

The Wind of the Night.

I.
The wind's at the casement. O wind
of the night!
Do you envy this shelter—this flicker-
ing light?
You have stormed the pale stars from
the heaven above—
Would you hound this lone hearth,
with its ashes of love?
Far—far be your flight,
O wind of the night,
To the terrible seas, with their billows
of white—
To the fearful seas, where the black
skies frown,
And the gray gulls scream as the ships
go down!
Fast in flight—
O wind of the night,
From the ashes of love and the phan-
tom of light!

II.
The wind at the casement. O wind
of the night,
Beat down the rude portals in wrath
and in might!
You have blown the bleak stars from
the heaven above—
Wreak your rage on this hearth, with
the ashes of love!
Nay, wing not your flight,
O wind of the night,
To the seas where the drowned souls
are shrouded in white;
For the seas they lie east, and the seas
they lie west:
But the stormiest sea's in the human
breast!
Stay your flight,
O wind of the night—
Here are ashes of love for you—embers
of light!

III.
The wind's at the casement. O wind
of the night,
Toss o'er my bleak bosom lost tresses
of light!
Reveal through the clouds—through
the shrouds of the skies,
The smile on her dear lips—the light
of her eyes!
I am weary to-night
As your wings in their flight,
For the fall of her beautiful tresses
of light!
For the seas they lie east, and the
seas they lie west,
But they bring her no more to the love
of my breast!
Stay your flight!
O wind of the night—
Here are ashes of love for you—embers
of light!

F. L. STANTON.

NOT WHILE HE LIVED.

I worked with the gang in Nine Pits
colliery about fifteen years back, and
there was one man there who hailed
from South Wales as I got pretty
friendly with.

I've called him a man, but I don't
know the title comes right. He was
more like a stunted boy than a man,
and more like some sort of a queer
animal than either. He had monstrous
large head and shoulders, and a pair
of little, bowed, twisted legs, no big-
ger than a child's of nine years old.

I've said we were pretty friendly,
but I don't know as I was anything
more than civil to him.

He was clever and could speak Eng-
lish as well as any of us. He had
been two years or more at the Nine
Pits and he brought some money with
him when he came, for he had a cot-
tage of his own and a tidy piece of
garden, which was above what the
rest of us had.

There wasn't a man of six feet
amongst us stronger than he was. To
have seen him swing his pick would
make you hold your breath. He
could walk, you see, down some of
the narrow, low galleries, where chaps
like we would have to crawl.

I lived along with my father and
sister then. We were precious poor,
and father used to say he hoped Hetty
would marry someone able to keep her
and so give us a lift that way.

One day a new hand came to the pit,
Jim Marwood by name. See him on
Sunday going to chapel, clean and
smart, as straight as a pole, with his
blue eyes looking so frank and smiling,
and you'd say he looked a picture.

He struck up a mighty affection for
me before he had been a month in
the gang. He told me all about his friends
and such-like, most confidential, and I
found out he had to keep his mother
and hadn't a six-pence he could call
his own.

Well, one day—I remember it as
clear as yesterday—it was between the
lights on a September evening, I was
smoking my pipe in our back room—
father was out of the house—when I
heard voices in the other room across
the passage. It was Matty and my
sister talking together.

Matty was the dwarf. He had a
long Welsh name, but we called him
"Matty" in the general way, because
of his rough hair, and he didn't seem
to mind the joke.

"I love you!" he says to Hetty. "I've
loved you ever since I've seen you.
Won't you marry me? I'd be a good
husband to you."

"Marry you?" she says. "Why,
Matty you must be dreaming! Of
course I won't."

He was silent for a minute; then he
says: "I'm stunted and crooked, I
know, but I love you better than any
other man will ever love you, and I've
a comfortable home to offer you."

"If you had twenty homes I wouldn't
have you," she answered quietly.
"So do say no more about it."

He spoke short and savagelike,
"Jim Marwood's the man that stands
between you and me. Do you think
I've been blind? Jim Marwood has
got your heart and do you think you
will ever marry him while I'm alive?"

"It is Jim Marwood that has got my
heart and I have his, and I'm not
ashamed to say it before you or any
man. I know you've got your cottage

and your garden that you are so mor-
tal proud of, and I know Jim is poor,
and we shall have to wait for years
but you needn't think you'll frighten
me out of marrying him, I'd never
marry such a miserable, wicked, ugly
little wretch as you! So don't flatter
yourself I would."

