
A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I know that deep within your heart You hold me shrined apart from common things
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you

You never speak one word of tenderness
Nor stroke my hair nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute carees.

You think perhaps I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and yet you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred.

My heart is crying like a tired child For one fond took, one gentle, loving word.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers. But just the drops that, rising to the skies, From thence descand in softly failing show-

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But, famished, stand below the close barred
doors?

And so 'tis said that those who should be rich And so 'tis said that those who should be rica in that true love which crowns our earthly lot Go praying with white lips from day to day For love's sweet tokens and receive them not. —Pearson's Weekly.

LIEUTENANT CLOVER.

The colonol seemed much disturbed. He walked to the window and gazed out at the empty parade. He walked to his desk, and Adjutant Caldwell Clover, who was signing orders, glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw that the eclonel was pulling his mustache. Then the colonel sat down and said

rather sharply, "Are you busy, Clover?" It was not customary for the colonel to address the officers by their names in this way. He was supposed to address Adjutant Clover as lieutenant, and to say that the young man was surprised would be placing it mildly. Of course he didn't object. In fact, it pleased him to have the colonel speak to him familiarly, only it was so unexpected. "I am not busy, colonel," said the

adjutant. "How old do you think I am, Clover?" asked the colonel.

"Why, I don't know, colonel," stammered the adjutant, "not any older than—than you ought to be."

The colonel was slicing a sheet of paper with the paper knife. "I want you to do something for me, Clover. I have come to depend on you so entirely for everything that I am going to put this personal matter in your hands. I want you to write a proposal of marriage to a young lady for me."

The colonel was much embarrassed. His face was red under the tan. "A proposal of marriage!" echoed the

adjutant.

Yes. If any one had told me I was afraid of a woman, I would have laughed at him. I tried to speak to her about it last night at the hop, and when she looked at me with those steady brown eyes of hers I couldn't say a word. "Then it's Miss Lacey?" said the ad-

jutant. "It is Miss Lacey."

"Very well, colonel." Adjutant Clover received the order just as he would have received an order to appoint a substitute captain for the recruits or any trivial thing of that sort, and he turned to his desk as the colonel went out.

There are those who think an adjutant has nothing else to do save listen to 37 bugle calls a day and look his best from reveille to taps It is a mistake. He has a thousand and one things to do. He oversees guard mount. He selects the colonel's orderly. He writes letters and signs papers, and now Adjutant Caldwell Clover of Troop X is asked to write a proposal for his colonel to Agnes

When Captain Lester went east and returned with a golden haired young wife. Lieutenant Clover danced with the bride at the reception given them.

"I am sure I shall not be lonely here," she said to him. "I find it all so new and interesting, and then in the summer my sister is coming to me." They were promenading then, and she looked up at the six feet of handsome manhood beside her and said: "You will like my sister She is not at all like me. She is almost as tall as you are and independent and brave." And from that night Lieutenant Clover looked forward to the coming of Captain Lester's fair sister-in-law

Alice Lacey reached the post in July. Mrs Lester had been watching for the coach, and when it appeared on the brow of the hill Lieutenant Clover handed her a pair of fieldglasses, and when at last the rumble of the wheels was heard they walked together across Clover's hand that opened the stage staid. door and then reached up to help the

When he took off his cap to her and then escorted herself and sister to the captain's quarters, Agnes Lacey felt that all her sister had written about the Cross, remember these two-country courteous young officers of the post must be true.

The summer was a quiet one at the post. There were a few dances, some rides over the prairie, a picuie or two and long, quiet hours on the verandas, and then one day there came news of Captain Lester's transfer to another post. It was on the day before the one set for his departure that the colonel gave his adjutant his peculiar order.

