A Farmer's Fortune.

The Remarkable Way in which Adam Salm Acquired Success and Happiness.

From the Vernon Times, Vernon, N. Y.

and synthetises and the synthetic structure. The blood is the vital element An our lives onsequently it must be kept pure, rich and tred in order to have perfect health. The cause of Mr. Salm's sickness was impure and impoverished blood. He had skilled medical reatment and used many remedies, but took a new grip on its distracted victim.

"I happened to learn of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in conjugaring rheumatism, but long suffering had made me incredulous as I had spent many dol'ars for other remedies, without finding relief and this experience had embittered me against proprietary medicines. I finally concluded to try these pills and bought one box of them, and before they were all used f experience as relief such as I had not eloyed since my affliction began. With the depletion of the first box came another

Every one in Vernon and for miles around | and another until twelve boxes had been con-

Every one in Vernon and for miles around knows honest, good natured Adam Salm, and not only in Vernon Center, N. Y., where he has resided for twenty-eight years and conducts his large and well-kept farm, but wherever he is known his word is respected.

His happiness, success in life and even life itself was due to a victory over disease.

"It was a wonderful victory" he says, "from the dreadful disease which threatened to vitiate thy life and one that has made lite miserable for thousands and filled innumerable premature graves. It is that form of disease known as rheumatism, and which held undisputed sway until its conquering enemy came in the form of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is true and published with my sanction.

How the dreadful disease which threatened to vitiate thy life and one that has made lite miserable for thousands and filled innumerable premature graves. It is that form of disease known as rheumatism, and which held undisputed sway until its conquering enemy came in the form of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is true and published with my sanction.

Buscribed and sworn to before me.

GEO. L. BOWERS, Notary Public.

The blood is the vital element An our lives

I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I cam cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bitious attacks coming on regularly often a week. Was fold by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the toeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 3 cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for snything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonial you doubtless have in your possession now. I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit of have derived from Ripans Tabules. I have derived from Ripans Tabules, I am a professional nurse, and in this professional nurse, and fitted have been to the professional nurse and in the professional nurse and fitted have been to the founding sold on the completely run down. Acting an the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowers, Ph. G., 58 Newark Are., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules, with grand results.

Hiss BEGJE WIEDKAN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick hushand. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Mary Gorman Clarke.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my

---headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mins who was taking them for extarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will easy they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROCKMYNE. Mrs. J. BROOKMYRA

My seven-year-old boy indigestion, for a good many rears. One stoy indigestion, for a good many rears. One stoy indigestion, for a good many rears. One stoy is the save a testimental in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them as trial, was greatly relieved by tacir use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she wist not be with out them. The heartburia and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly to great a barden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal, My meather is fifty years of age and is enjoying the beat of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.

ANYON H. BLAUKEX.

Hy seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not at like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saftron color. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules.

ANYON H. BLAUKEX.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPARS TABLES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for a some drug stores—for five CENTS. This low-priced nort is intended for the poor and the conomical. coses of the five-cent enricus (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Christian Contact to the Ripans Christian Contact to the Ripans Tabules may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber abope. They banks pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

R.I.P.A.N.S

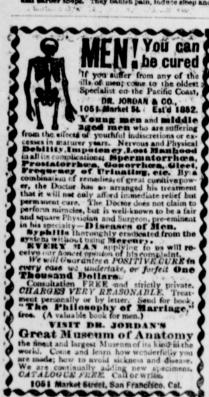
The modern stand-

ard Family Medi-

cine: Cures the

common every-day

ill of humanity.



The most gigantic harp ever constructed, as far as the record goes, was that made by Veritan, the provest of Burkli, near Basel, Switzerland, in 1787. That was a long while ago, but the fame of M. Veritan's gigantic harp was such that it is still occasional. ly mentioned by writers on the rare and the wonderful, just as the sea serpent. bloody rain, live mastadons, etc., are. M. Veritan's colossal musical instrument was 820 feet in length, and, on that account, was constructed in an open lot instead of in a harp factory. It was most simple in construction, consisting of 15 wires strung tightly between two poles. These wires were of different sizes, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in diameter and the smallest onetwelfth of an inch. They were stretched north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from 20 to 80 degrees with the horizon. This queer instrument was not intended as an exaggerated toy, but was constructed for the express purpose of foretelling changes in the weather, which were 'calculated by Professor Veritan accord ing to the different tones the instrument made when the wind was blowing

through it .-- St. Louis Republic.

