A DAY IN KYOTO.

BY RODERICK MACKENZIE.

Mademoiselle Peach had been dreaming about cherry-blossom, but as she looked up at the laden branches, a dragon gaped from the top of the tree, the blossoms flickered to the ground and she awoke. In her alarm she tossed the heavily-wadded *futons* off her, and without waiting to consider, walked across the room, slid a screen aside, pushed the rain-shutters into their cupboard, and looked out; her dream had come true, it had been a rainier spring than most, but yesterday the sun had reappeared in his strength, and had burst the glory of the garden. Peach's own dear cherry-tree into a tent of blossom, and now, as she looked out exultant at its beauty, a red maple blazed through a grove of swaying bamboo, a little breeze flickered through the leaves, while away south thin swathes of cloud hung over the hills, and under the gray lines of mist straight bars of yellow daikon blossom bounded the line of temple roofs by the station.

Peach and her children sold umbrellas; no flimsy, new, native imitation of our European umbrella adorned their shop, made of bad material, light and useless, but the floor was piled with those heavy oilskin brown and black halos, with Hoykusai—the John Leech of Japan—loved so well, and which not even the most pitiless rainy season is able to penetrate. Business had been brisk, for long sheets of windless rain had barred Kyoto for weeks past, and continual sound of streams from the bamboo guttering strangely mixed with the slush of wooden clogs slipping through the mud, had subdued the ceaseless clitter-clatter of Japanese tongues; but now a longed-for day of sun had come, and all could enjoy their well-earned holiday. Not an umbrella would be wanted to-day; yesterday's sun had garlanded the hills with blossom, and the whole town would make pilgrimage to see them in their beauty, so Miss Peach did not linger long, but lit the stove under the bath, got down her little bag of bran, and laid ready her best kimono and her new obi. By this time the water was boiling, or nearly so, in the cedar tub, so she took away the stove, threw some of the water over her, sat on the floor beside the bath, scrubbed herself with bran, deluged herself with water again, and then for two minutes in she went, scattering the drops all over her with her wooden dipper. But there was no time to waste even over the delights of the bath, her hair had to be re-done, and this took some time, for our *musumi* was a Kyoto girl, and Kyoto girls are not only the prettiest but the best turned-out girls in all Japan, so she was not satisfied with her tire-woman till her black locks shone like silk and her *coiffure a la Fujisan* was as stiff as camellia oil could make it. And after her hair was done it took her some time to arrange her obi—it would not come right; first it insisted on tying itself into a crooked knot instead of a beautiful butterfly bow; then when the knot had been smoothed out, and by chance it sat straight, it was too flat and not stiff enough. However, a Japanese girl does not know how to lose her temper, not even over her most irritating obi, and at last, coaxed with showers of laughter and subtle hands, it sets as it should; her breakfast does not take long, and then she runs over the mats, slips the cord of her sandals between her big toe and number two, and clatters down the street. She picks up Miss Pearl on her way, and off they go. It is a great day for Kyoto; there is more than cherry-blossom for them to see, for the descendant of the gods has brought his wife and himself to the neglected capital of his ancestors, at which infinite condescension a faithful Kyoto newspaper says:

"It is indeed no wonder that the rains are so heavy this spring when a descendant of the sun leaves his pedestal and travels through his realm as an ordinary man."

However, he is making himself popular in Kyoto and his consort is to-day to pass through the streets on her way to shed the light of her countenance on two other ancient capitals of Dai-Nipon—Osaka and Nara. And our demoiselles, if they will conform strictly to the regulations posted everywhere, are to be allowed a passing glimpse of her Majesty.

"Her Majesty will visit Osaka about the 23rd. She will stay at Nara two days, at Sakurai two days, at Taharamoto one day, and Yoshino one day. The following regulations are proclaimed for the guidance of the people while her Majesty is passing through this city:—

"1. When her Majesty shall pass along, no one is allowed to look at her from the frame built on houses for the drying of clothes, or through cracks in doors, or from any position in the upper parts of their houses.

"2. If any one wishes to see her Majesty, he or she must sit down at the side of the road along which her Majesty will pass. All children must be taken particular care of, lest they play in the road and so obstruct the passage of her Majesty through the street.

