

YOU'RE IT.

If you're sore With aching bones, And husky tones When you speak, And you're weak In the knees, And you sneeze, And often cough Your head near off, And you note That your throat Feels quite raw, And your jaw Feels as if You'd got a buff Vex your brain, Then you're caught it, You have got it— It's the grip.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Martin Wallace went on a great Chicago daily shortly after he left Harvard, to learn his trade, as his father expressed it. Wallace was rich and Martin was his only son; but he had some Spartan notions. One was that before Martin stepped into the editorship of a flourishing country newspaper with a wide outside circulation and a wider influence, he should wrestle with the newspaper world a little for himself, and live on his own earnings.

nothing; I'm all right," he murmured, and began to fumble in his pockets with his withered and trembling hands. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you boys for the loan of a nickel," said he. "Your pocket picked?" cried Haddock. "Well, if that wouldn't jar you? Those fellows are getting too slick. But you don't want the street cars."

"Ah, it's nice to be warm in your own room," he sighed gratefully. Martin, seated at the table, his feet on a heated brick, and drawing his pencil, gave him a nod and a smile. "We'll have you in a dandy place directly," said he. "But stay as you are; I don't want to move; it's not worth while."

Victoria Sleeps Peacefully Away. Stricken With Paralysis Her Entire Family Were Quickly Summoned to Osborne. Queen Victoria was stricken with paralysis Saturday night and there is no hope of her recovery. Her family were hastily summoned and gathered about her bedside where the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and other members of the royal family, and Osborne House, Isle of Wight, January 21-12.15 a. m.—The official bulletin issued at midnight says that the queen's condition late last evening became more serious, with increasing weakness and diminished power of taking nourishment.

ready at Windsor. As soon as the King breathed his last the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, left the death chamber, and entering a carriage, were driven with all speed to Kensington. Victoria had retired the night before with no thought of the vast change that a few hours would make in her life. Kensington Palace was wrapped in slumber when the two emissaries arrived. What followed is told in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality" in this way: "The door knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance."

Celebrated Jubilee—June 20th, 1897. Died at Osborne House, Isle of White, Jan. 22nd, 1901. Published writings—"Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" (1866), and "More Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" (1885.) Residences—St. James' Palace and Buckingham Palace, London; Windsor Castle, Berkshire; Kensington Palace and Hampton Court, Middlesex; Osborne House, Isle of Wight; Herford House, Edinburgh; Balmoral, Aberdeenshire; the Castle, Dublin.