"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

BITS FROM ABROAD.

The value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain every year is estimated at £10,000,000.

The queen of Italy, says a gossip, weighs 176 pounds; Queen Victoria, 171 pounds; the queen of Spain, 147 pounds, and the queen of Belgium, 143 pounds.

There is a quicksilver mine in Peru 170 fathoms in circumference and 480 feet deep. In this profound abyss are streets, squares, and a chapel where religious worship is held.

It appears that they are to have a new form of field sport in England, as several gentlemen are busying themselves in the process of training man-hunting bloodhounds. As the sport is followed on horseback it will probably be supplementary to—if not a substitute for—fox-hunting. It is not mentioned what is to be done with the man when he is run down. He can hardly be treated in the same way as the fox now is.

It is apparently almost as difficult for a tradesman to gain entrance to Marlborough house, the London residence of the prince of Wales, as it is to get within the lines of an armed camp. A narrow glass door in the right wing of the palace is reserved for such visitors, and only those having an appointment previously arranged for by the prince's valets are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons.

The Light That Failed.

Yawper now keeps a grocery, but he loves to tell how near he came to being a great actor. "I'm a natural elocutionist," he tells, "and for that reason I found it pretty easy to get a good part in a fair theatrical organization. I went through all rehearsals like a star and the manager predicted all kinds of success for me. Among my lines there was a patrotic address, and there I came out particularly strong. I was delivering it on the first night and I could just feel that I was making the cold chills run up and down the spines of my audience and covering them with goose flesh. Suddenly my memory became a blank. As I stood mute trying to gather the lines some little cuss yelled 'louder.' I ran off the stage and never went back."—Detroit Free Press.

A Misfit.

The young man who prefers to owe a tailor rather than to wear a suit which has been taken from the counters of a clothing store, says that he never cared for a counter fit anyway.—Boston Advertiser.

A Reasonable Doubt.

Judge—Prisoner, you are accused of stealing this watch. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—I's guilty, yo' honah; but I's 'spicious dat ain't de same watch what I stole.—Jeweler's Weekly.

The total value of farm animals in the United States is estimated at $1,997,010,407, an increase of $108,355,482, or 5.76 per cent during the year.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A silk factory in which only women are employed has been opened in a suburb of London.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who boldly went off to the war;
The "beef" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

The shipyard at Newport News, Va., has contracts for nearly $10,000,000 of work.

Chronic Constipation Cured.
The most important discovery of recent years is the positive remedy for constipation, Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Cure guaranteed. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Nearly 20,000 pounds of bread are daily eaten in the Sultan of Turkey's household.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A LETTER OF REFUSAL.

"MAY I come in?"

The curtains from behind which the musical voice issued shook a little, but no one appeared.

The man at the easel painted away industriously, putting in a sunset sky with strong, even strokes.

"When our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence 120 years ago——," he began.

"Please——"

A face made its appearance at the parting of the curtains, a face framed in dark, wavy hair, with big, shining eyes, made soft by long curling lashes, and a red, red mouth, just now drooping pitifully at the corners.

"They made all men free and equal," proceeded the man, never once looking up, "and since then a lot of ladies with abbreviated hair and petticoats have been struggling to make their sex also independent—and with considerable success."

"Don't be horrid," pleaded the red mouth, seconded by the shining eyes.

"Therefore, I was about to say," he went on, calmly, "I don't see how I can hope to prevent you from coming in, if you choose to do so."

She stepped inside, but did not advance into the room.

"I know you're going to be horrid," she said, plaintively.

He laid down his brush, and, turning at last, surveyed her deliberately as she stood, her slender shape outlined against the curtains. They were burlap curtains, which she had painted a dull brick red ("Pompeian red," she called it), and which she had ornamented with a Greek border in yellow floss and hung in the doorway, herself, in spite of his scoffing and ribald protests.