The next day we were all under-
ground as usual. Somehow or other
Matty and Marwood and me found
ourselves always pretty close together.
He seemed to me to be hanging
on to Jim in a way I didn't like, hear-
ing what I had heard, and I kept as
close to both as I well could.

I noticed that the dwarf scarce took
his eyes off Jim except at 12 o'clock,
and when we stopped for our bits of food,
and then he sat in a corner by himself
under a truck and scribbled on a scrap
of paper, with a queer sort of smile
on his face.

In the afternoon we got down to a
lower level. It was a dangerous part
of the mine, as we all knew, and we
kept our davy lamps pretty tight, I can
tell you.

"There's fire damp about here," said
one of the men.

"And a spark would settle the lot of
us, wouldn't it?" said the dwarf.

"Ah, that it would!" Jim answered.
Nothing more was said about the fire
damp, however, and the day, the long-
est day I had ever known, came
around to 6 o'clock without an explo-
sion.

The cages were ready for us to get
up to the top of the shaft, and most
of the men had gone.

"You go now," says I to the dwarf.

"No," he answered, "I'm going to
stay a little overtime to-night. You
all go on and send the cage down for
me. And, look here, give this to your
sister Hetty—will you?—and tell her
to open it."

He put a bundle into my hand tied
up in a handkerchief. I took it giv-
erly enough, for with such suspicions
in my mind I half expected it might
go off in my face somehow.

"What are you afraid of?" he asks,
sharply.

"Nothing," I says, as sharp.

And we touched the signal rope, and
up went Jim and me, and the dwarf
stood underneath and turned his face
up, watching us out of sight.

Well, I felt more comfortable when
we put our feet on firm ground on top
of the shaft and had sent the car down
again for him.

"Wonder what's in that bundle,"
says Jim.

"Maybe Matty will tell you some
time," I replied, little thinking how
it concerned him.

I took it home and called Hetty to
open it. Our cottage wasn't far from
the pits and it couldn't have been
above ten minutes since the dwarf
had put it in my hand.

She undid the knot, and there—if
you would believe it—were the title
deeds of his cottage and \$80 tied up in
a bit of canvas and the scrap of paper
I had seen him scribble under the
truck. There were the words on it:

"What is here is for you. 'Tigly and
miserable' I am, but 'wicked' I am not.
I said you shouldn't marry him while
I was alive and I shall keep my word.
Think kindly of a dwarf, if you can.
God made me as well as him."

We hadn't got to the end of the poor
dirty little letter when we heard a
sound that made our hearts stand still—
a long, dull, roaring shook the earth
under where we stood, as if it was thunder
under our feet.

"An explosion in the mine!" says
Hetty, with a face as white as chalk.

It was no use trying to dig him out.
He knew where he opened his davy
lamp—and he must have opened it—
that human help could never reach
him there.

She cried about it for a week and
said she should never be happy again.
But I think she is happy now, for she
married the Easter after. They live
in Matty's cottage still, and the gar-
den is all abloom with flowers.—Lon-
don Evening News.

THIBET'S WILD HORSES.

**A DUEL OF STALLIONS AND A
BATTLE BETWEEN HERDS.**

**Almost Human Characteristics of the
Animals—Movements Directed by
Military Science—Fall of the Big
White Stallion—A Conflict in Which
Many Fell.**

William Jameson Reid, who spent
several years in exploring China and
Thibet, gives the following account of
the wild horses of Thibet in his book,
"Through Unexplored Asia."

"Wild horses, called by the Sifanese
Dzerlikadn, are very numerous in the
country to the eastward of Sukul at
the base of the mountain ranges. They
are generally in large herds, very shy,
and when frightened continue their
flight for days. They are never hunted
owing to the difficulties of the chase,
but are captured by strong nooses
attached to sunken stakes, distributed
in the districts which they are known
to frequent, in this manner insur-
ing their capture without injury. These
horses usually roam over the country
in groups of fifty to a hundred. Each
lot of mares is led by a stallion, the
size of whose family depends on his
age, strength and courage, his indi-
vidual qualities keeping his herd to-
gether. Over this he maintains the
most strict watchfulness, for if he
descries intruders from other herds in
his ranks he rushes to the encounter
and tries in every way by biting and
kicking to drive them off. During the
breeding season the males are excep-
tionally aggressive, and encounters
among themselves, and even attacks
on human beings, are of frequent oc-
currence.

