中国工作,在1990年中的中国工作的 Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, formerly Governor of South Dakota, but now a resident of Salem, Ore., says:

"For over two years my daughter had been declining from a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked girl to a pale, weak and helpless in-She was afflicted with terrible headaches, and gradually grew weaker, and more languid. apparently without cause. I tried several doctors, but all without avail. Finally, to please a friend, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to our surprise, before it was used up her headaches ceased, the color began to return to her cheeks and lips and her strength began to assert itself. I bought five boxes more, and by the time she had finished them she was completely restored, and to-day she is a robust rosy, healthy girl instead of a pale, tired and sickly one."

-From the Oregon Independent, Salem, Ore.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

Shave used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called billous attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was causedry but tecth, of which I mad 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 the weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything 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 testimonials you doubties have in your possession now.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit have derived from hippans Tabules. I am a professional hurse and in this profession a clear

bead is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I

found my self completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Dow-er, Ph. d., 5-8. Newark Arc., Jersey City, I took Hipans Tabules with grand results. Miss Buchin Wildman.

with heartburn and

sleeplesaness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day sibe sav. a testimonial in the paper isdorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any rolled. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes or 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-so occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. 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. Many German Clarks.

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 stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for caterrh of the stomech. She had EARARARARARARARARARA found such roller from

found such rolls? from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have complete-ily cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BROOKMYRS. The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saftron color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of lipans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not litpais Tabules, I tried them. Ripais Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my poungater, 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 Ripais Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. Phica.

Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly sellowed by their up and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleepleseness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a bourty meal. My mother is fifry years of age and a sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying the best of health and spirits; also have the sajeying seked in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale describing The inflate though the part of the part of

R·I·P·A·N·S

ill of humanity.

In the Slamese Malay states there are probably about 1,000 domesticated eleprobably over 2,500 animals are workanimals breed in captivity in Siam is due to the fact that a large number of then spend the greater part of their holiday making in the jungle. When there is no work for his beast, the mahout takes him out to a nice cool green bit of forest and leaves him there to enjoy himself. There is no expense connected with his upkeep, for he looks after himself. He has a hobble of rattan round his feet to dissuade him from round his neck, by the tone of which the mahout or his little boy can always find him, when they go out once a month to look him up and give him some barianas.—Geographical Journal.

A Chinese Advertisement wandering too far, and a wooden bell

As a testimonial to the progress of the Chinese toward English and American ways it is interesting to note their appreciation of the value of advertising in English in the columns of their newspapers. The following notice, which appeared recently in a Chinese paper published in a district where there are many English residents, may leave a trifle to be desired in the way of expression, but it shows a creditable effort to master the difficulties of a foreign tongue. It runs:

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

Tent Pins.

Tent pins are mostly made of white oak. They must be of tough wood to stand the hard knocks to which they are subjected. They are made in length of 16 and 24 inches. Made of hard wood as they are they are yet liable to be broken, and they are also lost. Even in peace the consumption of tent pins is considerable. A manufacturer of tents might carry in stock 5,000 or 10,000 Lord Rothschild has adopted. I hear tont pine. It was times the demand is of course far greater. Like many other manufactured articles of wood, tent pins are inelle in the west, in factories in proximity to the forests whence the supplies of wood are drawn. - New

Too Much For the Barrister

Counsel for the detense had pleaded with such earnest and pathetic cloquence on behalf of his client, who stood charged with pocket picking, that the audience was moved to tears, and the prisoner himself was rubbing his eyes with a sfik handkerchief. At that moment the barrister, happening to glance in his direction, suddenly stopped in his speech and exclaimed, "Why, the ras-cal is using my handkerchief!"—Lou-

veats and Trade Marks obtained and all rati-tuniness conducted for Moderate Fees, lend model, drawing or photo. We advise i-tentable free of charge. Our fee not due til-tent is secured. A Pamphlet "How to Ob-n Patents," with cost of same in the U.S. d foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO. OFF PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



combination of remedies, of great curative pow-er, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—D facusces of Men. Syphilis thoroughly cradicated from the system without hashe Mercard.

Nyphilis thoroughly cradicated from the system without using Mercury.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint. We will flourance of FOSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.

Cong intion FREE and strictly private. CHARNES VERY REASONABLE. Treatwart research or by letter. Send for book.

