opular and efficient hist sergeant of Co. B. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past eix years, and his home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four

home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of bookkeeper.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but mever knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubboru of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work.

"I tried the hot-water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I have tried many advertised remedies but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them.

"I finally was induced to try the pills and

or there.

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

## AN AFFAIR OF THE NATION

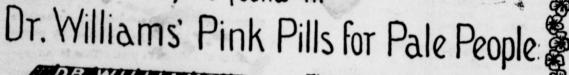
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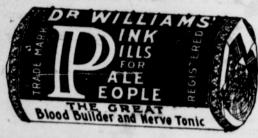
It has been said of Americans that they are "a nation of dyspeptics" and it is true that few are entirely free from disorders of the digestive tract, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel trouble, Catarrh of the Stomach, or Constipation. The treatment of these diseases with Cathartic medicines too often aggravates the trouble.

# THE LOGICAL ® **TREATMENT**

is the use of a remedy that will build up the system, thereby enabling the various

organs to act as Nature intended they should. Such a remedy is found in





The genuine are never sold loose by the dozen but always in packages like this, the wrapper being printed in red ink on druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Schenectady, N.Y. A copy of our diet book free on request. THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

Some Bard Sense.

Life is not a picnic. Of course, there can be lots of fun crowded into it, in a Oficial proper way, but on the whole it is a matter of hard and earnest work. The men who work the hardest are

the happiest. Those who are happiest in their work are the most successful.

Every lick you put in now will be of benefit hereafter. No matter what your pay may be do the best that is within

every yard of canvas set. Work is the

Remember that if you are well and busy you must, as a result, be happy —Hardware.

Le Complied.

Mr. Transcient-Is this all the butter you have to the house. Mrs Caterer? Mrs. Caterer-It is, Mr Transcient, and I wish you would try to make it go

Mr. Transcient-With pleasure, Mrs Caterer (opens window and throws better against back fence) There! If it badn't been for that fence, I could have made it go a little farther yet. -Boston

Not Unique.

"Madam," said the smooth spoken tramp, "I am not an ordinary hobo!" "Oh, I don't know," said the lynx eyed housekeeper, as she leisurely took down her husband's gun from the wall, 'you're about the same as the rest of You can work, but you won't. Git." And be gat. - Vim.



Pleasant Dreams.

It does not hie in the painter's fancy to imagine a prettier picture than that of a young girl, with hips luscious with the promise of love, half parted in the suiles of happy dreamland. The mind of happy maidenhood is a clear and polished mirror, which, when the wits go wandering into the ghostland of dreams, reflects the impressions of waking hours. If those impressions are pleasant and painless and happy, she will smile in her sleep. If the impressions are those of a suffering woman, tortured with the special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, the picture is spoiled by the lines of suffering and despondency. Maladies of this nature unfit a woman for joyous maidenhood and for capable motherhood. They incapacitate her to bear the burdens of life in any sphere of action. Household, marital and social duties alike are a burden to the woman who is constantly suffering from headaches, backaches, dragging sensations and weakening drains. Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription positively, completely, unfailingly cures troubles of this nature. It imparts health, strength, vigor to the distinctly womanly organs. It fits for carefree, healthy maidenhood, happy wifehood and capable motherhood.

"I have a little step-daughter who had St. Yhus's Dance, which your medicine cured," writes Mrs. T. P. Boze, of Ford, Dinwiddie Co. Ya. "I spent about twenty dollars for doctor's bills and medicine, and it did not do the child one cent's worth of good. We commenced giving Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription and "Golden Medical Discovery' and used three hottles of the high and the hottles of the high and sever." does not lie in the painter's fancy to