They were pretty bad, those curtains, but whatever their limitations from an esthetic point of view, they certainly made an effective background for the white-robed figure, and his eye lingered approvingly on the picture a moment before he said, severely:

"What have you been doing?"

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed, indignantly drawing her figure up to its full height and flashing a protesting glance at him from under her long lashes.

"I notice that you generally take it for granted that I'm going to be horrid when you've been particularly horrid yourself," he observed blandly.

She did not reply to this daring remark, but, crossing the room to the mantel, carefully selected an especially ugly bulldog pipe from the collection it contained. This she filled, with practiced fingers, from a battered tobacco jar that stood near, and then, crossing to the easel, offered it to the man with a most bewitching little air of coaxing humility.

"My dear young woman," he cried, waving the offering away sternly, "do I look like a man who would accept a bribe? Do my features bear the imprint of vulnerable virtue, that you should thus seek to gain my favorable judgment for your nefarious goings-on by such a palpable——"

He said no more, for just then the stem of the pipe was dexterously inserted between his teeth, and, deftly striking a match on the broad sole of his shoe, conveniently presented to her by the careless attitude of its owner, the girl applied it to the tobacco in the pipe bowl.

In spite of himself, he closed his teeth on the stem and drew a long breath, and as the first cloud of aromatic vapor rose to his nostrils his features relaxed.

"Well, who is it?" he asked, as the girl seated herself on a hassock and fixed her eyes on him appealingly.

"It's—it's—Hinsdale,'" she replied, dolefully.

"Hinsdale. Why I thought we disposed of Hinsdale three weeks ago, and since then—let me see—there was Smith and Devereux and how many others?"

"Oh, never mind the others," she cried, petulantly. "It's Hinsdale now. We did dispose of him—or at least, I thought we had—and I'm sure that letter I wrote——"

"Ah, did you write to him, too?" he asked, puffing a big cloud of smoke over his sunset and watching the effect of its vivid hues shining through the clouds of grayish vapor with an artist's delighted appreciation of color.

"Oh, well—the letter you wrote, then," she said. "Though I'm sure you didn't do it all; you only helped me."

"Oh, yes," he answered indolently. "But Hinsdale—he's broken out again?"

"Yes, worse than ever," and she sighed dismally, "and I want you to help me write him another letter—one that will fix it so he'll understand there's no hope—no possibility—I mean—of my ever being anything more to him——" here she floundered and broke quite down.

"Can't do it to-day," he said, decidedly. "I've got to get this picture done to-morrow—order, you know—and it'll be a scratch if I manage to do it. It means painting all night as it is."

"Oh, John, you must," she cried, eagerly. "I've just got to send it to him this afternoon by a messenger boy or he'll be sure to come up to-night and make a scene or something, besides——"

"No, it's no go,'" he said, cruelly, taking up his brush. "You'll have to get rid of him somehow and come to-morrow——"

"But, oh, John," she burst out, tears coming to her eyes, "I—I can't come to-morrow. Aunt Maria has issued her commands—the fiat has gone forth—I'm forbidden to come here any more."

"The deuce you are.'" And he laid down his brush and faced quite around in his astonishment.

"Yes," she replied, furtively drying a tear on one of the ends of her muslin sash. (Jean never could find her handkerchief, being always without pockets.) "She says it's all well enough for me to take painting lessons of you, though everybody knows I never could learn to paint. Aunt Maria is so ignorant about such things, you know."

"Yes, I know." Blowing a ring of smoke ceilingward to hide a little smile.

"And she doesn't mind my having a studio, if I'll fix one up at home, but she doesn't think it looks well for me to have one in this building and run in and out of here all the time—and so I've got to move to-morrow."

This time she forgot to dry the tear, and it ran forlornly down her cheek and fell with a splash on a study of the head of John the Baptist that lay on the floor.

For a moment there was silence, then John suddenly pushed back his easel and pull a writing table toward him.

"Well, if you can't come to-morrow, I suppose I'll have to help you write your letter to-day," he said, but there was an unnatural sound in his voice and Jean looked up hastily through her tears.

