

THE stock of gold in the United States Treasury has now reached in round numbers \$170,000,000, and is still increasing, while the gold in circulation in the United States has also enormously increased during the past year.

It is reported that a Catholic priest at Rondout, N. Y., advised his parishioners that in case of war it would not do for them to take up arms against Catholic Spain. The Lincoln Journal says the report of the affair bears the earmarks of the new journalism and that it is foolish to take it seriously at present.

THE suspense in waiting for the finding of the Maine inquiry board has been very trying to a patriotic people, and it is not expected they shall suspend judgment or cease to condemn Spain in view of the news which comes from the Havana newspaper correspondents. The board of inquiry should not make useless delay in giving to the people the facts it has ascertained.

THE jury in the Bartley bond case on Sunday evening gave a verdict for the bondsmen, thus declining to hold the latter responsible for the shortage of the ex-treasurer. It was a complicated case, and the jury was out fifty-one hours. In the trial of the case Judge Powell's rulings were inclined to be more favorable to the state than to the defendants. The state attorney will probably ask for a new trial.

THEY are putting together at the Watervliet arsenal in New York a big sixteen-inch gun for service at Sandy Hook that will be the largest one in the world and will cost when completed \$390,000 and will weigh 126 tons. However, the machinery made for the construction of the gun and which will be ready for use hereafter for other guns, is included in the cost. The cost of the gun outside the machinery used in its construction is \$120,000.

THE fake dispatches of the yellow journalism regarding the situation in Havana have had but a momentary effect on trade in New York and the whole country, and prices remain firm, says the Journal. Dollar wheat is now a memory, as you cannot get that cereal for a dollar any more, and it may be that it will be years before we get down to that normal figure again. Corn holds its own and cotton gets a little firmer. The probabilities are that the war scare has been discounted and in the case Uncle Sam should send a fleet down to Havana to take possession of the harbor there would be no great excitement on change.

NEBRASKA'S BALANCE SHEET.

Bonds and Mortgages, a publications of Chicago of the character indicated by the title, presents its readers with a carefully compiled statement of the number and amount of real estate mortgages filed and released during 1897 and comments on the showing as follows:

"The showing of Nebraska is one that state has reason to be proud of, for in nearly every county a marked reduction of indebtedness is shown."

"Eastern Nebraska, with nineteen counties returned out of twenty-eight, leads with a decrease of \$3,146,419.69, and is closely followed by Central Nebraska where twenty-six counties out of a total of thirty-seven show a reduction of \$2,107,426.98. There are not many counties devoted to agricultural pursuits in western Nebraska, which section reports a reduction of \$71,042.27 in twenty-seven counties."

Taking the ratio of the above figures, Nebraska's liquidation of real estate mortgages last year would aggregate the sum of \$7,728,676 for the total of ninety counties."

There never has been a period in the country's existence where this state has acquitted itself more creditably and evinced the disposition to give back 100 cents on every dollar borrowed."

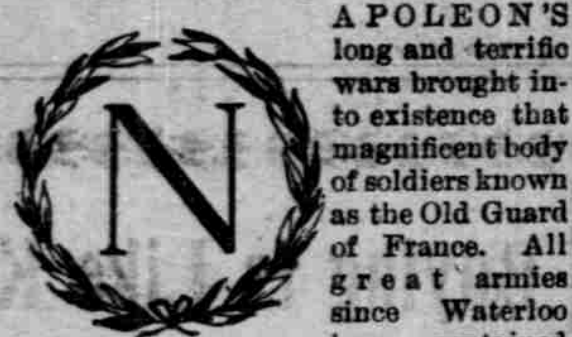
The sad experience of former years is now to incur new obligations. The business of making loans has also been confined to responsible parties, whose reputation for honest dealing is better guaranty than the over questionable guarantees of the loan companies of the past."

