The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1897.

WHAT McKINLEY WILL DO.

A dispatch from Canton to the York Evening Post outlines some of the features of the incoming republican administration. It says: "The president-elect has clear and positive views on all questions of national finance, and he expresses them frankly to callers who bring up the subject. It must be a relief to him to receive a caller now and then who wants to discuss measures instead of men. At all events he seems to be if possible a trifle more cordial toward such callers than toward the self-seeking majority.

The views of Major McKinley on financial questions will no doubt be shared by all the members of his cabinet. There will thus be a definite and positive administration policy, which will be recommended to congress, known to express the opinions of the new president and his constitutional advisers. This policy might be formally stated as follows:

"1. An immediate revision of the tariff on moderate protection lines. No extremely high duties that might foster trusts or defeat the purpose of obtaining adequate revenue to pay the expenses of the government.

"2 The restoration of the reciprocity treaties of the Harrison administration.

"3. The maintenence of all kinds of money at a parity with gold.

"4. Efforts towards international bimetallism, in fulfillment of the pledge of the St. Louis platform.

"Gradual retirement of the greenbacks, as soon as the government has a surplus of revenue to apply to this purpose and some other form of currrency, bank or metallic, can be substituted for them. No new issue of bonds will be favored for the purpose of taking up the greenbacks. Possibly some plan may be suggested for a virtual retirement of a considerable part of the greenbacks and treasury notes by their use as a part of the bank reserves; this with a view of strengthening the gold basis of the currency.

"6. An enlargement of the national banking system to enable independent banks or branches of city banks to be carried on in small towns. This might lower the interests rate in the country districts and tend to lessen the present centripatal tendency of money towards the large cities.

"7. Economy in government expenditures to correspond with the economics enforced in all other lines of business by the condition of the times."

LYNCHING is not quite a national institution. Twenty-six states were free from it last year. All but nine of the 131 lynchings of 1896 occurred in the south. Lousiana led with 25, Alabama has 15, Tennessee 14, Florida 10, Kentucky and Georgia 9 each, Texas 7, Mississippi 6, Missouri 5. The average annual number of lynchings in the United States during the last twelve years was 167, and the aggregate was 2008. Though Louisiana had the most lynchings the leading papers of the state declare that this form of punishment neither prevents nor diminishes crime. It is a matter of local custom and indulgence of mob passions, and is clearly not an agency by which justice and civilization can be strengthened.

THE Missouri legislators who have been planning to deal the department stores a body blow by imposing a tax upon each department have already encountered a discouraginh obstacle in the opposition of the country members. These men say that such a law would close up the general country stores and eventually concentrate the trade more than ever in the hands of a few big concerns. The department tax bill will now be dropped, while the members think hard of some feasible way of saving the life of the small middle man.—Journal.

FROM New York and other eastern cities there come the reports of larger increase in the savings banks, says the Inter Ocean. "They were never before so strong." Those who withdrew their deposits before the election are all bringing back their savings. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank reports a gain of $2,000,000. The Bowery Savings Banks reports deposits of $57,656,160. Such facts better tell the story of returned confidence and outline future prosperity better than aught else.

THERE is no mistaking the fact that the interests of farmers and growers will be protected in the forthcoming tariff bill of the extra session. The American farmers have had a tough time of it for the last four years, and there is no reason for farmers rebelling against present conditions. The farmer's interests lie at the foundation of prosperity, and every interest is imperiled when the farmer is made bankrupt.—Inter Ocean.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Evidence That the Guy Fawkes Conspiracy Was Planned by Lord Salisbury.

Another fine old historical story is in danger of demolition, but its place will be taken by a new one.

For over 200 years Englishmen have celebrated their deliverance from the gunpowder plot. This was a plot to blow up the king, lords and commons on the opening day of parliament, Nov. 5, 1605. It was the work of a band of desperate Roman Catholics, who proposed to proclaim a Catholic sovereign afterward.

Toward the end of October Lord Monteagle received an anonymous letter, warning him not to attend the opening of parliament. He showed it to Salisbury, who in turn communicated it to the king, and James, with superhuman insight, divined its true significance. On the night of the 4th the cellars were searched, and in them were found the barrels of gunpowder and Guy Fawkes ready to do the awful deed.

In a recently published book Father Gerard, an English Jesuit, shows that there is strong reason to believe that the British nation has all along been in error as to the true nature of this plot. It seems very probable that it was the work of the Earl of Salisbury, secretary of state and ancestor of the present prime minister, who succeeded thereby in discrediting his Catholic opponents and establishing himself in power.

