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JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1899

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CASE OF EXAGGERATION.

Gift of Munchausen Rivaled by Romantic Lady Middleton.

The nobility easily take rank among story tellers. Baron Munchausen, of course, stands first, with Sir John Falstaff a good second, and now comes my Lady Middleton a very good third.

The noble lady has written for an English periodical an account of some remarkable recoveries of lost property. In one case a valuable ring was lost. Years afterward, when a door was removed, the jewel was found wedged tightly around the neck of the skeleton of a mouse. The ring had fallen through a crack in the floor, the mouse, half-grown at the time, had thrust its head into it, had thus been caught and had grown until it was strangled.

Another case: A gentleman shot and wounded a sandpiper, which, fluttering across a pond, was seized and devoured by a pike. That afternoon the sportsman's brother, while fishing in the pond, caught a pike in whose stomach was found the identical sandpiper.

Another case: A lady who was visiting a relative lost a ring. Six years after, while visiting the same person, then living in a far distant locality, she slipped her hand thoughtlessly into a recess of the chair and found the missing ring.—New York World.

COMBINATION OF HEALTH AND WEALTH.

New Districts in Western Canada Adapted to Ranching and Mixed Farming.

Calgary, Alberta, Nov. 4, 1898.

To the Editor of the Duluth Evening Herald, Duluth, Minn.:

Dear Sir—As to many replies to the some-seeker of Minnesota, I can cheerfully say this country is better for a poor man than Minnesota if he wants to farm and raise stock. I have spent one winter and two summers which I find more pleasant than any winter I have seen in Minnesota for eight years. The seasons are short, but the effects of long days of bright sunshine produce a very rapid growth of vegetation. There is good money in raising coarse grains and feeding to hogs and cattle, for pork and beef always bring a good price here. Hogs are worth from $4 to $4.50 live weight per cwt. and beef about the same. There is plenty of railroad land to be had very cheap and on long time payments. A man does not want to think he can pick up money on the ground here, but there is lots of it in the ground and labor will take it out.

There is a vast scope of country north of Edmonton, Alberta, which can be settled and a large scope of country west of Edmonton adapted to ranching and mixed farming.

This country is the best place I have ever seen for the cure of consumption. I could refer you to different people here who were in the last stages of consumption, who are now in perfect health and able to do any kind of hard work and are very prosperous.

Hoping this may benefit home-seekers who are willing to work for an honest living, I remain yours very truly,

(Signed) CHARLES M. SCOTT.

Any agent of the Canadian Government will gladly give information as to settlement, terms and rates.

A Little Too Spry.

Aged millionaire—And you refuse me?

Miss Beauti—I am sorry, sir, but I cannot be your wife.

"Is it because I am too old?"

"No. Because you are not older."—New York Weekly.

Try Grain-O! 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. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

A scientist estimates the time since the earth became sufficiently cooled to become the abode of plants and animals to be about 20,000,000 years, within limits of error ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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SAPOLIO

A WOMAN'S ERROR

By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER XII (Continued.)

And the beautiful, flower-like face drooped over the fair, sad young wife. The lips that had never sighed had known naught but smiles touched the lips to whom smiles were rare. Then the radiant lady, whose life had no care, went away, leaving Lady Selwyn once more alone under the gladiolus, with those words of caution and advice ringing in her ears.

Had it really come to this, that strangers noted and commented upon the state of things in their household? Could it really be that strangers saw that Beatrice Leigh had more influence over her husband than she had? It was her own fault. In those early days, when Vivian's love was untouched by doubt, if she had complied more with his wishes, things would never have come to this pass. Better to have made a few blunders—to have committed a few faults—to have made mistakes; better that a thousand times than for Miss Leigh to have grown accustomed to taking her place.

"Was it too late to change?" she asked herself, wearily. "If she could summon up courage now, and try, step by step, to regain all she had lost, would it be of any use?" She was young, and held life dear. It seemed hard that hope and happiness should gradually fade from her. The sunshine and the flowers seemed to smile upon her. Bending over the golden gladiolus—in whose fragrant bells the bees were humming—she said to herself that she would try.

An opportunity came that very day. During dinner Vivian spoke of the evening, and laughed at the countess' piquant notion of a committee.

