

"I am very sorry, Capt. Gibbs, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no." "May I ask what the circumstances are?" "Yours."—Boston Traveller.

Beauty is Blood Deep. No beauty without it. Cascarets. Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c. 25c. 50c.

Ignorance and superstition got married before the flood.

Our American Policy. The policy of this country regarding foreign complications seems likely to remain conservative. The Monroe doctrine will be sustained, but patience and prudence in official quarters will restrain public opinion. The wisest and most prudent course for the rheumatic and malarious is to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

"I met a southerner yesterday who insists that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' brought on the war." "Well, some of the companies I have seen in the play were quite sufficient to provoke hostilities."—Puck.

CLOWN'S VENGEANCE.

That evening there was a great concourse of people on the Place de la Liberte. The Rosati Circus was giving its last performance, and the public of Toulon was flocking in crowds to this farewell representation. At the doors, beneath the flickering gleam of the rows of gas lights, there was a ceaseless crush and movement; an endless line was slowly winding its way in, halting at every step and hammering the sounding planks with a confused clatter. All around, on the notice boards stuck in the ground, the colors of the flaming posters were displayed, and, bathed in the garish light, dazzled the eye. In the crowd of spectators and idlers everyone was reading aloud the placard which stood conspicuous in front:

- : Positively the Last Time :
- : This Evening. :
- : LAST PERFORMANCES :
- : of :
- : PRINCE ICARUS :
- : (The Flying Man). :
- : of :
- : MLLLE. RITA :
- : and of :
- : AESOP :
- : (The Grasshopper Clown). :

Within the circus the seats were already overflowing, and the same names repeated from mouth to mouth blended into a general murmur, deadened by the canvas roof over the ring. Some of the circus men were raking the sawdust on the track, and above the door to the stables the musicians were languidly tuning their instruments or at times addressing friends who passed beneath the gallery. "That you? Marquis, how goes it?" etc. In the upper rows the audience was alive with impatience for the expected spectacle and irritated by the passing of the fashionable "first nighters"—envied frequenters behind the scenes—who pressed in a crowd to the narrow entrance leading to the greenroom.

Office, in civilian dress, and students, ship brokers and idle dandies, all wished for the last time to get near the fair Mlle. Rita, the celebrated equestrienne, who for a month had been the subject of conversation in every messroom and every club. They stepped along, the elbowed and the elbowed, between the walls that were covered with sets of varnished harness, and begged pardon every time they jostled a groom. They stopped at the stalls of Blue Devil and Djinn, the two trick Arabians, and, under pretext of giving some sugar to the horses, dut-

with a laugh: "Out of my way, you pitiful pigmy!"

Aesop uttered a roar of rage and anger, then suddenly calming himself, returned to the meter, and after having followed with an eye of hatred the ascent of Icarus, began fumbling with the mechanism of the stopcocks.

A great clapping of hands. A frantic ovation. Two hundred pretty women dropped their fans and leveled their opera glasses, and, a trifle pale, smiled with a delicious dread. Icarus was up there—high up at the top of the circus—hanging to the last trapeze, and turning over and over in it, slowly and without an effort.

At times he paused, and his face was seen radiant in the foolish pride of triumph. Below, in the ring, the clowns were stretching a circular net, and in all the circus reigned deep silence, broken only by a feminine whisper: "How graceful! What a handsome fellow!"

The gymnast then, finding his public sufficiently warmed up, raised himself at one pull, stiffening himself on his wrists.

The trapeze, violently thrown back, described a great arc, and, letting go the bar, the man shot forward like an arrow into space.

There was a feeling of apprehension in the crowd, and an "Oh!" of affright uttered by a thousand breasts. The acrobat reached the second trapeze, and calmly let himself swing in its decreasing oscillations.

Slowly he thus darted eleven times, calm and smiling, as he made the tour of the circus, and rejoicing at feeling beneath him the immense panting of the throng.

At this eleventh trapeze he paused to prolong this emotion—his glory—and his eyes sought out Rita. The equestrienne saw him, and with the handle of her whip threw him a kiss.

The elated Icarus, hanging by one hand, saluted her; then he brought his trapeze to rest. He was about to complete his task.

"Enough," said some voices. "No! Bravo! Encore!" cried the ladies, eager to feel once more the perverse joy of an enticing pain.

For the twelfth time the handsome gymnast, stiffening his muscular arms, essayed his terrible flight.

But an appalling cry of terror, a frantic shout arose. In an instant, suddenly—like a candle put out by the flap of a bat's wing—the thousand glistening lights of the circus were extinguished all together at the precise and fatal moment when the man was darting into space.

At the same instant there rose from the ring a laugh, terrible, vibrating with hate.

Then in the black and hideous obscurity, in the pitchy darkness that filled the circus lately so blazing, poignant shrieks rolled from row to row. Women fainted and the spectators, with their hearts crushed in hopeless terror, shudderingly sat as if petrified in their places, and peered into the night that filled the dome. The net was empty, the acrobat must be looked for in the gloom. In the search lanterns were brought and carried toward the top of the circus. Five minutes—five centuries, elapsed. Some one cried: "Bengal lights."

Then, while here and there people were trying to relight the burners, a blaze of violet and red, of green and azure, flashed out and with a powerful illumination lit up at one flash every corner of the circus with its fantastic and trembling gleams.

And suddenly, as in the flames of a transformation scene, was seen, rigid, clamped to the trapeze, Prince Icarus, hanging motionless.

An unheard-of horror paralyzed him in a supernatural frenzy. His hair stood out. His distorted mouth grinned an idiot grin terrible to see, and his face, whiter than that of a corpse, his haggard eyes, protruding from their sockets, rolled convulsively.

Soon his comrades were near him. With the handle of his knife Aesop struck the gymnast's hands, and with great difficulty detached from the bar the clenched hands of the miserable man.

The gas was relighted and the crowd, silently and without a breath, watched, as it slowly lowered down, the descent of the living corpse.

There is today near Marseilles in the asylum of Saint Pierre a poor madman who stalks straight forward, his arms held in front and contracted in an imaginary grip. It is a frightful sight. It is "Prince Icarus."

I do not know what jail holds Aesop. As to that fairy Rita, she is now a princess somewhere in Germany. (Adapted from the French of Paul Bonnetain.)

Slain by a Turkey.

The fashion by which Judge Samuel Ashe, of the first North Carolina supreme court, came to his death must have been extremely mortifying to him, observes Law Notes. He was killed by a turkey gobbler. One day, after he had become very old and infirm, he was placed in a chair under the shade of a tree in his yard. A red cap protected his ancient noddle from the attacks of flies, and his comfort was so well provided for in every way that a sweet slumber stole upon him and caused him to nod. A large turkey gobbler, which patrolled that precinct, mistaking this for a challenge, immediately gave battle. On a sudden the judge's sweet slumbers were broken by the flap of hostile wings, and ere he could collect his scattered senses a well-directed spur smote him in the temple, and he fell down and gave up the ghost.

\$1,000 for a Telegram.

A few weeks ago Bernabe then Spanish minister at Washington, sent a cablegram to Sagasta which cost \$1,000, prepaid. As the cable rates from Washington to Madrid is 43 cents a word, the important message contained 2,326 words.

Numbering Country Houses.

Out in California they are urging the adoption of a system of numbering country residences, reckoning from the county seat as a center, and thus reducing the location of a point in the rural sections as simple as within city limits. The plan is to name every road in the county, first arranging them in as long lengths as can well be done. Then divide each mile into ten parts or blocks of the same length, and number them, a new number to each frontage.

Buddha's Jewel Case.

New York Sun: Buddha's jewel-case has perhaps been discovered in the Busti district of the northwest provinces of Hindoostan, not far from the Nepal frontier. In excavating a shrine a coffin-shaped stone box was found, containing jeweled ornaments, cut gems, marble and crystal vases and some bones. Round one of the crystal vases runs an inscription, which reads as though the contents of the box had belonged to Buddha himself.

Not in That Category.

From Puck: Father—Daughter, you know it is Lent and I would like you to keep your mind off worldly things. You have done nothing but think of that new dress for the last week. I repeat, keep your mind off worldly things. Daughter (in amazement)—Why, papa, there isn't anything worldly about this dress. It is perfectly heavenly!

Coe's Cough Balsam

is the oldest and best. It will relieve a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Chinese cities, as a rule, have no lights but such as come from the houses.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance, or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from Miss MARRIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

Disease

can be driven in or driven out. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives disease out of the blood. Many medicines suppress disease—cover it but don't cure it. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases originating in impure blood by purifying the blood itself. Foul blood makes a foul body. Make it blood pure and the body will be sound. Through the blood Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, tetter, boils, eruptions, humors, rheumatism, and all scrofulous diseases.

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Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Dr. Emma Sutro Merritt, the eldest daughter of Adolph Sutro, of San Francisco, is to become president of the Sutro Electric Railway. She graduated from Vassar College with honors in 1877.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents bottle.

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Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup.

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LADIES to do plain sewing at home. \$1.50 per day. A most work guaranteed. Send a stamped envelope for particulars. R. W. HUTTON & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headache, etc. At druggists 25c & \$1.

IT COSTS NOTHING to get our new Catalogue. Hundreds of people save hundreds of dollars solecting Furniture, Draperies, etc., from it. Send for it. It gives prices and pictures. ORCHARD & WILHELM CARPET CO., 1418 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease

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"It takes money to win battles these days." "Yes, I understand that even the enemy can no longer be charged."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Old Soldier.

Jacob M. Shafer, Farmington, Me., writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Kay's Renovator is the most satisfactory of anything I ever used. I have been a great sufferer from blood poisoning and biliousness received as a reward for loyalty to sick and disabled comrades in the hospital. Have tried everything and no remedy has given me the pleasure and comfort received from Dr. Kay's Renovator."

We know Dr. Kay's Renovator never has had an equal as a Spring Medicine, or for dyspepsia or any stomach, bile, constipation, liver or kidney diseases. Why not give us a chance to prove it to you? Send address for our 68-page book of recipes and prescriptions. Several have said it is worth five and ten dollars. Druggists sell Dr. Kay's Renovator at 25c. and \$1. or six for \$5, but if they do not have it, do not take any substitute they may say is "just as good" for it has no equal. If they do not have it, you can get it from us by return mail. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

Why is the slow delivery of a lecturer more desirable than that of a messenger boy?

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why do so many people question your answers when you answer their questions?

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever, 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The wife of Maximio Gomez was Miss Pink Martin, of Nail's Creek, Tenn. Her widowed mother went to Havana after the war because her brother was in business there.

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like Coffee. Looks like Coffee. Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

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WANTED MEN TO SELL our Minnesota Nursery Stock. Good pay, every week. Start now and be first in the field for all summer. The Jewell Nursery Co., Lake City, Minn.



AN IDIOT GRIN.

tered about the extemporized dressing room where Rita, tranquil and smiling, was donning her attire. Then came in succession the commonplace compliments, to which the star of the circus, unheeding, scarcely deigned to give an answer, without seeming to note the ardent gaze of her admirers.

She was a handsome girl, a careless gypsy, with the sun in her eyes and her blood, accustomed to the atmosphere of admiration, and she finished her toilet without hurrying. At times, however, impatiently and with a pretty, rebellious movement, she gave her shoulders a shake and made the pearls of her necklace rattle. It was then the little clown Aesop, her husband, who, all befouled and painted, was walking before the room, his huge topknot swaying at every step, drew near, and with his sharp falsetto voice launched some taunt at the artist's courtiers. They laughed, they even applauded, but more often they lowered their eyes before the cutting, cold gaze of the dwarf, whose wan and grotesque face—in spite of the smile of his blood-red and too large lips—seemed at some moments to be fraught with evil.

This evening the manikin was in a worse humor than usual; his jeers were more biting and more bitter, and beneath the coat of flour covering his seamed features he appeared not pale, but livid. His eyes had a sharp and menacing flash in them, and never left Rita, who, gayly posed before her mirror, was having her bodice laced by the handsome gymnast Icarus.

In the circus the orchestra was finishing a waltz, by Metra. The curious were gradually quitting the stable and returning to their places. The sharp cuts of the ring master's whip were cracking in the arena; the show had begun. Icarus placed a last rose in the hair of the equestrienne and ran to chalk her shoes. He stumbled against his dwarfish comrade.

The clown seemed very busy in examining the gas meter, and pushed him away with an oath. Then, without more ado, the acrobat sent him reeling, and leaping on a ladder, cried

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This Starch is prepared on scientific principles, by men who have had years of experience in fancy laundering. It restores old linen and summer dresses to their natural whiteness and imparts a beautiful and lasting finish. The only starch that is perfectly harmless. Contains no arsenic, alum or other injurious substance. Can be used even for a baby powder.

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