#### AUTUMN DAYS.

as any girl in the land.

deceive myself.

bubble parties.

bow of the same hue.

sides of his skirt to stuff his fists in, and,

But he is just as gentle as any little maid.

you remember when Pat put the three-

days old kttens into a tub of soft soap

"He's a sort of a little idiot, isn't he?"

"My Baby an idiot!" I indignantly ex-

claimed. "He's much the cleverest of

all of you, Mr. Cyrus Thayer. Some day

he'll wake up to the trick we're playing

on him, and teach us that the path of the

practical joker can narrow to a sadly un-

comfortable limit!" And I left Psyche

to his grimaces and his budding mous-

tache, and proceeded to my own room

straw hat was to be trimmed with rib-

But into my stitches I put many very

serious thoughts that afternoon, for surely

the problem grew ponderous; and while

I hated to give in, it was quite evident

that petticoats and Baby would soon be

ludicrously incongruous. So I stitched

and planned, and built impossible castles,

It was quite late when my millinery

and mending were completed, and I

bons and rosebuds for Baby.

point and helpless indecision.

murmured Pysche, stroking the funny

bit of fuzz on his upper lip contempla-

of sight.

tin cans."

tively.

On autumn days, in woodland ways, I lie beneath the trees And watch the clouds in snowy shrouds Float through the upper seas; The leaves of brown come floating down, The boughs are blown apart; Above my head are blots of red From summer's broken heart.

Around about the streamlets shout; A chipmunk whisks his tail, And up the pines makes striped lines, Or darts along a rail;

While soft and clear I sometimes hear A wild bee's dreamy hum, The rippling notes from trembling throats

And vellow hammer's drum. The maple old is crowned with gold;

A torch burns just behind; Like finger tips upon my lips The touch of balmy wind That wanders free o'er gem-set sea And sweetest perfume brings;

I catch below a flash of snow-A seagull's gleaming wings.

From out the deep the salmon leap, All clad in silver mail; And far away across the bay

I see a coming sail:

And, oh! how bright the wings of white Which waft my love to me!

Ah, dearest one, through miles of sun I throw a kiss to thea!

-Herbert Bashford, in Boston Transcript.

"BABY."

If there hadn't been Reggy and Psyche and Pat, I wouldn't have minded. I tied into my first pinafore till the day I married Rex Thayer. Then, of course, when Rex declared he wouldn't have it -that he wanted to be the composite whole of masculine existence for me-I and he never torments the poor beasts devoted myself to his way of thinking. as you young reprobates did. Don't devoted myself to his way of thinking. That is, till Reggy came.

I did love Reggy. And Rex said I might-that was really only natural; but that, if I would name him Reginald, I must, at any rate, find another diminutive than Rex for him. He, my wedded lord, would not consent to lose an iota of his identity with me, even if it were his own son who was the brigand.

But I settled it beautifully, as you see. If I adored Reggy, I worshiped Rex; and so everything was obliged to go smoothly.

It was when my next baby came into the household that I felt sorry I had obeyed Rex so loyally, and ceased to have that ardent affection for boys which was so promineut a characteristic of my earlier years. I felt a distinct thrill of disappointment when they told me that this mite was a boy, and was amazed to find how completely a love for femininity had taken possession of my heart.

But I named him Cyrus, for my father, and called him Psyche-in a spirit of revenge.