"3. No one must look at her Majesty without taking off his hat, necktoth, or turban, or whatever else he may be wearing on or about his head; moreover, no one must be smoking while he or she is looking at her Majesty, nor must any one carry a stick or cane. Only women wearing foreign clothes will be allowed to retain their head covering.

"4. Although it may rain, no person will be allowed to put up an umbrella while her Majesty is passing.

"5. Dogs must not be allowed to wander on the road by which her Majesty will pass.

"6. Until the passage of her Majesty the route by which she will come will be kept free of all carriages and jinrickshas. The roads which she will take must be completely free of all traffic.

"7. As her Majesty passes no one must raise his voice, nor must any one be heard. When her Majesty reaches the station there will be a discharge of fireworks."

The narrow streets are gay with banners, the sun is sucking up the damp from the moist mud-ways, and from every house hangs out the flag of Japan with its red orb burning on a white ground. Peach and Pearl have not very far to go, but it takes them over half an hour to get from Sanjo-Dori to the station, for they pass many friends by the way. In Japan the art of good manners is still cultivated, and Japanese bowing is not an affair of seconds, and by the time that an acquaintance has bowed, rubbed his knees, remarked that the day is fine, the blossom beautiful, ejaculated a guttural "*Heh*" two or three times, bowed again, sibilated "*Sainonara*," and passed on, some minutes have flown. However, at last they have run the gauntlet of their many acquaintances and arrive at the shop of their friend Mr. Ono, who sells embroideries to the foreigners, opposite the station. Here they sit and chatter, drink tea and laugh till the Empress passes by. There is no sound; her loyal subjects are not allowed to cheer, even if they knew how; a European carriage passes, the Empress is inside, but she bows not to her people—she sits a queen and a goddess; her people may see her at their ease, but no peeping, no Coventry manners here. Japan is still a kingdom, and though there is no knowing what the new Parliament may do, Kyoto is the old capital. Little innovation has come here; and it is a great privilege to gaze on the Empress, and the very dogs know it. Inside the station a guard of slovenly-looking soldiers in French uniforms keep the barriers, and without further delay than the customary genuflexions necessitate, the Empress enters her carriage, a sheaf of rockets is let off, and the Empress has left the capital. The sun ought to have gone with her descendant, but contrary to all rule, shines out brighter than ever as the crowd turns to its business, its cherry-blossom or its tea. Clitter-clatter go the tongues, keeping chorus to the clitter-clatter of the clogs, when suddenly there is a shout, and the crowd is broken by one of those pariah dogs that attended so well to the regulations—ears well back, tongue out, and doing all that a starved dog can do to escape from a crowd of famished coolies who, with bare legs muscled with whipcord, wild hair and eager faces, throw themselves on their prey. This is the fruit of civilization in Japan—a corner in rice by native capitalists, the uneducated Japanese refuses to eat foreign (Chinese) rice, and prefers, haggard and hungry, to starve or banquet off dog.

Peach and Pearl make their way slowly to Maruyama, turning in first to see how Higashi Hongwanji is getting on. This was an offshoot from the great temple of Nishi Hongwanji, but become long since as powerful as the original foundation, and great was the tribulation when in 1864, in the confusion of the rebellion it was burnt to the ground; a great effort was made for its rebuilding, but 870,000 yen is a good deal to collect, and the people are fickle, and Higashi Hongwanji is still unfinished. The shell is complete—magnificent and deserted, and in one corner piles of rope are collected, thick black coils to the height of a man's shoulder, and all of hair. Japan in its first enthusiasm rallied to the re-building; "some had yen and some had sen and some had raven hair;" their smooth locks were their chief pride, and they cut them willingly for the work and made them into the ropes now lying idly beneath the unfinished fane—black, with here and there a strand of gray. Pearl's grandmother had given some of the gray hair, and at first crowds had watched the great beams rising anew, but now even the country people are tired of it. Buddha is asleep in Nirvana, or hunting, and cares not for his temple; the priests are occupied with the far greater question as to whether they are to be given the franchise or no, and nothing more will be done till a famine desolates the land or a great earthquake shakes, and then the money will flow in again.

