

Lady Henry Somerset's Husband.
Mr. Somers Somerset, the new assistant secretary to the royal commission on the licensing laws, is the son not only of the well known Lady Henry Somerset, but also of Lord Henry Somerset, who is still very much alive although people are apt to forget the fact. Owing to certain scandals of an unseemly type in which Lord Henry was implicated, his wife separated from him, and he found it convenient to live abroad—chiefly in Italy. He may often be seen at the La Scala opera house at Milan. Those newspapers which refer to Mr. Somerset as the actual heir to the dukedom of Beaufort, forget that after Lord Worcester and any children that he may have, comes Lord Henry Somerset, and therefore the son's claim is very remote.—St. James Gazette.

The Value of Literary History.
Literary history belongs to the domain of fact just as much as geography does, and the ability to put a child to rest of the names of authors and their dates is just as useless as his ability to tell the capital of Bolivia or to draw a map of Afghanistan. A certain amount of literary history is useful—the amount given in Mr. Stopford Brooke's and Prof. Richardson's primers and in Mr. Brander Mathews' volume on American literature,—but not a bit more, for as intellectual training literary history is not so efficient as another study.—September Atlantic.

The Western Man's Ideal.
The United States is unique in the extent to which the individual has been given an open field, unchecked by restraints of an old social order, or of scientific administration of government. The self-made man was the Western man's ideal, was the kind of man that all men might become. Out of his wilderness experience, out of the freedom of his opportunities, he fashioned a formula of social regeneration.—the freedom of the individual to seek his own. He did not consider that his conditions were exceptional and temporary.—September Atlantic.

How to Mend a Silk Waist.
A dressmaker lays down three rules for mending a silk waist: Use ravelings when you can. Sew from the under side. Do not turn over edges, but darn flat and trust to careful pressing. If a bone begins to show through, do not mend but cut off the bone an inch. If the silk wears off around the hooks and eyes, move them along ever so little. Make a virtue of worn out seams by applying black feather stitching; and remember that a silk waist is good as long as the upper part of the sleeve remains. Piastron, choker, lace, cuffs and careful mending make a new waist for you.

Admitted Error Too Soon.
It is very hard to go about with a bullet and an ache in your head. Still harder is it when your doctor disbelieves the headache and bullet and shuts you up as a lunatic. This happened to a young Hamburg confectioner, and for some years he lived in a lunatic asylum. Finally he signed a paper that the headache was a fancy and the bullet a mere idea, and that he had got them both out of his head. And now have come the remorseless X-rays, which have disclosed the bullet in the man's skull. Ought he to be glad or sorry?—London World.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, *Ma's Wonderful Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.*

A Novel Pneumatic Tube.
Pneumatic tubes have many uses, but one of the latest is attracting a great deal of attention from its novelty. This is the tube for stacking hay. It is built in sections, and is controlled by metal straps, pivots and arms. The hay is drawn into the tube, carried through it with great velocity, and by a turntable and winging arrangement like a crane is evenly distributed on the stack.

No cough so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See ad.

A story of the time of Shakespeare, written by John Bennett, will be the leading serial for the new volume of St. Nicholas. It is called "Master Skylark," and will deal with the romantic events of the Elizabethan age. The great dramatist figures as one of the leading characters, although the hero and heroine are a boy and a girl. Another serial, "The Last Three Soldiers," by William H. Shelton, has a novel plot. It tells of three Union soldiers who became veritable castaways in the Confederacy. Both stories will begin in the November St. Nicholas.

Blooming Health
secured to every woman by the use of
Women's Safeguard
Thousands of afflicted women have been cured by its use.
Why not You?
A Purely Vegetable Preparation.
A Remedy with a Remarkable Record.
Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist. Write for Medical Book Free, "Women's Safeguard" Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Dr. Kay's Renovator. Guaranteed to restore hair and skin to their natural beauty. It is the best for free hair and skin. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Chicago, Ill.

WARNED BY A GHOST.

