

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

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Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, 45 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per line.

JOB PRINTING. The Job department of the Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work.

Particular attention paid to LAW PRINTING. No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights. They may henceforth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and to the signatures in legal documents.

The Charlotte Smith who wants to have Boston girls enlist for the Cuban war is the same person who desired to have marriage made compulsory. Charlotte ought to be put under bonds to keep the peace.

Prof. James E. Keeler, who has just been elected director of the Lick observatory to succeed Prof. Edward S. Holden, was the discoverer of the fact that the rings of Saturn are composed of small satellites.

A gun thrust near Washington recently threw a shell over ten miles, which means that a hostile ship would be under fire for 20 miles in passing a battery. Such target practice will make it interesting for the ship.

Candles, candles everywhere. That is the lighting custom in Sweden, where one firm turns out for home use annually about 21,000,000 of candles of all sizes, from two to seven feet in length. In the larger cities electricity has been introduced to a limited extent, but among the people candles are as much as ever a necessary household convenience.

An official declaration as to what a "torpedo boat destroyer" is would relieve the uncertainty in the minds of many persons who are unable to decide whether a torpedo boat destroyer is a boat that destroys other boats by means of torpedoes, a thing that destroys torpedoes, a torpedo boat that destroys anything, or simply a torpedo that destroys boats.

When the men of science get squarely down to business they will doubtless be able to show that the human family mainly lives on bacteria and the microbe family. A London professor has just solemnly announced that "the average human being consumes 30,000 microbes daily." The chances are that he has been doing that ever since Adam was in the Garden of Eden.

A little girl in a New York school screamed at the sight of a mouse. The children became panic-stricken and rushed screaming out of the room, the teacher ordered a fire drill, a fire alarm was rung in, distracted parents fought to enter the building and save their children from the supposed flames. And all for one small mouse. Rash is the man that dares to laugh at the feminine fear of a mouse!

Though 50 years have passed since Maximilian was shot in Mexico his brother, the emperor of Austria, always holds memorial services on June 19, the anniversary of that tragic event. At the castle of Miramar, near Trieste on the Adriatic, the rooms occupied by Archduke Maximilian before leaving for the new world are kept, by the emperor's orders, just as his brother left them when he went to his death.

So much interest is at present being manifested in the United States army and navy that the relative rank of officers in the two branches of service is herewith given, lineal rank only being considered: General with admiral, lieutenant general with vice admiral, major general with rear admiral, brigadier general with commodore, colonel with captain, lieutenant colonel with commander, major with lieutenant commander, captain with lieutenant, first lieutenant with lieutenant (junior grade), second lieutenant with ensign.

The attorney-general of Colorado has furnished an opinion that there is no law for women in that state dropping their maiden name on the simple excuse of a wedding. The question calling for the decision came from a woman notary public who was recently married. She asked under what name she should continue to exist officially, and was gratified with the announcement that she must sign all documents as before marriage, for the attorney-general says, "there is no authority for a change of name at marriage or any other time."

H. O. Weaver, of the United States commission of fish and fisheries, has sent a report to Wisconsin fishermen on the fisheries of Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie. He says that the herring catch of Lake Michigan for the last year was over 22,000,000 pounds. This greatly exceeds the production of any previous year covered by the commission's reports, and for the first time in the history of the great lakes surpasses the herring catch on Lake Erie, where the yield was slightly under 20,000,000 pounds. The trout catch has been light the past season.

THE POWER OF CREDIT.

Sound Money Essential to American Enterprise.

Secretary Gage Discourses Upon the Prime Requisites in Our Commercial Life—No Change of Standard.

The chamber of commerce of Pittsburgh gave its annual banquet Saturday, March 19, at which Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the national treasury, was present as the guest of honor and principal speaker. In his speech Mr. Gage touched upon the many questions as follows:

"Should a visitor from some alien planet, where the conditions of life did not require that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, come to our country; should he here obtain a vantage ground where his eye could command its whole extent; could he thus observe the detailed movement of multiplied human activities, he would, if an intelligent and reasoning being, find occasion for both wonder and reflection. He would see everywhere, men toiling in the field, in the shop, in the factory. He would see trains of cars being loaded with the product of the forest, the mine, the factory, and the farm, or speeding away to discharge at some distant point their economic burdens. In short, he would find our land a hive of industry."