On they go across the Kamogawa, foaming down in spate where the willows are just bursting into lancet leaf, and then turn up the avenue leading to Chionin, pausing to look at the great gateway above the gray steps which children—little blobs of red with tonsured crowns—climb up and down, past companies of pilgrims from the country, the men each one coped with a stiff, shallow, limpet-shaped hat and clad in blue with yellow oilskin or red blanket hanging round his shoulder, each woman with her petticoats tucked well into her obi-domo, a wisp of blue cotton round her head, and pulpy straw sandals round her muddy ankles; past a pottery manufacture on the right, and then straight up the hill leading to Maruyama, where the youth of Japan is disporting itself on ungainly ponies which show their want of race in a sand-circle no bigger than the circumference of a merry-go-round; then on a few yards, and there they find all Kyoto making feast of tabernacles and gazing at the pinky blossom which is hanging like clouds on the trees. The road goes on up the hill, past the European Hotel, where the red azaleas in the garden are just beginning to break, but Peach and Pearl turn to the right, under the trees, and there wait till nearly sundown. No need to go home for dinner; the little they want is easily got, and they lazily watch the blossom and the sun, wonder at the processions of jinrickshas that rattle down the hill filled with satisfied-looking Englishmen and Englishwomen, opera-glasses over shoulder and *Murray* in hand, and followed by the regulation guide, sip a new cup of tea every quarter of an hour, chatter as their friends till the shadows get long and the sun plunges into a bank of cloud, and then turn townwards again. No need to go home yet, for Peach *pere* and Peach *mere*, who rejoice in the name of Ichigoya, had spent their holiday at the theatre, which, as in Athens of old, begins in the morning and is not finished till long after sundown. Here our two *musumis* find them sitting cross-legged in one of the chess-board divisions of the pit which do duty for stalls in Japan, and near the left tongue of the stage. As Peach and Pearl enter the theatre the story of the Forty-seven Ronins is drawing to a close; Kuranoske is lying drunk in the street, the Satsuma man passes and spits at him, but the Satsuma man is not perfect in his part, and the prompter with open book in hand follows him over the stage. The story drags on, no traditionary detail omitted till the time of waiting is finished and the forty-seven start on their last journey; Kuranoske has to don armor, so his attendant comes from behind the scenes and dresses him on the stage. This the audience sees not, conventional scales blind their eyes till the armor is hooked on and the hero ready for war. In the auditorium boys wander about with oranges and green and white slices of custardy food. Peach's father and mother are making their evening meal off lobster and saki; in the next division sit a young couple with their first child, who is placidly having his dinner, while his father is smoking in the opposite corner. There is a little stir, and an Englishman with his guide enters one of the boxes overhead. This excites much more interest than the play, and every head is turned from the stage while the Englishman with trouble and pain squats on the floor in stockinged-feet to show how well he can conform to the customs of the country. His friend and cicerone meanwhile sits up rigid on a chair, his muddy boots dangling some inches from the floor, for he is a civilized Japanese. Then the scene changes to the Temple of Sengakuji at Tokyo, with the well where the head was washed, and the temple above. No curtain falls, but the whole stage revolves, worked by manual labor beneath, and so the action proceeds. The Englishman, after gazing at Kuranoske's preparations for hara-kiri in some bewilderment, looks to his mentor for guidance, who only condescends from his philosophy to far as to say, "This no good, this stupid old story,

MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE IN TEXAS.—Westerly "Did you read about the Texas girl whose fiance did not appear in church at the time appointed?"

Brown—"No. What did she do?"

Westerly—"She borrowed the minister's revolver and asked him to wait a few minutes. Within half an hour she came back with a placid smile and a submissive bridegroom."

INCONGRUITY.—Miss Ethel—"Yes, indeed, we girls are fully alive to the justice of the popular criticism on chattering woman, and that is the reason we organized our thought club.

Mr. Blank—"Thought club?"

"Yes, and it's doing us a world of good."

"I do not doubt it."

"Yes, indeed. Why, at the last meeting we talked for five whole hours on the advantages of silent meditation.

THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION.

TO DOUBT OF THE SUCCESS OF THE ENTERPRISE—PLANS OF THE BUILDINGS AND OTHER WORKS.

CHICAGO, April 8.—Since the breaking of ground for the erection of the fair buildings the atmosphere has cleared wonderfully, and there seems no doubt that the work will go forward satisfactorily and rapidly.