"It is some distance to her house," Violante said. "How shall we go?"

As usual, Miss Leigh, who considered the formation of all plans her own particular province, spoke.

"It will be a fine evening," she said, "and a walk by the Arno will be delightful."

"How fond you are of that river, Beatrice," said Vivian.

No one appealed to Lady Selwyn, or seemed to think she had any wish in the matter. Now was the time to try.

"If you have no objection," she said, turning her fair, flushed face to Miss Leigh, "I should like to drive. The walk is rather long for me."

They looked at her with some surprise—it was the first time she had dissented from any wish.

It was Lady Selwyn's first triumph. She had not time to feel pleased over it before seeing the expression on Miss Leigh's face. It startled her; for it said that she should suffer for the contradiction, and she considered the victory dearly bought.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Villa Pisani was brilliantly illuminated. The rooms were filled with guests; the queen of the fete was Beatrice Leigh. It had been given in her honor, and she was the most beautiful and brilliant woman present at it.

A little group stood together near one of the numerous fountains that played among the flowers—Beatrice, looking superbly beautiful; Countess Sitani; an English lady, Mrs. Rochester; Lady Selwyn, and Prince Cesare; they had been admiring a rare Indian plant, whose flowers resembled a crimson bell.

Prince Cesare thought, as he looked at the group of fair women, that he had never seen Lady Violante look so little advantage. The chief attraction in her beauty had always been its brightness, the light of her violet eyes, the sheen of her golden hair, the exquisite coloring of her face; but to-night she looked dim and faded—it was as though tears had washed away all radiance—had quenched the light of the starry eyes. She looked pale and wearied; there was no animation in her manner; she was abstracted, indifferent and dull, differing far as the moon from the sun to the bright, queenly woman by her side.

Lord Vivian joined the group, and he was struck as he had never been before by the superb beauty of Beatrice Leigh. Shining down a rival was an occupation so agreeable to her that her face glowed with trumph—the diamonds on her white breast were not brighter than her dark eyes. Lord Vivian looked at her, then at his wife, who stood by her side "eclipsed." He wondered what Violante could have done to herself—even her dress seemed either ill-fitting or ill-chosen.

"I came in search of a runaway partner," said Lord Vivan to Miss Leigh—"are you ready, Beatrice?"

Her face was good to see as she raised it to his.

"This will be our last dance for many long months," she said, as they walked away together; "and, Vivian, when it is ended I shall not care to dance again."

"Why not?" he said simply. It never entered his head to imagine that Miss Leigh was what would be called "flirting" with him.

"Because," she said promptly, "I never find another partner like you; every one else seems awkward and stupid; too tall or too short."

"You flatter me, Beatrice," he said. "I had no idea you valued my dancing so highly."

"I value all you do and all you say," she replied, and he touched the white jeweled hand that lay upon his arm. Then they passed out of sight. Prince Cesare went away with the countess, Mrs. Rochester was joined by her husband, and Lady Selwyn, in a few minutes, found herself alone.

"No one will miss me," thought the poor child; "here, in my husband's own house, no one cares for me. I am only in the way; no one will miss me."

She passed out into the moonlit grounds, where the fragrant night air whispered to the trees, gnawing jealousy and injured love burning the child-like, tender heart away. She went where the sound of the music could not reach her—down to the banks of the river, where a thick cluster of orange trees stood; she sat down there behind one tree larger than the rest, and turned her weary young face to the shining river.

Old memories came rushing over her of the young brother, who had died like a hero; of the kind, generous father who had never uttered an angry word; of the "old home" as it stood embowered with trees. Her heart went back to those childish, happy days, so different from the dreary present. Then the waltz ended, and the dancers sought the cool, lighted grounds. She was only disturbed from her reverie by the rustle of a woman's dress, and the sound of a man's voice, speaking in a subdued tone. Raising her head, she saw that on the other side of the orange tree there was a garden chair—on it sat her husband and Beatrice Leigh.

"You will still be one of us," Lord Vivian was saying, "although you are going from us. I shall miss you sorely, Beatrice."

"Not as I shall miss you," she cried, passionately; "I am nothing to you, while you—you are——"

"What?" he asked, for the words had died upon her false lips.

