

THE PRECISE MAN. Advice as to the Manner of Putting on

Fostage Stamp. "When you put a postage stamp on an envelope," said a precise man to his son, "you should put it on square and true, in the upper right-hand corner and as near as possible to the margain of the envelope. You put it on at the right-hand corner for the convenienc of the stampers in the post office, s. that it may be uniform in location wit. the stamps on other envelopes and se more conveniently and expeditiously stamped; you should study the comfor of others as well as yourself. You should put it as near as possible to the corner, so that the canceling stamp will be less likely to deface and so perhaps to obscure the address on the en-"You should put it on square and true

because that is the methodical and proper way to do. Many persons ar-disturbed by the appearance of a stamp put on in a careless and slipshod manner. And I can easily imagine that such a practice might work positive injury to you. You might have occasion to write to a man on a matter of business that was of importance to you. You might compose and write this letter with faithful care and set forth what you had to say with commendable clearness and precision, and yet upset it all by slapping on a stamp carelessly; the recipient might judge you by the one slight act done naturally rather than by the studied work done with a purpose.

My son, don't do it; put the stamp on where it belongs, so that the little touch of color will grace the envelope and not deface it.'

ABBREVIATING TELEGRAMS. Boving Money in This Way Is Sometime

Costly Business. "It is false economy to attempt to save money by abbreviating telegrams, and I found it out to my cost," said a woman several days ago in the hearing of a New York Sun reporter. "It hap pened in this way. My sister and I went to Florida by boat, several years ago, when there was an outbreak of typoid fever in several Florida towns. My sister, Mary, was seasick all the way, and when we reached Jacksonville I telegraphed: 'Arrived, Mary ill. Return next boat.' We took the trip for the sea voyage, you know, and had no intention of staying in Florida. When our boat pulled in at the pier in New York I saw my brother-in-law and his whole family waiting for us. They looked solemn, and I said to Mary "Something's happened.' As we came down the gang plank they rushed at us, and, grabbing my sister, said: 'Why, Mary, is it safe for you to be up and dressed so soon ?' 'Why not?' said my rister in surprise. 'Why, because the fever is dangerous.' Then it came out that they had supposed from my telegram that Mary had typhoid fever. Why didn't you say sea sick, instead of ill, in your dispatch?' asked my brotherin-law. 'Because it would mean an extra word,' I answered. My brother-

GOOD BREAKFAST DISHES. A List of Delightful Recipes for the Spring-Time Breakfast Table.

It is your home woman with a practical knowledge of the advantages of genuinely good living that knows the first meal of the day should be a nutritious one. The breakfasts should be well cooked, the dishes appetizing and good to look at.

For all well-appointed breakfasts fruit, either raw or cooked in some way, generally begins this repast.

Apples cooked in this manner as a breakfast dish are a welcome variation: For a family of six take eight or ten fine soft tart apples, peel, core, slice and set to soak for at least three hours in sugar moistened with brandy and lemon juice. Drain from this and fry to a clear brown in butter, sprinkle well with powdered sugar and cinnamon; then serve.

It is to the southern housekeeper that we owe the cooking of hot breads in all their perfection. To make what is called pone, upon one quart of white cornmeal pour just enough boiling water to seald it through. After stirring it thoroughly, let it stand until cold: rub into it a piece of butter about the size of a small egg and add a little salt. Beat two eggs until light, without separating, add them to the meal, mix vell, add one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, beat until smooth. Dissolve one teampoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of boiling water, stir in the mi, ture, turn into a greased baking pan and bake in a quick oven for 35 minutes. This is a fine corn bread

for either breakfast or tea. Baked eggs as a delicacy for the early meal is unsurpassed. In a good hot oven on a stoneware platter melt a large lump of butter. When thor-oughly softened shake it all over the dush in order to grease it well. On this hot butter drop six fresh eggs as if for poaching. When the whites are set they are done. This should be served with long and narrow pieces of toast without crust, which will act as a garnish for the edge of the dish.

Boston can boast of fine brown bread, and equally so the Boston brown hash, which is an excellent breakfast dish. Chop up the remains of any cold meat, either beef or mutton. At the bottom of the dish put a layer of mashed potatoes (cold ones will answer). Then a layer of meat, then a strata of stale bread crumbs, season with salt and pepper, here and there a few bits of butter, and moisten with a half cup of beef gravy; then another layer of potatoes. Drop a knife into milk and smooth over the top. Bake in a moderate oven until a nice brown. Serve hot.

