

Nervous Prostration.

So prevalent, especially among women, results from overtaxing the system. The assimilative organs becoming deranged, the blood grows weak and impoverished, and hence "that tired feeling" of which many complain. For all such cases, there is no remedy equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

"Some time ago I found my system entirely run down. I had a feeling of constant fatigue and languor and very little ambition for any kind of effort. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the best results. It has done me more good than all other medicines I have ever used."

—Frank Melville, Chelsea, Mass.

"For months I was afflicted with nervous prostration, weakness, languor, general debility, and mental depression. By purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I was completely cured."

—Mrs. Mary Stevens, Lowell, Mass.

When troubled with Dizziness, Sleeplessness, or Bad Dreams, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

The Gambler's Revenge.

A youth of the genus "masquer" boarded a dinky car on Spring Garden street, and after dropping his nickel in the slot, which receives the fares in the absence of a conductor, he perched himself on the dasher of the rear platform, and from this point of vantage ogled a number of young ladies inside the car. Presently a little street armpit jumped on the car for a free ride. The masquer snatched the ragged cap from the youngster's head and threw it into the street, compelling the owner to jump off. After this bright performance the perpetrator smiled in a self-satisfied way at the lady passengers and balanced himself on the dasher in what he considered a graceful pose.

The street armpit, however, having recovered his headgear, had followed the car unseen, and creeping up behind the unconscious masquer seized his long coat and gave him a strong pull. The masquer lost his equilibrium, fell back over the dasher, but saved himself from falling into the street by clinging to the dasher with his hands and knees. From this undignified position he was rescued by the driver, while the ladies sneaked and audibly. He beat a hasty retreat, and found himself in the street half a square back.—Philadelphia Record.

"German Syrup"

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Gentle, Boscchee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to Boscchee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Pictou, Ontario."

HEART DISEASE!

Statistics show that one in every four has a weak heart. The first symptoms are short breath, oppressed breathing, faint and dizzy spells, pain in side, chest, or stomach, swelling, water on the lungs, and death. For which the **DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE** is a marvellous remedy. It is a simple, safe, and sure cure for all heart disease. It is a simple, safe, and sure cure for all heart disease. It is a simple, safe, and sure cure for all heart disease.

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Woman's case is making progress in Bosnia and Montenegro, when the government intends to employ women physicians in the hospitals hereafter.

The Hindoo has a coconut festival every year at the end of August to mark the beginning of the end of the monsoon. During the festival athletic contests take place and wandering minstrels recite their tales and poems.

In selecting strong timber weight has very little consideration. Only a man with experience can cull the good from the bad timber with almost an infallible judgment, and probably without the ability to tell why he makes his selection. Color has little to do with it, weight something, timber sense more.

The number of waterworks in operation or under construction in the United States is 2,037, and the number of towns and cities supplied is 9,137. Pennsylvania has 214 works for supplying 345 towns, while New York has 139 works for 218 towns. Massachusetts has 138, Michigan 113, California 100 and Illinois 100 works.

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BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mattie Vickers, the "pumpkin-pleasing" soprano, is Mrs. Charles Gardner in private life.

Lawrence Barrett's brother Louis plays the part of Sergeant Barker in "Shenandoah."

Mrs. Mes, an attractive young lady of Barnhart's company, is said to be a daughter of Dumas fils.

Oscar Hammerstein has engaged Mrs. Bernard Bee to open his new Murray Hill theater in New York in September.

Anton Rubinstein, the Russian pianist, has accepted an offer of \$125,000 for a series of fifty concerts in the United States.

The project of a permanent circus in New York is rapidly taking shape. The work of organizing a syndicate of fifty gentlemen willing to put in \$10,000 has been going on and twenty-five have already agreed to do it.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Fiske, who is known to the stage as Minnie Maddern, has bloomed out as a dramatic author. Her one act play, "Rose," is meeting with success in Boston, and a five act drama by the charming little lady will soon be produced.

Henry Irving has been elected honorary vice president of the English Elizabethan society. This society was founded in 1885, with the object of affording its members opportunities for reading and discussing the plays of the Elizabethan playwrights.

Mr. Campi, an opera singer, has secured a verdict in a suit for \$100,000 against the London Daily Telegraph, that journal having published an article that he could no longer be considered a singer after his interpretation of the role of Don Juan. The jury returned a verdict for one farthing for the plaintiff.

