



Tourist—How long will it take me to reach the ferry, me good man? Policeman—I ain't no mind reader. I'm a policeman.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The "Mule-Shearer" Spider.

Yucatan is the home of an uncanny species of spider, known all over Central America as the "mule-shearer." This queer representative of the Mygalae family has a habit of creeping up the legs of mules and horses and shearing off the hair that surrounds the hoof, especially the fetlock. The hair gained in this curious operation is used by the insect as a nest-building material, and is removed from the leg of the mule or horse by a strong pair of mandibles, which resemble those of a "pinching" bug. Animals bitten by the "mule-shearer" always lose their hoofs.

No More Contrasting Bodices.

To be absolutely in style your bodice must bear some little relationship to the rest of the gown, writes an observing young woman, who is "doing" the Paris shops. For example, a black or white chiffon waist is the proper thing with a black and white striped silk skirt, and if a white chiffon bodice is worn with a black satin skirt it should have a wide corset belt of jet to establish a connecting link between the black skirt and the white waist. The latest styles are decidedly against the waist which is distinctly in contrast to the skirt.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. w.n.

Partial Peace.

The Duc de Choiseul, who was remarkably thin, went to London to negotiate a peace. "Have they sent the preliminaries of a treaty?" asked one Englishman of another. "I don't know," was the reply; "but they have sent the outline of an ambassador."

Cut Prices on Planet Jr. Goods.

We are the only seedsmen daring to cut the prices on the Planet Jr. Tools. We sell the Planet Jr. Combined Drill, that other seedsmen must ask \$9.00 for, we sell same for \$6.50. Big catalogue, send for postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

Strictly Business.

Old Gent—I understand—in fact, I know—that you and my daughter are edging very rapidly toward matrimony. Penniless Sutor—It is true, sir; and although I am obliged to confess that it will have to be a case of love in a cottage, I hope—"Say no more. Love in a cottage is the true ideal of happiness. You have my consent—"Oh, thank you!" "Provided you can show me the deed for the cottage. Good-day."

Just try a 10c box of Casarets, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Difficultly add to achievement, as the ramming of the 10c order sends the bullet farther.

People who practice charity have little time to preach.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

Advertisement for Warner's Safe Cure, Kidney and Liver. Includes image of the product box and text: 'WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURE KIDNEY AND LIVER'.

A PAIR OF DREAMS.



IT IS a strange story; but perhaps the less strange because there is not a thread of fiction in the entire fabric. I am thus positive, because I am Marcia Clomas and telling only what happened to myself.

I did not need the evidence of a mirror to convince me that I was handsome. Friends and strangers told me so till I was weary of it, even as the monotony of a song bird may make one weary. That I was young, had affirmation in the thick family Bible with its brazen clasps and well-thumbed leaves. That I was not dull was attested in a diploma from Vassar, a knowledge of French that did not puzzle Frenchmen, music that musicians liked to hear and a literary ability that never brought back more than one out of four of my contributions. In social life I had the rare luck of success without envy, save as those who are less fortunate long to join those who are more so.

But one quick move of fate changed this life of sunshine and brightness. Father failed, and when millionaires fall it seems as though one never could fathom the depths of disaster. To me the one great tragedy of the wreck was the impoverishment of Charley. Of course it is necessary to explain that I mean Charley Truman, for the familiarity of our set does not extend to the reading public. Charley was ruined with his eyes open, but to me that only meant that there was suspense as well as actual suffering without the buoyant influence of hope. He had insisted upon coming to the help of my father though the great risk incurred was made plain as day.

How like physical torture this was to me can be inferred when it is known that Charley and I were engaged. It was not a matter of expediency, but an old-fashioned love match. He made light of the calamity in which we were all involved. But to me it was the saddest reality that could have come into my life. That may account for all that follows, but I have thought over it much more than any one else will do, and am inclined to doubt. My one thought was to restore the fortune that Charley had so generously sacrificed. I invented a score of quixotic schemes, but had the good sense to abandon them because they were quixotic. But I can only plead the perversion of human nature in admitting that I adopted what seemed the most quixotic of them all.

I dreamed that I went to Monte Carlo with a mint of money and lost it all. I had only read of the place, but it was spread out before me as a vivid picture. I saw the esplanade, the cafes, the clean asphalt pavements, the palm trees, the grass plats, the arcade, the Hotel Metropole, the haggard faces of those who wander up the hillside to disappear forever among the foliage, the false cheerfulness of the electric lights, the bright red and black of the tables, even the many-colored metal discs over which the ball of fate danced and skipped as though it brought nothing but happiness into the world. No less graphic were the details of my losing. Bet after bet was swept into the omnivorous maw of the great gambling Mecca, and the mechanical movement of the insatiable rake seemed to barrow my vitals.

