



Cincinnati Post.

A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

August Valentine Kautz was born in Ippringen, Baden, Germany, but was brought to the United States by his parents when he was but an infant. He was not yet 20 years of age when he served as a private in the volunteers in the Mexican war, winning for himself such distinction that he was after his discharge from the army appointed to the United States Military Academy, where he graduated in 1832. He served in the Northwest in the Territories of Washington and Oregon until the Civil War.

Kautz served through the peninsular campaign until just before South Mountain, when he was appointed colonel of the Second Ohio Cavalry. His regiment was ordered to Camp Chase, Ohio, there to remount and rest; and there Kautz remained until April, 1863, when he led a cavalry brigade into Kentucky. In July, 1863, the famous raider, John Morgan, menaced the inhabitants of Ohio. Kautz prevented the famous chief from crossing the Ohio and engaged in his capture and pursuit. It was after this that Kautz was transferred to Virginia, where, on the 9th of June, 1864, he entered Petersburg with a small cavalry command. He led the advance of the Wilson raid, which cut the roads leading from Richmond to the south.

POTENTATES AT NEW YORK.

All Nations Gather Beneath the Roof of Famous Hotelries. The old Midway never held a more varied congress of nations than can be seen almost any day at the big hotel in New York.

There is one great 5th avenue hostelry in particular which is always crowded with a medley of nations and colors. Its corridors are thronged with all sorts and conditions of persons at almost all hours of the day and night. As one walks up 5th avenue one sees flung to the clear blue New York air a barbaric flag which proclaims the presence within of some eastern potentate, or one recognizes a European banner that denotes the visit of a great personage. The lobbies give further evidence of the presence of guests from the four corners of the earth, says the New Broadway Magazine. The Japanese secretary moves suavely through an elbowing mob; a man of the orient eyes the crowd with a curious look, half of interest, half of amused contempt, while he awaits the carriage which is to bear him to see the sights of the wonderful, noisy city. There are women, well dressed, exhaling soft, delicate perfumes, rustling gently in furs and velvets, filling the air with a tinkle of talk and laughter like sleigh bells; they are hurrying to a morning musicale in this pink-hung room, or to a lecture on beauty, or on Ibsen, or on the Vedantic philosophy in that Louise Quinze apartment.

Or it is night. There is a great political banquet in the great ball room. Its hundred feet of floor room is filled

with blossom. The two tiers of boxes above blossom with women like flowering balconies. By and by the ceiling, polished by Blashfield, and the funnies by Will Low, are softened and obscured in a pale haze of smoke. The elevators that ascend to this room are full of all sorts of people. Every type of American politician is borne aloft. Every type of politician's wife may be seen there. Here is a little woman in an old-fashioned cape who wants to hear her husband's speech; here is a bare-shouldered beauty hung with ropes of pearl and draped, empire-wise, in all-very satin and chiffon, who wants to advertise her husband's wife. As they enter the lift a tall westerner, with the sombrero hat of fiction in his hand, turns to glance at them; an oriental visitor favors them with a bold stare out of full, dark eyes; a New Yorker hurrying to a late business appointment with a man from Chicago does not even vouchsafe them a second glance.

DIED A BEGGAR.

The Pathetic Career of John Stow, the English Antiquary. John Stow, the celebrated English antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1525 and brought up to the tailor's trade. For forty years his life was passed among needles and thread, but in the few leisure hours which his trade allowed him he had always been a fond reader of legends, chronicles, histories and all that told of the times that were past. By such reading he grew to be so attached to old memoirs that when about forty years of age he threw down his needle, devoted himself to collecting them and followed his new profession with the faith and enthusiasm of an apostle. Short of means, he made long journeys afoot to hunt over and ransack colleges and monasteries, and, no matter how worn and torn might be the rags of old papers which he found, he kept all, reviewing, connecting, copying, comparing, annotating, with truly wonderful ability and good sense. Arrived at fourscore years and no longer capable of earning a livelihood, he applied to the king, and James I., consenting to his petition, granted to the man who had saved treasures of memoirs for English history the favor of wearing a beggar's garb and asking alms at church doors. In this abject state, forgotten and despised, he died two years later.

A Duty on Heiresses!

Paul Morton declares that he was not joking when, at a gathering of insurance men in Philadelphia, he advocated a tax upon the incomes which American heiresses so often take out of this country by their marriage to fortune-hunting members of the European nobility. There is something in his argument, certainly. Why, when we protect American industry from the competition of cheap foreign labor, should we allow the rewards of that industry to be turned over in bulk (and with the accompaniment of a pretty American girl) to an alien who never did a day's work or served any useful purpose in the world's economy? Why not impose an export duty on heiresses? It seems equitable—which is doubtless one of Mr. Morton's reasons for proposing it.

As a rule, it is easier to help a man, and make him a friend, than it is to injure him, and make him an enemy.

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean. Dabbs—Well, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel. Cutting—Ah! but what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Informal. Johnny—The doctor says Uncle Humphrey has Bright's disease. His Mamma—The doctor may call it that if he pleases, my dear, but you could say Mr. Bright's disease.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Not a Circumstance. "Didn't the thunder storm disturb you last night?" "Thunder storm? I didn't know there was one." "You didn't? Where on earth do you sleep?" "Nowhere on earth. I sleep within three feet of an elevated railway track."

Reason for Suppression. "The Mikado" was suppressed in London out of deference to the feelings of the Japanese; wasn't that silly?" "Oh, I don't know; perhaps a bunch of amateurs were playing it."—Houston Post.

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A Bond of Sympathy. While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing. "Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane. "Yes," said the busy woman. "My," said Jane admiringly, "you must have brains!" "Brains!" sighed the woman despondently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

Just a Complaint. "Your complaint, madam," said old Dr. Gruffy, "is very serious—" "There now!" triumphantly cried the fussy woman, "I knew it—" "Yes, madam, your complaint is chronic and there isn't the slightest ailment to excuse it."—Philadelphia Press.

Tired of Fiction. Married Man—I want to get a book for my wife. Clerk—Something in the way of fiction? "No; I've given her lots of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Two Kinds. "Political success," remarked one statesman, "depends a great deal on your platform." "Yes," answered the other; "the party platform of artistic success and the lecture platform for financial success."—Washington Star.

Relieved. Physician—Your boy will pull through all right. He has a wonderful constitution. Mr. Tyte-Pblet—I am glad to hear it, doctor. In making out your bill, of course, you will not make me pay for what his constitution has done in pulling him through.

Invention Worth Money. "Have you invented anything recently?" "Yes," answered the sensational scientist. "I have invented a new way to get to the north pole." "Is it good for anything?" "Certainly. It is good for ten pages in a magazine."—Washington Star.

Is It Your Own Hair? Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor advertisement. Text: "I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair-grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation." - Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich. Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

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Confidential. Husband—But, my dear, if Mrs. Nextdoor told you in strict confidence you shouldn't tell me. Wife—Oh, very well; if you don't care to hear it I can tell it to somebody else, I suppose.—Chicago News.

After the Floods. "I hear that you bought a home in the suburbs, Harker?" interrogated the city friend. "Yes," sighed Harker, as he took a firmer grip on the lawn mower and basket of seeds. "And I also heard that it is right up to date. Why, they say it even has subcellars."

"No, submarine cellars. They are under water most of the time."

Modified. "One-half the world," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives." "And it may also be stated without puncturing the truth," rejoined the wise guy, "that three-fourths of it doesn't know how it lives itself."

BAD BLOOD THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

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