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of Ohio.

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IT IS TO LAUGH.

Palladium fakes an attack on Manager Shaw of the chautauqua—makes up story in own office of directors' opposition to him—one reporter refuses to write the story, claiming that he will not be party to it.

Headlines—Evening Item, Sept. 1.

"I understand the reflections cast by the director did not govern the sentiment of the Palladium, which I have found always very friendly to me."

JAMES E. SHAW.

Palladium, Sept. 1.

FALSE GODS.

The list of Mr. Cleveland's views on the democratic party seems to be the same conclusion which other democrats—especially in Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas have reached. There is no democratic party longer. There is a Bryan party. On this ground alone could such a democrat as Grover Cleveland ever have repudiated Bryan.

When Bryan commenced his career as a butterfly and gnat chaser after the multitudinous swarm of flighty theories—"free coinage of silver," "anti imperialism," government operation of interstates corporation, government ownership of railroad, guarantee of bank deposits and what nots of equal folly, the old line democrats—the real democrats exclaimed of the democratic party "Lo, they have taken my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." There is no democratic party.

Whatever else is said of Cleveland, (and he was recognized as having supreme ability and untarnished integrity—the very opposite of a demagogue) he was a democrat of the high-class type. He represented the beau

ideal of his party. And in those principles which he fought for—whether right or wrong—they were truly democratic principles. No one can justly accuse his last utterance—his final message to his party as that of disloyalty to his party.

On the contrary it was his very loyalty and adherence to his party, his entire optimism in his, the real democratic views that led him to recall his party from those follies in which it has been led astray by the undaunted Mr. Bryan.

The repugnance of Bryanism to the real democrats of the south is more pronounced every day—even the Baltimore "Sun" and many of the papers of Richmond, Virginia and the Carolinas can not stomach the will o' the wisp theories of Bryan.

No, Grover Cleveland has not repudiated the democratic party—he has repudiated the man who destroyed the democratic party—William Jennings Bryan.

PENNIES.

There will be those who will rejoice over the apparent difficulties which are besetting Tom L. Johnson and his "three-cent fare" in Cleveland. There is no reason to think, however, that Tom Johnson has surrendered to the forces of "Iniquity" or that his project is doomed to failure.

The whole trouble seems to have arisen from the inability of the conductors to collect all the fares and make change in pennies. With the pay-as-you-enter cars which are being installed as quickly as possible, this will come to an end.

The three-cent fare is not an ideal state of affairs. It is a great benefit to the working man and shop girl. The modern life is beginning to be a problem in pennies. Large businesses—and indeed small ones are beginning to count the penny and the fraction thereof as the basis of profit. What else means the bargain counter sale? The crush in the big department store is more than the mere funny paper version of the bargain-thirst in women. The penny has come to stay as a factor in the world's trade.

The days of the one, two and three-bit are those of the golden west—'49. "Every little bit added to what you got," has come to stay.

Even the humble millionaire is more likely to light his cigarette from the business end of another than to use the time honored ten-twenty-thirt method of lighting it with a ten spot.

THE POLITICAL WEATHER VANE.

There is a time honored tradition about the Vermont election. It is highly significant that with the entrance of the Independence League and in an election where never before purely local conditions played such a part the republicans in almost every case were victorious.

It is noteworthy that though the republican vote was slightly less than in former years—so was the democratic vote in other words the republican had apparently a stay at home vote of confidence in the result with no bolting to the democratic ticket. The latest reports give Prouty a majority of 30,176 which is not far short of the votes of 1900-1904. What was Roosevelt's personal popularity has clung inevitably to his ticket. Nevertheless though this election may show how things are going, the republicans can not sit down. It should give them merely added encouragement to carry the battle into every part of the country.

Fluffy Ruffles has given way to Salome. What with two devils (or Mr. Satan) and four Salome's, Broadway must be aroused from its midsummer Siesta. What! Will Antony Comstock take sides with the nature fakirs?

PROPERTY IS SOLD.

The residence property of Mrs. Alice Ross, 1235 Main street, has been sold to John Evans, the manufacturer.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES.

Grasses may be crystallized as follows: Place a sauceman partly filled with water on the stove and in it dissolve enough alum to make it of sufficient density to bear an egg. Let this boil. Take off the sauceman and lay your grasses (dried and tied in bunches to suit the fancy) in the water. When the water is perfectly cold lift off the bouquet and you will find them a mass of beautiful crystal.