"Long before reaching this country
we had been entertained by numerous
narratives of a more or less nebulous
character concerning the almost hu-
man characteristics of these animals,
in which stories we had placed no
more faith than in those usually told
by the natives. The head man of Sukul
we had immediately concluded was no
better than his fellows, for he told
such astonishing tales of the doings of
this equine nation that we momentar-
ily expected he would tell of cities,
forts and houses built by them. We
were all the more surprised, therefore,
when, on the second day, he came to
us with the assertion that, if we were
still incredulous, he was ready and
willing to put proof to the test, as
several of his hunters had reported a
number of herds in the valley plain to
the southward. Accordingly, shortly
before nightfall, we rode for some
hours, until we had reached a spot
whence we could overlook the plain
where we were informed the astonish-
ing wonders of which we had been told
might be performed.

"About 10 o'clock, as, shivering with
the almost Arctic coldness of the
weather, we were making futile efforts
to keep warm, and cursing our stupid-
ity in coming to verify fairy tales, we
were aroused to action by an ominous
strain among our ponies, who were
straining at their tethers and whinny-
ing nervously. A few minutes later a
wild, shrieking howl, as of some soul
in dire distress, floated through the
air, sounding near at hand and yet
far removed. Following the guide, we
mounted to a little jutting crag over-
looking the broad plain which
stretched away for miles from the foot
of the broad plateau, and there, in-
deed, saw a sight which almost beg-
gared description. The broad ex-
panse, lighted by the new moon, which
rendered the surrounding country al-
most as luminous as day, was filled
with herds upon herds of horses of
every size, color and description. For
several moments we were dumbfound-
ed at a sight so thrilling and awe-ins-
piring—a vast, surging mass of living,
breathing animals busily engaged in
feeding on the luxuriant grass of the
valley. Suddenly, upon the night air
resounded a blood-curdling neigh, as
clear as a bugle call; and immediately
the herd stopped feeding and stood
with heads erect, as a mighty army
at the call of its leader. Another pro-
longed neigh, pitched in a somewhat
higher key, and, like a whirlwind, the
whole herd bolted up the valley, as
orderly and regularly as the finest
disciplined army, with the three or
four who seemed to be the leaders
symmetrically arranged ahead of the
main body, and flanking and rear de-
tachments posted with studious exact-
ness.

"On reaching the head of the plain
once more they came to a halt and
grazing was resumed. Our attention
had been so drawn in following the
action of this herd that we had not
noticed that another fully as large had
come from far down the valley and
had insaluted themselves on the feeding
grounds just vacated. The scene in
front was now all-engaging; cold and
fatigue were alike forgotten in the en-
thralling interest of the moment. For
half an hour both herds cropped the
short grass in silence, when a shrill
neigh from the group nearest to us
attracted our attention in their direc-
tion. They had all stopped feeding,
and stood restless and fearful, as if
detecting the approach of some terri-
ble enemy. Suddenly from out the
compactly gathered mass sprang a gi-
gantic stallion, who, after pawing the
earth and meanwhile neighing fiercely,
proceeded at a gallop a full half mile
up the valley, stopping every few hun-
dred feet to repeat his bellicose neigh-
ing. Following his movements, we
now saw that another animal was gal-
loping down in a similar manner from
the other herd, doubtless to accept the
challenge. The newcomer was a mag-
nificent snow-white, and, with the
clear light of the moon shining upon
him, he presented a gigantic appear-
ance when contrasted with his smaller
antagonist. When within a quarter of
a mile of each other the two beasts
came to another halt and stood facing
their respective herds, pawing the
ground and neighing fiercely, bending

THIBET'S WILD HORSES.

their shapely necks much in the man-
ner of two actors in sword combat
making the preliminary flourish previ-
ous to deadly attack.

"This overture lasted for fully fif-
teen minutes, when with startling sud-
denness both animals leaped around
and rushed at each other with the ve-
locity of well-aimed projectiles. Near-
er and nearer they came in their mad,
onward career, and we were waiting
the moment when the two grand
beasts must come together with trem-
endous force. But, no! for when
within twenty feet of each other they
came back on their haunches, and eyed
each other cautiously for a moment,
as if awaiting the necessary opening.
And then, with one last defiant neigh
at each other, they leaped to the en-
counter.

