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The romantic courtship of the duke and duchess of Arcos began over 20 years ago. At that time he was young Count Brunetti, of the Spanish legation in Washington, an under secretary, whose admiration for the beautiful Miss Lowery resulted in an engagement, to which the parents objected on account of the youth of their daughter, and the fact that Count Brunetti was appointed to a remote South American post, where months were required to send a communication.

The engagement was of 20 years' duration, and Count Brunetti in that time inherited estates and a title in Spain. When he returned to Washington he found Miss Lowery even more beautiful in her maturity than when he had left her. Mrs. Lowery, who was an invalid, died shortly before the wedding of her daughter, which occurred in August, 1895, at the summer home of the family in New London, Conn., and was quietly celebrated. —Harper's Bazaar.

The Irony of Fate.

"Do you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes."

"Fate's awful funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso."—Tit Bits.

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Fancies in Shirt-Waists.

The really swell thing is the pure white silk or satin shirt-waist made in the greatest simplicity of style, and is worn with a black skirt of net. White shirt-waists in cotton goods have the preference, many being of fine lawn, tucked all over in bias or straight-up-and-down or round-and-round tucks. The severe linen waist of white, with cuffs and collar, is worn with the tailor gown having a cutaway jacket in bolero style. Some of the new waists show a cutaway at the neck, having fancy collar and revers with which are worn fancy colored or white chemisettes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Making Sure of Him.

"I think," said the thoughtful mother, "that you ought to object to young Brown paying so much attention to our daughter."

"Why?" demanded the thoughtful father. "He impresses me very favorably."

"That's just it," returned the thoughtful mother. "We must do something to make his ambitious mother think we regard ourselves a little above them socially if we are to make sure of him."—Chicago Post.

He Hoped Not.

The other day when it was raining very hard, four or five men were having a few glasses of beer in a village beerhouse, when one man said to the company:

"It's a drop of nice rain this. It should stir things up in the ground."

One curious old man, who was known to have been henpecked during his wife's lifetime, replied:

"By Jove, I hope not; I only buried th' wife yesterday!"—Spare Moments.

Parent of a Prodigy.

"What an amount of dignity Jones seems to have developed lately," remarked Brown. "He's going to throw up his job and try to get something better. He says there's no use of a man with his qualifications filling so menial a position. And he's always been such a meek, unassuming man, you know."

"Yes," replied Smith, "but I heard that his baby has just got so that it can say 'papa' so they can understand it."—N. Y. World.

A New Dodge for Summer.

Clerk—Are we going to use the sea serpent this summer?

Proprietor—I think not. I have a better scheme than that. I shall arrange to have bottles washed up on the beach every day, each one containing a message from some arctic explorer. —N. Y. Journal.

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.

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Proposing by the Dictionary.

RUTH CULBERSON bought her dictionary at a fire sale. It was unabridged and contained eighty thousand words printed on one thousand two hundred and eighty-one pages of heavy white paper. There was no appendix of weights and measures and proper names, but then she paid only nineteen cents for it.

Ruth laid the dictionary on the small table that stood in the center of the room, a perfect monument of ugliness, and without unwrapping it or vouchsafing any explanation as to what it was she went into the alcove adjoining their little parlor and began to remove the dust and cinders she always carried home with her from the downtown district.

Her mother regarded the package on the table with increased curiosity. She felt it and lifted it and tried to tear off a corner of the paper covering, but she did not remove the wrapper.

Ruth came back into the parlor at length and sat down near the window. Mrs. Culberson looked from the package to her daughter and back again in silent agony. Evidently she could endure the strain no longer.

"What did you get to-day, Ruthie?" she asked, meekly.

Ruth turned round with a wondering air, as if not fully comprehending the import of the query. Her eyes followed her mother's to the ugly center table, and, "Oh, that," she said, with a smile, "that's a dictionary."

Mrs. Culberson's dismay could not have been more complete had she been informed that her daughter had brought home a boa constrictor.

"And what did you get that for, Ruthie?" she asked.

"Because I needed it," returned Ruth.

