

Billousness Hood's Pills
Caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning.

STORIES OF STETSON. ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

Young Girls Fading Away.

Symptoms that seem like consumption; a lack of blood; friends feared one girl would fall dead on the street; restored to health by a sensible woman's suggestion.

Many girls of sixteen years seem to be in perfect health. Their anxious parents and friends watch them slowly fade away. A death-like pallor, transparent complexion and listlessness are signs of this condition.

Women in London are now very tailor made. Cloth suits of all kinds are universally worn in the street. Coats are also in vogue, and no up to date woman is seen without this accessory of fashion mounted in gold or silver.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THEY NEEDED COONS.

AND ZEB WHITE'S WIFE MADE AN APPEAL TO PROVIDENCE. She Wanted Twenty Big Fat Coons and Dreamed About Them Nights—The Bolt of Lightning and the Hollow Tree. Some Prayers That Were Not Answered.

A BIT OF LAMB WIT.

Some time ago while I was trading in a village store one of the clerks came to the Junior partner, who was waiting on me, and said: "Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his account and wants a receipt."

An Honest Judge.

"One of the most honest men I have ever lived was Judge Arthur Shields," said C. R. Markham of Cheyenne. "He was on the bench in the early days of Kansas, and I was one of the lawyers who practiced in his court. Upon one occasion I was conducting a case in which the evidence against my client was so strong and so unexpected that I saw the case was hopeless. I fully believed the witness lied, but could not shake them by cross examination, and it looked as though my client would lose his property. Judge Shields had decided every question with perfect fairness, and it could not be seen that he was in any way interested until suddenly he called to an attorney, 'Mr. Black, take the bench for the rest of this case; then, turning to me, he said: 'Have me sworn as a witness. I will not see a man robbed in this court in matters of which I am personally cognizant.' He took the stand, and his testimony saved the case for me. The other side appealed, but the judge was sustained, the only case of the kind in the books."—Washington Star.



"ALL ALONG THIS YERE MOUNTING FOLKS WAS PRAYIN."

away alone, Zeb Thompson, an old man what was up he said: "Zeb White, this ain't no question about Providence bein in Tennessee, same as the rest of the kentry, but she ain't in the coon bines, an I'll bet on it. She's got heaps o' bigger things to see to, an yo' ole woman will only waste her breath."

Cremations.

It is noteworthy that though in each of the American crematories more men than women have been cremated the movement abroad was practically begun by women, Lady Dilke of England and a German woman having been cremated at Dresden. When efforts were made in the years 1873-4 on the continent of Europe, in England and in the United States in favor of the cremation of the dead, Lady Rose Mary Crawshay was one of its prominent advocates.

Tailor Made Costumes.

Women in London are now very tailor made. Cloth suits of all kinds are universally worn in the street. Coats are also in vogue, and no up to date woman is seen without this accessory of fashion mounted in gold or silver.

THE LEADING PAPER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PACIFIC COAST CHRONICLE

THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States.



THE DAILY CHRONICLE The Weekly Chronicle The Great Weekly

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE Reversible Map?

Map of the World SHOWING THE UNITED STATES, DOMINION OF CANADA AND NORTHERN MEXICO ON ONE SIDE.

"I Love You!"

"Oh, what music there was in those words as they flowed melliflously—which means something about honey—from her parted lips. Her lips were parted in the middle. "I love you!"

When You See It In Print.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated as when he is obliged to read his own proofs. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved with the stride of an armed man or danced as a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The phrase that glowed with color is now pallid. Sparkling wit is flat. Sage reflection is jejune. The thought, "Shall I ever get the money for this?" is justified by, "Who would be fool enough to pay for it?"—Boston Journal.

The Dignity of Labor.

It is one of the weaknesses of many nice girls that they do not feel secure enough of themselves in taking up employment outside their homes, but they must needs offer some excuse or reticence the fact that they are accustomed to something better. It is a weakness which brings them little credit from their confidants. A girl entering a school for typewriting and stenography was asked by the other students why she had come to the school. "Are you taking up stenography and going to take a position just for fun?" they asked. "Why, certainly not," she replied. "It is too hard work. I do not do hard work for the pleasure of it." "We are so glad," answered her querists. "The greater number of the girls here say they have come 'just for fun' and will take positions to 'pass away the time.'"—New York Times.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorless silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humorist smiles on him through life, and that, too, with no seeming effort of his own. He somehow acquires an early reputation for saying or doing funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe Miller, but no literary scholar believes that he originated all the jests in his alleged book. Anybody can think for himself of two or three similar examples in the present half century, and even so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing things that were attributed to him.

When we got to the corner of the Waterloo Bridge road, he asked me to take a glass of letters. So we entered the gin palace, and there we met a well-dressed young lady. The stranger asked her to take a drink. She said she would prefer gin. We took a drink, and she had a will filled with gin, and when she opened it to take her handkerchief out I noticed it was bulged out with rolls of old newspapers. We then went out and walked to the Westminster Bridge road. I said to him: "Here we are now. Go over this bridge, past the houses of parliament and Westminster abbey, turn to the right up Parliament street and there you are at the Horse Guards entrance to the park." He said: "I am much obliged to you for your trouble. Take a glass before you leave."

While we were drinking he said: "I have a friend here, but I have lost his name in this great city. He is stopping opposite some large theater, but I cannot think of its name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name." I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned "Victoria" he cried: "Why, that is it." I said: "We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you to it."

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo." "Michael Angelo," said Stetson. "Well, take it down," said Stetson, "and discharge Angelo. I won't have any of these foreign scene painters around my theater; I'm going to employ Americans."

This so amused those who heard it that they at once told the incident to friends of Stetson and themselves, and among them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Haverly did not laugh when he heard it, but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint smile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

This answer was thought good enough to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the meantime to inform himself of the history of art sufficiently to understand it. "What do you think, Stetson?" said his friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!'" Stetson looked blank in his turn for a moment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have said, 'There isn't any such person as Michael Angelo!'"

This story again recalls another with a similar touch in it. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. D. Howells' old play, "The Mighty Venetia," in which Barlowe Sloot expresses his ignorance by referring to a huckster who he had encountered in Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's sure a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This facile found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death. "What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of a friend, naming one of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask So-and-so whether he thought him only a hatter, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too pedantic." This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic as you usually do."