### CHINESE SQUEEZES.

Promotions Go Hand In Hand

With Enormous Bribes. Prior to each promotion the official bas to be received in audience by the emperor. But this is a very costly affair, for no one's presence in the capital city is recognized until he has bribed the gatekeeper to register his name as having passed into the city and duly report his advent. That Li We can't all get rich by lying on sum in tips and bribes—over £1,000,000 cm in tips and bribes contains a sum in tips a sum in to win the prize or sail through each matter of common knowledge, but the narration of two iustar most healthful, invigorating tonic that haps serve to make the English reader realize even more vividly how inexorable and how shamelessly open is the

systematic corruption. The governor of Kiang-su province, who was an intimate friend of Prince Kung, thought to take advantage of his great influence by coming into the city without bribing the gatekeeper. When he called upon his royal friend, Prince Kung exclaimed: "When did you come? I cannot possibly recognize your presence, for I have not seen your name in the chung-wen-men report," and he had to return and pay double the usual bribe to the gatekeeper before Prince Kung would receive him. Even more remarkable is the case of Tso-Tehung-Tong, one of the greatest of our generals, who, having suppressed the Mohammedan rebellion in Turkestan, had ac quired for the Celestial empire territory bout half as large as China itself. The wished to see him and sent a special

emperor, who held him in high esteem, summons calling him to an audience at Peking. When on his coming to the city the chung-wen-men, or gatekeeper, de-

manded 80,000 tael, he refused to pay anything. But even be was not officially reported, and after be had remained several months in Pekin, waiting for an audience, the emperor issued another edict, asking why he had never come. Tso-Tchung-Tong responded by telling the whole story, adding that, having spent all his own and his family's money on the support of soldiers during the war, he had no means with which to pay such a bribe. He appealed to the emperor graciously to relieve him of the imposition. In reply the emperor said: This [the feeing of the gatekeeper] is a general and ancient usage, and the viceroy and generalissimo must submit to it like another." And as Tso-Tchung-Tong really had not the money, his friends raised a subscription, the dowager empress herself contributing half the required sum .- Fortnightly Review.

Quite Different.

Caller-Sir, I am reliably informed that you have been insinuating that I was a liar and a thief, and I have called to demand an immediate retraction, or, in lieu thereof, your worthless hide,

Editor (of The Bugle)-All The Bugle has ever said about you, Major Gore, has been in a political way. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I was under the impression that you had been attacking my character."-Indianapo-

lis Journal. Then They Didp't De a Thing. "Hypocrite!"

"Bare faced swindler!"

"Robber of the orphan!" Having cleared the atmosphere by thus mutually discovering each other's identity, the gas meter and the short ton of coal settled themselves to correct the fault with spectacles. the task of not doing a thing but run up the score. - New York Press.

that domesticated aquatic fowls do not drink while they are swimming," remarked M. A. Fulton of Arkansas. An old farmer friend of mine down in Arkansas called my attention to this a short time ago, and I have since been closely observing the habits of ducks, geese and swans in this regard to see if

tame geese nearly all day to see if one York Sun. in the water while paddling along its surface and take a drink. One sbrewd old gander twice startled me by swimming ashore and satisfying his thirst, after reaching terra firma, by guzzling copiously and with manifest relish from the water along the bank and then swimming out to deep water again. Even the goslings went through the same performance when they grew thirsty. I would say the geese did this because they had no better sense, but when I saw ducks and swans go through the same performance I cannot bring a sweeping accusation of idiocy against the already too much maligned goose without including in the indictment all other domesticated aquatic fowls. Probably the foolish and useless habit is due to the fact that when young these animals are taught to drink from troughs and pans, and they haven't intelligence enough to shake it off when they get grown. I cannot account for it in any other way."-St. Louis Republic.

Safety Elevators. An improved system has been adopted in respect to the new elevators for the library of congress. They are built with a special view to safety, and in addition to a safety catch are provided with what is termed the air cushionthe latter not a real cushion, inasmuch as it is not soft, nor is it made and put in position, being formed only when the elevator is dropped to the bottom of the shaft, and thus all wear and tear on the cushion is avoided. The principle is very simple. At the bottom of the shaft is a well about 13 feet in depth, for the infirm old woman, there can be the sides of which are so arranged as to none for me." come at the top within the sixteenth of an inch of the side of the elevator, this space gradually growing larger until there is a distance of an inch and a half between the elevator and the shaft. When the elevator is dropped from the roof, it pushes before it a quantity of air, and, dropping into the well, the air is compressed and, escaping very slowly, allows the elevator to settle easi-

Queer and Shocking.

