ODDS AND ENDS.

COLLEEN DHAS.

As I reamed out one morning
The stars were in the sky,
But chanticleer his warning
Had flung it low and high.
The little birds were talking,
The mountains yet were gray,
When Colleen Dhas came walking
At dewning of the day.

At dawning of the day. Her feet outvied the daisies, Her hair outshone the sun, Her beauty, like the Graces, Did join all sweets in one;

Her eyes like twin stars married,
Her breath of newmown hay;
A milking pail she carried
At dawning of the day.

"Now, are you tender flebe, Or maybe June bright? Your name it might be Phobe, That robs the sun of light, Or are you levely Venus,

That close beside me stray.

With the milking pail between us
At dawning of the day?"

"Young man," she said, "don't flatter.
Your glance is bold and free.

No stranger's praise will matter To virtuens maids like me. Pray go where you were going; I take the other way." And I hear my crummy lowing At dawning of the day.

for voice outsing the thrushes And every wakening bird; I beard the sweet milk spurting, The kedge between us lay, And I longed that we were courting

At dawning of the day.
-Pall Mall Gazette.

A LEADING PART.

The following was narrated to me by an old friend of mine, who upon leaving college had adopted the stage as his profession. His name is-well, we will know him by a fictitious one-Harry Thomas, for he is at present in the zenith of the theatrical world, and thonsands would recognize bim if his name was given in these columns.

His story ran thes:

"As you are aware, Jack, I left college when I was within a little of 18. Well, I had always a great desire to emulate those sterling heroes of old, whose prowess I had studied so much

"And there being no other opening in which to tost my abilities I determined at once to adopt the stage and make it the field of my mimic conquests, little dreaming of the difficult task which I had voluntarily imposed upon myself.

How few of the outside world know of the incessant toil of an actor's life! 'He is nothing but a schoolboy. For as soon as one piece is committed to memory another is placed in his hands,

and so on-a life of perpetual study and . After some trouble I obtained the unenviable position of 'supe' in one of our principal theaters. And after spend-

ing two years in this branch was promoted to play 'utility business.' "And here I remained three years more, listening to the plots and schemes

of the villains and beroes in different "I assure you that by this time my

arder had cooled considerably, and many a time while poring over my part in some new piece I have sincerely wished that I had chosen some other means of earning a living.

"The manager saw that I possessed more than ordinary talent, so he intrusted me with a part in which I play ed second to the hero of the piece.

"I carried myself through very creditably, and the journals the next morning in their criticisms said:

'Mr. Thomas is a young and very promising actor; good in gesture and correct in delivery.

"Well, at this time a young ladystar in her line-we will know her as Louisa Dietz-was engaged to play the principal role in a drama which the manager intended to open with and play during the Christmas holidays.

"It inclined rather to the Thespian style in the opening, but ended up as usual, with virtue triumphant, and all the villains either shot or sent to state prison for life.

"The piece required a great deal of study. In short, we had rehearsal every day for nearly a month, and during that time I fell desperately in love with Louisn Dietz, the heroine of the play.

"It was love at first sight, but whether my passion found an answering thrill in her bosom I could not tell.

'Sometimes, when alone, I would call myself a fool, a madman; for how could I for a moment expect an alliance between myself-a newly pledged knight of the dramatic art, and Louisa Dietz, whose name was sufficient to cram any theater with the wealth and beauty of the land.

The actor who was to play the hero of the drama was a tall, fine, dark looking man, and it nearly set me crazy to see him (when the business of the piece required it) clasp her to his breast.

In my fevered imagination, I thought that be used more carnestness than the nature of the occasion required.

Well, at last the final rehearsal but one was over, and the following Monday night (which was Christmas) the 'rama was to be presented to the public. Monday dawned fair and bright, the

air was cool and crisp. The last rehearsal had been called for

this morning at 11 o'clock. Upon reaching the theater what was my surprise to find every one, from the

manager down to the callboy, running about the stage and talking in the most excited manner. Upon inquiry I found that the person who was going to play the leading character in the piece had the night be-

fore fallen upon the fey pavement and so injured his ankle that it rendered it impossible for him to appear. The manager upon hearing it had

dispatched his messengers to all the theatrical agencies in the city to, if possible, obtain a person to play the part. "But without success, for those who

were competent would not risk their reputation in performing a piece upon her other acquaintances are listening ch short motice, and those that were

willing were not fit to successfully render the lowest part in the whole drama "This was the state of affairs when I

came upon the stage. "The manager was in a perfect frenzy, and Louisa Dietz sat near one of the flats, silent and pale as marble.

