

HER MORNING TOILET

EMPERESS OF CHINA IS ROUGED WITH GREAT CEREMONY.

Often Necessary To Paint and Powder Her Thrice Before the Imperial Ideal is Reached—The Tedium Relieved By Song and Story.

The empress of China is rouged every morning regularly after breakfast until her cheeks flame delicately against the creamy composition with which the rest of her face has been coated. A huge mirror is then rolled to the couch upon which the source of all power in China reclines. Tsi Hsu studies the effects of the labors of her young ladies so critically that it is said to be necessary occasionally to rouge her twice or thrice before the technic of the operation quite realizes the imperial ideal. The monotony is made less tedious by song, the narration of court gossip and not infrequently application of her majesty's rattle cane to sensitive surfaces.

The penciling of the eyebrows and eyelashes has had to be abandoned. If we may trust French sources of information, owing to the growing weakness of the old lady's sight. But the lips continue to be carmined. The slightly obscuring growth of hair on chin and upper lip is dealt with after the fashion of those Western artists who obliterate black eyes by the application of heavy paint.

A wig of extreme lightness, notwithstanding the suggestion of weight conveyed by its crown of black hair, parted centrally, is adjusted to the cranium. The false teeth are nicely established in the appropriate place, one of the most trying achievements of the whole toilet, evidently, as the chronic swelling of her majesty's lower jaw is rumored to be due to some painful experience with artificial dentition.

No attack of illness could be too severe to justify the slightest cessation of comical detail by the several ladies concerned with the empress dowager's toilet. Though Tsi Hsu be so ill that her day must be spent in bed, she is rouged, penciled and massaged on the floor of her back. She emerges from her toilet, we are confidently informed by the French daily just referred to, looking "perfectly natural."

Her appearance, even in the severe stage of the recent paralytic spell, was that of the "blooming matron" in an autumnal glory of enchanting womanhood. Our contemporary admits that to a critical Western eye the complexion of Tsi Hsu would seem "greenish." But that coloration renders a feminine cuticle all the more seductive to the Manchu eye. Tsi Hsu being Manchu herself to the tips of her extremely long finger nails.

Her majesty wears peculiarly contrived gloves in bed, not, as has been inferred, for the beautification of her supple, delicate hands, but for the preservation of that unparalleled length to which her finger nails have attained. The nails will break at times, the phenomenon portending, in her Majesty's opinion, a calamity to the court.

By the time the last dash of carmine in the Cupid's bow of her majesty's upper lip has been made appropriate to the charm of woman at 40, the eunuchs have begun to admit the throngs into the hall of audience. They comprise usually the privileged ones of the court of Peking—a vicerey or two in favor, support porters of the four candidates for the post of heir apparent and some members of the diplomatic corps bearing a personal message from his sovereign. The progress of the imperial toilet is bulletined by the eunuchs. The fate of a decree abolishing the opium traffic or the promulgation of an edict for which a whole province is sighing may depend upon the skill of the young lady with the rouge brush. Once the wig is adjusted and the empress has passed into the hall of audience—not to be confused with the grand apartment in which the diplomatic corps is officially welcomed—the serious business of Tsi Hsu's day commences. It may be summed up in the word evasion. So dexterous has the aged woman become in the art to which her life has been given that it is a saying in some parts of Peking that she has ceased to live, but is evading death.—Current Literature.

Steaming Plush and Velvet.

Take a bare ironing board, or even the leaf from an extension table if you do not mind scorching the under side. Put side by side on this board two of the kitchen stove lids; they must be hot as an iron for ironing, or even hotter. Upon these lids lay several thicknesses of cotton cloth which you have previously wrung out in cold water. Have the cloth quite wet, but not enough to drip. Lay the plush lightly over it (nap side up, of course), and if necessary brush gently with a bristle hat brush. Move your material quickly along. The nap, if there is any left, will stand up like magic. The plush, if damp when finished, can be thrown over the back if a chair near the stove until dry. Renew your lids and wet the cloth as often as needed to insure a good volume of steam. Breadths of velvet dresses can be beautifully restored in this way, and as the goods only lie lightly on the lids, no impression of their shape is left, and the work is fully equal to that of a professional.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as a savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with overwork. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, dependent, frequent headaches, pain or distress, "small of back," hot head and blisters, griddo cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong. The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

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A BROKEN PATIENT.

Before the Doctor Had Finished He thought His Condition Serious.