"You are everything to me," she said. "When I leave your roof, I leave my world behind me."

Do him justice. He never dreamed of the guilty love that had mastered her. He a Selwyn, of Selwyn Castle—the descendant of "stainless women and brave men"—could not even imagine a woman capable of seeking to undermine his faith. He believed that she was speaking of the calm brotherly and sisterly affection that he thought had always existed between them.

"Poor Beatrice," he said, taking the white hand in his. "I am sorry you must go."

He did not see the suppressed passion in her face—the eager light of her eyes as, bent upon mischief, she continued:

"I wish—forgive me if I speak too freely—I wish that I left you happier, Vivian. The world begins to talk of you as a disappointed man."

He sighed deeply, and that sigh fell like a death-knell on the young wife's heart.

"Whether my life is made or marred," he said gravely, "I am responsible for my own fate."

"It might all have been so different," continued Beatrice. "Ah, Vivian, your marriage ought to have crowned your life."

"As I have sown, I must reap," he said after a silence of some minutes. "Do not talk to me of this, Beatrice. If there has been a mistake, it has been mine, and mine alone."

Then came some half-murmured words from Miss Leigh. Lady Violante could not hear them, but her husband's reply was perfectly audible.

"I do thank you, Beatrice, for your kindness to her; poor child, she suffers for my mistake."

Lower still dropped the golden head—lower, until it rested on the smooth stem of the orange tree. She clasped her hands before her face, lost, in the madness of her despair, she should be tempted to cry out. She bit her lips, she clinched her slender hands until her rings made great indentations in them—anything rather than cry aloud.

"This is my real good-by," said Beatrice Leigh. "I do not suppose I shall see you again alone, Vivian."

The bright moonshine showed him the tears in her dark eyes, as she raised her beautiful face to his; and the love in it was so great, the sorrow so real, that he bent his head and kissed her forehead, as her own brother might have done. Remember, they had been brought up as children of one mother for many years.

"Good-by, Beatrice," he said. "Heaven bless you for your love to me, and your kindness to my wife."

But those words, which must have opened her eyes to her folly, were unheard by Lady Violante. Through the silver leaves she had seen that kiss. She judged her husband not by her reason, but by her jealousy, and the sight drove her mad.

They rose from the garden seat and walked away. She crouched lower amid the orange trees and prayed her old prayer:

"Oh, that I were dead and he were free!"

Then she rose, and trampling the sweet almond blossoms under her feet, walked quietly back to the house. The music came in sweet, soft gushes of sound from the ball-room, where Beatrice Leigh, in her imperial beauty and Circean grace, was queen. Quietly and slowly the mistress of the house walked through the silent rooms, where no guests lingered, up to her own room. Who would have recognized in the pale, wearied, heart-broken woman, the fresh, dimpled beauty of Violante Temple?

CHAPTER XIV.

She went to the nursery where Rupert lay sleeping; the nurse sat by the child's cot, and she looked up in horror at the white, ghastly face of her lady.

"Mrs. Peters," said Lady Violante, "will you go and find the butler? Tell him to see Lord Selwyn, and say from me that I am tired, and unable to return to the ball-room to-night."

"You look very ill, my lady," said the woman; "is there anything I can do for you?—anything I can get?"

Lady Violante thanked her. It was one of this unhappy lady's peculiarities to be exceedingly kind to every one about her; and Mrs. Peters went down stairs, thinking to herself that of all the unhappy women she had ever seen, none were so unhappy as Lady Selwyn.

She found the butler, who sought his lordship, and delivered his lady's message. Lord Vivian shrugged his shoulders, sent some commonplace message in return, and said to himself it was always the same. "Violante was always ill when there was anything to do."

When the nurse was gone she knelt down by her sleeping child. She laid her tired head on the white pillow by his side.

She laid her gentle hands on the child's beautiful head; she kissed with the passion of a mother's love the sweet, white eyelids, the red, smiling lips, the bonny bright curls, with gold shining in them. She kissed the white hands that clutched so tightly, even in sleep, a child's toy; then, in her passion of grief, she prayed aloud that heaven would bless the boy. Little—ah, so little!—dreaming of when and how she should kiss that face again.

