

ODDS AND ENDS.

HOT BLOOD IN CAMP.

ARMY QUARRELS THAT ALMOST ENDED IN TRAGEDIES.

The Story of a Captain Who Had Murder in His Heart—A Very Lieutenant Colonel Who Wanted to Kill His Superior Officer—A Peacemaking Adjutant.

"Tragedies in our own camps, outside of battles, were more common than the public knows," said a distinguished soldier.

"The shooting of Major General Nelson at Louisville by Brigadier General Jeff C. Davis because Nelson in a fit of anger had called Davis a long string of hard names, is one of the few that came to the surface. You wouldn't think it probably, but I myself was once so close to a tragedy that it makes my gray hair rise up as I recall it.

"While a number of officers of the regiment were in the major's tent I said something that a captain took exception to, and a war of words followed. When he plumped out, 'You are a liar! I struck out with my right and set him bleeding. He came back at me like a tiger cat. We clinched and for three or four minutes had it hot and sharp; then the others separated us. He made all sorts of threats. I was adjutant. He ranked me, and I confess that for a time I did fear he would make me trouble in the way of court martial, but the matter seemed to blow over.

"One fall afternoon the captain invited me to take a walk with him. Thinking that our troubles had completely faded, I consented. On the way back to camp we passed through an orchard. I climbed a tree to get some apples. Just as I reached for an apple I saw the captain reach for his revolver and glare at me like a very fiend. Instantly I loosened my hold and dropped to the ground. Seizing a stake, I took my place by his side and said, 'Now, you cowardly dog, put up that gun or I'll brain you.' This time he was kept on his griddle for a month, though I made no threats and had no thought of reporting his attempt to assassinate me.

"The next night we got into we made up for good and all and remained fast friends until the final round up, when General Joe Johnston had his men throw down their guns and go home to make a cross. It happened in this way: The colonel had given the order to form line of battle. As adjutant it was my duty to see that each captain carried out the order. When I reached the would-be assassin and had performed my duty and started to go away, he called out, 'Adjutant, come back.' When I complied, he took my hand, looked me squarely in the eye and said: 'Lieutenant, can you forgive me for all my meanness to you? I hope so. I have never had a good hour since that incident in the orchard.'

"With all my heart, anything. No one but you and myself knows anything about that little affair."

"As I said, nothing else came up to separate us while in the army. We never met after being mustered out. He died three years ago. Of course I could have sent him out of the army in disgrace and placed him in the penitentiary after he was out, but I've always been glad I did not. He was a good soldier in battle, as brave as they made them, but a bulldog in camp. He left the army a major. His name? Never mind that. It is a true story. I wish it were not, for I cannot forget that at one time in my life I was in a fair way to be murdered."

"Report to your headquarters under arrest, sir."

The colonel of a western regiment blazed that remark to his lieutenant colonel as he dismissed the parade one evening in December, 1864, a few miles back of Petersburg.

"I refuse to go, d— you," was the reply.

"Adjutant, see that Lieutenant Colonel Blank goes to his quarters at once," said the angry colonel, who was in the right, for the lieutenant colonel, who had been drinking, had disobeyed orders.

The adjutant knew both officers well, and that it would not do for them to come together that night. He had a merry time of it keeping them apart. The lieutenant colonel would jump up and start for the cabin door with a threat to go to the colonel's quarters and cut him down with his sword. He was a powerful man, able to carry out his threat unless the colonel should get away and was half way to the colonel's cabin, with sword drawn. "Stop, man," said the adjutant. "Would you blot your record of three years by committing murder? Think of that. Think of your wife and children. Come back to your quarters. You shall not go a step farther in that direction until you have killed me."

"I don't want to kill you, but I'm going to kill the colonel."

"All right, kill him, but wait until tomorrow—until it is light. Don't shoot a man in the dark. That is no way for a brave man to do."

He went back to his bunk and slept until morning. When he awoke, he came to me and said:

"How can I get out of this scrape, adjutant?"

"I write the colonel an apology."

He wrote it, and the adjutant took it to the colonel, who read it, laughed and said, "Bring Colonel Blank to my quarters. They met like a pair of brothers, and to this day the adjutant believes that he prevented an army tragedy, and I guess he did."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Safe Guardian.

"Do you like candy, mamma?" asked 4-year-old Bosie.

"No, dear," was the reply. "It always makes me sick."