John's face was grimly set, however, and told her nothing.

"Let me see—it was Hinsdale, I think you said"—he went on, still with that grating sound in his voice.

"Yes," she replied, miserably, again having recourse to the crumpled sash. "And I think we told him, in our last, that we'd be a sister to him," he proceeded, nibbling the end of his pen.

"Something of that sort." And she flushed warmly, clear up to the curly waves of dark hair on her temples.

"Evidently the 'sister' racket won't go down with Hinsdale," he said, reflectively. "You might offer to be his maiden aunt, you know——"

"There! I knew you'd be horrid!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"It's a delicate job," he went on, reflectively. "Are you quite sure you mean to refuse him this time?"

"Of course I am," she burst out indignantly. "You don't suppose I could care for a boy like him, do you?"

"He has a nice eye for color," proceeded John, drawing faces on the margin of the paper—faces that had big, soft eyes and pouting lips, strangely like the girl on the hassock, "and his drawings are wonderfully strong. He's a gifted fellow, is Hinsdale—the best pupil I have."

"Yes, he's gifted enough," she assented.

"I've often wondered why he fancied you," said John.

"Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed, flushing once more.

"Yes. He's a dreamer, you know—an idealist—and it seems to me some angelic creature a little too pure and good for human nature's daily food, and that sort of thing, would be more in his line than a little human bundle of naughtiness like you," went on John, cheerfully. "You'd make a fellow like Hinsdale unutterably miserable, you know."

"You're very kind," exclaimed Jean, crimson with vexation. "But I shall not make Mr. Hinsdale miserable. I have not the slightest intention of ever doing so."

"Ah," replied John, coolly. "Then the sooner we write this letter the better. Now—what do you want to say to him?"

"Oh!" she cried, struggling with her anger. "You are so disagreeable, I hate you—but I've got to have somebody to help me with that letter."

"Of course. And you really want to refuse him—for good and all?"

"Certainly I do. I want him to understand definitely that there is absolutely no hope of my ever caring for him in—in the way he means"—and once more she broke down, blushing but defiant.

"There's only one way to make a man understand that," said John meditatively.

"Anything—so long as he understands and leaves off being—being silly," she cried impatiently.

John made no reply to this, but after a moment's deep thought commenced to write rapidly.

Five minutes passed, during which John's pen scratched industriously over the paper and Jean sat bolt upright on her hassock, staring at the picture on the canvas. It was a pale watery sunset that shed green gleams of light on a wide, lonesome landscape, in the center of which a woman stood alone, gazing with desolate, hopeless eyes at the retreating figure of a man on horseback. It was painted with inimitable skill and a strange wild power that had made John Steele the most famous of the younger school of painters. What an artist he was and what a friend he had been to her! And now she must go away and perhaps never see him again, except in the class with the others. All those hours of merry comradeship were over—never to come again; all the sweet work and play together. A great sob came up in her throat, but just then John threw down his pen and she choked down the sob and rising, reached out her hand for the letter.

But he did not give it to her as she expected.

"It is a difficult thing to do," he said. "To make a man understand that no matter how much he cares for you, you can never care for him."

"Yes, I suppose it is," she assented. "But you have done it, I'm sure."

"Indeed, I may say there's only one way to convince a fellow of such an unpleasant fact," he went on.

"But you employed it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes. You may think it an extreme measure, though. I'll read it to you." And he read aloud:

"Dear Mr. Hinsdale: I thought I had made it quite plain to you when, several weeks ago, you asked me to be your wife, that such a thing was quite impossible. I certainly tried to have you understaad it, and I deeply regret that I did not succeed, because this renewal of your offer can only result in added pain to both of us. Believe me, I am deeply grateful for your preference, but you will realize, I am sure, how hopeless it is for you to ask for more than my esteem when I tell you that I am engaged to be married to Mr. John Steele. Hoping that you will believe in the sincerity of my friendship, I am very sincerely yours,

"JEAM CHESTER."