MINER DIES UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mr. Montgomery Regarded the Apparition as an Omen of Death, Stopped Work and Died.—A Luzerne Pennsylvania Mystery.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, of Wanamie, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., died the other day under very peculiar circumstances, evidently from fright, caused by a belief that he had been warned of his approaching death by a wraith. Mr. Montgomery had been employed for years as pump runner in No. 18 colliery of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company at Wanamie. He was a brave soldier in the late war, and was not easily frightened. Two weeks ago he said that while he was attending to his work he heard a strange noise in the mine. A few moments later a peculiar feeling came over him, as though there was a cold draught circulating through the mine, and he became chilly. He looked up from his work, when the queer noise was repeated. He felt as though there was some one present. He could not see anyone, and strained his eyes far into the dark recesses. Then he beheld a white object, about the size of a man. It moved, as though floating in the air, and kept a certain distance from him. He spoke to the apparition several times, but not a sound came from it, and it soon disappeared from view, keeping its face toward him all the time. Mr. Montgomery at once made a search, but failed to find anyone hiding about. He was very much affected and told his friends he regarded the wraith as an omen of death. He at once gave up his position, and a couple of days later took his bed, although he had no specific sickness which the doctors could discover. He continued to talk of the wraith and said it was of no avail to take medicine or care for himself, that he was doomed and might as well reconcile himself to death. His friends tried to dispel his thoughts about death by saying it was a man sent in by the company to see if he performed his duty. But Mr. Montgomery remained confident that it was an omen of death, and grew gradually weaker until the death he had looked for came early last Sunday morning.

UNDER THE WATER.
English Experiments with a Submarine Torpedo Boat.
What is described as a very successful series of experiments was made in London the other day with a working model of a new submarine torpedo boat, which will be about ninety feet long, with proportionate depth and beam. The model, of course, has the usual water-tight compartments and a false keel, to be detached in case of an emergency, such as the sudden need of additional buoyancy. The propelling power is electricity, supplied from storage cells specially designed for submarine service—the propelling being a single screw. The cells are packed on each side of the hull, leaving the central part free for the service of the crew and the working of the ship. The air supply has been the special subject of investigation by the inventor, who has devised a means by which it can be purified, and the loss of oxygen so made good that the crew will be able to stay under water, according to his calculations, for a week. The vessel has two conning-towers. In the foremost all the gear is mounted for steering, putting the machinery in or out of action, supplying the air, turning on the lights, causing the vessel to descend or ascend, or discharging her torpedoes, the tubes for which are on each side of the bow. The after conning-tower enables any of the crew to get out of the vessel when under water for repairing or other purposes. The model, brightly illuminated by incandescents, dived into the water, remained submerged at two, three, or four feet, ascended and descended slowly or rapidly, and depressed either her bow or stern at will. It was evident that great care and ingenuity had been exercised in working out details and the spectators present expressed the opinion that an advance had been made towards the realization of a project that has fascinated inventors for centuries.

STRANGE BANK IN NORWAY.
One of the Most Independent Financial Institutions in the World.
From the New York Journal: The most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National bank of Norway. Socially the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week and these friendly gatherings are said to be the most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors. The directors are to hold a meeting one day and you want to borrow \$1,000 on Monday. You apply to Norges bank and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application on Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the \$1,000 Monday, and not Thursday; you simply have to wait. The origin of this institution is as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing commerce. The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government. It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. This national bank is also a national pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any non-perishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may, perhaps, account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway.

Vanderbilt Heroism.
The "simple heroism" of young Vanderbilt's statement to an intimate friend that if his father disinherited him and he was obliged to start out in life a poor man he "would not be the first Vanderbilt who started out thus," made quite an impression on the sympathetic public that always loves a lover, until somebody happened to remember that the young gentleman inherited \$2,000,000 from his grandfather. Accepting his fate without a murmur, he goes out into the world with a poor but lovely wife—and only two millions to scrounge along on.—Buffalo Commercial.

Outside the Park.
"That boy of yours has put himself outside the pale of civilization."
"Gracious. What has he done now?"
"He is up the alley employing the nail of beer you sent him after."—Exchange

The majority of people who attempt to pronounce the name of the discoverer of the X rays miscall it as if it were "Runtgen." The "g" of "Roentgen" is hard, and the pronunciation should be "Runt-gen."

IN HARD LUCK.

The Stranger Regretted His Heartless Chaffing, However.

Just across from the town depot was the town graveyard, and sitting on a baggage truck on the platform was a ragged, lonesome man, whom any one would have spotted at once for a tramp. There were a dozen of us walking up and down as we waited for the train, but for a quarter of an hour the tramp sat with his head in his hands and had nothing to say to any one. Then a passerby, who was evidently on good terms with himself, walked up to the man and said:

"Dead broke, of course, old man?"
"Yes, dead broke," said the man on the truck, as he looked up.
"Haven't had anything to eat in two or three days, eh?"
"Not since yesterday morning."
"Willing to work, but your health won't permit it, I take it, as the case with all the rest of 'em?"
"My health ain't overly good," replied the tramp after a bit.
"No, of course not," laughed the man. "Perhaps you are also worrying about your family? Do you want to raise a dollar in time to get home to see your wife die?"

