

INLAND PASSAGE TO ALASKA

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UNCLE SAM'S BIG ICELAND

Narrative of a Summertime Trip to Par-Off Alaska.

THE SECOND DAY'S VOYAGING

Some Seeues and Incidents of a Recent Journey to One of the Most Truly Pleturesque Spots on the Habitable Globe.

Written for the Tribune.

Half the pleasure of such a long voy age as the one we are now making to Alaska lies in the social life on board of the steamer. As we sailed away into the silence and darkness of the night, the inclination of the passengers was to gather together in the "Social hall" and become better acquainted. It seems strange how quickly steamer acquaint-ances are made; we meet as strangers today, but as acquaintances tomorrow,

and then friends, who feel like members of the same family.

Among our passengers are specimens of every type of human nature; most every profession is represented here and foreigners of most every tongue. Here are lawyers, judges, bankers, politicians, railroad magnates, mer-chants from New York, Boston and other American cities, representatives of the press, artists, photographers, ladies, or parties with their chaperons. doctors of divinity, doctors of medicine shoe, furniture, woolen and plano manu-facturers, the college student, the missionary, both home and foreign; army officers, both American and British; married couples on their wedding tour, and some who are celebrating their "silver wedding" as the writer is doing "silver wedding" as the writer is doing —old and young, great and small, bub-bling over with enthusiasm, like a group of school children, over this aus-picious voyage. Indeed, it would be difficult to gather together a more delightful and harmonious company of voyagers. It only takes the Alaskan trip to transform strangers into real friends. Our exalted vice-Presidert Stevenson and his family were modela of sociability and dignified friendliness, a circumstance duly appreciated by

every passenger.

The deck of the steamer furnishes a continuous promenade of nearly six hundred feet on saloon deck and three hundred on the hurricane deck and whether taking our daily walks, or con stitutionals, or wrapped in our steamer blankets in chairs admiring the tran-quil sea, or the snow clad mountains, we are continually thrown in with new acquaintances that give us the feeling of being among old friends and neigh-

OUR NOBLE QUEEN. A voyage in Alaskan waters on board equipped with all modern sounding apparatus and excellent charts and lux-urious accommodations, cannot fail to impress one with a realizing sense of impress one with a realizing sense of the magnificent courage, enterprise and even audacity of Titus Bering, who in his eighty-foot brig, Saint Peter a vessel of 108 tons burden, one hundred and fifty-four years ago (1741) first navigated the Guif of Alaska. It also calls

to mind the progress made in ship travel since Bering's day. The "Queen" by common consent, is regarded as the best excursion steamer on the Pacific coast. She is stately and handsome, over 3,000 tons burden, and handsome, over 3,000 tons burden, 350 feet long, 33½ feet beam and fitted with a hurricane deck. She has 100 outside staterooms, 250 berths and can accommodate 250 first-class and 200 second class passengers. The state-rooms on the hurricane deck are simply delightful. She was built by the delightful. She was built by the Cramps of Philadelphia, in 1882, and is first class in every respect, staunch and also convenient. Her chief engineer, W. H. Alison, told us that over 130 tons of iron were used in her construction; more than is required for first class ships. She draws eighteen feet of water and her spread is fourteen knots

or seventeen miles an hour. Her crew comprise 102, besides officers-four mates, four engineers. She carries eight boilers and consumes 700 tons of semi-bituminous coal each you age at a cost of \$4 per ton delivered in ship. It costs \$800 per day to run her. Each stateroom is fitted with incandescent electric lights and steam heat, both under the immediate control of the occupant. She has in every stateroom electric bells which ring up attendants in the steward's department and also

the officers' quarters. The cuisine is far more satisfactory than that in the ordinary hotel, being provided with all the fruits and delicacles of the season that can be secured from the coast markets at time of sailing. Three meals and two lunches are provided daily, for Cap-tain Carrol "wants his passengers well fed." And it is only just to say that the courtesy of the officers and the obliging and strentive servants are notable features of the Queen. Noth-ing can exceed the kindness, tact and attention of the stewardess to the lady passengers in case of illness. We did not expect to find as magnificent steamers on the Pacific as on the Atlantic, and in that respect we were somewhat disappointed. It is the uni-versal verdict of the tourist that the Queen is especially adapted for and affords every comfort and luxury for the injury passes to our "Bukur Per the inland passage to our "Polar Prov