The absurdities of this traditional and official story are legion. In the first place, there is no agreement as to where the gunpowder was stored. One contemporary account says it was under the old house of lords, another says under the painted chamber, and it is a remarkable fact that wherever the house of lords has sat since that date a Guy Fawkes cellar has been provided under it to satisfy the curiosity of inquiring minds. The house which the conspirators hired was actually the house which was used by the peers as a withdrawing place during the session. Yet no one's suspicions were roused when a band of well known desperadoes secured it at considerable cost and trouble. They mined under it and turned up tons of earth, which they secreted under the turf of a tiny back garden, and no one, not even the landlady, noticed it. Then they came to a solid wall, at which they hammered night and day, and again the landlady and her neighbors slept through it all.

Finding they could not penetrate it, they stored their barrels in a cellar, the door of which was on a level with the ground and opened out on to a crowded thoroughfare, and no one saw them. With similar success they imported 36 barrels of gunpowder, enough to supply an important fortress in those days, though no one has yet explained where they got it from or what was done with it, for the official records contain no hint. Never once did a government spy look in upon them; yet, strangely enough, every one of the conspirators was known to the secretary of state; most of them had already been noted as suspicious characters.—New York Journal.

Taking Out the Embassadress.

Mr. W. E. Curtis, the author of an entertaining work of eastern travel, relates an instance of his sojourn in China which represents the great Li Hung Chang in an attitude of characteristic ignorance of occidental customs. The French embassador at Peking gave a dinner party and invited Li Hung Chang. Previous to sitting down to dinner the party, which included the wives of the European guests, were conversing in an apartment which adjoined the dining room.

Presently the butler threw back the portieres and announced the dinner. The French embassador stepped up to the great Chinese statesman and said:

"Will your excellency take my wife out to dinner?"

Li interpreted the request literally. The French embassadress was a tiny woman, and Li Hung Chang is six feet three. He picked the little woman up under one arm, and, to the amazement of the company as well as the distress of the victim, carried her bodily out to the dining table.

Character Reading by Telephone.

"In these days of the telephone," said an observer, "we realize to what an extent we judge character by the voice. Perhaps our faculties in that direction have been sharpened by the use of the telephone, but it is certain that we form our opinion of the man at the other end of the wire by his voice and speech as decisively as we would do if we stood face to face."—New York Sun.

Forewarned.

Walker—I come, sir, to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Mr. Windy—Well, young man, before going any farther, I may as well inform you that her hand is the least expensive thing about her.—Philadelphia North American.

COUNTERFEIT MARKET.

Paris Has a Regular Exchange Where Waiters May Buy False Coin.

Any counterfeiter can, after a few experiments, succeed in turning out of base metal coins more or less perfectly resembling the valuable currency of any country. This is the easiest part of the whole fraudulent business. The most difficult and the most dangerous part of it is to get the spurious tokens into circulation, and for this purpose he is bound to have recourse to the services of accomplices. There is no business that affords such facilities for the disposal of bad money as that of the restaurant or cafe waiter. It is so easy when changing a $20 bill to surreptitiously substitute a bad dollar, 50 cent piece or quarter among the change, for as a rule the customer merely glances at the coins and slips them into his pocket without verifying them.

In Paris there is a false money market where waiters procure their store of bad coins. It is, of course, held secretly. There is a regular traffic, and the sharpers know exactly what they will receive for the real money they are prepared to invest. Thus a spurious 5 franc piece fetches from 2 francs to 2 francs 50 centimes, according to the excellence of its imitation. Two franc pieces cost from 50 to 75 centimes and 1 franc pieces 25 centimes.

Bad gold coins are rarely seen there. The explanation of this is that, apart from the fact that the manufacture of them is very costly, it requires considerable scientific knowledge, and this the ordinary counterfeiter rarely possesses.

European continental waiters are past masters in the art of passing off false or demonetized coin. They rarely seek to dupe habitues of the establishments where they are employed, but generally select foreigners or casual customers as their victims.

The traffic is carried on especially in restaurants that are open all night. When the customer partakes freely of wines and liquors at supper after the theater and the bill is presented, he always pockets the change mechanically, and even if he keeps a cool head he does not like to examine the change in front of the lady or ladies he is entertaining. This the waiter knows full well and profits accordingly.

Should the customer return after once leaving the place and complain to the proprietor the waiter naturally denies his guilt, and there is an end of the matter. In this case, however, the rascal knows that the proprietor will keep an eye upon him and is careful not to try the trick again for some time or else to leave and take another place where he can continue his swindling operations.

