

## WOULD ANNEX CRETE.

## Prince George of Greece Tries to Get Aid in Europe.

Prince George of Greece, high commissioner of Crete, is taking advantage of the embarrassments of the sultan to promote the annexation of Crete to Greece, says the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. With this end in view he is about to visit Paris, Berlin, London and St. Petersburg or Livadia.

In addition to promoting a few of his personal aims he will again urge that the Cretan flag should be recognized by Turkey and the subjects of Crete protected when in Turkey like those of any other Christian country. This would be the outward sign of independence, preparatory to a complete severance of the island from the rule of Abd-el Hamid.

Similar demands by Prince George have hitherto been discouraged by the four protecting powers as highly inopportune. But as France is keenly irritated over the Constantine incident it is more than possible that, in addition to other means of exerting pressure upon the sultan, the French government may be inclined to help Crete in her most cherished aspirations.

Should France be so disposed Emperor Nicholas, having just celebrated the Franco-Russian alliance, could scarcely object. With two of the protecting powers consenting the other two, Great Britain and Italy, would find themselves in the embarrassing dilemma of having to agree against their better judgment or of opposing what both would gladly allow could it be done without risk of complications.

There is no likelihood that the Balkan states, were Crete annexed by Greece, would rush into a conflict with Turkey to redress the equilibrium in the Balkans or that Turkey would renew her quarrel with Greece. But the sultan is showing an inclination just now to pick quarrels with one great power after another. Austria is the latest to feel his exasperating touch.

Germany alone has escaped, and the impression prevails in Paris that even Emperor William will not use his personal influence over Prince George to dissuade him from pressing to a solution the long pending Cretan problem.

## Dewey Was Not Captured.

Asked the other day as to the truth of the story that he had been made a prisoner during the civil war at the time of destruction of the gunboat Mississippi by the Confederates, Admiral Dewey said:

"No, I was not captured when the Mississippi was run aground and burned. About 150 of our men were captured, but the captain and I managed to pull away in a boat down the river and escaped capture. I have seen the statement made several times lately and am glad to say that it is entirely incorrect. I have never been a captive."

## Continuous Expositions.

"This exposition business is getting to be a regular continuous performance," said the talkative critic. "Before the Pan-American is over St. Louis is starting in on a Louisiana Purchase exposition, and the state of Washington is talking about a big show about 1906 to celebrate the Lewis and Clark great expedition into the far northwest. Likely New Jersey will be heard from next with a proposition for a big fair in 1909 to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of Henry Hudson's discovery of the state and of the New Jersey mosquito."—New York Herald

## Puss Atsinorum.

"Curses on the day that I neglected to study geometry," cried the honest rustic as he tried to put the new straw hat upon his donkey. "For had I mastered that science I should have found the problem of the ass' ears more simple."

Truly it was but a moment until he discovered that the needs were even a harder problem than the ears.—Baltimore American



If the teacher could wipe away the blotches from her skin as easily as she does the caricature with its pimply face, she would be a happy woman.

Pimples and eruptions are more than a disfigurement to a woman—they make her sensitive and unhappy. The way to cleanse the skin is to purify the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, and removes the clogging accumulations and poisons which corrupt it. When these are removed, pimples, boils, eruptions, sores, and other consequences of impure blood are entirely cured.

"For about one year and a half my face was very bad, but now it is all right. Mrs. Alice Adams of 110 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich., is not a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. She obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

Accept no substitute for the "Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for impure blood and skin diseases.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is given away. Send 25 one-cent stamps expense of mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 25 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## NERVES.

The modern malady of love is nerves. Love, once a simple madness, now observes the stages of his passionate disease and becomes a disease because it seeks, both by flesh entering, the fatal knife. O death of simple minds, give me your life. And let me, for one midnight, cease to hear The clock forever ticking in my ear. The clock that tells the minutes in my brain. It is not love nor love's despair, this pain. Nerves, nerves! Oh, folly of a child who dreams Of heaven and, walking in the darkness, screams.

—Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

that he alluded to the modern style of hairdressing she had adopted.

"But you needn't be stand-offish with an old—er—admirer," he added quietly and reproachfully.

"I—I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded hastily, fearing he had been too precipitate. "What a charming room this is!"

"Now you must have some tea," she said, after rather an awkward pause, laying down her fan, and moving to the table. "Being an old maid I'm rather fussy, so you must not talk while I'm making it—it distracts my attention," she added with a forced little laugh.

He watched her with growing pleasure as her hands busied with the cups, the lamp rays touching the gold in her hair.

"It's like old times, watching you make tea, Celia. I wish it would be my privilege always."

"I told you not to talk," she said with playful severity.

"But I must. Don't be so tantalizing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea till I've had your answer, till you've promised, in fact—" his voice dropped to an earnest whisper, and he crossed the room to her side, "to be my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered.

"Er—in fact, of course, scarcely in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," he exclaimed, "what on earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw by his face that something was wrong, and her agitation increased when he commenced to pace restlessly about the room, muttering to himself in an undertone:

"Ever since I've been abroad I've lived and worked in the hope of one day winning you, but now it seems as though by mistake."

She looked up puzzled. "What did you say?" she asked desperately. "I did not quite catch it, but it is your own fault. I told you not to talk while I made tea—two lumps of sugar, isn't it? You see, I've remembered the correct number—and half the cream jug—you were always terribly greedy, colonel! There!" She handed him the cup and caught up her fan. "Now you must begin all over again. I don't think you've lost the spice of humor." And she flashed a nervous little smile over the top of the fan.

"Celia," he said slowly, raising his voice till it rang through the room, "this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt expression frightened and bewildered her; with a gesture of despair she turned away.

"If only it hadn't been for the mustache!" she murmured, half audibly.

"Mustache?" he exclaimed eagerly, hopefulness staring into his tone. "Is that your only objection? How I wish I had known before I came! But I'll have it off directly."

He was standing beside her again, and now he rested his hand on her shoulder; but she shrank from his touch and turned away, half crying and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have managed, but I shall have to tell. I can't go on like this," she sobbed.

"Tell me what? That there is some one else?"

He turned abruptly away, and flung himself in the armchair, burying his face in his hands.

"Just my luck," he said brokenly.

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