VANCOUVER ISLAND. 'After leaving Victoria, the steamer makes but one stop before reaching

culinary art. The best cooks

use it because the food prepared

with it is more appetizing,

The Cattolone trade-marks are—"Cattolone" and seer's head in copion pipul seresth—on every tin. THE N. K. PAIRBANK COMPANY,

Philade

healthful, and economical.

Fort Wrangel, and that is at Mary's Island, where is the first United States custom house, on the third day at 2 o'clock p. m. after a continuous voyage of 625 miles, which is twenty miles across the boundary line in Alaska. As we steam up the Gulf of Georgia. we delight our senses with the peaceful stillness of the wooded shores, whereon the white man never trod. Even in this high latitude, night comes at last and too soon, leaving us among various islands. Texoda being the largest, where are found immense deposits of iron, with exceptionably low percentage of phosphorus. For a day and a half after leaving Victoria, we have on our left the great island of Vancouver. which is 300 miles long and from forty to eighty miles wide. Its area equals that of Ireland, which its climate close-ly resembles. It is mountainous throughout. The main range is a con-tinuation of the Olympic in Washing-

ton state, cut in twain by the strait of De Fuca, and it shows many peaks from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high. This island

s heavily wooded and much of it unex-Eighty miles from Victoria on the steamer's course and also reached by rail, is Nanaimo, a coaling station. Here are extensive bituminous coal fields and also at Departure Bay are the Wellington mines, where is a superior quality of bituminous coal. Dr. George M. Dawson says "these coal measures fill a trough 130 miles in length along the east shore of Vancouver island." The Gulf of Georgia is been farty miles wide and just across. is here forty miles wide and just across, eastward, is the city of Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway, which I will describe on our return passage, and where the Queen stops to land passengers going east on that road. On the Vancouver Island the Crown mountains rise in Island the Crown mountains rise in a noble line of peaks, Mt. Albert Edward 6,968 feet, Alexander Peak 6,394 feet. Crown mountain 6,100 feet; and northward, Victoria Peak 7,500 feet above the gulf. The 100-mile stretch between Active Pass and Cape Mudge, is the finest part of this inland sea, which is, off the Frazer river, from forty to sixty miles wide. The fresh water from this miles wide. The fresh water from this river can be distinguished miles away striping and mottling the green water of the gulf. The Frazer river is one of the important rivers of British Colum bla, and empties, into the Gulf of Geor gia fifty-two miles above Victoria. The anadian Pacific railway runs along its

DISCOVERY BAY.

left banks for many miles.

Daylight was tinting the landscape then we awoke and soon we were up and promenading the deck, long befor sunrise in order not to lose any fin scenery which was increasing in inter-est as we proceeded northward. We had resolved only to sleep when we could not possibly see, consequently some of us enthusiastic passengers slept but very little, less and less, each day as we entered the Polar Province, till our nights were only three or four hours long. In answer to the first question of the passengers, "Where are we?" came the response, "We are ap-proaching Discovery Bay." Soon we enter the first of those wonderful riverchannels through which three-

fourths of our voyage will lie.

As the steamer approaches this point every passenger is on deck and naturally plans its course to be through the open waters to the right. In stead it bears to the left and enters a narrow passage not over a mile wide for a distance of twenty-three miles. A picturesque waterway overshadowed by noble mountains, rising from both sides, with deep water, bold shores, and trees growing to their very sum-mit. This Discovery passage is 141 miles north from Victoria, and lies be-tween Valdes Island and the northeastern shore of Vancouver Island. At its entrance is Cape Mudge, a peculiar headland 250 feet high, also wooded to the summit. So attractive is the Queen's broad promenade amid these grand scenes, that the tourist takes his camp chair and remains on deck so that not a mile of this matchless

cenery may be missed.