When the colonel had gone, Lieutenant Clover leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He still and stiding A friend of the judge was to propose to Agnes Lacey for the walked up to him mopping his brow be had spent with Agnes, and his face grew tender and his lips quivered a little as he remembered that tomorrow she was going away, then he said to himself: "What's the use of my feeling like a dog in the manger? She wouldn't marry me. She'll never think of me up his pen, then besitated as he dipped whisky, and if we didn't have whisky is in the ink. "My, but it will be lone- we wouldn't have Democrats!"

some when she is gone." Then he went on writing, and when the letter was finished he forgot and signed his on name instead of the colonel's, and then laughed as he saw his mistake. He had to write the letter all over again then. This time he signed the colonel's name In the Fourteenth Century It Swept the

and called the orderly and sent him to Miss Lacey with the letter. And when it was done he walked up and down the room, and all that evening he felt like a caged lion. What would her answer be? Had the colonel received it? Once or twice he took up his cap to walk down past the captain's quarters, then he threw it down again. Of course she would accept. Yes, but after all, would The stage left in the early morning.

Lieutenant Clover noted the stir of departure about the captain's quarters. Then he saw the captain and Mrs. Lester appear, and he ran out to speak to them. He haif expected to find the coloreally refused the offer? If so, why? There was no time for explanations. She came out ready for her journey. She gave him her hand, and her eyes looked level into his.

"I shall never forget how much you said. "I hope I shall meet you again, Lieutenant Clover."

The driver's whip circled out over the heads of the forward mules, she waved her hand to him, and Lieutenant Caldwell Clover was standing alone with an aching heart with nothing in the world to do but listen to 37 bugle calls a day and follow the dreary routine of an adjutant s life.

Then there came a time when the country called for troops. "Boots and Saddles" quickly followed, and Troop of Persia. Constantinople was the first X started for the south.

Army headquarters at Tampa was thronged with officers. Orderlies were have fallen victims to it. But the plague speeding everywhere. Spurs jingled did not stop with Constantinorle. across the floors, and the few army had found a too congenial soil in Euwives who followed their husbands walked up and down the rose trellis great battlefield at the time. It was paths in the evening and talked of what the morrow might bring. Lieutenant close in the wake of the Frankish Caldwell Clover was still adjutant to armies, and from Gaul it moved into the colonel. A telegram was handed the Italy, with the Lombards, and so devaslatter. The colonel frowned, pulled his tated the country as to leave it entirely mustache, then said: "Lieutenant, I at the mercy of the invaders. have a telegram from a friend now at Chickamauga. His sister arrives at this over a space of about 200 years, no hotel tonight to join the Red Cross doubt did much to hold the pestilence forces at Key West. Please meet her and see that she gets her train for Port Tampa in the morning."

The lieutenant saluted. When the Pullman car backed into the spacious and these seem to have culminated in hotel ground that night, a few officers, a newspaper man or two and one woman alighted. As she stepped forward the The black death was more fatal to huwaiting adjutant was startled at first. man life than any other single cause then hurried toward her. "Miss Lacey! You here?"

"Ah, Lieutenant Clover! How glad I am to see you again! It is good to see a its path such misery and destitution as face one knows. I felt rather lonely, the world had never known. It killed in for there wasn't another woman on the three years some 25,000,000 of people.

"I was to look out for a nurse," said the lieutenant, glancing around, it seems she didn't come."

The girl stepped into the broader light. "Oh, then you didn't know," she said and pointed to her sleeve. An insignia honored the world over was sewed there-the Red Cross.

that nothing but interjections came into his mouth. "You are really going to the front?"

"Going to the front," she repeated, with a smile in his face. "I shall probably meet you there." She said it as though it would be a pleasure. They were crossing the wide veranda. Vladimir Purisshoff's orchestra was playing "The Serenade." "You will come for me by and by and bring me to hear the music, " she said. "It will seem like old times when we danced to the music of the regimental band."

Were you lonely after I left the post?" she asked No one but a woman could have asked such a question.

"I never before knew what loneliness was," he said. "I wonder if you would forgive me if I told you just how lonely I was-but, no." For a moment he thought only of his love for her. Then he remembered that she had refused the flower of the army, that she had a mission in life. "Tell me," she said softly.