"I'm awful glad of it," said the little lass. "You're just the woman I want to hold my candy while I dress dolly."—Chicago News.

A Deadly Gas.

Millers and the owners of grain elevators look upon the bisulphide of carbon as one of their most useful agents. When a mill, an elevator or a granary becomes infested with weevil, bisulphide of carbon is the cheapest and most effective thing to exterminate the pest. So deadly is the gas, however, and so rapidly does it act that the utmost care must be taken in applying the bisulphide. It is usually sprinkled over the grain from watering pots. The liquid is rapidly converted into a gas, and the latter sinks through the grain, carrying death to the weevil and even to the unhatched eggs.

So long as the persons applying the liquid stand above the point of application they are pretty safe from the fumes, but occasionally the workmen breathe a little of the gas and have to be removed at once to the open air, as the heart is quickly paralyzed by the action of the bisulphide. It is usual to treat the lower floors of a granary first, so that those employed in the work may keep constantly above the gas. Any animal, as a cat or dog, shut up in an apartment where the bisulphide is doing its work is found dead when the place is opened.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Cuban Milkman.

"How many cows there are about the streets!" somebody exclaims, and then he is calmly informed that the morning's milk is simply being delivered. A bunch of cattle and their driver stop before a house, and the portero comes out with a cup for the morning's supply. It is seen then that the cows are being milked from door to door by the dairymen, for this is the way the acute Cuban housewives have taken to assure for their tables a lacteal supply which is entirely fresh and absolutely pure.

Even with the cows milked before the door one must continue to watch the milkman, for I have even heard of their having a rubber bag of water concealed under their loose frocks and connected with a rubber tube running down inside of the sleeve, its tip being concealed in the hollow of the milking hand. Only a gentle pressure upon the bag of water within is needed to thus cause both milk and water to flow into the cup at the same time. The milk vendors of Italy and India have also learned their trade to perfection, for they practice this identical trick.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

A Singular Calculation.

In a recent number of Power a singular calculation is presented by J. A. Bonie. It would require, according to Mr. Bonie's figures, the power of a 10,000 horsepower engine to lift a foot in height, and to do this work, allowing 13 pounds of water per horsepower per hour, would require some 10,000,000,000,000,000 gallons of water, or more than would be discharged at the mouth of the Mississippi in 60,000 years. This would be enough, the writer estimates, to cover the entire surface of the earth to a depth of about 300 feet, to convert which into steam, using good boilers, would require some 4,000,000,000,000,000 tons of coal. If the latter quantity of the mineral was loaded in cars of 20 tons each, it would demand 200,000,000,000 such cars. If the latter were 80 feet long and all coupled together in one train, it would reach around the earth 45,000,000 times, and if running 25 miles per hour, would consume 25,000,000 years in running the length of itself. So much for "figures."

An Editor's Hard Lot.

There are a few ways those who will kick. For instance, if you publish jokes with whiskers on them some will say that you ought to be in a lunatic joint. If you don't print something to smile at, they say you are a pessimistic fossil. If you spread yourself and write a good, original article, they will say it is stolen. If you reprint an article, they say you can't write. If you say a desecrating word for a man, you are partial; if you compliment the women, the men are jealous, and if you don't do the verdict of the women is to the effect that your paper is not fit to use in the construction of a bustle. If you stay in your office, you are afraid to remain on the streets; if you do, you are lazy. If you look seely, you are squandering your money; if you wear good clothes, you are a dude, and don't pay for them. If you play a social game of any kind and get stuck, you are a fish; if you win, you are a tin horn, and so it goes through one continual round of pleasant complications.—Roslyn (Mich.) Scintilla.

A Speak Easy.

A Philadelphia policeman the other day received a letter informing him that a "speak easy," by which term an unlicensed saloon is designated, was in operation near Franklin and Spring Garden streets. His detective instinct was at once aroused, and he made an investigation, only to discover that he was the victim of some practical joker. The place referred to proved to be an Episcopal church for the deaf.—New York Tribune.

A Military Esquise.

Marshal Ney, who was as handsome as he was brave, is said never to have appeared on the field at a great battle until he was dressed carefully curled and perfumed. When he was led out to execution, he was cool and calm as though he were going to open a dance, only asking that the guns should be aimed low, that his face might not be disfigured after death.

The Svantians, who live in the inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian seas, are probably the laziest people in the world. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

LIFE IN A WARDROOM.

