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CRIPPLED BIRDS.

Varied and Ingenious Ways in Which They Secure Food.

Birds deprived of the use of limbs do not always "go to the wall." A writer in a contemporary has seen a finch with a wounded wing sustaining life by robbing spiders' webs strung across the brambles and low bushes of the flies entangled therein. This enterprising songster did not show a lean body, either, and at the end of three weeks was able to fly away to its old haunts.

A lame crow lived for the greater part of a summer by eating the bait from a cluster of rat-traps, the dexterity it employed in avoiding the spring and teeth revealing it to be cunning and observant. Hunger compelled it to attack an imprisoned rodent on one occasion, the struggles of the latter eventually dragging the bird into the snare, the two found by a stableman later in the afternoon. But for barefaced impudence a pied wagtail comes first. This bird had suffered an injury to its pinions, and ran about a kitchen garden for some time before it was discovered. Even then it evaded capture, and its nimble legs served it in good stead, not even the cat having a chance in the race. The master of the house had a pet owl which was fed regularly on milk-sops, the bowl being carried into an outhouse where the blinking bird fed at leisure. One day the wagtail was observed to run into the barn, and, with gaping mouth and wings fiercely flapping, attack the owl so persistently that it hobbled off, leaving the milk and bread to the mercy of the ravenous little assailant. This happened so frequently that the owl was in danger of pining, and its meals were served in a more secure quarter.

A wood-pigeon with broken wing robbed the barn-door fowls of their grain, and grew so bold that it actually scared away the hens by strutting and puffing out its breast, pecking at them when they ventured too near him, and cooing discordantly loud to further frighten them.

Spain's Illiteracy.

Modern languages are unknown in Spain to a degree which has to be realized before it can be believed. Politicians, statesmen, physicians, journalists, courtiers and even merchants are content with speaking their own sonorous language—and can very seldom express themselves in any other. I have seen Englishmen and Frenchmen in the foreign department of the Central Telegraph office wandering disconsolately hither and thither unable to find a single official conversant, in any degree, with the French tongue. The liberal government of Senor Sagasta, having introduced censorship of foreign telegrams, such as has never been practiced in Russia, was at its wit's end to find a censor capable of reading messages written in German, and, finally, it was decided that they should go as they were, unexamined. I frequently saw two identical telegrams, of which one was in French and the other in German, handed in at the telegraph office, and on the following day I learned that the French message had been suppressed by the censor and the German telegram transmitted without remark.—Contemporary Review.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.

From the Times, Bluffs, Ill.

The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they girdled the continent or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of today. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease, many of them with rheumatism. Such a sufferer was Adam Vangundy, who now resides at Bluffs, Ill., where he has been justice of the peace and was the first president of the board of trustees. In a recent interview he said:

"A Forty-niner."

"I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could think or hear of, but received no relief.

"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its great merit."

(Signed) Adam Vangundy.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1897.

Franklin C. Funk, Notary Public.

Bound in Human Skin.

In Camille Flammarion's library is a volume of the famous astronomer's works which bears the unique title, "Souvenir d'Une Morte." It is unique because the title is wholly incompatible with the contents of the book, which is mainly devoted to scientific matters. However, when one hears the story that is told of this little volume it does not appear so strange after all, though interest in it grows all the greater. It is said that M. Flammarion meeting a beautiful lady at a reception one evening, openly expressed his admiration for her really lovely shoulders. So impressed was the lady that when she died her will directed that enough skin be taken from that part of her person to bind the next work of the distinguished scientist. This was done, and the book referred to is the result.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

France has kept 200,000 tons of coal stored at Toulon since 1893, to be ready in case war should break out.

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SAPOLIO

A Dangerous Secret.

By FLORENCE MARYATT.

CHAPTER XV.

The memory of them comes back upon Angus' heart like a serpent sting.

"Go on, monsieur," he says in a low voice, trembling with passion.

"Your father held a respectable position in Glasgow as clerk in one of the largest mercantile houses there, when he met your mother. She was an actress at some small theater in Scotland."

"My mother an actress! Never! You are altogether mistaken! This affair is becoming a farce."

"I hope you may find it a farce, young man. Your mother, I repeat, was an actress, known by the name of Delia Morton."