And then Pat came! Rex wiped away my tears, and said it was a shame; but what a sturdy little rascal he was, to be sure, and what a very beautiful pink his toes were-had I noticed? And we would call him Patrick for Uncle Pat, and I hastened to dress for seven o'clock din- They lived as neighbors in the greatest should call him Patricia, and do him up in blue ribbons-indeed I should !

baby-blue ribbons tied in a bow at his in my arms, and fled through apother chin, made him quite as sweet and pretty door with him. The boys started in gleeful pursuit, but I heard Rex stop When he got to be five, though, it them.

was puzzling. Clearly, he ought to be "No, boys," he said very positively, donning kilts very soon. But I parted his hair in the middle of his head, and "leave him to mamma. Get ready at ouce, all of you, for dinner." tied back his curls with pale blue rlb-

"Baby," I groaned, when I had put bons, and bought him new sashes galore. him down in my room and locked the Rex looked on with unconcealed door, "O, Baby, why did you do this amusement. He thought it a very en- to mamma?" And I put out my arms to tertaining farce, and was clearly intertake him on my knee. ested to see how long I could keep it up.

But he motioned me sternly away, and The boys all throught it a huge joke on stood before me with his head thrown "poor little Baby," as they designated back a queer little way Rex has when him, and, through a hearty sense of I sometimes displease him, and said: humor, co-operated in assisting me to "Mamma, you did it to me! You named me Baby, and that is a girl"---oh the un-

Baby had not been sent to school, utterable disdain in that word !-- "and I am a boy; and I won't be named Baby but now began to have daily lessons with me, and on sunshiny afternoons any more! I will have a name of my played with the rector's little girls next | own, like my papa!"

door. Somehow, Baby never played with the boys at all. He had shy, sweet I did not speak for a moment. contemplated his bare little head.

manners, which endeared him to mothers "We will call you Archibald," I said, then, as I led him away to the nursery. hearts, and he was quite in demand at their little girls' candy-pulls and soap--Kate Field's Washington.

It was when he was five that I attired Feeding Horses on Cocoanut Shells. him one afternoon in a pale blue cash-Information has been lodged with the mer frock, with full gathered skirt and Board of Health about a pitiable fraud a bit of a voke, and secured his curls at that is practiced on the hard-worked the nape of his seck with a big satin horses of this town and perhaps of other towns, in the adulteration of their feed. He kissed me goodby, and started so The so-called oil cakes are much used by daintily down the walk for a soap-bubowners of horses and cattle as an article ble tiff at a neighbor's house, that I of food for their stock that is at once stood in the window watching him out cheap and nutritious.

Meal is the chief ingredient of this

Psyche came in and joined me. "Now, isn't it funny," I mused aloud, "that we can make such a perfect girl of kind of feed. The kind of greed that wastes at the bunghole what it saves at the spigot has now found a way of always loved boys from the time I was him! You'd think he would romp and swindling the poor beast as well as its tear about, and want pockets in both owner by substituting ground cocoanut shell for the meal. The stuff is ground at any rate, be a boisterous creature. up as fine as cedar sawdust, which it closely resembles when ready for the press, and there is abcut as much nourishment in it as there is in the sawdust. Chemist Martin thinks the horse fed on the stuff might as well be expected to to see how they would swim? And evry dog in the village knew Reggy's derive strength to pull its load, or the cow to give rich milk, from chewing the boards in its stall.

> How extensively the fraud is practiced is yet to be a matter of inquiry. The mills that carry it on are said to be across the river, in Brooklyn, where they can-not be reached by the New York authorities

Adulteration with ground cocoanut shell is said by the health officers to be not uncommon in the manufacture of spices, and in other branches of industry where the swindle does little direct harm. But in its new role as a substitute for an important article of food and my work-basket, where a little gipsy | it will receive more attention than it has heretofore been entitled to .- New York

## John O'Groat's House.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland John O'Groat and his two brothers-Malcolm and Gavin-arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warse and Dugisby, on the beach at the mouth of and always came back to the starting Penland Firth, the northeastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland. In time their families increased until there were eight households of the same name. ner before Rex should arrive. I was peace and amity, holding an annual fesjust clasping a little moonstone heart at tival in the same house. At last the

# SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Troy (N. Y.) electric car cost \$10,000.

Water power runs the Dover (N. H.) electric plant. Harvard College is having constructed

the largest and finest photographic telescope in the world. The electric light plant at the palace

of Vienna is to be extended so as to make a total of 4000 incandescent lamps. A resident of Evart, Mich., has in-

vented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomptive will operate every brake on the train.