A man may spend the best of his life in the dreary confines of an army post two days' journey from a railway station He may listen to 37 bugle calls a day and attend to an adjutant's thousand and one duties for years, but the blossoms of his heart may remain eternally fresh and fragrant.

There were tears in the girl's eyes when he finished his story. "I am glad," she said as she put ber band in the parade, and it was Lieutenant fore I left the post. I should have "I thought you would tell me be-

"And now, Agnes-now?" 'After the war, ' she said.

So you, who pray for the safety of those who go into battle and for blessings upon those who wear the Red first, self after and then, with his will, long life and happiness. -Katharine Hartman in Buffalo News.

Democrats and Whisky.

The Chambersburg (Penn.) Valley Spirit recalls the fact that it was at the Girard House, Philadelphia, that Judge Black first uttered the story which has since wended its way in and out of the highways and byways, near and remote, about Democrats and whisky. It was on a Philadelphia hot night. The air was colonel. He thought over all the hours and expressed his surprise that the judge was not at Cape May sniffing salt breezes. The judge assured his visitor that such weather was of incalculable benefit to humanity.

"Why?" "Well, you see, if we didn't have hot weather we wouldn't have corn; if we again after she leaves here." He took didn't have corn, we wouldn't have

THE BLACK DEATH.

THAT FEARFUL PLAGUE THAT FOL-LOWS IN THE WAKE OF WAR.

Whole of Europe, Killing Twenty-five Millions of People In Three Years-The Pestilence In London.

The plague, or pestilence, that mysterious and fearful visitation which has moved its hosts in the wake of armies to slay more than war itself, is supposed to have first originated among the dense masses of people who crowded together in the great cities of Asia and Egypt, or who formed the encampment of Xerxes, Cyrus and Tamerlane the Tartar. It probably sprang from the impurity which must have existed in the midst of such vast gatherings and in part also nel with them, but he was not there. A from leaving the unburied dead upon flush dashed up to his face. Had she the field of battle. At any rate the germs of this fearful human poison have always been most active where condi tions similar to those have prevailed. It has always been war and the march of armies that has spread it broadcast over the world from time to time, and as did to make my stay pleasant," she war became less frequent and less worldwide the frequency and extent of

these ravages have lessened also. The first recorded outbreak of the plague in Europe occurred in the sixteenth century. It came from lower Egypt. This was the first lapping of the wave that reached into the east again, there to stay its movement so far as the west was concerned until 544 A. D., when the returning legions of the Emperor Justinian brought it again into the western world from the battlefields place it attacked. Here in a single day as many as 10,000 persons are said to rope, which was little else than one carried into Gaul, where it followed

The various crusades, which extended in Europe, for they served to keep open the channels of intercourse between the east and the west. Periodic epidemics were common during their continuance. the fourteenth century with what is known in history as the black death. since the world began. The havec of war was nothing in comparison to it. It swept the whole of Europe, leaving in Such figures stagger the comprehension, but the records of doubted. The entire population of Europe is estimated to have been about 100,000,000-kept down as it was by the constant warfare-and of these 100,-

900,000 at least a fourth perished. The ravages of the plague in Italy, 'Is it possible?" It seemed to him of the Cuelphs and Chibellines, was particularly disastrous to mankind. It raged with terrible fury in Naples. where 60,000 persons are said to have died. It fell upon Pisa and seven out of every ten perished. It utterly and forever destroyed the prosperity of Siena. Florence also suffered severely, while 100,000 of the inhabitants of Venice were literally wiped off the face of the earth. From Italy it moved into France, where the mortality was almost as great; in Paris alone 50 000 people died from it. One of the worst features presented by the history of the black death was the cruel persecution it aroused against the Jews. They were supposed to have infected the air in some mysterious manner, and they were accused of having poisoned the wells and springs. In Strassburg 2,000 of them were buried alive in their own burial ground.