"To describe the events of the next
ten minutes would require pages of
hyperbole to give in any measure a
faint idea of the supreme grandeur of
this herculean struggle between two
giants. They rushed at each other
time and time again like immense cat-
apults, they fought with tooth and
hoof, while no other sound could be
heard—the two herds, who had mean-
while approached nearer to the strug-
gle, gazing on their leaders as if
carved in stone. One would have had
to be within a few feet of the titanic
combat to describe accurately the
events of that short quarter of an hour.
The two beasts could be seen rearing
in the air, locked together like two
wrestlers, their teeth tearing each
other and their great hoofs relentlessly
kicking in all directions with the force
of pile-drivers. Both animals were tir-
ing perceptibly, when in an instant all
was over. A sharp rally, and then
the ghostly form of the big white stallion
rose alone, and on the ground lay
the prostrate body of his antagonist.
The victor contented himself with giv-
ing utterance to short, exultant neighs,
and over and anon kicking the body
of his defeated foe.

"We had seen the great equine duel,
but we little knew what was yet in
store for us. Soon there was a move-
ment in both herds, and with the same
military promptness as we had wit-
nessed before, with the mares and
colts in the centre, the two bodies
formed, and without the least warn-
ing or signal rushed at each other. It
seemed as if the very heavens were
falling in. The din and crash as they
swept together, even at our distance,
was terrific, and in the clear moon-
light could be seen the galling mass of
contestants surging like a huge wave
over the plain. At the end of ten min-
utes, and as suddenly as it had com-
menced, the battle terminated, and the
two herds slowly separated. We could
now see some of the results of the
awful conflict, for, scattered here and
there all over the plain, were the
forms of those who had fallen in the
anguinary conflict."

ANIMALS THAT CLIMB.

**Some of Them Learn with Difficulty
the Use of Trees.**

In New York men cheerfully go up
to the twenty-seventh story in elevators,
and sleep on the third floor of
apartments; but primeval man is not a
climber, nor do animals take to it
without a long course of development,
says the New York World.

African natives who have lived in
one-story huts show the greatest fear
of climbing stairs, and will sometimes
go up on hands and knees. Dogs often
have to be trained to climb stairs, in-
stinctively distrusting the upper
stories. It has been conjectured that
this is because the dog's forelegs break
easily below the shoulder, and the
beast seems to realize this. The fox
has no such fear, and has been known
to climb a tree with plenty of small
limbs to the height of seventeen feet.

Swimming comes easier than climb-
ing to most animals, as well as to
many races of men. Rats and guinea-
pigs can swim well and climb not at
all, although their cousins, the squir-
rels, are at home in the trees.

Prairie dogs, which live on plains
and have no use for climbing, can be
taught the trick, but when they try to
jump from a height they usually fall
on their heavy, stupid heads, and
either stun themselves or break their
teeth. They lack the inherited instinct
that should teach them what can and
what cannot be done. Australian rab-
bits, of the same family of rodents,
can climb very well, having lived for
generations in forests.

Bears can climb well if little, but the
grizzly and other large species stay
mainly on the ground. A bear always
climbs down a tree stern foremost, as
does the domestic cat until she has
nearly reached the ground, when she
turns and jumps; but most wild cats
run down a trunk head first, even the
heavy leopard being a more skillful
climber than the light house cat. The
tiger and lion, however, do not climb,
for no discoverable reason except that
they fear falling on account of their
weight.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

**The Captive Saw How Useless It
Would Be to Try It.**

The Filipino warrior had resisted
capture strenuously, but he was finally
taken into camp, says the Washington
Star. His terror was pitiable as his
eyes roved about the place in quest of
the instruments of torture or the
headsman outfit. But it was not long
before he adapted himself to his new
surroundings. After interviewing
some of the other Filipinos who had
been prisoners longer, and who were
consequently fatter, he became
philosophic and cheerful.

"What do you think of the prospect
of civilizing these islands?" inquired
one of his captors.

"You mean with local talent?" in-
quired the warrior.

"Yes. We propose to make you peo-
ple like ourselves, if you will hold still
long enough."

"It's no use," was the melancholy
answer. "You might as well give it
up. I am more convinced than ever
that our people will never be able to
adapt themselves to your peculiar cus-
toms."

"Oh, of course, you have some weird
rites and quaint ceremonies and that
sort of thing that you will want to
cling to for awhile. It won't be neces-
sary to interfere with them for a long
time."

"The rites and ceremonies may be
easily managed, but there are other
things to which we can't be reconcil-
ed."

