

**Lady Henry Somerset's Husband.**  
 Mr. 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 on the part of a child to reel off 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 sleeves remains. Plastron, 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 after 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.**  
 So size and use the old and well-tried remedy, *Mrs. Wessow's Boonies* 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 swinging arrangement like a crane is evenly distributed on the stack.

Ne enough 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

**Warner's Safe Cure**

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 druggists. Write for Medical Blank free. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**Dr. Kay's Re-ovaler.** Guaranteed cure dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency, biliousness, etc. Sold by all druggists and by mail for 25 cents. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

**SERVANTS AT HOME.**

WHEN IN CHARGE OF THE HOUSE HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Objectionable Behavior and Noise—The Man Who Lives Next Door Is Unable to Get Any Rest—Their Annual Three Months' Picnic.

**W**HAT'S the matter, old man? You look tired." The greeting on Monday morning had the peculiar intonation that indicates a suspicion of a prolonged search for relaxation on Sunday and its subsequent effect on the nervous system, says the New York Times.

"Look tired! I am tired, and I'm cross and ugly. Do I look as if I had been attacked by nervous dyspepsia, almost exhausted by St. Vitus' dance and then left on the rack for hours?" "Well, not quite that, old man." "Then I'm in luck. The fact of the matter is that I was out of the house only three hours yesterday and then I went to Harlem and back in the cable cars. They were the only restful hours I had between early in the morning and midnight. Why? Because I was the victim of the confidence of two of my neighbors who have closed their premises and gone to the country and have left servants in charge. Do you catch on? Well, some of your funny friends on the press don't come anywhere near the actual facts when they bring out every year the pen-worn descriptions of the antics of servants during the absence of families. If my neighbors' servants would dress up in the fineries of their mistresses, and occupy the parlors, I wouldn't mind, because the damage would be to the feelings of those who should be concerned, but when they invite their sisters, cousins, aunts and nearer relatives to jamborees in the rear yard or basement and disturb my peace of mind I'm ready to kick.

"The rear of my house is about thirty feet from the side of a large apartment house that has tenants that are as quiet as they can be, usually. My favorite room is in the rear, because it is cool and shady there. My sufferings began in the morning while reading the papers and I thought they wouldn't last long, but I didn't know the meaning of servants' invitations. The quiet old gentleman who closed the apartments in the second story and went with his wife and daughter about a month ago, leaving a servant in charge, would have been surprised if he had returned unexpectedly yesterday. I judged from the conversation that the servant had invited her brother and sister and two cousins to spend the day with her in very nicely furnished rooms, because they took possession of the parlor and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. The young men were in their shirtsleeves, and they appreciated the restful qualities of the lounges by drawing them to the windows and gathering all of the sofa pillows they could find and stretching out at full length on them. Between snatches of all the new tunes of the variety halls were remarks on the eccentricities of the tenants.

One found a French text book and tried to instruct the others in the pronunciation of French. Another who thought he had the voice of an orator recited from one of the classics that the old gentleman prized. Magazines and illustrated periodicals amused them for awhile. The mixture of slang and good literature was not very edifying. After lunch they turned to gossip and the details of picnics on previous occasions. The laughter and loud talking jarred one's nerves, and I think I would be willing to pay a month's rent for the old gentleman if he had returned and found the party in possession. I couldn't read and I could hardly write a letter and my wife couldn't get her usual afternoon dose. Late in the afternoon the visitors went away and I thought we would have a quiet evening, but that's where I made a mistake.

"My wife remained at home, but I went out for a breath of air. When I returned I heard the most exasperating noises from the basement and yard of the house adjoining. The servants in charge there had invited their friends or relatives to spend the evening, and the way they carried on was disgraceful. The fact that the front of the house was dark with drawn curtains was no indication that liveliness should not be expected behind the gloom. The contrast of the quietness in June, before the family departed, with the noisiness in July was remarkable and suggestive. The speeches, songs and remarks could not have been louder if the company had occupied an east-side tenement. The disturbance lasted until midnight. Perhaps you don't wonder now that I look tired."

The experience may be suggestive to house-owners and tenants who do not realize that they may leave behind opportunities for disagreeable and objectionable behavior. It may be said that servants should be allowed to have some fun, but it is doubtful whether their masters and mistresses would knowingly permit them to have that fun elsewhere than the neighborhoods they are willing to seek at other times. The reflection on the behavior of some servants should not be applied to all. The servants that have respect for the families they serve are quiet and orderly and they are as observant of the requirements of a respectable locality as any one could desire. They aid in the solution of the servant question. The outbreaks of others make the solution more difficult.

**THEIR BONES GO HOME.**

Lively Trade in the Shipment of Dead Chinamen.

The bones of every Chinaman who dies in this country are sent back to the celestial empire for interment, says the New York World. They are shipped in large boxes from San Francisco under the designation of "fish-bone" at the rate of \$20 a ton. This fish-bone fiction is in order to evade the rule of the steamship companies, which charge full passenger rates for the transportation of dead bodies. Nearly every Chinaman who comes here is under the care of the Six Companies. They sign a contract guaranteeing to return the bones of the dead for burial with those of their ancestors. On every steamer leaving San Francisco there are invalid Chinese steamer passengers who hope to live until they reach their native country. An agreement exists between the Six Companies and the steamship managers which forbids the burial of these Chinamen should they die at sea and the Six Companies furnish coffins of the peculiar Chinese pattern for use in such emergencies. When a Chinaman dies at sea his body is embalmed, placed in a sealed coffin and lowered into the hold. The expense is paid by the other Chinese passengers and stewards of the ship, all of whom belong to that race. When the ship reaches Hong Kong the coffins are delivered to the Tung Wah hospital, which gives them to the surviving friends in China. Every Chinaman among us is supposed to be registered at the Tung Wah hospital and with the Six Companies at San Francisco.

**Lanching on Egg Phosphate.**

"On the broiling days," says a busy woman, "food is very distasteful. I find myself ignoring luncheon hour, and then in the middle of the afternoon an exhausted in consequence. One needs nourishing food through such strain of weather, but not heating food. If I cannot eat at noon I at least go out and get an egg phosphate. There is both nourishment and a little stimulant in this drink. I take care to go to a place where I can see the fresh egg broken into the glass, which I find more appetizing and nourishing than the extract used at some soda fountain counters. About 5 o'clock I get a second one, and in this way I get through a broiling day with comfort. Two raw eggs, I find, are sufficient nourishment from breakfast to dinner, both of which meals I force myself, if the inclination is lacking, to partake of. Physicians say that systems weakened by fasting succumb easily to the effects of heat, but, on the other hand, hot meals in the middle of the day for one who must go on working through the heat of the afternoon are not to be recommended. It seems to me the egg phosphate diet solves the problem."

**Progressive Hammock Parties.**

A progressive hammock party is something new. At one recently given in a smaller Wisconsin city each guest upon arrival was presented with a tiny half square of cardboard on which was written one-half of some chosen subject. Partners were found by matching these cards, the man having the latter half of the subject being privileged to sit for five minutes with the girl who held the first part of the subject. The lawn presented a very pretty picture, hung as it was with Chinese lanterns and hammocks and having rugs spread over the grass. Over each hammock hung a card-board card bearing a line. The couple whose card bore the same inscription as that above the hammock occupied that particular one. Among the subjects were: An Ideal Boy, An Ideal Girl, Love Spoons and Chaperons. Each man conversed for five minutes upon one subject, and then progressed to the next hammock where conversation upon another topic was renewed. After each hammock was visited the girls voted as to which man had entertained them in the best manner, and he won the prize.

**PECULIAR PHRASES.**

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A reporter in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murder was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

**Condolence.**

A Detroit man recently bought himself one of the suits of tow 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 family eben if I has ter take less wages."

"You seem to think this suit is connected with hard times?"

"Yassir. But I didn't 'magine dey wue ez hard ez all dis. Hit doan mek so much differ'nce ter culled folks. Wen I wah livin' down souf I'se raised jui fam'lies ob pikerninnies dat ud tak'er coffee sack an' cut hol's foh dere arms an' mak' it pass fer co't vest an' breeches. But much ez I've hyurd 'bout dese hard times, I webber didn't spek ter see er sho nuff white gentlem-an have ter go 'roun in jute clo's."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Iowa farms for sale on crop payments.** 10 per cent cash, balance 1/2 crop yearly until paid for. J. MULL-HALL, Waukegan, Ill.

**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, Fiso's Cure is the best medicine we use.**—Mrs. J. I. 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?"

**FITS** stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 293 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**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.

In the number of Harper's Bazar issued on October 3d there will be given the first chapter of "Frances Waldens," a brilliant serial story from the pen of Rebecca Harding Davis. The story is original in treatment, and has for its motif the absorbing love of a mother for her only son. It will occupy eight consecutive numbers of the Bazar and be finely illustrated. "Autumn Fashions for Men" will be fully treated in the next issue of the Bazar.

**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.*

**Syrup of Figs**



**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.

**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, his 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 also ascertained 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.

**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.



"Everybody Likes It."

**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 free by calling on the Columbia agent, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

**POPE MFG. CO.,**  
 HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town.