The fair's finances are all that anybody ever hoped for. Chicago has the $10,000,000 required by law as the price of getting the fair. The popular subscription was $5,467,350, and the municipality subscribed $5,000,000. Another $3,000,000 is now being raised.

The government's appropriation for its exhibit and the building to contain it is $2,500,000; but the money for the fair is not all coming out of either Chicago or the United States treasury. Already the state appropriations give the world's fair $10 as against $1 that the centennial had. Illinois will appropriate from $500,000 to $1,000,000. California has appropriated $300,000, and other Pacific coast states are on their mettle. If the states where no appropriations have been made are as liberal as those which have already acted on the question, the total appropriations from that source will be over $4,000,000.

There are between seven and eight hundred men at work in Jackson Park and the management is now prepared to declare the world's Columbian exposition fairly under way. There are to be nine main buildings, the work of a board of architects believed to be the most expert in America. They have met and finally adopted the plans for the buildings, but have not yet published them. Generally speaking, however, it may be said that the impression of the grand group will be brilliant and classic.

An idea of the immensity of the main structures is conveyed in the statement that the nine buildings will cover a surface area of 110½ acres. This is exclusive of the state and private buildings. The total cost of these palaces of art and industry will be $6,320,000. This, with the other structures provided for, will be twice the area and twice the cost of the buildings at the last Paris exposition.

A million dollars will be spent in beautifying the park, exclusive of the architectural decorations, which will be on a magnificent scale. Gilded domes, graceful towers and a mass of effective color will greet the eye as the visitor steams or sails down Lake Michigan. Before he reaches his landing place he will have passed a town of palaces, where the states and foreign nations will have their buildings laid out in wide curving avenues. But the most dazzling spectacle will be seen when the boat approaches the pier. Here the enormous structures referred to above will be seen.

Stretching away from a circular harbor will be the lines leading the vision to the points of beauty of the buildings, raised on terraces and each exposed to the view. On the encircling piers and running to a splendid statue of the republic will be seen forty-four columns, each bearing the coat-of-arms of a state. Then the view will turn upon the main court, an avenue several hundred feet wide, itself a marvel of grace. The buildings will be grouped about this purely decorative feature of the landscape, of which Augustus St. Gaudens has charge. The largest building will be that of the manufactures and liberal arts. It will measure 1,700 by 800 feet, with two interior courts; and at its centre a great dome, 350 feet in diameter. Besides the various buildings there will be a tower, 100 feet higher than the Eiffel tower, from which an unequalled view may be commanded.

The dedicatory ceremonies on October 12, 1892, will be made a great pageant. This dedication is to preserve the historical feature of the commemoration of the discovery of America. The formal opening of the fair itself will take place on May 1, 1893.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most distinguished delegates to the American Section of the Philosophical Society, to be held in Boston this month, will probably be Mrs. Annie Besant, once the associate of Charles Bradlaugh in the secularist movement in England. Mrs. Besant's first reputation was made as a writer and lecturer on social questions, and as an earnest worker among the poor in London. She has recently declared herself a Theosophist, and will appear at the convention as the personal representative of Mme. Blavatsky. *Lucifer*, the London Theosophical magazine, is under the joint editorship of Mme. Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant.

MRS. ZERELDA G. WALLACE, the mother of General Lew Wallace, recently addressed a meeting in Washington upon the topic, "Why the Members of the W. C. T. U. desire Woman Suffrage." Mrs. Wallace is seventy-four years old, but she spoke for an hour with such enthusiasm and eloquence that not one person left the house until the close of her speech.

MRS. FRANKLIN ATHERTON, the author of the remarkable California story, "Les Cerrites," is a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Miss Atherton is now engaged upon a series of typical stories of early and contemporary Spanish-Californian life, the first of the series, "The Conquest of Dona Jacoba," having been accepted by *Blackwood's Magazine*. Another, "A Ramble with Eulogia," will also make its first appearance in an English Magazine.

MISS MARGUERITE MERINGTON, the President of the Alumnae of the Normal College, and Professor of Greek in the college, is young and attractive. She and her sisters were graduated at the Normal College at the same time, and they are stated to have among them carried off all the prizes of their class.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have no used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

Good Blood

Is absolutely Essential to

Good Health

You may have both by taking the best Blood Purifier

Hood's Sarsaparilla

BURGLARING A DUDE'S MOUTH.—"Say, pard, they ain't none o' these fellers here got anything," said train robber No. 1.