The silence in the room could have been cut with a knife when John concluded his reading and laid the epistle back on the table.

Jean stood rigid, gazing with a fixed and haughty stare at some point on the wall above John's head, when he turned and confronted her with as little embarrassment as he would have shown in facing a new pupil.

"Well—what do you think of it?" he asked coolly.

"I think," she flashed out, "that you're the most conceited beast I ever saw."

"My dear girl," he protested. "I told you that extreme measures were necessary. It's the only way to get rid of him, and I'm willing to sacrifice myself in a good cause."

With great dignity Jean turned to leave the room, but somehow he was at the door before her, with his arms outstretched.

"You're not going to leave me, little Jean!" he cried. "I can never get along without you any more, for, oh, I love you—love you—love you!"

A second she stood hesitating—then, with a little sigh, she went to him and burst out crying comfortably on his shoulder.

"Jean!" came a voice suddenly from behind the burlap curtain. It sounded like the clinking of ice in a pitcher.

"Aunt Maria!" gasped Jean, in horror.

"Oh, come in, Miss Chester," said John, drawing aside the Pompeian red draperies. "We were just going to find you and ask you to come to our wedding to-morrow, at 12."

"Jean—what does this mean? Why didn't you tell me this before?" exclaimed Aunt Maria, aghast.

"I thought I ought to consult John before I told you," said naughty Jean.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SHOULD HAVE ASKED.

Vexatious Way in Which a Name Will Sometimes Slip the Memory.

Names of persons will sometimes escape the memory in a most vexatious fashion. One does not like to admit his failure to recollect, and ask a friend pointblank for his name, and efforts to ascertain it in a roundabout way do not always meet with success. An Englishman who had tried vainly to recollect a friend's name said to him: "There is a little dispute as to how you spell your name." "Oh, with two p's," was the reply, which left the questioner as wise as before.

Mr. Yates, a London gentleman, as the story is related in Richard H. Barnum's "Reminiscences," met a friend in the street and invited him to dinner but was unable to recall his name. Reaching home, he told his wife what he had done, and described the gentleman. They had often visited at his home in Bristol.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Yates, "I remember him very well, but what is his name?"

Neither husband nor wife could recall it. The day of the dinner came, and the servant was instructed to ask the name of every gentleman who came to the dinner, and to announce it distinctly as he entered the room. As luck would have it, this gentleman came late, was let in by another servant, and hence entered unannounced. Several indirect attempts were made to get the name, but without avail. Good-bys were finally exchanged, and Yates was congratulating himself that all had passed off well, when the nameless one said hastily:

"Oh, by the by, my dear Yates, I forgot to tell you that I bought a French clock to-day at Hawley's, but as it needs a week's regulating, I took the liberty of giving your name and ordering it sent here, and said that you would forward it. It is paid for," saying which, he entered the hall and was descending the stairs.

Yates recovered breath and hurried after him.

"Stop!" he said. "To make sure, you had better write the address yourself."

"No, no, I can't stop," returned the guest. "I shall be too late. The old house near the cathedral—you know it. Good-by," and he was gone.

How the affair terminated is left to the imagination of the reader.

FUNNY?

The Over-Critical Grammarian Spoils a Comic Story.

Under the title of "His Funny Stories" Harper's Bazar makes fun of the too critical person who is always on the watch for small errors of speech. Not content with being grammatical himself, he must teach every one else to be so.

"I want to tell you something funny that happened to me this morning," said Spatts, cheerfully.

"All right," said Hunker. "Go on."

"I started down the street after my laundry, and——"

"You mean you went down after your washing, I suppose," Hunker interrupted. "I imagine you do not really own a laundry."

"Of course that's what I mean," said Spatts, a trifle less cheerily. "Well, I had went—"

Hunker interrupted him again. "Perhaps you mean you 'had gone.'"

"Certainly. I had gone but a little ways when I——"

"I presume you mean a little way, not a little ways," said Hunker.