In order to get our bearing, first let us lay the steamer on her course. The following official bulletin posted up daily will give the reader a correct idea of our position, the run and distance made, and the run for the next twenty-four hours. A bulletin was courteously handed to the writer by Captain Carroll at noon each day of our and return passage, No. 1 reads as follows:

Alaska Excursion Season of 1895 (No. 1.). Daily Time-Table, S. S. Queen, Monday, Aug. 22, 1885. Lat. at Noon, Fifty De-grees, Twenty-eight Minutes, North, Long. at Nooh, 126 Degrees, Seven Min-utes, West. Distance run from Tacoma, 406 Miles.

Long. at Nooh, 126 Degrees, Seven Min-utes, West. Distance run from Tacoma, 406 Miles.

We will sail through the following chan-nels during the next twenty-four hours, if not detained by thick weather, v.z.: Johnston Straits, Goletas Channel, Chris-tie Passage, Queen Charlotte Sound, Fitze Hughe Sound, Lama Passage, Seaforth Channel, Milbank Sound, Finlayson Chan-nel, Hie-Kish Narrows, Graham Reach, Fraser Reach, McKay's Reach, Wright's Sound, Greenville Channel, Arthur Pass-age.

(Signed) James Caroll.

SEYMOUR NARROWS. As we proceed through Discovery Bay, about midway, the passage ex-pands on the Vancouver Island side at Mengles Bay to a great indentation when it suddenly closes in on both sides and we pass from the strait into the famous Seymour Narrows, a gorge two miles long and less than a half mile wide. This passage is considered diffi-

where vet reached on our voyage. Through this contracted channel at ebb tide the water rushes with great velocity from nine to fourteen knots an hour, according to the tide, which varies, spring tide being thirteen feet and the average, eleven feet. The American man-of-war, Saranac, was sunk here on the shoals twenty years ago (1875) and never heard from. This current is a veritable maelstrom and would hold any ordinary steamer in check; and while the Queen is powerful enough to stem the tide, Captain Carroll plans to reach here so as to pass through on "easy tide."

We arrive at Chatham point, the entrance to Johnston Strait, at • noon. This strait is fifty-five miles long and from one and a half to three miles in width. This passage is romantic in the extreme. On the right is Thurlow Isiand, and further on Hardwick Island, wooded with fir. On the left is the "Prince of Wales" range, the highest peak, Mt. Albert Edward, rises 6,968 feet above the waterway that washes its base. It is not free from snow, traces of it, together with rivulets, extend down the mountain side, saw 2,000 to 3,000 feet. Soon we come to a group of thousands of islands, from mere rocky points, a few feet square, to those large tains. summits of submerged moun-Their multitude and variety, with the bold shores of the strait, and the snow-covered peaks, form a series of pictures which we tourists on this, the thirteenth day of August, can never forget. As we emerge from Johnston Strait and the beautiful archipelago, with Hanson, Comorant and the beautiful islands on the right, we enter Broughton Strait, with Mal-colm on the left. This strait is fif-teen miles long and varies from one to two miles in width. Here is Alert Bay, with Indian villages and a large sal mon cannery, and a mission. Opposite on Vancouver Island, is a remarkable onical peak, called Mt. Holdsworth.

TYPICAL INDIAN TOWN.

The Indian village of Alert Bay and its salmon cannery, which we suc-cussfully photographed, are located on the south side of Cormorant Island, Here is a tribe of say 150 Kwakinth or Alert Indians, among the most de-graded people living on the coast, and notwithstanding the efforts of the missionaries, they remain largely in ganism. Here the tourist gets his first sight of a "totem-pole," the most south-erly one known to have been erected on the coast within ten years. It is seen in front of the chief's house at the

Haides and the northern tribes. Be yond this archipelago is the narrow "King Come" Inlet, which has an 18mile long wall of jagged snow-peaks. Then comes McKensie Sound, whose vertical walls almost shut out the sun-light from the flooded gorge. Continuing on its course, our steamer enters Goletas Channel, where are hundreds of small islands, among them Hope and Galino. On the latter is a spire of rock crowning a promontory 1,200 Oh, such scenes, too picturesque and too grand for my feeble description! This whole region is an artist's paradige.