"Yes they have, too," said No. 2 "That ar' dude's got gold fillin' in his teeth. Got yer forceps?"

"Naw."

"Then gimme yer corkscrew, We gotter get them teeth."

BORE HIS HONORS HUNGRILY.—Jaxon (who has been introducing Jixon into society)—"You carried yourself capitally, old fellow. Your were an honor to the occasion."

Jixon (who didn't get all he wanted to eat)—"Well, if I was, I was an empty honor, I can assure you."

IMPROVEMENT ON RAILWAY SANDWICHES.—Scene, Central Africa—(Arrival of the express train at the chief town.)

Train-dispatcher (to the engineer)—"What does this mean? I don't see any conductor."

Engineer—"No, the first-class passengers have eaten him up since we started."

"Patent Medicines Did No Good."

52 SHEFFIELD AVE., CHICAGO, March 25, 1890.

I received your sample bottle of Floraplexion, also your letter of last Monday. After considerable hesitation, I concluded to give it a trial, as I had already taken so much patent medicine, and been so unsuccessful with it, and not having benefited me any, that it seemed like money thrown away; but I procured the Floraplexion, and have taken four bottles, and feel it has greatly relieved my dyspepsia.

MRS. L. BRENNAN.

Floraplexion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

Owing to the difficulties that have so often been found with the closed type of engines for electric light machinery, the English Admiralty has abolished them in recent ships and substituted open engines of the compound type.

When you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy some substitute preparation, which clerks may claim is "as good as Hood's." The peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is proposed doing away with the old system of lightning rod protection, and replacing the rods with narrow ribbons of copper, which will use up the energy of the lightning and save the building from destruction.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physician in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

The camera shows that the star Vega, one of the brightest in the heavens, is apparently a double star, composed of two suns, each revolving around a point midway between them.

The Pill of Our Fathers.

No new tangled mixture of poisonous minerals, but the good old fashioned pure vegetable blood purifier and liver tonic of centuries ago, when the only cure alts were medicines to assist nature to throw off diseases by removing congestions of the liver, kidneys, bowels, and skin which precede all dis-ases. The old monks of the middle ages were followers of Hypocrates and their St. Bernard Vegetable Pills have never been surpassed in this world. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address St. Bernard Box 2416, New York.

Sleeves are worn almost uncomfortably long. They must extend certainly over the wrist, and preferably, down to the knuckles. They are full at the shoulder and down to the elbow, where they become close fitting for the remainder of the length.

When an article has been sold for 24 years, in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins' Electric soap has been constantly made and sold since 1865. *Ask your grocer for it.* Best of all.

Living only to get riches generally turns out like the boy who got the horse's nest. Just as he thought he had it he found out that it had him.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try *"Brown's Bronchial Troches,"* a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The olfactometer recently exhibited to the Academy of Science in Paris is a little apparatus for testing the smelling powers of individuals. It determines the weight of odorous vapor in a cubic centimeter of air which is perceptible by the olfactory sense of a person.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail. Advice free, send for circular

The demands of feminine adornment are said to be responsible for the prospective extinction of the beautiful British kingfisher. It has disappeared already from the English counties of Sussex Oxfordshire and Hampshire.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit patients. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

There are two hundred members in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York City and all have in their possession colonial candlesticks, cranes, spinning wheels or miniatures of their forefathers.

Gunn's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

One of the latest fads is a collection of shoes of various nations as a drawing room ornament—Persian, Egyptian, Turkish, Chinese—and if madame has a pretty foot she inserts among the motely crew her own tiny, coquettish Parisian slipper.

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

Persian brocaded stripes appear on faille silks in amber, stem green, apricot and deep Spanish yellow, and magnificently illuminated matelasse satins striped with velvet in black or rich fruit shades, are outlined at the edges with gold or silver imitating gimps and galoons.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea.

"The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science."

Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that *cures* is the medicine for the sick.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly."

It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct."

Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good.

Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. By druggists.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT ESTABLISHED 1810.

For Internal and External Use.

