THEIR FAMILY TREASURE.

THE "family treasure," as it was called, for the Brudds were extremely proud of it, was a tiny jeweled case containing a portrait of Queen Victoria. It represented her as a little girl of about 17, and was a valuable litle work of art.

In obedience to his wife's request, Mr. Brudd unlocked the cabinet and took the medallion from the secret drawer in which it was kept.

"Some of the filagree work at the back is injured," said Mrs. Brudd, "and we ought to have that stone replaced."

"Yes; I shall take it up to town tomorrow," said her husband, "and have it properly examined."

He was about to replace the medallion in the cabinet when his daughter remarked, in a tone of mild protest: "You have not shown it to Mr. Matlock, papa."

His position was an unfortunate one. He had had the misfortune, or good fortune, to fall in love with his host's daughter, but Mr. Brudd refused his sanction to the match, and although his wife lent her daughter a certain amount of half-hearted and hesitating support, Mr. Matlock's prospects were not at all rosy.

In the meantime, he was working hard to make a career for himself as an artist. There were many who believed his work showed promise of great distinction, but Mr. Matlock's income was microscopic.

In reply to his daughter's protest Mr. Brudd handed the medallion to the young fellow in chilling silence. It was an unpleasant situation, but Mr. Matlock was too tenaciously in love with his host's daughter to fret much. It is always a great step toward victory when a man has the women of the family allied on his side.

"Has Violet never told you how we came to possess the medallion?" asked Mrs. Brudd.

Mr. Matlock replied in the negative and begged to hear the story, while Mr. Brudd gave an irritable "Pish!"

It appeared that Mrs. Brudd's mother had occupied a position in the Princess Victoria's household, and her royal mistress had given her this little miniature of herself as a wedding present.

"Mrs. Brudd wouldn't accept $1,000 for that," said Mr. Brudd, pompously, as he finally replaced it in the cabinet and turned the key.

"No more would I, if it were mine," said Mr. Matlock, to which his host gave another significant "Pish!"—as much as to say that what he would do for $1,000 was of no consequence to anybody.

"When I am married it is going to be given to me," said Violet, with a sly look at her mother.

"Who said so, I would like to know?" said Mrs. Brudd.

"It was given to grandmamma when she married, and she gave it to you when you married; so of course it will be given to me when I marry," said the young lady.

Later in the evening it happened that Violet and Mr. Matlock were making a pretense at playing billiards, while Mrs. Brudd good-naturedly performed the duties of "marker." Suddenly it occurred to Mrs. Brudd that her husband had left the key of the cabinet in the lock, and she sent Violet to fetch it.

"MRS. BRUDD HANDED THE MEDALLION TO THE YOUNG FELLOW IN CHILLING SILENCE.

Five minutes later she returned with a white face. Girl-like, she had opened the cabinet to have a peep at the medallion. It was not there.

Mr. Brudd was shut up in his library, where he had been since dinner. They decided not to give him the alarm, but to go at once to the drawing-room and make a thorough search. It might be that it had not been replaced, though each felt nearly positive that they had seen Mr. Brudd put it back in its receptacle. The search was unavailing.

"It will do no good to look here any longer," said Mrs. Brudd at last. "Somebody has taken it from the cabinet. That is quite clear. Whoever did it probably thought we should not look for it again to-night. But it must be somewhere in the house. We had better go to Mr. Brudd and get his help."

The two ladies, of course, passed out of the room first; but Mr. Matlock, instead of following them immediately, returned on the pretense of turning down a lamp.

The moment he was alone he picked up a tiny object lying under a chair near the cabinet, examined it closely, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he followed the two ladies to the library.

"Charles, the medallion is not in the cabinet!"

"I don't suppose it is," said her husband, still without looking up. "It happens to be in my pocket."

"Thank goodness! I was in such a fright. You are quite sure you have it safely?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

"May I look at it?" she asked.

"There's no need for that," said Mr. Brudd, shortly.

If anybody had been watching Mr. Matlock's face they would have seen a namused smile flicker across it.

An hour later, the two ladies having gone to bed, he went to the library.

Mr. Brudd was evidently annoyed to see him, but the young man declined to notice it.

"Can I speak to you for a few moments?"

"Certainly," said his host; "but, of course, you quite understand, Matlock, that if you want to speak about the subject we have already discussed you are wasting your own time and mine, too. I shall not consent to an engagement between you and Violet."