"It must have been pretty expensive," hazarded her mother.

"Yes," sighed Ruth, "it cost nineteen cents."

Mrs. Culberson appeared relieved, but not entirely satisfied.

"It seems to me, Ruthie," she went on querulously, "that a girl who works for ten dollars a week, which is the only income two people have to depend upon, ought not to be spending her money for a dictionary. If you had nineteen cents to spare for books why didn't you buy three or four of those paper-backed novels instead of a dictionary?"

"Mother," said Ruth, quietly, "I wish you hadn't asked that. It makes it necessary for me to remind you of some things that would perhaps better be left unsaid. Whose fault is it that we have to live on ten dollars a week? Is it mine? Did I take what money my father had left us and squander it in dishonorable speculation? Is it my fault that I have had to work ever since I was ten years of age?

"Am I to be blamed because you, in your old age and sickness, are obliged to sit here day after day in this cheerless, comfortless room which is all I can give you except the food that holds soul and body together? And, lastly, mother, is it my fault that my education was so neglected when I was young that I find it necessary to refer so often to the dictionary now? I am not complaining, mother, but you ought not to reproach me for indulging in just one expenditure in which your comfort was not considered."

In spite of Mrs. Culberson's keen disappointment in regard to her daughter's purchase, she derived unlimited satisfaction from dilating on the merits of the dictionary to the other boarders.

"If you ever want to look anything up," she said cordially, "just drop into our room and see what the dictionary says. You'll always find it on the stand in the front room."

The Culbersons lived in a boarding house where dictionaries were a rare commodity. Indeed, Ruth's was the only one about the house, except Mr. Winter's, which was an exceedingly small pocket edition, that contained only the words most in common use.

But somehow as soon as it became known that there was a large dictionary in Mrs. Culberson's room on the second floor, and that everybody had been given free access thereto, the desire for knowledge was given a wonderful impetus.

But the person who found occasion to refer to the big book most frequently was Mr. Winter. Mr. Winter was a grocer. Of course, in his business he daily met with many terms that required elucidation. Hitherto he had found the pocket edition perfectly satisfactory, but after the advent of the unabridged dictionary, the much-worn, green-backed little book suddenly lost its usefulness, and never an evening passed that Mr. Winter did not rap at Mrs. Culberson's door and politely request to "come in and look at the dictionary a minute."

His prolonged visits annoyed Mrs. Culberson at first. His presence prevented her scolding at Ruth, and as he himself seemed deeply immersed in scholastic lore, thus forbidding opening a conversation with him, the poor old lady's evenings became seasons of exquisite torment.

"I don't know what makes him come up here so often," she said, petulantly, one night, after he had closed the dictionary and gone away. "He's an awful bore."

"It's your own fault he comes," said Ruth. "You invited him."

"Of course I invited him," retorted Mrs. Culberson. "I invited all of them. Doesn't he annoy you?"

"No," she said, softly; "I don't know that he does."

As the spring days took on the heat of summer Mrs. Culberson became more fretful, Ruth became younger and prettier, and Mr. Winter studied a little later hour each evening in blissful oblivion of the added heat of the gas jet.

Mrs. Culberson had long since ceased sitting up waiting for him to go, but bade him good-night and went to bed in the alcove.

One evening in early June, one o'clock passed and Mr. Winter had as yet made no movement toward going away. Ruth watched him closely, as she always did when he seemed engrossed with the words before him and she noticed that he had not turned a page for more than an hour.

He looked up at length and their eyes met. Ruth felt her face flushing again, and with the realization of her weakness the flush grew deeper.

"It's a pretty knotty problem that I have been puzzling over to-night," he said, with a sigh.

"Couldn't you find what you are looking for?" she asked softly.

"I hardly know. I found the word I wanted. Whether it will ever mean to me what I would like it to mean I do not know. Here it is. I have been looking at it a good deal lately."

He turned the big dictionary around till she could read the line over which his finger rested. There was one word underlined with a pencil, and she knew it was the one he wished her to see. It spelled l-o-v-e.

"Is that ever to be for me?" he asked.