Stops Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Cramp, Asthma, Colds, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lameness, Stiff Joints and Strains. Full particulars free. Price 25 cts. post-paid. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

BEECHAM'S PILLS Cure SICK HEADACHE. 25 Cents a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething, for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only remedy for Nervous Epilepsy, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PROF. LOISETTE'S NEW MEMORY BOOKS. Criticisms on two recent Memory Systems. Ready about April 1st. Full Tables of Contents forwarded only to those who send stamped directed envelope. Also Prospectus PROFESSOR LOISETTE'S Lisletian Art of Never Forgetting. Address Prof. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

BAGGY KNEES POSITIVELY REMEDIED. Greely Pant Stretcher. Adopted by students at Harvard, Amherst, and other Colleges, also by professional and business men everywhere. If not for sale in your town send 25c. to B. J. GREELY, 715 Washington Street, Boston.

SICK WEAK, NERVOUS, WRETCHED mortals get well and keep well. *Health Helper* tells how. 50 cts. a year. Sample copy free. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

FLAVELL'S Suspensory Bandages are the best for comfort. Sold by all druggists. Circular free. G. W. FLAVELL & Bro., 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

TWILIGHT.

BY BROWN PERRIMAN.

Still hour that blends both day and night
Fly each in peace possessed—
Placed like a vestal dream between,
Life's struggle and its rest!

Silence and thought, mute handmaids roam
Thy realms in search of bliss,
Strange memories cleave and yearnings fond
The feet of fancy kiss.

Life's obscure purposes run clear
In thy diviner air,
We dream upon desires fulfilled
Unhaunted by its care.

Passion, and pain, and want, and woe,
Like wolves when the night hath flown,
Steal to their lairs before thy peace,
Oh twilight, now our own!

—*Yankee Blade.*

Wealth of Some Americans.

Among the richest American estates ever gathered is that of the Astor family. Efforts are made to conceal the enormous figure that would express the worth of the property, but it is probable that $80,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate. The estate of William H. Vanderbilt was $200,000,000. A. T. Stewart was worth at the time of his death fully $60,000,000, a large part of which has gone one way or the other, but mostly the former. Jay Gould may be credited with $100,000,000, and just as much more as he pleases to make, Armour, the Chicago hog-packer, is worth $15,000,000. Mackey, whose step-daughter, the child of a camp-barber, married the Prince of the ancient house of Colonna, is worth at least $200,000,000, and Fair, his former partner, has fully that amount. D. O. Mills is worth at least $7,000,000, and Edwin D. Morgan, the heir of the ex-Governor, has $50,000,000. James Gordon Bennett, one of the richest of the young men of America, has a fortune of $15,000,000. Miss Catharine Wolfe, the wealthiest spinster in the country, has nearly $15,000,000, and is the last of her line.

HE WAS EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Mrs. de Flatte—"Boy, did you see a stray pug dog around here anywhere?"

Smart boy—"Yes'm. I just saw one bein' chewed up by a big bulldog and I saw another bein' tied to a tin can an' kerosene poured all over 'im, an' I saw another bein' chopped up for sausage, an'——"

Mrs. de Flatte (clutching at a railing for support)—"Oh, horrors! I'd give $5 to get my little Fido safely back.

Smart Boy—"All right, mum. You wait here half a mimute."

A prominent photographer expresses the opinion that the gallery of the future will contain no skylight. A high room, with the north wall entirely of glass, and a roof open to the sky, will produce the best results. The inside painted in light color gives admirable illumination, without the disadvantages of sunlight.

A steel company of Cleveland, Ohio, recently rolled a 20-inch square ingot into a three-quarter-inch plate at a single heat. The ingot weighed 8500 pounds.

HUMOROUS.

An expert in handlighting—The manicure.

Favorite song of the American heiress and beauty:

"When I can read my title clear."

Stockholders usually hope for dividends, but the dividends are often like the hope—deferred.

There is a Justice in Islip, Long Island, of the name of Clock. His principal business is to give time to the prisoners.

"This a bad sign," said Hicks, as the shingle of Bludboory, Blithers & Co., was blown from its place and landed on his high hat.

"You told me you were a quill driver."

"Well?"

"And here you are tending geese."

"Well?"

Collector—"How about meeting this note?"

Merchant—"I can't do it to-day. But I'll make a note of this meeting."

