

## MY NOISY BOY.

LAST YEAR.

I hear him out upon the porch,  
His feet like mallets falling,  
I hear him now behind the house,  
Like drunken Sioux he's qualling.

I hear him in the kitchen now,  
He's crawled upon the table;  
To hear him from that bad boy,  
I do not think I'm able.

He now goes charging through the hall,  
A chair he's dragging after,  
He gives such shrieks of reckless joy,  
As fairly split the rafters!

He's plunging now toward my room;  
I'll have to bar the door,  
Or else my writing for to-day,  
Of course, I must give o'er.

I cannot hear, upon the porch,  
The clatter of his feet;  
I cannot hear his shouts of joy  
Or laughter flowing sweet.

I cannot hear him in the hall,  
The long I strive to hear:  
What would I give, my friends, to have  
Those noisy footsteps near!

Oh, could I now unbar the door!  
Oh, wouldn't it be joy,  
And inspiration to my pen  
To greet my noisy boy!

—James N. Johnson, in *Yankee Blade*.



CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The dwelling of his friend, as Alonzo soon found, was in no way suggestive of being habituated by a king's petted idol. Sobriety and simplicity prevailed everywhere, yet the cloister-like somberness never became too heavy, and now and then it revealed bursts of refreshing brilliance in a fall of rare tapestry or a stretch of blazoned windows. While the two friends tarried late that evening in the groined dining-room with its tall wax candles (having been left to their cigars, coffee and Burgundy by a servant of perfect training) they talked of many things. But chief among these topics the recent troubles of Alonzo stood forth. He told all which had passed between himself and Kathleen, finally adding:

"I don't altogether approve my own conduct, now that I look back upon it." "Approve it!" exclaimed Eric. "My dear boy, you are delicious. Why, it's just as if Caligula should declare to-day that he thought he had behaved a trifle impolitely yesterday."

"Really, Eric, I was not prepared—" "To be called cruel? Of course you were not. You expected to have me agree with you that you've been a martyr."

"I have been—to that horrible Mrs. Kennard."

"But by your own showing you quite defeated her. Kathleen was willing to defy her authority."

"Willing—yes."

"And you wanted the poor girl to prostrate herself before you in an ecstasy of submission. Of course you did. All lovers, in like circumstances, do. Don't bite your lips and glare at me, dear Lonz. It shows in you a new spirit of rebellion for which I am totally unprepared. Always before this you have recognized my right to scold you when you deserved it."

"But you've never before scolded me unjustly, Eric. Let us talk, however, of something else. How is it that you, so sapient in the ways of lovers, have found no wife among all these charming ladies of Saltravia?"

"I marry a Saltravia lady!" broke from Eric, while he nearly spilled the glass of Chambourc that he was lifting to his lips. "You might as well talk of my marrying some celestial creature who had lately arrived here from the planet Mars."

"What do you mean? I thought they adored you."

"Some of them detest me, my dear Lonz."

"Ah! Jealousy of the king?"

"Partly. But there's another cogent reason. Many of them look upon me as a hideous vandal."

"A vandal—yon?"

"Yes—and it's so odd when one thinks of it. A vandal of culture! I swooped down on their dear valley and shattered (at Clarimond's command) its immemorial ugliness. Talk of the romance of the past! Adobe huts are scarcely smaller than were some of their ancestral lodgments. Oh, yes, I've been to them, as it were, a very barbarian of civilization."

"But this was the king's tyranny, not yours."

"They imagine that I have put all these atrocious refinements into Clarimond's head. They realize that he is that anomalous and unprecedented person, a nineteenth century king; but they blame me, at the same time, for aggravating his fallacies."

"Then they think it is a fallacy to believe in surrounding oneself with beauty?"

"They prefer to surround themselves with memories. And they had many. Saltravia, you know, is ridiculously old. After all, it was a very stern demolition. I probably tore up hearthstones that were eight or nine centuries old. I was quite pitiless."

"Pitiless as Caligula?"

"Ah, Lonz, you're angry at me!"

"Well, well, persevere in your grudge and you'll make me apologize." Here Eric looked with melancholy at his half consumed cigar. "An apology, you know, is the murder of a prejudice. And I'm so fond of my prejudices! They're my cherished children. I spend half my time in training them to live thrifty, reputable lives. Besides, we're not to begin our bachelor days together by even the semblance of a quarrel."