While there are many mortgages remaining in this state the liquidation of 1897 will go far toward attracting new capital, and particularly so if the laws could be amended so as to offer better protection than now exists."

FRENCH "OLD GUARD"

NAPOLEON'S ELITE FIGHTING CORPS AND ITS LEADER, BESSIERES.

Story of the "Old Guard" and Its Strange Composition—Made Up of Old Peasants, the Pick of the Grand Armies of France.



A POLEON'S long and terrific wars brought into existence that magnificent body of soldiers known as the Old Guard of France. All great armies since Waterloo have contained fighting corps which strove to emulate the prowess of those far famed reserves. The history of the Old Guard, nowhere definitely given, is something like this: When General Bonaparte took the field with the civic title of first consul, the body of soldiers answering to the household guards of all royal and imperial armies when led by their monarch took the name of Consular Guard. Following the old custom when he became emperor a still larger contingent gathered around him and was known as the Imperial Guard. The Old Guard was always part of the Imperial Guard of France, but when it acquired its special name it was for reasons that distinguished it as the elite corps of France.

Napoleon's wars were so destructive of French soldiers that the Imperial Guard had to be recruited, and the old battalions, jealous of the hard won laurels, did not wish to share them with novices fresh from the plow; hence a new corps called the Young Guard, and in time a second Young Guard, the first taking the name of Middle Guard.

One of Napoleon's veterans described the Old Guard in language which, though flowery, as becomes the theme, coincides with all that has been handed down regarding this unique corps. He said: "The soldiers of the Old Guard were nearly all old peasants, born before the republic, men 5 feet 6 inches in height, thin and well built, who had held the plow for convent and chateau. Afterward they were levied with all the rest of the people and went to Germany, Holland, Italy, Egypt, Poland, Spain and Russia under Kleber, Hoche and Mareau first and under Napoleon afterward. He took special care of them and paid them liberally. They regarded themselves as the proprietors of an immense farm which they must defend and enlarge more and more. This gained them consideration. They were defending their own property. They no longer knew parents, relatives and compatriots. They only knew the emperor. He was their god. And lastly they adopted the king of Rome, who was to inherit all with them, and to support and honor them in their old age."

"Nothing like them was ever seen. They were so accustomed to march, to dress their lines, to load and fire and cross bayonets that it was done mechanically in a measure whenever there was necessity. When they advanced carrying arms, with their great caps, their white waistcoats and gaiters, they all looked just alike. You could plainly see that it was the right arm of the emperor which was coming. When it was said in the ranks, 'The guard is going to move,' it was as if they had said, 'The battle is gained.'"

The name of Marshal Bessieres is linked in glory with that of the Old Guard. Bessieres was the companion of Murat, the country hostler, when he set out for Paris in search of adventure in 1790. Both enlisted in the Constitutional Guard, formed to defend the household of Louis XVI. Faithful to the king until the end, Bessieres entered the republican army as captain and in Italy won the heart of Napoleon by gallantry in battle. He was given command of a picked body of the Consular Guard, which always attended Napoleon in person, and in time rose to the head of the Imperial Guard. At Wagram Bessieres had his horse killed under him and was thrown with such violence that he lay on the field as one dead. Afterward Napoleon said to him: "The ball which struck you down drew tears from all my guard. Return thanks for it. It ought to be dear to you."

Bessieres led the guard in all its fiercest battles and was second to none but Murat in the brilliancy of charges in mounted battalions. The night before the battle of Borodino Napoleon sent for Bessieres and ordered him to distribute from the private imperial stores three days' rations of biscuit and rice to the members of the guard.