"And her name is Delia!" murmurs poor Angus.

"And a very low hactress, too!" chimes in Mrs. Moray; "who hacted hin the most hindecent dresses, hand——"

"My dear," interposes her husband "will you permit me to tell his story to the young man myself?"

"Have it your hown way, Willyum. I honly hinterfered for hall your good," she returns with offended dignity.

"My poor brother James met her, and as I thought married her; at all events he managed to deceive me on the subject; he quarreled with his Glasgow employers, however, and brought you and your mother to London, where I met him again; James was then in a very bad state of health—fast dying, in fact—and I, having a large fortune and no family to which to leave it, proposed rather rashly to make you my heir, and adopt you on your father's death as such."

"I—your heir!" stammers Angus Moray in incredulous amazement.

"Certainly—and you would have been one of the richest men in London. However, your mother chose to interfere and prevent it!"

"A merciful hinterference!" murmurs his wife.

"How could she do so?"

"By asserting her sole claim to you, on the score of your illegitimacy!"

"O! monsieur! it is impossible! It can never have been!" cries the young man, distressed beyond measure, as he hides his face in his clasped hands.

"It is true as I stand here! Your father died and I produced the will he had left in my possession, appointing me your sole guardian. I was about to put it into force, when your mother declared before witnesses she was not a married woman, and therefore had the sole claim to you."

"I cannot believe it," says Angus despairingly.

"Ask your mother, then. She had no hesitation in confessing it at the time, and her friend, Mrs. Horton, and a solicitor of the name, I believe, of Bond, heard her make the declaration."

"Mrs. Horton! Why, she is in Bruges at the present moment, staying with my mother—my mother, who is so loved and respected throughout the town—of whom I have been so proud. O, monsieur, I would rather have heard any news than this. You have given me my death blow!"

"If Mrs. Horton is here you can satisfy your curiosity upon the subject at once. Your mother is more likely to deny the truth now that it will militate against her feigned respectability! I trust you will not usurp my family name any longer, or you will place me under the unpleasant necessity of publicly proclaiming that you have no right to it. Your name is Merton. Be good enough to remember that for the future."

This last sting is the worst of all.

"Your friend the doctor could hardly trust his own ears when I told him the story," continues Mr. Moray, maliciously. "He was quite taken aback by your audacity!"

Angus stops short, wheels round, and retraces his steps to the center of the room.

"So it is you that have poisoned the mind of my best friend against me—that have made him forget the affection and the trust of years—that have helped to mar the brightest hopes that ever a man held! I see it all now. It is your cursed malice that has lost me Gabrielle—and I will be revenged upon you for it; as there is a judgment seat in store for both of us, I will be revenged!"

He rushes from their presence as he speaks, but he cannot rush from the desolation they have created for him. He tears through the vestibule into the open street, where the sunshine blinds him and the ordinary traffic sounds like the roar of thunder in his ears—without being able to stifle those three awful words that ring in his heart like a knell of death: "Ask your mother!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hephzibah Horton, sitting at luncheon with her friend Delia Moray, has a letter delivered to her, on the receipt of which she becomes much disturbed.

"Folly!—idiocy!—dotage!" she exclaims at intervals, like so many successive pistol shots, as she peruses the missive in question.

"O! I hope nothing is going to interfere with our holidays," says Delia, anxiously, observing the ominous expression of Mrs. Hephzibah's countenance. "That is not a business letter, is it, Mrs. Horton? Not a recall to London, or anything disagreeable of that sort?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear; only that man Bond has actually followed me over to Bruges!"

"Followed you here, Mrs. Horton—what for?"

"What for, indeed? You may well ask what for. When he first heard I was coming to see you for a few weeks, he offered to accompany me. I said 'No;' decidedly and flatly, 'No!' What did he suppose I wanted a little idiot of a man like himself tacked behind me for? He told all kinds of lies to persuade me to yield to his wishes; said I oughtn't to travel alone; I, Hephzibah Horton, aged 61, who have supported myself ever since I was 30! Faugh! Why, I should have had to look after him into the bargain!"