The blush had deepened into scarlet then. For a moment a look of exceeding happiness transfigured her face, but a moment later the old troubled expression drove it away. She turned the leaves of the dictionary till she came to the word "mother."

"That's all right," he said, and nodded toward the alcove.

Away over near the back of the book her next answer was found.

"Ruth," called out Mrs. Culberson a quarter of an hour later, "what made Mr. Winter stay so late this evening?"

"He was looking at the dictionary, mother."

"Did he find what he wanted?" asked Mrs. Culberson.

"Yes, mother," said Ruth, "I believe he did."—Chicago News.

An Unnamed Hero.

Among the melancholy applications for "leave to presume death" in the Stella disaster was one touching in its revelation of a deed of heroism. The applicant was a Miss Baker, whose father, a major, had gone down with the vessel. Both were about to perish when the father made a piteous appeal to a boat load of passengers who were leaving the side to find room for his daughter. One man, of whose identity there is absolutely no trace, instantly stepped back to the ship and allowed the lady to take his place. As the boat cleared the side the vessel went down, carrying with it the girl's father and her unknown rescuer. How beautiful! how unutterably sad! His anonymity seems somehow to enhance the heroic grandeur of his death. Nothing would have been gained by knowing his name. A man capable of such a deed wants no mortuary honors, nor the local habitation of a monument. He belongs to the infinite of greatness, and his fitting grave is the sea.—London Daily News.

Found a Snake Fighting Her Mirror.

Mrs. Chas. Cole, of Aurora, Ind., was attracted recently by a peculiar hissing and rapping in her bed-room. On investigating she beheld a large blacksnake swinging from the top of the dresser by its tail and viciously fighting its reflection in the mirror. Mrs. Cole called for her husband to come and kill the reptile, but when he appeared he could not strike at the swaying serpent, that continued the combat with the shadow in the glass, unmindful of his presence, for fear of shattering the costly mirror. He then procured a long pole and succeeded in disengaging its coils from the mirror frame and hurling it out of the window through which it had evidently entered. The fall to the ground from the second-story room stunned, but did not kill, the snake, and when Mr. Cole descended the stairs and reached the yard to accomplish its death it swiftly glided away in the grass and escaped.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Marriage in Burmah.

Marriage has no religious element in Burmah. There is no marriage ceremony. Just as two men go into partnership in business, so a man and woman may enter into the marriage state without undergoing any form. Coupled with this very secular nonchalant view of marriage is the fact that facilities for divorce are very great. As marriage is merely a partnership, so divorce is a dissolution of partnership, and may be obtained on demand by either of the parties from the elders of the village. In Burmah, however, as elsewhere, we find that a priori dangers are largely neutralized by practical good sense. The fear of outraging public opinion furnishes a powerful motive to propriety of life. The salvation of the Burmese woman lies in the fact that her home-life is always the center of her life. She recognizes that there are certain restrictions on a woman's actions which must be observed as long as men are men and women are women.

Mayweed by Roadsides.

For some reason mayweed seldom gets into a well-cultivated field. It flourishes where the weed abounds, chiefly by roadsides, starting into growth in land that is poached by the turning out of teams, so that the grass is all killed, yet is not trampled enough to destroy all vegetable growth. It is in hard, rough, bare soil that mayweed delights, for nothing will grow there to interfere with it. Hence the crop is never feared by the careful cultivator, for he knows that, however abundant its seed may be in the soil, ten pounds of clover seed per acre will make a growth that will keep it down. Mayweed never troubles fall-sown timothy, for it makes by spring a sod that is sufficient to keep the mayweed seed from germinating.

Stealing Diamonds.

A hole in his right heel enabled a negro workman in the diamond fields of South Africa to secrete and steal gems to the value of $273,000. These he expressed in small parcels of fruits to a cousin in King William's Town, in the extreme south of Africa, from which place both recently departed for England.

Smoking by French Women.

Statistics taken in France in relation to the smoking habit show that within the last year the use of the cigarette and the pipe has found an enormous increase among the women. Indulgence in the narcotic is no longer confined to the secrecy of a private room, but it is freely indulged in before the eyes of all men.