The order of the Flagellanto arose at this time, coming from the belief that the sins of the world had at last brought down the wrath of beaven. It was the beginning of the so called Hundred Years' war that carried the black death into England, where in London its victims numbered 100,000 When at last the plague had worked its ravages, it doubled back over its course, to disappear in the east. In 1845 it appeared again in England, first among the soldiers of Richmond after the battle of Bosworth Field, and when the victorious army marched to London the plague went with them to work its havoc there As long as it lasted the mortality was as great as that caused by the black death half a century before. Five thousand people died in five weeks, and then the plague left London as suddenly as it had appeared there, to sweep over the rest of England.

In Scotland the plague of 1568 came immediately after the battle of Langside, when Queen Mary was dethroned, but no records of the mortality it occasioned seem to have been preserved. The plague visited London in 1675. This followed after the civil war which ended with the death of Charles II, but so many years intervened that it is impossible to trace any connection between the two events. In modern wars danger from the plague seems gradually to have lessened, perhaps as a result of by the armies of today. -Philadelphia

Politics by the Forelock.

The Denver Post takes time by the forelock and launches the following:

For President,
Teddy Roosevelt of the Texas Terrors.
For Vice President,
Colonel Torrey of the Wyoming Wildeats.
Platform, Tighton yer cinches, hit 'em with the spur

-Dallas News

Liver IIIs

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsapar'lla.

Outside the fast closed gates of her lost Lay hapless Eve,

And in her new, unequaled agony
She moaned: "Relieve,
O God, this pain! Have pity on my lot!"
The great God heeded not.
The sun shone on in heartless brilliancy,
The weary day dragged itself slowly by,
But in the evening—hark, a feeble cry!
God's curse hath been forgot
And rast alarms.

And past alarms,
Eve glories in her lot—
Her child is in her arms.
—Elizabeth Harmon in Godey's Magazine. WHY HE ENLISTED.

As the recruits commenced to scatter around in the shade the journalist and the Hancock volunteer proceeded toward the headquarters of the colonel of the regiment. After the salstations had the two ladies an a young man, a been exchanged before the tent of the they all told me I ought to have b commanding officer the volunteer ad- there. That night she seemed kinddressed the colonel, saying, "Cap'n, if unres'less She talked a heap bout the you need any more of Hancock county nice things they'd all said bout her a boys I'll get'm for you."

"If they're all as fine looking physical specimens as yourself, " the colonel answered jovially, "I'd like to have a whole army of them. Our regiment will be filled up in a day or so, but I'll let you know in time.

After they had left the quarters of the colonel and were stretched upon the grass in the shade the newspaper man took occasion to put his favorite question, "Why do you enlist?" Sometimes this question elicits an outburst of patriotic ardor which fills the air with stars and stripes and eagles, sometimes (most frequently) it calls forth a hard luck story which paints in glowing colors the virtues of the victim, but on this occasion the answer was merely, Well, I have nothin to lose." protested the newspaper man, "there's no telling how long you'll have to be from home, and there's no man that will take the same interest in running your plantation that you do, for I presume you are a farmer

"That's true, sir; that's true," was his deliberate response, "but you see things ain't just as they was Before Mary left I took interest in everything, but now-1 jes turnt the farm over to couple of fellows an thought I might's well to come to the front an fight for my country I'm 34 years old, an I ain't never done nothin but farm, an I thought I'd take a little fightin in mine jes at this stage.'