She went to her writing table and opened the pretty little desk that lay there. She sat for some minutes thinking what to say, wondering in what words she could best reach his heart, so as to touch him with some little sorrow for his loss.

Then she wrote:

"My Dear Husband—I call you by that name for the last time, as I write for the last time. We are not happy, and I am going from you. You are bitterly disappointed in me. I heard to-night that all Florence pitied you, and knew now unhappy I made you; so, Vivian, I am going away where you will never see me any more. If I could die and set you free, I would, so gladly; but until heaven calls me, I must live. I dare not take my own life, even to set you free; but I will do the next best thing to that—I will go away where no one who knows you will ever see me again. So shall I free you from a presence you dislike, and from what you dislike even more—the need of parting with Miss Leigh. She can remain now that I have gone."

The poor jealous heart revealed herself in that line; her scalding tears fell like raindrops upon the note.

Lady Violante took what money remained in her desk. Half of it she gave to her maid and took half herself. Then from her wardrobe she took a small traveling bag; in it she placed her jewel case and the purse, together with a few papers. One contained a lock of her baby's hair, and was labeled "Rupert's hair." The other contained a faded rose, the first flower Lord Vivian had ever given her, and the third held the little locket that Lord Vivian had traveled to Oakside to give her. These were her treasures; little reckoned the unhappy girl of the diamonds and rubies her husband had lavished upon her—her only thought was for those, her treasures, dearer to her than gold and jewels.

Then she gave the bag into her maid's care, and as she did so, she was struck by the coldness of the woman's hand.

"Are you chill and cold?" she asked; and the woman shivered as thought it had been Decen ber.

"I am cold, my lady," she replied; "cold, sick and faint, as though with a great dread. I cannot tell what has come over me—I feel as though I were going to die."

With her own hands Lady Selwyn took from the shelves a thick, warm fur cloak. She wrapped it round her maid's shoulders.

"That will warm you," she said. "And now listen while I explain my plans. I am determined that I will not be traced; that which I fly from is more bitter than death, and I will not be found. We will go to the railway station t[illegible] shall keep out of sight, an[illegible] the ticket for Genoa. You [illegible], and wait for me in [illegible] follow you by another rou[illegible] understand?"

The woman's eyes, with [illegible] shadow in their depths, were [illegible] ly to hers.

"I understand, my lady."

"When they know that I [illegible] away," continued Lady S[illegible] will hear at the station t[illegible] ticket for Genoa, and they [illegible] there. They will find you [illegible] anyone. I shall be miles aw[illegible] is to throw them off the righ[illegible] could be no better plan tha[illegible]

"None, my lady," said th[illegible] to shake off the dull leth[illegible] over her.

"I shall join you in Gen[illegible] Lady Selwyn, "when I k[illegible] search for me has proved [illegible] by any chance you should [illegible] resa, you must say—what [illegible] ly true—that you know [illegible] whereabouts, but that you [illegible] turning to England. Nov[illegible] go first, and I will follow [illegible]

Theresa Bowden went o[illegible]

No one had noticed th[illegible] the maid. Some of the [illegible] ready leaving the villa w[illegible] wyn, dressed in a dark [illegible] passed forever from her [illegible]

The railway station at [illegible] not crowded on this eventful evening. On[illegible] mail train had just disgorged its load o[illegible] passengers, and another was preparing t[illegible] start.

When the train did start a lady took he[illegible] place in the first-class carriage, and an[illegible] other—unobserved, unnoticed—stole ou[illegible] of the station yard.

Then, and for the first time, Theresa Bowden had time to think of what ha[illegible] happened—had time to realize her lady's flight. "Th[illegible] girl's thoughts were very sa[illegible] ones; suddenly she found herself tor[illegible] from a comfortable home and launched o[illegible] a sea of difficulties that appeared endless.

"I know," she said to herself, "that i[illegible] the truth were known, all my lady's un[illegible] happiness comes from Miss Leigh."

The train passed by quiet vineyards where the faint dawn of morning shone on the purple grapes; past quiet Italian villages, past purple hills and snow-clad mountains, without stopping, without accident. It reached a small station at last near the pretty town of Sedi. There the[illegible] who traveled heard the first faint morning carol of the birds—and then on again.