Countryman (to dentist)-I wouldn't pay nothing for extra gas. Just yank her out if it does hurt: Dentist-You are plucky, sir. Let

me see the tooth. Countryman-Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache. It's my wife. She'll bere in a minute. - Every where.

this state to manage our business in their own and hearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$900 a year and expenses—definite, bonande, no more no less salary. Monthly \$75, keférence. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Prest, Dept. M. Chicago.

One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cow bell, which is made now just as it was 50, 100 and more years ago and has now just the same peculiar, clanking round as ever. Cow bells are made some of copper and some a composition metal, but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast. It is cut from a sheet of metal which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal loop at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cow bells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to the manufacturer and by selection among bells of the various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

There are only four factories in the United States in which cow bells are made, and in each case the cow bell is only an item of production among many other things. Cow bells are sold all over the country, just the same as ever, but much the greater number are sold in the south, the southwest and the west, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence, and cattle are more likely to stray. There are sold in those parts of the country a hundred dozen cow bells to every ten dozen sold in the east. American cow bells are exported to the various countries of South America and to Australia. - New York Sun.

Bathing an Elephant.

F. Fitz Roy Dixon tells of "a baby elephant' that was captured by friends of his in Ceylon in an article that he contributes to St. Nicholas. Mr. Dixon

Her daily bath afforded her great enjoyment. A broad, shallow stream, with a sandy bottom, flowed through the estate, and in a large pool Rengan used to scrub ber down every day. course he went into the water also, and she would lie down and roll, sometimes with all four legs in the air, but always keeping the tip of her trunk out of the water so that she might have air to breathe. When she had done enough of this sort of nonsense according to Rengan's idea, he used to make her come I told you to get bluefish?" out and he down on a sand bar, and then be would scrub her down-a process of which the seemed highly to approve- bab dis yere 'fliction I hyubd yer readafter which she would be once more washed down, and then she would trot off beside her keeper, both clean and glistening, and remain a short while in her stable, while he went off for his dinner. He used to bring ber back a It was erected in the eleventh century, bandful of boiled rice, usually rolled up and frequent conts of pitch have prein a banana leaf, whi hoke received served the wood from decay. with great satisfaction

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

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

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

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

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

lubber would reveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brethren on shore. To begin with, they are more cosmopolitan in their speech. The men in our wardrooms are gathered together from all parts of the Union. Local discussions find but an uninterested audience, or even a derisive one, so that a naval officer gets accus-tomed to speak and think of all the 45 states as belonging equally to him. Outside of his own country he is so great a traveler that very few civilians can keep up with the way he skips in conversation from China to Peru or to Tasma-Other characteristics that are quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are healthier than men who live in houses. They get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. Most of our wardrooms are bustling with officers at 7 o'clock in the morning.

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

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

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

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

By 6:30 o'clock there is a feeling that one can sit down and dine without fear of interruption. The mess as a whole is now gathered together, and the meal is generally a thoroughly enjoyable and delightful affair. After it is over there are cigars, games, music, or the right to withdraw within oneself without exciting remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even now the drills may not be over. At midnight the bugles may sound, and in two minutes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for au enemy. - New

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

An Explanation Ready.

"Hannah!" exclaimed the very young housekeeper, "how in the world did you happen to bring home black bass when

Well, miss," was the answer, after some consideration, "I reckens I musin 'bont. I's color blind."- Washing-

The oldest wooden building in the world is a church at Lorgund, Norway.

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLS WORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back In the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now-How Some of the Citizens Settled Down-Wild Bill and Jim Curry.

located on the outskirts of the village. the gray bearded man who had shared

my seat for the last 20 miles. "That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer.'

"They have picked on a very quiet

"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 30 years ago, when Ellsworth was hell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than hell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the corener six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved on west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then e carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens-after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder. 'Apache Bill, scout and tough, took

up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half breed Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put

into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff. fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Ourry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the of me." place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent.

some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keen eye and ready revolver were not master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time-well, Bill was was gone himself when the second time came to a chimax.

I was present. Now, I never knew Bill to pull his gun to kill unless it was in self defense or there was no other way must. Jim Carry was a coward, but he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.

him on sight, not that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering

"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloen kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do be had his gun against Bill's head and said, 'Now, you long haired -, I've got you, and you're going Bill never batted an eye ner moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not shoot a man down without givin him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wouldn't I? What show did you ever give any one, you -- -?'

like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for him and Bill to shake bands. If they would, be would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: 'Now, Jim, I get nothin ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet bero and lots of sassy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to git more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to git than than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer to entoy it and be happier than if you kept up projectin with me. So now le's jes' drop this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you." .- Indianapolis

After three successive failures in a costly experiment one of Mr. Edison's associates, worn out with the strain, asked. "Why don't you worry a little about it, Mr. Edison?"

