

## AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

From the Times, Fair Park, Ill.  
A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later, was run over by a Burlington R. R. train. That griefs and misfortunes may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them, her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal trouble has



A Constant Sufferer.

been neuralgia of the stomach, which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well-known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People). She supplied herself with a quantity of them, and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement in her condition. She continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years, and is not troubled in the least with nervousness. If any one would like to hear more of the details of her suffering and relief gained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they may be obtained probably, by writing the lady direct. She is one of our well-known residents, Mrs. Ellen A. Oederkirk, Paw Paw, Ill.

**Oldest English Business.**  
Probably the oldest business in England is an ancient linen drapery concern, which has been in existence since 1600. Under the title of the Sign of the Croune, the industry has been carried on in the old town of Bedfordshire, nearly 300 years, for more than half of which time it has been in the hands of a single family in an almost direct line. Since 1750 this ancient drapery shop has been under the control of Cator & Sons, who occupy the original building.

Never wear a short stocking, or one which, after being washed, is not at least one-half inch longer than the foot. Bear in mind that stockings shrink. Be sure that they will allow your toes to spread out at the extreme ends, as this keeps the joints in place and makes a strong and attractive foot. As to shape of stockings the single digital or "one-toe" stocking is the best.

## Spring Medicine

A Good Blood Purifier a Necessity Now

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Unequaled for Making Rich, Red Blood.

The necessity for taking a good Spring Medicine to purify the blood and build up the system is based upon natural and unavoidable causes. In cold weather there has been less perspiration and impurities have not passed out of the system as they should. Food has consisted largely of rich, fatty substances, and there has been less opportunity for outdoor exercise. The result is, the blood is loaded with impurities and these must be promptly expelled or health will be endangered. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best Spring Medicine because it is the best blood purifier and tonic. It thoroughly purifies the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. All druggists. 25c.



### POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.  
Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

## EXCURSIONS

To the Free Grant Lands of Western Canada, where sweet lands and fertile fields are to be seen, will be personally conducted by a Canadian Government representative on

MARCH 23 AND 30, AND APRIL 6,

leaving St. Paul on these dates. For particulars as to the specially low passenger and freight rates apply to the Western Canadian Pacific Railway. Agents for the Government of Canada.

**SEND FOR A BICYCLE**  
High Grade '98 Models, \$14 to \$40.  
GREAT CLEARING SALE of '97 and '98 models, best makes, \$9.75 to \$18. Send on approval without any payment. Free use of wheel to our agents. Write for our new plan "How to Earn a Bicycle" and make money. SPECIAL THIS WEEK—40 high grade models (including ebonite), \$18.10 each. "Wanderer's Wheel," a sovereign book of art, picture and map with many facts.  
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URIC ACID AND ALL RHEUMATISM.  
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION

# POLITICS OF THE DAY

## REVOLT OF THE NORTHWEST.

The temper of the Northwestern States of the Union on the subject of monopolies and grabs of public franchises is unmistakable. It shows itself at every opportunity. Great cities like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia may, if they choose, yield themselves helplessly to the spoiler, but in the second-rate cities more public spirit is apt to develop itself, and somehow, too, it seems to more easily find leaders and accomplish results. Under such guidance municipalities like Detroit, Toledo and Syracuse have entered upon a new career, and their residents have devoted themselves to civic economy, the ownership and operation of their franchises, low street car fares, cheap gas and similar reforms. The enthusiasm, dashed with self-interest, which it has been found so difficult to awaken, or, rather, so easy to suppress, in the greater class of cities, there finds full vent and effect.

Nor is it only on the pavements that this spirit manifests itself; the open fields and country roads witness the same march of progress. Governor Pingree called an extra session of the State Legislature of Michigan. His call announces that a revision of the State tax law is necessary; that the corporations—the railroad, express, telegraph and telephone companies—each own one-third or more of the property within the State, have succeeded in so arranging legislation that they pay only about one-twenty-sixth part of the taxes; and that the schools, asylums and other public institutions are therefore left to be supported by the farmers, laborers and manufacturers and other individual producers.

The decision of the Supreme Court at Washington against the railroad rate law of Nebraska is also likely to result in an extra session of the Legislature in order to pass a new law for the restraint of the unjust freight charges of the corporations. In fact, everywhere in the West restlessness under corporation tyranny and exaction is beginning to be seen and felt.—New York News.

**What Are the Specifications?**  
The Hamilton Club assured President McKinley by telegraph that it felicitates him on the magnificent results and the fulfillment of the Republican promises of 1896 achieved during the first year of his administration.

What results, magnificent or other, beyond the prompt passage in special session of a drastic and onerous trust measure known to the world as the Dingley tariff? What else? Has there been currency reform? If the President wants it he does not indicate a plan, and the Republican House has no prospect of agreeing upon any that may emanate from him or from anybody else. There is no currency reform after a year's administration under McKinley. The annexation of Hawaii is promised, but not accomplished. It is due to McKinley, however, to say that he has done his level best to bring that calamity about. The Nicaragua Canal was promised as a national work, but it has not been undertaken. The Danish islands were to be purchased. No negotiations to that end have commenced. Cuba was to be free. But Cuba is not free. We were to have an end of foreign immigration, at least that much of foreign immigration as was incapable of passing an examination for a New England university, but, while the Senate has passed Mr. Lodge's bill, the Republican House looks on it and date not pass it. Territories were to be admitted, Alaska was to be represented, but why go over all the promises that were so freely made by the Republicans of 1896?

It would have been far more to the point if the Hamilton Club had given specifications. Its generalizations were well enough as Republican assertions, but facts do not support them.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Too Much Protection.**  
The cotton industry has a tariff schedule entirely satisfactory. The experts do not know how to better it or to make it more protective. But the industry languishes. Shutting down the mills has been tried, in order to starve the market, without bringing recovery. Wages have been reduced. Still, though prices be phenomenally low, there is an unsold surplus.

The Manchester (N. H.) Union, counting the statistics of the export of cotton cloths, finds that in nearly every part of the western hemisphere there has been a falling off in shipments. It gives the following table of exports for 1896 and 1897:

	1896.	1897.
	Yards.	Yards.
British North America	35,519,380	13,378,247
Central America	11,720,035	9,118,980
Mexico	7,208,007	5,829,065
Santa Domingo	2,094,776	1,854,125
Cuba	244,350	298,530
Porto Rico	232,300	69,430
Argentina	4,313,130	2,128,867
Brazil	9,500,508	7,865,000
Colombia	7,454,202	6,184,563
Other South America	26,648,497	22,047,222
Total	101,994,425	69,685,256

There was a trifling net gain in the total amount of cotton cloths exported of about 4,000,000 yards, principally in sales to the Asiatics, but the losses in our near-by markets are exasperating. Evidently, there is such a thing as too much protection. Our best foreign market is Canada, and that has already been cut down more than one-half.

**Disagreement in the Cabinet.**  
Here we have Secretary Alger asserting that the United States is nearer war with Spain than it has been at any time

since the beginning of the present crisis, and, on the other hand, a dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, credits Secretary Gage with frankly declaring that he does not believe that the present complications with Spain will lead to war. "The people of the country," Mr. Gage is reported as saying, "are getting used to this war talk, and they understand that it means little or nothing."—Boston Herald.

**More Taxes to Be Paid.**  
Now Mr. Dingley steps to the front and tries to take advantage of the liberality of the country and of Congress. Although he has insisted ever since the production of his first deficit that his tariff bill would produce more than enough revenue for all the needs of the government, he considers this a good time to announce that we had better submit to some more taxation whether we are going to war with anybody or not.

Of course this was inevitable. It was only a question of how long he and those responsible for our present tariff muddle would keep up the pretense of expecting the Dingley law to prove equal to the treasury's requirements. Under it the deficit has been already increased by something like \$50,000,000, which, added to the equal sum voted the other day by Congress as an emergency fund, to be expended by the President in any way he likes, makes us as a nation one hundred millions poorer than we were eight months ago.

Naturally we must expect that the new taxes to be imposed will be taken out of the pockets of those least able to pay them. This is the usual Republican way, which is not likely to be departed from. The trusts, corporations and the rich generally almost invariably escape their share of such burdens, and they will undoubtedly keep on doing so as long as Mark Hanna occupies a seat in the Senate and has a bedroom reserved for him in the White House.

**The Line Is Drawn.**  
The vote in Congress has decided the money status of the two political parties. The Republican party has declared for gold, and gold only, while the Democrats are for both gold and silver. The Republican party cares nothing for the people, but depends upon the monopolists to furnish money to corrupt the voters at election time according to the Hanna idea. If they can so fix the finances of this country that the bondholders can make millions out of the people, it can readily be seen that a huge campaign fund can be raised to keep that party in power. To be a Republican means the gold standard. To be for bimetalism one must vote with the Democrats. The line is drawn, and cannot be changed till after 1900.

**Secrets of a Corrupt Campaign.**  
If Matt Quay and John Wanamaker should fall out in the present contest in Pennsylvania and tell all they know about each other it would make the spiciest reading ever introduced into Pennsylvania politics. When Quay was chairman of the National Committee and went out to buy the Presidency John Wanamaker looked pious and furnished the money to do the bribing and pay for the stealing. On account of their mutual interest in that incident it will probably not get hot enough in the fight to bring out the facts, though there is no telling what such a man as holy John may conclude to do.—Louisville Dispatch.

**Why They Want a Bigger Army.**  
The bond syndicate and its creatures care nothing for national honor. It is nothing to them that thousands of wretched people are being starved and tortured in Cuba. They are for peace, peace at any price, for war would cause a flurry in stocks, they fear, and their dividends might be affected. These financiers were with the President, heartily with him, when he strengthened the army and bought guns and ammunition. They approve soldiers, and believe in standing armies, but not for making war. They want the military ready in case the laboring class grows desperate and revolts.—Kansas City Times.

**Trouble for the Sugar Trust.**  
The sugar trust is undergoing the fatal experience which sooner or later overtakes all such monopolistic violations of the laws of trade. New refineries are springing up, and the trust must submit to their competition or buy them off on their own terms. Each successive purchase at heavy cost of plants that are not needed reduces the resources of the monopoly, and at last will come the collapse. The sugar trust has had a long and prosperous run, but there is no mistaking the signs of revolt against its power.

**Need of an Andrew Jackson.**  
The question of the moment is whether President McKinley's backbone is equal to the crisis. The money powers are centering their combined influence upon him to avert war, even if he shall have to go to the extent of making us a nation of crow eaters, and he is more or less dominated by the money powers. The Spanish and Spanish-Cuban bonds, which the money powers hold, would greatly depreciate in value were war to ensue, and there is the rub. Would that an Andrew Jackson were in the Presidential chair.—Kansas City Times.

The oldest tree in the British Isles is said to be the Barbourie Yew, in Kent.

## DEATH OF LOUIS XV.

The King Died of the Most Violent Form of Smallpox.

"Marie-Antoinette as Dauphine" is the title of an article by Miss Anna L. Bicknell in the Century. Miss Bicknell says:

On April 28, 1774, Louis XV. felt the first symptoms of illness while at Trianon, his favorite summer palace adjoining Versailles, to which he returned immediately. During the night of the 29th the characteristic eruption of smallpox appeared in its worst form. With admirable devotedness the King's daughters came to his bedside, notwithstanding the dreadful danger of contagion, and remained there day and night till his death. Marie-Antoinette had asked admittance to his room, but, for very evident reasons, neither the heir apparent nor his wife was allowed to breathe an atmosphere so dangerous that more than fifty persons took the smallpox, merely from having crossed the gallery before the door of the King's room. Monsieur Leticie took the disease fatally, merely through having opened the door to look at the King for two minutes.

Regardless of danger, the Archbishop of Paris came to Versailles. He was anxious to secure the means of repentance and a Christian death to the wretched sinner; but, at the same time he declared that he would not allow the last sacraments of the church to be administered to the dying man unless Madame du Barry were previously dismissed from the palace. On the 4th of May the Duchesse d'Angouleme took her to a country house belonging to the Duc d'Angouleme. There was consequently no further obstacle to the administration of the last rites of the church. Shortly afterwards his condition became more alarming, and it was evident that the end was at hand.

The courtiers crowded in the large room called the "Salle de l'Oeil de Boeuf," where they habitually awaited the King's pleasure. The carriages were in readiness to take the royal family to Choisy; a lighted candle placed in the window of the King's apartment was to be extinguished as the signal for departure, which the fear of contagion, in addition to other considerations, caused to be impatiently expected.

The candle was extinguished; the great clock was stopped at the fatal hour—3 p. m. It was the 10th of May, 1774. The rush of the courtiers, with the noise like thunder, as they hastened to pay homage to the new sovereign, was the first announcement of the great event to the young heir and his wife. Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette burst into tears, and with a joint impulse fell on their knees, exclaiming: "God help us and protect us! We are too young to reign!" The King was not yet twenty; the Queen was in her nineteenth year.

Madame de Noailles came into the room where they had remained together in seclusion and anxious expectancy, and addressing them by their new titles, begged them to receive the dignitaries who had come to pay homage to the King and Queen. The Queen appeared leaning on the King's arm; weeping bitterly, she received the first visits of the royal family and the principal officials; but the physicians urged the necessity of immediate departure. The carriages were ready, and the whole court set off for Choisy, leaving the wretched remains of the late sovereign to the care of servants and workmen. The unfortunate man who soldered the lead coffin died within twenty-four hours. The body was taken to St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, during the following night, with a military escort, followed by the execration of the populace loudly expressed on the way. The scandalous reign of Louis XV. was ended; a new reign was beginning.

"Le roi est mort!"  
"Vive le roi!"

**The Enchantress.**  
She played upon her sweet guitar,  
She smiled at him the while;  
Emboldened then, she sang a bar  
Or two in awful style.

He yawned—his larynx was displayed,  
She dropped her sweet guitar;  
"Perhaps," exclaimed the angry maid,  
"You know what manners are;

"But if you do I must declare  
I have conceived the fact";  
He went and kissed the maiden fair,  
He was a man of tact!

"Sweet little sorceress," he said,  
"I fell beneath a spell,  
And so I nearly lost my head,  
For you performed so well."

Ah, woman, woman! Flattery  
Goes right into thy heart;  
It dries the tears, it comforts thee,  
It soothes thy keenest smart!

She gave her hand to him, and so  
She never plays to-day—  
The first thing that he did was to throw  
Her sweet guitar away.  
—Cleveland Leader.

### Sparrows Vanquish a Cat.

The little English sparrows are the gamest birds that live. They have driven the bluebirds, robins, martens, and swallows away from most of their old haunts and taken possession, just as the white man crowded the Indian to the frontier ahead of civilization. Several persons watched a flock of the brave little fellows try to drive a cat out of the park at the City Hall, says the Kansas City Star. Hundreds of sparrows hop about the lawn and catch worms in the big flower-bed all day. A large gray cat stole across the sward and hid among the flowers. She lay motionless a long time watching a chance to spring upon a sparrow, but the birds watched her and kept out of her reach. Finally the flock seemed to be holding a council of war. They grouped themselves on the turf a few yards away from the cat and chat-

tered vociferously. Then they began hopping toward the cat, forming a regular line of battle.

Puss became nervous as the big flock of birds came almost within her reach, and she backed away, hoping that one would be foolhardy enough to advance within her reach. Suddenly the whole flock of birds took wing with great chattering and whirling, and flew directly over the cat. It frightened her, and she fled.

Then the sparrows settled among the flowers, and began scratching for worms.

### NAMES FOR HEROES.

**Difficult Task to Select Appropriate Titles for Characters.**

The invention of names for heroes and heroines is always a ticklish task. When native authors baptize foreigners they often make the most egregious blunders. Not one writing Frenchman in the thousand is there who, tackling with an English name, makes a possible one. Unfamiliar names in novels may strike you with their inaptness, but you may become accustomed to them in time. Ultra-romantic names are vulgar, and are never assimilated.

It is, then, a very nice thing in literary art to make a judicious selection. We all know the Balzac method of acquiring a name for his characters. The great romancer hunted for them. As he walked through the streets he read the signs. Happening to have a personage in his brain whose peculiar traits he had emphasized, when he saw a name he appropriated it. It, the name, became the personal attribute of the man of his imagination, and it was alive. There is an anecdote related of him which, we think, Miss Wormeley repeats. Balzac came home one day highly elated and told that after a whole month's hunting he had found at last over a tailor's shop the precise name he wanted.

Dickens must have carried out the same process. We all know that the Pickwick as a family were not uncommon in England. Somebody writes to the Spectator that years ago when looking over some legal papers he found in the one and same document several of the names used by Dickens, notably "Tupman" and "Winkle," and the supposition is that this same document must have passed through a solicitor's office. There is something ludicrous in "Camp," but hardly in "Harris." But the probability is that Dickens had seen them in conjunction.

Thackeray was excellent in his nomenclature, and never sought the extraordinary. Henry James and Mr. Howells are not in the least fastidious, nor for that is Mr. Hardy, but, nevertheless, was there ever any mortal who was called "Dick Swiveller"?—New York Times.



It is not generally known that at the time of his death Du Maurier had completed two papers giving reminiscences of the two celebrated caricaturists with whom he was closely associated—John Leech and Charles Keene, as well as an account of his own career as illustrator. The articles appear in Harper's Magazine, accompanied by drawings, some of which had never been published.

With "Marion Crawford at Sorrento," the Critic begins the second of a new series of "Authors at Home." The article presents an interesting picture of the home life of the famous American author, who was born and brought up in Italy, and seems to have made that country his permanent home, though at least one-half of each year is spent in America. A new photograph of Mr. Crawford, taken for the occasion, and a group of his children at the entrance to Villa Crawford illustrate the article.

Captain Mahan, in his article in Scribner's, asserts that while the capture of Burgoyne has been classed as one of the "Decisive Battles of the World," it was only made possible by "the invaluable year of delay secured to them in 1776 by their little navy on Lake Champlain, created by the indomitable energy and handled by the indomitable courage of the traitor, Benedict Arnold." This little-appreciated naval campaign is expounded by Captain Mahan in his usual philosophical manner.

The rarest autographs in the world are probably Shakespeare's. Only seven are claimed to exist: Three signatures to his will (two of which are doubtful), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful), and one in a translation of Montaigne; this last is in the British Museum, and cost over 300 guineas. This total absence of record is as marvelous as his genius itself. He must have written many thousands of words (for it is not likely that he employed a typewriter), yet all have vanished. What would one give, not for a play, but even for a letter of his, no matter what the subject, written incontestably by himself? How we should like to know how he made his "very C's, his U's and his T's," something that was "in contempt of question, his own hand?"

**The T. st.**  
Miss Millward—You say you love me, but you must prove it. Make some great sacrifice for me and I will then believe you.

Mr. Helmswood—By Jove, I'll do it! I'll limit myself to three packages of cigarettes to-morrow for your sake!

The monkey has one advantage over the Anglomaniac—he's imported.

# Catch Cold Easily?

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning? Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Paster protects the lungs from colds.

### Help at Hand.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

**Her Vulnerable Point.**  
"It's very foolish, according to my ideas," said Mrs. Sampson, addressing the Ladies' Sewing Circle, during a lull caused by a frantic hunt for a missing pair of shears, "is it worse than foolish for people to give way to their nerves as they do. Now I may say with truth that I haven't a nerve in my body which isn't perfectly under control. It's merely a matter of self-control, of course every one knows."

The minister's wife flushed uneasily, and Miss Marvin looked conscious, but defiant.

"Now I've heard of people," said Mrs. Sampson, pursuing her theme with relish, "who couldn't stand the ticking of a little clock in a room where they slept, or even the ticking of a watch! They'd wrap them up in flannel, or some such thing, to deaden the sound. It hardly seems possible to me that anybody could be so foolish, but I've been told it for a fact."

"Then there are those who don't like to hear wood sawed."  
Here the minister's wife breathed freely; her particular weakness having been mentioned at the start, she knew that for her the worst was over.

"Now that seems downright ridiculous to me!" continued Mrs. Sampson. "A necessary sound like that! I should feel it my duty to sit in the woodshed and listen to sawing till I had overcome my nerves once for all!"

Miss Marvin's nose was elevated, and she gave a distinct sniff.

"I've heard of people who couldn't bear to see their rock," continued Mrs. Sampson, calmly, "and of those who didn't feel equal to hearing the sound of a hammer, or rain on a tin roof, or water dripping from a faucet, or a pen that scratched once in a while, or squeaky shoes. I've heard that all those things made certain people 'nervous'—and other things just as foolish."

Mrs. Sampson paused to measure a hem. She wore an air of lofty superiority.

Miss Marvin looked like one whose hour of triumph has arrived. She knew her old neighbor "like a book." She nicked one edge of a length of cotton cloth with her scissors, and proceeded to tear it with great deliberation.

Before the cloth was torn in two the entire sewing circle was wreathed in smiles, for there sat the prophet of self-control with her fingers in her ears!

The citizens of Berlin have a summary method of stopping the dangerous practice of carrying sticks and umbrellas horizontally. As soon as a man tucks his umbrella under his arm, he will promptly feel a quick blow on it from behind. There is no use in his getting angry with the person who strikes the blow, because public opinion sanctions his conduct.

Russia constituted the country of the Russ, a tribe who overran it at a very early period. The Russian empire was founded by Roric, or Rourik, a Scandinavian chief, whose death took place in the year A. D. 879.

**The Queen's surname.**  
Queen Victoria's surname is Wettin by marriage, but an expert in genealogy says that by birth she is an Este rather than a Guelph. She has claims also to Fitz-Alan, Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart. It is a wise Queen who knows her own surname.

"Depend not on fortune, but on conduct." Don't wait for something to turn up by which you may gain an easy position and good salary. Work your way up; it's harder, but surer.—Retail Clerks' Gazette.