"Haven't we treated you well?"

"Yes. That's the very point. Our
people will never in the world compre-
hend a system that compels you to
chase an entire stranger over moun-
tains and through swamps in order to
feed him and show him a good time."

A Very Valuable Timber.

When everything is taken into ac-
count, teakwood must undoubtedly be
considered the most valuable timber
known. In tropical climates it has no
equal in certain purposes also. It is
not very hard, it is very easily
worked, it has great elasticity and
strength, it is not very heavy, and it
takes a beautiful polish. But it is es-
pecially valuable for its durability—
that is, its power of resisting the ac-
tion of water, air, heat, etc. In India
and in Persia, where teakwood has
been used from time immemorial,
beams of buildings are still in exist-
ence and in perfect preservation that
are known to be 500 years old. Indeed,
pieces of teak have been found known
to be at least 2,000 years old.

COUGHED UP A TOOTH.

Joseph Hatfield, proprietor of the
Tremont Hotel, Marion, Ind., had a re-
markable experience recently. For
nearly twenty years he has been a suf-
ferer from pain in the right lung, and
physicians have given him up as a
hopeless consumptive. Recently he
had had a number of hemorrhages,
and felt something dislodge from the
spot in his lung that had given him so
much pain. The foreign substance was
torn loose and coughed out. On
examination it was found to be a tooth
that had been lodged in the lung for
nearly twenty years. Mr. Hatfield
says that about twenty years ago he
had a number of teeth extracted and
that gas was administered to relieve
the pain and that the tooth must have
passed down his throat while was un-
conscious.

WOODEN CANNON IN ACTUAL SERVICE.

Quaker guns, that is the trunks of
trees, blackened to look like cannon,
have often been used to deceive the
enemy, but in the Chinese civil wars
of three years ago actual cannon made
of wood were used. They were made
from the trunks of hard-wood trees,
shaped, bored by means of red-hot
pipes from the sugar mills, dried in
hot-air draughts and bound with
strong ox hides. They made fairly
serviceable artillery, one piece being
fired more than 100 times before show-
ing signs of weakness. The projectiles
were scrap iron, stones and fire-
hardened clay. At the taking of
Amoy wooden cannon used by the
Chinese were found, and bamboo
artillery has been employed by the
Japanese.

HIGH LIGHTS.

Talent is ability to work; genius is
ability to quit.

About the meanest inanimate object
on earth is a poor lead pencil.

Self-conceit is a good armor; embar-
rassy.

The man who is down on nonsense
isn't necessarily full of wisdom him-
self.

In looking for wrinkles on older peo-
ple, remember that you are coming to
them yourself.

Men hope to have in eternity what
they might have here if they only
scrambled around lively enough.

If Shakespeare were alive now he
would look just as silly bearing to ride
a wheel as any other man.—Chicago
Record.

WILLING TO DO A BOY'S WORK.

Law students would not be encour-
aged by the experience of a downtown
firm the other day. It advertised for
an office boy, and among the appli-
cants for the place were six men of
whom the oldest was about thirty-five
years old. They were lawyers who
had been admitted to the bar and had
some experience in practice. They
were willing to take the vacant place
at the pay offered for the services of
an inexperienced lad. None of them
was hired, of course, as the duties
were not a kind to which men were
suited and there were, besides, as
many lawyers in the office as the firm
wanted there. Any of the six lawyers
would have willingly undertaken the
work, and left in disappointment.—
New York Sun.

IT IS CALCULATED THAT THE YEARLY PRODUCTION OF PAPER IN THE WORLD IS THREE BILLION POUNDS WEIGHT, AND THIS EMANATES FROM 2,801 MILLS.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No
beauty without it. Cascarella's Candy Cathar-
tic clean your blood and keep it clean,
by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all
impurities from the body. Begin to-day to
banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads,
and that sickly bilious complexion by taking
Cascarella's—beauty for ten cents. All drug-
gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

One truth a man lives is worth a thousand
he only utters.

"The Only Thing That Gives Relief!"
Mrs. M. E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss., had a itchy
breaking out on her skin, and she sends \$1 for
two boxes, saying: "Telserine is the only thing
that gives me relief." This is strong language,
disinterested and voluntary. It cures all skin
diseases: scurf, itch, eczema, salt-rheum, etc.
and never fails. See a box at druggists or send
stamps to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Senator Hoar owns a copy of the famous
Aitken Bible, which he inherited from his
grandfather.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-
To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It cost Professor Dewar \$3,000 to produce
his first ounce of liquid air.