Extra waiters—those engaged for a day or two during the "rush" or holiday periods—are the most audacious utterers of false coins. During international exhibitions the unscrupulous thieves reap a rich harvest. In the cafes at the last World's fair in Paris many of them had the temerity to procure a quantity of little gold colored tin checks, about the size and thickness of a 20 franc piece, that were given away as an advertisement by one of the places of entertainment in the grounds and use them to cheat the public.

On an average two false coins are received every day for examination at the Paris mint. Those that are not too greatly spoiled in testing are added to a collection in the museum of the mint. This collection is said to be very large and very curious, but access to the museum is prohibited to the public.—New York Herald.

A Lively Community.

"Don't you find it rather quiet in Ashland?" inquired a Portland barber, who was endeavoring to remove a two weeks' growth from the Aroostook visitor's chin. "Oh, no," was the reply. "We have quite a lot of excitement up our way. We generally have a couple of dances during the winter." There are livelier places than Portland and quieter towns than Ashland.—Boston Herald.

Grateful Mongrels.

"There is nothing in the way of a dog that is as grateful and affectionate as a little mongrel which has had a hard life on the street," says the superintendent of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "They appreciate every kindness, and much more than pet dogs accustomed to attention."—New York Times.

Rose to the Occasion.

Willieboy—That doosid Jones girl tried to be sawcastic at my expense, but I think I made her feel that I was wespected, don't you know.

Hargreaves—Yes; she told me about it. She said you were positively queenly in your indignation.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Case Not In Point.

The people who say that 13 is a hoodoo would do well to note the number of stripes in Old Glory.—Washington Capital.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, teter, chapped hands, chilblains corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required, It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by A. F. Streitz

Maccaline will cure any case of itching piles. It has never failed. It affords instant relief, and a cure in due time. Price 25 and 50 cents. Made by Foste Manufacturing Co. and sold by A. F. Streitz.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

It Tells How the Beautiful Trailing Arbutus Had Its Birth.

A great many moons ago an old man lived in a lodge beside a frozen forest stream. He clothed himself in the heaviest of furs, for winter was everywhere, and the old man could scarcely keep from freezing to death. The cold winds whistled through the forest and shook the big trees until not a leaf was left on them. It chilled the birds, too, and drove them away.

The old man's fire was burning low, and he went out to search in the deep snow for wood with which to make it burn brighter and thus warm his lodge. But he searched in vain. Not one piece of wood could he find, and in despair he returned to his lodge, sat down by the dying embers and prayed the great Mannaboosho that he might not utterly perish.

He had scarcely finished the prayer when the wind blew open the door of his lodge, and there came in a radiantly beautiful maiden. Her complexion was of cream and roses; her eyes were large and bright; her hair was long and as fine and as shining as spun gold; her dress was of beautiful leaves, grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were made of white lilies.

"My child, my fair daughter," said the old man, "I am delighted to see you. My lodge is cold and bare, but it will shelter you from the fearful tempest of the night. Pray, sit down and tell me who you are that dare come to Manito's lodge in such strange clothing this cold, cold night."

The maiden sat down, and Manito filled two pipes and handing one to his visitor said:

"Let us smoke the pipe of peace while we talk. I am Manito. I blow my breath, and the waters congeal; I shake my snowy locks, and, lo, snow covers the earth. At my command the animals hide away, the leaves fall from the trees, and the birds fly away."

Said the maiden:

"I have but to breathe, and gorgeous flowers are seen everywhere. I shake my sunny locks, and the warm rain falls to gladden nature; at the sound of my gentle voice the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover themselves with innumerable green leaves, the birds come back, and there is music everywhere."

As the maiden sat talking and breathing the air of the lodge it became warm; the old man's head dropped until it rested on his bosom, and thus he sweetly slept.

The maiden waved her hands above his head, and he began to grow small. Silvery streams of water ran out of his mouth and eyes, and soon he was a little mass upon the ground, and all his clothing had turned to pretty green leaves.

Then the maiden knelt on the ground, took from her bosom dainty, sweet white flowers, kissed them and strewed them under the leaves and said:

"I give you all my virtue and my sweetest breath, and he that shall hereafter pluck thee must do so upon bended knee."

With fairylike tread the maiden walked away to the music made by hundreds of feathered songsters, and wherever she stopped to rest, and nowhere else, grows the loveliest of all wild flowers, the trailing arbutus.—Philadelphia Times.