"The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)
VISIT DR. JORDAN'S
Great Museum of Anatomy the finest and largest Museum of its kind in tworld. Come and learn how wonderfully yeare made; how to avoid sickness and disease

We are continually adding new specimen CATALOGUE FREE. Call or write. 1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Lord Rothschild's Physician.

One of the Chinese methods is, I believe, to pay the physician as long as the patient is in good health, with the obvious intention of making it the interest of the doctor to keep the patient well. Apparently this is the method that he pays Sir William Broadbent a retaining fee of 1,000 guineas a year, conditional on Sir William visiting him every Saturday to feel his pulse and see that he is keeping in good health .-Sheffield (England) Telegraph.

The Bosjesmans, in south central Africa, are exceedingly ugly and exist almost in a state of animalism. They dwell in holes, live on roots and reptiles and have very much the appearance of

the ape. The Calmucks of the great Tartar family are, although civilized, extremely ugly. They have short, fat noses, small eyes, high cheek bones and a protruding chin.

zenberg, son of the late John and Rachel Schwarzenberg ALEXANDER SANDHAM 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 rout,
But the "something" God put there,
That which drew me to her first,
Not the imps of pain and care,
Not all sorrow's fiends accurst,
Can kilf the look that God put there— "'There!' said my uncle, passing the book to one of the drummers. 'Do you see anything the matter with that?'

"'It isn't?' said Uncle Sandham. 'I'd like to know why it isn't!' "'It isn't witnessed,' replied the

"That's no good!' said the drum-

"'Oh!' said my uncle. 'Well, you two fellows just put your names down as witnesses.

Nothing common can destroy,
Not all the leaden load of care,
Not all the dross 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. then my uncle called a brakeman who was sitting near and who had heard the That sweet look her face doth hold
Thus will ever be to me;
Jey may all her pinions fold,
Care may come and misery;
Through the days of murk and shine,
Though the days of murk and shine,
I will see through love's glad eye
That sweet look that Ged put there.
—W. W. Campbell in Chambers' Journal. talk. 'Just put your name down there, Johnnie,' he said. 'We might as well do the thing in style and have three

commercial traveler.

Something beautiful and rare,

That sweet look her face doth hold

THE LOST VIRGIL.

papers-Puck, Judge, Owl"-

minute?"

pers-Puck, Judge"-

get hold of one I lost."

care to hear it.

"How is that?" I asked.

The trainboy entered the car. "New

seat in front of me was busily studying.

The schoolboy looked up with some

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

have time to tell you about it if you

He sat down beside me. "If I could

get my old Virgil," he said slowly, "in

the same condition it was when I lost

eler 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

"Three years ago I was at a boarding school in Connecticut, and Uncle Sand-

ham 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

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

ago Uncle Sandham turned up at 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

and the principal of the school made it

vacation that I should work out a num-

ber of problems in algebra and do a cer-

tain number of pages of Virgil during

"Well, coming up in the train, Un-cle 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 bad promised to do a certain

number of pages, and I knew that my

uncle would insist on my doing it, so

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 smok-

case that was in the papers that day.

Some disappointed heirs of a million

adays in a man's making his will. If

any of his relatives or 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

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 with-

out calling in any fool of a lawyer. It

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.'

ments 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, San-

uncle, turning over to one of the back

fly leaves, wrote a few lines. 'There!

he said. 'I think that will would stand.

He read it aloud. As nearly as I re-

"March 17, 189—.
"I hereby give, devise and bequeath everything of which I die possessed, both real estate and personal, to Alexander Sandham Schwar-

A gorcerer Elected.

uty from Gnadeloupe in the French par-

liament, is a negro. He dresses in the

latest fashion, wearing silk hat, patent

leather shoes, white necktie and irre-

proachably out frock coat. He believes

in ghosts, witches and devils and is a

famous sorcerer in his own country. In

fact, he owed his election to his success-

ful defeat of the devil by dancing and

yelling for several hours in a cemetery.

His ability in this line convinced the

free and independent electors of Guade-

loupe that their interests would be safe

in his hands

M. Legitimus, the new Socialist dep

member it, it was worded like this:

"I handed over the Virgil, and my

"He puffed at his cigar for a few mo-

"My uncle went on smoking. 'I've

been set aside.

break.

v marks in my studies for some time,

said 'No' to him 20 years before.

Then he began his story:

it, it would be worth \$50,000 to me."

ed to look at the Virgil?" I asked.

