

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt... The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith

RECEIVING A PRINCE.

La Pauline isn't much of a place, and yet even the train de luxe stops there.

On the long platform north of the line five young men were marching up and down together, singing at the tops of their voices.

Or words to that effect. They sang very boisterously, and suited their marching to the tune, giving three stamps with their feet all together when they came to the refrain: "In this town."

Suddenly the five stopped before a young man who was seated on one of the benches. He was a quiet, dignified, self-possessed young fellow, and he looked up at them as they halted before him.

"Come on, Johnson," said one of the five, "we are not going to let you go back on the crowd like this.

"You do that," remarked Johnson, quietly, "also, five other good voices."

"See here. It's easy for you to sit here and criticize the singing, but we are not going to allow that. You've got to join in. Come on, Johnson."

"I don't see why we should make idiots of ourselves in the south of France any more than we should in America."

"But we do in America, dear boy, we do. Always have done it, and we're not going back on our record. Come on, Johnson."

"I'm just a little tired of that tune, you know."

"What's the matter with the tune? It's the one Keenan sang all through Siberia. Come on, Johnson."

But Johnson would not come on, and so the five set at him and tried to force him to join them.

The uniformed man of the station looked on with knitted brows, apparently not knowing whether this was a genuine row or not.

"There is a tavern in this town," said Johnson.

The others joined him, while Johnson sat serenely on the bench. The official shrugged his shoulders and evidently thought these foreigners were hard to understand.

I walked down the long train, opened the door of a compartment that was empty and took my seat.

The train started there was a shout of warning from the guard, and before I could look out to see what the matter was, the door was flung open and one of the singing young men tumbled in.

"Pardony moi mougeu—" "Oh, that's all right," I answered, "don't mention it. If that is your usual way of getting into a train, you will find yourself in a French jail or out in two on the track some day."

"Oh, you speak English, do you?" replied the young fellow, ignoring what I said, and seemingly surprised that he had not a monopoly of the language so far south in France.

"Yes, I can make myself understood in most parts of England and America." "Well, then, you must have heard our row with Johnson."

"About the alleged singing? Yes." "Well! We're just laying for old Johnson. You won't give it away, will you?"

"Certainly not." "Well, you see it's like this. Johnson's mother was a Prince, and—"

"A prince, you mean." "No, she belonged to the old Prince family of Boston. Johnson is very proud of that branch of the family, more so than of the Johnson side. His name is J. Prince Johnson. We used to call him Prince at college. He likes that, and that's why we call him Johnson now."

"I noticed you ran in the name Johnson pretty often." "Of course we did. Whenever he tries to put on airs we call him Johnson so often that he gradually tones down. Now, here's the plan we're putting up on old Johnson. I got in here so he wouldn't tumble. By the way, where is the first stop? Lend me your time book."

"Ah," he said, "we have half an hour yet. By the way, where are you going?"

"I'm going to Cannes." "We're going to St. Raphael. That's this side. Better stop off with us and see the fun. It will be worth while."

Proprietor Hotel of the Monarchs, St. Raphael: At 3 o'clock H. R. H. Prince Johnson will arrive. Provide for him. Have one carriage at station for the prince and one for his suite. Provide suitable escort.

Chief of suite, J. K. S., N. L. X., O. K. A. C. A. C. "I think I see the plan. You are going to prepare a princely reception for Johnson."

"Exactly. He is really a quiet, unassuming fellow and hates anything like a fuss, even if he does put on airs now and then. He'll be the most surprised man you ever saw."

"I think I can tell you someone else who will be more surprised."

"Yes? Who?" "The fellow who has to pay the hotel bill. He laughs best who makes out the bill. You will get the carriage and perhaps the escort and certainly the best rooms in the house, but when the bill comes in it will paralyze you. I know how they charge for that sort of honor. I am a duke myself."

"The dickens you are! Why, I thought you were an American." "But I never travel under my title. I can't afford it. A duke is all right at home, but on the continent I travel as Mr. Welcome Smith."

"Well, nevertheless I think we will surprise the hotel-keeper as much as we will surprise Johnson."

"You might do it nearer the frontier, but I doubt if you will be able to evade payment here."

At this point in the conversation the train stopped and Brown got out to send off his telegram. When he came back into the train he began writing another.