Why should I?" replied the inven-"You are worrying enough for

A Matter of Fees. Invalid - I would rather be dead than

as I am Attending Physician-Ah, madam. you should live and er-let live - Ne truit Juniual

"Ellsworth!" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, rottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, 'What is that building?" I asked of

town in which to rendezvous.'

'Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his stick.

Wild Bill was a nervy man and did

"I will tell you the story of the time to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would havepeaceably if he could, forcibly if he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Carry thought he

"So he sent Bill word he would kill

The Dutchman was dancing around Journal.

The natives of the west coast of Su-Didn't Worry.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Polities In Washington's Time.

But, even worse than official incompetency, those who provided the supplies were tainted with peculation and fraud, says Charles Kendall Adams in The Atlantic. The historical student, as he gives up the idea that the legislation of the time was supremely wise, must also, however reluctantly, abandon the idea that the Revolutionary period was an age of spotless political virtue. Again and again Washington pleaded

with congress and with the chief officers of the individual states. In appealing to President Reed of Pennsylvania on the 12th of December, 1778, to bring those whom he calls the "murderers of our cause" "to condign punishment," he unbridled his passion and sent these energetic words: "I would to God that the of the most atrocious in each state were hung on a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." The situation seemed so desperate that only six days later he wrote to Benjamin Harrison, the speaker of the house of delegates of Virginia, "As there can be no harm in a pious wish for the good of one's country I shall offer it as mine that each state will not only choose but compel its ablest men

Quaint Fitz-James O'Brien.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood relates in the New York Times some amusing sayings of Fitz-James O'Brien. On visiting a very patriotic lady on New Year's day, after the civil war was declared, he said, "She had flags on the mantel and cold roast eagle on the side-board." When asked if he partook of the latter, he said no, as "an Irishman he was drawn by a patriotic instinct to the potato salad," and demanded Scotch whisky to show cosmopolitan breath. Lest he should become too bellicose, he 'felt even afraid to handle a drum-

Asked if women had inspired men to drink as well as to heroic actions, he said, "Yes! Often when one is Mumm, and the other extra dry."

And speaking of the heroic intoxication that has sent so many men to war, he said it is what "makes the puppies fight well, and then, we feel such a delicious egotism. Why, when I am marching down Broadway, I do not know whether I am a part of the universe or whether the universe is a part

Diamond Studded Streets.

Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Kimberly, the Diamond City, is the "street washing," and some of the debris washers have done very well. The "washing" consists of overhauling the earth for diamonds.

At nearly every meeting of the borough council applications for permission to wash streets, or portions of lower till the ash heap in the alley or streets, are received. The would be the oblivion of an empty lot marks their washer has to obtain the consent of per- final degradation.—Chicago Chronicle. sons resident in the street or road, to put the latter into sound repair again pay tithe to the municipality in the shape of 10 per cent on his gross finds. Last year £960 was paid to the municipality in this way.

In the early days of the diamond fields the ground was washed in a very primitive style, many diamonds being thrown away in the debris, as it is called. This debris was subsequently used for street making purposes, and now, years after, with better machinery at their disposal, people find it pays to wash the streets."—Cape Times.

An amusing story is told at Stratfordon-Avon. In the smoking room of a hotel there an Englishman and a Scotchman engaged in a heated argument. John Bull was declaring William Shakespeare to be the only poet of the world, and Donald McPherson was standing up for his Robert Burns.

Words ran high and blows see imminent when a self confident little commercial traveler determined to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Gentlemen," he said, stepping between the heated disputants, "let me The look of impudence went from his settle this amicably. Who is this Shakespeare-Burns?"-London Telegraph.

Flight of the Butterflies.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the isthmus of Panama. Where they come from or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveler who observed it. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea and as the days go by the the more men you feed.' The boys got number increase, until about July 14 up in the wagon, straightened out every or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

Not His Legs.

A Russian peasant having gone to the town to buy himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his for nothin." way home and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light fingered tramp, but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing wagoner, seeing him lying half scross the track, shouted to him to 'take his legs out of the way." "My legs?" echoed the half aroused

sleeper, rubbing his eyes. "Those legs ain't mine. Mine had boots on!"-Paris Figaro.

"The Smallpox Devil."

matra object to be vaccinated. They still make offerings to the smallpox dev il. The heart and liver of fowls and buffalces are mixed with yellow rice and other ingredients, placed in the model of a full rigged ship, carried in procession and finally launched into the sea. -Singapore Free Press.