If I had any superstition it was the result of heredity. No old nurse or



WOULD I NOT STOP!

foolish school companion ever sought to impress me with the mysteries that cloud reason until it seeks explanation in the supernatural. I do not even recall ever hearing that dreams go by contraries. Yet I had not thought over that dream for a day before I had an unalterable desire to visit Monte Carlo for the purpose of restoring what my fiancé had lost. I would not apply to him or to my father. This was not because of their impaired fortune, but because I could not defend the resolve. I had a family physician to whom I went for funds and who was willing to respond without asking any questions that would have embarrassed me. He went farther and assumed the professional responsibility of sending me abroad, though he could never explain why he thus compromised his conscience.

When I reached what seems to me one of hell's principalities, I felt as one going into battle. All my surroundings were familiar. I passed through the glittering attractions as though they had been a part of my whole life. I could not have delayed to scan the daily papers or to avail myself of the fine stationery that suggested a duty to those left behind. The fever of the gambler was upon me, and yet I knew nothing of gambling. Entering the fatal rooms, I passed the treat-ot-quarante table. It might be surer, but it was slower, and I had read as much. My sight was to be a Waterloo, with the role of Napoleon assigned to the bank.

After confidently seating myself I played with an abandon to astonish even the stocial feeders of the tiger. I had no system. No color, no number, no combination was tried as the result of any previous thought or suggestion. I was an automaton with eyes, placing my money as the divinity scatters the scented blossoms. When a goodly heap of gold was in front of me an old Prussian officer made an elaborate apology for addressing the handsome young American, but he had seen so many give back a fortune after winning it. The devilish fascination of the game was the chief dependence of its backers. Aside from chances in their favor, infatuation was their chief reliance. Would I not stop while Dame Fortune was so generous?

But I played day and night with the regularity of planetary movement. I won and won till the corps of regulars were following my plays and sharing in my prosperity. When I appeared a seat was given me as though I had a proprietary right, while the poor wretch who had given the place his all was ruthlessly put aside. At the wheel or at the table I seemed to dictate the course of fortune, and I had more than enough to re-establish the two men I loved best.

One morning I awoke with a vivid impression of a dream that gave me a clear title to the little principality and all its belongings. Straightway I came home as nearly as the crow flies as the facilities of steam will permit. I am no more superstitious than before all this happened, and there is nothing uncanny about the little ones that call Charley "papa." I only know what happened.

A Railroad Puzzle.

Between the forty-nine and fifty-five mile posts on the Carolina Central railway there is a piece of track for a distance of nearly six miles that presents a singular condition that so far amounts to an inexplicable mystery. All trains going and coming go to grinding and start a terrible squeaking when they get on this six miles of track. The noise comes from not only one car, but every locomotive, every coach, and every car of whatever kind sets up a grinding as if turning a curve. It is something like the screeching of an ox cart that has no grease on it, and it is made by every truck on a train. The track is perfectly straight, and as there is no curve at all, the cause of the grinding and squeaking has mystified the railway people. Every effort has been made to ascertain the cause of the difficulty. The locomotives have been scrutinized, every cross-tie and every rail has been inspected, every joint has been looked at and every foot of the track has been re-gauged, but no explanation could be found. It is one of the railway puzzles of the age, and has been going on for twenty years. During that time the cross-ties and rails have been replaced several times with new ones, but without effect.

The Sultan's Trade.

According to a writer in the Contemporary, the sultan of Turkey never sleeps before dawn for fear of assassins; but sits up reading detective stories. A good French translation of Sherlock Holmes would be quite a boon to him. Of the sultan's intellectual capacity, this illustration is given: "Abdul Hamid is impatient and of a hasty disposition; he cannot brook any hindrance to his intentions or caprices; when he has given an order he does not admit that events can develop otherwise than in conformity with his irade. A grotesque instance of this and one of very frequent occurrence may be cited. When a fire breaks out at Constantinople or in the environs the sultan sends an aide-de-camp with orders to the commandant of the fire-brigade to extinguish it at once. When the fire baffles the efforts of the firemen and spreads, which happens more usually than not, other aides-de-camp arrive in quick succession to announce that 'Efendizim is angry to find his order is not yet obeyed, and there is an irade that the fire should cease immediately.'"

Aliens and the Ballot.