"Oh, it isn't that," said the younger man. "I want to speak to you about the medallion. I think you have had the misfortune to drop the medallion and break it."

"What makes you think that?"

"I found a portion of it underneath a chair in the drawing-room. Here it is."

He produced from his pocket the fragment of ivory he had picked up unknown to the ladies. Mr. Brudd looked crestfallen. Like most overbearing men, he hated to look ridiculous. He had dropped the little ornament in taking it out of the cabinet, and had gathered up the pieces, hoping it would be possible to get it mended in such a way that his wife would not know of the catastrophe.

"I dare not tell my wife what has happened," he said, in a tone so different from his ordinary tone that Mr. Matlock could scarcely restrain a smile. "She is almost superstitious about it."

"Anybody will be able to see that it has been mended. Let me paint a new portrait. I could do it within a few days, and I will undertake to say that it will be so like the original that no one will be able to detect the difference. You could have these pieces put together, also."

"Yes, yes," said his host, "but what about Mrs. Brudd? If you were a married man, Matlock, you would know how unpleasant it is to admit to your wife that you have deceived her. You

"OH, IT ISN'T THAT," SAID THE YOUNG MAN.

see, I told her it was quite safe in my pocket. As a matter of fact, at that moment it was broken into twenty small pieces."

"I think that little difficulty might be avoided by exercising some tact," said Mr. Matlock. "I shouldn't say anything to Mrs. Brudd about it until the medallion has passed out of her possession. When it is no longer her own property she won't mind so much."

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Mr. Brudd, gentlinely puzzled.

"Didn't I understand that when Violet was married the medallion would be given to her?"

"Y-e-s," said Mr. Brudd, beginning to see what was coming.

"Then get Violet married as quickly as possible. Give the medallion to her. It will be much easier to explain it all. I shall be very happy to help you," he continued, obligingly. "I will not only provide you with a new portrait to replace the one you have broken, but I will undertake to find a husband for Miss Brudd, who will be glad to marry her to-morrow morning if necessary."

Greatly to her astonishment, Violet was informed the following evening that her father had decided to sanction her engagement.

There were now two ivory medallions—the mended original and the copy.—Forget-Me-Not.

ADVENTURE WITH SNAKES.

How a Peaceful Sleep Was Abruptly Interrupted in Pennsylvania.

Newton McMorris, who lives in Donegal Township, just on the edge of the Butler County line, Pa., was awakened one morning recently by hearing an unusual noise on the floor of his house, and on getting out of bed stepped on something cold and clammy. The next instant he was horrified to feel a large snake crawling up his body. He screamed, and his wife got out of bed and lit a candle. She had no sooner done this than a blacksnake wrapped itself about her person. She fell to the floor in a faint, but her son, hearing the cries of his father, came from his room, and, thinking that there were robbers in the house, had a shotgun in his hand. He at once killed the snake which was around his mother's neck and after that he disposed of the one that was around his father. Then a horrible discovery was made. There were a dozen or more snakes hanging about the walls of the house, while several more had their heads hanging from their ceiling. The elder Mr. McMorris and his son went to work, and before they had concluded had killed no less than sixteen snakes, the largest of which was 5 feet 2 inches long and the smallest about 18 inches. The family resides in a log house, and it is supposed that the reptiles had been making the walls a home for some time. The younger McMorris says that one of the snakes must have had two heads, for there were sixteen heads found after the slaughter and only fifteen bodies.

New Version.

A writer in the San Francisco News Letter says that a company of men were sitting on a hotel veranda in Honolulu, when some one proposed that each should tell a moral story, or pay a forfeit.

All hands agreed to this except Camarinos, a Greek, who is in the fruit business, and reported to be wealthy.

"I know lots in Greek," said Camarinos, "but I don't know any in English."

"Greek doesn't go here, Camarinos. You must tell it in English, my son."

Camarinos looked puzzled when his turn came. He put his finger to his forehead, and then said suddenly, with a bright look, "I have one."

"Let us have it," was the cry.

"Well, I don't know if I get him quite right," he responded.

"Oh, let's have it."

"Well, then, it is this: A brick which goes this way," waving his hands to and fro, "catches no grass,"—meaning, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

High Heels.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

By "consultation of physicians" in most cases of sickness is meant the attending physician and some friend of the family's who once practiced.