For a cheese omclette break 12 eggs into a bowl, beat lightly with a fork for a minute only; add one cupful of milk and two ounces of American or Parmesan cheese grated, season with salt and pepper. Put in a frying pan two ounces of butter, when melted pour in the eggs. When they thicken sufficiently, fold in two and serve immediately. The best made omelette will spoil if kept waiting.-Detroit Free

STORIES OF STETSON.

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

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining-Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of The-My upper window where the elm looks in. atrical Circles as Well as Within Them.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous 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, noth-My pleasant bower, and a gentle hill Gilt with wild mustard blossoms. There are ing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are The credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe When day is over at the rumbling mill 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. They were good stories, some of them, and they were told of Stetson, just as the story of fiddling while Rome burned was told of Nero, not because they were true, but to show what kind of man Stetson was.

The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were those which exhibited any bread, comprehensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt-ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he said, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard colege and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him the following season.

This story belongs in the same class is a somewhat more elaborate one. Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic "Take that picture down," he taste. said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo.'

'Michael who?'' said Stetson "Michael Angelo."

"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 th

CAPTURE OF DAVIS. **No Gripe** When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old dashtoned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. BALLADE OF A CITY BOWER.

If bosky dells with brown and silver brooks Pipes numberless perennially shrill, For publishment betimes in sightly books Songs breathing righteous praise of bough

and rill, These are fair spots, but here God's gracious will. A stone's throw from the city's heart and din

They love dark things who celebrate the rocks That build in woody places mirk and chill. My neighbor, too, misled, on sturdy hooks A painted cage hangs from his window sill And hears not in its captive's ev'ry trill Pleas for the liberty he may not win. Those are free, lusty throats with tune that fill

My upper windows where the elm looks in.

nooks

nooks Degond them doubtless which a little skill In ballad making must misprize. To thrill The world with perfect lays let them begin Who can. This theme befits an humbler quill-My upper window where the elm looks in.

THEATRICAL RECEIPTS.

of an article in The Century by E. H. House. Mr. House tells of an interesting meeting between Booth and Charles Reade and reports the following conversation relating to the appearance of Booth and Irving together:

"Is it true that the prices will be changed?" "Doubled, I believe. Irving says they

must be. That is one of the risks I speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else." "Then I hope it will turn out well.

What are the indications?" "Very good, I hear. I cannot judge

myself. The conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slowand thrifty, I suspect-to run the swift American pace. Yet I can't see why ons and ambulances. Among the horses there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and ours. The stories we hear of New York profits sound fabulous. I should say they were fabulous if 1 had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night is nothing to you, it

seems. "Two or three hundred would not stagger us," said Booth, smiling. "nor four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the prosperous houses in New York considered \$1,000 a fair average the year round. 'Stars' traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more." "Were you at all prepared for the

lower receipts here?" "Not really prepared. I was told what to expect, but paid no attention. affair. History has shown should get nothing at the

TRUE STORY OF THE TAKING OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Fourth Michigan Cavalry His Captors-Those With the EI-President at the Time-Exaggerated Stories of Ilie Disguise.

Our cavalry corps went into camp in and around Macon, and in the early part of May it was learned that Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate states, was fleeing for Texas to join General Kirby Smith, there to try and re-establish the Confederacy. Orders were at once issued by General Wilson for his capture. The First Wisconsin cavalry was ordered out on the north or east bank of the Ocmulgee river, and Colonel Minty ordered out his old regiment, the Fourth Michigan cavalry, down the south or west side of the same river, with instructions to intercept and capture Mr. Davis and the party with him. Colonel (since General) Minty, well known in this city, now a railroad official in the west, was one of the finest and most efficient officers in the late war. His command, with Wilder's, in the foremost front, opened the battle on the noted and bloody field of Chicka-

mauga. At Abbeyville, 70 miles south of Macon, it was learned that Davis' fleeing party had here crossed the ferry over the Ocmulgee and were moving southward toward Irwinsville, Ga., 30 miles below and 100 miles south of Macon. Lientenant Colonel B. D. Pritchard, in command of the Fourth Michigan cavlry, marched the regiment rapidly down the river road, and after a 30 mile ride reached Irwinsville late in the night and learned that he had got in advance of the Davis party. Early on the morning of the 10th of May he charged into the camp of the "fleeing Confederacy," and Mr. Davis never joined Kirby Smith in Texas. Many alse and nonsensical stories have been related about this capture and different regiments given its credit. Now these are the facts:

Jefferson Davis was captured by the Fourth Michigan cavalry in the early morning of May 10, 1865, at Irwinsville in southern Georgia. With him were Mr. John H. Reagan of Texas, his ostmaster general; Captain Moody of Mississippi, an old neighbor of the Davis family; Governor Lubbock of Texas and Colonels Harrison and Johnson of his staff; Mrs. Davis and her four children-Maggie, some 10 years old; Jeff, about 8; Willie, 5, and a girl baby-a brother and sister of Mrs. Davis, a white and one colored servant woman, small force of cavalry, a few others much to expect. and a small train of horses, mules, wagwere a span of carriage horses present-ed to Mrs. Davis by the citizens of Richmond during the heyday of the

horse, the pride of the ex-president himself. On the 11th of May, the next day after the capture, and while on our way after the capture, and while on our way back to Macon, as officer of the guard 1880, ignoring in this the percentage of over the distinguished prisoners, I rode growth, 217,000,000 tons will be the by the side of Mr. Reagan, later a senator from Texas. I found him a very fine gentleman. During that day's march a tion and wealth as the United States courier from Macon notified us in printed slips of the \$100,000 reward offered for Mr. Davis' capture, and which notice connected Davis with the assassination of President Lincoln. When Mr. Reagan read the notice, he earnestly protested that Mr. Davis had no con-

nection whatever with that sorrowful with Europe, with resources surpassof all Europe, with wealth creating possibilities in soil, minerals, timber and climate unequaled by Europe and practically without limit to their profitable utilization, with a homogeneous population of 65,000,000 people unvexed by the arbitrary regulations of half a dozen different governments and free from the drain of standing armies, the United States justly commands the wonder and admiration of the world.

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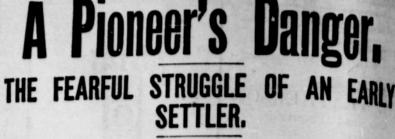
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How One of the Early Farmers in Michigan Over. came a Serious Difficulty-His Life of Hardships.

From the Observer, Flushing, Mich.

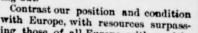
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Besides my regular physician I also con-sulted another doctor but he gave me no en-couragement and said his medicine could do me no good.

relied another doctor but he gave me no not constructed another renewing health-giving couragement and said his medicine could do me no good. "I was finally induced through reading some accounts in the newspapers regarding the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills forPale People, to try them which I did as a last resort.

R. H. Edmonds, a journalist of Baltimore, one of the most eminent authorities on the conditions of recent progress in the United States, contributes to the Engineering Magazine an interesting and valuable paper entitled: "A Decade of Marvelous Progress," from which a few conclusions are extracted: The United States is now the leading manufacturing country of the world. We have far outstripped all other nations in the magnitude of our industrial operations. It is almost incomprehensible that in ten years the increase in capital invested in manufactures should exceed the total invested only twenty years ago. The value of our manufactured products increased about 60 per cent.; add 60 per cent. to the output of 1890 and we would have \$13,700,000,000 in 1900-but that is too

The same rate of growth in mining interests in this decade as in the last would make our mineral output in 1900 nearly \$1,200,000,000, while a smaller percentage of grain, only equaling in volume the total increase Confederacy; also a splendid saddle in 1890 over 1880, would bring the figures to over \$950,000,000. If our coal miners add to the output of 1890 as production of 1900. No other country in the world ever advanced in populais doing. The progress of the past shows no signs of halting. In fact, the development of our foreign and domestic trade and commerce and of our industrial interests is steadily broadening out.





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Charles Reade Wondered Why They Were

So Large In America. "Edwin Booth In London" is the title

town to carry my sister home, and when he found that she wasn't sick he told me that, just as a lesson, I might pay for the carriage. It cost me seven allars, and since then I have written out my telegrams in full."

A DOG STORY.

Bescue Two of Their Kind That Were in Distress

One of the most peculiar incidents in the annals of animal instinct occurred in Rutlandshire recently, the facts of which, says Pearson's, are as follows: Squire X---- is one of the best known characters in that part of the country. A few days ago he missed two of his best sporting dogs, and his general supposition was that they had been stolen. Recently, however, he was surprised to see one of his pets walk into the house, followed a minute later by the other, both wearing the appearance of utter destitution.