His Compliment.

Miss Passe—Cholly seems to think that I'm keeping my age remarkably well.

Miss Curt—Yes, he told me that he never heard of a single instance where you gave it away.—Philadelphia Record.

When you are particularly busy is the hour to expect a call from the man who uses ten words where one would do.

Sympathy is the key to the human heart.

HAVE NO MALE ISSUE.

MANY GREAT NAMES IN ENGLAND ARE EXTINCT.

Illustrious Britishers Who Have No Male Descendants to Represent Them and Bear Their Cognomens—Greatness Seems to Die Out Quickly.

No direct male descendant of the Lord Protector survives to enjoy the tribute paid to the memory of his epoch-making ancestor, the last Cromwell in a direct line from "Old Noll" having been one Oliver, an attorney, the son of a worthy grocer of Snow Hill. In this connection it is interesting to note how many of our illustrious dead are now unrepresented by direct male descendants. Here is an ample list of names of light and leading in literary history: Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Cowper, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tom Moore, Charles Reade, and R. L. Stevenson, and of not one of these (and doubtless there are others) does a direct male representative exist. Turn from literary celebrities to naval and military heroes, to statesmen and to politicians. Sir Philip Sidney, illustrious in letters and in war, left but "one fair daughter," who died without issue. Sir Walter Raleigh's male descendants have long since died out, or have descended to such social depths as to be untraceable. Sir Francis Drake and Nelson, the naval heroes of two great fighting epochs, died childless. The patriot Hampden's last male descendant passed away "a lonely bachelor" in 1754. Gen. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, had but one son, and with him expired the hardly earned and newly acquired family honor.

Though it is not infrequently assumed that the Dukes of Marlborough of our day are directly descended in the male line from the great Churchill, this is not the case. That splendid soldier's only son died in infancy, and his honors and possession passed to his daughters. The great Lord Peterborough had sons, but no grandson. Ill-starred Strafford married thrice, but each of his sons died without issue. The celebrated Duke of Ormonde's direct line ended with his grandson's death at Avignon. Clarendon, famous historian of the rebellion, though he left four sons, had but one grandson, who died without male issue. Horace Walpole was the last male descendant of Sir Robert, the famous minister, and he never married. Bolingbroke twice made matrimonial venture, but had no child by either wife. The historic family of Pitt in respect of direct male heirs ceased in 1835, while the rival house of Fox lasted but little longer. Charles James Fox left no heir, and the only son of his nephew, the third Lord Holland, died childless at Naples just forty years ago. Edmund Burke had but one son, who died in early manhood, leaving his broken-hearted father to exclaim: "Mine is a grief that cannot be comforted!"

As with the statesmen, so with the philosophers and scientists. Neither Bacon, Newton, Locke, Davy nor Stuart Mill left a son to inherit his fame; while of historians, Hume, Gibbon and Macaulay were never married. Among our great painters, Reynolds, Lawrence and the late Lord Leighton were bachelors. Hogarth perpetrated a romantic love match, which was fruitless, and Turner, the great magician of color and canvas, twice soured by early disappointments, never married. Handel, who may almost be claimed as an Englishman, had no wife but his art. Braham, perhaps our greatest singer, whose daughter some of us remember as Lady Waldegrave, I believe, left no son; while of the giants of the footlights, Davy Garrick and John Kemble died childless, and the direct male issue of Edmund Kean ended with the death of his son Charles.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, 8,050 feet above the sea, a black spot, one inch in diameter, placed on a white disc, has been seen on Mt. Charchani, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen-inch telescope.

Travelers in Australia complain that almost only the trees in the continent are eucalyptus, and they afford little shade, as they have learned to turn their leaves edgewise to the sun. The botanical gardens in the cities are, however, declared to be dreams of beauty.

The United States Department of Agriculture has by experiments found that the force of a growing pumpkin is sufficient to lift two and one-half tons, provided the weight is so placed as not to interfere with the growth or natural development of the vegetable.