"They says" are usually liars.

LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

M. Cottu Covers 785 Miles in Twelve Days Fourteen Hours.

A very remarkable feat of horsemanship has been accomplished by a young Frenchman. M. Charile Cottu. He rode the whole of the way from Vienna, to Paris, 785 miles, in 12 days and 14 hours, using only one horse, and, what is still more noteworthy, brought his mount into Paris in thoroughly good condition. As every one knows, 62 miles is a good deal more than the average horse can be expected to accomplish in a day, and to keep up this

M. COTTU AND IRISH LASS.

average for 13 days at a stretch, with 188 pounds weight on the animal's back, implies not only the great stamina of the steed, but altogether exceptional care and management on the part of the rider. M. Cottu began to train his mount—a half-breed Irish mare, Irish Lass, seven years old, standing just under 15 hands—on Easter Monday, beginning with a gentle ride of 15 miles or so, and gradually increasing the daily distance up to 40 miles.

In conversation with a Paris correspondent Mr. Cottu explained that the great secret of success on long-distance rides is to avoid overheating your mount. "I never," he said, "kept Irish Lass at the trot for more than one and a quarter miles. I always dismounted when we came to a hill and led her up it. Some days I walked at least 20 miles. When we came to our stopping place I let her stand a few minutes to cool, and then unsaddled her and gently rubbed her back with the bare hand to restore circulation in the parts weighed upon by the saddle. Then I groomed her carefully, took her into her stable, and gave her her food. As soon as she had taken it she used to lie right down at once, but she was always ready for the road again. I gave her between 20 and 24 quarts of oats and between 15 and 10 quarts of milk every day, with a fair amounted of water when she wanted it, provided the water was not too cold. I gave her from four to six hours' rest in the middle of the day, so as to escape the heat, only about two hours at night. I always slept in the saddle with her, and did not take off my clothes after leaving Vienna to arriving at Paris. There was no time for baths or anything of that sort. As we never did more than six and a half miles an hour, even over level country, we had to spend a good many hours a day on the road."

MUST REPORT TO HER.

A Young Woman Has Charge of Omaha's Firemen and Policemen.

Over every telephone in Omaha, probably, is posted this notice: "In case of fire call up 37," but few people, even those who are in the habit of calling up "37" in every case to learn where it is, really understand what the young woman who represents that number is doing all the time. She is really a sort of supervisor of fire and police, before whom the fire and police commissioners pale into insignificance. She has a long table off by herself in the east end of the exchange room and there presides over the destinies of the city and keeps tab on the policemen. On this table are several "tickers" in glass cases, for all the world like those found in boards of trade, and on these the patrolmen make their mark every hour when they turn in their number at the patrol box. There is a whirring noise in the glass case whenever they do, and if the proper time passes and the report is not made "37" makes a note of it.

It is at such times that she issues her orders to the police.

It is this mysterious young woman who is also responsible for the startling sound of the gong, which rings out like a death knell in every fire station in the city when a shanty down in the bottoms catches fire. When a fire is "rung in" she reaches over and touches a black button, somewhat after the similitude of a telegrapher's key, and at once a gong sounds in every station and every office where a fire gong is located. The same touch of the button drops the chain from the front of horses in the fire department, and they jump under the swinging harness. Then, while the men are hitching, the foreman goes to the 'phone. By this time "37" has connected all the telephones in the station in a bunch and as the foreman at each stands with his ear to the receiver she informs them individually and collectively where the fire is located. Then those who are far away unhitch their horses and turn them back into their stalls, while the girl who has made all the fuss puts her lips to the transmitter and begins telling over and over again to reporters and other inquisitive people where the blaze is located.—Omaha Bee.

Telegraphic Discovery.

A Vienna engineer named Pollak has made a discovery which seems to have solved the question of the rapid transmission of telegraphic messages. By a process only requiring the use of a simple apparatus Herr Pollak is able on the same telegraphic line to wire 60,000 words an hour. The details of this remarkable invention have been bought up by a stock company, which states that up to the present they have met with great success.

Cavalry on the Wane.

Carefully collected figures show that the proportion of cavalry to other arms has been steadily diminishing for a long period. The artillery has been increased, the cavalry diminished. Austria, Turkey and Spain are the only countries whose cavalry exceeds their artillery force.

The Cat Was All Right.

"Mary, I hope you took good care of my animals while I was away."