Investigation revealed the following facts: While out shooting a neighbor come across a broken bank on his csstate, and two of his dogs showed unensiness at a hole in the ground. Nothing he could do would induce the dogs to leave the spot, and he finally secured a spade and began digging for the cause of the trouble. Eight feet of earth was dug away before the truth was out. Then he discovered the two dogs, evidently buried from their own exertions in endeavoring to chase a in gold and silver, but whether knitted

They had been there for 13 days and were nearly famished. On their return to the squire's house they were followed by the animals who had rescued them, and prompt treatment saved the lives of both.

He Compromised.

One of Calgary's recent contingent to the coast evidently knew but little about the Chinook, judging by the story that is being told on him. Wishing to get some clams to take back with him, he asked an old squaw, who had cobwebs in her oyes and a basket on her head, what she wanted for a basketful. and the blushing brunette replied: "Siteum dollar, hayas klosh." To this the may Calgaryite said: "Yumping yimminy! Six dollars and all my clothes? No, by gingersnap! I'll give you \$2.50, my watch and overcoat." It is unnecessary to state that the offer was accepted. as all the dusky maiden asked for the clams was four bits.

Wanted a Big One.

The annual report of Biddeford's city missionary, just made public, shows some queer sides of human nature, as well as many pitiful cases of suffering. For instance, one woman, who had two or three small Bibles, asked the missionary to get her one of those nice family Libles, worth about \$14. One family who applied for aid were found break fasting on friensseed rabbit, bread and butter, mince pie, and tea, when the missionary surprised them by the un-Expecter! call.

Press.

THE KNITTED WAISTCOAT.

Berival of a Smart Fashion First Introduced in Italy. The new silks lately introduced for

crocheting and knitting fashionable waistcoat forcibly recall the shimmering ones donned by our greatgrandmothers, and most likely worked by themselves in faint imitation of the gorgeous articles worn by men during several centuries. The modern knitter will probably shrink from vying with the patient skill of the woman of a former age, but we may depend on the hand-knitting machines and manufacturers' frames to revive the idea and produce marvelous adaptations of the once gaudy craze. Here is an example of a showy waistcoat lost in 1712 by a Mrs. Beale, and described by "Malcolm" as knitted with green silk and gold and silver flowers all over it, further enhanced with about 14 yards of gold and silver thick lace. This smart fashion was probably first introduced from Italy, the country of gold and silver weaving. In fact, there is

at the South Kensington museum a coat of Italian origin belonging to the 17th century, and similar to a cardigan without pockets. It is knitted in pale blue stocking web, set off in front and at the back with wide bands of flowers and scrolls wrought entirely with the silk or grafted on the webbing is not easy to ascertain through the bad light and glass door. These designs extend about two inches from the shoulder seams down to three inches from the edge, which is knitted with three sets of dice pattern. The somewhat full sleeves are headed with several rows of garter stitch, and finished off with gauntlet cuffs displaying the fancy device. Blue silk binds the neck and the fronts, over which are either worked close buttonholes or

sewn blue and tinsel buttons surrounded with the Greek pattern in chain stitch .-- London Queen.

A Big Wheel.

The biggest wheel ever built in America, outside of the Ferris wheel, will be in operation at Bergen beach, a new resort now being put in order on Jamaica bay, next season. It will be 200 feet high, will be built entirely of steel, and will be much lighter than the Pittsburgh engineer's world's fair wonder. From the wheel tourists who take in Bergen beach next summer can command an unrivaled view of the ocean, Coney island and near-by resorts and the whole of Brooklyn.-Chicago Chronicle.

Settled Him. "Be mine?" he implored. "No," she answered. "I won't take no for an answer," he shricked. "Nit, then," she responded. And he took his hat and sadly went. Boston Courier.

that they at once told the incident to Princess', but I did not take his 'nothamong them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Hav-He was right, however."

erly 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 Angela.'

This story again recalls another with a similar touch in it. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloat exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable 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 what manner of man he thought him. So he answered, "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 future use. A few days later, when he met 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.' Sometimes Mr. Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be re-

membered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Goudoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge. He had secured the rights to the opera for New money for them. He went to the New from the sky. Park on the first night to see and hear what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mut ter : " 'Gondoliers?' 'Gondoliers?' H'm' doliers?' H'm' Gone dollars!"-New York Tribune

friends of Stetson and themselves, and ing' literally. I thought 1 might count upon \$1,000 a month at the very worst.