The historian of Napoleon and his marshals, Headley, says that during the retreat from Moscow Bessieres, "with the faithful guard, that no disaster could shake and no losses dishearten, hovered like a protecting spirit around Napoleon. Though their thousands had dwindled to hundreds, and tolls that seemed endless wasted them at every step, and famine and cold and a victorious enemy thinned their ranks daily, and the most appalling sights that ever met the human eye were before them constantly—dismay and despair on every side—they, with their worn yet firm bearded leader, faithful to their trust, still maintained order and courage. Singing gayly past the batteries that tore their ranks asunder, standing in squares around their emperor as he bivouacked in the snow, and furnishing him the last fragrant fuel that could be gathered, while they one after another dropped dead in their footsteps, they fastened themselves on our affections and stand to the remotest time as a model of fidelity and firmness."

The next year, 1813, Bessieres was shot dead while gallantly reconnoitering the position of the advance guard of the allied army on the eve of the battle of Lutzen. Different commanders thereafter led the Old Guard. In the immortal charge at Waterloo the remnant that remained to rally around the adventurer from Elba was led in the crisis of the battle by Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave."

The French veteran quoted above tells the story of the Old Guard in their last cast for the throne of the emperor. He says: "From all sides, over all the thunder of the cannon, over all the tumult, the cry was heard, 'The guard is coming!' Yes, the guard was coming at last. We could see them in the distance, with their high bearskin caps, advancing in good order, and with their bayonets fixed to the rifle barrels. Those who have never witnessed the arrival of the guard on the battlefield can never know the confidence which is inspired by a body of tried soldiers, the

kind of respect paid to courage. And now after terrible massacre, after the repulse of furious attacks, on seeing the Prussians fall back on our flank we said, 'This is the decisive blow.' And we thought, 'If it fails, all is lost.' This was why we all looked at the guard as they marched steadily up."

"It was Ney who commanded them. The emperor knew that nobody could lead them like Ney; only he should have ordered them up an hour sooner. Then we should have gained all. But the emperor looked upon them as his own flesh and blood. If he had had them at Paris five days later, Lafayette and the rest would not have remained long in the chamber to depose him. This was why he waited so long before sending them in. He hoped that Ney would succeed in overwhelming the enemy with the cavalry, or that Grouchy would turn, attracted by the sound of the cannon, and then he could send him in place of his guard to break Wellington's front; because he could always replace 30,000 or 40,000 common soldiers by conscription, but to have another such guard he must command at 25 and gain 50 victories, and what remained of the best, most solid and the toughest would be the guard."

"It came, and we could see it. Ney and several other generals marched in



front. We could see nothing but the guard—the roaring cannon, the musketry, the cries of the wounded were all forgotten. But the lull did not last long. The English perceived as well as we that this was to be the decisive blow and hastened to rally all their forces to receive it."

"The attack sounded and our cannon began to thunder. All was quiet on the hillside, the rows of English cannon were deserted, and we might have thought they were all gone only as the bearskin caps of the guard arose above the plateau five or six volleys of shot warned us that they were waiting for us. Many of our wounded retired at this moment and the guard advanced, sweeping everything before it, but it closed up more and more diminished every moment. In 20 minutes every officer was dismounted and the guard halted before such a terrible fire of musketry that even we, 200 paces in rear, could not hear the sounds of our own guns."

"At last the whole army in front, on the right, on the left, with the cavalry on the flanks, fell upon us. The four battalions of the guard, reduced to 1,200 men, could not withstand the charge. They fell back slowly, and we fell back also, defending ourselves with musket and bayonet."

"When we reached the edge of the plateau, all the plain below was enveloped in darkness and the confusion of defeat. The disbanded troops were flying, some on foot and some on horseback. A single battalion of the guard in a square near a farmhouse and three other battalions farther on, with one square at the junction of the route at Planchenois, stood as motionless as some firm structure in the midst of an inundation which sweeps away everything else." In the line of one of the squares stood Ney, firmly holding on while the British cannon plowed through his ranks. Overrun at last, the squares broke, and then it was that the brave Michel, when summoned to surrender, gave voice to the renowned motto, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders," and fell fighting for the honor of those elite warriors of France.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Journal tells this story: "Last week an Irish bishop was driving home to his hotel in the city from a suburb of Dublin, with a lady and one of the junior clergy as his escort. It was late at night, dark, windy and rainy, and the cabman drove away merrily, but after some peculiar turnings and ten minutes' driving the cab was returning whence it had started. The wherefore was evident, as the cabby was drunk. However, home had to be reached, and his lordship, a man of action, jumped out of the cab, mounted the box and drove at a good round pace into town. On reaching his destination the right reverend prelate said he thought he ought to be paid, a sentiment in which the cabby acquiesced with the utmost good humor, but pocketed his fare notwithstanding. To be driven home by a bishop on a cab," adds our contemporary, "falls not to the lot of many curates, and is surely worth recording."

