

TO GUARD QUEEN VICTORIA.

Horses of Royal Stable Taught Not to Fear Automobiles.

Few lives in this world are watched with such care as Queen Victoria's, and those of the members of the royal family. This is an old saying, but it is particularly true in the case of what might be called automobilism, which as yet is only a hobby in England. Still steps have just been taken to protect her majesty from any danger while driving through the use of automobiles. All the horses in the royal stable have been drilled in the presence of an automobile. The horses in the three stable yards at Windsor were first led and then driven around a stationary car. Then the car was propelled around the horses. Finally the car was moved between the horses in a dangerous way as they stood near each other. The automobiles finally made the car as objectionable as possible. The horses were very amenable, as they had already been schooled to such noises as the playing of bands, the noise of cannon and railroad trains and the cheering of crowds. The best bred horses proved to be the least sensitive to the novelty, a pure bred Arab stallion showing the least concern of all.—New York Sun.

A Globe Trotter.

Customer (Backhampstead, Ct.)—Wal, I don't know about that calico; I think I've seen better. Storekeeper—Nancy Jane Bosworth, there ain't no better calico than that on airt! I know—for I have traveled! I have been to Springfield, I have been to Hartford, and I have been to New Haven! In fact, Nancy Jane Bosworth, I have traveled this wide world over! So you can safely take my judgment 'bout that calico!—Puck.

Acceptable?

I should say so; they all say the same, too, when they get them. Who is there that would refuse such works of art when they can get them for almost nothing. Ask your grocer for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hibinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 5c.

DURIED TWO HUSBANDS.

Washington Widow Disposed of Her Partners in Short Order.

From the Washington Star: "We have had double funerals without number, of husband and wife, sister and sister, brother and brother," explained an attaché of a cemetery near the soldiers' home to a reporter, "but a funeral here recently seems to surpass them all. There are several men who have three and four wives buried in this and similar cases in other cemeteries, as well as a number of women who have from two to as many, in one instance at least, as five husbands. The case that I refer to as being somewhat new is not of the kind referred to, for there was a lapse of time between the funerals of the husbands and wives spoken of, but a case where a lady buried two husbands at the same time. And she was not a Mormon either. Her first husband died in August, and his remains were temporarily placed in the vault.

"The will and certain directions left by the husband, for business and other reasons, directed that if it could be satisfactorily arranged the widow should marry the business associate and particular friend of the deceased. In less than three weeks, under these circumstances, the widow married a gentleman referred to, who in less than three days was confined to his bed by an illness that in three weeks proved fatal. The doubly endowed widow arranged for his funeral, and at the same time gave orders that her first husband's remains, which had been left in the vault temporarily, should be interred by his side at the same time. Two graves were dug and both were buried at the same time. Their coffins were identical, as well as were the floral decorations, which were rather elaborate. It was the first time in my experience that I ever saw or even heard of a widow burying two husbands at the same time, though it may have happened elsewhere. The widow has arranged that she shall be buried beside them, the first husband to be on her left."

An Ancient Tree.

The oldest tree on earth with an authenticated history is the great bhoo tree of Burmah. For twenty centuries it has been held sacred to the Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Crosby for the last 16 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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FURNISH FADLESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

Cold Comfort.

Mr. Slimpurs—To—tell the truth, I am a—little afraid to ask your father for your hand. Miss Chagrit—Oh, you needn't worry. He says I am ruinously extravagant.—New York Weekly.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean— If a fellow's face is not quite clean, And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorrow if you're bad, And I'll tell you this—if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother every day, A fellow's a baby that won't obey."

A KIND PONY.

Tommy owned a very fine pony which was very fond of him and would come from the paddock at the sound of his voice and follow him about like a dog.

One day the pony became lame and was kept in the stable. About this time a cat had a family of kittens on a ledge just above the pony's manger. She and the pony became great friends.

One morning, while jumping up to her kittens, she rolled off the ledge into the manger, injuring her foot so that she could scarcely crawl along to obtain her food at the house. When she came back, she was unable to get up to her kittens, so she lay down at the pony's feet and mewed and looked up piteously several times. At last the pony, seeming to understand what she wanted, reached down, took the cat gently in his teeth and lifted her up to the ledge to her kittens. This was repeated morning after morning. The cat would roll off into the manger, go and get her breakfast, come back and be lifted up to her family.

REGIMENTAL PETS.

British regiments have all sorts of pets. The regimental dog of the Fighting Fifth—a dog who won great praise for his cool demeanor at Omdurman—has been given official leave to accompany the regiment to the relief of Kimberly. The dog would probably have gone in any case, for the love of Tommy Atkins for his dog overleaps all barriers of red tape. Once, in marching from an Indian station, the commanding officer ordered that only a certain number of dogs should be allowed to accompany the regiment. The selected dogs marched out, each with its company, but the haversacks of some of the men were strangely bulky and strangely lively. At the end of the day's march every pet dog of the regiment mysteriously appeared in camp. Sooner than part with their four-legged friends, the men had carried them the twenty miles of the march stowed away in their haversacks. The order limiting the number of dogs was that evening withdrawn.