"This was her first appearance at this theater, and to have an accident occur like this was enough to stupefy any one under similar circumstances. 'I pitied her from the bottom of my

beart. "I was standing at the prompter' stand, when suddenly a wild thought shot through my brain.

"Why couldn't I play the part? For, having such a number of rehearsals, I was as perfect in his part as I was in

my own. "No sooner had the idea entered my mind than I acted upon it, and going up to the manager I said:

"I know this part, and I have no doubt if you will intrust it to my care I can go through with it satisfactorily. "He grasped me warmly by the hand and said:

"'Thanks, thanks, Mr. Thomas. have every faith in your ability.' "But I cared more for the grateful look in Louisa's eyes as she walked by

my side and said: 'I. too, will ever owe you a service, which will be impossible to repay. "So it was decided that I should assume the principal role, while a person, after some trouble, was obtained who could, no doubt, by gagging and being

followed closely, put through my part. Well, at last the evening arrived and with immense crowds that flocked from

"At a quarter before 8 the manager stepped before the curtain and narrated the accident to the andience, and then begged their kind indulgence in my behalf, who at the last moment, rather than have them disappointed, had volunteered to play the part.

"I, all this time, had been looking through a small bole bored in the pros-

"The house was packed from parquet to dome with as refined an audience as ever I have had the pleasure to play to. "At 8 o'clock precisely the curtain was rung up and the play commenced. "Neither Louisa nor I appeared until the second scene.

"I was standing in breathless anxiety. leaning against one of the flats, upon the prompt side, while she stood slight. ly flushed, but perfectly collected, upon the 'O. P.' side.

"I had perfect confidence in myself, but every actor, no matter how perfect he may be, will feel an indescribable sensation of-you hardly say whatwhen he is about to stake his reputation in a new role before the public.

"Well, at last the first scene was called in.

"And amid a deathlike silence the star of the evening walked on. "Instantly a storm of applause greetchoed and reand among the scenery like the rum

bling of distant thunder. "The scene represented a garden in which she was soliloquizing as to whether her lover (me) was true to her, or whether he was playing her false. "At last I received my cue, and went

"My entrance was again the signal for deafening applause, which was centinued for nearly five minutes, and it gave me time to fully think over what

was about to say "Finally all was once more quiet. and I commenced my delivery.

"It abounded in protestations of my undying fidelity and love for her. "As I continued I warmed up with the subject. I was almost carried away by the intensity of my feelings.

"I forgot that hundreds of eyes were critically watching every gesture and that attentive ears were devouring the words as they fell from my lips.

"I saw only before me the woman loved. And the passion which I was outpouring to her ears was not the love of the hero of the play, but simply the love of Harry Thomas for Louisa Dietz.

"When I bad finished, the curtain descended amid showers of bouquets and deafening applause.

"The latter was continued until we both appeared before the curtain. "I need not dwell upon the remainder of the performance. Let it suffice

to say that we both received a perfect had descended for the last time, the

manager came burrying in to where I was in the greenroom, and seizing me by the band he said, his voice trembling with emotion:

You have saved the reputation of my house. "And thereupon he drew up papers

of agreement trebling my salary and engaging me to play leading business. "I need hardly add that my fame was at once established, and a short time afterward Louisa and I were mar-

ried. And now the names of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas displayed upon the bill boards of any theater are sufficient to cause the manager (long before the bour of commencing) to put out the sign of "Standing room only."-Minneapolis Tribune.

Got It Overboard.

Once while in a foreign port Admiral Dewey ordered the heaviest hoisting tackle in the ship to be got out of the hold without delay. Nobody knew what it was for, as there was nothing just at that time, either heavy or light, to be taken on board or sent ashore. After two bours' bard work the tackle was in place, and Dewey then ordered that a large chew of tobacco which bad been thrown under one of the guns be hoisted overboard and dumped into the sea.