A new Swedish glass is claimed to have important advantages for microcope and other fine lenses, giving greatly increased power.

A chair propelled by electricity from a storage battery placed beneath the seat is the latest luxury for the invalid. One charging will last for fifty miles of travel. The telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it is pro-

posed to connect Brussels and London. For that purpose a cable will be laid between Ostend and Dover. A Frenchman has invented an im-

proved method of telegraphing so that it s practicable to transmit 150 words per minute on a single wire. The mescage when delivered from the machine is typewritten.

Artificial grindstones, which outwear by years any natural stone known, are made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, powdered flint, powdered emery or co-rundum and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent.

Owing to the rapid destruction of the pinions, the running of armatures at 1000 or more revolutions per minute is being done away with. Slow speed motors, with a normal speed of 400, are now considered the best practice.

The longest shaft in the world in one piece, or in any number of pieces, is in the Washington Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. It is 31 inches square, 460 feet long, and transmits power to traveling cranes. It runs at 160 revolutions per minute.

It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about thirty pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about £12 per ton, and there being 10,000 000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,929 tons of suiphate, of the money value of \$1,607,148, are produced.

The question why a piece of solid iron floats on molten iron has been satisfactorily answered by Dr. Anderson and Mr. Wrightson. The cold metal is really beavier than the molten, and when first placed in the latter it sinks by virtue of its weight: but growing warmer it expands, and thereby becoming specifically lighter it rises to the surface. After a time, however, it again shrinks and melts into the fluid mass around it.

Some of the most prominent from founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

# NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chip is again popular this year. Surah silk has quite gone out of fa-VOT.

Shoulder capes have about had their run.

White gloves grow daily more fashionable.

Long uisters are most used for sea voyages.

The prettiest parasols are unlined chiffon.

A novelty is a parasol composed of ribbons.

Rough straw hats are now all called beach hats.

Bonnets no longer necessarily match the gowns.

Flaring jet collars are inappropriate for summer.

There are about 20,000 cash girls in New York City.

Yellow revers and cuffs are put on to blue serge coats.

Plain velvet dresses are no longer considered matronly.

An Ohio girl has married the tattooed man in a neighboring dime museum.

The women of Mexico are taking great interest in the woman's work of the exposition.

White lace gowns are pretty this season, and make exquisite toilets for all occasions.

Shirts made with several rows of shirring below the waist line are not unbecoming.

Camel's-hair suitings in very beautiful summer tints are among the handsomest of the season's fabrics.

The season's parasols are either very plain or very ornate, the latter mostly of chiffon with prettily carved rustic handles.

In early times the Greek ladies, when called upon to take oath, would swear by some male god whose name was frequently taken in vain by their liege lords.

The fashions are so simple now that any clever woman with the aid of her maid can vary and originate toilets almost in profusion, even to dinner dresses.

The new American prims donna now in London, Miss Snyder, is described as above the middle height, slender, graceful, with a pale, oval face, gray eyes and dark hair.

The abnormally high sleeve is passe, and a few very new French tailor gowns show a close coat sleeve lightly trimmed on the top of the arm, with a corresponding trimming at the wrists.

Miss Sophia G. Hayden is the gifted oung woman whose design for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair Grounds was awarded the premium of \$1000. She is still a very young woman.

While Oriental silk is much worn, made up with green or blue velvet sleeves and deep belts, or sometimes trimmed with fine silk floral embroidery applique on the fabric. White is always effective.