"Indeed I did, ma'am; only once I forgot to feed the cat."

"I hope she didn't suffer?"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am. She ate the canary and the parrot."—Tit-Bits.

If a child is taken with a contagious disease, its father misses an opportunity if he doesn't trace the origin of the disease back to a time when the family went visiting.

When a girl is teased by her brothers and sisters over her steady, she rather enjoys it.

HOLY CARPET STOLEN.

Arab: "Swipe" the Relic, at Which the Moslem World Stands Aghast.

The "holy carpet," or kiswa, which has been stolen by Beoduin Arabs en route for Mecca, consists of a series of oblong strips of black brocade richly embroidered in gold and silver with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran. It serves the purpose of beautifying the exterior of the ka'aba, the sacred shrine within the precincts of the

THE CARPET IN PROCESSION IN CAIRO.

mosque at Mecca. It is renewed and sent every year at the expense of the Sultan from Constantinople via Cairo, where, with its escort of Bashi Bazouks, it forms part of the great Egyptian caravan, the most important of the many which annually converge toward Mecca. Having done duty for a year, it is cut up and the pieces sold as relics to wealthy pilgrims. The illustrations represent a portion of the carpet being carried on men's shoulders through the streets of Cairo, during the festival preceding its departure, with two symbolical trophies that each year accompany the pilgrimage from Egypt. These are the mahmal, a kind of canopy, and a pyramidal construction containing a copy of the Koran. Both are exquisitely embroidered in gold upon green cloth, and are held in

THE MAHMAL AND KORAN RECEPTACLE.

superstitious reverence by the multitude. The intrinsic value of the holy carpet is some $25,000, and its capture by a tribe of marauding Bedouins, between Medina and Mecca, is a matter to arouse the pious indignation of the whole Moslem world.

DECENT ESTIMATE

Most Great Men Have Had of Their Own Abilities.

If it be true that a "man's greatness may almost be measured by his modesty," it is at least equally true that there are more than sufficient exceptions to prove the rule; for there have been times when many of the greatest men the world has known have been betrayed into expressions of conceit which would have been discreditable in much smaller men.

That Balzac had at least an adequate estimate of his powers was proved by his saying, on more than one occasion, "there are only three writers in France—Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier and myself."

This verdict, flattering as it was, in a sense, to Victor Hugo, was by no means indorsed by him. When the author of "Les Miserables" heard of it, he is said to have remarked: "If you remove Gautier and Balzac, I have no doubt that will be the verdict of posterity."

When a lady of rank once said to Malherbe, the famous French poet whose morals were as faulty as his verses were perfect, "I want to show you some of the most exquisite verses ever written; they will be a revelation to you," Malherbe answered: "Pardon me, madam. If, as you say, the verses are the most perfect ever written, I have already seen them, for they must be my own."

Mirabeau, one of the most prominent figures in the French Revolution, maintained his vanity to the last. As he was dying he said to his favorite attendant, "Prop up my head carefully, for it is the most remarkable head in all France." Mirabeau was honored with a public funeral, and his remains were placed in the Pantheon; and yet within a few months he was declared a traitor by the very assembly of which he had been the master spirit and President.

Perhaps one of the most striking examples of vanity, even in French annals, was furnished by a letter written by Victor Hugo to Prince Bismarck, in which the following sentences occur: "I love thee because I am greater than thou art. Were we allied as one man, history would cease. Thou art the body, I am the spirit; thou the cloud, and I the lightning; if thou art power, I am fame. Which is the greater, victor or vanquished? Neither. I, as poet, am greater than either, for I celebrate both."

Rossini could not restrain his vanity even in the home circle. Many of his letters to his mother bore this inscription: "To Mrs. Rossini, the mother of the famous maestro."

Wagner, in his early days of obscurity and neglect, was a constant prey to mortified vanity. "Mozart, Mendelssohn," he would say. "Bah! Who are they? Their suns will all have set long before mine is at the meridian." But expressions such as these were, perhaps, outbursts due to a sense of personal injustice, rather than expressions of honest opinion, for when the sun began to shine for Wagner few men were more modest or charitable than he.

Michael Angelo, the greatest painter and sculptor of all time, was intensely jealous of Raphael, whose star rose but a few years later than his own and threatened to eclipse it. "Raphael," Michael Angelo used to say, "will never be anything more than my pupil. The little art he knows he learnt from me."