It is announced that Katie Rooney and her father have become friends again. While Pat was playing in Rochester, N. Y., she occupied a box and handed a basket of flowers to him bearing a card and the words, "Father, forgive me and forget." He did, and asked her to dinner, but she is still playing in another company.

With the view of stimulating the energy of the rising generation of authors, the Italian government last year offered a prize of 10,000 francs for a good play which would be produced in the course of the winter. Only eight authors sent in their productions, and the jury specially nominated by the government came to the conclusion that none of them deserved the prize.

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Senator Sherman, Senator Hoar and ex-Senator Everts are all consins, they trace their lineage back to Roger Sherman, the grim Puritan of Revolutionary times.

Max Adams, a young society man of Atlanta, is the latest American to join the Khedive's forces. He has just received a commission as captain in the Egyptian army.

The Rothschilds annually give 100,000 francs to be distributed among the twenty arrondissements of Paris for the assistance of deserving persons who have difficulty in paying their rents.

Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, does not go to roost with the chickens exactly, but he retires at 9 o'clock, and as he dips his mantilla into the water it is a question whether he or the lark is up first.

The head of Marzetta, the famous Californian robber and freebooter, is preserved in alcohol in San Francisco. His given name, Joseph, is preserved in that of the "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller.

Dom Rafael Nunez, who has just been re-elected President of Colombia, is sixty-six years of age, and has been prominent in public affairs for many years. During the late civil war in this country, he lived for some time in New York, being chief editor of El Continental.

One of the Irish members of parliament, Peter McDonald, is totally blind, yet he is one of the most fluent debaters in the house of commons. He is besides one of the most accomplished Greek scholars in the assembly and is a frequent contributor to the press.

The Marquis of Hartington, who sneezes to the discomfiture of Devonshire, with its vast landed estates, is a bachelor. Somebody asked him, once upon a time, why he had never married, and his reply was that he was a modest man and no woman had ever asked him for his hand.

Ex-Governor Board, of Wisconsin, who is a newspaper man as well as a very popular man among the people of his state, is a character in himself. Tall and slim, with a nose inclining to the Roman and a pair of piercing eyes, he is the embodiment of humor and pathos combined—a rare combination.

One of the surviving officers of Kane's pioneer arctic expedition, Captain J. Wall Wilson, has long been a resident of New York. He is a lively and well-preserved old gentleman, with a fund of anecdotes relating to the days when he ate boiled shoes and blubber by the light of the aurora borealis. Captain Wilson says that so far as he can learn there is only one other of the officers who accompanied the expedition now alive.

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In the morning an examination of the premises about the dead cow showed plainly that the bear and a cub had been there during the night. There was a large track, eighteen inches long and six or seven inches wide, and a small track, evidently made by a cub. The trap, however, was gone, and with it the eighteen foot pole, and the disturbed condition of the ground showed conclusively that the bear had been caught in the trap.

The trail, however, away from the scene, was only the trail of two bears—there was not a mark of dragging either trap or pole.

Mr. Guinn took up the trail, which he followed eight miles without coming upon the bears, trap or pole. At the camp of Mr. Tom Carey, seven miles away, that gentleman told how in the night he had been awakened by a sound as of something walking, with an occasional pause and heavy fall on the ground, as though something had been dropped. Having no gun Mr. Carey sat up in his tent the balance of the night and endeavored to keep watch by poking wood into a sheet iron stove.

The trail was followed a mile or so further and then lost. In one place the bears had passed through a heavy quaking aspen thicket and had literally mowed a swath through the saplings, showing that the trap and pole were being taken along.

The natural inference is that the bear was caught in the trap and had picked up the same with the pole and started for the hills. The bear is an old offender in these parts, and Mr. Guinn hopes to find it yet.

Later—A man just in from the head of the San Juan reports that he passed the bears on the Pagosa road, beyond Summitville, jogging contentedly along, each carrying one end of the pole, while the old bear was caught in the trap by the right foot front.—San Juan Prospector.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The hen so common in these days originated in the Bankiva jungle, where wild chickens are still to be found.

A French beekeeper has experimented with his bees as carriers of dispatches. One difficulty of the bee service is that the insects will not return over a distance of more than two or three miles.

Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so-called "electric centipedes"—black crawlers with many legs, which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in a snake-like fashion, forward or backward, leaving behind them a bright trail of phosphoric light.