Alonzo started. "Are we to live here together, you and I?" he asked.

"Not unless you desire it."

"Oh, Eric! And Alonzo's eyes filled with tears. "In this lovely castle!"

"A castle pour vous, my friend."

"But—But Eric! It's too infernally sweet of you."

"Infernally sweet is just what I want to be called. It reminds me of the *fin de siècle* art. It makes me think of Le-

conte de Lile's poetry. Bandeirats (as that wonderful sayer of happy things, Oscar Wilde, not long ago declared, when he dropped into Saltravia and spent a few days in the palace with Clarimond) is chiefly great as a poet for having discovered the beauty in ugliness. Nothing except that is left us now, in this unacademic age. The moment that one is classical nowadays he is denounced as commonplace."

But Alonzo was not listening. If his wounded life needed any balsamic touch it was just these tidings that here in this lovely valley, in this choice abode, he should secure a lasting home with the friend of his heart.

"It is too kind, too generous of you, Eric," he at length found voice to say. "And when I make my trips here and there about the continent you have decided that I am always to return to—yourself?"

"Unless you are very bored. Then you will be frank and tell me, and then we shall certainly quarrel."

stant I become conscious that I have bored anybody my egotism will leap forth like a tiger. It's a crime of which no one has yet had the audacity to accuse me. I keep a jeweled eastern dirk ready to plunge into any such offender; for when he commits his offense I wish my crime as an assassin to possess at least the saving grace of picturesqueness."

"Oh, Eric, how good you are, how good you are!"

"Crime," continued Eric, pouring himself another glass of Burgundy, "was never so disreputable prosaic as now. That reminds me, dear Lonz. I shall speak to the king to-morrow on this particular subject. I shall ask him if he will not kindly punish any new act of assassination at which the weapons used have been of an inferior and vulgar sort, with something prettily sixteenth century in the way of torture previous to the actual infliction of death."

"I am back with you again in Paris," smiled Alonzo, "while listening like this to all your serious absurdities. But are you sure that if I don't take the place of any Saltravian bride I shall not stand in the way of one with a different nationality. You tell me that the hotels off yonder by the springs are often peopled by American residents."

"Oh, yes. They come here in summer, though they have not yet fully found out the marvelous quality of the springs. You see, before the unexpected accession of Clarimond to the throne Saltravia had been for years in desuetude. The old king, his kinsman, ill and half blind for nearly twenty years, had a loathing of foreigners, and resisted even the request of so august an authority as the emperor himself that the hotels should be redecorated and made attractive to a wholly new order of guests."

"And Clarimond has changed all that. He opens his arms to Americans. And you? Don't you open yours to anyone, feminine American in particular?"

Eric answered at first with a shrug. "My dear boy, I've been so horribly busy. Besides—"

"Ah, there's a besides!"

"Oh, a very commonplace one. If you recall, I staid on in Paris for a good while after you left." His voice fell, and for an instant there were tears in it. "Some day I'll tell you just what happened. Only, don't ask me until I offer to tell you, Lonz; and that may be never."

He suddenly tossed his large, virile head, and gave his yellow beard a quick, nervous pull. In another moment he was the old radiant trifter, with not a hint of that hidden sorrow which it occurred to his hearer that he might possibly never learn. "Frankly, as I've now made up my mind, I could never marry an American woman unless she were a mute."

"Eric, what do you mean?"

"The voice of the American woman, my dear Lonz, is a horror!"

Alonzo laughed. "Why except the American man?"

"I don't. But one doesn't marry the American man."

"True. One doesn't. But I've known not a few American girls whose voices—"

"Of course you have. So have I. Oh, yes, those exceptions are vocally enchanting. But the ordinary girl of my own country always reminds me, when she is charming, of a splendid full blown thistle. There are few lovelier flowers than the thistle when seen in perfection. It has unique perfume, and a symmetry that repays the closest observance. But try to pluck it and you are sure to recoil."

"Bah," replied Alonzo, laughing; "it's the same affair with a moss-rose."

Eric frowned with a great gloom. "Lonz, you have done the most scandalous injury. I can pardon the man who smites me on the cheek or who robs me from the person. But for him who wantonly spoils one of my smiles I can only cherish a Borgian hatred."

Then they both broke into a laugh, their eyes meeting in amical joyance under the wax lights that beamed on their fruits and wine. "I won't admit your hatred to be quite Borgian," urged Alonzo, "for I am sure this velvet Burgundy hasn't been poisoned."

