

WHERE GEN. BUTLER FISHED.

Quaint Inn Surrounded by the Wildest Scenery in Maine.

Way up in Oxford county, Maine, on the famous road to the Rangeleys, is Poplar tavern, the quaintest inn you ever saw. It is not far from Bear river and in the hunting and fishing country, says the Boston Globe.

Joseph Willard, who was so long clerk of the Superior Court in Boston, passed twenty-four summers there. Gen. Butler was frequently entertained by the proprietor, Charles Bartlett.

When Mr. Willard first went to Poplar tavern in 1866 he and his son traveled on horseback from Boston. They journeyed through the White mountains seeking a favorable place to rest. When they reached Poplar tavern Mr. Willard was delighted with the little inn and immediately sent for his family.

Charles Bartlett was a friend of Gen. Butler. He camped with him among the grand old hills of the Pine Tree State. All their war experiences were reviewed on the fishing and hunting trips which they took together.

They talked of the time when the general punished Mr. Bartlett in the camp at Lowell. Bartlett was a private in the Twelfth Maine and was in camp preparatory to the expedition south. On a cold, frosty morning the officers were out inspecting. Each soldier was supposed to have an extra shirt in his haversack, but the weather was so frigid that Bartlett was wearing both of his. The general asked him if he didn't have an extra shirt and Bartlett explained the circumstance.

"It is pretty cold," the general replied, dryly, "but I shall have to punish you. Warm yourself up with a double-quick run around the parade ground."

Gen. Butler was a man of infinite humor and Mr. Bartlett relates the following incident of his funmaking:

"I saw Butler and Grant in an exciting horse race at New Orleans. Down over the hill and across the parade ground they went pell-mell. Gen. Grant's horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider to the ground. Gen. Butler finally reined his horse and, driving back to where Grant was ruefully nursing his injured back, said, with a dry smile: 'You ought to have a porous plaster, general.'"

Charles Bartlett, now retired from active business life, is 64 years of age.

Within six miles of Poplar tavern is some of the wildest, grandest scenery in the State—Bear river, the Natural dam, Horseshoe falls, Puzzle mountain, Screw Auger falls, Jail and Falls, Saddleback mountain, White Cap, entrance to the Notch, Moose cavern, Speckled mountain and Sunday river.

"Hello, Your Office Is on Fire."

"One day last week I was informed by telephone of a fire in my own office, not six feet away from where I was standing," said a prominent Wall street broker.

"A client with whom I had been talking, after lighting a cigar threw the burning match into the waste basket under my desk. As I went to the door with him I heard the telephone bell ring violently. When I answered the call I was surprised to be told that there was a lively blaze under my desk, which had been seen by a bright office boy in the opposite building.

"The fire was hidden from me by a high filing cabinet, and might have done serious damage before I discovered it myself. I am now hunting for that boy," he added. "Any one quick-witted enough to think of telephoning in such an emergency I can use in my business."—New York Press.

Awed at Sight of the Dewey.

Whenever Lascar sailor men are confronted at sea by any unusual spectacle they customarily ask their captain that a live sheep or pig be given to them for sacrifice, says the New York Herald.

Thus it came about that the Lascar crew of the British steamship Imogen, which arrived here yesterday from Mediterranean ports, had fresh mutton on Good Friday.

On the morning of that day the freighter had fallen in with the Dewey, that titanic dry dock which is now being towed to Manila, and the spectacle so wrought up the Lascars that they made appeal for some living sacrifice, and a sheep was given to them. This was killed with much ceremony and with equal ceremony choice morsels were thrown overboard to appease the demons of the deep.

Warm.

May Roxley (at the telephone)—That you, a Jack? You know you promised you'd speak to father to-day?

Jack Lovett—Yes. I—er—spoke to him this morning at his office.

May Roxley—Oh! What did he say? Jack Lovett—Why—er—I didn't wait to hear all of it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The mail is affected by the weather, according to a postal official, and women, he says, are largely to blame for overworking employes on certain days in the year. Immediately after a spell of bad weather or even one rainy day the mail will be practically double, and then men will have to work overtime to handle it. In accounting for this state of affairs he says that women stay at home when it rains and answer their correspondence. This duty is pretty generally put off when the weather is pleasant for more congenial occupations, but if the weather prevents their going out then they settle themselves to a day at their desks.

If you have influence at Washington, you may be permitted to see, but not to handle, the original Declaration of Independence. It is securely lodged in the State Department, and has been withdrawn from public view since 1894.

A wife in the Borough of the Bronx eloped with an old sweetheart, and then added insult to injury by requesting her husband, in a written note, to "take care of mother." This was too much, and the next day the deserted husband fired his mother-in-law.

An odd custom prevails among the darkies of Abyssinia. When a father is getting on in years the affectionate son bids him climb a tree and jump down from the branches. If the old man staggers on landing the son spears him on the spot; his usefulness is over.

The bell that rings at the hour of death, to obtain prayers for the passing or departing soul, or that rings immediately after death, or while the body of the deceased person is being carried to the place of interment, is called the "passing bell." It owes its origin to an idea of sanctity attached to bells by the early Romanists. Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott both refer to it.

The schoolboys of St. Gall, Switzerland, who are smokers are fined five francs for each offense, and those who furnish them with tobacco in any form are liable to the same fine. Informers get a reward of five francs for betraying smokers.

Physicians in New York are endeavoring to inaugurate a cash fee system and quite a few have done so. The idea was originated in London by a specialist, who used to place a pile of gold on his desk in order to show patients what was expected of them.

In each village of Servia there is only one swineherd and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs hustle out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way, as they pass the houses to which they belong.

BACK TO PULPIT.

What Food Did for a Clergyman.

A minister of Elizabethtown tells how Grape-Nuts food brought him back to his pulpit: "Some five years ago I had an attack of what seemed to be La Grippe, which left me in a complete state of collapse, and I suffered for some time with nervous prostration. My appetite failed, I lost flesh until I was a mere skeleton. Life was a burden to me, I lost interest in everything and almost in everybody save my precious wife.

"Then on the recommendation of some friends I began to use Grape-Nuts food. At that time I was a miserable skeleton, without appetite and hardly able to walk across the room; had ugly dreams at night, no disposition to entertain or be entertained and began to shun society.

"I finally gave up the regular ministry; indeed I could not collect my thoughts on any subject, and became almost a hermit. After I had been using the Grape-Nuts food for a short time I discovered that I was taking on new life and my appetite began to improve; I began to sleep better and my weight increased steadily; I had lost some fifty pounds, but under the new food regime I have regained almost my former weight and have greatly improved in every way.

"I feel that I owe much to Grape-Nuts and can truly recommend the food to all who require a powerful rebuilding agent delicious to taste and always welcome." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. A true natural road to regain health, or hold it, is by use of a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream morning and night. Or have the food made into some of the many delicious dishes given in the little recipe book found in pkgs.

Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts helps many. "There's a reason."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

GOOD Short Stories

At a dinner party, where there were twelve covers, one of the courses consisted of scalloped oysters in silver shells. The set of shells was broken—there were only eleven. The mistress, therefore, told the butler that she would not eat any oysters. When the oyster course came, he placed before his mistress one of the shells. To his horror she did not decline it. She took up her fork and was about to plunge into it, when the man flew to her side. "Pardon me, madam," he murmured, "but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters on any account."

A chemist who for many years was the manager of a concern in Massachusetts manufacturing various high-grade explosives, recently revisited the place of his former employment. During a talk with his old friends of the institution, he made inquiry with reference to a certain colleague by the name of Jenkins. "By the way," said the chemist, "what has become of Jenkins? Fine fellow." "Fine chap, indeed!" agreed the foreman, "and very skillful in the use of chemicals. But a little absent-minded—Jenkins. See that discoloration on the wall over there?" "Why, yes; but what was that to do with Jenkins?" "That is Jenkins."

"Everybody Worries But Father" was sung and whistled so frequently by the young people of an Eastern town, that an aged inhabitant thought he was the person referred to. He is too feeble to work, but he could not listen to the song morning and night, so he left home, and has not been seen since.

"I know a woman," once said Belva A. Lockwood, "who got a modern servant, a cook, from a noted cooking school. On the third day she announced that she was going to leave. 'You only keep two servants,' she said to her mistress, 'and I've been accustomed to living where there are four, which suits me better on account of my partiality for bridge.'"

An English rector one Sunday preached from the text, "Who Art Thou?" After reading it, he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied: "I am, sir, an officer of the 16th Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here, and having brought my wife and family with me, I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and other people." This so enraged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

A New York lawyer tells of the neat retort made by a youthful physician to the sarcastic references of counsel in a case tried in that city. It was during the cross-examination of the young physician that the counsel made his disagreeable remarks touching the improbability that so juvenile a practitioner should thoroughly understand his profession. "You claim to be acquainted with the various symptoms attending concussion of the brain?" asked the lawyer. "I do." "We will take a concrete case," continued the counsel. "If my learned friend, counsel for the defense, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" The young physician smiled bitterly. "The probabilities are," he replied, "that counsel for the defense would."

BUFFALO SEEN BY CORTEZ.

Former Dentist of the Plains Described by an Early Explorer.

Although authorities differ on this subject, the buffalo was first seen by white men in Anahuac, the Aztec capital of Mexico, in 1521, when Cortez and his men paid their first visit to the menagerie of King Montezuma. Nine years later the animal was first seen in a wild state in southern Texas by a ship-wrecked Spanish sailor, who had little to say about it beyond remarking that he had eaten the flesh, which in his judgment was finer and sweeter than the meat to be had in Spain.

The next explorer to penetrate the buffalo country was Coronado, who crossed Arizona and New Mexico and the southern part of the panhandle of Texas. In 1542 the expedition was crossing the plains, which were described as being "as full of crooked-backed oxen as the mountaine Serena in Spaine of sheepe." It is from some of Coronado's men that we get our first published descriptions of buffalo. One of these, that of Gomara, I will give here, not so much because it is an early one as because it is remarkably accurate, particularly when we consider that it was written more than 300 years ago, by a man who was not a trained naturalist. The only serious mistake he makes is the one concern-

ing the tail of the animal, which is very short compared with that of the domestic ox, for example.

"All the way the plains are as full of crooked-backed oxen, as the mountaine Serena in Spaine is of sheepe. These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their horns are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore shoulders and more hair on their fore part than on their hinder part, and it is like wool. They have as it were an horse-mane upon their backbone and much hair and very long from the knees downe their foreheades and it seemeth that they have bearded, because of the great store of hair hanging downe at their chinnes and throates. The males have very long tallees and great knobbe or flocks at the end, so that in some respect they resemble the lion, and in some other the camell. They push with their hornes, they runne, they overtake and kill an horse when in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foule and fierce beast of countenance and forme of bodie. The horses fiedde from them, either because they had never seene either because of their deformed shape, or else because they had never seene them. Their masters hav no other substance; of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shooe themselves."

How many buffaloes there were at this time no one knows and probably no one ever will know, but we know that there must have been many, many millions.—Hartford Times.

WOMEN ARE WORST USURERS?

It Is Asserted They Have No Mercy for Luckless Borrowers.

Astonishing revelations as to the methods of business pursued by women money-lenders in London, says the London Express, were forthcoming during an investigation by an Express representative.

It would naturally be supposed that these women shylocks would be more susceptible to feelings or consideration toward their victims than the ordinary male usurer. As a matter of fact, instances were given in which they exacted their pound of flesh to the utmost from the poor wretches who had fallen into their clutches, and were as hard as adamant in face of the most heart-rending conditions.

Most of the women are of advanced age, and their trade is carried on under the guise of loan, discount or banking companies. In one or two cases the women keep in the background and their transactions are carried on by a male representative, but the majority do all their office work themselves.

A clerk who had a wife and two children had the misfortune to borrow \$50 from a woman usurer. He only received \$45, the other \$5 being deducted as an inquiry fee. In twelve months he had repaid \$120, and his creditor then claimed \$40 as a balance. He appealed against the extortion, but the woman went to his house, now, using threats and vituperation, created such a scene that he was glad to get rid of her on undertaking that he would pay the balance in a month. This he did by pawning one or two articles of furniture.

Another married man who had borrowed \$100 from a woman money lender paid interest at \$2.50 a week for eighteen months, and, although he had paid the loan nearly twice over, he was refused time in which to recover himself. The consequence was that his home was sold, and his wife and children are now in lodgings.

Several other instances of a similar character were forthcoming. The victims were men who shrank from facing the ordeal of a public court, and preferred to suffer any amount of persecution rather than appear before a county court judge.

The women use methods for collecting their money which the most rapacious male usurer would not think of employing. Some of them have been known to stop their "clients" in the streets and bully them publicly, while householders who have fallen behind in their payments have had stones thrown through their windows by the irate lenders.

The Function of the Senate.

Pertinent at the present time, when the Senate is somewhat freely criticized as "obstructionist," is an anecdote which is told in a biography of Sir John Macdonald, the first prime minister of the Dominion of Canada.

On his return from France, Jefferson called Washington to account for having agreed, as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, to a second chamber.

"Of what use is a Senate?" he asked, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer as he spoke.

"You have answered your own question," replied Washington.

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you pour your tea into your saucer?"

"Too cool it," said Jefferson.

"Even so," Washington said, "the Senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

By the time an old maid is forty years old she should not say: "If I ever marry." She should say: "Had I ever married."

A PRETTY MILKMAID

Thinks Peruna Is a Wonderful Medicine.



MISS ANNIE HENDREN.

MISS ANNIE HENDREN, Rocklyn, Wash., writes:

"I feel better than I have for over four years. I have taken several bottles of Peruna and one bottle of Manilla.

"I can now do all of my work in the house, milk the cows, take care of the milk, and so forth. I think Peruna is a most wonderful medicine.

"I believe I would be in bed to-day if I had not written to you for advice. I had taken all kinds of medicine, but none did me any good.

"Peruna has made me a well and happy girl. I can never say too much for Peruna."

Not only women of rank and leisure praise Peruna, but the wholesome, useful women engaged in honest toil would not be without Dr. Hartman's world-renowned remedy.

The Doctor has prescribed it for many thousand women every year and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for his advice, and especially for the wonderful benefits received from Peruna.

An excellent whitewash is made of these ingredients: Three parts Rosendal cement, one part clean fine sand, and mix thoroughly with fresh water. If brick color is required, add enough Venetian red to the mixture. If a very light color is needed, mix with a sufficient quantity of lime.

WINTER WHEAT, 60 bushels per acre.

Consult and sample FREE. Selected Seed Co., Box C, LaCrosse, Wis.

The "plighting-stone" was used until quite recently in parts of Scotland. Troths were plighted by grasping hands through a hole in the stone. These troths and promises were inviolate in matters of love, business and all social relations.

The Shah of Persia is supposed never to be off Persian soil. As a matter of fact, he never is, though he does travel. To his boots there is a false sole; between the false and the real a portion of the holy earth of Persia is packed. Therefore, his royal ribs, whenever he has his boots on, is standing on Persian soil.

A big crop of fence posts is expected by T. H. Miller, a banker of Lamont, Kansas. He has purchased an island in the Cimarron River, containing nearly one thousand acres. In it he is about to plant two hundred and fifty thousand trees, solely for fence posts.

The first station in Scotland for wireless telegraphy has been completed at Maerihansh. The tower erected is four hundred feet high, and has been built by a New York firm for the National Electric Signaling Company, of Pittsburgh, by which it will be used for the purpose of an experimental station in direct communication with the United States. The corresponding tower on this side is situated at Boston.

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching, painful, and disagreeable. I had three doctors and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and they are now working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."