Wilkie Collins.

The stories of Wilkie Collins are well known, but not the tragedy that marred his life, which, by the way, ought to dispel the foolish notion that an author works regardless of time or contracts. Collins was engaged on a novel which he had pledged his honor to a publisher to finish by a certain time when news came that his mother was dead. Distracted and maddened by grief, he had yet to fulfill his contract or the publisher would, he knew, be ruined. And finish the contract he did.

To do so, however, he was compelled to have recourse to morphine. And from that time onwards till his death, some twenty years later, he never shook himself free of the drug. He was, in fact, a morphine maniac.

It always does people harm to "baby" them, though they like it.

"The Laborer is Worthy of His Hire."

But a wage-earner can earn more if he has vigorous health. The blood is the life-giving and strength-making part of the system. If it is pure, all is well; if not, it should be purified with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes the weak strong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Llyod Mifflin, the poet, is a man of such retiring nature that few of his fellow-townsmen of Columbia, Pa., would recognize him on the street. A correspondent recently visited the town and asked for the house of Mr. Mifflin, the poet. "There's a Mr. Lloyd Mifflin lives here," said the trolley car conductor, "but I didn't know he wrote books."

Owing to a shortage of pig iron the rail mill at the Pueblo steel works has been shut down and will not reopen for two weeks. Sufficient orders are on hand to keep the plant running as fast as pig iron can be produced.

Contrary to expectations entertained a week or two ago, there is little chance of the Seats for Shop Assistants bill passing through England's parliament this session.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Popularity Gauged by No Particular Season.

The fact is now established that the most successful railway route, whether you take it in the spring, summer, autumn or winter, is the Rio Grande Western Railway, the only transcontinental line passing directly through Salt Lake City, that quaint and picturesque city on the shores of America's Dead Sea. The climate of Utah and Colorado is temperate the year round, which makes the travel over the Rio Grande Western Railway, in connection with either the Denver & Rio Grande or Colorado Midland railroads, an unbounded success and delight. The Dining Car service is unparalleled. The road operates only the newest of Pullman Palace and Ordinary Sleeping Car equipment, as well as Free Reclining Chair Cars. For illustrated matter apply to J. D. Mansfield, 253 Washington street, Portland, Or.

At Chippewa Falls, Wis., the barbers have buried the hatchet. A resolution has been adopted allowing every shop to keep open Sundays hereafter, and the price of shaving on that day will be 15 cents.

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.

In Germany potato bread is used by the natives of Thuringla to feed their horses, especially when they are worked hard in very cold weather. The animals thrive on it, and their health and strength are excellent.

Rose From the Ranks.

Prince Chilkow, the minister for railways in Russia, commenced his career by making a tour of the world in order to take note of all the latest inventions, and especially to study the inner workings and control of foreign railways. He first took a position as an ordinary mechanic in the locomotive works at Liverpool, and, after serving some years as a laborer, was raised to the post of railway guard, and afterwards station master at a small suburban station. When he returned to Russia he again worked his way from mechanic to station master, and after working for several years in the latter capacity on the Trans-Caspian and Varsovie systems, he was made inspector-general finally minister of railways.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Discovery of Life Plant

So full of vigor that if one of its leaves be pinned to a warm wall another plant will grow. It is these same principles which enable Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to arouse to life and duty the overworked stomach. The sufferer from dyspepsia or any stomach trouble needs it. A private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Preparations are now being made to start a co-operative colony on the shores of Lake Erie, near Toledo, O.

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.

It is said that the peasant of the south of France spends on food for a family of five an average of two pence a day.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

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

The Cincinnati zoo refuses to sell any more bisons and its directors expect to have in a few years the largest herd of buffaloes in the world.

COMFORT AND ECONOMY.

Rock Island Road Adopts a Smoke-Consumer for Their Engines.

The Rock Island Railroad has established a precedent in the West by equipping their engines with smoke-consumers, which entirely do away with the heavy volume of black smoke which is so disagreeable to passengers. This experiment has been thoroughly tested during the past few months, on their Colorado Flyer, and has proved to be such a success that the Rock Island has adopted it over its entire system, and, as soon as possible, all of their engines will be equipped with this new device and immediately be put back into service.

This smokeless firing, as it is porperly called, will be valuable to both patron and the road. To the patron it does away with the black, sooty smoke and cinders, thus adding much to the pleasure of traveling; and, to the road, it is a saving in fuel as well as making the appearance and equiment of the train up to date. The good results from this new equipment are unlimited and everything is favorable and for the best interests of all. To make this smokeless firing a success, two things are necessary; the equipment of the engine with the proper apparatus necessary to consume the hydrocarbons, thrown off from the coal, and the thorough training of engineer and fireman in the manner of firing and the best methods of proceeding at all times in order to obtain the desired results.

The manner of equipment is briefly as follows: In the fire box of the engine is built a hollow brick arch. Below this and about a foot above the grates are bored four holes in the sides of the fire box. In each of these holes is inserted a Sharp's patent deflecting air tube, connecting with the hollow arch. Through these tubes the outside air is drawn in and, after being heated, is allowed to mix with the unconsumed gasses or hydrocarbons. By this mixing the gasses are transferred into a perfect state of combustion and in this state they are consumed, and thoroughly disposed of, thus preventing them from being forced out into the air as is the case today on nearly every railroad in the United States.

Assistant-General Manager W. Allen, and Superintendent of Motive Power G. T. Wilson, of the Rock Island, express themselves as more than pleased with the results of this new move on the part of the road.

General Manager McGowan, of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, has arranged for the erection of a car plant, and the the company will build and repair all of its own cars.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

David Wark, the oldest member of the Canadian senate, who recently expressed the opinion that that body had too little to do, is a physical wreck and has to be carried in and out of the senate chamber and remains in his seat when addressing the chair.

Pale as Death

Miss Cordelia Moore, of Malone, N. Y., until recently, has been a lifelong invalid from palpitation of the heart and weakness of the blood.

Physicians were puzzled over her case, their most skillful efforts were baffled. Various remedies were tried without avail. The proverbial "change of climate" was advised, but the constant change wore upon her until, to quote her mother's words, "she became a living ghost." Miss Moore said: "Upon advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and before the first box was used I noticed a great change. I began to regain my appetite and felt better generally. After finishing the first box I took six more. The effect was wonderful. I grew strong and gained in flesh. "I never felt better in my life than I do now. I weigh more than ever before and I consider myself cured."

From the Gazette, Malone, N. Y.

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.

In Berlin the pawnshop is a royal and philanthropic institution. Any profit that is made is spent in charity.

A Delightful Trip.

A journey East via the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad through the famed Rocky Mountains is in itself a marvel of scenic grandeur unsurpassed in the world, crossing mountain ranges, deep penetrating canyons, scaling stupendous cliffs, and, in a word familiarizing the tourist with the grand and beautiful in nature. Passengers going East should by all means take this road as it affords a trip void of the dull monotony of desert and plain, with equipment up to date in every respect. Perfect dining car service, through sleeping cars and free reclining-chair cars. For tickets or any information regarding this line call on or address R. C. Nichol, General Agent, Denver & Rio Grande Railroad 251 Washington street, Portland, Or., or any agent of the Southern Pacific Company, O. R. & N. Co., or Oregon Short Line.

Women as well as men can ride on the cars—such is the translation of paragraph No. 2 in the rules to the public, prepared by the Korean president of the Seoul electric railway.

Headache

Sick headaches! Always trace them to a lazy liver or a sick stomach. Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, awful, throbbing, sickening pain. CASCARETS remove the cause by stimulating the liver, making the poison move on and out, and purifying the blood. The effect is almost instantaneous. Ladies, whose sensitive organisms are especially prone to sick headaches, do not suffer, but find relief in CASCARETS Candy Cathartic.

Look out for Imitations and Counterfeits!

Cascarets

ANNUAL SALES, 5,000,000 BOXES.

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

THIS IS CCC THE TABLET

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"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "lookout foh funeral!"—Kansas City Independent.

George Brandes, the Danish critic, says that Ibsen recently gave him an odd reason for liking Russia. "Their splendid system of oppression," said the dramatist, "engenders such a love of liberty."

William Dean Howells, asked when he found time to apply himself to literature, replied: "I did so before I really had the time. As a boy I was perpetually imitating the great authors to the neglect of the duties generally expected of a boy."

Rudyard Kipling, according to the London Chronicle, was taken by Thomas Hardy to see a house which the latter though would suit Kipling. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant: "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before." Presently Mr. Kipling in turn found himself alone with the lady and remarked: "Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here today is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."

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