A WAITER'S WALK.

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—I say, waiter, have you such a thing as a hot roll? Waiter—Stop yer kiddin'. On de level, pard, do I look like a guy who has money ter burn? Say, if I had a hot roll, youse kin betcher life I wouldn't doin' stunts in dis beanyer. See?—St. Louis Republic.

SATINATE.

First Boy—Did yeh have plenty of nice things to eat at that party? Second Boy—Did we? We had such loads of everything that w'en Mrs. Goodson gave me some feed cake to take to my mother I didn't even lick it going home.

TIME TO CHANGE.

Edyth—Are you going to Niagara Falls on your wedding trip? Babette—No; I went there on my two previous wedding trips, and I believe it's a hoot!—Detroit Free Press.

IS PATIENT SUFFERER.



IT IS CREATING A WONDERFUL STIR HERE.

People all over the town are talking about the wonderful good Root Juice is doing in this community, as it has made many remarkable cures during the past few months. A well known lady who for social reasons does not want her name published, said: "I had been in poor health for several years. The doctors gave me medicine for catarrh of the stomach, gastric ulcers, indigestion, dyspepsia and stomach troubles generally, but I derived no benefit. My appetite was variable—sometimes hungry as a wolf, then sickening at the mere thought of food. I was subject to dizzy spells and sick headache. I was thin, weak, despondent and nervous, and had to take some kind of medicine all the time on account of my badly constipated condition. A lady friend told me that she had suffered very much as I did, but that Root Juice had completely cured her, so I concluded to try it, and before I had used the first bottle, I was rapidly improving in every way. I continued taking the truly great medicine about six weeks, and if there is anything the matter with me now I don't know it. I now enjoy my food and digest it. I sleep well. I am no longer constipated, weak or nervous, and have plenty of flesh and strength." Such good reports of the great medicine are being heard all over town. It is sold for one dollar a bottle or three bottles for two dollars and a half. Those who are interested can learn of many of the wonderful things it is doing by going to A. G. Lukens & Co.'s drug store.

JOHN R. EARLY.

This man, formerly a U. S. soldier, is now isolated in Washington, having been discovered to be a leper, is shown in this picture reading his Bible before the tent in which he lives.

LACE BARK TREES.

THE MANY USES TO WHICH THEIR ARTIFICE LIGHT FABRICS ARE PUT.

There are in all about half a dozen lace bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready made sheet form which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the *brusonetta papirifera*, but it is not usually included among the real lace bark trees.

In its natural state the real lace bark is of a delicate cream white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airy light. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, cuffs, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like it is customary to piece two sheets of lace bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace bark, if rolled into a thin string, will all but resist human strength to break it.

Despite its practical use there is no essential demand for lace bark. It has been used by the natives for hundreds of years and yet is comparatively little known to this day. A few specimens of lace bark articles exist in different countries of Europe. These were made hundreds of years ago, yet, although their age is considerable, they are said to be in a good state of preservation.

Chicago News.

FALCONRY.

IT WAS A FAVORITE SPORT OF MANY ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Richard I. when in the Holy Land amused himself with hawking on the plain of Sharon and is said to have presented some of these birds to the sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and he refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape.

King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III. invaded France he had thirty falcons and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII. imported goshawks from France, giving £4 for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII. while hawking at Hitchin was leaping a deer when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head first into the mud and would have perished in all probability had not his falcon dragged him out.

Elizabeth and James I. were much interested in the sport. The latter sovereign indeed expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey in his "Miscellanies" says, "When I was a freshman at Oxford I was wont to go to Christ church to see Charles I. at supper, where I once heard him say that he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk, and I remember his expression further, 'And I will swear upon the book 'tis true.'—Chambers' Journal.

It was subject to constant headaches for many years. He was almost unfit for the work in which I am engaged, that of station agent. Through the advice of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my headaches. I have cured myself of the common cold headaches that follow a continuous mental strain. They have done for me all that is claimed for them.

O. L. RUSSELL, Upper Alton, Ills.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a year now for neuralgia and dandruff, and nothing like them has ever been known to me." MRS. M. J. HAMILTON, Upper Alton, Ills.

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