Mr. Hunker-I have merely a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmor-

Mr. Spatts-You are very lucky. All

Much in Little Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medi-

cine ever contained so great curative power in

Hood's

or fever, cure all liver ills,

A Sprained Ankle.

is very often the cause of that pour al

straining of the fibrous tissue commonly

known as sprain. The ankle is, as a

rule, the victimized member, and many

are the tedious hours for which the care-

less dispenser of orange peel can be held

accountable. There are several methods

of treating a sprained ankle, one of

which is strapping the leg from ankle to knee with adhesive plaster. The

width and of sufficient length to encir-

cle the leg to within half an inch, the

space being left to insure free circula-

tion. This treatment can only be applied

before the leg begins to swell, therefore

within a very short time of the accident.

treatment, that of elevating the foot

and having recourse to hot applications,

may be greatly accelerated by scientific

massage. By proper manipulation the

swelling can be reduced and the pain

lessened in a very short time. If, how-

ever, the service of one who thoroughly

understands giving the treatment can-

not be obtained, simple rubbing will of-

ten give relief. The rubbing must al-

ways be up, not down, and the hands of

septic before any friction is applied, lest

the secretions of the skin being rubbed

into the peres should be reabsorbed and

inflammation increased in the strained

A Queer Old Geography.

papers belonging to the late Edward W. Wells of this city was a geography

that lets in some light on the state of

general information in the world a

America is "the last quarter of the

world," and the "north part of the con-

tipent is very little known." The man

of North America gives all the region

northwest of California as "parts nu-

Superior, Illenois, Huron, Erie and

Frontenac. "N. England" is all one lit-

tle patch reaching up to the St. Law-

rence. Louisiana occupies most of the

name of the Ohio. The chief town of

Town. The climate is thus explained,

'In the north are vast unknown Moun-

tains, perpetually covered with snow

from whence the Winds blowing the

greatest part of the year these Countries

become much celder than those in Eu-

that is more than a century and a half

old should advocate quite vigorously the

construction of canals across the Pana-

Gladstone Fooled Them.

subject which Mr. Gladstone's face be-

trayed. Finally he joined in the con-

turned into gnashing of teeth-to speak

figuratively-when Mr. Cladstone said,

been reading an article I wrote in the

-- Magazine some 30 or 40 years

Old & ronimo Still Lively.

Old Geronimo, chief of the Apaches,

is the most noted Indian of the wild

tribes of North America. He is 90 years

of age and as straight as an arrow. His

eyes are keen, piercing and cruel. His

old Geronimo plays monte, a game o

cards liked very much by the Indians

but when he can get permission to leave

the reservation his time is spent in

hunting, of which he is still very fond.

Dr. Johnson was once consulted by

an old lady on the degree of wickedne

to be attached to her son's robbing at

all depends upon the weight of the

boy. I remember my schoolfellow, Davy

Garrick, who was always a little fel-

low, robbing a dozen orchards with in

punity, but the very first time I climbed

up an apple tree-for I was always a

beavy boy-the bough broke with me.

"No," she said, "you don't really

"Yes, I swear I do, ' he protested.

But his plea was useless. She had

"I love you with all my soul. I would

ask you to be my wife tomorrow if I

studied human nature and knew that

when a man is really in love he doesn't

stop to consider whether he can afford

The Exception.

"Durn you and your old grocery!"

'Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh

"Of course I did, but I've seen so

many signs bung out here announcing

something fresh that wasn't that I

didn't believe it. '-Indianapolis Jour-

Ourselves and Others.

"It's remarkable, said Senator Sor-

'Have you been reading medicine?"

No. I was thinking of my speech.

It kept me awake four nights, and put

everybody who heard it to aleep.

ghum, "how differently people are af-

to marry or not. - Cleveland Leader.

and it was called a judgment."

were properly situated.'

the fresh paint

Paint?" asked the grocer.

fected by the same thing.

orchard. "Madam." said Johnson.

When at the post at Fort Sill, I. T.

feet are very large.