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Where All Except the Commander Eat, Live and Have Their Social Being—Naval Etiquette Isolates the Man Who All Others on Board Must Obey.

The wardroom on a man-of-war is the living place of all the older officers of the ship, with one exception, the commanding officer. He lives by himself, has his own cabins, his own mess, his own servants. Naval etiquette and custom have established this habit of isolation for the man on the ship who has command of all the rest. The reason is undoubtedly to be found in the very fact that he represents extraordinary power. Under these circumstances any attempt to forget the superiority of his rank by means of a common cabin or messroom for him and his subordinates would only result in embarrassment on both sides.

This does not mean that he may not be sociable, for much depends upon the man. But it is safe to say that any show of effusiveness among those who live about the mast must come from his side, if he wishes it to be general. The situation is a delicate one.

In the frigate or the wardroom we find from 10 to 20 officers living together, the number varying with the size of the ship. Their ages may range from 25 to 50, and they are of all ranks above that of naval cadet, and of all corps. Engineer officers, line officers, medical officers, marine officers, one pay officer and one chaplain, may all be included in the wardroom of a large ship. These men live in staterooms arranged about a common space, which is known as the "wardroom country." This assumption of a space of prairie-like dimensions is comparatively truthful in the cramped quarters of a ship. In this "country" exists the social life of the wardroom. Here these men of varied callings, yet all of the sea's following, live, move and have their social being.

A day spent in a wardroom by a land-lubber would reveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brethren on shore. To begin with, they are more cosmopolitan in their speech. The men in our wardrooms are gathered together from all parts of the Union. Local discussion find but an uninterested audience, or even a derisive one, so that a naval officer gets accustomed to speak and think of all the 43 states as belonging equally to him. Outside of his own country he is so great a traveler that very few civilians can keep up with the way he skips in conversation from China to Peru or to Tasmania. Other characteristics that are quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are healthier than men who live in houses. They get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. Most of our wardrooms are bustling with officers at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A glance at the breakfast table shows the senior line officer presiding, and the other officers placed near him according to rank. At the other end of the table is the man who has been elected by his messmates to direct the catering of the mess. Between this early meal and the breakfast proper, which comes at half past 11 or 12 o'clock, there is not much life in the wardroom, for the daily military routine is full of drills and exercises which keep most of the officers on deck. There are drills with great guns and with small arms, drills in clearing ship for action, drills in handling ammunition and many others—all of them rooted in the one idea that you must preserve your own life by destroying that of your enemy.

As soon as an officer returns to the wardroom from one drill and begins a conversation or perhaps hums a song he is interrupted by the bugles on deck and must buckle on his sword and return to another drill.

At every call to quarters all officers must report themselves ready for duty. The chaplain and paymaster, having much less to do with drills than the other officers, are usually the first to be back in the wardroom, where there is a general work for them. The medical officer has gone forward to the sick bay to look after his patients.

When the midday breakfast comes, there is a first breathing space for a little leisure and relaxation. But the drills for the day are not yet over, and at 1 o'clock the bustle is resumed throughout the ship. A sudden call may come for collision drill, or fire drill, or battalion drill. If at sea, a floating target may be dropped overboard, and for an hour the ship be shaken from stem to stern by the discharge of guns. From 3 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon there is generally a respite from work, and the wardroom begins to show signs of being a home. Some in it are reading or writing, others are snoking or playing games or loafing. Still others are in their rooms taking the seaman's afternoon nap. But at 5 o'clock the drills and exercises come again.

By 6:30 o'clock there is a feeling that one can sit down and dine without fear of interruption. The mess as a whole is now gathered together, and the meal is generally a thoroughly enjoyable and delightful affair. After it is over there are cigars, games, music, or the right to withdraw within oneself without exciting remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even now the drills may be sound, and in two minutes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for an enemy.—New York Post.

It is strange to notice how many old classical expressions still survive in Tuscany. The people still swear "By Bacchus!" and "By Diana!" just as we do "By Jove!" but when they talk of "Tom, Dick and Harry" they say "Tinus, Catus and Sempronius."

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results rapidly and thoroughly. See All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

The Magic of a Word.

A party of gentlemen but recently returned from a metropolitan city tell a new story on the leisurely bellboy. They were stopping at a big hotel, and on the first evening of their visit were seized with a mighty thirst, but which they believed plain ice water would assuage. One of them stepped to the bell-pusher. It was one of those new fangled things built on the principle of a dollar typewriter. You turn the hand round the dial till it points to what you want, then you press the button, and the business office is supposed to do the rest. The instrument was caused to register ice water a number of times in the regions below, but there was no response. The thirst kept on increasing and the gentlemen got hot in the collar. One of them spoke of going down and challenging the clerk and the bellboys to a boxing match.

