

R. G. STROTHER, Editor.
F. K. STROTHER, Manager.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

NEW.

The Silent Opinion.

Most men have some silent opinions about women and most women about men. There are certain types of face, certain kinds of manner, certain methods of expression even, for which many men and women are utterly condemned in the minds of some of their brothers and sisters. A disposition to dislike certain types of face is at times so strong as to suggest a previous existence. We do not openly say that all women with such and such eyebrows are hard hearted or that a man must be a charlatan if the color of his eyes and hair contradict each other; but we act continually upon notions hardly less unreasonable. Educated men with small vocabularies, for instance, are divided as a rule by clever women into fools by birth and self-made fools, according to whether their want of equipment be ascribed to nature or to affectation. To the first they are indifferent; to the latter they have almost always a more or less active dislike. Such men are often able, a fact their own sex invariably recognize. The man whose words are few and ill chosen may be a man of prompt and reasoned action, who having been brought up among the silent wise or the garrulous silly deprecates the waste of pains occasioned by the game of talk. All mental athletics bore him just as physical athletics bore others. In the same way, says the London Spectator, the fact that a man pretends to know no more words than a savage may be a matter of awkward though genuine humility—a fear of pretending to a culture he does not possess—or an act of superficial conformity to a passing fashion among a small set. It may have no more to do with his real mind than an ugly figure or an ill-cut coat. Circumstances will sometimes convince even a clever woman of these facts so far as a given man is concerned, but she will never alter her silent opinion as to the generality. Clever women are very hard on the men they imagine to be fools. Able men, on the other hand, are not at all hard on women they know to be stupid. Where youth and beauty are concerned the fact is easily understood; but youth and beauty by no means explain the whole of this phenomenon. Many men are inclined to think that the kind of mental power in women which we colloquially call brains exists in inverse ratio to their common sense and serves only to carry them with fatiguing rapidity through verbal fallacies to a false conclusion.

Gum Chewing Statistics.

There is now being passed about a collection of facts about the chewing-gum industry which is uncomfortable reading for the fastidious. The American man, woman and child, it appears, chews on an average ten one-cent sticks of gum every year. The allowance would be somewhat larger if infants below the gum-chewing age be excluded. This consumption obviously means a net chewing-gum bill of \$8,000,000 a year. The chewing of gum is not only a foreign industry, but was deliberately made such, so far as the raw material is concerned, after the native, home industry, product had been rejected. Spruce gum gathered in Maine was the original chewing gum. It has still kept a place for itself, but a subordinate one. Then sweetened wax came into use. It was a pure American invention and patriotic stuff to chew. But the Mexican chicle, introduced originally as a substitute for India-rubber, was turned to this use some 30 years ago, and has practically driven its rivals from the market.

Within the past month the maritime journals have contained the advertisements of three ships and barks and two brigs offered for sale by their owners immediately upon their return from their voyages. The presumption is that these vessels will be dismantled and join the increasing list of coal barges recruited from the ranks of the old square riggers. This process, which has been going on steadily for many years past, appears to be more rapid than ever of late, says the New York Post. Between 1894 and the present time the number of vessels of this class under the American flag has decreased from 633 to 290. The United States commission of navigation predicts their entire disappearance inside of 20 years.

The latest statistics on the subject of clergymen's salaries furnish material for the conclusion, that a preacher of the present day must choose between debt, single blessedness, race suicide and a rich wife. But, asks the Boston Herald, what's the matter with trusting in the Lord?

Some of the men's colleges are prohibiting cane and flag rushes. But nothing is heard from the women's colleges on the subject of bargain counter rushes.

It is not true that the diamond is the most valuable of the precious stones. The relative value of the finer gems places the ruby at the head of the list, the diamond second, and, following this, the sapphire. It is a very common occurrence to find a perfect diamond; but a perfect ruby is rare.

The department of commerce and labor has decided that chorus girls do not labor and therefore cannot be called laborers. Any stage manager could have told them that.

