Rudyard Kipling tells a good story of himself to the Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle. One day, he says, I was sitting in my study in ondon when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two schoolboys. "Is this Rudyard Kipling?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," I answered. He turned round. "Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling." "And this is where you write?" he continued. "Yes," I replied. "Boys, this is where he writes." And before I had time to ask them to take a seat they were gone, boys and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way.

Short—Young Doctor—Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis, or merely the cramps? Old Doctor—Cramps. He didn't have money enough for appendicitis.—Life.

A STARTLED MOTHER.

From the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

While busy at work in her home Mrs. William Shay, corner of Taylor and Hancock Avenues, Freeport, Ill., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her.

Mrs. Shay Was Startled.

Turning quickly she saw creeping toward her her four-year-old daughter, Beatrice. The child moved over the floor with an effort, but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother. The rest of the happening is best told in the mother's own words. She said:

"On the 28th of Sept. 1896, while in the bloom of health, Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech, however, was not affected. We called in our family doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one. Before long little Beatrice was compelled to wear a plaster paris jacket. Prominent physicians were consulted, electric batteries were applied, but no benefit was noticed until we tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"Busy in my kitchen one afternoon I was startled by the cry of 'Mamma' from little Beatrice, who was creeping toward me. I had placed her on an improvised bed in the parlor comfortably close to the fireside and given her some books and playthings. She became tired of waiting for me to come back and made up her mind to go to me, so her story, 'My Pink Pills made me walk,' which she tells to everyone who comes to our house, was then for the first time verified. She has walked ever since. She has now taken about nine boxes of the pills and her pale and pinched face has been growing rosy, and her limbs gained strength day by day. She sleeps all night long now, while before taking the pills she could rest but a few hours at a time." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists.

Five thousand dollars in Spanish bonds, part of the Seminole and Florida settlement by Spain with the United States, brought $100 at auction in New York a few days ago. These bonds paid interest at the rate of 5 per cent and were a lien on the Cuban revenue of the Spanish government. The last interest was paid in September last.

Iowa Patent Office Report.

Des Moines, July 6, 1898.

By the war tax law that went into effect July 1, a 25 cent stamp is required on each power of attorney given by an inventor and he must cancel it by writing the initials of his name and the date on the stamp.

An inventor cannot delegate authority to any person to sign his application for a patent. As long as he is alive he must sign his name to the papers, or make his mark, if he cannot write his name. After his death his executor or administrator can sign the papers required to constitute an application for a patent for an invention made by an inventor prior to his death provided the invention has not been in public use for two years.

Assignments of patents, or any interest in a patent need not have a war tax or revenue stamp thereon.

Twelve patents were issued to Iowa inventors last week, to Nebraska 2, Minnesota 7, Illinois 43, New York 74.

Valuable information about obtaining, valuing and selling patents sent free to any address.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,
Solicitors of Patents.

The private in the British army receives only about 24 cents a day, while his Russian counterpart is miserable on $2.25 a year. The Italian soldier's remuneration is equal to about 4 cents a day in American money. A lieutenant of Italian cavalry receives about 25 cents a day; of infantry, about 18 cents. An English lieutenant of cavalry is paid $1.85 a day; of infantry, $1.56.

The lake and rail arrangements of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for this year are practically the same as were in effect in 1897. Freight for Lake Superior ports is sent by way of the Northern Steamship Company and the Owen line is used for the Lake Michigan ports. The Trans-Lake Erie arrangements are with the Detroit Steam Navigation Company between Cleveland and Detroit and the Ashley & Dustin Line and the Michigan & Ohio Car Ferry Company between Sandusky and Detroit.

John Boyd Thatcher, of Albany, well known as a collector of American historical matters, has somehow acquired four wampum belts of the Onondagas, Senecas and other New York state Indians, and refuses to give them up, although it would seem he got them without the knowledge of the chiefs. One of the belts is of the time of Hiawatha, the famous Iroquois chief.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

War has raised price of quicksilver, linen, duck and crash goods.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Sudden jerks and starts of a horse are prevented from yanking riders in a carriage by the use of a spring back rest, which is hinged to the seat at the bottom, the top being supported by coiled springs mounted on rods in cylinders at the ends of the seat.