"You poison it with your own sarcasms," returned Eric. Then, after a slight pause: "There will be a late moon to-night. Shall we watch it for a minute from the terrace?"

They were presently standing together on the stone walk outside, feeling their temples fanned by a breeze that seemed to blow straight from the ruddy moonrise at which they gazed. The moon herself moved through a fair of stagnant ebon cloud, edging it with spectral fire; but her light flooded the hollow of a great gorge in the mountain just below her, and stole from its covert of clustered leafage shapes that were mystic enough for the pictured thoughts of a darkened soul. Alonzo had some such fancy as this, and had just lost himself in the easy witchery of it, when his friend's voice roused him with a faint, impatient cry.

"What is it?" he said, starting as if from a real dream.

"Look—the palace," replied Eric. "It's fairly ablaze with lights."

Alonzo turned and saw that this was true, and that throngs of shadowy shapes were gathered in the grand courtyard before the wide-dung, illumined

doors. Suddenly the cracklings of whips were heard, and three or four vehicles that might have been coaches of state rolled into momentary distinctness, and then were swallowed again by the gloom.

"She has crossed the frontier once more, after numberless threats," muttered Eric. "Intolerable woman, to come at such a time as this! But so like her—so like her! It has all been premeditated, just to cause talk and to give trouble. Hark! they are cheering her."

Alonzo listened, and heard a volume of sound by no means deafening.

"Is it not absurd?" pursued Eric. "It's like an opera bouffe with grand choros of Saltravian citizens, you know, about two dozen strong. And what's absurd still, she's horribly unpopular here; they quite detest her."

"Of whom, pray, are you speaking?" asked Alonzo, with evident interest.

"Of the princess of Brindisi, mother of the king, and the most insolent and arrogant woman in Europe."

CHAPTER VII.

It was indeed true that King Clarimond had abruptly received tidings which told him his mother had just crossed the Saltravian frontier. Between the princess and himself relations of a most frosty character had existed for several years. Few people, however, remained long on good terms with the princess. Her disposition was now merely overbearing; it brimmed with all the worst bigotries of the dark ages, and to say of her that she believed in the "divine rights of kings" would have been mildly to express her mental savagery. The course of her son and only child, Clarimond, had almost maddened her since his accession to the throne. She had detested his father, her first husband, the Archduke Conrad, and in Clarimond she saw the paternal traits accentuated, made more hideous, more nauseating. Conrad had presumed in her presence to air his loathsome republican doctrines, and his early death had seemed to her like a heavenly vengeance for such audacity. Marrying soon afterward an old Italian prince of great wealth and extreme conservatism, she again became a widow before it even vaguely entered her head that the son whom she had left with his tutors and guardians in Saltravia stood the remotest chance of ever being king. The princess adored Italy, and shrank from the cares of motherhood. Besides, were not Conrad's people taking charge of the boy and his enormous fortune? But, suddenly, when the sick old king lost his heir by a lightning stroke of disease, and when only two other lives could be counted on between himself and the succession, Hildegard, princess of Brindisi, began to feel her spirit dilate with a haughty hope. For those two other heirs, had they not been sickly from their cradles, and was not one of them a fragile girl with a pulmonary ill of stubborn menace?

The girl died within a year after her brother, and the old king, who deeply loved her, became almost an imbecile through this double bereavement. Then tidings were brought the princess in Naples that her son might soon inherit the rule of Saltravia, as both the reigning monarch and his last left child were at the point of death. It was now that she hurried to her own child, whom she had seen only at intervals, and in a bored, perfunctory way, during the past decade.

But Clarimond, taking the reins of government at an age when his wrists were quite sinewy enough to hold them, had no sympathy with his mother's dictates and desires. To the princess his views, his tendencies, his avowals, were a mingled amazement and disgust.

"I am covered with remorse and shame," she would say to her intimates, "that this rebel against all the most sacred customs and precedents of royalty should actually be my son! He will bring Saltravia to the verge of ruin; he will infuriate the emperor; he will compromise himself past remedy and plunge me into untold embarrassments."