-Chicago Inter Ocean

'Ah, gentlemen, I perceive you have

It is interesting to note that this work

rope in the same latitudes.

The great lakes are down as

Among the interesting old books and

tissues. - New York Ledger.

century and a half ago.

known."

Recovery by means of the ordinary

A false step, a fall or a sudden wrench

sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"LOOKIN BACK."

nce I was near ye what have I seen?
o great sees an a strong wind sighta ight an day where the waves are green Struth on Moile, the wind goes sighin Over a waste o' wathers green.

mish an Trostan, dark we' heather, High are the Rockles, siry bine, are ye have slows in the winter weather. Here they're ign the long year through. Snows are fair in the summer weather, Och an the shadows between are blue

plaster is cut in strips about an inch in Lone Glen Dun an the wild glen flowers, Little ye know if the prairie is swee Roses for wiles an redder than ours Spring here undher the horses' feet

Aye, an the black eyed gold sunflowers, Not as the glen flowers small an sweet. Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin Clearer for half o' the world between. Antrim hills an the wet rain fallin

while se are the wet rain fallin
Whiles se are nearer than snow tops keen.
Deems o' the night an a night wind callin,
What is fhe half o' the world between?
—Motra O'Neill in Blackwood's Magazine.

PED'S RETURN.

Silas Bugford sat in the shade of the big oak that grew by the kitchen door. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his void of a certain amount of curiosity coarse straw hat lay on the grass at his regarding the affairs of his neighbors, the operator as well as the wounded limb should be made thoroughly anti- side.

He was leaning forward, his chin resting on his bands, his elbows upon bis knees, calmly puffing a short cob pipe. Near by sat his wife, busily engaged in stringing beans for dinner.

"It's bin most ten years since Ped went away," observed Mr. Bugford, blowing wealthy firm in Chicago for a snug fora cloud of smoke over a vagrant bumblebee that was buzzing about a bolly-

"Ten years come this fall," remarked his wife without looking up.

"Come this corn cuttin time," corrected Bugford. "I reckerlest it well. He went off jist v. hen I war busiest cuttin corn, an I had ter bire Sug Johnson in his place. Sug warn't worth his salt, an it war a clear loss uv \$5 ter

"But you can't blame Ped for that." said his wife. "He might 'a' stayed till the corn was

middle country. The "Oyo" river is the "He 'lowed you wasn't treatin bim jist right-then Ped was our only

New Jersey is said to be Elizabeth "I war an only child royself," complained Bugford, "an I reckon I warn't treated any better 'an Ped, but I didn't go runnin away. You remember my daddy wouldn't bear ter our bein married in a tizy time. Sez be ter me: 'Silas, I ain't goin ter have a weddin goin on right in plowin time. Wait till the corn's laid by an then thar'll be plenty uv time fer fixin fer the wed-

ma and Suez isthmuses. - Hartford "Yes." said Mrs. Bugford, "an we had ter wait too. My mother was sot Come, let's go in." ag'in our bein married right in gardenia On one occasion two gentlemen, intime. She sez ter me, sez she: 'Mandy, vited as guests at a table where Mr. it ain't no use in talkin av yer bein Gladstone was expected, riade wager married this spring. Sayin nothin uv that they would start a conventation on the work that's got ter be done, it a subject about which even Mr. Glad- would be a waste ter kill them chickens see him," said White as the three stone would know nothing. To accom- till barvest, an then thar's nothin in plish this end they read up an aucient the garden ter make pies but pieplant magazine article on some unfamiliar an gooseberries, an they never did agree subject connected with Chinese manuwith me. Wait till after harvest, Man factures. When the favorable opportudy,' sez she, 'an the blackberries will nity came, the topic was started, and all be ripe.' Mother was powerful sot the two conspirators watched with ag'in extravagence an believed in

amusement the growing interest in the young folks mindin their parents. "So she did, an so did my daddy." said Bugford, "but things are different versation, and their amusement was now, an mebby I war a little hard on up an have breakfast."