"But it was a kind thought, dear Mrs. Horton, nevertheless. You have always been very good friends, Mrs. Horton, have you not?"

"Well, I've helped him with his boys, and he's given me the advantage of such legal knowledge as he possesses."

"And you wouldn't let the poor little man come to Bruges with you?"

"No! I wouldn't—and what does he do in consequence? Here's a letter written yesterday, not twelve hours after my departure, to say that he is just about to start on the same journey by a different route, and expects to be here this morning."

"Then he must be actually at Bruges this moment!"

"That's just it! Against all my orders, the man is actually in the place."

"And he has crossed for the express purpose of being near you and of use to you in traveling. It is a very kind and friendly act, Mrs. Horton. You must be very good to him in return."

"Good to him in return! What for? I shall be no such thing. I have a great mind to write to the Hotel Belgique, where he says he shall stay, and tell him that unless he leaves Bruges at once, I shall start for Antwerp to-morrow."

"Oh! that would be too cruel! Besides, you surely would not punish me for his offense. Think how long it is since we met each other. Why cannot we make a pact with poor Mr. Bond, and let him join us when we go sight-seeing? He will enjoy all the places we visit twofold if seen in your company."

Mrs. Hephzibah does not appear unwilling to be mollified. She sits there twisting the little lawyer's note undecidedly round and round in her fingers, but the thought does strike the womanly part of her, that now that he has been foolish enough to make the journey on her account, it would be rather hard to shut him out in the cold. But if she yields to Delia's request, it must be for Delia's sake and not for her own.

"Well, my dear, if you wish it, of course, I am not the one to raise objections. I am your guest! I do not forget that fact, and you are at liberty to ask anyone to join our party that you like."

"For old acquaintance sake, Mrs. Horton. If you really want to show him a kindness it would be a great one to call at the Hotel Belgique as we go out this afternoon and take him with us."

Delia thinks that the little solicitor looks like anything but a shriveled-up nut, as, on receiving her card at the hotel, he descends with alacrity to the vestibule to greet Mrs. Horton and herself. He is a fresh-colored, pleasant, benevolent looking old gentleman, very neat and prim in his appearance, and carrying his 64 years bravely. His mild blue eyes seemed troubled also, as if his impending loneliness grieved him more than he cared to confess; and the eagerness with which he turns to grasp Mrs. Hephzibah's hand proves where he looks for sympathy and depends upon finding it.

"If you mean to walk," says Mrs. Hephzibah, "you had better come at once, for the afternoon is getting on, and we want to get on too."

Mr. Bond expresses his gratitude and promptitude to obey at one and the same moment by running upstairs to fetch his hat and stick, and the ladies step out upon the pavement in front of the hotel to wait for him.

It is a bright, beautiful afternoon, and the street is crowded with pedestrians. Delia, letting her eyes wander at will, raises them to the hotel windows, but suddenly withdraws them with a sort of frightened gasp.

"What have you seen now, Delia?"

"Look the other way, Mrs. Horton. O! how foolish I am! I know it is only some sickly fancy, but I saw a face at one of the hotel windows, and just for the moment it looked to me so like the face of William Moray."

Mrs. Horton laughs aloud.

"What will you get into that silly little head of yours next? William Moray, indeed! I wonder what he would feel like set down in the middle of Bruges. Why, I don't suppose he knows that such a place exists! Put him out of your thoughts, my dear. He's safe enough in Cheapside, sorting his samples of wool. Take my word for it."

Mrs. Hephzibah and her little solicitor enjoy their walk exceedingly, and are full of regret when they find it is time to retrace their steps. But Delia hopes to see her boy, and the distance between the cemetery and the Rue Allemande seems twice as long as usual in consequence. But another disappointment awaits her at home. Instead of Angus' happy face for greeting, she receives a note from him, hurriedly written, and inexplicably mysterious.

"I cannot attend the theater to-night," it says. "You and your friend must go without me. You will find the tickets on the mantelpiece in my bedroom."

When she returns from the theater, and having bid good-night to both her friends, enters her own room—an explanation awaits her there. Seated by her table is Angus—haggard, pale and disordered in appearance; but as the door opens, he starts up from his chair and waits her approach. She is about to fly into his arms with an exclamation of pity and affection, when he waves her from him.