A TRUE LION STORY.

"The lion is in the kraal and has killed another ox!" A rude and somewhat startling awakening, this! And on a Sunday morning, too, as early as 1 o'clock a. m.! I sat up in my stretcher, and gazed towards the open door, where my good missionary host stood, candle in hand, and bearer of information such as always gives real pleasure to the "big-game" sportsman, no matter however much he may regret the loss of ox, horse, or donkey, which so often serves as the introductory price to his majesty, "felis leo."

The scene of action was a mission station on the borders of the Mashikolumbwe country, and some sixteen miles to the west of the Kafukwe river in south latitude 15 degrees 53 minutes. I was returning from a journey of exploration among the Mashikolumbwe some four days earlier, and had been tempted to sojourn a few days with my friends, Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin, in order to do battle with a man-eating lion which three weeks before had taken up his quarters in the neighborhood, and had been living right merrily on the natives ever since.

Mr. Baldwin had given me a list of this lion's bag, from which it was evident that the animal did not shun the habitations of man, and was particularly predisposed in favor of the gentler sex—a trait in his character which went far to bring about his ruin.

On Jan. 28, 1896, a woman was seized and carried off from just outside the village stockade, and was no more seen or heard of. On the 29th the animal visited the mission cattle kraal. His appearance caused a general stampede among the oxen and donkeys inside, which broke through the palisade and tore off in the darkness in all directions. On this, of course, all that was left for King Leo to do was to take his pick and retire with his spoil to the entanglement of thorns at the back of the station, which (to man) impenetrable fastness he had chosen as his headquarters. He selected an ox, as it happened, and decamped with the beef. The 30th was a red-letter day in his career. In the daytime he annexed a sheep, a lamb, and a goat, and therefore it is to be assumed he was not suffering from hunger when light gave place to darkness. He must thus have been either a very keen sportsman or an enthusiast in his devotion to the fair sex, or he would not have pawed aside the wicker door of a native hut, walked inside, and abducted a sleeping female from the bosom of her family. And yet he did. On the morrow he does not seem to have gone abroad, but on the following night, Feb. 1, he varied his menu with a donkey from the mission kraal which had belonged to me some few weeks previously. Then four days' rest, till on the 5th he purloined a second donkey, and was no more heard of till Sunday, the 9th, when he died by violence. And this is how it came about: To jump into a pair of trousers and place a couple of cartridges into my 16-bore was only a matter of a moment, as soon as the alarm was given. My plan was to approach the kraal and try to get a shot at the lion with the aid of bluelights, which I carried with me in anticipation of such emergencies as the present. Mr. Baldwin at once volunteered to accompany me, and armed himself with a Martini rifle. Then repairing to the "boys'" fire, I explained my plans and called for a volunteer to hold the light which would enable me to get a suitable view of my quarry. The African native does not show a great amount of enthusiasm for lion-hunting even by daylight, so I confess to being very agreeably surprised when three boys offered to join us in the attack—my Bamangwato boy, Lecharn, a Mashikolumbwe youth of about 18, and a Mankoya who had recently entered my service. The remainder preferred the warm glow of their camp fire. As the Mashikolumbwe seemed to me to exhibit most calmness of demeanor, I intrusted him with the blue light, with instructions to keep close behind my right shoulder, and to hold the light aloft after I had ignited the fuse; the other two prolonged the line to the right, with Mr. Baldwin on their flank. And thus we advanced slowly into the darkness until within some thirty paces of the cattle kraal, when we were pulled up sharp by the sound of an angry growl from our unseen enemy. I immediately applied the striker to the fuse—once—twice—thrice, but still only a faint glimmer of light came. The fuse was a bad one and refused to ignite. Another growl, and then others in quick succession as the lion advanced straight for us. The night was cloudy and pitch dark, so nothing could be seen of the brute as he disputed our right to the ox he had killed. To retreat would have been fatal, so lowering my rifle I stood my ground and waited until such time as the dark outline of his form should become visible, when two hardened elongated bullets would—I hoped—give him his "quietus." Fortunately the boys remained firm, for their retreat might have emboldened the lion to substitute active attack for what was apparently mere bluff. He must have been within six feet when his growlings ceased and all became quiet again. A second light responded to the striker, and lit up the kraal and its surroundings. The enemy had decamped and taken covert in the scrub beyond. We then retraced our steps, and smoked a pipe in order to give his majesty time to think over matters and return to his meat.

