

How a Worthy Humanitarian Made a Slight Mistake.

An enthusiastic member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose short sight and big heart are in diametrically opposite proportions, had a peculiar experience the other day. He was walking down Prytania street and noticed what seemed to be the members of a household assembled around a small bonfire in a yard adjoining a cottage. They were apparently deeply engrossed in some unusual proceeding, and a very peculiar, dense black smoke was arising from the fire.

The scene was so odd that the good man stopped to look, when, to his horror, a half grown boy in the crowd suddenly produced a large Maltese cat and thrust the animal directly into the heart of the smoke.

"I wonder if that will do it," said a woman who was looking on. "Oh, this will kill anything!" replied the boy, with a heartless laugh.

The humanitarian felt his blood run cold. The dense volume of vapor screened the wretched creature, but in his mind's eye he beheld its agonized contortions, and he could hardly find words to voice his indignation.

"You cruel villain!" he screamed, "release that cat immediately!" The boy looked around with open mouth. "Mind your own business, you old lunatic!" he replied with asperity.

"My own business!" exclaimed the member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, boiling over with rage. "This is my business, sir! Take that cat out of the smoke or I'll have you in the parish prison!"

The boy glared at him in apparent stupefaction, but the woman began to laugh. "We ain't hurting the cat," she said, diving into the smoke and drawing forth the animal by the tail. "See! It's our poor old Tom, and he's been deaf and stuffed these five years! We're getting the moth out of his fur!"

The humanitarian's jaw dropped. He wiped his forehead, and the group snickered audibly. "I—ab—beg your pardon," he said faintly—"really I—er—I must catch this cat."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Save Health and Money. Mrs. Cobblestone—My dear, the doctor says my health will improve by change of air.

Mr. Cobblestone—What kind of a change? "He says I must live at a higher altitude."

"There's sense in that, and we can save a heap of money besides."

"Of course. Here we're paying \$90 a month for this third floor flat, when we can get the sixteenth floor for \$30."—New York Weekly.

A Wise Parson. "You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot they never could undo.

HER LOOK. Time may set his fingers there, Fix the smiles that curve about Her winsome mouth, and touch her hair, Put the curves of youth to rest, But the "something" God put there, That which drew me to her first, Not the tress of hair and curls, Not all sorrow's fancies absent, Can kill the look that God put there—

Something beautiful and rare, Nothing common can destroy, Not all the loveliest of years, Not all the dress of earth's alloy, Better than all fame or gold, True as only God's own truth, It is something all hearts hold Who have loved once in their youth.

THE LOST VIRGIL. The trainboy entered the car. "New monthly magazines! This week's comic papers—Puck, Judge, Owl!"

The boy was just passing on when his glance fell on a worn, dog eared copy of Virgil, which the schoolboy in the seat in front of me was busily studying.

The schoolboy looked up with some surprise, but silently handed over the book. The trainboy turned the leaves quickly till he came to the last few pages, which he looked at more carefully; then he passed the book to its owner with a disappointed air.

"Thanks, 'tain't the one." He went on his way through the car. "New monthly magazines! This week's comic papers—Puck, Judge!"

At the next station the schoolboy left the train. A few minutes later the boy with the papers entered the car again. As he was passing my seat I stopped him. "Will you tell me why you wanted to look at the Virgil?"

"I thought it looked like a second-hand copy," said the trainboy, "and I never can see a copy of Virgil without wanting to know if it could be the one I used to have. I'd give a good deal to get hold of that one!"

"How is that?" I asked. The boy hesitated. "Well, it's 15 minutes to the next station. I shall have time to tell you about it if you care to hear it."

He sat down beside me. "If I could get my old Virgil," he said slowly, "in the same condition it was when I lost it, it would be worth \$50,000 to me!"

He passed a moment to note the effect of his words. The commercial traveler in the seat across the aisle laid down his magazine and began to listen. I silently offered the boy a cigar.

"Thanks," he said; "I'll smoke it later."

Then he began his story: "Three years ago I was at a boarding school in Connecticut, and Uncle Sandham was paying the bills. He wasn't really my uncle—wasn't any relation at all in fact, worse luck—but ever since my father and mother died he sent me to school, paid all the bills and given me plenty of pocket money."

Uncle Sandham, as he liked to have me call him, was a rich old bachelor, who spent most of his time traveling. I guess he must have been a kind of queer chap. He told me once that he was a bachelor because my mother had said "No" to him 30 years before.

"Well, one day in March three years ago Uncle Sandham turned up in my boarding school, told me he was going to be in Boston for a few days, and I might have a week's vacation and come up with him. I had been getting very low marks in my studies for some time, and the principal of the school made it a condition of my being allowed the vacation that I should work out a number of problems in algebra and do a certain number of pages of Virgil during the week."