"If this visitor were a reasoning being he would want to know how all this enormous exchange of labor for products and goods of other inhabitants of this continent—the prompt answer would probably be: 'Why, money does it. All these things are exchanged for money, and money is exchanged for all these things. Even the poorest wants money, because it will buy all these things, and everybody wants more or less of these things, and money will buy them; therefore everybody wants money.'"

"Money is not the main active agent that creates or accomplishes this enormous volume of production and exchange. It is true that all exchanges are effected in terms of money, but the real operating agent is credit, and the instruments which embody or represent it."

Power of Credit. "It is my purpose to emphasize the superior power of credit in the affairs of men, and to consider briefly those influences which hinder or help its action. There is in sight in our country a volume of money—gold and silver—equal to at least \$15,000,000,000. If we can picture it as a stream or a river, we can fairly say the rise and fall of this stream registers industrial expansion or contraction. It is fed—this energizing stream—not from physical sources coming down from snow-capped mountains. Its sources are in the minds of men."

"It is not a misuse of language to say, credit, with its multifarious instruments, is the real money of commerce. As transactions increase, it increases; as industries expand, its volume is reduced. It is created as transfers of goods and wares take place. It expires or is canceled in final settlements through the bank or the clearing-house. It is always sufficient to itself."

"Disturbances disturb these general faiths and confidences unsets commercial and disturbs industry. Unhappily, the disturbing influences are numerous, and by their interposition from time to time, suffering and ruin result. Wars, the fears of financial failures, widespread industrial revivals, shocks arising from the betrayal of great fiduciary duties—these are some of the adverse influences. But none of these, nor several of them associated, are as powerful as are the doubts and fears which arise from the apprehension of a radical change in the money standard, to which all commodities and all credits stand finally related."

"And yet we find a great party, in blind disregard of this fact, placing, as a foundation stone to their political doctrine, a proposition charged with the most destructive consequences to our commercial and industrial life. This proposition is, 'insult the people with a fanatic zeal which would inspire admiration if enlisted in a useful or noble cause. But it is a zeal born out of nonreason, stimulated by prejudice and fed by passion.'"

"The farmer employs labor, and yet carries the risk of droughts and floods and takes his chance of the markets for his ultimate realization. The manufacturer must embark his fortune in his buildings and machines. He must employ labor and provide for his payment. The merchant is subject to the same general rules of action. The banker's relation—not less important—is perhaps more delicate and more involved than either of the others. Popularly speaking, he is a dealer in money. He is so only in an incidental and necessary way. He is really a dealer in credit."

"And yet it is against these that the political leaders of discontent fliminate their burning denunciations. They claim that the money standard to which for 60 years our industrial affairs have been related, is an oppression and a hindrance to prosperity. They charge that its maintenance is the result of a conspiring horn of 'insatiable avarice' which they seek to push our industrial social fabric from the good foundation of the world's money on to the shifting, uncertain sands of an obsolete silverism."

Era of Progress. "In spite of the unsettling influence of their doctrines, which have again and again alarmed the forces that make for progress, which have more than once sent capital into hiding, crippled industry, and sent labor to idleness, the evidence everywhere that we are in a state of progress, not decadence. Let me cite a few of the evidences: Within 25 years (according to them, the period of our decline) our production has increased 82 per cent. Wealth has increased in a ratio three times as great as the population. That the distribution of increased wealth has been general is proved by the savings banks, the number of whose depositors and their aggregated accumulations having grown ratably with the increase of wealth."

"Our foreign commerce—now well on to \$2,000,000,000—has increased in its ratio to population. During these 25 years the foreign commerce of Great Britain increased 13 per cent., that of the United States 51 per cent. Compared with Mexico, the idle land of the silverite, our export trade has increased 18 per cent., against an increase in Mexico of 27 per cent."

"What of our domestic affairs? Our railroads have increased in mileage from 70,000 in 1873 to nearly 200,000 miles in 1897, with a reduction in cost of freight carriage of 45 per cent. The mileage of telegraph lines has, during the same period, increased from 154,000 miles to over 800,000 miles, with an average reduction in message toll of 40 per cent. The production of raw iron has increased from less than 2,000,000 tons per annum to about 12,000,000 tons; coal, from 47,000,000 tons to 180,000,000 tons; petroleum, from 6,000,000 barrels to 69,000,000 barrels."