J. B. Martin, of Tacoma, owns a mine in Alaska, the profits of which he has sworn to devote to the cause of total abstinence, even though these profits should reach \$500,000 a year.

Talking the other day about total abstinence, Mr. Martin said:

"The drunkard is, to my mind, the most foolish man that exists in the world."

"He is foolish and mistaken. He reminds me of a patient of Dr. George Chester's."

"Dr. Chester at 2 o'clock of a bitter winter's morning drove four miles to a patient's house."

"On his arrival the patient said: 'Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other, I feel that death is nigh.'"

"Dr. Chester examined the man, felt his pulse, listened to his heart. Then he said:

"Have you made your will?"

"The man's face fell and he turned pale."

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—there seemed time enough yet—oh, doc, it ain't true is it, that—"

"Who is your lawyer?" Dr. Chester interrupted.

"Higginbotham."

"Then you had better send for him at once," said Dr. Chester, curtly. "Who's your pastor?"

"The Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," the patient answered in a low, tremulous voice. "But, Doctor, do you think—"

"Send for him," said Chester, poste haste. Your mother, too, should be summoned, also your—"

"The patient began to blubber softly."

"Say, doctor, do you think I'm going to die for sure?" he wailed.

"Dr. Chester, looking at him hard, replied:

"No, I don't. There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I hate to be the only man you've made a fool of to-night."

Sensation in Court.



Judge—You say he humbugged you. What do you mean by that?

Woman—Well, yer ludship, but if I was to say yer ludship was a 'handsome man, that would be humbugging you!—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

The wisdom of youth looks unwise to old age.

Polices may change, but principles are eternal.

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TO DESTROY CANADA THISTLE.

Methods of Eradication Which Have Proved Efficacious.

No weeds can thrive if kept down. Some are annuals, coming from seeds and every seed that germinates ends that particular plant if the farmers will but stir the soil when such weeds are in their first stages of growth. Even the Canada thistle, considered one of the most persistent pests known to farmers, though growing from both seeds and roots, can be destroyed if the attempt to do so is made with effort and determination. Known as the Canada thistle, the weed is really a native of Europe, being early introduced into Canada and spreading into every portion of the United States. Experiments made at the Idaho station show that it is not as difficult to get rid of them as has been supposed, although laws passed for its destruction by several States have been of no avail. It spreads slowly compared with some weeds, due principally to lack of fertility in the seeds, most of the seeds being light, only the heavy ones germinating, and they are not carried far. But its progress by means of long white root stocks is rapid a large field being covered in that manner in a few years, and it then assumes a strong hold on the soil. It is a perennial, with slender stems, the leaves being prickly, the heads congregated on the top of the stem, while the flowers are rose purple. It may be carried from one point to another in hay, on the tops of freight cars or by various other modes.

Salt or kerosene, applied after the clump of thistles is cut down will destroy them, but such method is slow and costly where the field is in possession of the pest. Many other methods have been suggested



CANADA THISTLE.

for their application. A piece of root-stock an inch long if left in the soil will make a foundation for a new crop. A piece two inches long will grow eight or ten feet in six months and weigh three or four pounds, and from each small piece from 10 to 50 heads will grow. An old rule is to "plow the land in June, drag twice in July, plow two or three inches deep two or three times in August and harrow each time." Any tool that will cut off the tops in August or early in September, will destroy them, as they cannot live if the tops are cut down. Experiments made at the Illinois station succeeded in completely exterminating them by observing the following rules: 1. Cut the thistles when in full bloom, as close to the ground as possible, and then plow three inches deep, sowing millet or Hungarian grass, seeding heavily, and then harrow. 2. In September plow the millet under and then seed heavily with rye. Plow the rye under in May and again seed to millet or Hungarian grass (or plant a hoe crop, such as cabbages or potatoes). 3. Continue the close cultivation, being careful to keep the weeds cut down from July until frost. If frost is not here too soon the constant cutting down of the thistles as fast as they appear will greatly reduce their number or exterminate them.