"I presume so," said Spatts, but the cheerfulness had all gone out of his manner. "As I was going to say, I had gone but a little way when it happened. It tickled me so I thought I'd just have to lay down and die."

"Lie down and die, not lay down, is the correct form of the verb."

"Oh, yes, I know; but those kind of errors seem to come natural——"

"Not those kind of errors, my dear boy. Say that kind of errors. But go on with your funny story. I'm getting interested."

"Are you? Well, I've lost my interest in it. I don't believe there was anything funny, after all. Good day."

"Now, I wonder if I offended him?" Hunker thought, as Spatts strode off.

A Youthful Manuscript Reader.

A 13-year-old boy is employed as manuscript reader by a firm which publishes juvenile books. He is paid for the work and is required to make a written report. Some of these reports, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, are amusing.

A short time ago a manuscript which had been reported upon favorably by two of the regular readers was given to him. His report was as follows: "It's very good, but I don't think it'll do. I don't think the boys in my school would read it." He was asked to explain his report, and said: "Well, it's over their heads. That's all." A criticism which was afterward shared by the reviewers when the book was finally published.

Lately a manuscript was given to him to read. In about a quarter of an hour Henry was seen playing with his dog. He was called to attention and went on reading, but left off in a few minutes to look out of the window. The book was not accepted. His mind's wandering, showing the writer's inability to fasten the boy's attention, was criticism enough, and this time his report was heeded, although the book possessed much literary merit from the grown-up person's point of view.

One of the books recently submitted to him is by a new writer, a Brooklyn girl. It is a book of adventure. He became fascinated and could not leave it. His report was most favorable and the book was accepted.

"It's just fine," he wrote. "I couldn't go to bed til I had read it."—Christian Uplook.

Many Hands.

A pair of gloves passes through nearly two hundred hands, from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's till the time when the gloves are purchased.

Ouida's Writing Desk.

Ouida does not use a table for writing her stories. She sits on a low stool, with an ink pot on the carpet, and writes on her knee.

With a man of 50, the raffle is over, and he knows he hasn't won anything. But a young man of 19 or 20 is just shaking the box for his first throw.

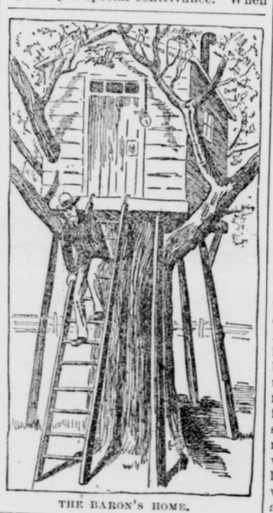
AN ECCENTRIC BARON.

He Prefers a Tree to a House as a Place of Residence.

In the neighborhood of Huis ten Bosch, where the peace conference met in Holland, lives Baron Van Hyussen, an eccentric Holland nobleman who prefers a tree to a house as a residence.

His "nest" is a shanty ten feet high, eight feet broad and ten deep, standing fifteen feet above the ground among the branches of a mighty oak in the thickest part of the forest. Baron Van Hyussen says his house is cool in summer, being protected by the green roof, and not too cold in winter. He wouldn't exchange it for any palace in the world.

He reaches it by ladder, but nobody else does, as he has no friends and is not on visiting terms with his relatives. When he leaves his refuge to walk among the trees or to fetch food or water he lets down his ladder-drawbridge and immediately pulls it up again by a special contrivance. When



THE BARON'S HOME.

he is at home the ladder is always up, and no amount of calling, shouting or other noise can make the baron lower it or persuade him to poke his head out of the door.

When, fifteen years ago, he moved up among the trees the servants he then employed brought to the nest a small folding bed, a rocking chair, a tiny table, a cooking stove and a safe. These things are known to be in the shanty—whether there is anything more besides the baron's fierce watch-dog nobody knows.