The number of states in which aliens are permitted to vote at elections after having simply declared their intention of becoming citizens has been diminished by one. At a recent election the voters of Minnesota approved a constitutional amendment which repeals the provision conditioning the vote of persons of foreign birth upon a declaration of intention. Hereafter no alien can vote in that state who has not been a resident of the United States for at least five years, and admitted to full citizenship at least three months prior to the election. It is estimated that more than one hundred thousand voters in Minnesota have never been fully naturalized.

Official Scandals at Berlin.

Five German editors have been convicted at Berlin of libelling distinguished officials, and have been sentenced to fine and imprisonment. These sentences and the arrest for perjury of the chief of the political police have occasioned a stir in the German capital, because the evidence goes to show that certain members of the Emperor's official household have conspired to traduce and destroy other officials of whose preference they were jealous. Taken in connection with the Danneberg disclosures, these trials have produced a painful impression as to standards of official rectitude in Germany.

Girls' Wars.

It is a late custom for a girl to invite, as many friends to her birthday party as she is years old and an Athenian girl, who will be 21 next Tuesday, will observe it by inviting seventeen girls to tea.—Kansas City Star.

SUPREME JUSTICES' GOWNS.

Our Early Statesmen's Task in Selecting a Court Dress.

Ex-President Harrison tells of the contention created over the question of an appropriate court dress for the justices of the Federal supreme court in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "When the constitutional organization of the court had been settled and the high duty of selecting the justices had been performed by Washington," he says, "the smaller, but not wholly unimportant question of a court dress loomed up, and much agitated and divided the minds of our public men. Shall the justices wear gowns? And if yea, the gown of the scholar, of the Roman senator, or of the priest? Shall they wear the wig of the English judges? Jefferson and Hamilton, who had differed so widely in their views as to the frame of the constitution, were again in opposition upon these questions relating to millinery and hair dressing. Jefferson was against any needless official apparel, but if the gown was to carry, he said: 'For heaven's sake discard the monstrous wig which makes the English judges look like rats peeping through bunches of oakum.' Hamilton was for the English wig with the English gown. Burr was for the English gown, but against the 'inverted woollack termed a wig.' The English gown was taken and the wig left, and I am sure that the flowing black silk gown still worn by the justices helps to preserve in the courtroom that dignity and sense of solemnity which should always characterize the place of judgment."

In the Wrong Town.

She looked like a woman from a remote tier of townships and the way in which she was dressed tended to confirm that impression. She seemed in a world of trouble and approached the floor-walker.

"See here, mister," she said nervously. "I've been robbed in this here store. Josh 'lowed me to come down here to do my shoppin' 'cause it would be a savin'. I had \$30 five minutes ago, an' now I hain't got a cent. O, dear! I'm more'n a hundred miles from hum with no way to get back an' nothin' to eat," and the woman buried her face in a handkerchief while threatening to collapse.

"You'd better report the matter to the police at once. Or I'll attend to that for you."

"Not on your tin-type," she responded quickly. "I'm no Rube." Then she gathered herself and between artificially executed sobs asked that she be lent enough to keep her over night and take her back to Josh.

But she had tipped her hand. The floor-walker led her back to the office and in the long bag within her dress skirt was found a choice collection of dry goods. She made the air sulphurous and at the police station proclaimed herself a "jay" for leaving Chicago, where there seems to be a special immunity for the transgressor.

Value of Evidence in Turkey.

A few years ago an English traveller in Turkey reported a case of stealing as it was tried in the courts of that country. The Armenian newspapers of that time, commenting upon the case, said that it proved that the testimony of a calf was worth more than that of two Christians. A Turk, converting a cow belonging to a Christian, succeeded in stealing it. The owner complained of the theft to the nearest judge, bringing a friend to corroborate his story, and he demanded the restoration of his property. The judge declined to believe either the injured man or his friend. On this the injured man said, "I have the calf of this cow at a place very near the court, and if your honor will have the cow brought to the calf and will observe the two together, he will immediately perceive by their affection for each other that the cow must be the mother of the calf, and this will prove that she belongs to me." Accordingly, the judge ordered the cow to be brought to the calf, and went himself to see the two. No sooner had the calf set eyes on the cow than it claimed her as mother. The judge was convinced, and ordered the cow to be given up to the Christian.

Monkey and Kitten.

Herr Brehm, the great German naturalist, relates the following droll anecdote of a monkey: "A female baboon which I brought up in my family got hold of a kitten with the intention of making a pet of it and mothering it, but was scratched by the terrified founding. The monkey carefully examined the kitten's paws, pressed the claws forward, looked at them from above, from beneath, and from the side, and then bit them off to secure itself against further scratches."

Justifiable.

"Have you anything to say?" inquired the sheriff. "Only one thing," said the condemned man, as he loosened the noose so that he could speak with more ease; "I want you to catch that man with the snapshot camera and throw him out. I do not want to be disgraced by any amateur photographers."—Truth.

Frozen Feet Caused Their Arrest.

John Lawson and Howard Haxley were arrested at Detroit, Tuesday, for the murder of Farmer John Brown, of Millington, Mich. They had become badly frozen riding on the bumpers of freight cars and applied at the hospital for relief.

He's the "Champagne."

A man in New York has again proved the east's claim to monopoly of culture by eating 103 oysters and drinking a pint of charty at one sitting.

A Distinction.



Mrs. Skinner—I wonder why some grocers are called green grocers? Mr. Skinner—I don't know, unless it's to distinguish them from cash grocers.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS. Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

THE WATCH WAS LOADED.

And so was the Professor When He Had Examined It.

The examinations at a certain "prep" school were in progress. The boys were working busily over their papers, and the grim old professor was watching sharply from his desk.

Presently he noticed that one of the students, a prominent member, well-known, was consulting his watch with considerable frequency. The professor studied him. In five minutes he had looked at the timepiece three times.

"This was enough for the guardian. He called the student to his desk and demanded the watch. It was given him and he opened it. Across the face was a piece of paper bearing the legend 'Fooled!'"

But the worthy professor was not to be so easily deceived. He gave the student a sharp knowing glance, turned the timepiece over and opened the back cover. It opened with considerable difficulty, and, behold, there was another slip of paper bearing the information, "Fooled again, old fogey."

The Strongest Fortification.

Against disease one which enables us to undergo unscathed risks from harmful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Cassette's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic and nervous trouble.

Football Accidents.

A return of the football accidents for the last season in Great Britain has been made. The deaths number twenty-six, (four more than in the previous season), the broken legs thirty-six (a decrease of thirteen), the broken arms twelve (the same as in 1891-92), the collar bones broken twenty-five (an increase of seven), and the other injuries seventy-five (an increase of nineteen). The chronicler makes the grand total for the past three seasons of "deaths and damages" to be 437.

Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, 25 cents a bottle.

They Deal Now Oyster.

A couple of New Jerseymen were wandering along the Midway Pleasure and by chance they got into the ostrich farm. Neither of them had ever seen such a "critter," and they stopped in amazement. "Gosh, Bill," exclaimed one, "them's bigger musketers than we've got in New Jersey," and Bill nodded his head in emphatic assent.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Perfumes Guard Against Microbes.

To guard against infectious diseases it is advisable to surround ourselves, as far as possible, by an antiseptic atmosphere. We accomplish this in a general way by the use of disinfectants, but as many people find these very disagreeable it is useful to know that perfumes answer the purpose, and are almost as destructive to microbes as the strongest chemical preparations now in use.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. Text: 'TRIAL IS A TEST. THE TRIAL OF St. Jacobs Oil For the cure of RHEUMATISM. Is a test that proves a SURE CURE.'

Advertisement for Candy Cathartic Cascarets. Text: 'CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the best laxative. They never grip or purge, but cause easy natural results. Same size and looked free. AT STERLING BEVERLY CO., Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco, New York, and London.'

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. Text: 'REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. 1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. 3. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and color of the beans. 4. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup. Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.'

ALICE MITCHELL'S LIFE.

The Sister of Freda Ward's Hard Worker in a Tennessee Asylum.

It is said by one of Alice Mitchell's attendants in the insane asylum at Bolivar, Tenn., that she is one of the most useful women in the asylum; that she works harder than any attendant in the wards. She scrubs the floors, washes the dishes and assists in every way in keeping things in order; that she shows the greatest interest in the patients, especially the old women, to whom she is tenderly kind. She has never been heard to call Freda Ward's name or speak of that horrible murder, which from its cold-bloodedness has caused the whole world to resound her name. She occupies a cell just exactly like those of other patients, without one comfort more, but she is allowed to eat at the attendants' table, where every delicacy is provided for her by her family. She is a good musician, and when she is not at work passes her time by singing and playing. Her father and mother visit her very often, and always take her out driving. Each time she appears on the streets of Bolivar the people seem eager to catch a glimpse of her. She has never shown any symptoms of insanity except in fits of anger, which are very seldom, but, said the attendant, there is no mistaking that wild gleam of insanity at those times. She is one of the most violent-tempered women in the world, and the attendants consider her dangerous outside of the asylum. When asked how often she had seen her in these moods, the hesitating reply was: "Only once." The attendant appeared to be very fond of her, and says she does not believe she remembers anything about the killing of Freda Ward.

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