"Well, coming up in the train, Uncle Sandham talked with me for awhile and then went into the smoking car. I got out my Virgil and began to work at it. I had promised to do a certain number of pages, and I knew that my uncle would insist on my doing it, so I thought I'd get some of it done on the train and so have more time to myself in Boston. After half an hour or so I got tired of it and went into the smoking car to find my uncle. He was swapping yarns with two drummers. Pretty soon they began to talk of a great will case that was in the papers that day. Some disappointed heirs of a millionaire had contested his will, and it had been set aside."

"I tell you," said my uncle, puffing at his cigar, "there isn't much use now-adays of his relatives of step relatives or any of his relatives of step relatives are dissatisfied with their share, all they have to do is to break the will. Any respectable lawyer ought to be able to draw up a will that no one could break."

"My uncle went on smoking. 'I've never made a will,' he said—'there's plenty of time for that yet—but when I do I think I shall be able to do it without calling in any fool of a lawyer. I won't take long to write my will. I mean to leave all I have to that boy there, nodding at me; that is—if he behaves himself.'"

"He puffed at his cigar for a few moments in silence and then said, 'Just to show how easy it is, I'll write a will now.' He took a fountain pen from his pocket. 'Let me have your book, Sandy.'"

"I handed over the Virgil and my uncle, turning over to one of the boys sitting nearby, said, 'There's the will, Sandy. He read it aloud. As nearly as I remember it, it was worded like this:—

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath everything of which I die possessed, both real estate and personal, to the first person who shall be able to recite the first ten lines of Virgil's 'Aeneid' in the original Latin."

"I was sitting in the smoking car when the train stopped at a station, and a number of passengers got on. "I must go through the cars again," said the boy. He picked up his pile of magazines and went off. "New monthly magazines! This week's comic papers!"

I looked at the commercial traveler across the aisle. "Do you suppose it's true?" I asked. "Give it up," he replied. "If it's a fiction, that boy will be writing for the magazines some day instead of selling them." Then he opened his book and buried himself in its pages.—I. Kennerly in Owl.

Shakespeare's Name. It has often been a puzzle to students of Shakespeare why his name is spelled in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions "Shakespeare" and "Shakespere," and learned disquisitions have been written to prove which is the proper spelling. None perhaps was more amusing than the "weather" reason given in 1851 by Albert Smith, who asserted that he had found it in the Harleian MSS. It was as follows:

How did Shakespeare spell his name? So write it as ye please, when ye see some above he scribbles by A. When writen he took his eye.

HOOD'S PILLS. Hood's Pills for Pale People. Hood's Pills for Pale People. Hood's Pills for Pale People.

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THE DAILY CHRONICLE. The Weekly Chronicle. The Weekly Chronicle. The Weekly Chronicle.

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Any Girl Can Tell

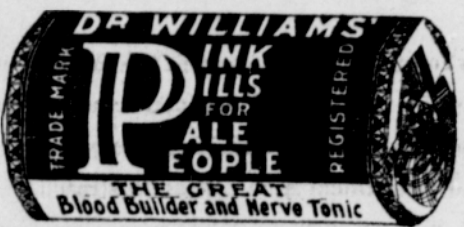
A physician who makes the test and is honest about it can tell you that, in many cases, the number of red corpuscles in the blood is doubled after a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

That this means good blood may not be entirely clear from the doctor's statement, but any girl who has tried the pills can tell you that it means red lips, bright eyes, good appetite, absence of headache, and that it transforms the pale and sallow girl into a maiden who glows with the beauty which perfect health alone can give.

Mothers whose daughters grow debilitated as they pass from girlhood into womanhood should not neglect the pill best adapted for this particular ill.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body and restoring strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

Frank B. Trout, of 103 Griswold Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school on account of ill health. She weighed only 90 pounds, was pale and sallow, and the doctors said she had anæmia. Finally we gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Within six weeks she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since."—Detroit Evening News.



Fifty cents per box at druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Schenectady, N.Y. Book of cures free.

The wrapper of the genuine package is printed in red ink on white paper and bears the full name.

There used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called indigestion attacks coming on about a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend introduced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 6-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never taken a medicine for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I have been suffering from constipation for over 10 years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated. I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. I have taken them about three weeks and I feel a great change. I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and I am trying Ripans Tablets 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. HALEY GORMAN CLARK.

A Daring Horseman.

"The day before General Lee surrendered," I crossed Sallio's Creek, a small stream in Prince Edward county, Va., which follows the track of the Richmond and Danville railroad and empties into the Appomattox river. There was only a handful of my company left, and as I reached the summit of the hill which skirts its eastern bank I turned to see if the Federals—who had been hotly pursuing us—were in view. As I did so I observed a man wearing the uniform of a Confederate officer, ride slowly along the precipitous side of the stream opposite us, and evidently searching for a crossing.