"Will you tell me why you want-

"The brakeman signed his name, and then Uncle Sandham, closing the book, handed it over to me. 'Take care of that, Sandy, my boy,' he said. 'There's your fortune in a Virgil.'

"The drummers began swapping yarns again. After awhile the smoke in the car began to make me sick. I was monthly magazines! This week's comic only a kid then, you know, and wasn't used to it. Well, I got up to go in one The boy was just passing on when his of the forward cars. The smoking car was the last on the train. It was snow glance fell on a worn, dog eared copy ing, raining and hailing by turns, and of Virgil, which the schoolboy in the the wind was blowing a gale. As I crossed the platforms from one car to The trainboy stopped. "Say, young another my foot slipped on the icy feller, will you let me see that Virgil a boards, and a great gust of wind carried away my hat and nearly made me lose my balance. I threw up my arms to save surprise, but silently handed over the myself and the Virgil slipped from my book. The trainboy turned the leaves hand and disappeared beside the track. quickly till he came to the last few I was afraid of what my uncle would say when I'told him of my carelessness. So I went forward into the farthest car pages, which he looked at more carefully; then he passed the book to its owner with a disappointed air. from the smoker and sat down in a cor-

'Thanks, 'tain't the one." He went on ner. The boy stopped as if that were the end of his story and idly rolled the cigar his way through the car. "New monthly magazines! This week's comic pain his fingers.

"Well," said I, "go on. Was your uncle so angry that he disinherited

"No." replied the boy slowly. "1 hadn't been in the forward car 20 minutes when there was a terrific crash that smashed the windows and threw me against the seat in front.

"I thought it looked like a second-hand copy." said the trainboy, "and I never can see a copy of Virgil without "An express train had come up behind us and smashed into us, telescopwanting to know if it could be the one ing the two rear cars. Uncle Sandham I used to have. I'd give a good deal to and the two drummers were among the killed. The brakeman who had signed the will escaped with only slight in-The boy hestitated. "Well, it's 15 minutes to the next station. I shall juries.

"Well." I said. "that is quite a yarn.

"The day after the funeral," the trainboy went on, "I went back to the nearest town to the place where the book had been lost and walked up and down the track for miles looking for He paused a moment to note the effect of his words. The commercial trav-

"You never found it?" I asked.

"No, but three months later I was there again, and I could not help looking along the side of the track as I walked, although of course I didn't really expect to find it. I met a small boy, who asked me what I was looking for I asked him if he had ever heard of any one who had found a book near there. He said 'Yes,' he knew a boy who had found one there early in the spring. I gave him a quarter and made him take me at once to the boy's house. had sent me to school, paid all the bills The boy was at school, but I saw his mother. She said yes, Tommy had found a book beside the track, a queer book that none of them could read. I asked her if she would let me see it. She said she had sold it to a peddler for paper rags a day or two after it was eler said. was a bachelor because my mother had since, and I was never able to trace bending forward to inspect the small Two large diamonds went with it at found. She had never seen the peddler him. The book may have been used up in some paper mill, or it may possibly have found its way to some secondhand bookstore. I never pass a secondhand bookstore without going in to ask if

they have an old copy of Virgil. "Uncle Sandham had left no other will. He had never legally adopted me. a condition of my being allowed the so I had no legal claim on his money. It was divided up among some cousins whom he had not seen for years.

"The brakeman who had witnessed the will got me the place to sell papers on the cars." Just then the train stopped at a sta-

tion, and a number of passengers got "I must go through the cars again,

said the boy. He picked up his pile of magazines and went off. "New monthmagazines! This week's comic pa-

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 fic-

ing car to flud my uncle. He was swap-ping yarns with two drummers. Pretty soon they began to talk of a great will tion, that boy will be writing for the nagazines some day instead of selling Then he opened his book and aire had contested his will, and it had buried himself in its pages -I. Kenniston in Owl. "'I tell you,' said my uncle, puffing at his cigar, 'there isn't much use now-

Shakespeare's Name.

It has often been a puzzle to students Shakespeare why his name is spelled in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions "Shakspeare" 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 averred that he had found it in the Harleian MSS. It was as follows:

How dyd Shakspeare spell hys name? Ye weatherre mayde ye change, we saye, So write it as ye please; When ye some shone he mayde hys A. When wette he took hys E'es.

A Mean Interence.

A young physician was once called in by a gentleman who had a very sick mother-in-law. After looking into the case carefully the young M. D. called the gentleman aside and said. "Well, the only thing I can suggest is that you send your mother-in-law to a warmer climate.