The blue jays come when the skies are bleak
The woodland paths to cheer,
But the green jays from across the creek
Are with us all the year.

IT WAS NOT THERE.—Snooper—"I bought these $3 trousers in a fit of economy."

Hunker (surveying the garment)—"I don't see the fit."

CRUEL.—"That was a sympathetic audience I had," asked the lecturer.

"Yes. I thought they all seemed sorry for each other," said his bosom friend.

NEEDS A KEY.—Mr. Fresh, '94—"Professor, now how would you classify the language spoken by the guards on the elevated trains.

Professor Langue—"As verbal hieroglyphics."

A SLIPPERY OPINION.—Amateur Actor—"Well, what did you think of my Hamlet?"

Candid Friend—"Er—um—; well, to tell the truth, if I'd been the old man's ghost I'd ha' spanked you!"

NOW FOR AN EXPLANATION—"He was awfully flattering. He said my cheek was the color of his favorite rose," said Maude.

"He told me he liked yellow roses best," returned the genial Estelle.

COULDN'T PROCEED WITHOUT HIM.

Old Gentleman—"My boy, where is your employer?"

Office Boy—"Attending a funeral."

O. G.—"Indeed! Whose?"

O. B.—"His own."

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.—Hostess—Don't you think my daughter has a fine voice, Mr. Bronson, and that I ought to send her to Paris to have it cultivated?"

Bronson—"Yes; if I were you I would send her at least as far as that."

LOVE AND WAR.—Spatts—"It is said that all is fair in love and war, but there is one great difference between them."

Bio bumper—"What is it?"

Spatts—"In love the fighting does not begin until after the engagement is over.

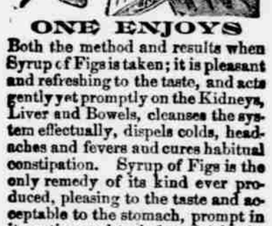
SIGHED FOR LARGE-SCALE STINGINESS.—Frugal Husband—"I wish I had $50,000 a year,"

Unappreciative Wife—What for? You don't spend a quarter of your present income."

F. H.—"Oh, I know; but then I could economize on a larger scale."

18 731

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the HAUTON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Dr. Bowsted's PENNYROYAL Pills SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. Sent by mail, securely sealed, Price, $1.00. Address, Confidentially, Dr. BOWSTED, 206 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.00 per month and expenses to sell Nursery Stock. Reminders wanted now. O. D. Gamer, Syracuse, N.Y.

In the Spring.

Nature should be assisted, when the system is changing from the full habit of the winter months, to the lighter diet of the warm season. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) stimulates the sluggish blood and rid you of that feeling of heaviness and languor.

S. S. S., beautifies the skin and makes the complexion rosy and healthy.
S. S. S., gives elasticity to the step and buoyant spirits.
S. S. S., makes the feeble and delicate strong and robust.
S. S. S., is a tonic to the whole body and increases vitality.
S. S. S., is a simple vegetable medicine.

If there is poison in the blood, it generally shows itself in the spring, and this is the season to help nature to drive it out and be cured. Nothing does this as well as S. S. S. It is harmless to the most delicate, yet so powerful as to cleanse the system of all impurities.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Proclaim the Victory

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against *Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, 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.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"It may be true what some men say,
It maun be true what a' men say."

PUBLIC OPINION endorses Sapolio.—

It is a solid cake of scouring soap.

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

EARTH WORMS.

The apparently insignificant earthworm should stand in high estimation, after studying its habits and realizing that to its untiring labors we owe in a great degree the fertility of the soil. The Kew *Bulletin* contains a report by the assistant Colonial Secretary of Lagoz, on Yoruba Land, in Western Africa. He says:

The whole surface of the ground beneath the grass is seen to be covered by rows of cylindrical worm casts. These vary in height from a quarter of an inch to three inches, and exist in astonishing numbers. It is in many places impossible to press a finger upon the ground without touching one.

For scores of square miles they cover the surface of the soil, closely packed, upright, and burnt by the sun into rigid rolls of hardened clay. The rains ultimately break them down into a fine powder, rich in plant food and lending itself easily to the hoe of the farmer. These casts are very different in form from those familiar in English gardens.

Having carefully removed the worm casts of one season from