Policy of Wisdom. "Do not the most common prudential considerations dictate adherence to a money standard which has been our contemporary with this great progress, if not an efficient factor therein? Benton and Jackson, more than 90 years ago, argued its superiority, and by their efforts the gold standard came into practical use with us. Are we who seek to preserve the good they secured to be condemned by their alleged followers?"

"Second only in importance to a sound currency is a banking system adequate or

ADMIRABLE CONFIDENCE.

The announcement of the Pope Manufacturing Company last week that they guaranteed to maintain list prices on Columbia, Hartford and Vedette bicycles, as published in their 1898 catalogue during the season ending October 1st, had a clarifying effect upon the trade atmosphere, and relieved the feeling of uncertainty and anxiety that had existed for some time, among both buyers and sellers, as nothing else could have done.

That a company which holds undisputed leadership as regards financial strength, the amount of capital invested, size of their plant, and the quantity and quality of their product, should at the very beginning of the season publicly proclaim their confidence in the outlook for the year's business and their belief that a discerning public would demand and be willing to pay for the best product of the cycle builder's art, is a fact that has given the trade cause for self-congratulation throughout the land, and will have a tendency to put to rout the pessimists with whom we were rushing into print with statements to the effect that no one knew where the bottom of the cycle market was.

The public has had experience with these calamity howlers, and will not let the Spring slip by, with its beautiful days and fragrant air, waiting for low prices that can never come on the best wheels. The bicycle has become a staple article of commerce; to the vast majority of cyclists, a necessity, not a luxury. Just as there is a demand for jeans pants, shoddy made clothing, brogan shoes and calico dresses, there will also be a limited market for cheap and poorly made bicycles. But the great middle class of American citizens, who can afford meat three times a day, and sugar in their coffee, those in the higher walks of life, and the leisure class, will look below the enamel of bicycles before purchasing. To these, quality will appeal as strongly as price, and they will only buy bicycles made by manufacturers whose reputation, facilities and business methods give stability to their guarantees.

Coming from the Pope Manufacturing Company, this unequivocal agreement to maintain list prices on their '98 product throughout the season, probably carries more weight than it would from any other source. By 21 years of fair dealing, the Pope Manufacturing Company has gained the full confidence of the riding public. The public has come to understand that this Company never acts rashly or unadvisedly, that they carefully weigh the "pros and cons" of any step before taking it, but once having adopted a policy they have the ability and inclination to carry it out to the letter. Thinking cyclists will therefore conclude that the Pope Manufacturing Company must have ample and substantial assurance that there is a healthy demand for high grade bicycles built of the best material and manufactured carefully and correctly as to mechanical detail, by the most modern and improved machinery and well paid labor.

When it is known that up to March 1st, the Pope Manufacturing Company have shipped to their customers, over 3,000 Columbia Bevel Gear Chainless bicycles, this conclusion becomes a certainty.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN.

Peculiarities of the Great German Scholar.

Many of the stories about the extreme absent-mindedness of some unnamed German professor had their origin in tales actually told—perhaps with not much care in verification—of Prof. Theodor Mommesen, of Berlin, a great German historical scholar and liberal politician.

Although the herr professor recently passed his eightieth birthday, he is said to be still in the height of his productivity, active and energetic, a writer, a teacher and a causer. He adopts the axiom of Goethe, which is not popular with most old men: "When a man is old he must do more than when he is young."

He is certainly no more absent-minded in his old age than he was when he was younger. He has a family of ten living children and several grandchildren, and has always been fond of them all and not averse to taking care of them; but woe to any infant of whom he might have charge if his mind became seized by scholarly preoccupations!

It is related that when his first child was a baby it was in his charge one day in his study. Wishing to make some inquiry from his library, he deposited the baby in the waste basket and forgot all about it; but presently the baby began to cry loudly.

At last the sound disturbed even the absent-minded student, whose thoughts were, and remained, on his study. Conscious only of a loud noise, he seized a quantity of loose papers and carefully covered the child with them to muffle the sound!