"Are you going to send more than one dispatch?" "Lord, yes! I'm going to fire a telegram from every place we stop at. I'm going to work up St. Raphael. They'll be getting returns from the back countries most of the day. That's an American phrase, you know."

And so the telegrams went from every stopping place until we reached St. Raphael.

It was evident the moment we stopped that there was an unusual commotion in the little Mediterranean town. The platform was studded with officials in gorgeous uniforms. As soon as Johnson got out of the train we all ranged ourselves behind him and kept our hats off, while Johnson had his on his head. The eagle eye of the hotel proprietor at once took in the situation and he advanced toward the young man, bowing frequently and deeply.

"H. R. H. Prince Johnson?" he inquired. "Prince Johnson—yes. But J. is the initial."

With a wave of his hand the proprietor introduced a gorgeous official, who at once began to read an address of welcome in French.

Johnson looked around him in a bewildered way, as if some one had hit him with a club.

"Say, boys," he gasped, "there is something off the line here. What's the fuss, do you think? Whose funeral is this, anyhow?"

"Shut up, Prince," whispered Brown. "Go through the thing and let us see what's in it. That's what we came abroad for."

When the address was finished Johnson thanked the official in a dazed sort of way and then turned to us.

"Come, boys," he said, "let us get out of this as quickly as we can."

The hotel proprietor walked by his side, bowing all the way. When we reached the outside Johnson was agast. Instead of getting out of it he had just got into it. At a signal from the official the town band struck up the Marseillaise and the militia that had managed to gather together presented arms. The whole populace seemed to be there and they raised a cheer. One carriage had four horses in front of it and the carriage for the suite had two.

"Oh, this is too much," said Johnson in anguish, as he drew his hand across his brow.

"Better get into the carriage and get this over as soon as possible," said Brown. "You get in with him, Duke. I guess the boss in the gold lace is going, too."

We three members of the nobility got into the first carriage. Johnson turned to me, "Are you a Duke?" he asked.

"If you are, I'll bet a dollar all this is for you. It's missed fire in some way."

"They don't usually receive me in this way."

"Then Brown's put up this job on me. If he has, you bet your life I'll get even with him. I'll stay here. I'll wait until we get into Switzerland and then drop him gently over a two-mile precipice; see if I don't. Still, if he lighted on his cheek it wouldn't hurt him. Brown's a villain."

All the officials of the hotel were ranged out in two rows to receive us and the people all along the route cheered.

Well, we spent a very nice time at St. Raphael. But, just as I said, when the bill was called for, it was a corker. Even Brown turned a shade paler when he saw the appalling total.

"Don't you charge for the brass band and the escort?" "It is all inclusive," said the proprietor, with a low bow.

"Then we won't have any trouble," continued Brown. "You see we travel with ——— hotel coupons. We bought them in London. You take them at this hotel. That's why I telegraphed to you."

"But," said the proprietor indignantly, "not for these rooms. You must give me notice when you have ——— coupon."

one thing that you will all have to promise me on your word of honor, and that is that you will not let this get into the newspapers at home."

The boys all gave the desired promise that the affair would be a dead secret. Johnson said to me:

"You have no idea what ferreting villains American newspaper men are. If they get a hint of a thing, the first you know they'll be lucky if we keep this from them."

I told him I thought they would be.— Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Cable Message.

Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, had to pay \$147 for one of the first cable messages that went over the ocean.

Gilpin was a good-natured fellow, and the probability is that he came into the telegraph office at Denver and wrote out the cable, never thinking it would be sent. It was sent, however, and he had to pay the bill.

The first Atlantic cable was completed in 1858, and it was alleged that a dispatch was received by President Buchanan from Queen Victoria over it. This dispatch, however, was about all that ever came over it.

There was skepticism throughout the United States as to whether the dispatch ever got through, and it was eight years after this before any cable business was done.

The successful cable was the new line completed on August 3, 1858. At this time no one seemed to think the cable would work. The Western Union had sent a corps of operators and explorers to Alaska to build a line across Behring Straits to Russia, and when it was announced that the new cable was done and that any one wishing to send dispatches to Europe for \$10 a word could do so, the whole world laughed and the telegraph operators looked upon it as a gigantic joke.

It was at this time that a dispatch was received from Denver, Col., signed by the Governor of the Territory, to be forwarded to New York, and addressed to Paris. The dispatch had to be sent from New York to Newfoundland by steamer, and was there cabled. The dispatch read:

"DENVER, COLO., AUG. 4, 1858.—To Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor, Tuileries, Paris, France. Please leave Bohemia alone. No interference will be tolerated by this Territory. JOHN GILPIN, Governor."