Countess Castellane Must Give Up Millions to Retain Her Children

Has Choice of Paying Count's Debts or Allowing Him to Keep the Boys—Tragic Ending of Sordid International Marriage

Paris.—Anna Gould, the countess of Castellane, probably will pay \$5,000,000 for her three sons.

Count Boni de Castellane, father of the children, demands possession of the first great American millionaire's choice between paying his debts and giving up her children. Unless she pays the debts the French court probably will hold that she cannot take them from France without the consent of the spendthrift nobleman who, since March 4, 1895, when he married her, has squandered over \$9,000,000 of Jay Gould's fortune and now seeks to make it \$14,000,000 before he will release her.

That the Goulds will pay the \$5,000,000, settle the debts of Boni de Castellane, even those of the usurers who

have preyed off him for years, is believed by their friends and by counsel in the case. If the Goulds remain firm, Count Boni will ask the court to forbid the mother to take her children beyond the jurisdiction of the French courts. He will plead that if the children are given into the custody of the mother they may be taken beyond the reach of the courts, and if the court upholds his contention, as the lawyers believe it will, the count may win.

The children for whom the countess may pay \$1,666,666 each are: Boni de Castellane, aged ten years. George Gould de Castellane, aged nine. Jay de Castellane, aged four years and six months.

Perhaps every mother in the world has said she would not take a million dollars for her baby, and now the American girl who became the best known, if not the most famous, noblewoman in Europe through the lavish misuse of money, has the opportunity of buying her children at a price little in excess of what she paid, only a few years ago, for a bed.

If the final payment of \$5,000,000 is made, Anna Gould will have paid \$2,689,194 a year for her husband and her title—and her children—which even now she may lose.

Children May Prefer Father.

The attitude of the children themselves toward the warring parents is rather inclined toward the father. They are more French than American, having been raised in France and in such luxury and extravagance that they scarcely know the meaning of money, the thing that has caused all—or almost all—the woes of the American girl who allied her millions to a doubtful French title.

Their loyalty to their mother is undoubted, but between America and France they choose France, because the older ones have been trained in French schools, and, deeper than that, because they have been reared in the religion of their father. If the choice lies with them it will be France and the Roman Catholic church on one side, and the love of their mother—and money—on the other. The countess herself has become almost French.

Story Is Tragic.

The story best can be told by years; the story of the little girl overburdened with the wealth that Jay Gould had won by fair and foul means in the railroad world and the stock jobbing market, who married a French near-nobleman, noble in name and ignoble in almost everything else except

delicateness and only have to be warmed up.

This is the way things are done largely in the cities, but the same

NO MORE HOME-MADE BREAD.

It is Shortly to Be a Relic of Dead-and-Gone Days Beyond Recall.

Some one who claims to be an authority on the subject offers the sad information that it will not be long before home-made bread will be as much a relic of the dead-and-gone days as homespun clothing and home-made soap. By the observing, who have noted the conditions in the average home, it has for some time been known that home-made bread has already nearly reached a state of "innocuous desuetude." On a careful estimate it has been asserted that there are 1,500,000 loaves of machine-made bread baked in New York city every day, not counting rolls, buns and biscuits. This is the day of the "paper bag housekeeper." In thousands of homes there is no kitchen, only a "kitchenette." The oil and the gas stove and the chafing dish have pushed the real stoves and ranges out to the junk heap. Breakfast comes in a pasteboard box, and luncheon and dinner come ready-made from a

cept his ability to fight with others of his type.

On March 4, 1895, Boni de Castellane, alleged nobleman of France, married Anna Gould. She had met the pink and white, dapper Frenchman by special arrangement of his own—of which she knew nothing—and perhaps she had loved him, in a way. Perhaps she dreamed he was her Prince Charming. The Frenchman came to America. He lived in a back room over a dressmaker's establishment. He had come to America to marry money. He said it himself. And before he married he asked for a marriage portion of \$5,000,000 and got \$3,000,000. He hadn't even met Miss Gould when he privately announced that he would marry her. He had little money, but he was determined to wed. He went to a hotelkeeper and explained. Then he moved to one of the greatest hotels in the world and gave a little dinner, and a "friend" asked Miss Gould to attend. Within a month the wedding was arranged. A month later the engagement was announced. The day of the announcement Castellane moved to the Waldorf-Astoria and began buying on credit.