On another occasion—so the story goes—Prof. Mommesen was going in a street car from Berlin to Charlottenburg, taking with him his little son. By and by the boy began to wriggle about and make a great deal of noise. By this time his father was meditating profoundly. The boy's racket soon disturbed his meditations. It seemed to the professor that it must be an extremely ill-bred child that would make a disturbance in a public place; he would see if he could not quiet him; but first he would find out who he was. "Little boy," he said, sharply, "what is your name?"

Naturally the small boy thought it strange to be asked his name by his own father, but he responded, politely: "The same as yours, sir."

"The same as mine!" The professor's attention was now aroused by this appeal to his ego, and the spell was broken. He took up his progeny, to the tremendous amusement of the people in the car, and gave him a good shaking.—Youth's Companion.

NOBLEMAN AND FRONTIERSMAN

The Greatest Hunting Expedition on Record.

Sir George Gore, a wealthy Irish sportsman, began in 1855 a hunting expedition among the Rocky mountains which occupied two years and exceeded anything of the kind ever seen on this continent. The outfit consisted of 50 persons, including secretaries, a steward, cooks, flymakers, dog tenders, servants, a train of 30 wagons and numerous saddle horses and dogs.

"Old Jim Bridger" was Sir George's guide and interpreter, and no man on the frontier knew the glens and passes of the mountains so accurately as he did. Though illiterate and an unconventional as an Indian, Bridger was honest, kind, generous and shrewd—just the man to attract the Irish sportsman.

In his "Old Santa Fe Trail" Col. Inman describes the companionship of the two men—one a rich, educated, whole-souled Irish nobleman, the other a man who from boyhood had lived on the plains, depending on his tact and rifle for food and life.

Sir George would lie in bed until ten o'clock in the morning; then he took a bath, ate his breakfast and set out generally alone for the day's hunt. It was not unusual for him to remain out until ten at night, and he seldom returned without "meat." His dinner was then served, to which he extended an invitation to Bridger.

After the meal was over Sir George was in the habit of reading from some book and drawing out from Bridger his ideas about the author.

The Irishman usually read from Shakespeare, which Bridger "reckin'd was too highfalutin' for him.

"That 'ter big Dutchman, Mr. Full-stuff," he commented, "was a leetle too fond of lager beer."

Sir George read the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" to Bridger, who remarked that "he be dog-goned if he swallowed everything that that baron said." He thought he was "a liar," yet acknowledged that some of his own adventures among the Blackfeet would be equally wonderful "if writ down in a book."

Bridger thought Sir George a successful hunter, an opinion justified by the records of the two-years' hunt—40 grizzly bears, 2,500 buffalo, numerous antelope and other small game.—Youth's Companion.

Rivals.—We have discovered that we are rivals, you know.

Tom Barry—Ah, you both love the same fellow!

"Oh, no—both the same fellow loves both of us."—Ainslee's Magazine.

A STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

His Horns Grew Through His Eyes and Killed Him.

A squatter in the back blocks of New South Wales had a young steer with horns so perfectly turned that they formed two artistic loops at the sides of his head. One day "Boss" strayed with a mob of store cattle into a piece of wild country infested only by kangaroos and the out-station boundary riders' families.

These cattle are rounded up and otherwise handled but once a year. Before this annual yarding took place "Boss" had become a fractious terror to every animal and man in that range. He had terrified and scattered the herd that was once his mates; he had charged madly every kind person who was wont to pat him. Because his horns curled like those of a sheep he was called "Sheep Head." His mild, tractable nature added to this delusion of likening him to a lamb. Six months after his entrance upon the range he began to act strangely. A wild look shot out of his eye under the points of the ingrowing horns, whose shadow fell heavier and heavier upon the retina. He constantly shook his head, as if trying to rid himself of some annoyance. Then "Boss" would stand and stare at the points which were pressing the pupils nearly up against the sockets. He became more irritable and unfriendly. He roared, stamped, shook his crazed head and stared at the creeping things before his vision.