The message was looked upon as an expensive joke of Mr. Gilpin's and forwarded to New York. The result was that it was sent to Newfoundland and telegraphed, and Napoleon III no doubt received it.

The price of the cable was \$147 in gold. It seems that Governor Gilpin came into the office, and, on being told there that the cable was completed, dashed off this message and handed it over, never supposing that it would be sent. The probability is that when he found it was sent he paid the bill.— Philadelphia Times.

A Memory Test.

In a Western court, a witness had been detailing, with great minuteness, certain conversations which had occurred several years before. Again and again the witness testified to names and dates, and precise words, and it became necessary for his cross-examiner to break him up.

This was done by a very simple device. While the witness was glibly rattling off his testimony, the cross-examiner handed him a law-book and said: "Read aloud a paragraph from that book."

"What for?" inquired the witness. "I will tell you after you have read it," said the lawyer, and the witness accordingly read aloud a paragraph of most uninteresting material about lands, appurtenances, and hereditaments.

Then the lawyer went up and asked him a few more questions about his memory, and the witness was positive that his memory was very good. Suddenly the lawyer said: "By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments?"

"Why, of course I could not do that," replied the witness. "You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago, and you can not repeat what you read a moment ago." The witness was nonplused.—Arpanant.

Nonchalance of a Famous General.

At the taking of Moscow, Russia, while the troops sat in their saddles under a murderous fire, Murat received a dispatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and began to write a response.

Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his dispatch as if nothing had happened.

A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Powerful Electric Crane.

A powerful crane, says the Philadelphia Record, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop. Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks.

At present the locomotive, whose wheels or other parts are to be adjusted, is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted in obedience to the engineer's touch into mid air and shifted to any desired position in the shops.

A Fact.

(From an interview, N. Y. World.) In an interview with a leading drug-house the N. Y. World, Nov. 9, 1890, gives the following comment on the proprietors of reliable patent medicines:

"He is a specialist, and should know more of the disease he actually treats than the ordinary physician; for while the latter may come across fifty cases in a year of the particular disease which his medicine combats, it is his business to investigate thousands. Don't you suppose his prescriptions, which you buy ready made up for 50 cents, is likely to do more good than that of the ordinary physician who charges you anywhere from \$2 to \$5 for giving it prepared?"

"The patent medicine man, too, usually has the good sense to confine himself to ordinary, every-day disease. He leaves to the physician cases in which there is immediate danger to life, such as violent fevers. He does this because, in the treatment of such cases, there are other elements of importance besides the nature of the disease. He must have a knowledge of the patient's strength and life, where there is no absolute danger to life. Where there is one which the patent medicine can diagnose for himself or which some physician has already determined, the patent medicine maker says fearlessly: 'I have a preparation which is better than any other known and which will cure you.' In nine cases out of ten his statement is true."

This is a late letter in regards the great remedy for pain, St. Jacob's Oil. It can assert without fear of contradiction, that it is a prompt and permanent cure of pain. It can show proofs of cures of chronic cases of 20, 30 and 40 years' standing. In truth it rarely ever fails if used according to direction, and a large proportion of cures is made by the contents of a single bottle. It is therefore the best.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

The Failure

Of the kidneys and liver to properly remove the lactic or uric acid from the system results in RHEUMATISM.

This acid accumulates in the fibrous tissue, particularly in the joints, and causes inflammation and the terrible pains and aches, which are more agonizing every time a movement is made.

THE WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM IS TO PURIFY THE BLOOD. And to do this take the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hosts of friends testify to cures of rheumatism it has effected. Try it.

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PATENTS

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Gray beaver is much used.

Plaids are more fashionable.

Twin beds are in high favor.

This is an era of embroidery.

Cavairy yellow is a new color.

Combinations in dress are used.

This is the reign of the talk girl.

Souvenir tea spoons are the latest.

Jewel-wrought kid gloves are worn.

Astrachan runs sealskin very close.

Princess dresses are coming in again.

Omaha (Neb.) girl clerks will organize.

Sleeves are still set high on the shoulder.

Yellow and corn color are favorite hues.

Foxes' tails are now utilized as neck ruffs.