Recent advertisements in the daily papers are calculated to make dime museum freaks gasp with envy. The 'bearded lady'' would be an ordinary mortal beside the coriosity quoted here: Lost, a dark green leather lady's pocketbook." Think of a dark green leather lady! In another advertisement we learn that "girls are wanted to sew buttons on the second story of the Smith & Jones building," and while we are wondering what the second story is going to do with the buttons after they "sewed on" we see that Brown & Co. want "a saleslady in corsets and underflannels," and we are so shocked that we never read any more "wants." -Boston Gazette.

Fond Delusion.

Optician-Yes; you see double. I can Patient-Hurry! Maybe it isn't twins, after all !- Jewelers' Weekly.

Never Deink on the Water.

"It is a curious fact, easily verified,

rose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising,

each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said:

another got out of the car. The sents seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

An Immediate Necessity.

The Real Sufferer.

Dashit-I don't mind it so far as Boston Transcript.

"I wonder why people so like to

"Perhaps," said Asbury Peppers, "they do so to call the pastor's attention

LONG DISTANCE MAILS.

fime of Letters From New York to Faraway Destina

A letter sent from New York to Bangtok, Siam, travels overland to San Francisco and thence by water, reaching its destination in about 43 days, paving been carried nearly 13,000 miles. A letter mailed here for Adelaide, Australia, also goes via San Francisco, travels 12,845 miles and is delivered asually within 35 days. New York mail lestined for Calcutta goes by way of London, traveling 11,120 miles in 29 days, while mail sent from this city to Cape Town, goes 125 miles farther in two days' less time.

Mail communication between New York and Hongkong ordinarily consumes one month of time. The letters 70 by way of San Francisco and cover 10,500 miles of distance. To reach Meltourne, Australia, from this city a letter will travel 12,265 miles in about 32 days, and to reach Sydney a letter will travel 11,570 miles in 31 days. The mail route from New York to Yokobama, via San Francisco, is 7,348 miles long, and about 22 days are consumed in transit. To go to Honolulu from this city a letter travels 5,645 miles in 13

Leaving New York on steamer days, mail matter is scheduled to reach Rome in about ten days, Madrid in ten days, London and Liverpool in eight days, Rotterdam in nine days, St. Petersburg in 11 days, Vienna in nine days, Paris in eight days, Berlin in nine days and Athens and Alexandria in 14 days. Communication with South American ports is much slower. It takes 24 days for a letter to go from New York to Rio Janeiro, which is only about 50 miles farther from this city than is Alexandria. Mail matter going from New York to Buenos Ayres, which is 8,045 miles distant, consumes 29 or 30 days. -New York Times.

VEGETABLE GEMS.

Bamboo Opals and Cocoanut Pearls Found In the Philippines, Though Rarely. Among other queer things found in the Philippines are vegetable gems.

There are not many of them, though. The bamboo is empty normally. One might cut open a jungle of the giant grass and find unaltered hollowness. But once in a million times or more accident brings to light in the bamboo stem a gem. Nature has molded into a lump a little of the flinty material which makes the outer stem so hard. The nodule usually presents the appearance of an opal, and several specimens are in the museums which reproduce the characteristic lines of that gem. These nodules are known as tabaceer. It is interesting to note that the first chemical and mineralogical examination of them was made by the James Smithson whose munificence established the first of the scientific bureaus of

the American government. In the condition in which the fruit is known in the United States the milk in the coccanut is considered its only content. The really ripe nut, however, is filled with a white spongy mass, rich in the finest oil which the nut produces. This sponge is exposed to the hot sun for two or three days in a wooden trough until thoroughly pulped. The last of the oil is then extracted by squeezing the soft sponge in the hands. Very rarely this careful handling has developed the presence of small spheres which have much of the luster of the pearl. Eight or ten of these cocoanut there was any variation from the rule pearls, all discovered in the Philiplaid down by my friend. I have thus pines, are treasured in European muse-"Two weeks ago I watched a flock of head to that of a very small peg.—New ums. They range from the size of a pin-

The English Flag. England's national flag has been called "a triplet of crosses," for it is composed of the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick. Thus: The flag of "St. George for merrie England," a red cross on a white ground, the red lines drawn straight from top to bottom and from side to side; the flag of St. Andrew for Scotland, a white cross on a blue life and youth, she was plunged at ground; the flag of St. Patrick for Ire- first into an ecstasy of admiration at land, a red cross on a white ground, the the sight of so much magnificence, and narrow red lines drawn from corner to corner. By placing the cross of St. George on that of St. Andrew we have "the Jack," as ordered in 1606 by James I, whose signature was always "Jacques;" hence the expression, "the she conceived a profound feeling of By laying the cross of St. Patrick over that of St. Andrew and then placing that of St. George over both, we have "the union jack," as borne since the union with Ireland in 1800.-Boston Transcript.