London's Poor.

An Englishman now in Washington says: "The poor man in this country seems to be more self respecting than the chronic pauper that has made the name of Whitechapel notorious all over the world. The latter is in such abject poverty that he has lost all hope of ever bettering his condition. How the miserable wretches live is a mystery. And when it comes to the women, this nation has an immense advantage. Your women, unless of the fallen order, do not frequent public drinking houses. It is the greatest disgrace of London that the women of the poorer class are as good customers of the liquor shops as the men, and, worse still, the poison is handed them across the bar by one of their own sex. In east London children of tender years accompany their mothers into such places."

The Evening Meal.

The principal meal of the busy, work filled day, says a prominent doctor, should be eaten at night, when the nerves and muscles and whole physical system need resting and strengthening and stimulating after the day's demands upon them. Sleeplessness rarely troubles the healthy, cheerful person who has dined wisely and well at any time from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Flies.

The astonishing abundance of flies during the latter part of the summer is accounted for by the estimate made by an eminent entomologist that the progeny of a single house fly in the course of one summer will number 2,080,320. If it were not for the innumerable enemies provided by nature for the destruction of the fly, the whole air would be filled by the end of August with swarms of flies, which would render life insupportable.

Spoken Inadvisedly.

"Jeer at me if you will," shrieked the horse in impotent anger as the trolley shot by, "but I will not be cowed!"

The zeitgeist, however, bethinking himself of the nearby canned corn beef factory, smiled pityingly.—New York Press.

CHARITY MISPLACED AGAIN.

An Alleged Hungry Mendicant Works a Successful Game.

The reporter was on his way to an office building in Nassau street to interview a lawyer when the old, familiar voice at his side uttered the old, familiar words: "Excuse me, my friend, but would you be so kind as to render me a little assistance. I have had nothing"—

"No assistance today, partner," said the reporter, without looking around. In fact, there was no necessity of looking at the supplicant. With memory's eye he could see him without looking over his shoulder. He was the same honest workingman out of a job, who had been "working" him for the last 15 years.

"But I'm hungry, mister. Honest, I'm pretty near starved to death."

"No, I can't produce today."

"I know what you think, but just look at me. I'm no bum."

Experience said, "Don't look," but curiosity whispered: "Look at him. Perhaps you have never seen him. Perhaps this is a new species."

The reporter stopped and looked. He who hesitates with a street beggar is lost. Surely, if appearances counted for anything, he was no "bum." His clothes were whole and clean, if they were cheap. His shoes were not polished, but they were free from dirt. His hat was battered, but there was not a speck of dust on it. His hands were rough and strong from work at some time. His eye was clear and frank, and his face was clean, white and without a trace of dissipation.

"I'm a carpenter by trade, and I've been out of work a month. Honest, I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning."

"Come on," said the reporter. "I'll feed you if I lose."

He took him to a lunch counter near by. He gave a quarter to the chipper young woman who chewed gum and wiped glasses and said, "Give this man a quarter's worth of what he wants to eat." Blessings from the hungry man followed him as he went into the street.

Twenty minutes later he returned from the lawyer's office and entered the lunchroom. He naturally wanted his reward in the story the chipper young woman could tell of the sandwiches that fellow had destroyed.

"What did that hungry man eat that I brought in here awhile ago?"

"Hungry man!" exclaimed the chipper young woman, with a contemptuous toss of her head. "He wasn't hungry a little bit. He eat two spoonfuls of a 10 cent bowl of soup, ordered a 5 cent pack of cigarettes, got 10 cents in change and winked at me as he went out. That's what he ate."

And now there may come a time when some starving man will lie down and die at the feet of that reporter on salary day.—New York Mail and Express.

The Civilizing Power of Irrigation.

The evolutionary process of the last 20 years has brought out some very valuable lessons for the future of California. It has demonstrated that irrigation is essential to the highest standard of civilization. The census of 1890 revealed the fact that two-thirds of the gain in rural population stood to the credit of eight counties where irrigation prevailed. The counties which rely upon rainfall had about reached a standstill or scored a loss. The people have always been divided on the question as to whether irrigation is necessary. Those who oppose urge that it breeds malaria and injures the quality of the fruit. Those who favor insist that it is essential to the most scientific agriculture and to the maintenance of dense population. The last 20 years have answered the question forever. The answer consists of a comparison between the south and the north. The one was born of the irrigation canal, the other of the mining camp and the wheat ranch. The one is characterized by a high civilization, the other by a low one.—William E. Smythe in Century.