Here a forced smile played over his rugged, careworn features. The correspondent wished to follow the clew just thrown out about the desertion of Mary, but didn't know just how to proceed. "Well, I don't want to discourage your patriotism, ' he said, "but you're giving up the peaceful lessure of rural life for the dangers and excitement of a campaign in which disease is as much to be feared as Spanish bullets.' "stranger," said the volunteer,

bout 'peaceful' leisure 1 see you am't never lived in the country. Farmin's a good thing if a man's got money or don't mind workin, an I don t, but that was jes' the whole trouble I bl'eve now when I think of it that if I had a had more time to make her happy she'd a been contented to stay, but it seemed to me we was married at the busiest time of the year, an then afterward it looked like I had jes' as much to do at all times. I always bad to look after the milkin at daybreak, an then besides the regular work there's chough chores and the like to keep a fellow hustlin all the time. Even on rainy days there's harness to mend an such But, friend," and here his face brightened up until it was radiant with the recollection, "if you could have seen that little wife of mine in the dairy you'd a seen the prettiest sight you ever saw. In a little speckled calico, skimmin the milk an washin the crocks. singin the whole time, jes as happy as a lark. She looked like a little pink rosebud Sometimes it seemed to me she was more like a angel than a woman. But I beg your pardon, sir. 'he concluded, refilling his pipe. "you said you wanted to meet all the Hancock boys here, an I guess I'd better go make you 'quainted with em stead of tellin you all my personal affairs, which isn't

the right things to tell to strangers. This sudden halt in the narrative an noyed the journalist, who had interviewed woman suffragists, heard the confessions of criminals, synopsized the prayers of ministers and even invaded the sanctity of the home for the purpose of publishing to the world the secrets of private life The story had somehow placed him in that supersympathetic condition from which tact takes flight. but, summoning the little skill which remained, he determined to make the man lay bare his heart

"No, be said, "don't apologize for anything you say to me I'm interested in it all When a man is manly and patriotic, his life is always interesting to We all have our sorrows, and it's a relief to tell them occasionally Did you say your wife is no longer with

Blundering as this speech may seem to a mind which seeks and finds hidden motives, it was sufficient to satisfy the simple son of Hancock county, so he

"Yes, sir, it's over three months since I saw her Understan, now, I ain't blamin her at all. She was young an pretty an full of life, an so I'd jes rath er to think of it all as a big mistake. For a little time after we was married she seemed to be happy, but then I nobetter sanitary conditions maintained ticed that she didn't pear to take the same interes' in things. It was jes after she had spent the day at Sulphur Springs with a lot of young folks. 1 drove her over there to a picuic one mornin an then come for her in the evenin. There were a dozen or more girls there an several young men from the cities, but there warn't none of em could touch her when it comes to looks. She seemed to enjoy bein with em so much that I couldn't help kinder standin round an lookin on for awhile, but then

I hurried on back, for I had a lot of hoein to look after.

"Well, sir, I was the proudest man in the world when I went back there for her that night. Everybody crowded round, even the old ladies, an told me what a pretty dancer Mary was. All the young folks in the country was there, but Mary was the populares' of 'em all. They wouldn't hear to our drivin back then, but made as both come right in to supper. I didn't exactly calculate on doin this, but Mary looked like she wanted to, so I did. They tried to make me dance, but I don't know how It was the openin of a new summer hotel, you know A young fellow that set next to me at the table an was mighty polite in handin me everything said he was gonter be there at the hotel for some time, an that we mus' come round often. Of course I asked him to come see us too. He was a pretty glib talker. When we was leavin an tellin everybody goodby and promisin to come again soon, I heard a lady from New York say to an other one, 'Wouldn't she be a queen with the right trainin? We got in the spring wagon an drove home, an she was jes' all excitement tellin me what a time they had that day an how I ought to learn to dance. 'Two days after some ladies drove

round in their carriages an asked her to go to the Springs with 'em again. She said 'No,' but when she seen I was anxious to have her go she went with them. They drove back after supper, her and the Springs, but mostly talked bon bow nice it would be if we could go a travel an go to New York an every where, an she said we ought to rebooks an the like, an that a lady the said what she needed was cultivatin

"I didn't like this, talkin bout her like she was a field to be plowed up, stead of a flower jes' to grow an bloom natural, an when I told her this she jes' laughed an slapped her hands over my mouth. She went to the Springs right regular for a time Then she wouldn't go no more Someb dy sent her some books-four or five of em She commenced to read one of emoat loud to me one night Twas a nic story about some rich fo ks, some ar ists, an how they was lover each othe an the thing they went to tut while i got to likin the resky books after awhile I told her all the time that it was ie stories an that there wash t no si folks in Paris or New York or any wheres else. Since she was teachin me a-readin out had. I took to tea him her tellin her what I thought bout the books. I told her thet life was a reality an that even is there was such people they wasn't no better off than us cause there's advantages an disadvantages everywhere, an it all mounts to bout the same an everything in its place is the best. That's the way I'd write if I wrote books.