True Courtesy.

General Robert E. Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and having none offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately

The effect was remarked. One after

Mrs. Watts-What is on that button? Watts-"Remember the Maine." Mrs. Watts-It would do more immediate good if you would get a button with "Don't Forget the Groceries" on it. - Indianapolis Journal.

Haiti is a native name, meaning mountainous country. The name Cuba is of native origin. The meaning is un-

"Is it so bad as that-pinch as you may, you will have bard work to make both ends meet?"

am personally concerned, but it will be terribly bard for my valet to have to put up with domestic cigars after the prime havanas he has been used to .-

The Probable Reason.

wear squeaky shoes to church, 'said the nervous boarder.

to their soles. "-Cincinnati Enquirer.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* AND ENDS.

MAGYAR FOLKLORE VERSES

Ah, how muddy's our country lane
After autumn rains have soak'd the dust!
But worthy, worthy is the girl I love
Of all that can a youthful lover move,
And I my top boots muddy make
Willingly for her sweet sake.

With esarda hat set jauntily
And deeket with perfumed resemany.
I'll stroll adown the village street.
How all the girls will smile on me!

Wrinkled my top boots are and long.
Upon their heels gilt spurs shine bright.
They'll clank the time to dance and song.
How all the girls will smile tonight!
—"A Girl's Wandering In Hungary."

### ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself at the piano and singing the tenderest at the piano and singing the tenderest ed it with a glowworm, and picking of romances in which during the last the rose tossed it into the fire. A shudnote the butterflies of the song linger at the heart of the roses.

And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to foster this gentle frame of mind. It was not wild or overgrown.

Its flower beds, where blue, red and much precision as the Sevres cups and ready rife, was satisfied. Saxony statuettes on a whatnot of a But the butterflies in the garden of provincial housewife; the sand of its Eden were mad with anguish, for they paths, where the rake had left markings loved the rose so hated by the woman. as distinct, straight and exact as the Never again, quivering with pleasure lines in a bar of music, and its correct and delight, would they settle on its and uniform borders, stiff as the frills trembling petals, never again brush of a dress that has not been crushed, with open wings the perfumed mysterseemed to suggest the ambition of a les of its heart. very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect While the fatal act was being comtaste, without violence or exaggeration; mitted they flew wildly round the mernarrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

threw into the garden all the infinite ed off triumphant, they drew near to that a bouquet is capable of holding. A butterfly which was fluttering around like two flower petals set free guished grasses. by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its fine, white

"White butterfly," said I, for the rewinged creature, "white butterfly, do dust. not hasten away, but stay, rather, and settle down on this leaf-a flower would white powder, scattered from the wings take too much of your attention-and of butterflies, is the ashes of the rose listen to a question which I have always wanted to ask you or one of your

The butterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. For why should he not have answered, eince I had spoken to him?

"Frivolous lover of reses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate noticing that he does some peculiar powder you scatter from your wings as things. Not long ago he was at a reyou fly from flower to flower can you ception, and a few minutes before clostell me? I am sure you must have suggested the arts of the toilet to the per- secured his hat and coat. Then he walkthat scatter whiteness like a puff."

The butterfly said, "'Tis But as he had nothing to do he conde- his home, he found that he had one scended to enlighten me. I am sure we coat on and another on his arm. The should learn many things that are not next day he found the owner of the exin books and not known by learned tra coat, and mutual explanations folthe insects of the woods and fields.

When auburn haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enoughin the miraculous Eden, teeming with not the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after baving seen her own radiant reflection compassion for all other created things.

The splendid lights in the lion's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's long, floating locks.

Why should she have been jealcus of the swan, since her ows throat and arms were made of living snows, or why of the great vines in the forest, her own embrace being far more treacherous and more sweet?

The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have hoped to rival her eyes had they not had a softer and more exquisite azure.

