

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 more.

"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 Matthews, 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 Government's Supply of Silver.

A cubic inch of pure silver weighs about 0.38 pound, and a cubic foot about 677 pounds. Hence \$400,000,000, if melted into a solid mass, would occupy some 33,500 cubic feet, which in turn would make a solid column of pure silver a foot square and about 61.3 miles high—the Washington monument being 555 feet. Assuming a load of 100 pounds per man, an army of 230,000 men would be required to carry the mass, and would make a file, in close order, eighty miles long, occupying thirty hours in "passing a given point," allowing nothing for halts or "rests."—David A. Wells in Harper's Weekly.

Bread Laws in England.

The British law regulates the weight of loaves and makes provision for the cleanliness and ventilation of the bakeries. The price is left to regulate itself by trade competition.

The Ontario act empowers municipalities to engage officers for the prevention of fraud, and clothes them with authority to confiscate all bread found to be of light weight. The bread seized in this way is turned over to charitable institutions for the use of the inmates.

—Baker's Helper.

Lemon culture is being enthusiastically developed in California, where a new system of curing them is being found to work admirably.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the

Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have

"used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy."

"I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit."

"At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,

Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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HUMOR

HE KNEW HER.

And When the Time Came to Act He

Acted.

"Greg, are you awake?" calls a

tumbled heap of femininity upon the

rug.

"I am." And a wreath of cigarette

smoke floats above a masculine head

lying comfortably amid a heap of couch

pillows.

"I've just run across these old letters

in my desk. I'm going to read 'em

aloud."

"I'm at your mercy."

"I'll poke up the fire first. I want

more light. So!—Just listen to this:

"MY OWN DEAREST (GREGORY)—For the last

three I write you thus. Yes, it must indeed be

so. It has all been a happy, foolish dream, but

now it must end. Today I release you from

your engagement! A marriage between us

would be most ridiculous. We are both so very

young—to young to decide so important a

matter. Mamma says so, and I am sure she is

right. We have had a long talk. Besides,

your salary has proved itself too small a

thing. Now, dear friend, do nothing rash. Men do

not die of love. Your life is not your own, as

no experiments with leadenism. Do not com-

mit me. My mind is fully made up. I shall

travel with dear mamma and see more of this

great world than I have hitherto known. Now

write me a nice letter and tell me that I am

a very sensible girl. Be brave—no nonsense.

Remember that I am ever your devoted

friend.

"That was a letter to read on an empty

stomach!"

"Did you receive it before dinner?"

"I might have known you did by your late-

ly answer. Here it is:

"MY DEAR AUNT—You are indeed a sensible

girl, and I am proud of my little friend's judg-

ment. You always were a trump. My mind is

much relieved by your decision. I have often

thought that perhaps we were a trifle foolish.

don't you know? I didn't like to say so myself.

though. You will pardon the brief character

of this note when I tell you that Tom Wayland

is waiting me. We are due at the club by

five o'clock. I shall report in regard to his

engagement is false. She told me so herself

this afternoon. And now goodnight, little

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AN OLD PORTRAIT.

In Mistress Kate's peculiar house,

Among the daisies on the wall

A face looks down, with mystic power

The vision haunts to thrill.

A daisy now, all gold and white,

In Mistress Kate's—like yours, perhaps—

With windows open to the light,

And cushioned seats for slumber traps.

Beneath the portiere's silken folds,

Above the great rug's snowy fur,

Mid curls rare and sacred molds,

And pot-pourri of myrrh.

Looks down the lovely girlish face,

Soft curls and eyes of brown,

A dimple in the dimpled place,

A tiny pout of mirth.

"A dim of mien," cried Mistress Kate,

"An aunt she was to grandma Kate.

The daisy sits was her face,

Until I came and rescued her.

"I think she sits my room. Don't you?

No doubt a beauty in her day."

Kate dashed on the eye of blue,

And singing, turned away.

An aunt of grandmamma's, I thought;

Then three times fifty years ago

These little hands their sampler wrought.

She had her day! Heigh ho!

—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Young

People.

Napoleon and Beet Sugar.

Although the great Napoleon was

not the sort of man whom it was or

ordinarily safe to laugh at, he was ridi-

culed and caricatured on account of his

faith that sugar could be made profitably

from beets.

In 1811 the emperor promised the

French people that they should have

sugar from beets if he exiled from

France the commerce of England, in-

cluding the sugars of the British West

Indies. This promise led to the pub-

lication of a caricature in which the

emperor and his little son, the king of

Rome, were represented.

The emperor was shown sitting in his

royal nursery, squeezing a beet root

into a cup of coffee. The baby prince

sat near him, sucking a beet root,

while the nurse, standing

close by, was represented as exclaim-

ing, "Buck it, dear, suck it; your papa

says it is sugar!"

This biting sarcasm did not prevent

Napoleon from spending several million

francs at a time when his empire was

under a tremendous strain of expendi-

tures in bounties for sugar made from

beets, and his sagacity has been vind-

icated at last by the fact that within

the past five years the world's yearly

production of beet sugar has risen

above its production of cane sugar by

more than a million tons.—Youth's

Companion.

Jewels Worth Nearly a Million.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord owns not less than

\$550,000 worth of precious stones, and

the fame of her gorgeous necklace,

worth \$250,000, all of perfectly cut

and flawless diamonds, is known in every

European court. Nor is she sparing in

her display of this regal casket. More-

over, she owns four other necklaces

and the most valuable pair of solitaire

earrings in the United States. On cer-

tain occasions she wears these superb

stones arranged in different ways.

Sometimes they flash at you in the

form of some flower or a beautiful

spread of leaves, being fastened to

the bodice.—New York Herald.

Lamp in a Living Fish.

Some beautiful specimens of tiny in-

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Rhea is not going to play in this

country next season.

A negro minstrel company has been

organized in New York for a year's tour

of South Africa.

Emily Riggs is to star next season in

"The Banker's Daughter," under the

management of F. F. Proctor.

Sardou, the great French playwright,

writes a hand so fine that it almost re-

quires a magnifying glass to read it.

It is said that more than 2,000,000

people have witnessed "Little Lord

Fantlery" since its first production.

More than 3,000 persons are employed

in and about the thirty old theaters in

New York as actors, agents, ushers,

managers, bill posters and so on.

Two kinds of reports are in circulation

about Blind Tom, the idiot who is in

an insane asylum, and the other that he

is playing in concerts as well as over.

Augustus Pitou has accepted and put

into rehearsal a play by Fabry Aymer

Mathews, entitled "The Crisis," which

deals with social and diplomatic life in

Washington.

Bonaparte's widow has sued Robert

Buchanan to recover \$2,500 alleged to

be due the playwright's estate for having

illegally produced the "Shogun" with-

out paying any royalties.

Nita Sykes, of Sidney Drew's com-

pany, is a daughter of General Sykes, of

the northern army during the war.

Generals Sherman and Porter advised

her to adopt the stage as a profession.

Charles B. Hoyt has written ten

plays, each of them a success, and he is

yet looking for his thirty-first birthday.

These ten plays, or rather nine of them,

for "A Temperance Town" has not yet

been produced, have made over \$1,000,

000.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In twelve years the city of Paris has

expended \$70,000 on statues and \$85,000

on ornamental fountains.