On a parade ground at Calcutta are several adjutants, or argaias. These birds, which belong to the stork tribe, walk up and down the ground, and they bok so much like soldiers that at a distance strangers often mistake them for OLD HATS ON MANY HEADS.

Where the Discarded Headgear of the Average Citizen Finds Its Fate. What becomes of the old hats? The 'stovepipes,' derbies, fedoras, soft hats and straw hats of various kindswhere do they go when discarded by their owners? Every time a man buys a new hat he has the old one wrapped up, and either stowed away in the hat store for safe keeping or sent to him at his

"Wrap it up, and I'll call for it in a day or two." The hatter wraps it up, marks it with the customer's name, puts it away and waits. On the largest mirror in the hat store is a banner with a strange device on it informing the public that "we are not responsible for hats left with us over 30 days." In the store they keep a book, and when Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson leaves his old "lid" a note is made of it and duly entered on this

office or residence. As a rule he says,

After 50 or 60 days have elapsed a general clearing out of the old hats is made, and they go to the secondhand stores along South Clark street, to the costumers' palaces, to the country stores sometimes, all to be cleaned, relined and furbished up the best way possible. It is thus possible for a man to be stopped on some chilly evening and asked to assist some unfortunate who is wearing one of his old hats. These old hats are sometimes sent to the theaters to be used as headgear for "the rabble" or "an angry mob" or "a group of Roman citizens." Drivers of coal wagons, transfer wagons and teamsters generally who want a hat for outdoor use buy a great many of these castaways. The soft hats can be made over most effectually, but a stiff hat remodeled and dyed has an ancient luster that does not

deceive the intelligent. Country stores sometimes take an invoice of these veterans, and the result is a weird exhibition of headgear by the sages of the cracker barrels and hitching blocks.

A stiff hat once broken can with difficulty be patched up acceptably, but a soft hat may be worked over many times and still be marketable. Laborers generally wear soft hats, although a few sport derbies, and many a once proud, stylish hat may be seen during the usual Chicago street cleaning days perched on the cranium of some stalwart wielder of the shovel and pick.

The peddlers buy the old hats. The milkmen, the sailors, rivermen, laborers and that most shifting army of human odds and ends which form such an item in the city's population-these are the men to whom the vast bulk of the old hats go. Hats that have glistened with newness and glossy nap, once started on the downward path, go lower and

A Reconnoissance on the Quiet Which

Took the Boys by Storm. "One day at Chattancoga," says one of the soldier boys writing in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "a lot of us were loading bard tack and bacon into a wagon train that was to be sent to half starving men, and were giving more attention to badgering each other than to the work in hand, when a lame man in fatigue dress, walking with some difficulty with the assistance of a cane, passed along the high porch of the quartermaster's shed and looked down at the boys for a minute or two without a word. Then he spoke quietly, saying: That is not the way to load boxes, men. Put them in straight and carefully. Do

your work like soldiers.' "Old Hannibal, who was slouching a good deal at his work, turned with impudent bravado toward the officer and was just in the act of saying that he did not want any quartermaster's clerk to give orders to him, when he started in surprise, saluted and, much to the asface like a flash, and he said, 'All right, general, we will do it just as you want it done.' Then all the men recognized in the quiet man the commanding gen-

eral of the army. Grant followed every look and word, and he probably understood old Hannibal better than that rough old fighter understood himself. There was a twinkle in his eye as he said: 'Remember. men, these provisions are going to half starved soldiers. You ought to get as many boxes in the wagon as possible. When mules are so scarce and roads so dangerous, the more boxes in the wagon box and loaded all carefully as the general directed. This was only three or four days before the battle of Chattanooga, and while the fight was in progress old Hannibal said he knew that Grant 'wasn't limpin round Chattanoog

The Picture Hat.

Some time ago a noted writer announced that scientific physicians had utterly condemned the large, round hats weighed down with excessive garnitures, pronouncing them "a serious and andeniable means of producing headache, wrinkles and gray hair." One would suppose this threat of a trio of terrible afflictions would have had the instantaneous good effect of banishing the burdensome cause of them all; but not so. We can almost affirm that fashion's power is more potent than health or even life itself. Gray hairs may appear, the "picture hat headache" may become chronic and wrinkles deepen, but while the dominating queen of style decrees it we shall still behold the baneful and overpowering picture hat. - Exchange.

A Decided Hint.

Mother-What in the world ever possessed you to give Mr. Binge a shaving Dangbter-He never seems to realize

bow sender my face is .- Detroit Irco

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