HE THAT STAYS DOES THE BUSINESS.

All the world admires "staying power."
On this quality success depends. The
blood is the best friend the heart has.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the
blood ever had; cleanses it of everything,
gives perfect health and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

NO DISGRACE.

Russell Sage Will Die in Full Possession
of His Riches.

"A disgrace to die rich?" asked Rus-
sell Sage. "Certainly not. Wealthy
persons should use their money to
bless the world—that is my theory. But
if they give it all away early in their
lifetime they will lose their capacity
for doing good." Mr. Sage was stand-
ing in his office, with a light brown
overcoat on and a soft felt hat in his
hand as he uttered these philanthropic
opinions, and he declared that he had
been misquoted in reference to Andrew
Carnegie's utterance. "I believe," said
Mr. Sage, "that it is my business to
husband my resources as far as possible
and conserve the great property
and great highways that I have been
instrumental in building up (referring
to the Manhattan and other railroads),
and that I should protect the interests of
the hundreds of people that have put
their savings into these companies sim-
ply because they thought I would pro-
tect their interests. If I were to give
away all I have now I could no longer
be connected with these enterprises,
and my power for doing good would be
lost. Yes, I have given a great deal
for charity, and shall continue to do
so, but I must keep the bulk of my for-
tune in order to protect the invested
interest of others."

WHAT A LITTLE FAITH DID FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,884]

"I was a great sufferer from female
weakness and had no strength. It was
impossible for me to attend to my
household duties. I had tried every-
thing and many doctors, but found no
relief.

"My sister advised me to try Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,
which I did; before using all of one
bottle I felt better. I kept on with it
and to my great surprise I am cured.
All who suffer from female complaints
should give it a trial."—MRS. ROCK-
WELL, 1299 S. DIVISION ST., GRAND
RAPIDS, MICH.

From a Grateful Newark Woman.

"When I wrote to you I was very
sick, had not been well for two years.
The doctors did not seem to help me,
and one said I could not live three
months. I had womb trouble, falling,
ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble.
There seemed to be such a drawing
and burning pain in my bowels that I
could not rest anywhere. After using
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and Sanative Wash and fol-
lowing your advice, I feel well again
and stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if
they had been made over new. With
many thanks for your help, I remain,
L. G., 74 ANN ST., NEWARK, N. J."

DO YOUR FEET ACHES AND BURN?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder,
a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or
New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bun-
ions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and
Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists,
Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent
FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy,
N. Y.

The Count and Countess Castellane will
shortly leave France for a cruise off the
Coast of Scotland.

COURTS PROTECT ENTERPRISE.

**Important Decision in Regard to Reputa-
tions Built up by Advertising.**

In the United States Circuit Court in San
Francisco, Cal., a decision has been given
that is of great interest to manufacturers
of proprietary articles and to publishers.
The case in question was the suit of the
California Fig Syrup Co. to obtain a per-
manent injunction, which was granted, en-
joining a large non-secret manufacturing
concern and others from using the name
"Syrup of Figs," or "Fig Syrup," and or-
dering the defendants to pay costs and dam-
ages. The decision proves that the courts
will protect the valuable reputation of an
article of merit, built up by profligate word
as well as by extensive advertising, so that
the owner may reap the full benefit. The
overwhelming evidence presented, as to the
merits of the company's laxative, could not
be gainsaid by the defendants, and the in-
junction was the result.

General Wheeler, of Alabama, entered
West Point from New York.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No
beauty without it. Cascarella's Candy Cathar-
tic clean your blood and keep it clean,
by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all
impurities from the body. Begin to-day to
banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads,
and that sickly bilious complexion by taking
Cascarella's—beauty for ten cents. All drug-
gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

One truth a man lives is worth a thousand
he only utters.

"The Only Thing That Gives Relief!"
Mrs. M. E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss., had a itchy
breaking out on her skin, and she sends \$1 for
two boxes, saying: "Telserine is the only thing
that gives me relief." This is strong language,
disinterested and voluntary. It cures all skin
diseases: scurf, itch, eczema, salt-rheum, etc.
and never fails. See a box at druggists or send
stamps to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Senator Hoar owns a copy of the famous
Aitken Bible, which he inherited from his
grandfather.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-
To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It cost Professor Dewar \$3,000 to produce
his first ounce of liquid air.