

WHAT most college young men really need when they are out celebrating is some good competent musical director to conduct the yell chorus.

Nobody but Nicaragua and the United States being concerned, Great Britain feels reasonably safe in getting mad, although there is a trace of nervousness in her anger, withal.

SECRETARY MORTON finds that England's supply of iron is nearly exhausted, and that the world will soon have to depend upon the inexhaustible supply of iron in the United States.

The recent brilliant successes of the bookkeeping method of stealing money from banks, leaves the train robbing business with no charms except for those who are fond of display.

WHEN 10,000 Jews in New York fall over each other in the rush to swear allegiance to the czar, it is not only turning the other cheek, but throwing in the neck as well, for good measure.

LADIES who have long yearned for a sealskin coat may be interested in knowing that the London price of sealskins has declined thirty per cent because seal furs are no longer in full style.

The Turkish government declares there was no brutality in the Kurd's treatment of the Armenians. It is quite probable that the Turkish government would find nothing brutal in a football game.

CONSIDERING the testimony of so many eminent men that they have been indebted to their wives for all that they have ever accomplished, the wonder is that bachelors ever amount to anything in this life.

A CINCINNATI genius has invented a grocers' scoop which does away with scales to a great extent. The scoop itself measures the sugar, etc., as they are placed in it. It is said that it will retail at a price that will make it popular with the trade.

The number of courts-martial—2,189 general and 15,086 minor—held last year in the army is out of all proportion to its strength. If these figures—furnished by the secretary of war—are correct Uncle Sam's boys in blue are the worst behaved boys in the world.

WHEN a parent sends a boy to college where football is the popular sport, he should have a strawberry mark printed on the boy's arm. The chances are that after his nose is broken, his eye gouged out and his ear bitten off in a game, he will need something by which he can be identified.

ONE of the oldest of government publications is the pamphlet on cooking issued by the department of agriculture. It contains an introductory essay on the nutritive value of common foods, followed by an elaborate presentation by Edward Atkinson of his theory as to the proper cooking of foods. It is the first time that Mr. Atkinson's plan of cooking has received official sanction.

IN her lecture on the Chinese tongue and in referring to "pigeon" English, Miss Fields gives an example. "If," said she, "an English woman were to tell a Chinese servant, 'Go topside catch me piece small water,' he would understand that he was to go up stairs for her perfume." A people who have not risen above such manner of talk deserve to be whipped by the Japs.

WHAT with an ex-United States district attorney defying a federal judge, sitting on the bench, and a Kentucky moonshiner shooting to death a witness in a federal court room, the erstwhile awe that federal courts were wont to inspire seems to have been forgotten. Is Uncle Sam becoming timid in his maturity that his offending sons no longer regard him? Is Kentucky going to make the military supplementary to the judiciary and so have a row of glistening bayonets about each federal court room? No greater affront was ever offered a court than that offered in Mt. Sterling lately.

The proposed international postage stamp which Germany is about to offer ought to fill a long felt want. Its function is obvious. It will carry a letter to any country that participates in it, so to speak. It will bear the name of all these countries and its value in the currency of each particular government will also appear on its face. Undoubtedly such a blanket postage stamp would obviate a great deal of annoyance in posting foreign letters. Whether it cements the countries using it or not, let us hope that it will carry sufficient cement on its back to make its adhesion reasonably certain.

The experience the Shoe and Leather bank of New York has had is likely to make the business of expert accountants throughout the country lively for the next few months. It being found out that an employee of a New York bank can carry on systematic pilfering for a period of nine years before a shadow of suspicion rests upon him, every careful banker in every large or small city will be apt to be seized with a convulsive curiosity as to what kind of story his own bank books would tell to an expert accountant.

PIE-BITING has been forbidden by the Boston board of education—i. e., the selling of pie in the school-houses and school-grounds for school children's lunches. It has been found that the successful cramming of pie into the stomach and ideas into the head simultaneously is next to impossible. A clear head and a pie-burdened stomach do not go together much better than a Mand S. yoked to an ox. Pie encourages dyspepsia, according to the Boston verdict, and dyspepsia does not encourage clear thinking. Hence a bull against a pie peddler.