It is surmised, however, that Van Hyussen keeps much money, gold and silver, on hand, for he is a miser. Passers-by, it is said, often hear the click-click of coins coming from the leafy dome; on such occasions the baron is supposed to be counting over his treasure, but whether this surmise is true is a question. Perhaps he is merely trying his gun. Shooting is the only pleasure he allows himself, and, being the owner of the forest where he lives, he provides all the meat for his table. Wonderful stories are in circulation respecting the man's skill as a crack shot. Maybe that is one reason why he never yet was molested by burglars or robbers.

Twenty years ago Baron Van Hyussen held the post of chamberlain at the court of old King William. He was then one of the gayest dogs in the kingdom and aided his royal master in many an escapade, for he was full of money and health. Suddenly, in the midst of pleasures, he withdrew himself from society, appointed an administrator for his estates and went to the forest, where he spent a month putting up the house shown in the illustration. That done, he discharged his servants, sold his horses, carriages and furniture and said "good-by" to the world. He has rarely spoken to anyone since.

TILDEN'S HOME.

The Historic Gramercy Park Residence Lately Sold at Auction.

The old residence of Samuel J. Tilden in Gramercy Park, New York, which was recently sold at auction for $180,000, is one of the interesting places of a historic neighborhood. Nearly are the residences of such famous men as David Dudley Field and his brother, Cyrus; Hamilton Fish and ex-Mayor Hewitt.

Tilden's house is rich with traditions of the campaign of 1876. Here he received the notification of his nomination for the Presidency. Here came that memorable and momentous committee to advise with him in respect to the advisability of agreeing to the proposed commission by which the contested election was to be submitted to an arbitrating tribunal. Here, in a richly-decorated back parlor, before a noble fireplace with logs big enough to gratify a lumberman in his camp, Tilden, with a few friends whom he trusted more than any others, sat in his armchair, his slippers off, his feet incased in the woolen socks which had been favorites with him since childhood days, and toasted them before the fire of hickory logs, and revealed his plans for the campaign, his plans for the commission, and sometimes, when in a philosophic mood, told his philosophy of human nature, of politics and the commercial influences that made men successful in his day.

Those were his happier moments, but it always pleased him to show discriminating friends the choice works in his library, the beautiful collection of engravings and etchings, and he could be complimented in no surer way to draw

HOME OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

from him thankful smiles than to express admiration for the lavish and yet artistic decorations with which he beautified the interior of the house at the expense of over $400,000. All of that expense goes for naught. The house sold for a little more than enough to represent its actual value as a piece of real estate.

Siberian Gentleman's Life.

"For five months of the year the Siberian man of fashion lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field," says Thomas G. Allen, Jr., in Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an early bird under all circumstances, and invariably rises between 7 and 8 o'clock, although he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only divests himself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds, also. The samovar is set on the dining-room table at 8 a. m., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten, and washed down by five or six glasses of tea stired up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At 1 o'clock dinner is served, and at 5 in the afternoon another small meal, much like that of the morning, is taken. A meat supper follows at 9 o'clock.

WINDOW-GAZERS EARN MONEY.

New Method Employed by Merchants to Attract Attention.

"Modern conditions, needs and competition develop many queer pursuits," said the State street merchant. "The business of carrying signs about the street—'sandwiching' it is called—is a century old. Merchants used to advertise their goods, you know, by hiring a man to go about ringing a bell and crying the wares of his patron. That is one of the street noises we have lost. I sometimes think it would be a good scheme to revive it. It would pay while its novelty lasts. The queerest profession of all professions, I think, is the professional window gazer. All pursuits are 'professions' these days, as you are aware. We haven't any 'trades' left. Never heard of a window gazer?

