondness. In former years the government always expected trouble from its red proteges in "tizwin time" and extraordinary precautions were taken to hold the savages in check during those particular periods.—Detroit Free Press.

There Was No Escape.

Mrs. Hoan (looking up from her reading)—Here is an item in The Bazon which says that there are no less than eight hexadactylons in the county. Do you suppose that is true?

Hen (in a worldly way)—Certainly. Certainly. Know it to be a fact.

"Well, what?"

"By the way, my dear, I understand that Mary Ella Stang is to be married some time next week, and"—

"What?"

"I said Mary Ella Stang is to be married next week."

"I know you did. But do you know?"

"Er—hm! That reminds me. Gableton passed quite a compliment on you today. He said you were looking"—

"Much obliged to him, I am sure. But what?"

"I don't know that I ought to repeat it, but there is a story going the rounds about Bakox's financial condition?"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Hoan. What are hexadactylons?"

"Why, they are—or—hanged if I know, my dear."

"I thought you didn't."—New York Sunday Journal.

Sadly Mismatched.

Mrs. Brimby—No, marriage is not what single persons think it is. I used to think that Brimby and I were made for one another, but we are sadly mismatched.

Mrs. Person—Why, you surprise me.

Mrs. Brimby—Alas, it is too true. He tells me I talk in my sleep, and I'm sure that he often sleeps while I talk.—Boston Transcript.

A Puzzled Parent.

"It is a difficult problem," said the conscientious man, "very difficult. What is worrying you?" asked his wife.

"If I use slang before our sons and daughters, it will encourage them in the practice, and if I don't they will say I am a back number."—Washington Star.

Recompensed.

"The Jimson girls were awfully cnt up when their father married again, weren't they?"

"Yes, they were, until they found their new mother was just their size. Now they borrow her clothes."—Boston Traveller.

What Makes It Dear?

Professor of English Literature—You may define the elements of lasting popularity in "Young Lochinvar."

Professions Student—Defiance of parental authority would appear to be the principal one.—Detroit News.

A Youthful Scientist.

A schoolboy was asked to explain the formation of dew. His answer was, "The earth revolves on an axis every 24 hours, and in consequence of the tremendous pace at which it travels it perspires freely."—Tit-Bits.

Practical Piety.

"What is a devotional attitude, grandpa?"

"Getting down into your trousers pockets for a dollar to send to the heathen."—Brooklyn Life.

Goals of Fire.

Teacher—What is meant by heaping coals of fire on a person's head?

Pupil—Roasting him.—Up to Date.

Began Too Late.



"As long as man's goin in fer twins I wish she d commenced wid me, so's it'd be easier fer me t' look out fer 'em."—New York Journal.

The Footlights Will Miss Him.

"Why the microbes of laibness. I heard him complain: 'They are on to my curves, and, never again.' Mar! watch at my moon. The gay ballet girl nymph! My life hangs by a hair— 'They'll destroy me with 'em.'—New York World.



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The Loophole. Mr. Goodheart—Regarding those kittens, my dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary earthenware flowerpot and then suddenly turn the flowerpot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water.

Mrs. Goodheart—Yes, yes, that is a good idea, isn't it, because, you know, there is a hole in the bottom of the flowerpot for the poor little things to breathe through.—London Fun.

It is said that Australian shepherds can forecast the weather from the condition of the wool on the backs of their sheep. An increase in the curliness indicates better weather.