Her new position had caused her to surround herself with a suite of ladies and gentlemen in waiting. There are always people ready to play sycophants for those on whom a throne has cast its shadow, and if she had chosen to organize a political party in opposition to her son the task would not have been difficult. But in spite of her indignant disapproval she shrank from such a course. After all, though a cousin twice removed of the emperor whom she professed to venerate, her new greatness had come to her from Clarimond alone. For a good while she remained in Saltravia, treated with faultless though somewhat sarcastic deference by the son whom she had so long neglected, and then, angered into hysteria by his new intimacy with a young adventuring American architect who was to demolish all the old time-hallowed structures and rear horrible brand-new ones in their place, she gathered her little household about her and fled to her beloved Italy.

The king, who had remained courteous as he was obdurate, simply shrugged his shoulders at her departure, and breathed a long sigh of relief.

"She is incorrigible," he said to Eric, "and I find her as hard to argue with as if she had been a figure that had stepped forth from one of my precious bits of antique tapestry, coif on head and hawk on wrist. I shall continue to act just as if she had never annoyed me by her curious worm-eaten prejudices, and I shall write her regularly, once a month, letters full of the most dutiful filial sentiments."

This resolve Clarimond faithfully carried out. The princess, meanwhile, though she had retired, had not given up her battle. She was secretly agitated by a dread that her son would make some terrible democratic marriage; for he had already shocked her by asserting that he thought morganic unions revolting and even criminal, and there was no written law in his little realm against a sovereign marrying whomsoever he chose.

Repeatedly of late months the princess had written her intention of coming to see the new palace. Her son had given courteous assent to this arrangement, while inwardly groaning at the parade

of ceremony and punctilio which it would be certain to engender.

Now, at last, after many false alarms, a telegram had abruptly come to him stating that she had reached a small town about three miles distant, and there awaited his presence. It was then a little after midnight. The king, who was just settling himself at dinner, gave a despairing sigh. There seemed to him the most studied kind of mischief in this entire proceeding. But of course her entrance into the kingdom, after so long an absence, must be greeted with due and prompt honors. As for honors military, these, at such an hour, were next to impossible. A cortege of royal coaches and a fairly copious escort the annoyed Clarimond soon caused to be prepared. But as a consequence of what she chose to consider his mortifying rudeness, the princess was driven to the palace in one of her most scrupulous furies.

At first, during the homeward drive, she would scarcely speak to her son. Beside her sat a beautiful young girl of a very pronounced blonde type named Bianca d'Este, allied to the illustrious race who bear that name. The princess had recently induced this young lady to become her chief companion, and with what motive it was only too plain. In one of her recent letters to Clarimond she had openly written:

"I have added to my household the most charming of girls, Bianca d'Este. In lineage she is your equal, for her blood is not merely royal, but very ancient as well. I should love to see her seated at your side on the throne of Saltravia; and it is high time you married, as you must surely admit."

Clarimond was not the man to be either coerced or counseled on matrimonial questions. He had never yet seen the woman whom he would have taken any great joy in making his wife, but he had seen at least four or five who might, even to his fastidious taste, have worn the crown of queenly consort with satisfying distinction.

As he now let his eye rest on Bianca d'Este's plump, yet dignified, figure and creamy, pink-and-white face, he felt no stir of interest whatever. She was undoubtedly a handsome girl, but behind such a look as hers there could not lie the intelligence which alone makes woman's beauty otherwise than a mere pastime of the senses to men; and our young king was a man who had never shown his senses very much respect, a fact which something in the silvery gray of his eyes and in the lines of his clear-minded chin went strongly to prove. Meanwhile, as the great state carriage rolled onward through the mellow summer darkness, and by the rays of the outside lamp which illumined it he could distinctly view this young Italian lady, he told himself, almost with weariness, that if his mother should insist and importune, after that fashion of doing both in which she so notably excelled, he might yield to her and let the cherished nuptials really take place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT MEN READ.

A Comparison of American and English Literary Tastes.

Men are distinctly newspaper readers. I do not imply by this that they never read anything beyond the newspaper. But a busy man—and the successful man can be taught else—has little time for the careful reading of periodicals or books. And with the completeness of the modern newspaper, especially the Sunday issue, covering as it does every phase of thought, he is more satisfied to have his reading end there than he was ten or fifteen years ago. Undoubtedly men take up the magazines of the day, but to "leaf" the Century, or "run over" the pictures in Harper's, or "dip" into some North American Review article is as far as hundreds of them go. This fact is substantiated by a glance at the subscription list of any of our great magazines. Three-fourths of the subscribers are women. Of course there are men who are assiduous readers, but they are men of leisure. But how many men of leisure have we in our modern life? The American man has still to learn the lesson long ago learned by his English brother, that a day equally divided between business and leisure means greater and surer wealth than a day entirely given over to business. The Englishman reads far more than does the American, and mainly for the reason outlined above. If careful statistics could be collected on the reading done by men in this country—not the men of literary pursuits, who read because it is to their benefit that they shall do so, but the reading done by the great average run of American men—the figures, I warrant, would be surprising.