FITZHUGH SOUND.

We, now at 6 p. m., bid farewell to the great Vancouver Island which has been a breakwater for over 300 miles from the swells of the Pacific and cross Queen Charlotte sound, which is simply a thirty-five mile gap in the island belt between Cape Commercil and Cape Cal-vert. Here we look westward over the broad expanse of the ocean and for two hours feel the gentle swell and some-times the roll of the sea, enough how-ever, to send the weak and nervous to the seclusion of their staterooms, until we meet the waters of Hecate strait and pass under the lee of the great Calvert island and enter the landocked Channel of Fitzhugh sound.

As we approach the entrance of Fitznugh sound we have soundings which indicate great depth of water and su-perb scenery on the mainland, which increases in grandeur as we near it; the nearer hills being densely covered with coniferous trees to their summits, while the more distant mountains are white the more distant mountains are covered with snow. Chief Engineer Alison, of the Queen, says: "On the mainland off Queen Charlotte sound, are several inlets and cataracts, among them Belize, Seymour and Smith. The former is the strangest piece of glacial carving on the coast as it zig zags and straggies by many deep cuts to the foot of Mount Stephens. It holds a maelstrom nearly twice the strength of Seymour Narrows that we have just passed. At 'Nakwakto Rapids' the ebb tide races out at a speed of fifteen to twenty knots an hour. There are sev-eral Indian villages along these canyons but it is only for a few minutes at a time that a canoe can pass the rapids to reach them. This reversible tidal cataract is the most remarkable place of the kind on the coast."

SAFETY COVE. Fitzhugh sound is the first in the line of channels separating the Columbian archipelago from the main land of British Columbia. (The reader should realize that we are still in English waters). This channel is a smooth river that runs thirty miles due north be-tween mountain banks, that almost pierce the clouds. Just within its en-trance is "Safety Cove" on the shores of Calvert island, a mariner's refuge since 1787. Here canoes and steamers rest when fog, storm or darkness prevent their crossing the sound. A little incident occurred here which I will briefly mention. In August, 1885, the Pacific Steamship company's steamer, Ancon, broke her main cylinder on her way southward and was anchored in way southward and was anchored in the cove for ten days, while Captain James Carroll, now commander of the Queen, made the 221-mile voyage to Nanoimo in a life boat in four days and returned with help. Meantime the passengers made it a gala season of adventure and avaloration and recreated.

venture and exploration and regretted leaving.
On this island is Mount Buxton, a On this island is Mount Buxton, a sharp-pointed peak, 3,430 feet above the channel. From Flitzhugh sound to the end of our journey to Chilcat bay the route is one continuous chain of laby-rinthian passage winding here and there through narrow defles, with mountains rising hundreds and thousands of feet on both sides, clothed from base to summit with a dense coat of fir,

spruce, cedar, etc., whose outlines when mirrowed in the waters below reveal to the eye the grandest and most har-monicus blendings imaginable of lights and shadows, mountains and valleys, water, ice and sky.

Thus ends our "second day's" itiner-ury. J. E. Richmond.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AND WO MAN SUFFRAGE.

[Published by Request of the American Woman Suffrage Association.] Woman Suffrage Association.]
We are on the threshhold of a presidential campaign. The results of that campaign will affect equally the interests of the women and the men of the nation, and yet, by an absurd restriction, women are allowed no voice in the choice of the candidates. Should the next president be a genuine and earnest advocate of the enfranchisement of women, and have the courage of his convictions, we would nave every reason to hope that during his administration our cause would be won. In any event the utmost importance attaches to the views of the men who are prominently talked of as the possible nominees of the two great parties, for the