## The World's Postage.

There was recently published by the French Ministry of Finance an interesting pamphlet in relation to the cost of the world's postage, which gives some very significant figures. The total cost of the postal service the world over is a little less than \$500,000,000. Of all nations the United States is the most liberal patron of the postoffice, with an annual expenditure of \$66,000,090. Germany ranks second, spending \$50,-000,000; but this also includes the telegraph service, accounts not being available for the separation of the two services. Great Britain spends \$49,-000,000 for postal service, and France about \$28,000,000. Thus it can be seen that the United States is far in the lead. Another feature of our service that renders it better than that of any other country is that the department does not wait for a demand to spring up, but that in all of the less settled sections of the country, the postoffice has preceded the population, and immigrants are never without postal facilities. In this we differ widely from Europe, where only considerable villages have regular postoffices .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Curious Case of Color Blindness.

The London Lancet publishes a curious case of color blindess. The patient was an engine-driver in Russia, about forty years of age, whose vision was perfect until 1889. Then he began to suffer from violent headaches, due to overexertion and insufficient sleep, which were followed by a loss of all power to distinguish colors. Everything appeared to him to be red, and he was obliged to throw up his position. Dr. M. Reich, who examined him, could discover no disease, but found his sight, locus, and sensation of light normal. In May, 1890. the man again submitted himself for examination, declaring that his sense of color had been restored. This proved to be the fact. The Lancet thinks that "this case seems to show that sensation of color is perfectly independent of physiological function."

Eton, or the collection of schools which constitutes what is popularly known as Eton, has 1000 scholars.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell-it, 75c. KEUPP will put up a gun foundry in China.

## Excellent Opportunities

Excellent Opportunities For a personal inspection of the magnificent resources of the territory tributary to the Chicago & Northwestern Railway will be af-forded by a series of Harvest Excursions to points in northwestern iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyom-ing, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Montana, for which tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates. Circulars giving tull information will be malled on application to W. A. Thrail, Gen-eral Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. Tickets can be procured of your nearest ticket agent.

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And I thought, if Rex could bear it, my throat, when I heard roars of laughter situation.

We had a happy little home-just a bit of a house in the midst of a big patch of garden, where honeysuckles bloomed all the way from the gate to the door when the spring came.

Rex was a lawyer, with a fair amount of income, and my happiness was to make the nicest of homes possible on the sunny, and we were two happy people, proud of our three robust boys, and we had quite forgotten our sorrow that Psyche and Patricia were not more appropriate names for the dear little lads, when an incident occurred.

The "incident" was-baby.

I had somehow always thought of Baby as a girl! It had never entered my mind at all about any other possibility.

With all my experience, too! I don't wonder you think I was stupid.

Eut I crotched "her" diminutive sacques in palest of blues, and "her" crib-blanket blue with daisies starred over it. In short, the daintiest of azure appointment awaited "her" coming.

Reggy was fourteen then, and went daily to the Boston Latin school, and so, you see, my sorrow at having to array them in boyish attire and my ponderous sighs as one by one they stepped into knickerbockers, were not too vivid in my memory. But it all came back to me -when I became acquainted with Baby.

"Rex," I asked eagerly, "is she pretty ?"

It was the only time I ever knew him to be quite heartless, but he grinned to have seen him! Such a fantastic sight a breadth that alarmed me for his beauty, and said in a voice overladen with mirth : "Dearest, sae's a boy !"

I gasped forth that I did not believe had the floor. him; and the nurse said: "For slame, Mr. Thayer." But, by the way my heart was gliding down toward the footboard, I knew that Rex had beer candid -brutally so.

had done our duty in culling boys' names which must have been trailed through from Webster's Unabridged, and he every puddle in town. sympathized in my decision.

fore our irate relatives settled down to was my Baby's awful head. anything like acquiescence in permitting us to manage our own institutions.

In the blue toggery he was arrayed, and his yellow curls, parted in the middie, hung with a pretty girlish regularity from underneath the narrow blue snood. His white frocks were covered with flounces of embroidery, and sashes with long fringed ends adorned his afternoon costume. And the dear little poke bon-net he wore when he was three, with

why, I could, too. So I rallied to the from the library, and cries of "Mammee, mammee, do come down!" I recollect accurately just how near the

pin was to the clasp, and exactly which hairpin was put in too loosely; for I felt climbed up the lattices, and tulips a premonition that something remarkable was about to occur, and I stood hesitating a moment before I responded.

