

CUNNING PET MONKEY.

The Clever Creature Kissed the Baby Instead of Pulling Its Ears.

Jack, my pet monkey, is full of mischief. One day he got into the kitchen, and when the cook was not paying particular attention to him he jumped up on the table, seized a pan of water that was standing there and emptied its contents on the sleeping cat, says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer. He never lost an opportunity to play a joke on old Tab, or on the younger cats, either, for that matter. He often succeeded, when he was caged, in enticing the cats close to the bars, when he would seize their ears and pull them until the victims fairly squealed. This habit of his was well known to

MINISTER WU TO THE WOMEN.

The Famous Chinese Official's Response to a Toast for "The Ladies."

The wise and facetious Minister Wu Ting-Fang made his appearance in a new role the other evening at a large gathering where both ladies and gentlemen were present, where he was the most conspicuous guest. He was asked to say a few words to the ladies, in response to a toast to them. He said: "When I see so many finely built women confronting me, and I am called upon to be the 'gallant' of the moment, what can I say but that I wish for that moment only I were not a Chinaman—I should like to be an American as I stand here, so that each one of you would appear as beau-

MISS ANNA MORGAN.



This charming young lady, who is the eldest daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous financier and trust organizer, has recently completed a two weeks' hunting trip through the Colorado mountains, in which lions, lynx, wildcats, foxes and coyotes fell before her gun. She is an excellent shot, and rarely misses her game. Miss Morgan was a member of the hunting party headed by Prof. Henry E. Osborn. The party spent most of the time in the vicinity of Marwin Lake, 25 miles from Colorado Springs.

a neighbor of mine, and once, when she was visiting me with her baby, the little one, unnoticed for the moment, crawled up to the cage to have a good look at Jack. The mother saw it and rushed to rescue the child, but Jack was too quick for her and had grasped it by the shoulders before she could reach the spot. He had no intention of pulling its ears, however, for he drew it gently to the bars and kissed it right on the face.

SOUND KEEPS FLIES AWAY.

That is Why Musicians Are Not Annoyed While They Are Playing.

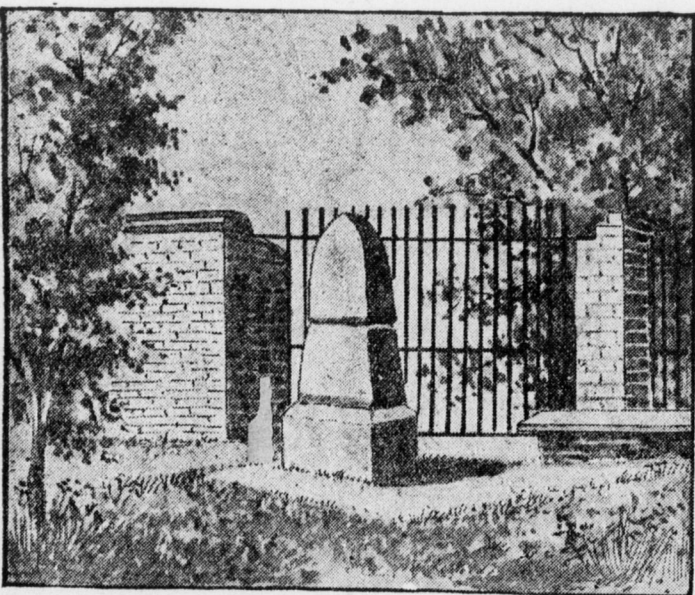
"While listening to an open-air concert the other day," said a young man, reports the Philadelphia Record, "I was greatly annoyed by the flies, which were so persistent that I could hardly drive them away. I wondered how

tiful to me as you actually must be when seen through your countrymen's eyes. Alas! the slight difference in the formation of my orb cannot do justice to the impression you make upon me, individually and jointly and severally. But there are some well-nourished figures and forms amongst you that really appear to be as fine as the best that my own fertile country has produced. And your intelligence and souls, I am told, which are hidden under your intricate fashionable apparel, are more beautiful even than your forms. May you all feel the depth and sincerity of my admiration, and may your youthful looks and honorable years always walk hand in hand."

Norwegian Storehouse.

A peculiarity of the Norwegian farm is the "stabbur," a sort of storehouse set upon posts, with either tin pan or a large sheet of slate on the top of each post to prevent the rats

BURIAL PLACE OF JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO.



Monticello, Va., has often been called the shrine of democracy. The democrats of Missouri will erect a new monument over the grave of the immortal Thomas. More than 1,000 of the leading democrats of St. Louis and other parts of Missouri have already responded to the call of the Jefferson club, of St. Louis, to unveil a monument of red granite on the sage's grave at Monticello on October 10. The promoters of the memorial exercises propose to make the unveiling one of the most memorable occasions in the history of the democratic party.

the musicians, with both hands busy playing, stood them, and I drew near the shell in which they sat to see. To my surprise I found that there was not a fly in the shell, and then, to my greater surprise, I discovered why this was. The sound waves of the music, rolling with tremendous volume from the shell, kept out the flies. The insects could not fly against the waves, though they tried hard. Hundreds of them were struggling frantically to reach the shell, but they might as well have tried to fly against a tornado as against those sound waves. Thus protected, inclosed by a magic curtain made of their own music, the musicians played Wagner, unannoyed by the sticky and pestering flies."