Edward W. Bok, in *Chicago Herald*.

Glass Houses and Stones.

A Marquette grocer suspected a business rival of indulging in a short weight, and to verify his suspicions sent to the store for a dollar's worth of sugar. Grocer No. 2 was not born last season, and while the messenger was awaiting he sent a friend around to his fellow-dealer's store, got a dollar's worth of sugar and passed it off as coming from the store. Grocer No. 1 had the sugar weighed, found it was short and set up a tremendous howl, but since the rival had proven that the sugar came from the other's store the dense, dark silence has become painful. —Pennsylvania Grocer.

An Unusual Occurrence.

A unique triple wedding feast was enjoyed in a Bohemian village where a young couple were married on the same day that the parents of the bridegroom celebrated their silver wedding, and his grandparents their golden wedding. On the same day a diamond wedding was celebrated at Helliggenau, near Vienna.

A Thoughtful Reader.

Stalate—Have you read "She?" Ethel—No; but I have read "You." Stalate—Interesting? Ethel—No; stupid.—Truth.

A Reflection on Her Beauty.

Trivet—Isn't Mrs. Chinner a handsome woman? Dicer—Yes, but she isn't as handsome as she is painted.—Judge

## THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Its Improvement as Noted by Postmaster General Wamamaker's Report.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The postmaster general mentions at the beginning of his annual report to the president the chief developments of the year as follows:

Five million dollars added to the gross revenue.

The deficit reduced nearly \$1,000,000.

Money-order offices increased two-thirds or from 10,707 to 14,689.

Eighty-two cities supplied with free delivery.

Twenty-seven hundred and ninety new offices established.

Two hundred and sixty-three offices advanced to the presidential grade.

Fifteen hundred and ninety new mail routes established, embracing 5,500 miles of new service.

Ocean mail service extended.

Pneumatic-tube service introduced.

It appears that in the last four years 5,501 new mail routes have been established, traversing 9,600 miles; that the number of post offices has grown by over 3,000, the number of money order offices over 3,900 and the number of free delivery offices has almost doubled. The postmaster general adds:

"I give you undoubted evidence in the midst of all this wonderful growth of the steady improvement of the service, and every postal worker may rightfully feel it to be a personal compliment to himself."

Mr. Wamamaker then mentions the 60 per cent. increase in money order offices, the use of stamp-canceling machines, the establishment of a postal museum, the 50 per cent. increase in free delivery offices, the new Washington post office, a compilation of postal laws and regulations, a saving of \$1,000,000 on mail contracts and of \$150,000 on stamped paper, the sorting of mails in transit on the cars, the simplicity of book-keeping methods for all the post offices, three new kinds of postal cards and a new series of stamps, safer registry of mails and surer collection of periodical postage.

The new ocean mail service applies to eleven lines, comprising, when completed, forty-one ships of 38,500 tonnage. The total outlay up to July 1, 1904, for the foreign mail service performed and expended under the new policy was \$120,575, and the cost of the service for the present fiscal year will be greater.

On free delivery the postmaster general says: "The experiments have related to villages, but it has been a daily service, and it has cleared a profit. It is easy enough, therefore, to say that the free delivery can be extended further and further, and it ought to be done whether it pays a profit to the department or not."

In the matter of the collection of mail from letter boxes at house doors, Mr. Wamamaker says:

"In Washington city, where the test of one of these boxes was made for one month, an hour or more a day was saved to the carrier, and in St. Louis, where the test of another one of these boxes was purposely made as hard as possible, it was found that there was actually no loss of time, and the postmasters of St. Louis and Washington promptly and unqualifiedly declared that the collection of mail from houses could be undertaken by the present carrier forces. The work of introducing the house letter box is now vigorously under way."