"No, don't do that," remarked one of the gentlemen. "Just watch me—I'll get it myself."

He pushed over to the bell, yanked the crank around to "champagne" and let it drive. In an incredibly short time there was a knock at the door, and the boy stuck his head in.

"Champagne, gentlemen?"

"No, just bring us some plain, everyday, common water with ice in it. We rang for champagne just to catch you napping. Now get a move on you."—Galveston News.

Shore Cargoes Shifted.

"Once in awhile we read," said Mr. Bozelle, "that the ship So-and-so or the steamer So-and-so has returned to port, or has arrived perhaps with 'a decided list; cargo shifted.' Sometimes we see a land craft, a truck, with cargo shifted—a big pile of boxes, towering high, shaken over to one side or the other by continued jolting along on the side of the street on the slope."

"A load thus shifted can't be shaken back by running along on the opposite slope of the road. It is like a stick of wood that has been bent and kept bent till the grain is set. Whatever you do with it the crook stays in."

"If care is exercised in turning corners and in navigating generally, the shifted load can usually be carried to its destination as it is without upsetting, though it may work harder. The experienced truckman knows just what can be done with it, and whether it has shifted as far as it will go, and all that. If it is so badly shifted as to make the operation of the truck difficult or dangerous, he hauls to one side by the curb and anchors—that is to say, he halts and unloads the shifted top courses of his cargo and then reloads and sets out again."—New York Sun.

Practical, but Cold Blooded.

I have a friend here in town, a young business woman, whose common sense is enough to make one's blood run cold at times. I went to see her new flat a few days ago, and I was delighted with a cushioned divan in one corner of her sitting room. It was, as many divans that belong to young business women are, a box with a hinged lid, but as it had handles on it and was bound with iron bands and was altogether so much stronger and more desirable than divan boxes usually are, I asked her where she bought it. He halts and unloads the shifted top courses of his cargo and then reloads and sets out again. "I didn't buy it," said she. "It was given to me. You know the woman where I boarded last year came into a lot of money through the death of her grandfather. The old gentleman died in Florida, and the remains were sent here. They were in a mahogany coffin, and the coffin—well"—and she kicked the divan with her heels—"the coffin was in this. I didn't see any reason for letting the box go to waste, and it makes a lovely couch. Don't you think so?"

And of course it does, but then—after all, it's well to be practical like that.—Washington Post.

Little Marble Imported Now.

The importation of marble to the United States has almost ceased. It is only now and then that a cargo arrives at this port, while a few years ago a fleet of sailing vessels brought many cargoes annually from the famous Carrara quarries in Italy to Philadelphia. Marble buildings seem to be becoming things of the past, and the tombstone makers find little demand for marble to take the place of marble everywhere, even in the cemeteries, where marble shafts and slabs were formerly the only proper things. Granite, unlike marble, does not require very frequent cleaning and looks well without being touched up for years. It also admits of a high polish and does not show the marks of rust by contact with metal, as marble does.—Philadelphia Record.

At the School Picnic.

Lady Helper (to small boy)—Will you have some more bread and butter?

Small Boy—No fear when there's kike about.

Lady Helper (trying to be kind)—Cake? Certainly! Will you have plum or seed?

Small Boy—Plum, in course. D'ya like me for a canary?—London Punch.

Pride.

"No, George, don't ask me. I can't go down the fire escape with all those people looking."

"You must. You'll be burned to death if you stay here."

"I can't help it, George. I wouldn't go down that ladder for all the world. These shoes I have on are two sizes too big for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Economical Man.

Doctor—I left you a dozen pills and told you to take one every two hours, and yet there are 11 left. You didn't obey my orders.

Patient—Yes, I did, doctor. I took the same pill every time. There wasn't any use in wasting a new pill as long as I couldn't swallow the first one.—Vim.

MA HEZ GOT ER BICYCLE.

Say, ma, has got er bicycle? You'd oughter see her try up in de barn, when pa's away. To learn it on de sly, sly, sly. She's born ter keep de circus up. Till she kin ride all right. An den how pa'll be surprised. An say, "Dat's outer sight!"