At last "Boss" went mad and belowered through the night like an enraged demon. He chased everything in sight, and viciously dashed himself against the forest trees. The mere tramp of a foot angered him. The points of the horns were cruelly pressing his helpless eyes back in their sockets, and every jar upon the ground tortured his brain and enraged him. "Boss" had scattered the mob of his ruminating mates and had so terrorized the few people about that fences did not give a sense of security. Women and children lived in mortal dread of the unfortunate beast.

At length his maddened roar was heard no more. About a month after that the out-boundary rider went out with dogs and a Winchester rifle to end the suffering of "Sheep Head Boss." After searching for two days the bullock was found. "Boss" was dead. He was lying under a clump of acacia, less sweet than their blossoms. He had evidently been dead for a week or more and had been blind for months. The horns had grown into the eyes and almost touched the bone of the skull behind. The head of the poor beast was as strange an object as ever was seen.

The horns of "Boss" were never curved by any art. They grew as nature directed their fatal tips, and, unless sent to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, the preserved head still hangs upon the door of the Darling out-station, where "Boss" lived and died.—Washington Star.

Whenever we hear the women talk indignantly because another woman is spoiling her husband, we hunt him up to congratulate him.—Acheson Globe.

Success is a swinging door; it has no knob, and you can only get on the other side by having "push."—Detroit Free Press.

Dixon—"I don't believe young Shortleigh is half as extravagant as people say he is." Hixson—"Perhaps not, but I've noticed that he has a suit of clothes for every day in the week." Dixon—"Is that so? Why, he always had the same suit on every time I met him." Hixson—"Well, that's the one."—Chicago News.

At the Play.—Kippax—"You seem very much affected at the tragic fate of Juliet, Miss Suffern; I thought I saw tears in your eyes." Miss Suffern—"Yes, Mr. Kippax, I do seem so sad to think that the lady who played Juliet is not really dead!"—Truth.

Diggs—"Hanks doesn't seem to have any pity for the unfortunate of this great city." Figgs—"From what do you judge that?" Diggs—"I saw him put a 40-page Sunday paper into the slot of the hospital box."—Harlem Life.

There is not plenty of room at the top; and it takes an acrobat to stick on after he gets there.—Detroit Free Press.

The Duelists' Danger.—"We'll stand backer back, count tin, walk sivin stips, tin tur-run' and foire." "That's all right enuff, Doolin, but who guaranty how Oi ye won't kick me when me back's turned?"—Life.

"That man Williams never lost his head in a football game yet, did he?" "No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, eight teeth; but I do not remember ever hearing of his losing his head."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. A—"I think your husband is a very quiet dresser." Mr. B—"If you heard him looking for his clothes some mornings."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Another Question.—"He has a bright future ahead of him." "But do you really think he'll ever catch up with it?"—Puck.

Some people are so slow that they irritate other people to go too fast and fall overboard.—Detroit Free Press.

HE MEANT WELL.

But His Carelessness Got Him Into Trouble with His Girl.

A young gentleman, whose gallantry was largely in excess of his pecuniary means, sought to remedy this defect and save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off clothes.

It thus happened one day that he received a bunch of the most beautiful roses, which he at once sent off to his lady love. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome he called at the house of the lady the same evening and was not a little surprised at the frosty reception he met with.

"You sent me a note to-day," the young lady remarked, after a pause, in the most frigid tones.

"I—a note?" he inquired, in blank astonishment.

"Certainly; along with some flowers." "To be sure I sent you some flowers."

"And there was a note inside—do you still mean to deny it?"

With these words she handed the dumfounded swain a scrap of paper, on which the following words were written: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."—Tit-Bits.

Enough!

Klondike Soubrette.—Say, I'm getting tired of doing my dance here, on gold dust every night. Haven't you any sand?

Stage Manager.—Sorry, Maude, but it's all gone. Did he buy a big box full, but they boys used it for chasers after swallowing frozen whisky. N. Y. Journal.

She Took Him Up.

He—I will love you through time and eternity. Give me hope.

She—All right, come around again in a couple of thousand years.—N. Y. World.

GAINED 22 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS

From the By-Stander, Macomb, Ill.

Alderman Louis W. Camp, of our city, has quite astonished his friends of late, by a remarkable gain in weight. He has gained 22 pounds in five weeks. Those of his friends who do not know the facts of his sickness will read with interest the following:

"I was broken down in health and utterly miserable," said Mr. Camp to our reporter. "I was unable to work much of the time and so badly afflicted with a form of stomach trouble that life was a veritable nightmare."