Rex had just come in from the rain. and when I reached the stairs was standing in the library doorway laughing so generous household allowance he set heartily that the tears rolled down his aside each month for me. So life was cheeks. Within, I could hear Psyche, Reggy and Pat squealing like a regiment of young demons.

But above all, shrill, excited, and defiant, came Baby's tones, declaiming was situated about a mile and a half west against some "mean old boobies!"

hastened down. "They are teasing him marked only by some grass-covered mounds. once.'

"Yes," screamed Baby, the words coming in such a fury as I never heard

from him before, "you're all mean old boobies! And Tommy Taylor said ev'ry boy ev'rywhere laughed at me-e,"--here a quaver crept into his voice-"laughed all the time at me-e, becuz my mother made me a silly gir-r-1-and I hadn't even any name. And Tommy called me Babesy; and Sammy said : 'Ood it like to take my Psyche was twelve and Pat over seven; finger and go ac'oss the 'oom?' So I went a three story building in which more up in Dolly's room, and we got her scissors and cut them all off!"

I had reached the door before Baby finished his harangue. I did not interrupt or reprove the boys for their continued mirth. Rex put his arm around me, for I looked a little faint, but he

never stopped laughing for a moment. My beautiful Baby? Could any of you as met my bewildered gaze!

The boys were huddled together on the sofa, bending forward to listen, and Baby

He stood in the centre of the room, one foot thrust for ward and used in vehement emphasis at frequent intervals. His clear, white skin was flushed a vivid crimson, and he gesticulated wildly with It was then I vowed I would not two very muddy-paws. On the floor name baby. And Rex said, indeed we beside him lay a much bedraggied sath,

But it was not upon these details, No one believed that we intended to keep to it and give baby no name. And mamma remonstrated, and Mother What rendered me utterly speechless, Thayer said it was outrageous; but baby grew to be a year old, and then two, be-was not indeed a dream and he a myth,

No blue ribbon adorned him now, and not a curl-one might almost say not a hair-appeared on thet tiny little ridiculous scalp. Ruthless scissors had snipped and sisshe I all his pretty golden ringlets. There was not a tress one could have held to. Here was a patch of bare skin, there a meagre bit of stubble, but nowhere a hair a half-inch in

I stumbled into the room, caught him

question of precedence arose among the younger members, and they disputed as to who should sit near the head of the table or enter the room first. Old Johnny O'Groat was made arbitrator of the dispute. He promised that before the next meeting he would settle the question to the satisfaction of all concerned. Accordingly he built an eightsided house in which he held the annual dinner. This octagonal house was fitted with a door and a window on each side, and a round table in the center of the room, so that the head of each family of the O'Groats might enter by his own door and sit at a table which was practically "without a head." This famous house of the point of land called Dugisby "Poor little Baby!" I thought, as I Head. The site of the house is now mounds.

#### Fruits in a Havana Market.

The Havana markets are very attractive for the variety and abundance of fish, vegetables and tropical fruits. We visited the plaza del Vapor, formerly known as the Tacon market, in early morning. It occupies an entire square, pened all around; it is surrounded by all kinds of stores, with the greatest assortment of goods and novelties. It is than a thousand people reside, a world within itself.

The fruit department attracted most of our attention. Pineapples, like poets, appear to the best advantage at home. The Cubian pineapple is another creature from that stringy, sour, indigestible thing which we get in the States. It is unquestionably the king among tropical fruits. The famous aguacate, known here as the alligator pear, is really no fruit, but a vegetable, estable only as a sa'ad "guacamole," and of the daintiest. The zapote, a potato-face peach, the anon and the mamey are rich and sweet, but lack savor.-New Orleans Picayune.

## Thunder for Everybody.

A German periodical gives statistics concerning the frequency of thunder storms in various regions of the world. Java has thunder storms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindostan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 52; Rio de Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; South Guinea, 32; Buneos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 23; Baden, Ayres, Canada and Austria, 25; Baden, Wurtemberg and Hungary. 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 13; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and South Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss Mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In East Turke-stan, as well as in the extreme north, there are almost no thunder storms. The northern limits of the thunder storms are Cape Ogle, the northern pert of North America, Iceland, Novaja, Semelja and the coast of the Siberian

### History of Lighthouses.

The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. It is even said that the colossus of Rhodes, crected 300 years before the birth of Christ, showed from his uplifted hand a signal light. But the famous Pharos of Alexandria, built 285 B. C., is the first light of undoubted reccord. Other lights were shown from towers at Ostia, Ravenna, Apamea, but the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest sea town. This was built in the reign of Trojan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers built by their Roman conquerors, which were used as lighthouses, and they are to-day marvels in the art of masonry .- Chicago Herald.

### **Preserving Iron From Rust.**

The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished, on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance. A clever Frenchman, who was an expert in metal work, showed us such a simple and effective way of preserving it from rust, that it is worth remembering. The only material required is a cow's horn (the toy trumpets sold in the shops will answer the purpose). Heat the iron and rub the of the horn over it-that is all. If the horn smokes a little as you rub it on you will know that the iron is hot enough. This will cause the horn to melt, and an imperceptible coating will be left upon the iron that will afford complete protection from the damp for a year or more on out-door work. On indoor ironwork it will last indefinitely .--New York Tribune.

## A Foot-Measuring Machine.

A Baltimore man has recently taken out patents for a machine that takes the measure of a foot just as the famillar ap paratus used by the hatters measures and draws a diagram of a man's head. The principle of the machine is the same, a series of movable pins conforming to the outline of the foot and registering the shape thus indicated. It is rather a coincidence to note in this connection that the diagram made by a hat-measur-ing machine invariably resembles an old shoe.-New York Journal.

"Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the originator of the famous woman's temperance crusade of fifteen years ago, has returned from a trip to Europe. Her temperance addresses in Paris are said to have been the first delivered by a woman in that city.

It is rumored that the present style of dressing the hair low and long is the precursor of that monstrosity of coiffure, the chignon. It is difficult to believe it will ever return with all its horrors. The spectacle, common enough at one time, of a woman's head disfigured by a mat, measuring ten inches down, usually palpably false, was one to make the gods weep. Its heralded return even is alarming.

A wonderful mantle has been evolved by the genius of Worth, the immortal, for a new Elsa in "Lohengrin." It is made entirely of cloth of gold with white embroidered fleur de lis at intervals. The border, also white, is thickly studded with pearls, rubies and emeralds, while the lower part is composed of nine large hand-painted medalions, representing saints. So heavy is this gorgeous garment that two stalwart pages are required to bear its weight.

Miss Green, of Detroit, a granddaughter of Robert McClelland, who sat in Pierce's cabinet, is the latest American beauty to catch the favor of London society. Miss Green is a tall blonde girl, and her glory is her luxuriant golden hair. Her eyes are brown. She was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Ascot a year ago, was presented at court the same season, and "caught the eye" of the Emperor William in his recent visit to London.

The pioneer woman lawyer of America, Arabella A. Mansfield, was admitted to the bar in 1869. Ten years later women were permitted by statute to practice before the United States Supreme Court, and there are seven women who have been admitted in Washington. Mrs. Myra Bradnell edits the Chicago Legal News and Catherine V. Walte the Law Times. Bessie Heimer has compiled, unaided, ten volumes of Bradwell's "Appellate Court Reports." In a single decade the number of woman lawyers increased from one to seventy-five.





# ONE ENIOYS

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