Shifts and expedients that the men are put in order to keep pets with them are sometimes extraordinary. Journeying once on a hired troopship the boat put in at Malta, and a sergeant, having gone on land, reappeared with a little woolly dog. The quartermaster on duty would not allow the dog on the ship, for the official number of dogs was on board. The sergeant scratched his head, thought deeply and then went back on shore again. An hour later he came back with a strange creature in a cage. It had four feet, but it was covered with hen's feathers. "Can't pass that there dog on board," said the stern quartermaster. "Dog?" said the sergeant with an innocent look of surprise. "This is no dog. It's a Maltese four-footed bird of paradise, and there are no rules against taking birds on board." The laugh was allowed on board ship.

Many chapters of animal history might be written on the regimental pets that have gone to the war in South Africa. The Gordons have taken their parrot, the Welsh regiment has taken its goat, and at Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town, where the pets will probably stay while the regiments go to the front, there will be strange collections of animals. Of all regimental pets, the strangest was the little Soudanese boy picked up on the battlefield at Tokpi by the Welsh regiment and adopted by the corps. He was named Jimmy Welsh, and was given a good education. What happened to him when he came to man's estate is not known.

A CAT'S INTERRUPTED NAP.

A small white-faced cat sat sunning herself on the stone steps of a house which was one in a row of low, brown houses, evidently let for flats. It was Sunday afternoon, and in the small triangle of benches and bare trees opposite a number of children were dodging and shouting, stopping now and then to watch the carriages roll out of the livery stable on the corner. Evidently a funeral was to be attended, and the drivers were

moving around in their long coats, overlooking horse gear and taking orders.

Suddenly an overgrown fox terrier came skipping down the street on his tip-toes, sniffing about for adventure. The white-faced cat twitched an ear and stretched in the sun. This caught the eye of the fox terrier, he skipped under the steps and said: "Yap, yap," under her nose. The cat got on her tip-toes, then arched her back and made a plume of her tail. The children in the park shouted:

"Here's goin' to be a fight," and hurried against the railing to witness.

The cat taken by surprise, retired two steps, and stood in the corner of the doorway at bay. The terrier, delighted, snapped now at her nose, now at her tail. Some of the drivers sauntered up to the foot of the steps and stood grinning.

The yapping was tremendous by this time. Some windows opened above, and three youths and an old gentleman in a long coat stopped to watch the issue.

"Go on," cried one of the youths, "Give it to her, now. You're a fine pup."

The fox terrier, with one eye on the spectators and one on the cat, bounded up another step and gambled up and down, snapping.

"Yap, yap," yelled the terrier. But the cat had regained her composure and stood firm.

By this time poor kitty, now thoroughly awake and indignant, slashed out and gave the self-conscious terrier a fine, scratching box on the ear, and before he had time to recover his senses she followed it by three successive pit-pats over the forehead. Sitting on her hind legs, her fore paws flew. She opened a pink mouth and spat. "Yah," said the terrier, rubbing his ear. Then, remembering the onlookers, he looked cheerful and pretended to be interested in something across the street. As he skipped away one of the drivers called after him:

"You ain't much of a dog," but he was too much interested to stop.

The women closed their windows, the children began a new game of hide-and-seek, the carriages moved off in a procession to the funeral, and the small, white-faced cat turned around on the step, twitched her ears and stretched in the sunshine.

END OF A LONG BLUFF.

Newark Better Gave to Law to Recover His Lost Wager.

Offering to bet that nobody can eat two hard-boiled eggs upon an empty stomach has been a favorite pastime of Michael Meyer, a Newark horse dealer. He has put forth the proposition for twenty years as a means of forcing a man to back down, in any ordinary dispute, and it has been generally successful. But in October last when he propounded it to William Wraage in Solomon Oury's place, Oury, who was tired of hearing it said: "I will take that bet for \$10."

Meyer was delighted and arrangements were made to meet at Oury's at 7 o'clock the next morning. Wraage held the \$20 and there was another witness. Meyer arrived at the appointed time, felt the eggs, squeezed one of them and said that it was not hard. Oury slipped both eggs into his mouth at once, nunched them and swallowed them. Meyer left in disgust, protesting that the terms of the bet had not been fulfilled. Wraage paid the bet to Oury and Meyer brought suit for \$50 in the Second District Court. The case came up before Judge Frederick Guild. The court was crowded. Emanuel Lowenstein was counsel for Meyer and upon Wraage's side were ex-County Prosecutor Elvin W. Crane, the unsuccessful candidate for Governor of the State, Commissioner Charles Herr of the Board of Works, and William C. Nicoll.

Commissioner Herr endeavored to eliminate the gambling law feature by saying that this case did not come under the act because eating eggs was not a game of chance, but a trial of skill; an act of showing skill, or proficiency and capacity. Edward Stern and Mr. Wraage testified that Oury ate the eggs fairly, and the latter said he had taken the bet because it became monotonous after twenty years of constant repetition. He said that he ate two eggs at once, not one before the other, and that he had not eaten anything since dinner on the previous evening. The jury announced a verdict of \$10 for Meyer. That was all he wanted, but it does not convince any of the people on the other side that Oury did not eat the eggs.—New York Sun.