On, until—who shall say how it happened—there came a terrible shock, a terrible noise, a hissing of steam, a crashing as of broken carriages, a rushing, blinding, bewildering shock, as two trains met with deadly force, and one forced the other over the embankment into the vine wreathed valley below!

A collision! One train was five minutes too early, another three minutes late. There was some carelessness over the signals, and for that carelessness sometimes twelve innocent, helpless human beings paid with their lives.

There was dire confusion and dismay when those who had escaped began to collect themselves. In less than an hour help came from Sedi, and the dead, the dying and the wounded were extricated from the wreck of broken carriages and laid side by side.

(To be continued.)

OLD ENGLISH CHURCH BELLS

Famous Castings Hung in Place by the Monks of Long Ago.

The last forty years have witnessed the rise of an antiquarian hobby which concerns itself with church bells, and more especially the new medieval bells which still hang in the church towers or lie cracked on belfry floors. The London Times says on this subject:

The ancient founders cast very fine toned bells and adorned them with elaborately molded inscriptions and devices. But, though our churches have been noted and described in numberless publications, bells till quite lately received little notice, and were too often neglected in every sense of the word. The compiler of one of the last account of church bells of the country recorded that belfry keys were constantly handed to him with the friendly caution "I'm afraid you'll find a great mess up there, but, to tell you the truth, I have never been up myself."

The medieval bells usually bear inscriptions, very commonly in rhyming leonine hexameters, plain invocations or staves in honor of their supposed beneficent powers. The oldest founders rarely put on the bells their own names or the dates; but most of them have to be identified by the founder's stamps and other devices with which they ornamented their works. Large bells were introduced in England about the sixth century, the earliest founders being monastic. Dunstan concerned himself with bell founding. The Croyland Abbey ring, cast by monkish experts, perished by fire in 1091. A manuscript in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, contains directions for bell-founding by a monk of Evesham, in the time of Henry III. The modern art of change-ringing which took its rise in the seventeenth century, led to rings of eight and twelve bells being rung in the same towers, but in very early times cathedral and abbey churches often had rings of heavy bells, and some of the oldest surviving parish churches, such as Bridgstock and Brixworth in Northamptonshire, and Benelt Church, in Cambridge, were evidently designed to hold several bells.

Comfort Yields to Fastidiousness

"Among the few letters I have received from my son," said a proud father whose offspring was on board the Indiana during the destruction of Cervera's fleet, "is one which contains an amusing story of one of the Indiana's executive officers. The officer in question is well known all through the navy for his fastidiousness regarding apparel, and even on board his vessel he is always the best-dressed man. He considers it his imperative duty to appear just so on every occasion.

"My son writes that when the fight began everybody had on most of his clothes, the officers generally being in proper uniform. My boy started in with a full accompaniment of cap, shirt, coat, pants and shoes, but says that before the hour and a half was over he had shed everything except his trousers. The heat was, of course, intense, and the main cause of the boys' throwing off all unnecessary garments. It had been his duty to carry messages several times from the commanding officer on the bridge to the rear of the vessel, where our dandy officer was stationed. On the second trip back the officer was seen to be the only person in sight with a coat on his back, but the perspiration was rolling down his cheeks and dropping off in black beads, and his face was besmeared and almost unrecognizable.

"Just before the last shot was fired my son was sent to find the executive officer to deliver to him a message from the bridge. He hurried to the deck and, in clouds of black smoke, endeavored to locate the lieutenant. He looked in vain, however, and finally stepped up to a man who at first appeared to be clothed in pajamas, and my son was just about to inquire for the officer when the smoke cleared away a little revealing our fastidious but brave executive officer dressed in his nightgown with his sword straped around his waist and a pistol stuck in the belt."—Washington Post.

Atchison Globe Sights.

[illegible]y woman imagines that she is [illegible]al sick room visitor.

[illegible]mbrella is called a rain stick by [illegible]who are entirely proper.

[illegible]g caught in a lie is a good deal [illegible]comfortable than the original [illegible].

[illegible] have an idea that Napoleon [illegible]y despised the sight of Waterloo, [illegible]he battle.

[illegible]spapers these days seem to be [illegible]d exclusively to the men who [illegible]ell, or ships.