She says she ain't er goin ter wait. Till she gets old an gray. She's fifty now an some too spry. But, Lor', she's gittin gay! Hood's Pills, says she, "I don't purpose ter let dat Mrs. Crust. Put on dem airs an licker clothes. An make me take er dum!"

But pa, he's on to her, all right. Cause t'other day I spied him peekin t'rough de barn door where she's learnin how ter ride. You'd oughter seen him—hully gee, he's spassin dat he'd get. Er tryin not ter laff wuz nuff. To make yer t'row a fit!

He'd take a peep, an den he'd "His motto 'stet' wuz his lan' An squirts an shoot er scatter round." Ter gather signs an den he'll. An all de while, inside de barn, Ma learnin in a walk. "A hurrin an a-thumpin round." An cast a side talk.

Den pa, he had ter give it up. An t'row himself upon de grass—Lor', you should see de fun! He'd roll an laugh an holler like he'd come down off his heels. Twa better den a circus show. An bent a tater race.

Den pa, when he'd got sobered down, Went in ter get his hat. An lineby ma come scakin in. He'd roll an laugh an holler like he'd come down off his heels. Twa better den a circus show. An bent a tater race.

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His Entrance.

Well, ma, she says, says she, "I cum de ladder on de roof an fell. Eight on de sly plow." An ya, he took er gulp of tea. Ter keep from losin in out. Den, Lor', he couldn't keep it in. An spattered all about.

Den ma got mad all t'rough an t'rough. An bristled up, says she: "Now, you look here, John Henry Jones. Ter come yer gibes on me! If you ain't got no feelin's fer yer lawful wedded wife When she gets hurt an-doin chores, I'll quit yer row fer life!"

But ya, he coughed an snickered some. An den he got his hat. An went down ter de grocery store. Wat's key by Jimmy Pratt, An ma, she went into de barn—Lor', she was mad as a flash. I saw her take de air an smash. Her bicyclic ter bit.

Dr. Pills—The debasing spirit of commercialism has affected even our profession.

Wallace—Quacks and all that? "I wasn't thinking of that so much as of the way classical learning has fallen into disrepute. Nine times out of ten nowadays a rich man is not impressed in the least by one's giving his complaint a Latin name."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Used a Gun.

"I'll tell you what it is," exclaimed the editor of a yellow journal, "the days are mighty few when we don't make a hit."

Whereat a bystander quietly interposed, "Of course you use a fowling piece!"—Boston Courier.

All Agreed.

"Fellows, you wouldn't take me to be a member of a millionaire's family, would you?"

"Frankly, we would not."

"Neither would the millionaire. I asked him last night."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rough on De Dude.

De Dude (who does not like a very high collar)—These collars are very high. Show me something lower.

Salesgirl (with dignity)—Those are the cheapest we have, sir. We don't keep palshop goods.—New York Weekly.

Respect's Opinion.

"Professor Brainard is the brainiest man that ever lived."

"Indeed!"

"You bet. Why he can say 'I love' in 39 different languages—and hasn't said it in any."—New York World.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"There is a complete difference," said the Cumminsville sage in the course of a discussion of the oil business, "between being a known well borer and well known bore."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Can't Be Touched.

Lady Helper (to small boy)—Will you have some more bread and butter?

Small Boy—No fear when there's kike about.

Lady Helper (trying to be kind)—Cake? Certainly! Will you have plum or seed?

Small Boy—Plum, in course. D'ya like me for a canary?—London Punch.

Infant Terrible.

"When you cough, you should hold your hand over your mouth, dearie."

"Why, mamma? My teeth don't fly out."—Morgendorfer Blatter.

Our new secretary of state.

"Our new secretary of state," said Miss Parvane, "is the man who wrote 'Little Breches,' I believe."

"S-s-sh!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvane, looking around anxiously to see how can you be so vulgar, Mabel? You mean 'Little Trouser' of course."—Chicago Post.

WANTED—SEVERAL THIRTYTHREE PERCENT IN AND DESIRE TO BRING OUT IN THEIR OWN CONDUCTED AT HOME. Salary \$1000 a year and expenses. Write to: Mrs. E. J. Reference. No. 1000 Broadway, New York City. Close mail address: Mrs. E. J. Reference, 1000 Broadway, New York City.

SICK HEADACHE

Is the Bane of Many a Woman's Life—How the Disease may be Cured. A Case Cited.