inces of the two great parties, for the highest office in the gift of the (men) Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, stands first on the list of Republican candidates, and he is the man, above all others, whom the women of the country can heartily approve, Able, witty and gifted with remarkable power; of honest life, he is personally acceptable, but above anything eise, he is a fearless and outspoken advocate of woman suffrage. In 1881, during the sessions of the National association, a hearing was given by the judiciary cummittee of the house of representatives to the advocates of the sixteenth amendment to the national constitution, extending the right of suffrage to women. A majority of the committee reported adversely to the claim, but Mr. Reed prepared a minority report in favor, which was signed by himself and three other members of the committee. In this report Mr. Reed argued ably for woman suffrage, closing with these words: "We believe, then, that every reason which in this country bestows the ballot on man is equally applicable to the proposition to bestow the ballot upon woman, that, in our judgment, there is no foundation for the fear that woman will thereby become indifferent to the duties she has hitherto performed." No other candidate of either party has put forth such an emphatic utterance as this.

Hon. William McKinley, ex-governor of

Hon. William McKinley, ex-governor of Ohio, is a man of noble character and of unimpeachable integrity, but, in his various gubernatorial messages to the people of his state, he did not recommend the enfranchisement of the women, who have done so much to make the commonwealth great and prosperous. Hon, Levi P, Morton, at present governor of New York, has a long record as vice-president, as congressman, as ambassador, and now as governor, but he has never once in his

Of the Democratic candidates, Hon. David Bennett Hill, senator from New York, is said to be a believer in woman suffrage, although he has not yet expressed himself publicly on the question. In the gubernatorial campaign of 1894 he made a speech in Brooklyn in which he welcomed the presence of ladles and spoke of their power in politics, and in an address, he advocated the higher education of women and indirectly their enfranchisement. He was also the first governor to appoint a woman as notary public. Hon. Arthur P. Gorman, senator from Maryland, has been grimly silent on our question, and is supposed to be radically opposed. Hon. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, secretary of the treasury, has said no good word for the freedom of the women of the nation. All the world knows how much he owes to his gifted and devoted wife, who has proved her ability as both a domestic and a political counselor. The women who believe in liberty, whichever party they prefer, should use their influence in that party only for the nomination of men who favor their emancipation.—Lillie Devereux Blake.

[Senator Quay is an advocate of woman suffrage,—Editor Tribune.]

What He Knew.

What He Knew.

Lord Dufferin once addressed the University of Toronto in Greek and on the following day the Canadian journals announced that his command of the language was astounding, idiomatic and grammatically perfect. Whereon the following dialogue ensued:
"How did those idiots of reporters know that?" asked Sir Hector Langevin of Sir John Macdonald.
"Because I told them," replied Sir John.
"But who told you? You don't know Greek," persisted Sir Hector.
"I don't know Greek," admitted the premier, with his usual gravity, "but I know politics."

PROGRESS. People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real en-joyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities.

Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius
which best serve the
needs of their physical
being. Accordingly,
the most intelligent
and progressive people
are found to employ
the most refined and
perfect layative to reg.

perfect laxative to reg-Stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN PAVOR.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR. The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or bilions headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-sating, they are unequaled. They are, tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help. Address for free sample,
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Example of How Roads Are Made in Prance.

THE CORNICHE THOROUGHPARE

It Rises 1,300 Feet in Ten Miles, but the Grade Is Not Seemingly Steep. Many Beautiful Views to Be Seen Along It.

Nice, March 20.-Throughout all France and throughout all Europe, for hat matter, there are many monuments to the fame of the first Napoleon, but perhaps there is no one which gives as much pleasure to the present gen-eration as does the Corniche road, which he built along the mountain tops of the Riviera from Nice to Genoa. There are probably few, if any, finer roads in the world, and there are cer-tainly none commanding better views than can be obtained by a pedestrian traversing this road from Nice to Monte Carlo or Monaco, or rather to La Tur-ole, as the road itself runs far above Monaco.

Starting at Nice-and it is well to starting at Nice-and it is well to choose a cool day for the trib, for the grades, though not steep, are steady—the road leads away from the Mediterranean, skirting the base of Mont Gros. The views the base of Mont Gros. The views of the city and bay of Nice, which you obtain through the olive groves and evergreens that border the side of the road are very beautiful. Many of the stone walls along the way are covered with rose bushes in bloom, for so sheltered is this wonderful Riviera that roses grow and bloom in the open air, without any attention, all the year ound. They are not the fragile, few eaved wild roses we know in America. out resemble very much the cultivated rose, and the bushes have probably, been planted along the walls and left

THE PAILLON VALLEY.

After about an hour's walk, during which you have been steadily ascending, the road begins to turn round the mountain, and you get a very fine view of the rugged valley of the Paillon and of the river bed far below. You do not see the river for the reason that at this time of the year there is practically none to see, the streams along the Riviera only deserving the name of rivers in the spring and sum-mer, when the snows of the Alps melt and make them roaring freshets. It mense walls, some hundreds of feet apart, built to contain a little brook a few feet wide which wanders in and out of the sandy bed of the river, but rperience has at some times of the year these walls

After having rounded Mont Gros the road approaches the sea again, but by this time you have ascended perhaps five hundred feet, and see Villafranche, with its celebrated naval harbor far below. From the road the mountain slopes down rapidly to the sea and is covered with terraced olive groves and vineyards, with here and there a tileroofed farm house. Along the Riviera land is too valuable to be wasted, and a hillside which in America we would not think of cultivating, is here ter-

raced and made very productive.

A little beyond Villafranche the peninsula of St. Jean juts out into the Mediterranean, and there is a superb bird's eye view of it from the road, the peninsula forming the middle of the panorama and sloping mountains which here form a short valley leading down to the sea side.

THE VILLAGE OF EZE.

The road still ascends, and in another hour, during which you have a succession of beautiful views of the mountains and sea, you see on the right an immense rock rising straight out of the sea, and separated from the mountains standing like a pyramid. Its apex is covered with a cluster of houses, and a church, comprising the village of Eze. From the Corniche a road leads to the town, and its winding old streets and ruined castle repay you for the trouble of reaching it. In the dark ages the town was a stronghold of the Saracen pirates, and its whole appearance and situation bear out one's idea of what a pirate stronghold should be. It is said the few people still living in the village differ in features and cus-toms from the surrounding population. and it is doubtless due to their Moor

ish ancestry.

Back of Eze are the immense Forts d'Eze, commanding the road and the harbor of Villafranche. They are among the strongest fortifications of Europe and seem absolutely impreg-nable, the top of the mountain, two thousand feet above the sea, being cov-ered with a sloping stone casing which an assaulting force could never scale, and their attitude protects them from bombardment by sea, even supposing any vessels of war could stand their plunging fire. France evidently intends that when her great struggle along the Rhine comes, no one is going to be able to attack her in the rear through

Italy.

An hour from the forts, and we reach La Turbic, the culminating point of the road, just above world-famed Monte Carlo. At our feet is the little pocket principality of Monaco, with its capital of that name to the right on a rocky promontory, and its chief city and source of revenue, the great gaming center of the world on the left. This view is another of the several hundred "finest in Europe." There are the same terraced farms stretching down to the sea, and there is the same sea forming the background with its wonderful blue color. La Turbie is thirteen hundred feet above the Medlterranean, and it is from the great comparative elevation at which the road runs and from its resemblence on that account to the cornice of a house that it gets its name.

BUILT BY THE ROMANS. La Turble's elevation and distance

rom the sea are about the same, and it is like going down a very steep flight of steps to descend to Monte Carlo. The stene paved path which sigzags back and forth looks thousands of years old, and probably is, for the country was occupied by the Romans, who built at La Turble a Tropaea Augustl to commemorate their conquest, and from which the present name of the town can be traced.

From La Turble the road gradually

descends until it again reaches the

by as fine as those between La Turble and Nice, the whole of the Riviera di Ponente as far as Berdigheria in Italy being in the range of vision.