Very Close Indeed. "This gentleman," said the phenologist at the open air performance, "is a close observer—a very close observer." "So much so," continued the phenologist, "that I doubt exceedingly if I would have been here tonight had we charged any admission fee."—New York Journal.

The four principal diamond mines of the Kimberly district employ about 8,000 persons. From 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 carats are turned out each year, and up to 1892 ten tons of diamonds, valued at \$60,000,000, had come from this mine.

HE IS A RAT DRIVER.

LUMINOUS PAINT SUCCEEDS WHERE BELLS, TAR AND TRAPS FAILED.

A Man Who Makes Good Money Clearing Warehouses and Other Concerns Around New York of Troublesome Rodents—Began the Business in Stockholm.

Habitues of Riverside drive, between Seventy-fifth and Eightieth streets, on very sunny days have noticed a middle aged man carrying a case, which appears to be about three feet long by one foot deep and two feet wide. It is apparently a black leather case with an ordinary grip handle to the upper part, and the man, seeking some unfrequented piece of wall, generally one of the embrasures, places his case on the wall, smokes his pipe and loiters around, looking at the ever changing river and its traffic. If others come around, he moves on, but if not he may stay there from two to three hours in the full sun. He is a rat catcher, or rather a rat driver. He works only in large warehouses and does not touch the smaller dwelling houses or flats except in rare cases.

He is a Scandinavian whom nothing will warm to conversation but his native tongue. His case is wood on the back, ends and bottom and wire on the front and top. There are neat spring shades which roll down over front and top. In this cage are eight or ten large rats. If any one comes near, down go the shades, but as long as the coast is clear the shades are up and the rats are running around basking in the sunlight. If he takes you into his confidence, he will tell you that it is with these rats he clears buildings. The other day he said:

"When I was living in Stockholm, the large granaries were full of rats, and a reward was offered to clear them. Many tried. Traps were set by the hundred.

"One man built a room as large as an ordinary parlor, cased it with tin and fed the rats with oatmeal scented with oil of aniseed, gradually laying trains of this feed to the room until he had all the rats on a string. Then he fitted an automatic drop to the entrance, and when his rats were feeding he caged them all, several hundred. The first man who did this went into the room with dogs to kill them and was nearly eaten himself, like that farmer out west a few weeks ago. The second man starved and then poisoned his, but in a week there were just as many rats as ever. The supply was inexhaustible from the rivers and quays. Poisoning was no good because of the terrific smell, and so I took the matter in hand."

"I thought it over and finally set a trap and caught some rats. Then I tied a piece of wire round their necks, to which I slung a little tinseling brass bell, and then I let the bell ringers loose in the building they had been caught in. They knew the runs and went to join their friends and relatives, who of course ran from the bells. The more they ran the more ran the bell carriers, until the building was 'hoo-doo' in rat language and not a rat would enter."

"If I could have lured back my bell carriers, all would have been well; but, familiarity breeding contempt, the rats grew accustomed to them and in a few months were back again, and as building after building had been cleared by this trick there was not a rat in the city who did not know of the bells. Then I tried tarring some rats with strong smelling coal tar, which rats cannot bear and will avoid if possible, and this answered for awhile, but a fire occurred, and a rat, rat coated, ran out of the blazing building with his fur ablaze and, going into another building not in danger, set it on fire—wood gets very dry in those old buildings over there—and so an ordinance was passed prohibiting the use of tar."