> "Ped was a good boy." "Yes, but he lept goin with them Wykoff boys when he knowed that cle Wykoff had treated me meaner than dirt, then he war forever workin with that fool machine idee uv his, when he

ort ter bin at work on the farm." 'He said the machine might make us all rich if he got it fixed up right," suggested Mrs. Bugford.

"But sich feel things den't ever git fixed right, "declared Silas, "an I reckon he's found it out by this time. Ped war a good hand ter work, though, when he did work, an mebby I ort ter lowed him ter have his way about them fool idees uv his." "It would have been the best thing-

boys will be boys." "So they will, an Fed was only 16-

jist when a boy knows the least an thinks he knows the most."

Silas arose and stood leaning against the big oak. His wife got up and went into the kitchen. Presently Bud White came along the road, carrying a corn knife, and, stopping, he leaned against

He was a young man of spere build, with a half inch of downy beard upon his freckled face. "Pap 'lowed ye might want some un

ter help ye cut cora," he said, after ex-

changing greetings with Eilas. "I dunno jist yit," the farmer replied. "I'm intendin ter commence ternorrer mornin, though the folder is a little green yit. My corn is later 'an

"Yes, 'bout two weeks. Pap scd if ye needed any help he'd come in the mornin. "Waal, I'm goin ter want a couple

ny han's fer a few days, an I reckon ye an yer daddy might both come." "Pap'll come, but I've got ter see ter strippin the sorghum cane.'

'I reckon I might git another hand. Tell yer daddy ter bring one if he can.' "All right. Heard anything from shouted a man who backed up against Ped lately?" "Not fer a good spell."

"How's he gittin along?"

well an workin every day." "Don't talk uv comin home?" "Noap. Reckon he'll sow his wild oats first."

"He don't never say. Jist sez he's

"I low he will. Pap never 'lowed me ter sow no wild oats. Waal, I must te travelin. Good day." He was walking away when Silas

"Say, Bud, ye didn't see anything uv my ole speckled cow as ye came along, did ye? She hain't bin up terday, dang her ole hide, an the calf's most bawled

Bud stopped abruptly and came back

and stood by the fence. "I must be a losin my senses, by gum, I must," he said, with an air of vexation. "I war jist goin ter tell ye an fergot it. I seed her down in the woods as I came acrost the crick. A limb had fell off that big ellum an killed her, an thar she lay deader 'an a

Bugford took a long pull at his pipe. Nothing ever disturbed or excited I'm in the least.

'She hadn't bin milked this mornin suther," he said, "an I recken the dad med tree has sp'iled the hide. Ye can tell yer daddy ter come over in the morning if it ain't rainin, an we'll git at the corn cuttin."

The next merning as Mr. White was tarting for Bugford's he saw a young usa coming down the read from the direction of the little railroad station. He was dressed in a neatly fitting suit of gray and carried a small leather valise. The young man looked eagerly at White, and, nodding, said:

"Good morning, Mr. White." He held out his hand, smiling as he

Mr. White took the proffered hand, looking very much puzzled. "Ye seem to know me-but hanged if-w'y, tless my soul, it's Ped Bug-

"So it is." laughed the young man. "I am glad to see some one who renembers me."

"I knowed ye as soon as ye laugh-

ed," said White. "But hang it, how ye have growed. W'y, ye are a man now, bigger 'an yer father." The two walked on in the direction of Bugford's.

Farmer White was not especially inquisitive, but he was not altogether deand before the two reached their destination he had learned several important facts relative to young Eugford.

Among other things he learned that Ped had perfected a most valuable piece of machinery which he had been working on for years, and having patented his invention he had disposed of it to a tune and was coming home to share it with his aged parents.

White speculated on the surprise in store for Eugford, and he chuckled inwardly as he thought of the joy and amazement Ped's sudden return would bring to the parents.

As they arrived before the farmhouse they saw Mrs. Bugford coming from the springhouse carrying a pan of milk. As Ped came toward her she looked at him keenly, then set the pan of milk upon the ground, her form trembling. "It's Ped!" she said in an agitated

She took his hands and kissed him. Then he put his arms about her neck, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "Ye have growed so," she said, holding him at arm's length and gazing

fondly into his face. "I was afraid you wouldn't recognize me," he said, "but you cannot deceive a mother's eye. They stood talking for some moments.