In olden times a bird called a phoenix was thought to live in the deserts of Arabia. His lease of life was said to be 500 years, at the end of which time he built a nest of spices and fanned it into a flame with his wings. The flame reduced the bird to ashes, out of which he sprang to live another 500 years.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese oculist; a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Samuel Gaston, of Providence, is forty-seven years old and has had seven husbands. Her seventh is a brother of her first and fifth.

Miss Helen Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, made her debut in New York society. Miss Gould is twenty-one, tall and slender, with dark brown hair and eyes.

It is said that the widow of General Grant has written every word of her book, which is soon to appear, and that she would not employ a stenographer or a typewriter.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts is not so rich as currently reported. Her income is not much over \$40,000 a year, and her death the principal reverts to the heirs of the late Mr. Roberts.

Lady Russell, of divorce court notoriety, is known to all boaters on the upper reaches of the Thames for her skill with the oars. She is also a good horse-woman and expert at driving tandem.

Mme. Marie Girardy Desbarte, eldest of the two surviving daughters of Dolars, has arrived in New York and proposes to promote American acquaintance with her father's system. She will take classes if she has the patronage.

TURF TOPICS.

St. Blaise is to have a \$15,000 stone fireproof barn.

Allerton's fee in the stud in 1893 has been placed at \$1,000.

Decision in the Nelson case has been postponed until next May.

Orrin Hickok may have charge of the Palo Alto trotters next season.

Between 700 and 800 colts entered for the \$25,000 Futurity of the Kentucky association have paid second money.

The little party of gentlemen who clustered around Senator Stanford when he bought from Charles Buckman the then unknown stallion Electioneer little thought that his sons and daughters would become the kings and the queens of the trotting turf.

THE WOMAN IN THE RESTAURANT.

How She is Treated in Places Where Her Presence is Not Desired.

They were three very young and very swagger girls, evidently not long out of school. They sat around one of the tables in Delmonico's with an elderly, portly old party, who impressed you as a man who had been a man of the world a long time, and was probably an uncle of one of the girls, judging by the way in which the sweet creatures ordered the lunch. As soon as they were seated they noticed a gorgeously costumed woman sitting at a table near them, eating bread and butter and drinking water. All the time they were puzzling and elating over the bill of fare, the woman ate the bread and drank the water and looked boldly about the room.

When the momentous question had been settled and they were waiting for their order, a waiter came to the woman, and with very profuse apologies brought her another plate of bread and some more water, took her order for another lunch and went away. A long time after that, in fact when the girls had arrived at the three kinds of salad they had ordered, another waiter came to the woman with more profuse apologies, another plate of bread and, filling her glass again, took her order and hurried away.

Now, every one knows how long it takes three girls to finish a luncheon when an amiable old darling tells them to order just what they please, and it was not until they were eating their less than the woman concluded she had enough bread and butter and left the place with some real color flushing through the rouge on her cheeks.

"I shouldn't think they'd let a woman stay so long when she's ordered nothing but bread and butter," said all the girls together when she left, but the elderly gentleman just coughed and looked dubious.

"I'll ask brother Tom when I get home," the prettiest girl of all said. And this is what Tom said:

"And this is the old trick of the restaurant keepers to rid themselves of undesirable women customers. Suppose I take a lady in a restaurant and one of those notorious women comes in. If the manager attempts to put her out there is a scene. I get furious and leave the place, and tell all the boys it is no place to take a lady. On the other hand, you don't want to go into a place where such women are allowed as regular customers. So what does the man do?"

"He sends a waiter to take the woman's order, and he gives her the bread and butter and disappears. After a long time she asks another waiter to take her order, and with many apologies he takes it, begins all over again, brings the bread and butter and disappears. Perhaps she calls up the head waiter, but any way she finally tumbles to the situation and makes herself scarce without any scene or disturbance. It is a great thing to keep a restaurant."—New York Sun.

NOW, HERE IS A BEAR STORY.

The Trapped Bear Assisted by Another Bear in Carrying Off the Trap.

Not long ago a cow died in the vicinity of the Guinn ranch, near the head of Goose creek, south of Wagon Wheel gap. It soon became apparent to William Guinn, owner of the ranch, that the carcass of the cow was being visited by a bear of very large dimensions, and in company with Dell McClelland, Mr. Guinn decided to "sit up" with the bear and endeavor to get a shot at it by night. This was done, but owing to darkness the bear was not killed by shots fired.

As the next resort, a large bear trap, weighing about seventy-five pounds, was procured and set near the dead "critter," and the tr