"Come along you—come along gents," said the tramp, as he rose up and climbed the graveyard fence. Half a dozen of us followed him, and as we reached the fence and looked over, he pointed to three graves which were so new that the graves had not taken root, and said:

"There's the family—wife and two children! A week ago I was 100 miles away, but I got to thinking about these graves, and I couldn't stay away. This morning I finished my walk, and I was waiting for the train to go before I came up here. Yes, I'm dead broke, and hungry and in poor health and a tramp, and there's the reason of it. When they died it broke me up."
One by one we went back to the platform. The tramp came last of all, and he was going away without looking at us, when the man who chaffed him put the money he had raised in his hand, added a \$5 bill from his own pocket and kindly said:

"Take it, old man, and better luck go with you. I'm sorry I spoke as I did."—New York Mercury.

UNDER THE WATER.

English Experiments with a Submarine Torpedo Boat.

What is described as a very successful series of experiments was made in London the other day with a working model of a new submarine torpedo boat, which will be about ninety feet long, with proportionate depth and beam. The model, of course, has the usual water-tight compartments and a false keel, to be detached in case of an emergency, such as the sudden need of additional buoyancy. The propelling power is electricity, supplied from storage cells specially designed for submarine service—the propelling being a single screw. The cells are packed on each side of the hull, leaving the central part free for the service of the crew and the working of the ship. The air supply has been the special subject of investigation by the inventor, who has devised a means by which it can be purified, and the loss of oxygen so made good that the crew will be able to stay under water, according to his calculations, for a week. The vessel has two conning-towers. In the foremost all the gear is mounted for steering, putting the machinery in or out of action, supplying the air, turning on the lights, causing the vessel to descend or ascend, or discharging her torpedoes, the tubes for which are on each side of the bow. The after conning-tower enables any of the crew to get out of the vessel when under water for repairing or other purposes. The model, brightly illuminated by incandescents, dived into the water, remained submerged at two, three, or four feet, ascended and descended slowly or rapidly, and depressed either her bow or stern at will. It was evident that great care and ingenuity had been exercised in working out details and the spectators present expressed the opinion that an advance had been made towards the realization of a project that has fascinated inventors for centuries.

Room for Improvement.

"That young man who occupies the first floor front has some tough looking callers."
"Yes his room is better than his company."—New York World.

LATE PATENTED NOVELTIES.

A frame to secure cows' tails while milking.
An electric cigar lighter and a portable electric torch.
A neat little device for removing the pulp from an orange.
A fan attachment for rocking chairs operated by the motion of the chair.
A design for a pin badge, consisting of a pitchfork with a bug impaled on each tine.
A glass pane in the oven door of a cook stove, so that the process of baking can be observed without opening the door.
A gymnastic exhibition apparatus whereby a man becomes the arrow and is bodily propelled or shot from a strong bow.
An advertising clock in which the advertisements are kept in continuous movement on an endless roll, by the mechanism of the clock.
An interesting novelty, used as a pen-wiper, made in the form of a bird. On squeezing it in the hand the bill opens to grasp the pen. The "bird's" mouth is lined with fannel, which wipes the pen clean as it is withdrawn.

Condolence.

A Detroit man recently bought himself one of the suits of love that have gained a great deal of popularity for summer wear. The colored man who does odd chores around his home looked at it, turned away and heaved a tremendous sigh.
"What's the matter, Augustus? Don't you approve of this outfit?"
"I ain't fer me ter 'spress no 'pinion. But I wants ter say dat ef wus comes ter de wus, I's redy ter stick by de fam'ly eben if I has ter take less wages."
"You seem to think this suit is connected with hard times."
"Yassir. But I didn't 'imagine dey wus ez hard ez all dis. Hit doan mek so much difference ter culud folks. When I wah livin' down souf I'se raised huf fam'lies ob pikerninnies dat ud tak'er coffee sack an' cut hol's foh dere arms an' mak' it pass fer co'vest an' breeches. But much ez I've hyurd 'bout dese hard times, I nebbid didn' spek ter see er sho nuff white gen'leman hav er 'gou' rin' jute clo's."—Detroit Free Press.