Not only should every thistle that appears be cut down as fast as it shows above ground but the roadsides must be watched and kept clean and also the fence corners. Most farmers object to losing the use of their land for a year while destroying thistles, and they constantly grow crops on the land until the thistles get ahead. By judicious selection of crops the use of the land need not be lost. By sowing rye in the fall, cultivating peas, onions, early cabbage or early potatoes for next spring and then follow the peas with late cabbage or late potatoes, with the growing of turnips as a late crop, using the hoe or wheel-hoe so as not to allow a sprig of grass or weed of any kind to appear, the land will be kept clean, good crops obtained and the thistles destroyed in two seasons. One of the most progressive farmers in Pennsylvania destroyed the thistles on a piece of land that had been abandoned by a previous owner by growing late potatoes thereon for two seasons, the work required during the second year being only one-fourth the cost of the first year, and he also made a profit on the potato crop. Crops that demand clean cultivation should always be grown on thistle land as the most inexpensive mode of getting rid of such pests.

THEY ARE ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

The Most Noticeable Characteristic of the American People.

"The average American is a person who wants to get somewhere by the most direct method and as quickly as possible," said Ernest Moore of London to the Washington Post reporter.

"That, I think, is the principal distinction between the American and the Englishman," he continued. "The Britisher will go around the block in order to get somewhere and notice the scenes of interest along the way, but you people want to cut right through the block and think of nothing else but what you are going after. Everything is direct, whether it be in business, politics, or social affairs. For instance, if I make a proposition to an American business man he asks but one question, and when he gets the answer, if he intends to accept it, he immediately says so; and if he does not intend to do so, he replies that he will think about the matter. He says he will think about it in order not to hurt your feelings with a refusal. In England a man may have to wait a month to ascertain whether his proposition has been accepted or rejected.

"This is to be commended, but I doubt whether the tendency to exaggeration in everything in this country is so commendable. The other day I picked up a paper and read in big headlines that the naval review at Jamestown was the greatest display of ships in all the history of the world. The statement was ridiculous. I was there and saw the review and must say that I have seen far finer and larger displays of Spithead, England.

"This exaggeration pertains to everything American. You are so much interested in yourselves and what you are doing that you know little about England. You think that Englishmen have no sense of humor. Americans never made a greater mistake. We don't laugh at everything, but we enjoy a good joke or a ludicrous situation just as much as anybody. And you Americans say we are pig-headed. The truth is, that you Americans are more pig-headed than we are. When you get an idea in your head nothing can swerve you from it. It is that pig-headedness that makes the Anglo-Saxon race what it is; it is sure of itself. To show how insular you are here, an American woman, upon learning that I was engaged to be married, said a day or two ago that she was glad I had mingled with American men in order that I might see how they treated women.

"In my opinion, America is lacking in great permanent national ideals. You haven't found yourselves yet. When you do, you will become a great nation."

Steer Trained to Stalk Sheep.

In a number of counties lying on both sides of the Sacramento River, in the central portion of California, every winter by the depredations of countless flocks of wild geese, which swarm over the broad grain fields, destroy the young, sprouting grain-stalks. Indeed, so serious has this annual invasion become that nearly all the large farms have employees who regularly patrol the fields and do nothing but keep the feathered pests on the wing.

One of the most novel blinds or stalkers ever used in that section, or any other, for the purpose of destroying the geese, is that of a Colusa farmer who lives on the bank of the Sacramento. He has a big red steer which he has trained to stalk geese. The steer walks round a flock of geese in an over decreasing circle, his master, armed with a repeating shotgun, walking beside him, but on the further side from the flock.

The geese have become so used to seeing animals grazing near that they pay no attention to them; so the farmer is enabled to get within shotgun distance and pour a broadside into the flock while it is feeding on the ground, and two more shots before the birds are out of range when they rise.

This dumb hunter is held in great esteem by its owner and his family. It is needless to state, and receives the best of everything.

A Disappearing Industry.

Among interesting native industries which tend to disappear with the advance of civilization is the making of "bark cloth" in Africa from the bark of the brachystegia tree, which grows in Uganda, and in parts of British, German and Portuguese East Africa. The natives strip the bark from trees about two feet in diameter and pound it with stones, at the same time pulling it in the direction of the fiber. It is made in sheets averaging six by ten feet in size. The cloth does not possess much strength, and the manufacture of it is rapidly ceasing with the increased use of cotton cloth.

Danish Table Manners.

A pretty table observance in Danish families is for children, even little ones who can scarcely toddle, to go gravely after dinner to salute their parents and say, "Tak for mad" ("Thanks for the meal"). Even visitors shake hands with their hosts and hostess and go through the same formality. In German families that hold to tradition the same custom prevails. When the evening meal is ended the party stand up around the table and each shakes hands with the neighbor, saying, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit"—blessing the food.

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