

AN EMPRESS AND HER PETS.

How Napoleon Sought to Win Marie Louise's Love.

Marie Louise's dog was a slim Italian greyhound, and as far as she was concerned it proved to be a very winsome bit of dogflesh. It twined itself into her affections by its graceful ways. She had her other pets—her singing birds and her parrot—in her boudoir at Vienna, a room where, we read, there was "scarcely a thing, down to the carpet on the floor, which was not the work of some loved hand." Mme. Junot says when the Archduchess became Empress she had to leave her fawn-colored favorite behind her at Vienna. In the memoir of the Empress Marie Louise by Saint Arnaud, he says it was at Munich "she was compelled to separate from a little dog she loved dearly, which the Countess (Lazansky) had to take back to Vienna with her." The reason of this was that Napoleon did not like dogs. Mme. Junot says, "The Emperor used to be annoyed by Josephine's favorite pet dogs, with Fortune at the head." The Empress cried bitterly when she found the plaintive-faced little hound had to return with her grand mistress. Every one was anxious to swell the train of this new Empress. She longed to keep her coaxing little friend beside her, because she knew it alone cared to be with her, not because she was the wife of the man who had so much of Europe in his grasp, but simply because it worshipped her from the depth of its true little heart. "It was a cruel separation," writes Mme. Junot, "and the Empress and her favorite parted with a duo of complaints." "The acquisition of a colossal empire did not console the sovereign for the loss of a little dog," says another historian. It is satisfactory to know that the timid, shrinking hound was not long parted from the Empress. Berthier told Napoleon of Marie Louise's tears over leaving her dog, her feathered friends, her room made dear by cherished association, and Napoleon prepared a delectable surprise for his wife, a strategy to win her love. Leading her from the balcony of the Tuilleries, where he had presented her to the people who had thronged below, he led her, in wonderment as to her destination, up a dimly lighted corridor. A woe-begone greyhound had been sitting in a room there forlorn and puzzled till it heard a step it knew, and, whining with impatience, sprang out when Napoleon opened the door. The phlegmatic Empress greeted her recovered pet with effusion. She knew its adoration was genuine. The tickle multitude that cheered her might turn on her as they had turned on her grand-aunt, the Queen of France; but this four-legged courtier was genuine and stanch. In the room where her trusty favorite awaited her Marie Louise found her birds, her music, "in fact, every article was there, and placed in the room in the same manner as she had left them on quitting her paternal roof." Napoleon was well pleased with the delight his kindly thoughtfulness gave the Empress, and maybe honored the overjoyed hound with some notice. Four years after this the dog left the Tuilleries with the Empress and her son. It returned to Vienna with her, loving her as truly as a pensioner and a prisoner at her father's court as when she was Empress over a powerful nation.—*Art Journal*.

A Woman of Modern Society.

Mrs. Lasante is a woman wise in her day and generation, and if with the wisdom of the serpent she sometimes combines other qualities than the harmlessness of the dove, she is at least a leader in society, the best dressed woman of her set, and a most fascinating companion for all men with the possible exception of her husband. Mrs. Lasante recently gave a very brilliant dinner party, to which she felt obliged to ask Mr. and Mrs. Mayance, although she distinctly did not desire their presence.

"Of course, I shall invite them," she confided to a friend; "but do you know I feel somehow that they won't come."

Her manner was so significant that her friend laughingly asked:

"How will you manage that?"

"Oh, I can't tell," was the reply. "I shall not do anything, of course, but things generally happen the way I want them to."

And this is what did happen: On the morning of the day appointed for the dinner, there was dropped into a street letter-box a badly soiled and muddled envelope bearing Mrs. Lasante's monogram, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Mayance. Across it was written in pencil, "Picked up on the street." And it indicates how unworthy was Mrs. Mayance to shine at one of Mrs. Lasante's brilliant assemblages, that she really believed that the whole thing was an accident, and sent the most profound apologies for not having responded sooner. As it was, she was unfortunately engaged. Singularly enough, in making out her private list for the dinner, Mrs. Lasante had never thought to write the names of Mr. and Mrs. Mayance at all.—*Boston Globe*.

Well Enough to Wait.

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man for instance, once said to one of his lady friends: "Will you accept my hand—?" Gushing maiden—"Why, er so sudden—so unexpected." Literary man (proceeding unmoved)—"Book on political economy?" Something similar is a story told of another couple. He—"How bright the stars are to-night! They are always as bright as—?" She (expecting "your eyes")—"O, you flatter me!" He (proceeding)—"They were last night."—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Lessons of "Uner Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Uner Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revelation.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulas possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies."

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you're yell and pale and weak like lookin', you're needin' a good shaking up with some 'spar'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia and the effects of a long winter. Paul M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it, and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated, but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "the sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that cannot cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

A Good Reason.

Justice—Your testimony as to the prisoner's character isn't complete. I want to know about the last five years. Haven't you been living in his neighborhood?

Witness—Not two blocks from him.

Justice—Ah! Well, what can you tell us about him for, say, the last year?

Witness—Nothing, your Honor.

Justice—Why not, sir?

Witness—Because I was in jail.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Who Laughs Last.

Perkins—"And so you're going to the fancy-dress ball? What costume are you going to wear?"

Smart Aleck—"I think I'll borrow your summer suit and go as a tramp. What are you going to wear?"

Perkins—"I guess I'll put on your diagonal Prince Albert and go as a looking-glass."—Puck.

HAPPINESS is not perfected until it is shared.—*Jane Porter*.

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