Some of the little ducks that were running about the yard came up, and pouncing into the pan of milk began to swim about in the liveliest mauner. "Where's father?" asked Ped.

"In the house eatin his breakfast. She stooped to rick up the pan. "Them ducks bave sp'iled the milk," she said, emptying ducks and milk ont

"Ped's daddy'll be mighty glad ter walked toward the house.

"Don't say who I am," said Ped. "and we'll see if father will know me." "That's good," chuckled White. "I'll bet be won't know ye at all." Silas was sitting at the table eating his breakfast when the three entered.

White, nodding toward Ped. "All right," responded Silas. "I bin," replied White, "but I reck-

on the hand hain't." "No, I haven't," said Ped, taking a seat at the table. "He don't know him, by jing!"

chuckled White inwardly. "Jist help yerself," said Bugford. and Ped was not backward in obeying. Little was said during the meal, and when it was finished, without Bugford having shown any signs of recognizing his son. White's excitement rose to the highest pitch.

"It's a good un on Silas, it is, by gosh!" was his mental comment. "Silas," said White, as the two grose

from the table, "I reckon ye don't know this feller I brought?" and he nodded Silas slowly drew a pipe from his pocket, and, filling and lighting it, said

"Know him? I knowed him soon as he comed inter the door. It's about work time, I reckon. Ped, thar's an extra corn knife out in the shed. Will Lisenbee in Short Stories.

Neither Was Any Good.

"A little fellow of our acquaintance," rays Moonshine, "just turned 4, is remarkable for his philosophical way of viewing things in general. Coming indoors the other day from playing in the garden, he strolled into the reception room, where he espied a strange lady. Now, the doctor had just brought Master Cyril a new little brother, with whom he was told he would always be able to play. When therefore he saw another stranger, who seemed as if she, too, bad come to stay, he sauntered past her, with his bands in his pockets, and, glancing at her in a casual sort of a way, contemptuously remarked to himself, but in a tone loud enough to be heard by the visitor:

"'H'm! More company! If there's much more company coming to this house to play with me, I'm off. They're both no good for cricket, I know. He's too little to hold a bat, and she's too

A Feminine Mania.

"They tell me that Blakely is not rich, and yet there is not a day but what the wagon from the jewelers and the merchants stops there. "That's so. She's one of these women

that have things sent home on disap-

proval "-Detroit Free Press

WANTED-SEVERAL TRUSTWOTTHY PERSON IN

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.

through such a trying ordeal as had been represented. In speaking of her experience, Mrs. Stoffle 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 a ven in the evening until after midnight. I was so had that the doctor end I was likely to die in one of those spells."

"A few years a go. 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

Mrs. Fannie B. Stoffle, 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 discases and frequently would have fearful atlacks in which she would become unconscious for In one of these, she was unconscious for many hours. Her condition became alarming; the usual restoratives failed to bring relief, the usual restoratives failed to bring relief.

A reporter who was sent to investigate, when he met Mrs. Stoffle could not help but when he met Mrs. Stoffle could not help but the happiest, most contented woman in the world, for with good health who cannot but be happy?"

Mrs. Stoffle is a sister of Joseph Holland, of Bethany, who is well known throughout the county, having been a candidate for sheriff and Mrs. G.W. Curtiss, of Eagleville, also well known in this county.

No discovery of modern times has proved.

The Elephant as a Worker.

In the Siamese Malay states there are probably about 1,000 demesticated ele ants all told, and in the Lao country probably over 2,500 animals are working at the present moment. That these animals breed in captivity in Siam is due to the fact that a large number of them spend the greater part of their time holiday making in the jungle. When there is no work for his beast, the mahout takes him out to a nice cool green bit of forest and leaves him there to enjoy himself. There is no expense connected with his upkeep, for he looks after himself. He has a hobble of rattan round his feet to dissuade him from wandering too far, and a wooden bell round his neck, by the tone of which the mahout or his little boy can always find him, when they go out once a month to look him up and give him some bananas. —Geographical Journal.

A Chinese Advertisement.