"I had made money, and I came to this country. I did well for some years, but in the depression my capital ran short and I failed; so then I took to clearing business places of rats again and am doing quite well. The first thing is to learn the lay of the building where the rats come from. If a grain elevator is near, clear the elevator and trap those in the other places. Rats very seldom run around more than one building, except as an overflow. Then, having determined that point, try the tar, then the bell, and after that these fellows in the cage. They are coated with luminous paint, and being exposed to the sunlight here can be taken to a building tonight, loosed and will fly through the runs, spreading fear wherever they go and creating a stampede. If you have ever seen luminous paint effects, you can readily understand it. The great beauty of this plan is that the rats do not live more than 24 to 48 hours after a coating with this paint, so the novelty never wears off. It is a preparation of lime, which I discovered for myself, and has to be newly made and mixed like a varnish. This closes the pores of the skin, and after changing around to catch up with the flying relatives the rat is in a sweat, and that finishes him, and they never get used to it. Will a rat sweat? Well, you cage a rat, and then let a terrific roll cage around for a few minutes, and you will see a rat as damp as if dipped into a pail of water. I get as high as \$20 a month for keeping some places in this city clear of rats, and I work several other cities as well. The only thing I am afraid of is the society (Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), but I have nearly made enough to start in my own business again, and then I will cease rat driving. Sell my business? No, I may want again in this city of ups and downs."—New York Sun.

Chicago Modesty. "Did she have a church wedding?" "No. There's no foolish desire for ostentation about her. Why, every time she has been divorced the case has always been heard in the judge's little side room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the Blessings of Work. "Oh, I guess it's a good thing I have to work so hard!" said a brooding person.

Why? "Did she?" "I don't have so much time to think," said the first.—New York Sun.

The Herring. A medical authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor and is not flesh forming.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER



A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE SIAMESE GIRL.

Her Garments Are Seamy, and She Is an Invertebrate Smoker.

From the moment of her high a Siamese girl is treated with less consideration than a boy. For several years after quitting the realms of "babylonia" she dresses very slightly indeed (I refer more particularly to the lower classes, though the rule applies more or less generally). Next she adopts the sarong, or waist cloth, and on top of this is placed a bright colored scarf of considerable length and breadth, which is customarily crossed and recessed over the breast and under the arms. These two garments constitute the whole of a Siamese girl's wearing apparel unless she chance to wear a scanty vest of linen. Rings and bracelets are inevitable, provided she be of class enough to afford them, and in a few cases the costume is finished off with a flimsy pair of slippers, into which the stockings feet are thrust.

The average Siamese girl is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes from a very tender age. When quite a baby, too, she, in common with the rest of the population, is taught to chew the leaf and out of the betel palm—at least she does not require to be "taught" this "lovely" but (if we may believe what we see) fascinating pastime. Since, however, she knows full well that she will be esteemed passe, not to say ancient, at the age of 30 she concentrates the whole of her intellect upon the serious business of either entering the palace or getting married. But if it be the latter, the marriage in Siamese middle and upper class life is the most elaborate function that an English girl could imagine. The negotiation—what we should term the "courtship"—is generally conducted in the first instance through an old beldame. It is this old woman's business to discover among other things whether the "stars in their courses" are propitious toward the happy event and whether the respective birthdays of the bride and bridegroom fall suitably to the date fixed for their union, for in all such matters the Siamese would appear to be even more superstitious than their Buddhist belief might reasonably be expected to make them.—Gentleman's Magazine.

STARTERS OF RESTAURANTS

A Business Operation by Which Some Men Make Considerable Money.