In fine, she looked at all things, and a great wave of pride came over her. Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?" And thereafter her favorite amuse-

ment was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rosy tips of her slender fingers. Till one day she saw a rose. The rose was there before her, as yet

scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triemphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman. A tiger passing that way lingered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness.

Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less beautiful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would be an endless and unceasing struggle.

In vain impassioned poets of all ages would try in enthusiastic madrigals to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions on the subject. The rose would always dety her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival. A sadness, of which you can form no

idea, took possession of her, whose supremacy, acknowledged by all other created things, was disputed by a mere flower. She no longer had any pleasure in the limpid streams, whose clear waters mourned her bright image. The twans, whose whiteness had not rivaled hers, still sported on the azure lakes, but Eve no longer watched them.

All night she dreamed bitterly of her cival and tossed uncomforted nuder the

cold indifference of the stars. For hours she would remain seated under a tree without once kissing the slenderest of her rosy finger tips.

So great was her despair that at last she resolved to destroy the rose that had dared question her title to incomparable beauty. Alas, she knew only too well that a dead rese did not mean the disappearance of roses altogether. They would bloom again every springtime, every summer, to the shame of lips less red and of skin less rosy white. But at least Eve would have avenged

the first insult. First she thought she would tear her enemy to pieces, trample it in the dust among the stones, then fling it to the furious wind as it passed. She had once seen a vulture seize a lark; so would

she have liked to tear the rose. However, she bethought herself of another torture. She built upon the sand a little pyre of dried grasses, lightder passed through its delicate petals, as, with a low, plaintive murmur, it yielded up all its perfume, its charm, its rosy whiteness, its life and incomparable grace to the devouring flame.

At last nothing was left on the dying embers but a little heap of white dust -the ashes of the rose-and the wom yellow balsams were ranged with as an, in whom savage instincts were al-

ciless executioner, but Eve did not even see them, so entirely was she given over A July sun lavished its gold and to her revenge. And now, as she walkgaze upon the pale remains of their beloved lying on the little heap of extin-

At least they would keep as much of her as they could. So in a tumultuous swarm they fluttered down upon the precious relics, sometimes singly, somemembrance of the song led me into times all together, rolling themselves in such conversation with this delicate the ashes, enveloping themselves in her

And ever since that time the fine -From the French for Short Stories.

The Absentminded Man. An amusing case of absentmindedness was experienced by a young south sider the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been fumer, for yours are the only wings ed up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and home with it on his arm. Arriving at men if we chatted more frequently with lowed and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploits. He had finished his toilet and started for the street. As soon as he made his appearance he was greeted with smiles from everybody who saw him. He walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passersby smile at him. Finally he reached the restaurant where he takes his meals, and then he realized that he was carrying something in his hand. He looked at it and found that he had carried the lighted lamp from his room and had walked several blocks along the main street

with it in his hand. Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where be is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephone. One evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminded youth got up and commenced to yell "Hello! Hello!" and when the occupant of the other room inquired as to the cause of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner, "Oh, I thought it was the telephone bell ringing."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Talk It Over. I have learned some things in the course of a long business life and still have a great many others to learn. But the chief thing I have learned can be condensed into one nugget of

wisdom in three words, Talk it over. If thy business enemy offend thee, don't smite him on the cheek. Take him by the buttonhole in a friendly manner and talk it over.

Some one tells you that Smith, down the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps be has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating his remark or deed in the future. If be has not, you don't want to do him an injustice, even in your own mind.

Put on your hat, leave your temper at home, go down and make a friendly call. Be neighborly, frank, open. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninetynine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in five minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as personal and business enemies. You will both feel better, you will live side by side in harmony; the earth will be brighter, the sunshine clearer, your own beart lighter and mankind take on a more friendly aspect. Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scorching letter; be a man and a Christian

and go yourself. Talk it over. - Hardware.

Unlucky.

Wife-My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed. Husband (growlingly)-Opal he must have meant, for you've brought me bad lack ever since I've had you. Fun.

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A Feminine Mante. "They tell me that Blakely is rich, and yet there is not a by what the wagon from the jewba the merchants stops there."
"That's so. She's one of them that have things sent home, proval. "-Detroit Free Pro