"Maybe it was readin in them durn books bout the fashion an the wealthy. or maybe it was them people at the Springs put foolish notions in her head. or maybe it was jes' cause she come to know she was too good an pretty for a man like me, but anyhow she commenst to pine an droop like a flower that's witherm I'd beg her to go to the Springs an enjoy herself like she was invited to do, but it warn t no use She wouldn't do it After bous a week of this thing that same lady from New York drove up to our gate an asked "that's jes' it. From the way you talk at the Springs. She wanted her to stay Mary to come in an pay a visit to ner as long as she would, an then Mary did condition that I was to come to see her every day.

"It's a lonesome time I had then I didn't go to see her but three days, an every day it seem to me I was unwelcomer than before, so I thought I better not go no more an let the chile enjoy her visit It look to be like the harder I try to please her the more things would go wrong Winimin folks is curious little things, stranger, an a awkward fellow like me don t know jes how to handle em I had done mortgaged my tarm again an went in young man. town an brought her stiks an dresses on gloves jes the right size, an when she see in she jes cried an said I was too good to her Then I got her a piano. but nothin would suit This was befo she went for the last time to the springs The things is all at home now but I never wants to see them again an if God spares me I never will There's nothin else to say now, but that I lef cause I couldn't stan the sympathy an the talkin of the neighbors after I got this letter

Here he pansed and took from the in side pocket of his cordurey coat a equare envelope addressed in a round. girlish hand. The faint odor of violet sachet which had once permeated the pages could still be detected, though mingled somewhat with the aroma of tobacco It read

I hope that you will understand and forgive me, Jack, although I know that God never will I was never happy with you, and I never was able to make you happy A noble, un reliash man like you deserves a better wife. When you get this, I will be far away. Don't try to find me, for you never can Mary

After the correspondent had read and returned the letter both men were stlent. They watched the little knots of officers and privates talking together nuder the shade trees, the squads of ununiformed recruits crossing the grounds to their various commands, the amateur cooks preparing the midday meal and all of preparing the intidday ment and all of attractive and youthful to her husband's the lazy restlessness of camp life. The tyes than in the days of courtship. Hancock volunteer was the first to speak. "What pesters me most in that letter, he said in a voice tremulous with suppressed emotion, "is that she cays that she knows that God never will forgive her, an sure God (if there is any) shouldn't be more unforgivin than one of his creatures If I b'l'eved prayers was ever answered. I'd be prayin for that little giri now, but as 'tis the bes' thing I can do is to go to the front an fight for my country."-Barton Pittman in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Acknowledged.

"I do not claim, said the thoughtful member of the club, "that the influonce of fashion is entirely harmful. We must admit that we owe the milliper and dressmaker something.

"Goodness, yes!" exclaimed the usually frivolous member, shuddering "My account can't be less than \$150." -Brooklyn Life.

WANTED-RESERVE TRUST V PRETAV PERSON IV Wanten seemed from voriny region is this state to manage our buliness in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight 1000 e year and expenses—definite, broaded, in more no less salary. Monthly ET, References. En close self-addressed stamped envolope, Herbert. E. Hess, Frest. Dept M. Chicago.

THE MAJOR'S EXPERIENCE

How He Spent the Greater Part of His Life- A Time When His Life was in Danger.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

One of the staunchest supporters of the deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the ceen is Maj. A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third superintendent and engineer in charge of the construction. Ave., Detroit, Mich.

superintendent and engineer in charge of the construction.