Great River Basin in Siberia.

The Irth river in Siberia is 2,500 miles in length and drains 600,000 miles of territory

and mice and other depredators from obtaining admission. The "stabbur" is intended for the storage of the winter's supply of provisions for the family, such as flour, dried meat, fish, cured pork, "flatbrod," the bread which is baked only once or twice a year; butter and cheese, and the extra clothing and bedding that are not in daily use. An orthodox "stabbur" is usually built with two stories, one projecting over the other, and it is generally of artistic design, with an ornamental balcony.

Interesting But Unprofitable.

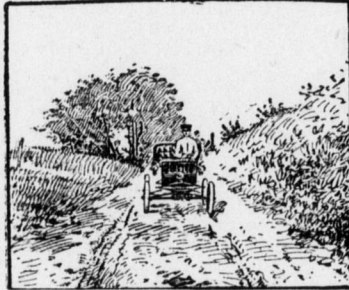
A Yale professor is out in Colorado spending time by demonstrating that the tail of an adder may be grafted onto a rattlesnake. Wouldn't it be more profitable, suggests the Chicago Record-Herald, for the professor to try to discover some means of exterminating potato bugs?

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

GOVERNMENTAL AID.

Extracts from Address Delivered by Col. J. B. Killebrew Before Tennessee Road Convention.

The general government of the United States should aid in building the great highways, as was contemplated by the founders of the government. In fact, the power given in the constitution to establish post offices and post roads might justly be construed so as to include all roads needed for postal service. Rural mail delivery will necessitate thousands of such roads through the country districts. Why should not the general government aid in building them? How could the government expend money that would do so much good to the people of this nation? Good roads would make the country more attractive, and would tend to relieve the congestion of population in the cities. The greatest drawback to country life is the inability to move with ease from point to point, owing to the bad condition of the highways. Why cannot the gov-



A MUDHOLE JUST AHEAD. (Roads Like This Make Driving in the Country a Torture.)

ernment make appropriations for the highways on land as well as the highways on water? But few go over the latter, while millions go over the former. Congress votes subsidies to railroads, steamships and for mapping the seas of commerce. This is a very necessary and important work, but not more important than making the highways on land. We all know how anxious congressmen are to get an appropriation in the rivers and harbors bills for the improvement of some insignificant stream in their state. How much wiser it would be to vote this appropriation for making some highway between two cities or between two states. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been wasted on streams that can never be made navigable, which, if expended on our highways, would give us the best system of roads in the world.

Suppose the general government should appropriate every ten years an amount equal to that now expended for pensions, say, \$150,000,000, for the building and improvement of the roads of the country. This would give, in round numbers, two dollars per capita for the entire population of the United States. This, continued for two generations, would grade, macadamize, and gravel every great public thoroughfare in the country, when aided by local appropriations.

Who would begrudge the expenditure after such roads have been built? Who would not say that the expenditure was a wise one, elevating in its influence and adding immensely to the tangible wealth and commerce of the country? We paid more than this amount in the expenditures of the Spanish war. Is there a single person who would not receive a benefit from good roads far greater than he received from the Spanish war? Put it in another way: Is there a single person now using the highways of the country, or whose business is in any way affected by the traffic on the highways of the country (and this touches the business interests of every man and woman in the United States), who would not be willing to pay as much for good roads as he has paid for the war with Spain?

In almost every material thing the United States takes the first rank except in the matter of roads. In this respect it is far behind the most enlightened nations. In all the states some good roads have been built, but would it not add immensely to the growth and prosperity of this country to have its highways improved so as to be in harmony with all its other great improvements? It is the one thing in which we are still lingering in the unrelieved darkness of the Middle Ages; it is the one blot upon our escutcheon of material progress; it is the one thing that would benefit every man, woman and child in the United States, and yet we hesitate to do it.

Objections are made by many that it is not the duty of the general government to aid in building roads; that if it did it would place upon the general government the responsibility for the welfare of the people. But is not the general government responsible for the welfare of the people? The constitution gives the authority to build roads for postal service. Why not, then, build them? The improvement of our rivers is done for the welfare of the people. Why should not roads be built for their greater welfare? Both are highways, one by water, the other by land.

The quality of the milk depends first on the cows which produce it, second upon the food and care of the animals, and third on the management of the milk after it has been produced.

When cream is once ripened, it should be churned without delay. The more it sours, the more it deteriorates.