"It may seem strange to say so," remarked a lawyer the other day, "but it is true, nevertheless, that there are men in the city who are getting rich by establishing restaurants that do not pay. This is the way they do it: A cheap shop is rented and fitted up as a restaurant at a cost, say, of \$250. Food valued at about \$100 is purchased, and some judicious advertising is done. More food is sold for the money than the customers can get anywhere else in the neighborhood. The result is a crowded restaurant, though the proprietor is losing money steadily. When he has a first class line of patrons and he appears to be doing a big business, he advertises the place for sale. His health or a desire to move south, east or west is one of the excuses. Customers appear promptly, and the proprietor usually sells his place for \$1,200 or \$1,500, half in cash. His investment has not been more than \$400, so he clears from \$800 to \$1,000. Of course the place proves a failure, and the purchaser loses his money. The restaurant starter, however, moves to another portion of the city and repeats his enterprise."

The lawyer said that he recalled one man in particular who had started no less than ten restaurants in the last six months, all of which he sold. With two exceptions the places did not pay, and the men who bought them were compelled to close them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Schoolyard.

To spend large sums of money on architectural beauties and stone carvings of historic ornaments—which have but little attraction for children—to make a school building look like a palace and then to leave the schoolyard looking like a desert or the top of a bituminous lake, without a single attractive flower or one bit of beauty, are inconsistencies which seem possible only in the modern system of education. Weather beaten houses in the country, log cabins on the frontiers, railroad stations in the Great American desert and all over our country have their beautiful flower gardens, and it refreshes one's soul to see them, but there is no such source of refreshment, inspiration and instruction where children are being educated in the "essentials."—Henry Lincoln Clapp in Popular Science Monthly.

Lesson Your Wants.

More of the true enjoyment of life lies in this maxim than in generally thought. We may indeed go to extremes and out to the quick, like that cynic philosopher who threw away his wooden cup on seeing a vagrant boy drink from the hollow of his hand. But the truth is we create many of our own necessities, and with the growth of luxury new wants come in, not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds.—New York Ledger.

The "Hedge" Doctor.

A "hedge" doctor, a kind of quack in Ireland, was being examined at an inquest on his treatment of a patient who had died. "I gave him ipocucanaha," he said. "You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner. "Indeed, your honor, and that's just what I should have given him next if he hadn't died."—Hospital Gazette.

WONDERFUL RESCUE.

HOW SERGEANT VAUGHAN SAVED A LIFE AT A HOTEL FIRE.

A Member of the New York Department Who Endangered His Own Life to Save a Guest of the Hotel Royal Who Had About Given Up All Hope.

Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," writes of "Heroes Who Fight Fire" in The Century. The article is one of the series "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis tells the following story of a heroic rescue at the Hotel Royal fire in New York some years ago:

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The man was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it." The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again and was back at work, "I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the men he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot, then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you or go hard myself." The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist, so he was almost able to reach the man on the window, with outstretched hands.

"Now, jump—quick!" he commanded, and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof, and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of 203 pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard. Over against him was the window, behind which he saw the back draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up! A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo. The spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro. The smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work and finished it, but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted and made much of.

A Bureau of Courtesy. "A curious innovation," says the Boston Transcript, "at the coming Omaha exposition will be a bureau of courtesy. Not only is the idea novel, but it is surprising to learn that nearly all the people of the city will be enrolled in the committee. Every member will wear a badge, and visitors will be at liberty to address any one who wears the badge and ask for information just as much as he likes. The member, on the other hand, will be pledged to treat the visitor courteously and answer his questions, or put him in the way of getting them answered."

Coke in Different Countries. The prices at which coke is quoted in different countries are given as \$1.44 in the United States, \$3.18 in Great Britain, \$3.24 in France, \$3.36 in Germany, \$3.48 in Belgium, and in Spain \$5.08. These figures are based on the quantity of coke used in the manufacture of a ton of bessemer pig iron.