The construction of the Corniche road is a marvel of engineering. Although in ten miles it ascends thirteen hundred feet, at no point is there a very steep grade, the whole idea having been to make it a road perfectly practicable for driving. The surface is, if possible, even smoother than the ordinary French road, which means that it is about as smooth as the waxed floor is about as smooth as the waxed floor of a ball room. None of the natura beauties of the country through which it passes have been sacrificed and take it all in all a trip over it on a pleas ant day is one of the most pleasant things imaginable. Winford J. Northup.

HE NEEDED NO SYMPATHY.

It Was the Other Fellow with Whom th Policemen Should Condole. From the Detroit Free Press.

"I am the man who was talking with you about two hours ago," he said as he walked up to a patrolman on Jefferon avenue, near Second street. "Yes," replied the officer, after a look.
"I told you I was an old sport, and

"Yes."
"You said the best thing I could do was to go down to the depot and wait for my train, and let the boys alone."

wanted to find some of the boys."

"Yes, and I think so yet."
"Well, I'm goin', but I found the boys They were down here in a saloon, and when I told 'em I was an old sport from Sportsville they winked at each other. I do look like a hayseed, don't I?"
"Very much st. If you've been cleaned out don't come whining around

to me. I gave y would happen. I gave you fair warning of what "You've seen a feller throwin' three keerds around, and then bet you couldn't pick out the ace, haven't you?" "That's three-card monte. You were idiot enough to bet, I suppose?"

"Yes."
"Well, you'll know more next time. Don't you read the papers?"

"Every day."
"Then you ought to have known what

the game was!"
"I did." "And yet you bet with your eyes wide

open and knowing you hadn't one chance in a hundred! I've no sympathy for you!"
"I wasn't askin' fur any. If you've any sympathy to spare give it to the boys down there, fur they are \$62 out o pocket, and I'm \$62 in! I test thought

I'd stop and ask you if you'd take \$20 of the sugar and turn it over to an orphan asylum as a gift from me, but bein' you are so busy and don't feel well. I won't bother you about it. I'll go down to the depot and sit around, and if anybody comes along with hayseed to sell send em down to me. I want a fresh supply for my hat and coat collar!" Catarrh of 20 Years Standing Cured in

Few Days-Relief Can Be Secured in 10 Minutes. Hon. George Taylor, the well-known

Hon. George Taylor, the well-known politician, of Scranton, Pa., writes: I have been, I may say, a martyr to catarrh for the past twenty years and have tried every known remedy, but got very little, if any, relief from them. I was troubled with a nasty houghing, especially in the morning, also a constant dropping in the throat and the pain in my head was terrible, especially over my everows and my breath was over my eyebrows and my breath was very offensive, as also the matter that came from my head. Last spring I was induced by Mr. Rutherford, of this town, to give Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a trial. I did so and can truly say that its effect was magical; the first application cleared my head instantly. I took five or six applications and I have not had the slightest symptoms I have already described since and and my eyesight very much better, in face I can truthfully say I am 50 per cent, a better man since using this remedy than I was before. Sold by Matthews Brothers, 50 cents.

The undeniable fact that these Bitters are composed in the main of Speer's Wine, with Peruvian Bark Snake Root, etc., analyzed and recom-mended to invalids and the Medical Profession, by the best Chemists in the United States, cannot fail in inspiring confidence in the use of these Malarial



ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Is this what ails you?



Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—
Bloating a fter eating of Wind—
Vomiting of Food
—Waterbrash—
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Mind - Dizziness - Hendache - Constipation or Diarrhea? Then you have **DYSPEPSIA** in one of its many forms. The one positi-

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the question. Men are worked up over it. It means a great deal for the welfare of millions.

There is one way of looking at the question that seems to have been lost sight of. It is not better to have fifty dollars in gold than five dollars in silver? And yet there are many people who are practically throwing away large amounts and holding onto the smaller amount. Many people who might be carning ten times as much as they do, fail because they lack health and energy. Health and strength represent a value greater than gold, and yet many people put up with a run down system, which steals away half their working power. Eventually they lose by sickness and medical expenses and their families suffer, when it might all readily be avoided.

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