[illegible]e obituary of almost every wo[illegible]t is said that she was a devoted [illegible]arnest church worker.

[illegible]en "talk about" their hired girls [illegible]t deal, but the girls get even; [illegible]know things, too.

Atchison man spends more money [illegible]edicine for his wife than he [illegible]s for meat for his entire family.

[illegible]n the women can't think of anyelse to say about a woman they they say she used to be an actress.

[illegible]en women who don't particularly [illegible]each other, meet and kiss, they [illegible] peck like a chicken going after [illegible]in of corn.

[illegible]re is nothing serious in that "in[illegible]able yearning" girls experience, [illegible]ng as it can be satisfied with a new dress or chocolates.

Almost every woman who has a grown son does a great deal of weeping because the boy and his father don't "get along" better.

After a man marries, he begins to find difficulty in getting girls to laugh at his jokes, though they formerly laughed uproariously.

The women pay a terribly fancy price for the birds on their hats, considering that none of them are natural enough to make the cats try to get them.

Owing to the fact that chrysanthemums are grown with blossoms as big as soup plates, if a hostess has as many as two on a table it is allowable to say the table is "banked" with them.

The men are always telling of women who are sick because they don't get enough exercise, and the women are always telling of women who are worked to death. Is there a happy medium?

The Loudest Noise Ever Heard.

The loudest noise ever heard was that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, Aug. 27, 1883. As the previous night wore on, the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets.

Finally, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This huge effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Monday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make search; they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succor.

At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find what was the matter. The sounds had traveled all the way from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles.

But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise ever heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquillity had been disturbed by the grand events then transpiring at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.

The Enormous Gold Product of 1898.

From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia gold is being shipped in large quantities. This year's output will nearly double that of any previous twelve months. The sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is also increasing very fast. This famous remedy will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness.

Where Life Is Longest.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000 has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, in Ireland 578, and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23, Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia 575 persons have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proven is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.—Lloyds London Weekly.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Two Views of It.

"No, I do not think she will marry again. She vowed on the day he was buried she would not."

"Ah! Thinking about it already, was she?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we may fall.—Goldsmith.

The Shortest Way.

The shortest way out of an attack of neuralgia is to use St. Jacobs Oil, which affords not only a sure relief, but a prompt cure. It soothes, subdues and ends the suffering.

The man who has never been in danger cannot answer for his courage.—Johnson.

Those nuisances, rheumatism and the gout, are relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

In Scotland, at one time, capital punishment was by drowning.

When you are planning to spend your winter in a milder climate, do not overlook the advantages offered by California. Low rates are in effect via the Nickel Plate Road, and each of their Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains makes direct connections at Chicago with all lines to California. Inquire of Agents of the Nickel Plate Road for additional information.

French Penalty on Obesity.

Fat men must be on their guard when traveling on French railroads. A 340-pound citizen of Lille who had bought a third-class ticket, after failing to wedge through the doors of a third-class and of a second-class carriage, entered a first-class compartment and rode to his place of destination. The railroad sued him for the difference in the fare, to which his defense was that, having sold the ticket, the company was bound to provide doors to the third-class carriages that would admit him. The court, however, held that he must have known his own girth and the size of the carriage doors, and should have bought a ticket admitting him to a wide enough compartment. It refrained from making him pay for excess weight.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Prices 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Unique Poultry Farm.

Poultry is high in Arizona and feed is cheap in the Mexican State of Sonora. These two facts set the wheels in a lively Yankee's head at work, with the result that there is now a big chicken ranch down on the international boundary line, some miles west of Nogales, one-half of which is in the republic of the United States and the other half in the republic of Mexico. As feeding time the Yankee drives his egg producers into Mexico, and when they have had their evening meal they come back across the line and go to roost under the stars and stripes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, 1895.

Affable.

"Might I ask who lives here?" asked a polite gentleman of a stranger he met in front of a handsome mansion.

"Certainly, sir," as politely replied the other.

"Who is it, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the stranger.—London Punch.

From Head to Foot.

For all aches, from head to foot, St. Jacobs Oil has curative qualities to reach the pains and aches of the human family, and to relieve and cure them promptly.