His Mouth Made Trouble.
A few years ago two men were convicted of horse stealing in a district court in Montana. They deserved a sentence of ten years imprisonment, but the judge let them off with three. The worse man of the two, supposing that the sentence once pronounced was past revision, addressed the court: "I just want to say," he told the judge, "that when I get out you will be the first one I will come here to kill." "Oh, well," said the judge, "in that case I'll make it ten years. Then you won't trouble me so soon." Having said this he turned to the other man and said: "Is there anything you would like to say?" "Not a blessed word," answered the prisoner. The man who said nothing is now out. While his partner is still behind the bars.

For lung and chest diseases, Pisco's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Remembering Names.

There is a Boston society woman who cannot remember names, neither can her daughter. One day they met a Mrs. Howe, and afterward the daughter remarked: "Howe invented the sewing machine didn't he? Well, just think of machines and we will be sure to get her name." The two ladies went to tea a few days afterward, and Mrs. Howe was there. Up sailed the mother with her sweetest smile and exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Singer, how delighted I am to see you again!" Soon afterward the daughter appeared, and, with equal charm of manner, said: "My dear Mrs. Wilcox, how are you?"

Emerson's Prayer.

In the August issue of the Arena the editor contributes the following significant anecdote concerning Whittier and Emerson: The two were taking a drive together when they passed a small, unpainted house by the roadside. "There," said Emerson, pointing out the house, "lives an old Calvinist, and she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself."
"Does she?" said Whittier. "What does she pray for, friend Emerson?"
"Well, when I first open my eyes on the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive and live so near Boston."
What you need is something to cure you. Get Dr. Kay's Renovator. See ad.

Diplomacy.

Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out of the sewing room)—"Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers?"
Mr. Hendricks—"Oh, they do very well, but dear me, how much older than usual they make you look."
On the following day a neat package intended for the far away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.—Cleveland Leader.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Syrup of Figs

Big Boom in Cabbage Leaves.

"The hot spell has been good for me in one way," said an uptown produce dealer. "You know there is a popular belief in the country that cabbage leaves will protect one from sunstroke. That belief has been communicated to the city, and the idea has cropped out wonderfully in the past few days. You know it's only the green leaves that are supposed to be protectors, and the only thing for a person to do who wants one of them in a hurry to put under his hat is to buy a whole head of cabbage. Truckmen and street cleaners are my best customers this week. Yesterday afternoon a half dozen of the latter came in here, bought four heads of cabbage, divided the green leaves, and, with helmets stuffed with them, went confidently back to their broiling work."—New York Times.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Harper's Weekly for September 19th will contain an important article by Brigadier-General A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., on Nansen's "Farthest North"; Hon. Worthington C. Ford will contribute a valuable article on Washington's farewell address. There will be a double-page picture by the late C. S. Reinhart, entitled "High-tide at Gettysburg," and the battle of Lake Erie will be commemorated in the "Naval Battles" series by James Barnes, with an illustration by Carleton T. Chapman.

Force of Imagination.

A venerable couple from a far western town arrived late at night at a seaside tavern. Just as the husband was falling asleep, he murmured: "Listen to the surf, Matilda; it's glorious; worth the journey. I haven't heard it for forty years." In the morning they saw no sea from windows or piazza. On inquiry the husband discovered that it was a bowling alley that had lulled him to sleep.—Boston Journal.

That Pleasing Paralyzing Pie!

How good it looks! How good it is! And how it hurts. Why not look into the question of **Pill after Pie?** Eat your pie and take Ayer's Pills after, and pie will please and not paralyze.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills
CURE DYSPEPSIA.



"Everybody Likes It."

Battle Ax PLUG

Everybody likes "Battle Ax" because of its exceedingly fine quality.

Because of the economy there is in buying it.

Because of its low price. It's the kind the rich men chew because of its high grade, and the kind the poor men can afford to chew because of its great size.

A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is almost twice the size of the 10-cent piece of other high grade brands.

Columbia Bicycles
GIVE GREATEST SATISFACTION.

The acme of cycling comfort and delight is in store for the purchaser of a Columbia Bicycle. It has no equal. Its speed on track and road has been proved.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.
Standard of the World.

The Columbia Catalogue may be called on the Columbia agent, or by mail for two 3-cent stamps.
POPE MFG. CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Branch Stores and Agencies in all most every city and town.