"Mother," he says hoarsely, "I was obliged to wait for you here. I couldn't meet you before those people downstairs."

"You couldn't meet me, Angus! Oh, what is the meaning of this?"

"No! Not until I had received an answer from you to a question that is eating into my very soul. Mother, I have heard that to-day which seems to have taken all the light and life out of my existence. I cannot believe it—but you are the only person who can thoroughly satisfy me upon the subject."

"Angus, what is it?" she says, trembling; "tell me at once. There have never been any secrets between us yet. There never shall be."

"My tongue seems to cleave to the roof of my mouth when I try to form the words, but they must be said. Forgive me, mother, if I wound you by the question, but think what I have suffered under the doubt presented to me. Were you married to my father, or were you not?"

CHAPTER XVII.

For a moment her relief at finding that his uncertainty does not arise from any fear for the failure of his suit with Gabrielle, makes her forget everything but that she can answer his question with truth in the affirmative.

"My darling child! yes! of course I was! Who has been so wicked as to try and make you think otherwise?"

"I knew it—I was sure of it!" exclaims the young man joyfully, as he catches her in his arms and kisses her. "What a fool I was to doubt you for a moment! Give me your certificate of marriage, mother, and I will flourish it in the face of that liar to-morrow, and tear his false tongue out by the roots afterward."

"My certificate!" she falters, but still without an inkling of the truth; "I—I haven't got it, dear Angus. I didn't keep a copy."

"That is provoking," he says, biting his lip, "because it involves delay; but it is not a matter of vital importance. A copy is easily procured. You must give me the exact date of your marriage, with the name of the church where it took place, and I will write a letter before I sleep this night, that shall set the matter right for us. I cannot have your good name lying under a false imputation one moment longer than is absolutely necessary."

Something of the danger flashes on her mind.

"My good name! Angus, for the love of heaven, tell me what is all this about! Who has dared to asperse me to you, or to cast a doubt upon my respectability?"

"My uncle, William Moray."

"Your uncle!" she almost screams. "Where have you met him? Not here? Not in Bruges?"

"Yes—here! in Bruges."

Delia steadies herself by placing one hand upon the table. Something that has been knocking at her heart and whispering in her ears all day, rises up at this moment in a tangible shape before her.

It was, then, the face of William Moray she saw at the hotel window. He and her boy have met! Angus knows all!

"What does he say?" she whispers in a voice of fear.

"He says that when my father died he left me to his guardianship, to be brought up as his heir, but that when the time came for asserting his authority, you set it aside on the plea that I was illegitimate, and no one but my mother had any claim upon me. And that, but for your declaration to that effect before witnesses, I should have been one of the richest men in London at the present moment. Is it true?"

"Forgive me, Angus!" she cries, as she throws herself upon her knees before him. "I did it for your sake. Ah! you cannot know—you never shall know—the miserable life I endured before I was tempted to tell so foul a lie. You were all I had, my darling! For you I had worked and labored through pain and wretchedness and discomfort, such as never woman endured before—for you I had suffered violence and insult and contempt. And then, when it was over—when at last heaven mercifully delivered me from an unholy bondage, and I was looking forward to devoting the remainder of my life to you—they told me that your father had made a will by which you would be torn from my arms—never to be mine again in the sweet companionship of mother and child—and I could not bear it. The burden was too heavy for me, and I escaped from it by the only means I could. I destroyed the certificate of marriage which I possessed, and denied there had ever been one."

"You blasted my whole life, in fact, by falsely branding me with illegitimacy."

"Angus! Angus! do not speak to me in that tone of voice. I did it for your sake."

"To gratify your own wishes, you mean. Don't say you thought of me in the transaction. My welfare was the last consideration you must have had."

"No! no! indeed it was not! What should I have done without you? You were my all—my whole earthly possession. I loved you as my own life!"

"And a nice way you took to prove it, by taking from me the only thing which I possessed—my father's name. Do you know what that man said to me to-day? That my proper name was not Moray, and that if I used it for the future, he would publicly denounce me as an impostor."

"The wicked, cruel man! He knows you are his own brother's child—and except in that one matter I have never harmed him—why should he rise up now to destroy all my peace of mind?"