Lamentable Forgetfulness.

As the steamer pitched and rolled in the waves the traveler heard through the thin partition a wailing voice in the next stateroom exclaim: "Oh, mamma, it's coming on again, worse than ever!" Then he heard a sleepy voice in reply: "Marie, why don't you follow the directions you told me about before we came on board?" "Because I've forgotten whether I ought to breathe in as the vessel rises and let the breath go out as it moves downward, or whether it ought to be the other way, and O! O! I wish I was dead!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Scholarly Retort.

A famous scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding to the continent in quest of the origin of the term "Juggins." During his researches in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: "Sir—We have the honor to inform you that the mattress you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expose the goods of other clients to injury, we have caused your mattress to be destroyed." The scholar replied: "Dear Sir—My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident that it had an 'e' in it also."—London King.

All Servants Alike.

Towne—I could never understand why political officeholders are called public servants. Browne—Why not? "Because they're really our bosses." "Well? I guess you never kept house, did you?"—Philadelphia Press.

His Scheme.

Tigg—Did you hear what Count Ded-broke tried to do when he came over here in search of an heiress? Nigg—No. What was it? "Wanted a position as tax assessor, so he could get inside information."—Baltimore American.

So Timely!

"I think it is so nice," said the fair young thing at the boarding house table during a labor discussion, "that the men can have their strikes during the hot months, when they would be wanting vacations, anyway."—Baltimore American.

It is always easier to praise virtue than to pursue it.—Ran's Horn.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Aug. 30. Flour—Inactive and about steady. Wheat—No. 2 red 74 1/2c. Corn—No. 2 at 59 1/2c. Oats—No. 2 white 40c. Beaves—No trading. Veals \$5.00@8.00. Sheep—Steady at \$2.50@3.65, lambs \$4.50@6.00. Hogs—Yorkers \$6.80. Cleveland, Aug. 30.—Flour—Winter wheat, patents, \$3.60@3.90. Wheat—No. 2 red 71 1/2c. Corn—No. 2 yellow 57 1/2c. Oats—No. 2 white 38 1/2c. Butter—Best creamery 21 1/2c. Cheese—York state 11c. Eggs—Best 16c. Potatoes—New \$1.00@1.25. Cattle—Best steers \$4.85@5.00, calves \$6.00@7.25. Hogs—Yorkers \$6.40. Sheep—Best \$3.65@3.75, lambs \$5.00@5.25. Toledo, Aug. 30.—Wheat—Cash 71 1/2c. Corn—Cash 57c. Oats—Cash 35 1/2c. East Liberty, Aug. 30.—Cattle—Choice \$3.60@3.75, prime \$3.25@3.50. Hogs—Best grades \$6.60@6.75. Sheep—Best wethers \$4.00@4.10, lambs \$5.00@6.25. East Buffalo, Aug. 30.—Cattle—Fair to light steers \$4.35@4.65. Hogs—Choice Yorkers \$6.60@6.75, pigs \$6.25@6.35. Sheep—Wethers \$3.85@4.90, lambs \$5.85@6.00. Cincinnati, Aug. 30.—Hogs—Active at \$4.30@6.50. Cattle—Easy at \$2.25@5.25.

How He Loved Her.

A negro man went into Mr. E.'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce suit against his wife. Mr. E.—proceeded to question him as to his grounds for complaint. Mr. E.—looked up from his papers, and saw that big tears were running down over the cheeks of the applicant for divorce. "Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to care a great deal for your wife? Did you love her?" "Love her, sir? I jest analyzed her!" This was more than professional dignity could withstand, and Mr. E.—laughed until the negro, offended, carried his case elsewhere.—Short Stories.

Seeking to Solve a Mystery.

The little East end girl who had hash for breakfast the other morning looked at the last mouthful of her share long and earnestly as she poised it on her fork. Then she passed it out of sight. But the mystery still engrossed her mind. "Daddy," she said, "what was hash when it was alive?"—Recollections of Mrs. Minnie E. Leo, in What to Eat.

At Norumbega Park.

First Monkey—What is that standing out there with its hair parted in the middle and sticking a cane? Second Monkey—That's a man. "Just to think that such a looking thing as that should have descended from us!"—Boston Post.

An Answer for the Anxious.

Marie B., of Waverly—No, Marie, just because the young man writes you a letter on fly paper, you need not jump at the conclusion that he is stuck on you. No, indeed.—Baltimore American.

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Another Record Smashed.

Finding undigested food in the stomach of a Siberian mammoth that had been dead 50,000 years breaks the record for chronic dyspepsia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Far from Sufficient.

Her Admirer—You know I would do anything in reason to please you. She—Anything in reason? I knew you only imagined yourself in love!—Puck.

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He who slanders another smuts himself.—Ran's Horn.

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A DEAD LIVER



He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and spring is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with CASCARETS, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a box to-day and see how quickly you will be

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