A GOOD QUEEN.

One of the ladies in waiting on Queen Victoria, in a letter to a friend in this country, tells an amusing story of the Queen's kindness and tact. During her stay at Osborne Castle an Irish nurse came with her little charges, the children of the Duke of B., to visit the children of the Princess of Battenberg While they were at tea in the nursery the Queen entered unexpectedly. Irish Nelly stood up, pale and trembling The Queen presently saw her, add said, kindly:

"The children do credit to your care of them."

On this Nelly fell upon her knees in a frenzy of embarrassment, crying out:

"Yes, O Queen! No, O Queen!" bending her head with each sentence. "It's from the county Cork I came, an' its little does me father know I do be acquained this day wid the great Queen of the world."

The children burst into shrieks of laughter, but the Queen, checking the smile that rose to her own lips, shook her head at them, gently bade the woman rise, and sent her upon an errand until she should recover her wits.

The early biographies of Victoria describe her as imperious in manner and fully conscious of the gulf that separated her from the rest of mankind. The Duke of Wellington, after an audience with his youthful sovereign once, shrugged his shoulders as he came out, saying with a laugh:

"How the little lady does love to rule!"

But the officials that surround her at court now in her old age represent her as kind and considerate of the feelings and comfort of her poorest servant or neighbor, and apparently forgetful, in her attention to the great questions of the day, of her own exalted rank.

The great Queen ruling far more than half a century over a large portion of the globe is taught by years, like the ordinary woman, to soften the acrid judgement of youth and to feel that all men, rulers and ruled, stand on one level as children of the same Father.—Youth's Companion.

Blood and fire soldiers of the Salvation Army, hard at work to bring about the reformation of the uprooting classes of society, caught an odd penitent a few nights ago at one of the meeting halls in the northwestern section of the city. He is an Englishman and evidently not been long enough on this side of the great pond to wear out his corduroys and his dialect. Following the song service was the customary invitation to sinners to "come forward and partake of the waters of life." Not the last of a dozen of sekers after the light was the Englishman. He is a little fellow, happy faced and florid, and when he mounted a chair it was easily seen that the teachings of the evening had left the desired impression upon his mind.

"Friens," said he, as he heaved his bosom, "wen I coom to this meetin' 'ouse, Hi did so just for the sport of the thing, but, ah good people, Hi feels vastly different now—"

At this juncture a good sister, wearing the army uniform, flung her tamborine above her poke bonnet and expressed her great pleasure in the would-be scoffer's change of heart by singing lustily the verse of a gospel song, the first line of which is "Hallielujah, 'Tis Done," at the closing of which the presiding Salvationist told the convert to proceed with his testimony.

"H'as Hi said when the good sister broke hin with 'er song, Hi feels mightier different now."

His feelings overcoming him and not finding words to express fully his gratefulness, for being snatched from the paths of unrighteousness, the convert raised his voice to a high, almost squeaky, key, and shouted in great ecstacy, "Oh, friends, Hi might say Hi h'am so 'appy h'as I bust my collar band." Whereupon he subsided, feeling full of joy and, apparently, unconscious of his oddly humorous remarks.—Chicago Chronicle.

All the passengers in the car noticed that the big man on the left of the rear door was looking fixedly at the small man opposite, and by and by the small man noticed the same thing himself. After an embarrassing interval of three minutes he observed:

"Well what is it?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the big man, "but your face seems familiar."

"Yes?"

"Though I can't place it."

"No?"

"Is your name Rambo?"

"No sir."

"I thought it was. Didn't you use to live in Sandusky, O?"

"No, sir; never was in Sandusky in my life."

"Wasn't there in 1890, eh?"

"No, sir."

"That's queer. Just the minute I got sight of you I was sure you was Rambo, of Sandusky. If you are"—

"But I'm not" interrupted the small man. "I never heard of Rambo, and was never in Sandusky."

"Well, that settles it I suppose," said the big man, as he looked out of the window and back again; "but if you hadn't said so I should have continued to think that you were the man."

"And what of it?" retorted the small man, flushing up over it.

"O, nothing much He eloped with my wife from Sandusky in 1890, and I heard they were living here in Detroit. If you were Rambo I was going to ask how"—

"If you'll get off the car I'll lick you and Rambo and Bambo and Hoodoo and all the rest of the gang put together!" shouted the small man, as he got up and went out.

"No—oh no!" replied the big man. "No, there is no call to fight. If you are not Rambo I beg your pardon. Your face had a familiar look, and I just thought I'd ask if"—

But the small man hopped off the car and went his way, and the other heaved a sigh and looked around and said:

"I'm sorry I offended him, but I thought it was Rambo, and was going to ask if Maria had had her teeth fixed and her eyes straightened." | Detroit Free Pre

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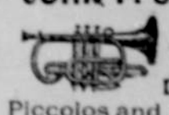

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A FOOT OF SNOW.