The day after the wedding the bills began to pour in.

They went to Paris and Boni de Castellane began spending Jay Gould's millions. His first great exploit was the purchase of a site in the famous Avenue Malakoff and to order workmen to reproduce Le Petit Trianon, the retreat of Louis XIV, home of the famous Mme. de Maintenon, to copy the most infamous, licentious court of history. Millions poured into the building. One bed alone cost almost a million dollars. Art treasures were purchased.

One fete given by Boni de Castellane swept away a ninth of the yearly income of his wife, which was \$900,000. Millions were spent before they

were earned. The girl with an income of nearly a million dollars a year was in debt.

Find Comfort in Baby.

The countess was not happy—but then Boni was born and came to comfort her. Her husband continued his wild extravagances until even Paris marveled. Millions seemed to have turned his head. The nursery for his heir in Petit Trianon was furnished at the expense of more than the ordinary man makes in a lifetime.

The year 1898 was marked by Castellane's duel with Henri Turot and his blackballing in the Jockey club.

But still, with her two sons, the little countess was busy and found solace in them, even when the extravagances of her husband and his wild actions caused doubt as to his sanity. His eccentricities and his half insane desire for notoriety amazed even Paris. He planned a riot directed against the president of France at the races at Auteuil, and he and his wife were among the chief actors in the comedy-drama which cost them a fortune.

Boni was becoming ridiculous. He proved himself skillful at fencing, wounding one adversary. Even his title was attacked; he was ridiculed openly in the chamber of deputies, and at the end of the year, when he came to the United States to get more money, he was charged with fleeing from creditors.

The countess came with him, bringing her two sons, the only solace she had, and they had an argument on the ship—neither of them knowing the American flag when they saw it.

"Down and Out."

The man who wins in the fight for fame, who wins in the war for gold, the welkin rings with his lauded name. Wherever his deeds are told. Not mine to jeer when I hear him hailed; I'm proud of his heart so stout—But what of the fellow who tried and failed?

The fellow that's "down and out!" Shall I be said for the man who tried? The goal of his hopes to gain? Who faced the battle with patient pride? And fought through the fight was vain? Whose spirit in one weak moment quailed, Who fell at the last redoubt? Ah, many a hero heart has failed, So here's to the "down and out!"

The man who wins, O, honor him well, And give him the praise that's due, But don't forget the other who fell Ere ever his dream came true; Yes, honor the man whose will prevailed, Who baffled despair and doubt—But give one thought to the man who failed.

The fellow that's "down and out!"—Dante A. McCarthy, in N. Y. Sun.

Millions to Save Name.

In 1900 financial troubles were at a climax. Castellane had openly sturred the Goulds, especially Helen Gould. His family openly charged that Anna Gould was "bourgeoise." Boni was as reckless as ever. Petit Trianon was incomplete. Boni came to America again to get money and failed. The countess' chateau at Dumarais was ordered sold for debt and only an appeal to her family saved it. Traders openly insulted the Castellanes and dunned them in public. George and Edwin Gould gave \$1,000,000 to save the family pride. Boni had spent \$3,000,000, besides his wife's income, and owed over \$4,000,000.

In 1901 the courts took a hand to save the fortune of the little American. A receiver was appointed in the person of her brother George. The family paid \$4,700,000 of Boni's debts and held the countess' fortune to protect her and themselves. By order of the court the income of the Castellanes was reduced from \$900,000 to \$200,000, but they fought in court and got the entire income.

Debts were piling up again and the Goulds were stubborn, refusing to hand out more millions to be thrown away.

With her three children to comfort her and keep her busy, the countess did not care. But in 1904 the real trouble began, the trouble that changed the countess and made her a woman and a mother, instead of the reckless follower of a more reckless husband.

Boni Unfaithful.

Boni set up a bachelor establishment and the countess began to hear of "ces dames" the count entertained, actresses, models, midnights—the women he could not invite to his home. The countess could do nothing. Paris would laugh if she paid any attention to them. They were beneath her. But at last the American woman was cropping out. Her renewed devotion to the children and her more impressive appearance revealed a change.

Still the money went furiously. The king of Portugal was their guest and nearly a quarter of a million dollars was spent on him during his visit.

The countess had stood much. But finally, in 1905, the break came. "Ces dames" were one thing—but a woman of her own class was another. The name of the Duchess d'Uzes was coupled with that of Castellane. The duchess, in her way, is as eccentric as Castellane. The countess suffered in silence no longer. She separated from her husband and then brought suit for divorce.

The suit was the signal for the creditors to pounce down upon Boni. In France the wife is responsible for certain debts jointly with her husband and the creditors feared the Gould millions would escape. The Goulds, having lavished nearly \$10,000,000 on the count, refused to pay more. Boni,

the man who had refused to pay debts of honor, calmly offered to make terms.

Asked now—unless the creditors are satisfied, he will use the children as his last weapon and force a settlement.

German Army Discipline.

French military observers of the recent German army maneuvers say the old rigid, mechanical, rigorously passive discipline, once characteristic of the German army, is disappearing, though mention of acts of insubordination are carefully repressed, or, if very flagrant, much minimized.

conditions are prevalent to a great extent throughout the rural districts. It is an exceedingly small and remote community that is not visited by a baker's wagon at least three times a week. The average girl of these days "hates to cook." She may excel in the concoction of a certain kind of cake, but aside from that her gastronomic achievements are limited to two or three indifferent chafing dish preparations and fudge. When she marries the chances are that her husband prefers the machine-made food to her painful experiments, and so the home cooking is disappearing.

Wherever the average man considers it a treat to go to a restaurant as often as possible to get something to eat, which is melancholy when one considers the average restaurant. And even here it is only another variety of factory food that is served to him. The subject is a painful one.

Forgiving.

"Is she of a forgiving nature?"

"Very. She even forgives her friends for the Christmas presents they give her."—Judge.

Our Washington Letter

A Brev of Pretty Debutantes Will Make the Coming Social Season at the Capital an Unusually Interesting One—Figures Showing the Salt We Eat.



MISS MARGARET SHONTS.

WASHINGTON.—There is always a delightful expectancy relative to the debutantes of a Washington season, and this year's crop presents unusual features in many ways. There are rich girls and poor girls, pretty girls and homely girls, accomplished girls and athletic girls, but there is no gain saying that they are all highly interesting girls, and each possessed of many endearing young charms.

There will be at least 40 to enjoy the Bachelors, the Sixty Couple and the numerous subscription dances, and there are more ballrooms to be open next season than ever before in this city. Usually a girl has established a reputation for dancing before her formal presentation, and even thus early in the game it is not unusual to hear some well-seasoned bachelor remark that a certain girl of his set is almost as fine a dancer as was her mother or perhaps her elder sister.

There is no longer such a thing as surprising the social world with some shy beauty who has been kept hidden, sheltered and almost smothered with accomplishments and learning. Not much. The out of to-day generally has a generous foretaste of the world for at least a season before she is launched, just to make her easy and at home, you know. She dances through a winter, romps through tennis and golf on the open field in the summer, rides with all the old blood, and is even pretty well introduced abroad before formally making her bow here, and sometimes even presented at court abroad just to give them experience.

Most of all the girls will make their debuts in December, and, so far as now known, the old-fashioned afternoon tea will prevail, with a charming exception, such as a pretty ball like the one at which Mrs. Gaff introduced Miss Zaidée Gaff, who was introduced by Mrs. Postlethwaite in presenting her daughter, who was married Wednesday, October 3, to Henry Ives Cobb.

There is quite a little story connected with that series of dinners of Mrs. Postlethwaite's, however, which was revived by her daughter's marriage. All of the guests bidden to the first dinner were surprised not to find the bud there at all. Then ensued an explanation to the effect that Mrs. Longworth, then Miss Alice Roosevelt, had telephoned over to Miss Postlethwaite saying that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were dining out and that she would like the debutante to come over and enjoy dinner with her and a few of her friends. Miss Postlethwaite, now Mrs. Cobb, in her charming manner explained to Miss Roosevelt that she was having a dinner at home that night. Mrs. Postlethwaite, however, who took a different view of the situation and looked upon Miss Roosevelt's invitation as an order, insisted that her daughter leave her own guests and go. So Washington had its first experience of a debutante dinner without the debutante, an event quite as cheerful as a wedding without a bride.

There are more than a half dozen girls from the army and navy sets, and others from official and resident society.

News of all the girls in Washington who will be presented this season is pretty tall, willow Katherine Jennings, who is one of the most winsome girls ever introduced from what is known in Washington as the "South African contingent." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings, who last year, as they will this, occupied Mrs. A. C. Barney's residence in Rhode Island avenue, near the French embassy, from which Miss Zaidée Gaff made her debut two years ago.

The daughters of chairman of the Panama canal commission and Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts, Miss Theodora, and Miss Marguerite, have the double advantage of having been presented at the spring court in London this year, where they were much admired, and a good share of the entire season under the chaperonage of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, but they also have many friends in Washington.

INTERESTING FIGURES ABOUT SALT.

The United States consumes 26,872,700 barrels of salt annually, or a barrel for every three persons in the year. Last year it went abroad for only 1,151,133 barrels. In 1890 63.5 per cent. of the salt used in our country was of home production. Last year 95.7 per cent. of the product consumed was produced within the borders of this country. In 1890 the consumption in this country was only 9,354,263 barrels. Thus we see that the people of the United States are using annually three times as much salt as they used 26 years ago.

Only 5,961,060 barrels were produced in this country in 1880, and the consumers were forced to go abroad for 3,427,639 barrels. Last year the total production at home was 25,966,123 barrels. The tariff act of 1894 placed salt on the free list and the importations increased to nearly 500,000,000 pounds the following year. The tariff act of 1897 returned salt to the dutiable list, and salt in bags, barrels or other packages is now subject to a duty of 12 cents a hundred pounds, or 33.5 cents a barrel.

The chief salt producing states are Michigan and New York. Statistics recently gathered by the government show that the combined output of these two states amounts to more than two-thirds of the total production of the United States.

No attempt has ever been made to ascertain what per cent. of the salt consumed in the United States is used for culinary purposes. The annual output is largely consumed in the industries of meat packing, fish curing, dairying and the like.

REHABILITATING "OLD IRONSIDES."

Under an act of congress, "Old Ironsides" is to be rebuilt once more and refitted for sea service.

The work is to be done where she was originally built—Boston. The money is being raised by the Massachusetts State society, United States Daughters of 1812, through an appeal to patriotic Americans for the preservation of this historical object lesson, which will once more cruise under "Old Glory" as a training ship for naval apprentices. The original plans of this old fighting ship were recently unearthed in the East Indian Museum, Salon, Mass., and will play an important part in the rebuilding.

In 1820 it was reported in the newspapers that it was the intention of the government to destroy the Constitution, together with a number of other ships.

But the very announcement met with a public clamor of disapproval, as did Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte's recommendation, late last year, that she be used for a target.

The Constitution was built in Boston in 1797, a frigate of 1,576 tons and designed to carry 45 guns. She was one of the first ships to see active service in the war of 1812.

Small wonder indeed that the New Englanders were moved to recite the career of the famous old ship to the navy secretary, inasmuch as it is the only relic of that branch of American arms that preserved the United States in its second war with Great Britain.

The "Old Ironsides" remained in active commission until the advent of the real ironclad, when she was used for auxiliary purposes.

At last, having no utility, even as a training ship, her destruction was ordered, and had been begun when the wave of popular dissent, voiced in the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, forced the navy department to desist.

Since that time she has been lying in the Boston navy yard—her decks roofed over like a nondescript building.

SAYS UNITED STATES OWNS CUBA.

Congressman John James Jenkins, of Wisconsin, chairman of the judiciary committee of the house, insists that we have absolute sovereignty over Cuba. He says: "Cuba is domestic and not foreign territory. Under international law, independent of all treaty obligations, Cuba became domestic territory at the close of the war with Spain. But after the ratification of the treaty with Spain Cuba became domestic territory by virtue of the treaty and subsequent action of the United States."

The United States can only divest its sovereignty over Cuba by an act of congress. That has not been done. The supreme court of the United States in Neely vs. Henkel sustains my position by holding that in June, 1900, the island of Cuba was occupied by and was under control of the United States and that it is still so occupied, and control cannot be disputed."

BUILT UP HER HEALTH

SPEEDY CURE OF MISS GOODE.

She is Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Writes Respectfully to Mrs. Pinkham.

For the wonderful help that she has found Miss Cara Goode, 255 E. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., believes it her duty to write the following letter for publication, in order that other women afflicted in the same way may be benefited as she was. Miss Goode is president of the Bryn Mawr Lawn Tennis Club of Chicago. She writes:



Miss Cara Goode.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I tried many different remedies to build up my system, which had become run down from lack of proper rest and unreasonable hours, but nothing seemed to help me. Mother is a great advocate of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles, having used it several years ago, with great success. So I began to take it and in less than a month I was able to be out of bed and out of doors, and in three months I was entirely well. Really I have never felt so strong and well as I have since."

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Her experience is very great, and she gives the benefit of it to all who stand in need of wise counsel. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The wife of a man who plays the races never has to waste any time figuring on what she will do with the money he wins.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES cost but 30 cents per package and color more goods faster and brighter colors.

The average doctor would die of starvation if his patients had no more confidence in him than he has in himself.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 35 cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Senator Spooner's Shooting. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, is a successful hunter of big game. On one of his trips he had for his guide Bill Murray. They were out looking for bear or deer one day, when Murray suddenly threw up his rifle and fired. The senator saw an animal fall heavily, and called: "We've got him this time, Bill."

"We!" sneered the guide. "There's no we about it. I killed him plain enough."

Quickly making their way to where their quarry lay, they found a fine specimen of Jersey calf.

"We've killed somebody's calf!" yelled the guide.

Sensor Spooner gave him a withering look and said: "William, you should be more particular in your choice of pronouns. 'We' isn't adapted to this particular instance."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

NERVOUS COLLAPSE

Sinking Spells, Headaches and Rheumatism are Yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Lizzie Williams, of No. 416 Cedar street, Quincy, Ill., says: "Ever since I had nervous prostration, about thirteen years ago, I have had periodical spells of complete exhaustion. The doctor said my nerves were shattered. An excitement or unusual activity would throw me into a state of helplessness. At the beginning my strength would come back in a moderate time after each attack, but the period of weakness kept lengthening until at last I would be helpless as many as three hours at a stretch. I had dizzy feelings, palpitation of the heart, misery after eating, hot flashes, nervous headaches, rheumatic pains in the back and hips. The doctor did me no little good that I gave up his treatment, and really feared that my case was incurable."

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my appetite grew, my food no longer distressed me, my nerves were quieted to a degree that I had not experienced for years and my strength returned. The fainting spells left me entirely after I had used the third box of the pills, and my friends say that I am looking better than I have done for the past fifteen years."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended for diseases that come from impoverished blood such as anemia, rheumatism, debility and disorders of the nerves such as neuralgia, nervous prostration and partial paralysis. They have cured the most stubborn indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills agree with the most delicate stomach, quiet all nervousness, stir up every organ to do its proper work and give strength that lasts. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, in boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cough syrups are all cheap enough, but if you should get a gallon of cough syrup that does not cure for the price of a small bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure, you would have made a bad bargain—for one small bottle of Kemp's Balsam may stop the worst cough and save a life, whereas the cough "cure" that does not cure is worse than useless.

Sold by all dealers at 25c and 50c.