AN EXPERT ON MONEY.

Harvey Has Been a Rolling Stone, but Has Gathered Considerable Financial Moss.

The all absorbing topic of the hour is the financial question, and one of the numerous experts who believe they can solve the problem is William Hope Harvey, author of "The Elementary Principles of Money," "A Tale of Two Nations" and "Coin's Financial School," three volumes that have attracted considerable attention. Mr. Harvey is a native of Buffalo, W. Va., and will be 44 years old the 16th of the coming August. He was educated in the common schools at his birthplace, and at the age of 16 began teaching the young idea how to shoot on his own account. He read law at the same time, and after a three years' clerkship was admitted to the bar at the early age of 19. Despite his youth, he soon took high rank at the local bar and became noted as a shrewd and erudite attorney in Cabell county and in other counties in the Kanawha valley.

W. H. HARVEY.

In 1875 he removed to Cleveland, where he practiced his profession for two years, and then made Chicago his home. Two more years of his life were spent in aiding with his eloquence the agitation of Chicago's gusty atmosphere, and then he moved again to Gallipolis, O., where he became counsel for several wholesale firms, partner in the dry goods house of John T. Halliday & Co. and life partner in the matrimonial firm composed of Miss Anna Halliday and himself, which firm has since been increased by four young members.

In 1884 Harvey abandoned Gallipolis and his law practice and located in Denver, where investments became his special line of business. It is said that three movings are as bad as a fire, but moving evidently has no terrors for Harvey. He remained in Denver until 1890, when he made Ogden, U. T., his home. Three years later he returned to Chicago, where he has since devoted himself to the authorship and publication of financial literature. His works have commanded widespread attention and have attained to a remarkable degree of popularity, it is said, among people who are interested in financial questions.

A Heated Argument.

A man who was charged with assaulting his wife pleaded that he had only had a heated argument with her. It afterward transpired that the "heated argument" consisted of his beating his wife with a red-hot poker.—London Tit-Bits.

Forty-ninth friend (since breakfast time)—Mr, Morton, what a dreadful cold you've got. What are you taking for it? Morton (Hoarsely)—Advice.

Editor—What makes you speak of the crowd at a variety show as a "polished audience"? Scribbler—I got a peek at the bald heads in the front row.

A WOMAN'S NERVES

STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

She Says That She Was Prostrated by the Least Excitement—Physicians Baffled by Her Case.

From the Gate City, Keokuk, Ia.]

Mrs. Helen Myers whose home is at 3515 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too."

My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on I believe through too much worrying over family matters and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise of the locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion uderwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover." "So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Ia., and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day, and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was fresh as that of any 16-year-old girl in Iowa and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now, laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Her Bathing Togs.

The little boy was very much interested in a picture that his sister had had taken while at the seashore. It was a picture that had been taken "just for the fun of the thing" and not for distribution among her friends—one of those pictures that a girl keeps in her own room where none but her intimates may see it. This one showed the young lady and her "dearest friend" on the beach in bathing suits. Both of the girls were pretty and had good figures that the bathing suits showed to excellent advantage, but the picture seemed to be a source of endless speculation to the boy.

"Did you and Mamie wear them togs at the seashore?" he asked one day.

"Of course we did," she replied.

"Did you wear them short skirts and stockin's so's you could go in bathing?" he persisted.

"Certainly; what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, I dunno," he replied carelessly. "I thought mebbe you went in bathin so's you could wear them togs."—Chicago Post.

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.specting man,
.nd animal life,
.d as a sort of calen-
very inappropriate title
of Days," has, through
.schance, entirely neglected to
.ne miracle of the preservation of
.ics of St. Catherine. The wonder-
story has been a theme of discussion among church folks the world over for 200 or 300 years, yet the above mentioned work, which purports to give an account of everything out of the ordinary, whether vouched for or only reported, has entirely ignored the marvelous narrative, not even remotely alluding to it.

The St. Catherine in question was known in life as well as after her death as "St. Catherine of Bologna." Her remains are now enshrined in a church bearing her name in the city mentioned above, the relics having remained in their present position for upward of 300 years. She sits bolt upright in a chair, her features and form somewhat shrunken, the skin of the face and hands badly discolored—in fact, almost black—yet her mortal remains are not in the least decayed, it appearing, even to the unbeliever, that the fates have decided to keep her holy body uncorrupted and her form intact until the great day of reckoning. The editor of this article is not a Catholic, nor yet the son of a Catholic, and was never to his knowledge within the walls of a church belonging to that great denomination. Yet facts are facts, and as such are deserving of record, especially in a department of this character, which is entirely given up to discussing the unusual and unnatural sides of everything. The accommodating priest in attendance at the shrine of St. Catherine will, if requested, expose the arm of the mummified saint to the elbow, and moving it back and forth prove to your wonder and astonishment that the joints are as flexible as they were when the good woman trod the streets of the ancient Italian cities 300 years ago. When Piux IX was pope, he frequently visited the shrine of St. Catherine, and while making such visits never failed to say mass while in the presence of the miraculously preserved remains. On one occasion, while testing the flexibility of her joints, he raised her hand to the level of her head, then replacing it in her lap remarked, "Fui nimis audax" (I was too bold).—St. Louis Republic.