"There are many in Chicago, and although they don't get rich they are paid enough to keep body and soul together. A window gazer, as the name implies, is a man or woman who makes a living by gazing into a window. You know that if you stand in State street, look fixedly at the twelfth story of a building across the way, you will have a sidewalk blocking crowd about you in no time at all. Well, that is what the window gazer does. He strolls casually along until opposite his employer's window. Then he stops and gazes with an appearance of deepest interest. In five minutes a crowd is gazing with him. As individuals of this crowd get enough and move on others will take their places for possibly half an hour. From a near-by street corner the originator of the audience is looking on When the crowd has melted away totally he gathers another by the same simple method. He works from 10 in the morning until 9 at night, and he is paid $2 a day. This may seem a large sum for such work, but it is not when the character of the window gazer is taken into consideration. He must be a gentleman in appearance. To dress well is a desideratum with him. You will perceive that a man fitted out like a tramp might look into a window for an hour without exciting any attention or inducing anyone to stop and look with him. The nearer a window gazer can approach to the ensemble of a man of leisure and wealth out for a stroll the more valuable his services are. The same things hold good of women gazers. They are generally placed in front of the displays in the finer millinery shops of the department stores. You can spot one at any time by taking the trouble to hang about any establishment of this character and keeping your eyes open."—Chicago Chronicle.

HEAD OF PEACE CONFERENCE.

Russian Diplomat, Baron de Stael, Filled the Post of Honor.

Baron de Stael, the permanent chairman of the Czar's peace conference at The Hague, Holland, is Russia's ambassador to Great Britain and possesses the highest qualifications for his present duties. He represents the old school of diplomacy, but is its finest embodiment in Europe. As the real issue lies between St. Petersburg and London, the fifteen years of his diplomatic career at the Court of St. James have given him a special intimacy with the controversies between the two powers. No one could have a better knowledge of what to avoid. His

BARON DE STAEL.

judgment and good temper are unfailing, and he made an admirable presiding officer. At the outset he earnestly desired the Czar not to impose these responsibilities upon him, and only yielded when the Emperor made it a matter of personal as well as patriotic obligation.

Brain Stimulant.

Sleep is the best brain stimulant. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go direct to bed, and to stop there as long as he can. Sleep is the only recuperator of brain power. During sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since every act of thinking burns up solid particles just as every turn of the wheel or screw of a steamer is the result of consumption by fire of fuel in the furnace.

When Leap Years Will Be No More.

Within eight more centuries leap year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra eleven days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian calendar to that of the present day will all have been duly accounted for, and the world will run around in just 365 days, and no more.

Ventilated Waterproof Goods.

The experiments made by Mr. Berthier of Paris have resulted in the discovery of a simple method of imparting to clothing fabrics the quality of repelling water and yet admitting air for ventilation, the basis in this case being the use of wool which still contains the animal grease.

Italy's Crown Prince.

There is no more daring rider among European royalties than the heir to the throne of Italy, the Prince of Naples. He is a keen sportsman, and has very few equals in the hunting field.

You will find a loafer leech attached to every industrious man or woman.

Adam was not born. Probably that's why he never wrote poetry.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Production of pig iron in Russia is estimated to have increased from 600,000 tons in 1887 to 2,194,000 in 1898.

Belgium had 103 strikes last year, involving 14,266 laborers. Only in 12 of these cases did the strikers win a complete, and in eight a partial, success.

New York made between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 fewer cigars in the year ended April 1, than in the previous year, and more than 129,000,000 fewer paper cigarettes.

A machine that will greatly reduce the cost of harvesting has been invented for the harvesting of sugar beets. This means a few more laborers will be looking for work in the cities.

It is reported that Dr. Linde, one of the inventors of machinery to liquify air, is engaged in work on a small piece of apparatus which will weigh less than 2½ pounds and will produce liquid air in 18 minutes.

Reports from 22 British towns show that London, the only one supplied with river water, has almost the lowest death rate from fever—67 per million. The rate at Plymouth is 40, while at Glasgow it is 184, and at Belfast it reaches 1,667.

The invention of a machine which will automatically fold, wrap and address newspapers is announced. It was recently tested in New York and found to be a phenomenal success. Two men can operate six machines, thereby doing the work of 24 men. The machine will soon be on the market.