The French match factories are now turning out friction matches which will ignite on any surface, but which are free from the objections raised against white sulphur. No smoke or odor is perceptible in the factories. The inflammable ingredients of the paste are sesquisulphide of phosphorus and chlorate of potash.

The extreme delicacy of many scientific processes is indicated by the report of Dr. Martin Ficker, a German investigator, that bacteria are affected favorably, or otherwise, by the character of the glass containing the water in which they are suspended. Marked differences in the behavior of cholera germs were noted, according to the kind of glass composing the vessels used. The degree of alkalinity imparted by the glass to the water is believed to be an important factor in these experiments.

The discovery last summer of a remarkable asteroid, since named Eros, which periodically approaches the earth nearer than any other heavenly body except the moon, has led a German astronomer, Herr J. Bauschinger, to suggest that Mars itself should henceforth be regarded as an asteroid, instead of as a major planet. The comparative smallness of Mar's mass, and the great eccentricity of its orbit, are adduced as reasons for considering it as a member of the asteroid family. If the asteroids once formed a single planet, as some have supposed, then possibly Mars is simply the largest existing fragment of the ancient planet, which traveled an orbit lying between the earth and Jupiter.

According to Prof. J. Joly, of Trinity College, Dublin, a skater really glides about on a narrow film of water, continually forming under the skate, and resuming the solid form when relieved of pressure. He shows that the pressure under the sharp edge of the skate, along the short portion of the steel curve which is at any moment in contact, is great enough to liquefy a thin line of ice, and this gives the skate its "bite." When the ice is very cold, the pressure is sometimes inadequate to reduce the melting-point sufficiently, and then, as all skaters know, it is difficult to make the skates bite. For very cold ice, Professor Joly recommends "hollow-ground" skates, because the effective pressure increases with the thinness of the edge.

A SWEET REVENGE

Sad Condition in Which She Returned Clarence's Letters.

"Oh, Eleanor, I am so glad to find you here. I went up to your house, and your mother said you had come here to be fitted," and as Eleanor grasped the speaker's hand the dress-maker frowned, for she didn't want the fit of the new gown interfered with.

"Well, Daisy," said Eleanor, "I am glad, too, for I see by your eyes that you've something to tell me."

"Yes. This morning I went over to see Kit, and I ran right up to her room, as we always do, you know."

"Yes," assented Eleanor.

"And she was crying. All round her on the floor were letters. I said, 'Mercy, Kit, what's the matter?' Every now and then she would make a vicious jab at a letter and appear to be writing."

"Oh, Daisy! I am almost wild! I'm so busy!"

"'What are you doing?' I asked.

"'Well,' said Kit, 'you know Clarence and I have had a quarrel—and I'm glad of it'—and here she sobbed the gladdest kind of a sob—'and—and—he sent all my letters back — and the silver bookmark—and the lovely pipe I gave him with his name engraved on it—and—oh, Daisy! I can't use any of them—how can I?—and so I'm getting his letters ready to return. I'm—I'm correcting them,' and then she laughed and made another jab with her pen.

"'Correcting them? I gasped.

"'Yes—correcting them. You know Clarence is a terrible speller, so I have gone over each letter in red ink, and made him see that it was intentional. Humph! I'll bet he won't tell another man he broke it off!'

"I couldn't help laughing, but wasn't it a fine revenge?"—London Tit-Bits.

A WELSH CAT.

The Queer Law that Was Formerly Enforced.

In Wales as early as the tenth century cats were protected by the government and their value fixed by law. Before a kitten could open its eyes it was worth a penny; afterward it was worth two and when it had caught a mouse its value rose to four pennies. These may seem small prices now, but they meant a good deal then. Both cats and pennies are within reach of any one, and the simplest little home may have as guard the cat that "once upon a time" kept watch in the King's granaries.

In Wales the Prince had his storehouses thus protected, and the following story will show you how the theft of a cat was regarded: One day a small black kitten was missing. It was not very big, but it had caught a mouse, and search was made at once. It was found in a peasant's hut, and his daughter confessed that she had stolen it from the granary. The child declared that the kitten was frightened by the Prince's two great wolf-hounds, and and had taken refuge with her, and she had not the heart to give it up.