Value of Pearls.

Pearls are increasing in value for two reasons—the growing scarcity and the growing demand. Forty people can afford to buy pearls to-day where one was able to do so twenty years ago. A fine pearl commands any price the owner may ask for it, although pearls are not considered a safe, permanent investment like diamonds, because they are perishable and decay with time. Few of the celebrated pearls of to-day are old, and heirlooms that have been kept for several generations gradually lose their lustre and their value. Pearls that have been buried in the darkness, either in the earth or in safes and caskets, suffer in their brilliancy. Archaeologists frequently find pearls in excavating prehistoric mounds and ruins which would have been of immense value if they were enduring like diamonds, but their lustre is permanently destroyed.

INDIANS AS WITNESSES.

Hold Closer to Truth Than White Men.

"Indians make good witnesses and they stick closer to facts than white people."

This statement was made the other evening by Judge O. P. Shiras of the United States District Court of Northern Iowa. He speaks from his experience in trying many cases in which Indians were either concerned or appeared as witnesses. He was appointed during the administration of Chester A. Arthur and since has been continually holding court in his own district and within the 8th United States Judicial District, which comprises thirteen states and three territories. This federal district, leaving out the state of Kentucky, is larger than all the territory east of the Mississippi River.

Speaking of his interesting experience in coming in contact with the Indians in court he says the red man or woman is generally accurate. His observation was general. He says: "Ask a white man if he was drunk on a certain occasion he will try to wriggle out of it, but the Indian will come out with a 'yes' if he was. On one occasion a lawyer asked a squaw if she understood the nature of her obligation in giving testimony. She answered that she had taken a 'strong word' to tell the truth and she would do so. She was asked to define the difference between the truth and a lie, whereupon she said: 'The truth is the truth and a lie is a lie; they are different and you can't make them alike.'"

"You will remember that some six years ago an Indian named Plenty Horses was being tried in Sioux Falls for the murder of Col. Casey of the United States army. One of the witnesses brought in by the government was American Horse. There had been a Messiah craze among the Indians and a religious phase had been injected into the trial.

"In the examination of American Horse he was asked what he knew about religion. There stood near by a small white table which the witness drew near him. He placed his finger on the center of the table and drew a circle about it saying, 'This is what the red man knows about religion'; then he drew a larger circle saying that the white man knew that much more. Moving his finger around the outside of the larger circle he said: 'Beyond this the red man knows as much about the coming of a Messiah as the white man.'"

Judge Shiras says the Indian makes a good juror, in which capacity he may sit after relinquishing tribal relations and complying with government severalty laws. He says, too, that he has come in contact with some good Indian lawyers.

"I think," said he, "there is a mistaken idea about the red man having been generally mistreated by the government. The facts show that they are the richest people per capita in the whole country. The trouble is that they have a poor idea of the value of money, and spend it recklessly. Indians will walk clear across one state into another to draw their annuities and in twenty-four hours after getting the money they will have gambled every cent of it away before they leave the vicinity and then walk back home to do the same thing over on the next pay day."

"It is astonishing to see the methods used by an intelligent red man to get away with his money. Among other things he has a weakness for a certain kind of amusement known as the 'Merry-go-Round.' Recently one of these concerns got permission to set up one of their machines on a reservation within my circuit. The bucks would gather about the contrivance and to the tune of a steam-turned organ would ride the whole blessed day. They spent all the money they had and pawned different articles to get more for the same amusement.

"During the last few years the women took a great craze for wearing these blue bathing suits trimmed in white braid. The traders are said to have disposed of a large quantity of this toggery, the squaws wearing them all the time until worn out, when they would buy another suit."

Fought When the Truth was Told.

"When General Grant was President," said Henry Willetts, of Washington, at the Hotel Imperial, "a certain friend of his came out of the West to see him. One day, just after leaving the White House, this friend fell in with a fellow Westerner in the White House grounds, and a heated encounter took place, which suddenly terminated by the General's friend knocking the other man down and out. The matter was hushed up, but the General, naturally indignant, called his friend to account, saying, 'John, you've treated me and the office I hold with much discourtesy. Why did you do such a thing?' 'Well, it was this way, General,' replied the now thoroughly penitent one, 'you know there was bad blood between us, and he had set all sorts of stories going about me. Just after leaving you I ran into him, and he at once accused me of doing a certain thing. As it was a lie, I only laughed at him. Then he accused me of something else, and that being also a lie, I jeered at him again, but his third accusation was true, and I couldn't stand that, so I knocked him down.'—New York Tribune.

Still Another.

"What, ho! Within there!" shouted the knight at the castle gate. The warden got him up, yawning prodigiously. "Another man with a ho," said he to his faithful valet.—Indianapolis Press.



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