EMMETT'S LAST HOME.

WHERE IS THE RESTING PLACE OF THE PATRIOT.

Glassevin Churchyard the Probable Spot, Says Dr. Emmet—The Supposed Grave in St. Michael's—Others Suggested.

Where is Robert Emmet buried? A discussion bearing on this question, so interesting to Irishmen, has been in progress in the Dublin papers for some time past.

The romance surrounding the trial and execution of this young Irish patriot ninety-one years ago is the dearest to the Irish heart. The eloquence of his reply to his judges when the death sentence was about to be passed on him is of the haunting kind. The passage in that address which gives it its absolutely unique character is his request that until his country takes its place among the nations of the earth his tomb shall remain unscathed.

"Then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." The discussion in question shows that extreme doubt prevails even among those who should best be informed on the subject. No less than five places are named as designated by tradition or surmise as the place of the patriot's grave—St. Catharine's, St. Michael's, St. Peter's, Old Glasnevin cemetery, and even Bully's Acre, the Potter's Field of Emmet's time. The evidence favoring each spot is quite voluminous, but in no case conclusive.

In order that the opinion of the American branch of the Emmet family concerning the place of Emmet's sepulture might be known, a New York Morning Journal reporter called on Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet at his residence on Madison avenue.

Dr. Madden said Glasnevin. "In 1851," said Dr. Emmet, "I visited Dublin and had photographs taken of the places associated with the career of Robert Emmet. I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

"Standing by an unscathed stone, he said: 'This is the resting place of Robert Emmet.' I met Dr. Madden, the historian, whom I had known many years before, when he was a commissioner in the West Indies. He was at the time I speak of very old, and his memory was somewhat clouded, but when I spoke with him of circumstances concerning Robert Emmet and of people whom he had himself met in society in this city, his mind became clear, and he covered freely regarding the interment of the patriot. He went with me to Glasnevin and walked through the old churchyard until he came to a slab in the center of the pathway.

mother had been interred only a few days before her son's execution. In view of the strong sentiment that prevails in Ireland in regard to the interment of families in the same vault, it might be supposed that if the remains were brought to the city at all from the suburban graveyard they would have been placed in the vault at St. Peter's which was easy access, instead of at St. Michael's, to which the family had no claim.

"At the time the relatives and friends of Emmet had been cast into jail by the authorities, who feared a general



The Supposed Grave in St. Michael's, uprising on the night following his execution.

Even Emmet's Lawyer Arrested. "Even Robert Holmes, the lawyer who married Emmet's sister and had defended him, was among the imprisoned in Dublin Castle, although he had returned from London only on the night of the revolt and knew nothing of the conspiracy. He was arrested in going through the street and was told even the cause of his arrest. He was released about a year later, and on coming home was met at the door by his wife, who was so surprised and so terrified at seeing him that she fell dead in his arms. My authority for this circumstance, which was unknown to the family, was Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King-at-Arms.

Dr. Emmet also said that he was aware that Dr. Madden was formerly of opinion that Emmet's grave was at St. Michael's.

Peture of the Execution. In connection with the discussion the remarks are quoted of Mr. Flanagan, the sexton of St. Werburgh's, who served in a seamstress shop and was present at Emmet's trial and execution. "He was," he said, "a very courageous young man, and no one living can describe the effect of his last speech on the listeners. He walked back-wards and forwards in the dock, his arms outstretched and his eyes blazing with a wild, beautiful expression. They gave him a short time; he was escorted to Thomas street by the soldiers, and he walked in the rear of several hundred yards of the scaffold. He looked at no one in the crowd, but stood calm and erect. When he was hanged the executioner cut off his head with a knife and held it in four different directions, crying: 'Behold the head of a traitor!'

"The 'traitor' to the Crown is the chrysalis of the patriot in Ireland to this day.

PNEUMONIA. The Cause and Prevention of a Common Disease. This is the season of the year when men, women and children sicken and die from pneumonia. Fluennels are not put on soon enough, perhaps. Summer shoes are sometimes worn into early winter. Cold water is not only early met as it should be. Fluennels are care-Strong men, when they are well, give themselves germ and disease proof.

And thus it is and no doubt this it will be. The cool-headed woman and the sensible man, if they love this earth and want to stay, will keep their feet warm and dry, however, and will put on good flannels when the wind gets sharp.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, commissioner of health for the State of New York, in a letter to the public gives some interesting information and makes some valuable suggestions in respect to pneumonia and its prevention. He says that pneumonia is probably an earth germ disease and that in cold weather the germs make their way to the unfrozen ground beneath houses. Thus houses become their route of escape from earth to air, and thus all houses ought to be well ventilated.

Dr. Edson also says that those well known but little heeded truths in respect to over fatigue, irregular eating and sleeping, and lack of open air exercise. If a man is strong, if he eats at given hours, if he gets all the sleep he needs, if he walks or rides in the open air; he can generally take in a germ and throw it off again. All doctors say this and say it pretty often, considering that they do so for nothing.

However, there are people who would listen to their physicians and try to suffer, sometimes. Dr. Edson gives these people a lot of very important advice. He says that when an adult is seized with a sudden chill, the chill which is the beginning of pneumonia, ten grains of quinine in one dose should be taken immediately, followed at once by five drops of camphor in water or in a lump of sugar. The feet should be soaked in hot water, the body be wrapped in a blanket. "Then," says he, "jump into bed." The body will perspire, being wet wrapped in the blanket, and a prospective case of pneumonia may be nipped in the bud.

In this climate, where sudden and violent changes occur, war a under and outer clothing and stout, dry shoes are, according to the doctors, absolutely necessary in early winter. The day may be pleasant, but death frequently lurks in the bracing but deceptive north wind.—Cleveland Leader.

No Soap, If You Please. It may be doubted if a bath-tub in Jamaica is a luxury. The bath-houses make a brave show in a row of low brick buildings in the rear of the hotels, each little house with a big stone tank for a bath-tub. A New York Sun correspondent says of them: I went out to see the baths on my first day in Kingston, and was surprised to see a sign nailed against the wall bearing these words: "Gentlemen are requested not to use soap in the baths."

"Why are gentlemen requested not to use soap in the baths?" I asked the hotel clerk, a dignified young woman of dark complexion. "Because it soils the water and makes it unpleasant for the next bath," she said. "But do your guests all bathe in the same water?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she replied. "You see the tanks are so large and the pipes are small. It takes all night to fill the tanks, and the water has to last all day."

WOMAN'S HEART. MY WEDDING EVE.

ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Many Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.) Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview, therefore, will interest the medical profession and the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. Geo. Archer of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the News is the first mention made of the case by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering with valvular disease, and described the disease as incurable. Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without my arms raised. I had an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes. The noise in my ears, which I had for many years, was so loud that I could not hear a word of conversation. I had a great deal of trouble in breathing, and I have often fainted and been obliged to see some creature at my side."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner, telling of the wonderful cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother bought me a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since. I have not had a single attack of my disease, and I feel as though I were a new creature. The noise in my ears has ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arms has disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, and I feel well and strong again. My mother and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that every-thing I do is successful. I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Kind of Fowl to Raise. Select in the make-up of a fowl a bird that carries a large amount of meat if you want a bird for the table. The bill, for a few weeks, is of great importance. A large, projecting crop is unnecessary, for some of the meatiest birds look flat in the breast. It is necessary to have the quarters extremely broad. If they round out, then they are not so good. The neck should be carried upon the breast bone. A deep keel bone to the breast well lined with muscle should round out and feel on the bird very much as a duck does. There should be no chairs, except a large thigh, because the thigh joint and the bone down through the leg carry a large amount of meat. Look out for a strong shoulder because the muscles that make the shoulder are the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Broom for the Old Man, novel by George F. Johnson and Brothers, is the story of a girl who, in the opening chapter, introduced as barely seventeen years of age, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do, well-conducted family, and certainly not a vain young person, for she blushes crimson with pride and gratification when her mother says to her: "You wouldn't be bad-looking if you were decently dressed. You are a beauty, and are devoid of common-sense, or I shouldn't trust you alone in a modern country-house."

In the course of the agreeably and wittily told story we find her placed in a modern country-house not alone, but with a number of her friends, and exposed to temptations which fully justify the maternal solicitude.

And Molasses Stick to It. "The word sugar," said Mr. Billeby, "is often used in the plural. For example, we see on a sign, 'Sugars and molasses.' But we never use molasses in that form, though there are various kinds and grades of it as there are of sugar. I suspect that our use of the plural is dictated to a considerable extent by a desire to make the best possible showing of everything. 'Teas, coffees, sugars, no doubt conveys in a general way an idea of a larger and more varied stock than 'sugars, coffee and sugar would do. But this effect would scarcely be produced by the plural of molasses. Whether it were right or wrong we should be more inclined to laugh at molasses in the plural, for the sake of euphony, if for no other reason, we stick to just plain molasses."—New York Sun.

In the character of Napoleon there was little room for the gentler passion, but Professor Sionne's Life of the Emperor, in the Century, brings out the one element of love there was in his early days—his affection for Mlle. du Colombier. That this could not have been very deep is shown by the fact that Napoleon himself laughed at it in his later years. "I was in love," he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as "harmful to mankind—a something from which God would do well to emancipate it."

Lady Rosebery's Necklace. Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, elabouring together for some time.

On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused, and sold the necklace of pure emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery in his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000. The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels.—London Answers.

To Whom It May Interest. A middle aged lady dressed in a brown silk entered a crowded cab car on the North Side. A young man in a corduroy suit half rose, glanced at her and sat down again. "Should this meet the eye of the middle aged lady dressed in the brown silk she will be interested in learning that the young man in the corduroy suit is a lover of birds.

And she will recall the fact that she wore on her bonnet the stuffed remains of four ruby throated humming birds.—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN'S HEART. MY WEDDING EVE.

ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Many Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.) Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview, therefore, will interest the medical profession and the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. Geo. Archer of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the News is the first mention made of the case by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering with valvular disease, and described the disease as incurable. Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without my arms raised. I had an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes. The noise in my ears, which I had for many years, was so loud that I could not hear a word of conversation. I had a great deal of trouble in breathing, and I have often fainted and been obliged to see some creature at my side."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner, telling of the wonderful cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother bought me a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since. I have not had a single attack of my disease, and I feel as though I were a new creature. The noise in my ears has ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arms has disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, and I feel well and strong again. My mother and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that every-thing I do is successful. I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Kind of Fowl to Raise. Select in the make-up of a fowl a bird that carries a large amount of meat if you want a bird for the table. The bill, for a few weeks, is of great importance. A large, projecting crop is unnecessary, for some of the meatiest birds look flat in the breast. It is necessary to have the quarters extremely broad. If they round out, then they are not so good. The neck should be carried upon the breast bone. A deep keel bone to the breast well lined with muscle should round out and feel on the bird very much as a duck does. There should be no chairs, except a large thigh, because the thigh joint and the bone down through the leg carry a large amount of meat. Look out for a strong shoulder because the muscles that make the shoulder are the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Broom for the Old Man, novel by George F. Johnson and Brothers, is the story of a girl who, in the opening chapter, introduced as barely seventeen years of age, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do, well-conducted family, and certainly not a vain young person, for she blushes crimson with pride and gratification when her mother says to her: "You wouldn't be bad-looking if you were decently dressed. You are a beauty, and are devoid of common-sense, or I shouldn't trust you alone in a modern country-house."

In the course of the agreeably and wittily told story we find her placed in a modern country-house not alone, but with a number of her friends, and exposed to temptations which fully justify the maternal solicitude.

And Molasses Stick to It. "The word sugar," said Mr. Billeby, "is often used in the plural. For example, we see on a sign, 'Sugars and molasses.' But we never use molasses in that form, though there are various kinds and grades of it as there are of sugar. I suspect that our use of the plural is dictated to a considerable extent by a desire to make the best possible showing of everything. 'Teas, coffees, sugars, no doubt conveys in a general way an idea of a larger and more varied stock than 'sugars, coffee and sugar would do. But this effect would scarcely be produced by the plural of molasses. Whether it were right or wrong we should be more inclined to laugh at molasses in the plural, for the sake of euphony, if for no other reason, we stick to just plain molasses."—New York Sun.

In the character of Napoleon there was little room for the gentler passion, but Professor Sionne's Life of the Emperor, in the Century, brings out the one element of love there was in his early days—his affection for Mlle. du Colombier. That this could not have been very deep is shown by the fact that Napoleon himself laughed at it in his later years. "I was in love," he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as "harmful to mankind—a something from which God would do well to emancipate it."

Lady Rosebery's Necklace. Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, elabouring together for some time.

On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused, and sold the necklace of pure emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery in his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000. The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels.—London Answers.

To Whom It May Interest. A middle aged lady dressed in a brown silk entered a crowded cab car on the North Side. A young man in a corduroy suit half rose, glanced at her and sat down again. "Should this meet the eye of the middle aged lady dressed in the brown silk she will be interested in learning that the young man in the corduroy suit is a lover of birds.

And she will recall the fact that she wore on her bonnet the stuffed remains of four ruby throated humming birds.—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN'S HEART. MY WEDDING EVE.

ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Many Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.) Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview, therefore, will interest the medical profession and the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. Geo. Archer of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the News is the first mention made of the case by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering with valvular disease, and described the disease as incurable. Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without my arms raised. I had an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes. The noise in my ears, which I had for many years, was so loud that I could not hear a word of conversation. I had a great deal of trouble in breathing, and I have often fainted and been obliged to see some creature at my side."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner, telling of the wonderful cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother bought me a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since. I have not had a single attack of my disease, and I feel as though I were a new creature. The noise in my ears has ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arms has disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, and I feel well and strong again. My mother and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that every-thing I do is successful. I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Kind of Fowl to Raise. Select in the make-up of a fowl a bird that carries a large amount of meat if you want a bird for the table. The bill, for a few weeks, is of great importance. A large, projecting crop is unnecessary, for some of the meatiest birds look flat in the breast. It is necessary to have the quarters extremely broad. If they round out, then they are not so good. The neck should be carried upon the breast bone. A deep keel bone to the breast well lined with muscle should round out and feel on the bird very much as a duck does. There should be no chairs, except a large thigh, because the thigh joint and the bone down through the leg carry a large amount of meat. Look out for a strong shoulder because the muscles that make the shoulder are the public as an infallible blood-purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood, such as neuralgia, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief from all forms of debility, such as loss of vitality, mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents, or a box of 6 boxes for \$3.50. They are never sold in bulk, or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Broom for the Old Man, novel by George F. Johnson and Brothers, is the story of a girl who, in the opening chapter, introduced as barely seventeen years of age, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do, well-conducted family, and certainly not a vain young person, for she blushes crimson with pride and gratification when her mother says to her: "You wouldn't be bad-looking if you were decently dressed. You are a beauty, and are devoid of common-sense, or I shouldn't trust you alone in a modern country-house."

In the course of the agreeably and wittily told story we find her placed in a modern country-house not alone, but with a number of her friends, and exposed to temptations which fully justify the maternal solicitude.

And Molasses Stick to It. "The word sugar," said Mr. Billeby, "is often used in the plural. For example, we see on a sign, 'Sugars and molasses.' But we never use molasses in that form, though there are various kinds and grades of it as there are of sugar. I suspect that our use of the plural is dictated to a considerable extent by a desire to make the best possible showing of everything. 'Teas, coffees, sugars, no doubt conveys in a general way an idea of a larger and more varied stock than 'sugars, coffee and sugar would do. But this effect would scarcely be produced by the plural of molasses. Whether it were right or wrong we should be more inclined to laugh at molasses in the plural, for the sake of euphony, if for no other reason, we stick to just plain molasses."—New York Sun.

In the character of Napoleon there was little room for the gentler passion, but Professor Sionne's Life of the Emperor, in the Century, brings out the one element of love there was in his early days—his affection for Mlle. du Colombier. That this could not have been very deep is shown by the fact that Napoleon himself laughed at it in his later years. "I was in love," he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as "harmful to mankind—a something from which God would do well to emancipate it."

Lady Rosebery's Necklace. Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, elabouring together for some time.

On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £