

The Science of Soap.

These are days of fact and not of theory. In days gone by, soap was made only by old-fashioned formulas, and some soap makers still stick to the old methods.

Soap made thus is crude, harsh and harmful; it will spoil the finest of skins and ruin the best of fabrics.

But DAME SCIENCE came to the soap maker's aid, and soap made under her direction is pure, wholesome and safe.

JAP ROSE SOAP

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is the most approved product of modern, scientific soap making.

It is a transparent soap, made of pure oils, cocoa butter and glycerin, delicately perfumed. There is no secret in the ingredients; the secret is in the manufacture. *It will wash ANYTHING.*

KIRK MAKES IT . DEALERS SELL IT



MACMANUS VISITS NIAGARA

The Donegal Tenderfoot Relates His Experiences at the Chasm.

SHADOWED AS A FENIAN RAIDER

Hubbing Up Against Guides and Fakirs—Novel Incidents of a Trip to the Canadian Side of the Cataract.

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"See Niagara and die," my friend Fitz contentedly sighed, as he flopped down beside me in the trolley car which we had held up on Main street, Buffalo. "Then, the sooner you see it, the better for mankind." I remarked in my inward. Fitz is sensitive, and a boxer. I know there are many pious Americans who somewhat differ from Fitz, say, "Lead a holy life, die and go to Niagara." Such a creed (and I have found it a widely prevalent one) speaks trumpet-tongued for the wonderful charms of Niagara, for the professors of this faith know Niagara intimately and well through the medium of guide books.

As we howled along over the open snow-clad country I related to Fitz the story of one of these Niagara enthusiasts whom I had known. After looking forward for five years to a journey to his Mecca, Providence and a successful gambling transaction put a spare \$50-bill in his pocket. He went off to Niagara with the precipitation of a Brooklyn banker. Four days later he was at home again, his pockets filled with interesting mementos and his purse empty as a politician's argument.

I heard him on the evening after his return preaching Niagara's unspookable neights at a crowd of friends "under the dome of heaven" (these were his words), "there was not, there could not be another place as enchanting, as intoxicating, as serene as Niagara. Next night I got him by himself, and I held him with my eye whilst I said, "Murphy, on your honor as a dry goods clerk, did you enjoy Niagara?" "Oh! man!" said he looking back over both his shoulders at the same time, and

sinking his voice, "Don't give me away for the Lord's sake, but I've had a toothache in my liver ever since I saw it." Murphy furthermore added that he had to act and talk a barefaced lie the night before because he couldn't afford to have half a score of idiots laugh at him; and because, also, every one of those idiotic fellows was bent on going to Niagara some day or other and why should he spoil fun.

"So, friend Fitz," I moralized, "blessed are they that expect nothing, for they still have their anticipations realized." So entertainingly, thus, did I pass the time for Fitz that when he limped off the car at Niagara he was as buoyant as a leaked foot ball; and he would have fallen an easy prey to the Jesus that here descended upon him had he had no one to watch over him.

The alleged carriages that those fellows cooed weak-willed people into are one of the wonders of Niagara. I know for a fact that people have ridden in them and lived, but I indignantly refuse to believe what friends have tried to assure me—that upright men have been seduced into riding in these atrocious went back into the bosom of their families within less than quarantine time. No self-respecting man ever did. It is told that an aeronaut, who had been carried up into far space, whence the states looked each so small that he could not distinguish one from another, at length to his joy located himself—"we're just passing from New York into Canada." "How do you know that?" asked his friend in misfortune. He snuffed, and said: "Don't you feel the Niagara carriages?" Personally I am of the opinion that this may possibly be a story concocted by someone who had spent his purse coming to see Niagara. But I know for certain (a friend, on whose word I can rely, told me) that in the summer of 1896, there were ten hot days whereon the carriages smelt so loud that the falls could not be heard by one standing in close proximity to them. Such crowds rushed to see the falls, and no visitor to Jonathan B. could think of returning home without going also to see the sight he never saw. So every visitor, henceforward, took in both attractions, or, rather, thought they took them in. Anyhow, after a year or so, if my memory serves me right, it was in May, '91, the Niagara Falls Co. and the Jonathan B. Brown Co. Ltd., amalgamated, and an efficient and serviceable electric car system connecting Buffalo and Niagara was established. I was told, too, that Jonathan B. closed his eyes on the world, to the intense indignation of the shareholders, his last words, whispered in the ear of a friend who stood by him, were: "I—have never—ever—seen—the—falls." As he had lived, vately, he died vintly; a remarkable contradiction to the dictum that pride will always have its falls.

Jonathan B. resided twenty miles from Niagara, so I hold that his case is not a little remarkable in my diary—a discovery which for the benefit of mankind I give freely and unobtrusively to the world—to-wit, Sitas O. Judd. He resides and has resided since he was a little boy, just so high, three miles only from Niagara Falls. He says he remembers coming to the little house in which he now lives all alone, coming with his mother, who bore him on her back, sixty-seven years ago, or it may be sixty-six, he will not say positively. Anyhow, he has lived these three-score years and six, and he has heard the falls every night he has lain down and every morning he has risen out of his bed in that long space of time; yet he told me and his neighbors all vouch for the truth of it, that in all of those sixty-seven or sixty-six years he has never once seen the falls. Anyone who doubts this can verify it for himself. Sitas, who is still quite a bright and enterprising old fellow, lives to the right of the road, about 100 yards from the three minutes after you pass the turn beyond the Devil's rock on the road to Lewiston. You will probably find him reading the New Testament (if it is evening) with his fingers, for (I should have mentioned) he lost his sight completely when he was only three months old.

Some Disappointment.

I consider the most remarkable attribute of the falls is their disappointment. They don't comply with the bill of lading at all. Goat island is there, all right, though with the exception of the presence of one dowsy (Fitz will please take my word for it; that I do not mean any personality) I saw no stronger reason for giving it the name. I admit, too, that I found there was an American side and a Canadian side, furthermore, the guide book was correct in saying that many times as much water went down on the Canadian as on the American side—and

anyone who knows the condition of the British moral linen will readily appreciate this hint of Providence. Also I grant there is a precipice from which water comes down; though, considering the laws of gravitation, which even the Monroe doctrine failed to affect on this continent, I really see nothing so very remarkable about that. Likewise there is a river below, the most noticeable thing about which is that it runs between the banks, and is crossed by a bridge and a trolley car, and an intermittent stream of grumbling strangers.

If you have not been to the falls I think you may have a fair idea of them when I say that they are about as big and as high as the astonishingly big and high buildings in New York City; they are noisier than the twenty-first round of a prize fight, and not so noisy as six women at an afternoon tea; they kick up a spray as dense as the wits of the stupid fellow that differed with you last night. I do not now recall how many hundred thousand tons of water come over the falls in a minute, but I do know that at the time I reduced the immensity of the thing to the level of my understanding by calculating that there was sufficient to wash the consciences of the government officials at the astonishing rate of two per fifteen minutes, I reckoned that if the citizens of the United States arranged to keep the whole government shebang penned upon the banks, and every morning haul them forward and back beneath the falls on a wire cable, a comparatively clean administration would be the result—if they survived. If they did not survive I foresaw that the immense reserve of philippic resignation possessed by the American nation would enable it to bear the shock.

Irreverent Remarks.

The awed whisper with which, when you have crossed the bridge to the Canadian side, the name of Victoria is mentioned, makes an irreverent Irishman (like myself) smile aloud. The carriages on this side of the bridge have one other equal on earth, and that is the carriages on the American side. In a weak moment I allowed myself and Fitz to be trapped into one of them, to be driven to Tahlerock. "This," said the driver, "is Victoria's park that I am going to take you through." "Victoria park," said I, "then please go around it, or under it, or jump over it." He leant back to me and said with hated breath, "But it's named after Queen Victoria—Queen Victoria!" "I know, I know," said I, "I have heard of the lady. She's all right—till the rain's coming. But when the corn on top of her small toe begins to whisper, the hired girl has got to stand around and look out for the poker and other portable aids to domestic felicity." The poor fellow turned up his eyes in horror. "But it's all right," I said, "if there's no other way, scot through Victoria park, and perhaps she'll never hear it was I." And as we slid over the holy ground I entertained the driver with an account of a crowd-picking which the queen owed Fitz because some of her family employes having hung divers of his progenitors for sheep-eating. Fitz did not strike me, for fear of confirming the thing in the fellow's eyes. And again at the government building the young woman in charge of the Visitors' book, seeing me sign my name in Gaelic, drew me into a political discussion that necessitated me quoting some history to her, with the result that she accused me of being a Fenian, to which I blushed a modest assent. She threw up her hands and fled, and by-and-by I observed her where she had drawn about her a group of sympathizing official to whom she was with trembling finger pointing out the zoological specimen. Fitz, who is normally as inoffensive as a babe, has a craving for being thought something as bad as an anarchist. "I do believe," he said vintly, "those people think I'm as bad as you, even if I did not say such as

"Yes, Fitz," I said, they think you are my dupe."

Under the Cataract.

At the government buildings, wherein you take a ticket for a descent by the side of the falls, they love to encourage in strangers the pleasing notion that they are entering on a perilous undertaking, and whilst an attendant engages you in water-pooling from the crown of your head to the tips of your fingers and then your guide does likewise to himself. Thus, that in case the worst does happen, there may be some memento of the lost for the loved ones left behind, a fellow thrusts under your nose pictures of other idiots taken in their descent suits. (I did not say decent—it would be a gross untruth), and informs you that you need to have the same thing done. And if you reply, "No, sir!" with indignant decision, he says, "Well, that is a remarkable coincidence," and backs away. I do not know how he came by the phrase, but he evidently feels assured it is one not to be ashamed of and one that will bear being produced on any occasion. Then for the sum of 50 cents you are taken to the bottom of the precipice in an elevator which would easily bear sending to the wash. Along through the cliff and through the tunnel you stumble after your guide for some hundreds of yards, until you reach a corner where there comes down a carefully trained squirt of water with rather more volume and less force than that from the nozzle of a garden hose. Then you stretch forth your neck under the careful direction of the guide until seven distinct drops have rattled on your head covering. Then the show is over and you return flattered by the guide with the revelation that you have just had a most remarkably exciting and hazardous experience, and that he never, only twice before, saw a man display the same cool nerve that you did. When you get to terra firma you are wrought to such a pitch of excitement that instead of giving the fellow the dime which for him you had carefully placed by itself in your vest pocket, you unthinkingly put your hand in your trousers pocket and reach him a quarter. And the chances are, too, that you bribe the photographer to take your picture in the picturesque garb in which you had just covered yourself with glory.

Let me say a word for the public library at Niagara. It pleased me very much. It is a fine library and the books well chosen. I found my books in it. It gave me real pleasure to see many children browsing among the books. "Oh, but you should see the crowds of men that come," said the friend who was showing us around. "Yes, it is the number of men that come," said one of the lady librarians. My friend, taking in at a glance the three pleasant lady librarians with whom we conversed, said, "No, but it would be remarkable if they could keep from coming." "We forgive him," said one of the blushing trio magnanimously, "he's an Irishman."

As Fitz and I were trundled back to Buffalo, and thence to New York, we confessed that, say what we might of Niagara, it gave us a pleasant and happy day anyhow.

I should add that all statistics and anecdotes and illustrations quoted in this article are guaranteed genuine by me. I should know, for I made them myself.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Now, Freddy, tell us about Adam and Eve."

"Adam and Eve was a-catin' apples in a garden, an' a big snake come along an' chased 'em out."

Little 3-year-old Boslie's father was about to start down town one morning, when she said: "Oo'd better go out ze back door, papa; it's wainin' out ze front door."

"What are you crying that way for, little boy?" asked a woman of small Tommy, who was crying bitterly. "C—ause," sobbed the youngster, "it's the o—only way I k—know how to c—ry."

"Are you going to marry that naval captain?" asked 5-year-old Mabel of her grown-up sister. "Yes, dear," was the reply. "And if he should die," continued Mabel, "will you wear seaweeds and be a mermaid?"

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow. "That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Tommy, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word." After a few moments' hesitation the

Tommy produced the following: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Rev. Joseph Whyte, a prominent Methodist divine, now stationed in northern California, has an exceptionally bright little daughter. One day himself and wife, with this little lassie, aged 4 years, were riding in the cars. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girl about their respective papas and what they did. One little lad said: "My papa sells shoes," and the other said, "Mine sells papers, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?" For a moment the child hesitated, but not to be outdone by boys, she replied with the air of a duchess, "My papa sells talk."

With its 49 years record Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is first in the list. No sparkling wine in use is its superior.

At the Honoring House—Table, Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Some of that Brazilian infected coffee, isn't it, Mr. Hashem?"

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Chuckles?"

"I mean it's so wet."

"Yes, I'm sure they must have turned the doctor's hose on it."

Catarrh and Consumption Can Now Be Cured.

For the first time in history of this country the United States Health Reports show a great reduction in the death rate from these diseases, and

"HYOMEI"

The NEW DRY AIR GERMICIDE is given the whole credit for this reduction.

On January 5th, 1900, an editorial regarding this reduction in death rate appeared in the United States Health Reports, from which we quote the following:

"We, as the highest American authority on health, sanitation and hygiene, have made an investigation into this matter, and find that this CERTAIN CURE is effected by the inhalation of the new germicide 'HYOMEI,' therefore, upon report of our entire medical staff, we extend to 'HYOMEI' the full editorial and official endorsement of the United States Health Reports."

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