The proportion of deaf mutes to the population is one to every 2,042. In 1873 there was one deaf mute to every 1,735 of the population. Physicians claim that this decrease is mainly traceable to greater knowledge and care in the treatment of variolous in children.

No Need.

"Do you know, I don't think much of Mawson." "You don't have to. You can see Mawson up in two seconds."—Harlem Life.

In Japan all cars are smoking cars, and the few American women who take long railroad journeys in Japan find themselves very uncomfortable.

Americans use annually 350 cubic feet of wood a head, while the English use only 18.



It is undoubtedly a fact that our grandmothers, the pioneer women of the country, led more laborious lives than the housewives of to-day. In spite of this fact, they were healthy, robust sons and daughters, and did not become weak, complaining invalids as a consequence.

There are probably several reasons for this. One is, that they lived more in the open air, and another, and probably the most influential of all, is that they were less prudish than the women of to-day. They were not ashamed to know something of their own physical make-up. They were not too nice to take care of their health in a womanly way. Women now-a-days suffer untold tortures in silence, because of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, rather than consult a physician, or even talk upon the subject to their own husbands. They imagine that troubles of this description can only be cured by undergoing the disagreeable examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average modern physician. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all diseases peculiar to women in the privacy of their own homes. It does away with the necessity for examinations and local treatment. It acts directly on the important organs concerned, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and the burdens of household duties. It always inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the time of expectancy and makes baby's advent a joy and almost painless. Thousands have testified to its merits.

Over two pages of medical advice free. Send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover mailing only, for paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth bound 75 cents. Address Dr. K. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Matrimonial Commandments.

Matrimony has ten commandments. These were studied out by Theodore Parker shortly before the day of his wedding. They took the form of ten beautiful resolutions, which he inscribed in his journal. They were as follows: First.—Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will. Second.—To discharge all duties for her sake freely. Third.—Never to scold. Fourth.—Never to look cross at her. Fifth.—Never to worry her with commandments. Sixth.—To promote her piety. Seventh.—To bear her burdens. Eighth.—To overlook her foibles. Ninth.—To save, cherish and forever defend her. Tenth.—To remember her always in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

Rebuked.

A car conductor who wished to assist a very stout, middle aged lady to board and enter the car felt utterly abashed and rebuked when she said acidly: "Keep your hands off'n my back, will you? If you ain't got no manners, I'll see if I can't learn you some!" And as she walked unsteadily to a vacant seat she said for the benefit of the other passengers: "It makes me so mad to have those here conductors callin me 'lady' an' enter the car felt utterly abashed and rebuked when she said acidly: 'Keep your hands off'n my back, will you? If you ain't got no manners, I'll see if I can't learn you some!'"

Circumstantial Evidence.

Sherlock Holmes (at the theater)—That woman in front of us has remarkably pretty teeth. Dr. Cubbles—How do you know? You haven't seen her face. Sherlock Holmes—But she has laughed incessantly ever since the curtain went up.—Chicago News.

New York Babies.

There are 90,000 babies born in the city of New York every year. They number 250 a day, or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing, and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany, 150 miles.—Current Literature.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

C Piles or Hemorrhoids. Fissures & Fistulas. Burns & Scalds. Wounds & Bruises. Cuts & Sores. Boils & Tumors. Eczema & Eruptions. Salt Rheum & Tetter. Chapped Hands. Fever Blisters. Sore Lips & Nostrils. Corns & Bunions. Stings & Bites of Insects. Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

KLONDIKE



—the richest gold fields in the world, lying in Canadian Territory; the richest farming lands in the world are in the Canadian west. A farm of 100 acres free to heads of families and to any man over 18 years of age.

Good Crops, good prices, good railroads, excellent climate. Schools, churches, fuel in abundance and everything to make life happy and comfortable.

For illustrated pamphlets, maps and low railroad rates to bona fide settlers apply to the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. BENNETT, New York Life Bldg., OMAHA, NEB. Mention this paper.