Des Moines, March 23.—Dispatches from Crestoh, Red Oak, Jefferson, Atlantic, Albia and other points indicate a heavy fall of snow over the state. All correspondents state that it is the heaviest storm of the winter. There was no wind and the snow is from eight inches to a foot deep everywhere. Farmers are encouraged, as this will insure abundant moisture for winter wheat and pastures, besides putting the ground in fine condition for spring work.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

The Roseburg Review is taking rank with the Times and other prominent newspapers, being now threatened with a libel suit by W. W. Cardwell of that city for printing a communication about the Cow creek train robbery, which reflected on that individual. It is dollars to doughnuts that the newspaper will win. — Jacksonville Times.

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An Analysis of the Conditions which are Responsible for it.

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They are Richer Food for Blood and Nerves than Quantities of Beef and Bread.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

The prevalent maladies of diminution of the vital powers, undue physical fatigue and mental exhaustion, are to-day engaging the careful attention of the most eminent pathologists. Their prevalence is ascribed to poisoning through alcoholic drinks, opium tainted and adulterated foods, contaminated water, the vitiated atmosphere of towns, the continuous jar and rumble of railroad trains, the flashing of electric lights, the clangor of street cars, the jingling of telephone bells, the vertigo producing effects of lofty buildings and swift elevators, the perpetual noises and shifting sights of city streets, all the constant activities, the simplest of which involve an effort of the nervous system and a wearing of tissue.

A German author in a recently published work calls attention to these murderous influences that beset the end of the century and points out that the enormous increase in nervous expenditure has not and can not have a corresponding increase of supply in the food we eat. Even if we had the choicest food in the greatest abundance it could do nothing toward helping us, for we would be incapable of digesting it. Our stomachs can not keep pace with the brain and nervous system. The latter demand much more than the former are able to furnish and as the inevitable consequence then comes disaster. The strongest may keep up but the weaker fall by the way. Mankind has become fatigued and exhausted and this fatigue and exhaustion make themselves manifest in the increase of nervous disorders, including such new affections as the "railway brain" and "railway spine," the increase of heart disease, the prevalence of precocious dental decay and baldness, of nearsightedness and deafness and premature old age. To counteract the incessant strain on the nerves and to replenish the wear and tear on the brain caused by every line we read or write, every face we see, every conversation we carry on, every scene we perceive, every noise we hear, every impression we receive is precisely the province of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are designed to fill the void in the nourishment of the nerves and brain that no amount of choicest food can fill. In a concentrated form is infinitely richer food for the blood, and the blood is the life of the nerves, than in vast quantities of beef and bread.

It is generally agreed that a man's physical condition is dependent, to a great degree, upon the nature of his employment. Men whose occupation necessitates the constant use of the brain, without any opportunity for physical exercise, are generally nervous, while men employed at manual labor requiring no exercise of the brain function, are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional pianist, and who was, until within recent years, a druggist. Professor Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan Street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played at some of the most popular music halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the severe, nervous tension of his work at the piano. He has had to play continuously for several hours during every evening for five years, and his nervous system finally gave way under the strain. He was forced to retire from regular work at the piano, but that did not have the effect of improving his condition. Upon the contrary, he steadily grew worse. His nerves had been shattered, and in addition he discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his having been exposed to counter draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His condition soon became such that he was confined to his home, and finally gave himself over to the care of a physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a druggist had given him an acquaintance with diseases and their remedies, so he had a full knowledge of just what was necessary on his part to effect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treatment by the physician," said Mr. Coleman, "I could notice no improvement in my condition. If anything, I think I was considerably worse. The action of my lungs had become so weak that I was afraid to walk any distance unassisted for fear of falling through loss of respiration. My nervousness had advanced to an alarming stage. I was not able to contain myself for even a short time, but had always to be fumbling with something or moving nervously about the room. It was while I was in this condition that I noticed in a paper an article on Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to try them, even though they killed me. Well, they didn't kill me, but I'm not going to tell you that they cured me immediately, my case was much too serious for that. But I had not taken a full box before I felt a great relief. My respiration was more certain. I was gradually regaining control of my nerves and my condition was generally improved. I kept right on taking the pills and getting well. Now, I had taken just three boxes of them when I considered myself a cured man. And I was right, for although I quit taking the pills, I did not relapse into my former condition, but grew stronger daily.

"It was truly a marvelous cure, and I will say that I think Williams' Pills possess remarkable curative properties, and I would recommend them to the care of the thousands of people of this city who are nervous wrecks, or who are suffering from diseases of the lungs."

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Diseases which heretofore have been supposed to be incurable, such as locomotor ataxia and paralysis succumb to this wonderful medicine as readily as the most trifling ailments. In many cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner, and in no case has the least semblance of fraud been discovered. Their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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