Major Bishop was attached to the staff of Brigadier General Chamberlin, of the National Guard of New York, with the rank of Major from 1857 to 1865.

He has been located in Detroit since 1885, and has a large acquaintance among the business men and citizens of this city.

Two years ago, for the first time, Major Bishop was in the hospital. For two months he had the best of medical attendance but when he was discharged he was not like the Major Bishop of old.

When asked regarding his health, he said:

"When I had my lost spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight, I could not gain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks."

could not walk over a block for several weeks.

"I noticed some articles in the newspaper regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalid who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution. "A. C. BISHOP."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of January 1898.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public.

The pure, powerful vegetal-le ingredients in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which on the Ohio river.

Commencing in 1850, he was for a number of years an assistant engineer for the Hudson River Railroad, and later held like positions with the Genesse Valley Canal, New York, and also the Des Moines River Impovement and Railroad Co.

Had to Hustle For a Captain.

Judge George E. Mann tells the following story about the Second company of the Richmond Howitzer battalion. "All the boys who wanted to be officers had been taken care of and the others preferred to be privates. Our first captain was George W. Randolph. who was afterward secretary of war of the Confederate states. He was succeeded by John Thompson Brown, who was efterward made a colonel of artillery. Then we tried to elect a captain, but none of the boys would have it. They went out to fight and were content to be privates. The duties of captain were onerous, and none of them cared to accept We had to get a captain from another company. '-- Galveston News.

The Highly Gifted Cow.

It is said that something bordering on the miraculous has lately happened at Tickton, a village in Yorkshire A farmer bought what he thought was a drinking trough for his cattle, which did very well for all his stock but one, and this was a cow that never would drink from it This causing some inconvenience, the farmer mentioned it, until the fact came to the ears of a local antiquary, who on examination prononnced the supposed trough to font, and further research showed that it had once stood in the village church. It has now been recovered and replaced. -English Country Newspaper.

Piret Run on a Bank.

The first "run" on banking institutions in London was in 1667 Many Lombard street goldsmiths and bankers had lent out the money intrusted to them, and being called upon for payment were unable to meet the demand. agree to go an stay a we k makin the A crowd of creditors and others assembled and a riot fellowed, in which four bankers were hanged at their own doors before order could be restored and the angry creditors persuaded that they were not being swindled.

Attaining Refinement. Charles Dudley Warner was once talking informally to the students of the Art league in New York on "Refine-

ment. "And how may one best attain to this ideal of refinement?" asked one

Mr Warner stroked his whiskers very earnestly for a space, but this was the atmost he could find of encouragement, "A very good way is to inherit

Mrs. Petter-Did you see that? Dixon seized that rocking chair and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip too.

Mr Petter-That's just it There's where Dixon is smart Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides, he gets the chair -Boston Transcript



a woman asks this question! thought and study she devotes to it! thought and stridy she devotes to the natural. A woman hates to think that sh is growing day by day less charming and A woman may always retain her charms and the vivacity and freshness of youth if she will take the proper care of her health. A tremendous percentage of ill-health in women is due to weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing remedy for all disorders of this nature. It allars inflummation, heals ulceration, stops debilitating drains and soothes and tones the nerves. It preserves in a woman all the charm of healthy youth. Thou tones the nerves. It preserves in a woman all the charm of healthy youth. Thou-sands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

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The Famous Damascus Sword. It is but seldom that a real good specimen of the Damascus sword can

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Luxnry would not be desired by any of us if we saw clearly the suffering which accompanies it in the world Luxury is indeed possible in the future -innocent and exquisite: luxury for all and by the help of all but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant. The cruelest man living could not sit at his feast did he not sit blindfold. - John Ruskin.

Willful Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Ferry-The paper has the pictures of some of the loveliest house gowns on sale at Sellup's-

Mr. Ferry-This house does not need a gown A coat of paint will have to do, and that will take all the money I can spare. - Cincinnati Enquirer.