As a testimonial to the progress of the Chinese toward English and American ways it is interesting to note their appreciation of the value of advertising in English in the columns of their newspapers. The following notice, which appeared recently in a Chinese paper States, Canada and Mexico.

published in a district where there are il.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, the brightest many English residents, have leave a world, prints regularly 112 Columns, or states triffe to be desired in the wear of a control of the control trifle to be desired in the way of expression, but it shows a creditable effort to master the difficulties of a foreign tongue. It runs:

"For Sale by private contract without reserve. - 4 Ponies Cavendish, Tag, Sally and a white Griffin. -The 3 first named ponies are quite backs and will carry a Lady also a Dinghy with mast sails and oars complete.

Tent Pins.

Tent pins are mostly made of white oak. They must be of tough wood to stand the hard knocks to which they are subjected. They are made in lengths of 16 and 24 inches. Made of hard wood as they are they are yet liable to be broken, and they are also lost. Even in "I've brought ye a hand," said peace the consumption of tent pins is considerable. A manufacturer of tents might carry in stock 5,000 or 10,000 tent pins. In war times the demand is of course far greater. Like many other manufactured articles of wood, tent pins are made in the west, in factories in

proximity to the forests whence the supplies of wood are drawn.-New York Sun.

Too Much For the Barrister. Counsel for the defense had pleaded with such earnest and pathetic eloquence on behalf of his client, who stood charged with pocket picking, that the audience was moved to tears, and the prisoner himself was rubbing his eyes with a silk handkerchief. At that moment the barrister, happening to glance in his direction, suddenly stopped in his speech and exclaimed, "Why, the rascal is using my handkerchief!"-Lon-



Walking the Floor. where he cannot sleep at night, where he is so shattered of nerve that it is torture to even remain in his bed, and he has to get up and pace the floor—it is time for that man to bring himself up with a round turn. If he does not, it means nervous prostration and mental, if not physical, death.

For a man who gets into this condition there is a remedy that will brace him up, put him on his feet and make a man of him again. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It goes to the bottom of things. It searches out the first cause. When a man is in this condition you can put your finger on one of two spots and hit that first cause—the stomach or the liver or both. This great medicine arts directly on these spots. It promptly transforms a weak stomach into a healthy one. It facilitates the

apots. If promptly transforms a weak stomach into a healthy one. It facilitates the flow of digestive juices and makes digestion and assimilation perfect. It gives a man an appetite like a boy's. It invigorates the liver. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food, and makes fe-giving elements of the food, and makes pure, rich, red and plentiful. The blood s the life current, and when it is fille is the life current, and when it is filled with the elements that build new and healthy tissues, it does not take long to make a man well and strong. It builds firm, muscular flesh tissues and strong and steady nerve fibers. It puts new life, vigor and vitality into every atom and organ of the body. It cures nervous exhaustion and prostration cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. Nothing "just as good" can be found at

"I had suffered about eleven years with a pain in the lack of my head and back," writes Mr. Robert Hubbard, of Varner, Lincoln Co, Ark. 'I suffered for eleven years and spent a great not get relief. Then I tried four buttles of the Godden Medical of the I tried four buttles of the

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Preprietor S. F. Chronicle. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL Gold Mining In San Francisco. For over 17 years a gold mine has been worked right in the city of San Francisco. How much gold has been taken out none but the two miners themselves can say. Que of them is supposed to be on his deathbed, and the other one disappeared on the day that his partner had to be taken to the bospital and the secret of their mine be

came generally known to the commu-Nelson Shoots, the discoverer of the lead, found the mine over 17 years ago while trying to locate the fountain of the gold dust found along the beach He was a practical miner at the time and well versed in all the secrets of getting all the gold possible out of refrac-

tory ores. That he succeeded in doing this in his Ingleside mine there is no question. for not only did he make a good living during the 17 years, but he paid \$8,000 damages once for injuring the Spring valley water main while blasting He and his partner lost large sums of money at the race tracks, and they were known as "spenders" among the resorts in the western side of the city Ail the while they passed as hermits, with barely enough to live on. -San Francisco Call.

The Chinese divide the day into 13 parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon 24 hours round instead of two divisions of 12 hours each, as we