Of his proposition to divide the country into postal districts Mr. Wamamaker says:

"This, like other great postal reforms, can be only a question of time. The proposed system would accomplish in a practical way the purpose of the bill to select fourth-class post offices without political intervention. We shall soon grow to 100,000 post offices and to 350,000 or 300,000 postal employees. There must be concentration, consolidation and simplification, and with all the extension of facilities everywhere it will be only possible, but perfectly easy and natural."

The postal telegraph and postal telephone are, of course, strenuously advocated, as formerly. Of his report of a year ago I said, and have now to say, that one-cent letter postage is a near possibility."

The postmaster general also advocates a classification of clerks and submits a bill for the purpose, urges regular pay for substitute carriers and a certain payment to carriers for leave of absence; advocates the abolition of box rents and private letter offices; urges the reduction of money-order fees, the simplification of the postal note, so that it better supplies the need of fractional currency, and suggests how applications for money orders can be made easier.

The report closes with the following:

"My ideal for the American postal service is a system modeled upon a district plan, with fewer offices, and these grouped around central offices and under thorough supervision. By this a mass of at least 20,000 offices could be abandoned. It produces nothing to the department, and in the place of every non-money order and non-register office, abolished, might be put an automatic stamp-selling machine and a letter box to receive mail. With the money saved should be instituted a system of collection and delivery by mounted carriers, bicycles and motor cycles, and messenger contractors and gradually spread the delivery all over the country. The classes of postage should be reduced to three and the rate of postage the world over to one cent for each half ounce, for the average weight of a letter is now three-eighths of an ounce. I would indemnify to the extent of \$10 for every lost registered letter."

"The organization of the department should be permanent, except in the case of the postmaster general and the fourth assistant, and I would have three new offices. A deputy postmaster general, to be stationed at New York, a deputy postmaster general, to be stationed at San Francisco, and a comptroller, to be stationed at the department in Washington. All postmasters, presidential and fourth class, and all employees in all branches of the department should have a specific term of four years, on good behavior, and their reappointment should be subject to the comptroller of the department, whose judgment should be based upon records. I would unify the work, hold it up by a strong controlling hand, reduce the hours of labor at almost all points, equalize and advance the pay, make the promotions in every branch for merit alone, and retire old or disabled clerks, perhaps on a pension fund to be provided by an annual payment of one-half of 1 per cent. out of each month's salary."

"A postal telegraph and telephone service, the postal savings depositories, pneumatic tubes or some electrical device between city subdivisions and main offices, ferries, railroad stations and central offices in all large cities should be employed without delay. The erection of immense costly buildings for post offices ought to be stopped and the department ought to be allowed to expend a fixed sum of from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 each year in the erection of buildings upon a fixed plan, such as Postmaster General Vilas recommended. I would grant larger discretion to the head of the department to experiment with postal inventions and fix stated periods in the order of business of the house and senate post office committees to call upon the postmaster general for information and counsel alike, at which time, too, he could have an opportunity, within right limitation, to present postal subjects. I would modify the system of fines and deductions upon railroads and establish a system of compensation based upon speed—a 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60-mile an hour rate. By this means railway compensation would not cost any more and we should soon be running mail trains between New York and Chicago in fifteen and sixteen hours, and between New York and Boston in four hours. Mail trains may move faster than any other trains, the question of pay is all that is to be considered."

WILLIAM FAST FOR SCIENCE.

Starvation After Careful Training.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 6.—Arthur Willmeau has begun his fifty days' fast under the auspices of the Western Reserve medical university. Willmeau for weeks has been in careful training, and if no unexpected physical trouble arises will enter the fast with a body well prepared. The fast will take place in the Young Men's Christian association building, and the entire medical faculty of the Western Reserve university will be present to observe the faster's condition at the start.

## A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

These beer glasses of some bars are so small they are spoken of as an imperance measure.—Hotel Map.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. The next attraction, December 11, will be an Irish play entitled, "Glendalough." It will be a scenic production.

It is the early boy who catches the worm in the chestnut.



Mrs. Sarah Muir, of Minneapolis.

"I was for a long time a sufferer from Female Weakness and tried many remedies and physicians, to no good purpose. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla made so great a difference in my condition that I took three bottles more and found myself perfectly well. I have also given

Hood's Sarsaparilla to the children, and find that it keeps them in good health." MRS. SARAH MUIR, 308 10th av., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver ills.

## "August Flower"

"For two years I