"Because you put it in his power to do so. By this lie which you told him to secure a temporary pleasure for yourself, at the price of an everlasting shame for me, you placed a weapon in his hand with which he can stab us both to his life's end. Do you know the mischief he has done already with it? He has related the whole base story to Dr. de Blois, who has peremptorily refused, in consequence, to give me Gabrielle in marriage."

"Ah, no, no, Angus! it cannot be. You must be mistaken. Think how long we have lived and been respected in Bruges—what honored friends we have gained here. Dr. de Blois will never take the word of a stranger against the proof of his own eyes. He did not tell you so, surely?"

"To all my entreaties that he would explain himself more satisfactorily, with respect to refusing my offer, he had but one reply: 'Ask your mother—she ought to know.'"

"And would you rather, then, that I had let you go to your uncle, Angus?" she cries in an agony of pain. "Would you have given up my love and tenderness for all these many years for the sake of that man's riches?"

"I would have given them up for the sake of an honest name," he answers quickly; and then, seeing how he has wounded her, he adds: "Don't think I undervalue your love, mother; but you might have found a better way of showing it for me than you did."

And this is the end! This is the fruit of all those weary, tearful years—that cheerfully borne labor, and those cheerfully expended earnings, that her boy might have everything of the best that she could give him—Angus tells her that he would have resigned it all to regain that which her own hand wrested from him!

"To think," he exclaims, as he rises and paces the room, "that for a single lie, my life and my affections are blighted forever; that I have lost my Gabrielle and my good name at one and the same moment; that here in this city, where I have been reared to hold my head up with any man, I must slink through the streets with downcast eyes. I will settle up my accounts at the office as soon as ever it is possible, and turn my back upon the place forever!"

"Angus—Angus! where will you go?" sobs his mother.

"Heaven knows—and I don't care. Anywhere—so it be to a country where the disgrace you have cruelly tacked to me is not known, and I can begin life afresh under the only name you have left me the right to bear. Life afresh! What a farce it seems to me to speak so! Why, you have destroyed my life, with all that was worth having in it. I shall have no life henceforward, as I shall have no name. Oh, mother! mother! you may have called it love, but you are the bitterest enemy I have ever had."

So he passes from the room, leaving her, crushed in body and in spirit, on the floor, overwhelmed by the calamity of which she is the author, and seeing no way out of the thick darkness that enfolds her.

(To be continued.)

BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS.

How a Navy Paymaster Took a Fall Out of the Bank of England.

The late Paymaster Clark, of the United States navy, of Delaware, was attached to one of the ships on the European station during the period of the civil war. It may have been the Kearsarge, but it is not important. She was an armed vessel and had been long at sea, and came in for coal, provisions and to give the men a liberty day on shore. To meet these and other expenses it was necessary to have some £8,000 (men are paid in the currency of the country they may be in when on foreign stations), and Paymaster Clark drew sight drafts on the subtreasury of New York through the Government agents, J. S. Morgan & Co., bankers, in old Broad street, London. Accompanied by the vice consul he went to the Plymouth branch of the Bank of England, and presenting his drafts, asked to have them changed for notes and gold. The bank manager, not content with exercising proper commercial scrutiny, was very nasty, and finally said:

"Well, I do not know the subtreasury. I do not know the paper nor you, and I have never had business with the gentleman who is United States vice consul here, so I won't cash your drafts. You say J. S. Morgan will indorse them. You had better go up to London and let him cash them."

Mr. Clark went out to the telegraph office, put himself in communication with Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Morgan went to the Bank of England in London, the manager sent word to the Plymouth branch manager, and that gentleman came personally to the Royal Hotel and, with his hat in hand, begged to be of service to Paymaster Clark in any way that gentleman would suggest. The apparently placated paymaster, accompanied by his clerk, accompanied the bank officer to the bank. The drafts were duly passed over and a large bundle of Bank of England notes placed before the paymaster.

"What are these?" said Clark.

"Those are Bank of England notes."

"Yes, I see they are notes signed by Frederick May that the bank will pay bearer, etc. Well, I do not know Mr. May, and, of course, I do not know you. This paper may be good, but I have no assurance of that. I'll trouble you for the gold."