"I tried various remedies, but during the six months of my sickness I obtained no relief. I had always been a robust, healthy man and sickness bore heavily upon me."

"About two years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased one box and received so much benefit that I used five more and was entirely cured. I gained twenty-two pounds in five weeks. Since I stopped taking the pills I have scarcely had an ache or pain."

Interviewing the Alderman.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored me to health, and I most heartily recommend them."

L. W. Camp on oath says that the foregoing statement is true.

W. W. MULLAN, Notary Public.

Following is the physician's certificate as to Mr. Camp's present condition:

I am a regularly licensed physician of Macomb, McDonough County, Ill. I have very fully examined Mr. L. W. Camp as to his general physical condition, and find the same to be all that could be desired, appetite and digestion good, sleeps well, and has all the evidences of being in a good physical condition.

J. C. AYER, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1897.

W. W. MULLAN, Notary Public.

A REALLY INTELLIGENT JURY.

The Verdict Was in Accordance with the Evidence.

"It was the funniest thing I ever saw in a courtroom," laughed the veteran of the bar, who was enjoying an informal smoker with his brethren. "I was in the new west town, trying to get a good start. One of the residents had mysteriously disappeared, and his wife was arrested under a suspicion that she might be responsible for the fact. I defended her."

"On the stand she was simply irrepressible. I only got to ask her one question. That was more than plenty. She talked precisely as though she were wound up and could not stop until the mainspring was completely rattled. At least the main spring was interrupted by an inquiry by one of the jurors."

"Who are you talkin' to, Bill Spriggins," she shouted. "I don't low no call like you to be quizin' me. Ef you don't know how to treat your betters, I'll learn you, you pin-headed coyote. Ef my husband was here he'd perferate you mighty quick, and I know it. But I kin take care of myself ef I am a lone woman. I'm here to tell what I know, and I'm goin' to do it if it spills blood."

"There was no staying her deluge of words and the judge was at last driven by sheer desperation to tell the jury to retire and do the best it could with the facts in its possession."

"When the jury came back Bill Spriggins, as foreman, stood up to give the verdict. 'We find, he said, 'that this here man Meecham has disappeared at the hands of some person or persons unknown. We find further that we are unanimous in suspectin' as how he might be talked to death by his said wife.' It took the sheriff and all his deputies to hold her."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT AN ART ELEVATOR.

One Girl Who Was Satisfied to Paint Pictures.

The art student shook her head in whimsical protest. She had studied in the Paris studios, where she had the reputation of being a talented, conscientious and ambitious worker.

"I am glad to be at home again," she said; "but everybody takes things seriously over here. At least the girl art students do. They haven't the pluck to get down at the bottom and dig away on first principles in a way that every Frenchman thinks perfectly natural; but they are awfully busy with ideas. They belong to clubs for elevating all sorts of things. I've been buttonholed on every corner by people who want me to join clubs. The day I got into my studio some of my old friends came to see me. They had worked with before I went abroad. They all looked deadly serious, and of them struck a Curtius-dedicating his-life-to-his-country pose and said solemnly:

"Margaret, we need you. You must help us elevate the people." "I just tucked a pillow behind my head and said: 'I'll be hanged if I do. I'm going to paint pictures.'"

"They are terribly disappointed in me. I don't breakfast with them. I have to work hard work, with my best force, on less than ten hours' sleep, and so I take it; but it seems nobody can elevate art and sleep in the mornings. I'm willing to give up my studio and go over to New Avenue to live in a one room apartment as I please rather than paint things I don't believe in because they would sell; but I'm using what nerve force I have on my work, and so the girls think I am unregenerate."—N. Y. Sun.

My club is a mail stick to the roof."

How many petitions have you signed without knowing what they were all about?—Rural New Yorker.

A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can rely on something or seeming extravagant in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised, cured a loved daughter of disease and restored her eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctor could give her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

The thousands of testimonials to the value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla repeat over and over again, in one form or another the expression, "The doctors gave her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles completely cured her."

It is a common experience to try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a last resort. It is

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