"At this moment a long steel tipped blue line of Federal infantry crowned the hill above, in full view and within easy range of the horseman. Apparently abandoning all hope of escape, the latter turned and rode directly toward the enemy's line. As we watched him, breathless with anxiety lest the signal of surrender should be too long delayed, he suddenly wheeled about, put spurs to his horse, and dashing down the declivity cleared the stream with a bound. Not a shot was fired at the bold rider. As he reached the opposite bank a spontaneous shout went up from the whole line. A moment afterward the Confederates were in the midst of us and we recognized in him General James A. Walker, the commander of the old Stonewall brigade."—Philadelphia Times.

Too Tired to Work.

Malagania does not want to be bothered or improved. They want to be let alone. They neither welcome you when you come nor speed you when you go. They are indifferent which you do. You may pay your bill to the day if you like or leave it if you had rather wait. No body will touch a coin or a valuable if you leave it on your table, but if you lose a pencil or an eyeglass no one will ever find it. It is too much trouble. Never hope to have letters forwarded, for you will see them no more, and few registered parcels escape the post entire. A year ago—or we wintered there twice—I wanted to send a telegram and went to the principal office. Malaga is fourth or fifth in importance among Spanish towns. The office was only open twice a day for an hour or two at a time. Not a clerk could speak anything but Spanish, so I had to go back to the hotel for the interpreter to translate my message. When I returned with it, I wanted a note for 25 pesetas (francs) changed. All the clerks at all the pigeonholes were very kind and civil and smoked cigarettes while they looked for change. But the whole office could not muster it, so I was left to pay next time. It is as a life apart altogether.—Spectator.

Corn Bread.

There is no more wholesome, palatable and strengthening article of food in the whole catalogue than corn bread. It is truly the staff of life of the rural laboring classes in the south from year's beginning to year's end. Among the lawless, toughest men in the country are the hands who work on the copper-tine farms in Georgia. Their regular rations consist of one peck of cornmeal, five pounds of bacon and a pint of molasses per week. These articles constitute pretty nearly if not quite their whole bill of fare during the time they are in the woods cutting or chipping boxes or dipping turpentine, yet they are always well conditioned, hard of muscle and in good spirits.—Savannah (Ga.) News.



The Bride's Father—'I can't give you a positive answer today. I must first make inquiries about you in the mercantile agency. The Sutor—Well, we might go there together, for I want to make some inquiries about you!—Fliegende Blätter.

Homeless. Officer—Here, you can't sleep in the park. The Sleeper—Where'll I go? My wife is cleaning house.—New York Journal.

One Point of Difference. Yeast—Marriage is just like a lottery. Crimonsbeck—Oh, I don't know. A man doesn't have to keep a lottery ticket.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Savage Bachelor. "What do you regard as the great enemy of home happiness?" asked the dear girl in sweet thoughtlessness. "Matrimony," said the savage bachelor, and all the married women and the youngest young men glared at him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In 1870 Japan was visited by a terrible epidemic of smallpox, which almost decimated Yokohama. Vaccination was made compulsory in 1876. The Japanese are said to have been struck with the fact that pockmarked foreigners were rarely seen in Japan.

RIP-ANS

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.



Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I felt that I could not only be relieved but actually cured of my headache. The headache have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and I feel like a new man. He is now a red, chubby little boy. The wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. E. W. PARK.

My seven-year old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and a complaint of the stomach. He could not take children of his age to school and he did not do well with him. He was thin and pale. Ripans Tablets in a few days cured him. He is now a red, chubby little boy. The wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. E. W. PARK.

My mother was troubled with indigestion, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she had a testimonial in the paper for Ripans Tablets. I bought a box and gave it to her. She was cured in a few days. She is now a red, chubby little boy. The wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. E. W. PARK.

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MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the following ailments, you can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PATENTS

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A Business School. The upsur was like that of a runaway engine tearing through a tunnel. The floor was littered with youngsters lying on their stomachs, and all bawling with an energy indicative that somebody was hurting them. Long, slim, scratched upon slips of palm leaf, the equivalent of books in Burma, were spread before the scholars. Making the least show of the approved method of elementary instruction. When the master discovers any lagging in long exercise, a long switch begins to swing through the air. Quiet, serious study is exploded. The Burmese educationists argue that so long as a boy is shouting his mind is occupied. When he is shouting, he is certain to be scheming mischief. Therefore the best blotters are the best pupils.—Travel.

And Not James. "Why," asked the lay figure, "do you call it a jimmy?" "Well," he answered, and his rage was apparent, "I suppose I am rather more familiar with it than I ought to be. Yes."—Detroit Journal.

Knowledge is Power. "Eric Arctur, yet satellite's hon the ring way." "Well, an 'omiger know which way m goin, eh?"—Dime.

There is an... Limon, Rio Rico. It is called the Grand It sets on piers set in the coral reef where-ness spray from the nearby reef. Its rainbow tints in the sunlight.

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