The humiliated bank manager had to hunt it up, and Paymaster Clark carried it down to the boat in triumph. "I would have preferred part of the money in notes," he said, "but I couldn't refuse the chance of getting even."

A feature of the population statistics of western Australia is the large proportion of males to females. The disparity is maintained in the arrivals by sea. At present there are forty-five females to every 100 males.

Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25 cts.

How to Make a Fortune.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Henry Ward Beecher to his son:

"You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing."

"Make few promises. Religiously observe the smallest. A man who means to keep his promises can't afford to make many."

"Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth."

"Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal."

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else."

"Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering."

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year."

"The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing. In this country any intelligent young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient."

Our Fading Literature.

An expert in ink and paper has made a startling discovery. He announces that none of the books being printed now will be in existence by the middle of the next century. The books that have survived for two or three centuries were not made of shoddy. The paper was hand made, and the material used was honest rags. The ink was made from nutgalls. Nowadays he says most of the paper is of wood pulp, treated with acids, and the ink is composed of substances that are foreign to the paper and eat into it. The books will all rot away. Will it be a disaster if the folk a hundred years from now do not have the piles and piles of books printed to-day to read? It will be a blessing, and save a considerable portion of the race from idiocy. All the drivel now being printed is doomed. Nature has her own remedies, and the one for this ink itch is poor paper and rotten ink, evidently. So, most of the novelists and poets might as well give up the idea of having posterity read their works. Posterity will be too busy trying to write something itself.—Pittsburg News.

DECORATE YOUR HOMES.

Beautiful Representations of Wild Ducks, Pheasants, Quail and Snipe.

Probably at no time in the world's history has as much attention been paid to the interior decoration of homes as at present. No home, no matter how humble, is without its handiwork that helps to beautify the apartments and make the surroundings more cheerful. The taste of the American people has kept pace with the age, and almost every day brings forth something new in the way of a picture, a draping, a piece of furniture or other form of mural decoration. One of the latest of these has been given to the world by the celebrated artist, Muville, in a series of four handsome porcelain game plaques. Not for years has anything as handsome in this line been seen. The subjects represented by these plaques are American wild ducks, American pheasants, American quail and English snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially designed for hanging on dining room walls, though their richness and beauty entitles them to a place in the parlor of any home. These original plaques have been purchased at a cost of $50,000 by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Elastic Starch, and in order to enable their numerous customers to become possessors of these handsome works of art they have had them reproduced by a special process, in all the rich colors and beauty of the original. They are finished on heavy cardboard, pressed and embossed in the shape of a plaque and trimmed with a heavy band of gold. They measure forty inches in circumference and contain no reading matter or advertisement whatever.

Until Oct. 1 Messrs. J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent packages of Elastic Starch, flatiron brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their grocer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only and should be taken advantage of without delay.

"Lady cook also lady parlormaid wanted; two persons and one child; small compact residence; good home; two friends preferred; highly recommended; lady nurse and man kept," is a recent London advertisement.

30,000 Acres More

of Fertile Farm Lands for sale at Chesterville, Colorado County, Texas. Write for full particulars about cheap excursions and receive FREE illust'd book, "A HOME IN TEXAS." Southern Texas Colonization Co., 110 Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Genius for Finance.

"There's no use talking," said the broker enthusiastically, "that young man has a genius for finance."

"Has he closed his deal?"

"Yes. He started in with $1,000,000. And he'll have over $500,000 of it left."

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.

Self-love prevents some people from loving more than once.

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

WANTED.—Case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

THE POWER OF SATIRE.

How "Don Quixote" Destroyed an Entire Department of Literature.

The object of Cervantes in writing "Don Quixote" was, as he himself declares, to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in the books of chivalry.

The fanaticism caused by these romances was so great in Spain during the sixteenth century that the burning of all extant copies was earnestly requested by the Cortes (or Legislature of the realm.)

To destroy a passion that had taken such deep root among all classes, to break up the only reading which (at that time) was fashionable and popular was a bold undertaking, yet one in which Cervantes succeeded.