The man disappeared and came back with an ax a moment later and exclaimed: "Here, doctor, you kill her! I really haven't the heart.

"Tom, that old sway backed mewl o' ourn ain't no good under a saddle, is

'Nope: too slow an clumsy." "Ner in th' buggy or waggin?" "Nope; too awkward fer that."

"Ner at pullin ov the plow?" "Nope; wants ter graze too much. 'What you keepin him fer, then?"

"Waal, you see, we ain't got no brays at dinner time jest ez shore ez the yearth tourns over. Yassar, I've been called to dinner by that mewl's bray fer the last five years an I'm allus right n on time. "-Atlanta Journal.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LOVE AT PLAY.

Have you forgotten how we used to weave Our childish funcies for the coming years? In my pride would have you then believe That life meant love, and love could hold no

That life meant love, and love could not not tears.

We built our castles in the shifting sand;
I crowned you with the flow'rs that fastest fade;
We wandered through an all enchanted land;
We loved the sun and never dreamt of shade.
Shall we again be children and forget
How once we parted and how dark our night?
In that fair pathway let our feet be set
Which leads us back into the land of light.
We'll weave fresh garlands on that golden shore,

shore, But—do you whisper something in my ear While upon mine your heart beats close one

Why play at love, you say, when love is here?
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE BLACK PEARL.

"The heroine of my story," said the dealer in precious stones, lighting a above suspicion and to be quick witted. cigarette, "is a pearl, a beautiful full black pearl of extraordinary size and

salesman of experience who had watch-'Souvenir' engraved on it, as a memento have been about right in his conjecture; but this time he wasn't. She appeared handsome, vivacious black eyes and the offering her a seat.

The young girl, however, did not seem to notice this slight, and uninvited dropped down on a small red plush fauteuil, principally used by the nobie customers of the store. She opened the to add other data. The telegraph was reticule hanging on her arm and drew out a small package carefully wrapped in tissue paper. After she had peeled off layer after layer of the envelope she took out the nucleus, beckoned to the owner of the establishment and exhibited to him something she held between her thumb and index finger.

"What is the value of this!" asked in a melodious voice. The jeweler started visibly and took

the object from her hand. 'It was the above mentioned pearl, of such beauty and size that he hardly trusted his eyes. At one place it had a barely noticeable flaw, which might have been done by a former setting. "The pearl has one defect," the jew-

"Indeed!" the stranger answered,

astonishment was genuine, artless. It years, but to no avail. Nothing was was not tinged with the shadow of hy-

"Where did you get that pearl?" he

ked.
"That is perhaps an irrelevant question," she answered smilingly.

to give you some sort of satisfactory answer I will say I carry on a little pawnbroker business, out in the country, inherited from my father. A nobleman desires to pawn his pearl with me, but demands much money. Please tell me what it is worth, and I will pay for the trouble." "I cannot appraise it," said the jew-

eler, regarding it with an admiring eye.
"Why not? Why can you not fix its value?" the girl rejoined in a vexed gaged in dealing in precious stones a

"Well, well," the man said appeasingly. "I only desired to express thereby that the pearl is beyond appraisement because of its great rarity. Its value belongs among the 'fancy' prices.

The young girl pondered a moment; then, regarding the jeweler attentively,

"Can I advance 2,000 florins on it?"

"Most certainly." "And 5,000 ?"

"Also 5,000,"

"And 10,000 ?"

his address !

The jeweler smilingly repeated, The country beauty evidently became

feverish. Perspiration showed in her face, and her youthful black eyes glittered with a fire superior to that of the costliest diamonds in the store. She asked for a glass of water. The former-

ly inattentive salesman rushed to get it. 'And will you pay me 10,000 floring for the pearl if I feel disposed to sell it? I am also authorized to sell it," she said, with a certain show of suspicion, fearful lest the jeweler was simply boaxing her. "

"Ah," she exclaimed, "I divined you were hoaxing me!" "Oh, no! God forbid," the jeweler

responded evasively. "It is simply because I have no use for the pearl. There is only one firm in Austria that would buy it-the jeweler for the court.' "Would you please furnish me with