LOOKING AT MR. BALDWIN.

In about half an hour's time we returned to the attack. As we neared the kraal another low growl greeted us. I struck a light, and as I did so the Mashikolumbwe boy told me he saw the lion standing near the ant-heap close by the kraal. I looked, and saw two dark objects—one on either side of the ant-heap. To the left, what I took for a bush—as it seemed much too large for a lion—was all I could see; to the right, what might easily be a crouching lion attracted my notice. I fired at the latter—the light went out, and all was quiet. Another light revealed the smaller object still there, and it is so still for all I know—but the larger one had disappeared. I had fired at the wrong one!

The next attempt only gave us a glimpse as his body glided to covert from behind the kraal. He evidently didn't mean to give us another chance that night, so we decided to retire to rest—but not to sleep—and make a further attempt at grey dawn, in the hope of getting a shot before he had reached the impenetrable bush behind the station, where it would be impossible to get at him.

Yet once more Mr. Baldwin called me from the world of sleep as he opened the door of the hut. This time, however, he said nothing, but looked a great deal. I uttered one short but expressive syllable as I realized that the sun was already high in the heavens, and the chance of coming up with the lion very remote indeed. The animal, Mr. Baldwin told me, had actually eaten his way through stakes as thick as a man's arm in order to gain entrance to the kraal. He had, of course, dragged away the carcass, and must ere this have reached his lair. We found, as the boys had reported to Mr. Baldwin, that a hole had been eaten through the palisade, and at the far side a larger opening through which the surviving terrified animals had made their escape. A groove in the sandy soil showed the line along which the carcass had been dragged. Accompanied by three boys, we followed the spoor until, after traversing some five hundred yards only, we came upon the remains of the ox lying at the entrance of a tunnel through dense thorn bush. No lion was to be seen, though there was but little doubt that the marauder was within a few yards of his prey. A growl soon disclosed his whereabouts, and as it came from behind a wall of bush only a few paces in front, I fired at where I calculated the animal stood, fearing that he would not venture into the open with so much covert at his disposal. There being no response or sound of movement, I left Mr. Baldwin and the boys and commenced to skirt the wall of thorn with the object of attacking him in his retreat. I had reached the ox, from which I was separated by a few thorns, when an abnormally large lion cantered down the "tunnel," and stood for a moment looking at Mr. Baldwin. The bush would not allow me to get my rifle round before the lion, catching sight of me—not two yards from him for the first time, turned round and trotted back to covert. I then continued the flanking movement, until a brownish background, beyond a small opening in the thorns, arrested my advance, and I could determine whether I saw a small piece of lion or of an ant-heap or barkless tree. A movement of a dark spot, after I had been watching for some seconds, told me that what I had in front of me must be the lion, and that the spot must be his nose or his ear, either of which, according as he was facing me or standing side-ways, made an excellent bull's eye for a brain shot. I raised my rifle and took a careful aim—a report—a sudden movement of the fawn mass—and all was still again. On examining the carcass it was found that the bullet had passed up the right nostril and through the brain crashing through the atlas vertebra and resting under the skin. Measurement showed him to be much above the average, his length from muzzle to tip of tail being 9 feet 10 inches, and his standing height, taken between assegais, from the pads of his heels to the shoulder points, just 43 inches. In shoulder measurement only one larger seems to have been bagged—one shot by Mr. Selous, which scaled 44 inches. His mane, unfortunately, left much to be desired. With the aid of a long pole and several natives he was carried into the station. There was great rejoicing among the natives that Sunday morning, who congregated in large numbers and finished up by eating the carcass of their fallen foe, notwithstanding the fact that two of their women-folk were entombed therein.—A. S. H. Gibbons.