The steward had father and child brought, trembling with fear, before the Prince, who sat on his throne, yawning and stroking his tawny hounds.

"What is the law?" he asked.

"The thief shall pay a full-grown ewe with all its fleece," said the steward.

Alas! the man was too poor to own sheep.

"Failing this, the cat shall be hung up by its tail—"

"Rather hard on the cat," said the Prince; and little Mertha's tears ran down her face.

"And the thief shall pay a heap of grain high enough to reach the very tip of the tail," continued the steward.

"Then shall we starve," murmured the peasant. "After tolls and tithes there is so little left."

Now the black kitten was brought into court, and seeing the dogs, and its little friend, it bristled up its hair with fear and mewed piteously to Mertha for succor.

"The cat hath chosen the child," said the prince, carelessly. "I will remit the fine and give her the animal for her own."

This law is still found among the old Welsh statutes, says a contributor to the Philadelphia Times, but it is no longer enforced.

The Circus Band of Old Days.

I have heard the grandest music that a mortal man can hear;
And I have listened to musicians play by note and play by ear.
Heard Von Bulow and Joseffy do the finest things from Liszt,
And a chance at Paderewski I have rarely ever missed.
But the music, I remember now, that pleased me best to hear,
Which fell in loud crescendos on my ever-willing ear,
Was in boyhood's happy days, my, oh, my, but it was grand,
When pa and ma would take me to hear the circus band.

How they played with crash and thunder! How that circus band could toot!
From the man who blew the tuba to the bassoon and the flute.
Then the trombone, and the altos, and the cunning little drum
Would ring out the finest music you will hear till kingdom come.
Bum-te-bum! the bass would bellow, tweedle-dee! the tenors blew,
To be answered by the fellow on the shrill-toned piccolo.
Oh, 'twas fine, that glorious music, my, oh, my, but it was grand,
When pa and ma would take me to hear the circus band.

Now my boyhood days have flown to the dim and misty past,
And childish things are laid aside; my blood runs not so fast;
But I confess a curious thrill extends from sole to crown
When the gorgeous gilded circus with its glitter comes to town;
And when I see the elephants and camels in parade,
And hear the old familiar tunes that long ago were played,
I gather up the children and take them by the hand,
And with their ma we all go out to hear the circus band.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Genius.

"How is it Wilkins over there looks so cool when everything else is sweltering?"

"Ah, Wilkins is smart. Do you see those old papers he is reading? Well, they contain the account of February's blizzard. Every time Wilkins begins to feel the least bit warm he reads about the twenty some below zero and shivers. His scheme is cooler than fans and cheaper than ice."

When you are invited out to dinner, would you rather have a lot of style or a plenty to eat?

HOITT'S SCHOOL,
Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle.* Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Dandelions.

The market gardeners around Paris cultivate the dandelion on a large scale and sell it for good prices in the market.

"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow and Lose the Substance."

Many people are but shadows of their former selves, due to neglect of health. Look out for the blood, the fountain of life, the actual substance; keep that pure by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and robust health will be the result. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Trouble Enough.

Wheeler—I tell you a bicycle is a great thing to take your mind off your troubles. I find it invaluable.

Walker—Nonsense! What troubles have you got?

"Well, the installment man comes around every week to collect the payments on my wheel."—N. Y. Journal.

An Ocean of Tea.

It has been calculated that something like 1,250,000 pints of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the teapot necessary to contain this amount, if properly shaped would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's cathedral.—N. Y. Sun.

The total postal receipts for this year are estimated at $100,000,000, against $87,640,000 last year. New York stands at the head of the list of states and territories with $15,000,000, and Alaska comes last, with $15,000. In the table showing the average amount contributed by each inhabitant of each state to the postal revenues (which constitutes a pretty fair guage of the intellectual development and activity of the people), Massachusetts stands at the head, with an average last year of $2.30 per inhabitant.