No books of chivalry were written after the appearance of "Don Quixote," and from that time those in existence have been steadily disappearing, until now they are among the rarest of literary curiosities.

This is a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy, by a well-aimed blow, an entire department of literature.

This romance, which Cervantes threw so carelessly from his pen, and which he only regarded as an effort to break up the absurd fancies about chivalry, has now become the oldest specimen of romantic fiction and one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius.

Ten years after its appearance Cervantes published the second part of "Don Quixote," which is even better than the first. It was written in his old age, when in prison, and finished when he felt the hand of death pressing cold and heavy upon him; so that both admiration and reverence are due to the living power of "Don Quixote" and to the genius of Cervantes.

A second intention or application of the poet was to depict in "Don Quixote" all or any forms of ill-judged, visionary enthusiasm, as contrasted with the simple solid sense of honest Sancho Panza.—Curious Questions.

Hall's Catarrh Cure,

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

At Russian railway stations grievance books are kept in which passengers may enter complaint. The books are sent to the central office once a month and all complaints investigated.

Stanley's Last Journey to Africa.

Henry M. Stanley made a journey into inner Africa recently which was, perhaps, even more remarkable than his search for Livingstone or his exploration of the Congo basin. He traveled in a palace car from Cape Town to Buluwayo, a distance of 1,000 mile, in a little more than twenty-four hours. This incident illustrates in the most striking manner possible the marvelous growth and development of Africa in recent years.—Chicago Tribune.

The Growth of Socialism.

The growth of socialism is due to the standing armies of the world in which men are often made to enlist, and thus become discontented. The growth of a stronger race is due to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for costiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

Terrible Rain of Shot and Shell.

Some idea of the extent to which Sebastopol was fired upon by the allied armies and fleets may be obtained from the statement that from a tax of six pence per hundredweight which the government levied upon the proceeds of the sales of old iron, shot and shell picked up and sold by the people a sum of nearly $75,000 was realized.

Coughing 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.

Wanted Time to Forget It.

"I suppose you have forgotten that you owe me a sovereign?" said Phillips, severely.

"No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."—Tit-Bits.

Shun ointments and lotions for skin diseases, cuts, sprains, bruises, etc., and use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Antiquity of Glass.

It has been proved that glass was known to the ancients.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

It is stated that sharks have now penetrated into the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal from the Red Sea.

The wall around the city of Babylon at the height of its prosperity was 56 miles in length.

Stop! Women,

And Consider the All-Important Fact,

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

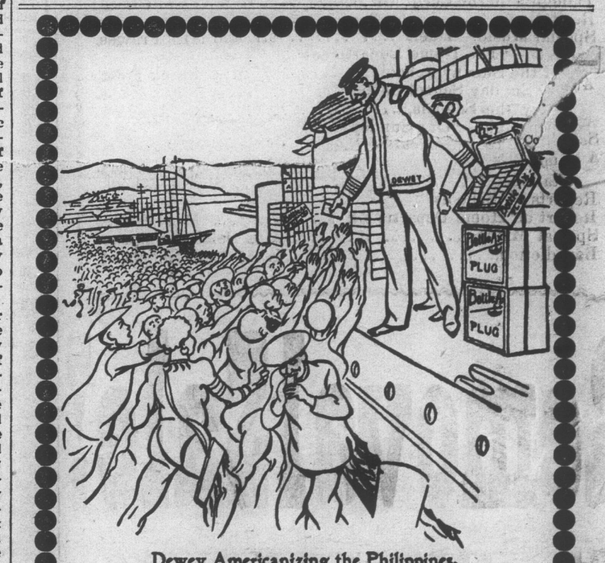
Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician in the world. The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year."



Dewey Americanizing the Philippines.

Wherever Battle Ax goes it pacifies and satisfies everybody—and there are more men chewing

Battle Ax PLUG

to-day than any other chewing tobacco ever made.

The popularity of Battle Ax is both national and international. You find it in Europe:—you find it in Maine:—you find it in India, and you'll find it in Spain (very soon).

Our soldiers and sailors have already taken it to Cuba and the Philippines! Are you chewing it?

Remember the name when you buy again.

JONES HE PAYS THE FRAYT

BEST SCALES. LEAST MONEY

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good.