A Wonderful Old Man.

When Sir Henry Irving produced the "Story of Waterloo" for the first time at Bristol, he was, of course, made up to represent the last stage of senile decrepitude. An old gentleman in a box was much interested in the performance, and kept on exclaiming in an undertone, "Well, I had no idea that he was as old as that." When the play was finished he said to his companions, very solemnly: "Well, they talk about the queen, and they talk about Gladstone as wonderful old people, but look at this man. Why, he must be older than any of them, and here he is going through the fatigue of acting nightly, traveling all over the country, and at the top of his profession. That is something like a grand old man." No one liked to explain for fear of laughing, and it was left for Sir Henry's subsequent appearance in "The Bells" to remove the error.

Taking time by the forelock causes lots of worry about things that never happen.

The Climate of Cuba.

Because of frequent rains in Cuba malarial fevers are a common ailment there, as in many sections of the United States. Ailments of this kind, no matter where they occur, are cured with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Besides being a specific for malarial troubles, it has no equal for dyspepsia and constipation.

Jay Gould died in 1892, but his affairs are not entirely settled yet. The state of New York placed a tax of $587,000 on his estate, which was contested by the executors. The case is now before the Court of Appeals, which is probably the final step in the settlement.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

To close fire shutter and doors automatically they are mounted on an inclined track to slide shut as soon as a fusible cord over the door is burned, the cord allowing a weight to drop on the latch and release the door.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A Salt Laker who writes poetry first-rate thinks there was a Merry Mac in the White House when the news came that the Santiago bottle had been corked up with that coal ship.

A bath with COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold everywhere.

"Hullo, Dobson, you're looking better than I've seen you look for a year." "Yes, I feel better. My wife has sent all our canned fruit to the front."—Cleveland Leader.

My doctor said I won'd die but, Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, 1895

The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman that ever lived.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

The Adirondack Mountains.

The heart of this wonderful region of mountains, lakes and streams is traversed by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and to more fully inform the public regarding its beauties and easy means of access the Passenger Department has issued a book entitled "In the Adirondack Mountains," describing in detail each resort, and containing also a large map in colors giving a list of hotels, camps, lakes, etc., together with their location; it has also issued a large folder, with map, entitled, "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them," giving complete information regarding stage lines, steamers, hotels, etc.

A copy of the book will be sent to any address on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, or the folder for one 2-cent stamp, by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Political parties in Germany are divided up into the following groups: Conservatives, Free Conservatives or Imperialists, Centre party or Clericals, National Liberals, Moderate Liberals (Freisininge Vereinigung), Radicals, Social Democrats, Poles, Anti-Semites, Guelphs, Alsatians, the German Social party, Peasant Leaguers (Bauernbunder), and last, but not least, the Agricultural Leaguers.

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 St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The July Century will open with a story of the Cuban insurgents, entitled, "By Order of the Admiral," by Winston Churchill, author of "The Celebrity." It will be fully illustrated by Clinedinst. Another story which The Century has in hand for immediate publication is a Spanish-American tale by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, whose book, "Where the Trade Wind Blows," has recently attracted attention.

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

MRS. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:

"How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

According to the Boston Traveler, a Miss Wildwood, 23 years old, who two years ago was a stenographer, is now the richest coffee planter in the Hawaiian islands.

For a perfect complexion and a clear, healthy skin, use COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP. Sold everywhere.

Prof. von Zenker, who in 1860 first discovered the trichina disease, died recently in Mecklenburg at the age of 73.

She—The fact that I am a widow doesn't make any difference, does it? He—Yes. I wouldn't marry you if your husband was living.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve, and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

An old maid says she never married because she could never find a man to suitor.