Seeds of color continues to be fashionable.

The peasant's cloak continues to be worn.

The bride's cake has gone out of fashion.

The newest dinner favor is heart shaped.

The long point has been revived for bodices.

Fur caps can be worn at all times and seasons.

Old Greek is the proper style for the hair nowadays.

The big fur hat trimmed with feathers is becoming bigger.

Flowers make the daintiest garniture for evening dresses.

Violets in natural color are embroidered on table linen.

Hemstitched black sarah silks of triple warp are entirely new.

Velvet sieves in silk or wool gowns are still very fashionable.

The style of wearing flowers in the hat has already become common.

The black sailor water-proof hats are worn by exclusive society girls.

Gold lettering is more often used in wedding invitations than silver.

Queen Victoria calls a bouquet by the old-fashioned name of nosegay.

Miss Annie Howard of New Orleans is the richest woman in Louisiana.

Very young girls wear party gowns of white, pale blue or rose-colored tulle.

The English Queen's daughters are not only good needlewomen but good cooks.

Lavender salts effectively and pleasantly perfume the air of sitting or reception rooms.

It costs \$1.60 a day to care for a sick baby according to the best hospital authority.

The prettiest slipper of the season is of black suede kid embroidered with gold beads.

Ecu india muslins, with inserted borders of lace simulating Irish point, make lovely gowns.

Miss Emily Howland has been elected a director of the First National Bank of Aurora, N. Y.

The rather ancient fashion of wearing a chain of gold dollars at one's wrist is being revived.

Lady Brooke, of England, distributes every year, through her agency, over five thousand garments.

A demand for miniature paintings has raised the price of those pins and ornaments fifteen per cent.

Slight beading or embroidery may adorn the toes of white slippers, but bows are not allowable.

With "No Trade Secrets to Keep," came a little book we hardly know how to name. It calls itself "FRUITS AND TREES, Points for Practical Tree Planters." The title is altogether too modest—does not give a notion of its real value. It is chock full of practical information on fruit growing from the highest sources, and just the information one wants. We haven't space to tell what it is like. We can only say, "GET THIS BOOK, for Starks Bros., Louisiana, Mo., will send it free to all.—Farmers' Call."

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$1 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 681 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$1 per bottle. Adeler & Co., 122 Wyandottest., Kansas City, Mo.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

August Flower

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

For Internal and External Use. Stomach Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in body or Throat, Rheumatism, Croup, Cough, Asthma, Cold, Catarrh, Cholera, Headache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, Swellings, Swellings, Swellings.

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Restores Taste and Smell, quickly Relieves Cold in Head and Sore Throat, 50c. at Druggists. ELY'S BALM, 26 Warren St., N. Y.

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Are You Fortified? Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of SCOTT'S EMULSION OF pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children), keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL:—Scott's Emulsion is non-acrid, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

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St. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, NEURALGIA, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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"By using the K. WIEN Balm... I have cured all the colds in my family, and in the vicinity for miles around, including babies threatened with croup.—E. G. BOYD, Vergennes, Vt."

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Story of a Whale's Pluck.

We have received the following letter from Adelaide from Dr. Manning Caffyn: "I send you an instance of pluck on the part of a whale. As far as I can learn it is the rarest thing for a whale not to fear a steamer. Captain Hepworth, British Naval Reserve, of the steamship Port Adelaide, was taking his eight o'clock morning when he noticed a large sperm whale alongside, so close that his spouting wetted the deck. The creature had evidently lost his 'school' and mistaken us for one of his own species. He remained with us for four days and nights and traveled 890 nautical or 1025 statute miles without a rest, and as far as one could gather, without food. He was never more than seventy yards away, and for the most part close against the ship, under her quarter where the draught made swimming easier for him. The length of the animal was about forty-seven feet. The first day he was very lively, diving frequently beneath the ship's bottom, on one occasion scratching himself severely. After that he kept close alongside like a tired Newfoundland dog. When he did come up the children amused themselves by throwing potatoes into his 'blow holes,' which were ejected with great force. If this monstrous mammal has any capacity for sorrow it must have been a pathetic moment with him when at last after his gallant struggle to stay with us he had to throw up the sponge and remain alone in the center of the Indian Ocean."—Pall Mall (England) Gazette.

More than sixty companies for the manufacture of cotton goods have been organized in the South during the last eight months.



Are You Fortified