Wondering Why She Did.

"Woman, when you married me, you got a wonder!"

"Yes, and I have been wondering ever since."—Indianapolis Journal.

A cripple [illegible] neglects to use [illegible] Prompt use of it [illegible] and the trouble is gotten over easily.

Owns Lots of Timber.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul is, with the probable exception of the Czar of Russia, the owner of more timber than any man on the globe. It is estimated that, with his immediate associates, he controls 15,000,000,000 feet of standing white pine.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. During winter your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have perspiring, smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It warms and rests the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for chilblains and frost bites. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Watch Case Photography.

Mrs. Sweet—Is not strange that Harry will never permit Edith to open his watch?

Mr. Sweet—Humph! There must be another girl in the case.—Jewelers' Weekly.

What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it, and 25c.

His Business.

First Passenger—My friend, are you an anti-monopolist?

Second Passenger—That is my business. I am a divorce lawyer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coughs Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Lost Hope.

"Paw, what is a pessimist?"

"Generally he is a hopeless fool."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To California.

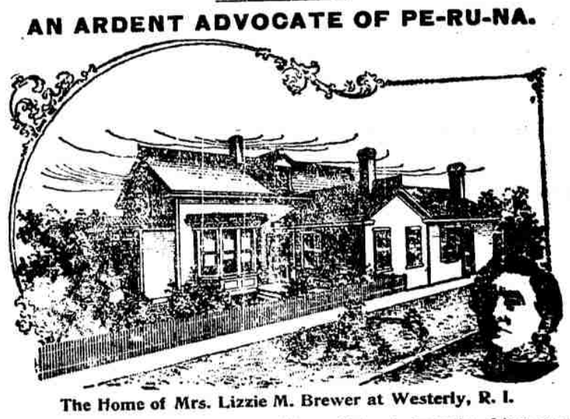
Attention is called to the excellent service of the North-Western Line to California and the favorable rates which have been made for single and round trip tickets for this season's travel. Best accommodations in first-class or tourist sleeping cars, which run through every day in the year. Personally conducted tourist car parties every week to California and Oregon. Choice of a large number of different routes without extra charge.

Particulars cheerfully given upon application to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway, or connecting lines.

LIZZIE M. BREWER,

Well Known for Deeds of Kindness and Philanthropy,

AN ARDENT ADVOCATE OF PE-RU-NA.



The Home of Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer at Westerly, R. I.

In a letter to Dr. Hartman, concerning the merits of Pe-ru-na, Mrs. Brewer writes, among other things:

"Westerly, R. I.

"Dear Dr. Hartman—I find Pe-ru-na a sure cure for all catarrhal affections so common in this part of the country. It cures a cold at once. There is no cough medicine that can at all equal Pe-ru-na. As for la grippe, there is no other remedy that can at all compare with Pe-ru-na.

"I notice in medical journals, and from the testimony of my neighbors, that the doctors seem quite unsuccessful in treating la grippe, especially in removing the after-effects of la grippe. From personal observation in many cases I know that Pe-ru-na is a sure specific for these cases.

"I am among the sick a great deal in our city and have supplied many invalids with Pe-ru-na, simply because I am enthusiastic in my faith as to its results. I have never known it to fail to quickly and permanently remove that demoralized state of the human system which follows la grippe.

"In all cases of extreme weakness I use Pe-ru-na with perfect confidence of a good result. In cases of weakness peculiar to my sex, I am sure that no other remedy can approach in good results the action of Pe-ru-na. It meets all the bad symptoms to which females are subject. The irregularities and nervousness, the debility and miseries which inflict more or less the women from girlhood to change of life, are one and all met and overcome by this excellent remedy. I wish every young lady in our city could read your book, 'Health and Beauty.'

"Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer."

Ask any druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

SCHOOL AND DESK

TABLETS

PLAIN OR RULED.

We will make them of any kind of Paper you desire, and print the name you select for the Tablet, together with your name and location, on the cover, and wrap them with the label same as cover on each package.

Linen Paper.
Wove Writing Paper.
Tinted Laid Writing Paper.
Common Scratch Paper.

WRITE US FOR ESTIMATES AND SAMPLES.

CHICAGO NEWSPAPER