Willingly." He wrote the address on a piece of paper, which he handed to her; she inclosed it in her reticule, drank the glass

of water courteously offered by the salesman, and, in spite of protests, placed a 5 florin piece on the counter to pay for the appraisement and went Twenty-four hours later the same young woman, dressed, if possible, in a more glaring suit, entered the store of

the jeweler of the court. The suit of stores are situated Au den Graleen, the most fashionable street of the capital, Vienna. I (the reciter of this occurrence) received her. I was the principal business manager. She showed me exposed last year. Of these 347 had the pearl. The attire of the woman was

out of keeping with the value of the

jewel entirely.
"Before taking any other steps, miss, it will be necessary for you to go with me to the chief of police and explain in what manner the pearl came into your

possession." Her eyes darted fire. "And if I re-fuse to do it?" she exclaimed passion-

ately.
"Your refusal would compel me to call in a policeman," I rejoined dryly. "All right," she said; "I go along with you, if this is the custom in Vienna when storekeepers are dealing with their customers. Please call a car-

"You must pardon me," I said apologetically, "but this is really an extraordinary case. A jewel of such val-

"All right, but whatever you do

you do at your risk." The girl appeared to me entirely

A long acquaintance with crooks of all kinds permits me to quickly distinguish rare luster. It is difficult to express its between the hypocrite and the honoravalue in figures." And this is the story: ble, and I was indeed not mistaken in It is just about 20 years ago when my diagnosis. Arriving at police headone morning a young woman entered a quarters, she was asked who she was large jewelry store in Budapest. Every whence she came and whence the pearl. She gave her name and residence. Her woods; her bonnet was a composition of glaringly disnarmonious colors; in one hand she hald a parasol of old, large flowered, faded silk. Every one of her motions between the back she had a parasol of old back she had a parasol of old back she had a parasol of old back she had payred various articles with

flowered, faded silk. Every one of her motions betrayed the country girl. Any who had pawned various articles with mer lessure of experience who had watcher. He was very poor, she said. One ed her entrance into the store would day she accidentally passed near his have thought at once, "Ah, she wants miserable hut and heard a noise in the a cheap plated bracelet, with the word yard. Well knowing the man, she entered and learned that all his possesof this her first visit to the city." And sions were being distrained for a debt under ordinary circumstances he would of 18 florins. The young man called her aside, secretly showed her the pearl and asked for a loan of 20 florins on it to so simple and artless, in spite of her pay the debt. He said the pearl was an old keepsake with which he parted most dimples in her red cheeks, that the unwillingly. Moved rather by pity than salesman attending to her omitted by the value of the collateral, she advanced the sum desired, although she knew from general experience that if the pearl was gennine it must be quite valuable, but she thought it to be an imitation only. It is barely worth while called into requisition and the truth of her statement established.

The history of the pearl was as follows: The father of the young farmer had been a chamber valet of Count Louis Batthanyi, the minister president of the revolutionary government of Hungary, in 1848. The count wore the pearl as a cravat pin, and a few hours before his death—as is known he was shot in Pest by order of a military court martial—he presented it to his faithful servant, who under no cireumstances ever parted with it. At his death his son took the pearl out of the setting, which he sold, keeping the

pearl and parting from it as recited. The pearl itself had been stolen about 150 years ago out of the English crown, which had contained three of them. The jeweler "sized up" the girl. Her ment had been looking for it for 150 ever heard of it until this accident. In what manner it drifted into Count Batthanyi's possession will doubtless re-

main a secret forever. He had most probably bought it of some antiquarian. The English government redeemed the pearl, paying for it the offered reward of £2,500, a handsome sum, which the girl divided with the farmer-but not divided, because the history of the pearl says that the two concluded to keep the money togethe --

best done by getting married. "Yes," added my gray baired informant, "many jewels and pearls have had their eventful history, and during the many years that I have been engood many of their ups and downs and mishaps-theft, arson, murder and all the crimes on the statute books-have come to my knowledge. I propose to write a book about these adventures sooner or later, and I assure you it will contain entertaining and startling read-

ing matter."-Jewelers' Circular.

Walking Sticks.

The sixteenth century is that in which the walking stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity and luxury. In the seventeenth century it was gold headed and made of rare woods. It was

a sign of leadership.

For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking sticks. The "oaken towel," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbed down," shared popularity with the crab tree cudgel, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued and classic from the conflict in "Hudibras," when

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang. Hard crab tree on old iron rang.

Classic, too, is that stout oaken stick which stordy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theater in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of 'taking him off' on the stage-an intention which, in view of the stick, he did not carry into effect. - Gentleman's

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