> "I can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same, yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James' packed, without about one-half

the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than it will hold.

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth, "but, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences will be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions.'

"No, no. You tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who liked to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

Scolding Under Difficulties.

At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentle- war, and I often think of that scene and The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return.

One of the guests who had noticed this little byplay slyly slipped out a Louis. bit of paper and penciling something on it handed it to a friend. This is what the latter read:

'No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return: 'Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look. "-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Married Women Teachers.

Of all the causes now tending to keep women out of matrimony one that is very effective is the discrimination against married women teachers in the public schools. Malden, Mass., is the latest to declare that the marriage of a public school teacher shall be regarded as a resignation of her office. Mark the pronoun "her." No such discrimination made against man .-- Woman's Tribune.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners England, and he had paid a good deal of who tell them that water can descend

> The Roman houses and palaces were so imperfectly lighted that in many living rooms the inmates were forced to depend on lamps by day as well as by night.

none

Besides the suit of men's clothing worn by Mr. Davis he had on when captured Mrs. Davis' large waterproof dress or robe, thrown over his own fine gray suit, and a blanket shawl thrown over his head and shoulders. This shawl and robe were finally deposited in the archives of the war department at Washington by order of Secretary Stanton.

The story of the "hoopskirt, sunbonnet and calico wrapper" had no real existence and was started in the fertile brains of the reporters and in the illustrated papers of that day. That was a perilous moment for Mr. Davis. He had the right to try to escape in any disguise he could use.

There were many interesting incidents connected with this capture, but I have not the time now to relate them. Of the children of this noted couple Maggie grew up, married and is now living in Colorado. One of the boys died early. One grew to manhood, married and died with yellow fever near Memphis since

the war, and that "girl baby" grew up to womanhood and is now a talented and beautiful young lady and known as "Winnie, the daughter of the Confeder-

My mind reverts to those days of the man happened to spill a few drops on the march back from Irwinsville, his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf through the somber pine woods, swamps Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is mute, and it was evident that she took and plantations of southern Georgia. the mishap in a rather irritable way. There in the ambulance with his wife She wrinkled up her forehead and at and baby was Jefferson Davis, a prisoner once made a series of remarkably swift of war. How weak and small had bemovements with her nimble fingers. come the head and front of that power against which the men in blue had been so long battling! How had the mighty fallen !- Paper by Judge Peabody of St.

He was crying, but he finally managed to blubber through his tears: "I wisht I was a girl." "Why do you wish you were a girl?" asked the father, who was mainly re-

sponsible for the tears. "Tain't so easy to wallop them," answered the boy, hardly realizing how great the truth he had hit upon.-Chi-

cago Post. Fast and Slow. She-He's fast, I understand. He-No-slow.

"You evidently don't know how he spends money."

"Ah, but I know how he pays his debts."-Philadelphia Record.

His One Hope.

"Curses on the boy !" cried the heavy villain. "He stands between the and a splendid inheritance."

"Too bad! Too bad!" returned the as sistant villain. "I suppose you wouldn't

"Oh, it wouldn't do at all," said the heavy villain, with the usual villainous exclamations. "I'd be suspected at

ouce if anything should happen to him." "Then but one hope of getting rid of him remains," asserted the assistant villain. "You must get his father to take a house on the line of a trolley road."-Chicago Post.

Great Britain is no longer the manufacturing center of the world, for we have taken the foremost position in that line. Its vast iron and steel business is yearly increasing in cost of production, while ours is decreasing. It cannot meet the world's growing demand for iron and steel because it cannot increase its production to any great extent. It produces less pig iron now than it did ten years ago. Much of its ore it imports from distant countries. Its cotton is all imported. It spends about \$750,000,000 a year for foreign

The Weekly Chronicle The Greatest Weekly in the Country. The Song of the Cradle. Byc.byc!Hope rises high: There's a sweet little era-dle hung up in the sky: A dear little life that is coming to bless; Two soft chubby hands that will pat and caress; ing down from above; A darling to care for, a baby to low for

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gian coal mines are worked is sometimes prodigious. In a pit at Flenu the work s now done at 8,700 feet, in a pit at Fremerin at 2,800 feet and in the St. Andre pit at Moutigny-sur-Sambre at

In one country district of Germany 'pay weddings' were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn and the receipts being placed aside to set up the hapiy pair in their now

Quotation, sir, is a good thing. There is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary real all over the world. -Johnson.

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