The United States a Power for Good.
A distinguished historian writes, while referring to our advent as a colonizing power, that our influence for good over European spheres will be immense. This result was just as inevitable as is the cure which follows the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, and tones up the whole system.

Chicago business men are urging a system of municipal pawnshops to lend money at 1 per cent.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Durham capitalists are preparing to build a $1,000,000 mill at Lockville, N. C.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

About 4,000,000 bottles of pickles are consumed weekly in the United States.

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

At Fayetteville, N. C., a new $100,000 spinning mill is under construction.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

The tax on coffee amounts in France to about 14 cents a pound, while in England it is only 3 cents a pound.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

MRS. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

He Is Learning Now.

Agent—The Barlows haven't asked for a cent's worth of repairs this spring. What do you think of that?

Landlord—I'm not surprised. Barlow got a house through a trade a few weeks ago and is so busy filling the wants of a tenant of his own that he has forgotten about bothering us.—Chicago Evening News.

It is stated there are an average of 450 men employed to every 100 miles of railway in the United States.

By the passage of the Moran act Fall River can borrow beyond her debt limit $25,000 to build a textile school.

Schilling's Best tea sold only in **Packages**

Hunt for Dewey Relics.

The house in Montpelier, Vt., which Dr. Julius Dewey occupied and in which all of his children were born was originally small, but was several times added to. Within the last two or three years, wishing to replace this modest structure with a handsomer, more modern edifice, Edward Dewey, the second son, sold the dwelling and barn (retaining the grounds) for $150. Three days afterward the buildings were resold for $400, the last purchaser, who paid the cost of removal, placing them on a lot on State street. Since the battle of Manila this house, as the birthplace and early home of its hero, has been an object of interest to tourists and relic hunters. The latter, indeed, have threatened to carry it away piecemeal, a souvenir fiend in one instance wrenching off a silver-plated faucet and leaving the water running in the bathroom with the pressure of the full system of 158 pounds.—Boston Transcript.

After Hours.

Sometime ago, on a day set apart for humiliation and prayer, a Gateshead manufacturer offered to pay his workmen their wages on condition that they attended church. To this they readily agreed.

Shortly before evening service one of the employes called at his employer's residence and told the servant he wished "to see the maistor."

"Now, Jack, what do you want?"

"Well, sor, me and ma myets hev been taaking the thing ower, and we'd like to knae, if we gan to choorch the nect, do we get owertime for't?"—Spare Moments.

A fine quality of lithographic stone has been discovered near Sparta, Tenn. It takes a fine polish and has no grit in it.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

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DENTISTS.

No pain; new process; fine gold work. DR. LANGWORTHY, N.W. cor. Third and Morrison

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PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS; WIRE and iron fencing; office railing, etc. 254 Alder.

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CAWSTON & CO.; ENGINES, BOILERS, Machinery, supplies. 48-50 First St., Portland, Or.

THE MILWAUKEE LEADS. RAKES MOWERS BINDERS Write for Catalogue. J. A. FREEMAN, Agent, 290 East Water Street, PORTLAND, OR.

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JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel I X L windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

EDWARD HUGHES; MACHINERY AND vehicles; send for catalogue. 188-194 Front St.

ALL DEPENDS ON The blood—whether you are sick or well. It's your duty to see to it that your blood is relieved of its impurities, that it is in a healthy condition; you should take **Moore's Revealed Remedy** More than ten thousand have been cured by it's wonderful powers. It never fails to give relief. $1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION Write to NATHAN ERICKFORD, Washington, D. C., they will receive quick replies. B. 5th N. H. Vols. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.

SURE CURE FOR PILES ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops Itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a Jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada., Pa.

DR MARTEL'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS **Relief at Last** Praised by thousands of satisfied ladies as safe, always reliable and without an equal. Ask druggist for Dr. Martel's French Female Pills in metal box with French Flag on top in Blue, White and Red. Insist on