"They tell me, Mr. New," said the constitutent to the returned congressman, "that you are indebted to your private secretary for your speeches that appear in the Congressional Record." "It's an outrageous and infernal lie, sir. I don't owe that fellow a cent."

Joseph Jefferson says that during a recent drive in Virginia he stopped at a farmhouse for dinner and was pressed to take off his coat as his neighbors did. Refusing, the host said, "Go on, be comfortable; never mind if yer ain't got no shirt on."

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The "corpse" questioned the coroner's jury at a recent inquest in Maryland. Proceedings to determine the cause of death had just begun, when the subject awoke from the trance in which he had lain and asked what it was all about.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The good Dean Swift once said: I never knew a man come to greatness or eminence who lay abed in the morning.

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., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they may wish to make.

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A. A. Whiskey for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

Dr. Rogers, of the Northwestern University, claims that there are 17 bogus degree-conferring "colleges" in Chicago.

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

Some men are so vain. A man in St. Louis went into deep mourning for his mother-in-law because he thought black was becoming to him.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Several towns near Boston are to have steam motor omnibuses soon to run in streets where there are no cars at present.

Piles of Pain.

Many kinds of piles—itching, bleeding—all painful, terrible tortures, but are all quickly cured by Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

An offer of $23,000 for three orchids exhibited at the Atwerp horticultural show has been refused by the owner of the flowers.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
Jos. KIEHLING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

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.

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 Loud Interruption.

"I declare, Maria, this is too irritating to be endured. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed, and here somebody has suddenly sprung a most infernal clatter on me. What does it mean?"

"There wasn't any clatter, my dear."

"What was it, then?"

"Why, I just happened to pass through the room in my new red and yellow shirt waist, that's all."

"Well, don't do it again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

C. A. Dewey, a Kenosha, Wis., hardware merchant, recently ordered a ladder from a Chicago house, and after waiting a reasonable length of time wrote to inquire why he had not received it. He was informed that the ladder had been shipped by mistake to Admiral Dewey at Manila. A tracer was sent after it and it was overtaken just as it was about to be placed on board of a steamer at San Francisco.

Boston is conducting a vigorous campaign against the smoke nuisance. The superintendent of streets has just sent a circular letter to all the coal dealers warning them against the sale of low grades of soft coal. In the missive he says: "Your attention is called to this matter now so that there may be no cause for complaint on your part later on in the event of trouble, and that your customers may be fully advised as to the action which this department will certainly take unless proper coal is used."

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters, and secured a quantity of bogus bills, which are very cleverly executed. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

The police arrested a man the other day with a pocket full of skeleton keys, but released him when the man explained that he lived in a haunted house.

One trouble with this world, says the Atchison Globe, is that the fool-killer is gallant and when he meets some women he raises his hat instead of his club.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where for a small fee, housewives may have the dinners and suppers cooked for them.

At present England sells Colombia nearly 70 per cent of the cotton cloth used by the latter, and the United States only about 11 per cent.

The Maid and the Miracle

Miss Lucy Tucker, the daughter of a prominent farmer of Versailles, Ind., was the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to bed, and was on the verge of St. Vitus' dance. It was a pitiful case which medical science failed to conquer. Finally a doctor prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her father said:

"We began giving the pills at once, and the next day we could see a change for the better in her. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was entirely well. She has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous.

"FRANK TUCKER, Mrs. F. TUCKER."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker, being duly sworn, state that the foregoing is true in every particular.

HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

TO FLIES AND MOSQUITOES
Dayton's Insect Catcher will clean the house of them. Price 50 cents. Write for booklet. Agents wanted. Address: DAYTON HARDWARE COMPANY, Portland Oregon.

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Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers
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"Relief for Women"
Sent free, in plain, sealed envelope. Write to-day for this Book, containing Particulars and Testimonials of DR. MARTEL'S
French Female Pills.
Praised by thousands of satisfied ladies as safe, always reliable and without an equal. Sold by all druggists in metal box. French flag on top in Blue, White and Red. Take no other. French Drug Co., 301 & 303 Pearl St., New York City.

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. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO