

THE CATHEDRAL IN AMIENS.

Wonderfully Beautiful and Impressive When a Mass Is Held.

There was the Grand avenue—an attempt at a new boulevard—and in rather a raw condition. There was the savor, too, of the manufacturing town, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The streets as I made my way up seemed rather dirty and uninteresting. Not very acceptable either were the new, trim squares, close to the hotels, where the natives were sitting, trying to imitate the Parisians. The glory of the place, our old friend the cathedral, contrives to hide itself in the most successful way. In nearly every town the towers or spires are always deliberately asserting themselves. You cannot shut them out. Here you could not find them, even on looking hard. It is, of course, a noble, overpowering thing—vain to praise and idle to condemn. I relished much the bishop's palace and its fair gardens and that quaint brick building in the close, very old-fashioned and quaint. But within how noble and superb—the first glance taking in the whole interior. Something novel always strike you on every fresh visit to such places and on this occasion I was impressed by the sense of its being richly and variedly furnished, as it were. Here there were compartments framed off with fine brass and iron grilles, paintings, marble pillars and the rest. I once heard a mass here betimes of an ordinary morning, when the cathedral was shown at its proper function. It was a dramatic sight, the honest natives scattered about—the general stillness, the devout air. Some of the violet-taped canons were in the superbly carved stalls. The richly carved and decorated altar was put to its proper use. The cathedral seemed to come to life and movement. The staves or travelers who come in at noon with their guides never see the cathedral. It is then, as it were, covered up and at rest. Who that has seen the glorious Antwerp or the still more glorious St. Gudeule at Brussels, at such an hour, when the richly-colored panes, the carved columns, the oak and the shadows all fall into a sort of background for the ceremonial, will ever forget it? Even the old Flemish-faced sacristan was now returning to a desolate household. As we were over two hours together I had every detail and seemed to have assisted in person at the departure of the poor girl.

Why She Did Not Get a Seat.

An early downtown Lexington avenue car yesterday had its seats occupied mostly by men, while a lone woman standing at the rear door bore a hopeful look, as though she expected one of them to offer his place. After going two blocks without a seat being tendered she brought a stern frown to bear on a spectacled man seated immediately in front of her, but he apparently had cathode glasses on his eyes and looked through her without being aware of her presence. She moved one strap forward and an agreeable expression was struggling with the frown the smoke ascending from a half extinguished cigar in the hands of the man in front of her reached her nose and she moved one more strap. This step brought her where a man sat reading the morning market reports. The smile had settled on her face, but was wasted, as the reader refused to raise his eyes from the paper. Then she moved two straps. She had no sooner changed hands with the new strap and steadied herself before the new man when the car gave a lurch and her free hand struck his shoulder. Her "Excuse me," accompanied with a bewitching smile, had no practical effect. She went to the next strap. Here the jolting of the car caused her free hand to wave near the face of the new man and with the fixed look that seized her countenance gave the appearance of an attempt to hypnotize him. He was not a sensitive. Even a very artificial cough that she gave had no effect on him. She stood there a minute, when her destination was reached and she left the car with an emphasis in her walk that signified much.—New York Herald.

Consumption Contagious.

Health Commissioner Wendt is still having great trouble because people will not lock upon consumption as a contagious disease. The genial doctor had a battle royal with a man in the health office who was complaining because he had been ordered to renovate his house. In this peculiar instance three persons died of consumption in the same house within a few weeks. The family shortly after moved out and the health commissioner ordered the landlady to repaper the house and thoroughly disinfect it. The landlord asserted that he did not know why he should take such precautions for consumption any more than he should for a death by accident. But of course the work will be done. "I wish that people understood that consumption is a contagious disease," said Dr. Wendt. "In some states consumption is covered by special laws, just as smallpox or diphtheria, and while the health department has the power to act now consumption will some day be covered by special laws as in other states."—Buffalo Enquirer.

How the Timber Goes.

One of, perhaps, many little unconsidered ways in which the forests of the country are being eaten up is in supplying timber for railway trestle work. There are 2,000 miles of trestle structure in the United States, according to the estimate by the forestry division. This trestle work has to be replaced entirely every nine years on an average and every year timber amounting to 250,000,000 feet, board measure, is used for this purpose. Nearly all the timber is cut from the largest and finest trees. The annual expenditure on this work is estimated at about \$7,000,000.—Glen Falls (Ore.) Republican.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet in a Frontier Town.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly in the half-dozen saloons which the embryo city supported was congregated as rough a set of men as could be found in any town of the size west of the Mississippi, spending the time in gambling and carousing, says the Detroit Free Press. Monarch of all the roughs was Ed Prather. He had eight notches in the handle of his trusty 45, signifying that by his hand eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells and he, too, was a "bad man," in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were not more fraternal than these two desperadoes. When one was seen the other was always near. If one got into trouble the other was always on hand to assist him. The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "stood off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with what is known in western vernacular as "forty rod" preparatory to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard and saying: "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death. "My God, have I killed him?" were Prather's first words. Then, throwing down his revolver, he sprang to the side of the wounded man just as the last quiver came over the prostrate form and the soul went to render its account.

For the first time in years a solitary tear coursed down over the hardened features of the man whose hands were newly stained with the blood of a fellow-creature, but, ashamed of this momentary evidence of emotion, he hastily brushed away the tear and, turning to the bar, called "Drinks for the crowd," and the carousal went on. Thus was one more chapter added to the history of frontier life.

WHEN THE CLOCK STOPS.

Dose It with Kerosene Oil and Be Surprised at the Result.

Did you ever try doctoring a clock that wouldn't go with kerosene? If not try it next time your timepiece ceases to tick; the effect is admirable, the method simple, says the San Francisco Chronicle. If it is a clock that the oil will not injure—of metal, wood, china or marble—place it in a bowl and pour about a pint of oil into the back. Place it face downward and let it stand over night. Even if the face be of paper and gets completely soaked with the oil it will do no harm. The kerosene will evaporate within a few days and leave it perfectly clean. If after this treatment the clock will not go it is because there is something radically wrong with it. Some essential part must be broken. A little fancy enamel clock given as a Christmas present two years ago and which had never run over six hours at a time when subjected to this treatment a few weeks since has taken to behaving itself like a well-conducted timepiece. A French clock which had not gone for years suddenly took to keeping time after its kerosene bath, and a common little nickel-plated alarm clock that had apparently served its allotted term, that had lost its glass and become generally battered, started into renewed life and usefulness. The theory is very simple, of course. The kerosene cleans the works and removes any clog of oil and dust that may be interfering with the machinery. If you have any doubts about the efficiency of this treatment try it on an old and inexpensive clock first; it cannot possibly do any harm.

High Price for a Mezzotint.

A record price was obtained recently for one of the earliest mezzotints known—namely, "The Execution of St. John the Baptist," by Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The prince was long regarded as the inventor of the art of mezzotint engraving, but it has been shown that he learned it of a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. The prince, who played such an important part in the civil war, introduced the art of mezzotint engraving in England. The above mentioned example is one of great rarity, and the specimen which appeared in the Chalonier-Smith sale at Sotheby's a few years ago realized about £50; the example sold and referred to above fetched the very high amount of £300.—London Times.

Where the Will Was Kept.

The original will of G. H. Blanchard of Lexington, Mass., has been filed in the probate court, Cambridge. Blanchard died some time ago, leaving a wife and thirteen children, and as no will could be found the members of the family presented to the court a copy of a will, as near as they could remember it. They were sure that the husband and father had left a will, but it could not be found. A day or two ago house cleaning began at the Blanchard house in Lexington, and the carpet in the front hall was taken up. Lying underneath some papers on the floor was the lost will, and it was taken to court and filed. The will bequeaths one-sixth of his property to his wife and the remainder is to be divided equally among his children.

God's Message.

The Gospel is not a message of wrath, a message about hell, but it is one of peace, and joy, and love, and mercy. What it teaches is alike for the individual and for society.—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

UNCLE DANIEL.

No Wonder He Remembered His Grandmother's Quiet Speeches.

Uncle Daniel was one of the characters of the Saco valley. He was always bubbling over with droll speeches, says the Youth's Companion. At one time he adopted a city-bred boy who gave him great annoyance by not falling in with country ways. Uncle Daniel tried hard to teach him to mow, but in vain, and after a time the old gentleman was heard inquiring at the village for a "small boy about 4 years old."

"What do you want him for?" some one asked.

"I want him to ride on the heel of George's scythe and keep it down," was the answer.

Again, when it was the custom of the neighbors to "change work" in dressing their pork, the water had cooled somewhat before Uncle Daniel's hog was immersed and the bristles did not yield readily. The other men, at a little distance, were succeeding better.

"Is yours 'bout ready to hang up, Daniel?" inquired a brother butcher across the way.

"Yes, Joe," was the disgusted answer, "if you want to hang him up by the hair of his head."

His neighbors complained that the squirrels were eating their corn, but Uncle Daniel boasted that he had no trouble at all.

"But how do you prevent it?" they asked.

"I never plant any outside rows," he answered wisely.

Then it was remembered that he did not plant corn at all.

A gentleman once asked him if he could remember his grandmother.

"I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple-tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand and instantly handed it to my father."

"Here, Joe," said she, "lick Daniel with a smooth stick!" And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

La Donna e Mobile.

An example of the presentment of success occurs in the account of the production of "Rigoletto," brought out at Venice in 1851. It is related that Verdi, when at work on his opera, refused to fill up a certain blank in the score, alleging, in answer to entreaties from the singer who was to perform the missing aria, that there would be plenty of time to study it—it was nothing difficult.

This he continued to repeat until the actual day fixed for the performance of "Rigoletto," when, with much mystery and many precautions against being overheard, he played the enchanting "La Donna e Mobile" to the mystified singer. As the latter was expressing his delight Verdi cautioned him strictly on no account to hum or whistle the catching air before the evening; the orchestra, he said, had learned it already and were also under a solemn vow not to let one note be heard before the actual performance.

"Why this mystery?" inquired the puzzled artist.

"Because," replied Verdi, "I do not wish all Venice to be singing it before my opera is brought out."

Sure enough, the following day "all Venices" had caught the facile melody and "La Donna e Mobile" was assured of immortality.—Cornhill Magazine.

He Was Too Lazy to Live.

One of the laziest men Iowa has yet produced died recently in the Fort Madison penitentiary as a result of his attempt to escape labor. A convict named Allport several months ago cut off one of his fingers to keep from working, but the injury soon healed and he had to resume work again. Of late he had worked but little, always being done before noon, but he concluded he would not work at all and to keep from it inflicted an injury upon himself which had a result more fatal to him than he probably anticipated. Recently to escape work he poured a quantity of very strong lye on his arm and the result was a sore as big as a man's hand. But the lye was so strong that it ate its way into the flesh and destroyed the blood vessels. The result was lockjaw, from which he died.—Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat.

Diamonds in Granite Cutter.

One of the greatest inventions ever added to the granite business is being given a test in Montpelier, Vt. The machine is for sawing granite, and if it proves satisfactory will go down in history with the cotton gin. The machine contains \$4,000 worth of diamonds, and the total construction costs in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

Ode to Napoleon.

When booms spring up like mushrooms in a night, And to conventions warring bosses come, Just let them keep this motto square in sight, "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

Poor Little Things.

Mrs. Chipping—So these are your children, are they? Mrs. Marrow—Yes, and everybody says they're just the image of me. Mrs. Chipping—Why, so they are, poor little things!—Tit Bits.

Then She Melted.

She—Yes, Henry, our engagement is at an end and I wish to return to you everything you have given me. He—Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses.—Boston Courier.

GREAT CHALKING FROLIC.

Making Life Miserable for Unmarried Lads and Lassies.

The old custom of chalking the youths and maidens who remain unmarried after Shrovetide is generally known in the south of Ireland, says the London Globe. In Irish agricultural districts the time for weddings is limited to the interval between Christmas and Ash Wednesday. Shrovetide ends with the gayeties of carnival, which, in this country, brings with it none of the wild excitement often witnessed on the continent. Lent then comes on, and there is a temporary cessation of all frolics; but on the first Sunday of Lent the lighthearted have a fresh opportunity for fun. All the children arm themselves with pieces of chalk or with sticks chalked at the end; this latter is a device of the more wary to keep them beyond the reach of those passerby whose tempers are easily ruffled. Sometimes in a cottage doorway, a group of littleurchins may be seen industriously covering each finger, and even the whole front of the hand, with a thick coating of chalk. Then they wait patiently for a favorable opportunity to print the marks on a nicely brushed black coat or, better still, a lady's sealskin jacket. In the country all this goes on when the people are going to or from church, but it is carried on to a much greater extent in towns. There, toward evening, the reinforcements to the chalking army are so strong that few can go many yards without some chalk marks. In the excitement of the moment the original meaning is forgotten; or, perhaps, like Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves," those who have been judiciously marked try to turn attention from themselves by chalking all indiscriminately. When the night is fine the flagways are white with powdered chalk, and remind one by their appearance of the continental custom of throwing comfits during the carnival.

Canine Gravedigger.

A writer in L'Esveur states that a dog and a cat belonging to the same master were the best friends in the world and spent their time frolicking together. One day, while playing as usual the cat died suddenly, falling at the dog's feet. The latter first did not realize what had happened but continued his play, pulling, pushing and caressing his companion, but with evident astonishment at her inertness. After some time he appeared to understand the situation and his grief found vent in prolonged howls. Presently he was seized with the idea of burying the cat. He pulled her into the garden where he soon dug a hole with his paws and put in the body of his former companion. He then refilled the hole with dirt and, stretching himself out on the grave, resumed his mournful howling.

The idea of burying the dead cat was extraordinary. Whence came the thought? Could it be imitation, or, which is a better explanation, did the dog have a vague idea of concealing the event, which might possibly be imputed to him? But then, it would seem unreasonable for him to call attention to the fact by installing himself on the grave and howling.

However, even human criminals are sometimes equally inconsistent. It is difficult to form an exact idea of what gave rise to the dog's conduct in this case.

An Old Flame Flares Up.

A singularly romantic episode that dates away back in the '40s occurred in Bellfonte, Pa., the other day. Dr. William Rothrock spent his youthful days in that old town and met and loved a pretty young girl named Lizzie Field. His love was requited and they became engaged to be married, but the demon that interferes with so many of those affairs stepped in and they were separated, young Rothrock going west, while his sweetheart stayed there and afterward became Mrs. Little. Years wore on and neither heard from the other. Time worked many changes in the nearly half century that passed. Mrs. Little became a widow. Dr. Rothrock had been married also and his wife died a few years ago.

Last year, in writing to a friend, he happened to ask what had become of his boyhood's idol and was greatly surprised to find she was living and a widow. He wrote to her and a correspondence followed which soon rekindled the old flame to its former ardor after its half century nap. The doctor soon took a journey eastward and after a ten days' visit left for the west, taking with him a bride of 76, he being 78.—Philadelphia Times.

Brief but Cutting Criticism.

Charles Frederick Robinson Hayward, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every phase of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played Hamlet at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till 12 o'clock." The only other criticism that seemed to class with this emanated from Leadville, where a performance of "Richard III." by a barnstorming troupe was chronicled under the glaring headline of "Many Lives Lost."

She May Get There Yet.

Edwina—"How is Mr. Blushman getting along? Has he proposed yet?" Edith—"No; but he's improving. The first night he called he held the album in his hands all evening, the second night he had my pug dog in his arms; last night he held Willie on his lap for an hour. I have hopes."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Glances.

Mamma—"But, Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" Flora—"Oh, no, mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him."—Tit Bits.

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