An Explanation.

Guile—I wonder why it is that so many men get intoxicated when they get in a tight place, instead of retaining all of their faculties for a supreme effort?

Quay—Perhaps it is so they will see a greater number of ways out.—Chicago News.

The present king of Norway and Sweden, Oscar II, ascended the throne Sept. 12, 1872. Including the present king, Sweden and Norway have enjoyed the rule of 47 sovereigns.

The cacti of New Mexico and Arizona flourish best in the driest soils. A cactus will grow in sand which is so dry as to rise in clouds of dust at the least breeze.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co.
Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TRANSPORTING EXPLOSIVES.

Not So Very Dangerous—Ordinary Rates Except For Fireworks.

"The transportation of dynamite, fireworks, and, in fact, all kinds of explosives," said a leading manufacturer of dynamite to a reporter, "is almost as common as that of dry goods or groceries. High explosives are shipped to all parts of the world by rail and by water, and whether they are on land or sea they are not particularly dangerous if they are properly stowed and cared for. I wouldn't be afraid to make a voyage around the world in a stateroom filled with dynamite if it was properly stowed and there were no fulminating caps to ignite it. Dynamite does not explode by spontaneous combustion. It is carefully packed for shipment in paper cartridges, which are placed in sawdust in strong wooden boxes, which are marked on the tops and sides: 'Explosives. Dangerous.'

"Steamships which carry passengers have magazines for dynamite, and, in fact, also for black powder and all kinds of explosives. When the explosives are properly placed in the magazines and not interfered with afterward, they are not a source of danger under ordinary circumstances. When they are shipped on railroads, they are generally placed in separate cars apart from other kinds of freight. The rate of freight on explosives is about the same as that on dry goods or any other commonplace commercial commodity. The rate of insurance is also about the same as on other goods. There are some English and some American insurance companies that will not take risks on explosives, but there are plenty of companies which issue policies, so that there is no trouble experienced in having shipments fully covered. Dynamite, with proper care, can be handled as safely as any ordinary commodity."

A prominent producer of fireworks said: "Fireworks can be shipped by most lines of railroads and steamships, but only at double first class freight rates. The sound steamers will not take fireworks, but the Metropolitan outside line will, because they carry no passengers. Most of the fireworks sent east from here are shipped on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. The Old Dominion and other southern steamship lines will carry explosives, but only in separate compartments on their upper decks. Fireworks and other explosives are also shipped on canalboats without difficulty. No large stocks of explosives are kept on hand in this city. There are four magazines for storing them near Fort Lee, and as they are transported in small quantities the danger is reduced to a minimum."—New York Tribune.

Floating Sanitariums.

The sanitarium at sea is a European idea. A large steamer especially fitted for the accommodation of invalids in need of fresh air and a favorable climate is to be constructed by a shipowning association. The ship is to be in constant employment for 8 or 9 months in the year, but for at least 3 out of the 12 she will go into dock in order to be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. It is proposed to make this steamer, which is to be the forerunner of a large fleet similarly equipped, a veritable floating palace in the matters of both comfort and salubrity. Although skilled advice and nursing will always be available, the accompaniments of a sanitarium will be kept as much as possible in the background. The prominent idea to be carried out in this new departure is the isolation of a dangerous class, with the least possible amount of discomfort to its members, and, furthermore, that by a judicious timing of moves the sufferers will be afforded a chance of recovery under the most favorable climatic conditions which it would be difficult to secure otherwise. A list of anchorages has been made, all of which have their special seasons. As soon as any undesirable change of weather is imminent at the port of stopping the ship will sail for a more salubrious climate.—Philadelphia Times.

A Quick Witness.

Counsel (examining witness)—You say you saw the shots fired?

Witness—Yes, sir.

"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired, I was about ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired?"

"I didn't measure the distance."

"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, it approximated to half a mile."—Pearson's Weekly.

Dismal.

An anxious inquirer asks, "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?"

"In the woods, dear, to the deep, dark, damp, dank, dangerous woods."—Spare Moments.

Plant Owls.

Almost all plants sleep at night, though in the plant world there are owls and bats that exhibit most life and animation after the sun goes down. The Nicotina affinis, a variety of the tobacco plant, the night blooming cereus and many others are examples of night life in the world.

There is a saltpeter cave in Barton county, Ga., literally alive with bats.

A BALLAD OF GOOD AND BAD JIMS.