They Rode For One Fare.

Coming down town on a Fourth avenue car, a woman got on with four small children. The delay was noticeable because the conductor had to help on the oldest girl, then the boy with a square cap and long curls, then another little girl and lastly the woman, who carried a child apparently about 10 months old.

The young ones were all graded in size and were small for their apparent ages. The mother bestowed them about, some of the men in the car getting up to make room. The car jingled on down town, and the people were beginning to forget about it, when they heard the conductor say in a voice of shrill astonishment as he looked at the solitary and lone nickel in his hand: "Is none of them over 3, mum?"

There was a modest murmur of disclaim from the woman.

"Not one of them?"

She shook her head. The passengers took an interest. She looked at them with an earnest, honest gaze, that of a "praying mother."

"Four children and not one of them over 3," said the conductor sadly. But he rung up the fare and went out on the back platform. He counted on his fingers and multiplied and muttered, and when the woman got off he was still mumbling and multiplying to himself.—New York World.

A Bit of Chalk.

Did you ever microscopically examine a tiny bit of powder scraped from a piece of common chalk? "If you never did," as the philosopher told the boatman in the oft repeated story, "you have lost at least one-th d of your life." Not one person in 10,000 has the least idea of the number and curious forms of the minute shells that can thus be brought into plain view. The largest of these shells is not more than the one three-thousandths of an inch in length, yet they are as perfect as the pearly titans of the beach that are large enough to hold a half gallon of water and which, when empty, roar like a cyclone. Some are shaped like squids and cuttlefishes, others like "sand dollars" or sea urchins, but by far the larger majority will remind you of sea shells that you have seen at one time or another. One very common form of these infinitesimal structures is shaped exactly like the common conch shell, but it has been estimated that at the least calculation it is 2,000,000 times smaller.

A careful examination of different samples of any one specimen of chalk will generally show that there are from 300 to 500 species of minute shells in every conceivable shape and form, the very minutest specks among them being as curiously and wonderously made as those of larger caliber.—St. Louis Republic.

Servants In West Australia.

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices are issued in the papers as to the passengers on board:

There will (D. V.) arrive by the Hampshire, due 5th November: 75 Single Women, 29 Married Couples, 50 Single Men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs. —

The greatest excitement takes place in Perth and Fremantle when a batch of serving women arrive. Ladies in West Australia are always wanting servants.

One lady—so legend hath it—has a contract with a newspaper to publish the following in every issue:

Wanted at end of month, Cook, Housemaid and General Servant.

Servants in the salubrious climate of Western Australia rarely stay in any situation more than a month. They don't like going away from the capital or port. To go far up country they politely decline.—London Tit-Bits.

Pictures on the Clouds.

It has been found possible, says Professor Dolbear, by employing large lenses of proper focal length, to project pictures upon the clouds. Probably in a few years, or sooner, one as he rides along the highway on a cloudy day will be able to read overhead how Senator Smith was snatched from the grave by a few doses of Jones' infallible pills.—Lowell Courier.

Stamps For Wall Paper.

North Bersted, a town of England, has a room in the Rising Sun inn the ceiling and walls of which are papered with the stamps of all nations, which before being canceled had a value of $70,000.—New York Herald.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Two St. Patrick's days in succession—that of 1894 and 1895—have been remarkable for being clear and cloudless. Nevertheless, there were typical wind flurries, and while the old Saint is supposed to have driven out serpents, he has never succeeded in driving out rheumatism and like pains and aches, which hold their own at this time of year. No, it has b en left to another Saint to accomplish this; St. Jacobs Oil, and whenever used for rheumatism it cures promptly. Don't trust the weather, but have a bottle handy all the time.

In the number of houses Russia is second to the United States, having 11,436,000, valued at $3,505,000,000, while France comes third with 9,080,000, valued at $8,520,000,000, and Great Britain has 7,100,000, worth $12,120,000,000.

"Not worth a tinker's dam" is not profane in itself, as the last word should be spelled without an "n." A tinker's dam is a wall of dough or clay raised around a spot which the plumber is repairing.

The reports after the battle of Waterloo showed that the British artillery fired 9,467 rounds, about one for every French soldier killed on the field.

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