From the Republican, Bethany, Mo.

great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, insisted that I commence using them. I finally consented to try them. After taking a few doses I could see an improvement and my headache spells were not so severe. I kept taking the pills until I had used four boxes, and since that time I have not had any of those attacks and I never felt so well in my life.

"I have recommended the pills to my friends and several have used them with good results."

"I am always glad to tell of the great benefit I received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for now I feel as though I was the happiest, most contented woman in the world, with good health which cannot but be happy."

Mrs. Fannie B. Stoffe, of Martinsville, Mo., was lately rescued from a fate which nearly wrecked her life. It seems she has for many years been severely afflicted with a complication of diseases and frequently would have fainted attacks in which she would become unconscious for hours.

In one of these she was unconscious for many hours. Her condition became alarming; the usual restoratives failed to bring relief, the physician's aid proved unavailing and death seemed imminent. She recovered, Mrs. Stoffe remarks, "how well she lives to-day is wonderful."

A reporter who was sent to investigate, when he met Mrs. Stoffe could not help but could scarcely realize that she had passed through such a trying ordeal as had been represented. In speaking of her experience, Mrs. Stoffe said:

"I used to have terrible sick headaches, which I had as far back as I can remember. In recent years they were getting worse. I would suffer so that I would become unconscious, and the last one I had I was unconscious from seven in the evening until for could not get the medicine in my mouth, but had to give me a hypodermic injection. The doctor said I was likely to die in one of those spells."

For years ago I took treatment of a specialist in Kansas City, but it only relieved me for a while.

"When I came here two years ago my health was miserable. My husband who had

No discovery of modern times has proved so specific for diseases of the blood and nerves as Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, strengthening the functions, they restore the strength of a healthy to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician prove unavailing.

These pills are recognized everywhere as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. Truly they are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

Rough on Solomon.

The following incident happened at one of the "catchcooms" which are held periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district.

"The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnston, "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women have I found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up and rose to her feet.

"'Hoot!' she said indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae decent woman would be seen in his company.'"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

How, Indeed?

She—Do you believe in platonic love? He—I hardly know. Do you? She—Well, of course there may be such a thing, but—but you and—and— He—No, not between you and me. Ah, Helen, platonic love would do for me! I must speak. Can you—can you— She—Oh, Alfred, how did you guess my secret?—Chicago News

A Fancied Immunity.

"Weren't you afraid of the bullets?" she asked of the soldier.

"Not a bit," he answered.

"You felt as if you had a charmed life?"

"Not exactly. But after I got my system thoroughly lined with hard lead I was reasonably confident that no bullet was going to penetrate for enough to do much damage."—Washington Star.

A Problem.

"Do doctor says you 'muss' drink lots of chicken broth, Ephram," said Mrs. Johnson, "an stay in out o' de night air."

"Huh!" answered her husband scornfully. "What he 'speets I'm gwine ter get de chicken broth frum I has ter stay in nights, huh?"—Town Topics.

As He Viewed It.

Towne—I don't see how it comes that shipwrecked sailors often starve to death.

Browne—Why not? Towne—Well, I came across about two weeks ago, and I don't feel like eating yet.—Brooklyn Life.

His War Dates.

"Can you mention the most famous dates of the war?"

"Guess I can. There's Feb. 7."

"Feb. 7? What happened then?"

"Thunder! I'm gettin things mixed. The 7th day I was married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why Women Cannot Sleep.

The highly organized, finely-strung nervous system of women subjects them to terrors of nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate. The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which is necessary for happy womanhood is only possible when the sensitive feminine organism is in a perfectly healthy condition. If there is any weakness or derangement in this respect, no remedy in the world so comparatively restores womanly health, nervous vigor and capability as the wonderful R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of Buffalo, N. Y. It purifies, heals and provides physical reinforcement and lasting power at periods of special weakness.

It is the only medicine which makes the coming of baby safe and comparatively easy. In a personal letter to Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Marguerite Collin, of Cutler, Algoma Co., Ont., says:

"I was a sufferer and was cured by Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. When I conceived, my hands and feet were constantly numb and my monthly periods were irregular. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Remedy and it cured me. I feel well. I thank the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

Where Hearing Causes.

Lord Rayleigh, in a lecture, said that experiments had shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one-twelve-millionth of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing.

Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged 100 times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were susceptible of being seen at all.

Old people, he said, do not hear high notes which are audible to young persons, and there is reason to believe that babies hear notes which are inaudible to their elders.—London Mail.



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