Hey? Who is he? A-meanin him?
Oh, folks calls him "Jim Mary"
Ter tell 'im from the other Jim,
An sech a dern, contrary,
Annoying cuss! Shucks, but he's mean!
Now, as fer "Hanner's Jim,"
He's nice a man's ye ever seen.
Folks thinks the worl o' him.

Jim Mary an me hez j'inin farms.
Him neighborly? Jee whiz!
That Jim is allus up in arms
'Bout some dern crap o' his,
An his breachy critters come an stuff
On my green pens an corn.
O Lord! I've wondered times enough
How sech a tyke got born.

His chickens spile my garden sass,
His cows won't stay ter hum,
His brats make faces w'en I pass,
An yit complaints'll come
If any critter o' mine's astray
A-feedin down the hill
An happens to turn in his way,
As wand'rin critters will.

Jim Hanner, now, 's a man o' peace
'Cep' w'en he's used too shabby,
An then—waal, troubles does increase,
Jawin an lawsuits mabby.
Jim Mary sartin hez no right
Ter trent in sech a manner
A man so squar' an good an white
As—me? Oh, I'm Jim Hanner!
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

The Children of the Rich.

Then there were children, conspicuous among them the vulgar little children of the not long rich, repulsively disagreeable to the world in general, but pathetic in the eyes of thinking men and women. They are the sprouting shoots of the gold tree, beings predestined never to enjoy, because they will be always able to buy what strong men fight for and will never learn to enjoy what is really to be had only for money, and the measure of value will not be in their hands and heads, but in bankbooks, out of which their manners have been bought with mingled affection and vanity. Surely, if anything is more intolerable than a vulgar woman, it is a vulgar child. The poor little thing is produced by all nations and races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Slav. Its father was happy in the struggle that ended in success. When it grows old, its own children will perhaps be happy in the sort of refined existence which wealth can bring in the third generation. But the child of the man grown suddenly rich is a living misfortune between two happinesses—neither a worker nor an enjoyer; having neither the satisfaction of the one nor the pleasures of the other; hated by its inferiors in fortune, and a source of amusement to its ethic and aesthetic betters.—Marion Crawford in Century.

The First Armored Ship.

According to the best authorities on curiosities of the navy and warfare in general, the first armored vessel was launched in the year 1530. It was one of the fleet manned by the Knights of St. John and was entirely covered with sheets of lead. The accounts of the times leave us in darkness as to the thickness of this lead armor, but they are very positive in the statement that they were of sufficient strength to "successfully resist all the shots of that day." At the siege of Gibraltar in 1782 the French and Spaniards used war vessels which were armored with "light iron boom proofing over their decks and to the water's edge." The very first practical use of wrought iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1853.

Perhaps She Hadn't Thought of It.

"Well," said the sarcastic man as he walked out of the theater between acts, "I'm ever so much obliged to that girl who sits in front of me. I don't know but I'll tell her so."

"You mean the one with the frightfully big hat?"

"Yes."

"I don't see what you're obliged to her for."

"For not raising her parasol."—Washington Star.

Johnny—What! Only married a year, and yet you are so downcast.

Wally—Ah, my dear fellow, I never imagined that a wife would prove such a costly article.

Johnny—Yes, a wife is a costly article, that's true, but then you must remember that she lasts a man a precious long time.—London Fun.

There is nothing in the world so pitiful as a neglected baby. There is no sight so sad as that of a helpless infant denied its birthright, a mother's loving care. Thousands of mothers neglect their children because of ill-health. No woman can properly perform a mother's duty who is constantly suffering from sickness, whose system is debilitated and wrecked by the awful drains due to the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women. The mother who suffers from the listlessness, lassitude and despondency due to these troubles is pretty sure to neglect her children and her home.

This lamentable state of affairs is easily remedied if the proper measures are taken. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing cure for all the many forms of weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It promptly stops all weakening drains, invigorates the various organs and infuses new life and vigor into the sufferer's whole body. A happy home and a tidy and well-cared for baby is the result, for no healthy woman will wilfully neglect her child. Many a woman is blamed for negligence and heartlessness when she is simply too ill to care for anything but death. If you want to know all about the "Favorite Prescription" address Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. It is sold by all druggists.

Foul breath, dull eyes, listlessness, sallowness and pimples. A nice combination to avoid or get rid of. All are due to constipation, and constipation is promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are not a temporary palliative, but a permanent cure. Many so-called constipation remedies must be continued forever, once they are started. The "Pellets" cure permanently. They never gripe. Druggists sell them.