Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly billous complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 188.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FHANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Doddo, County the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH CHEARS for each and every case of CATARRH CHEARS (A. C. HEALES SWORTH to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, Seal of CATARRH CHEARS (A. C. HEALES CATARRH CHEARS (A. C. TOLECO, C. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon, and ingapore are about to install the electric

Coughs Lead to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and got a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dan-

Queen Mary used the first side saddle with a pommel ever seen in Scotland.

Happy Children

Are they who take Hoxsie's Croup Cure for croup and whooping cough. It cures quicker than any remedy known. 50 cents.

Blind men outnumber blind women by two to one.

Catarrh In the Head

Is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates from the blood all scrofulous taints, rebuilds the delicate tissues and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

It Didn't Apply to Him.

During the latter part of September, says the Sau Francisco News Letter, Mr. Willis Polk was a member of a house party being entertained country place not so very far from San o. At dinner one night the discussion soon became general. hostess, however, threw a damper on the topic by a frankly expressed dis-like of wielders of the pencil and

I can't stand artists," she said, petulantly, and when every one looked surprised she added: "They are always so dirty you know" lirty, you know.

Polk leaned impulsively toward his

Polk leaned impulsively toward his hostess, with a deprecating gestfire.

"My dear madam——" he began, in polite but emphatic protest.

"Why, Mr. Polk," replied the lady, answering his unspoken exception with airy frankness, "you are not an artist!"

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I take pleas-DEAR MRS. FINKIAN:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me, it has indeed eine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully. OTES

For years I was trou-bled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician.

He said nothing could be done for but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saywould cure sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how good your medicine has done
I shall recommend it to all sufferwomen.-Mrs. Rosa Gaum, 720

Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of wo-man's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice bout her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham. at Lynn, Mass.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remody Company, Chicago, Montreal, Kew York. 518

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you've a gray-haired mother In the old home far away— Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day. Don't wait until her tired steps Bouch her wait a really said. Reach heaven's pearly gate— But show her that you think of he Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it teday.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait—
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present.
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own,
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
To spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking.
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.
—Ida Goldsmith Morris.

FOR LOVE OF HER MOTHER. Hawaiian Flower Girl.

The usual Honolulu crowd was down at the dock when the steamship Australia, seven days from San Francisco, pulled alongside the pier on a brilliant, balmy afternoon in January, brilliant, balmy afternoon in January, 1895. American women, trim, groomed, wholesome to look upon, in summer afternoon costumes, such as happy feminine exiles in the subtropics contrive so prettily and effectively; a few English and a few German women of society, arrayed also for the steamer day (which is a Honolulu function), but lacking in the elusive distinction and that indefinable "last touch" that characterized the appearance of the American women—these leaned back languorously in their carriages and phaetons, under the shade of parasols, listening to the lazy, complimentary talk of the duck-clad, lei-enwreathed young business men who combined duty with pleasure in thus waiting for the great steamer to laboriously slip into her measured berth beside the pier. The usual groups of silent, expier. The usual groups of silent, expectant-eyed Kanaka men stood in the shade of the pier sheds, humble in attitude, chary of words, and yet not sulky—your ordinary Kanaka man is the sweetest-natured human animal in all this surly world. Some of the men wore shoulder leis (wreaths of flowers) over their labor-grimed hickory shirts. All of the Kanaka women (there were perhaps fifty in all at the dock) also wore leis in cross belt wise over their flowing white mother hub-bards. In truth, the flower wreaths were everywhere. Staid, middle-aged merchants among the whites wore them about their helmets and straw hats, and all of the white women in carriages had belts of Hawaiian exotics.

All of the Kanaka women were in All of the Kanaka women were in their bare feet. They stood about in little groups, as silent as the men of their race. There was no envy in the glances they directed toward the female occupants of the carriages, even if there may have been some wonder-ment over the lavishness of the American and European women's costumes. A few of the Kanaka women carried tiny brown babies—silent also. Positively, Kanaka babies do not cry. No mother of children will ever believe this until she has lived somewhere in

The Kanaka women, young and old, wore the flowing mother hubbard. The young women were of varying degrees of prettiness, even of beauty—the countenance of no Kanaka young woman is actually homely. The figure of no Kanaka young woman is ever anything but genuinely excellent—the forms of most of them are simply beautiful.

One of these Kanaka women at the dock on this brilliant January after-noon was as beautiful in face and form as an empress—in a way of primitive-ness, of course. She was clad like the rest of the women of her race. Yet she was stately, even in her bare Let she was stately, even in her bare feet—which were small and perfectly formed. She was fully five feet ten inches in height, and the white silk cord with which, unlike the other Kanaka women, she drew her white dress about her waist, emphasized the splendid herrie, proportions of her dress about her waist, emphasized the splendid, heroic proportions of her figure. Her glistening, raven-black hair hung straight down below her waist. Her features were of the aquiline, classic mold, her skin a dark olive, with a film of rose under her great black eyes. Kaomouna, who had been one of King David Kalakana's flower girls, was a woman such had been one of King David Kala-kaua's flower girls, was a woman such as many a young student, day-dream-ing in the quartier Latin, would have given worlds to see—famous painters did see her, and portray her.

Kaomouna, surpassingly beautiful, seemed quite unconscious of her

seemed quite unconscious of her beauty on this brilliant January after-noon. The young shipping clerks, hurrying to and fro on the dock, with their pencils behind their ears, stopped suddenly when they caught sight of her, and then stole off besight of her, and then stole off behind bales of goods, in order that they might observe her carefully, unobserved themselves. The women in the carriages who had not been long down from the States or from Europe, saw Kaomouna, and asked the women of longer Honolulu residence. "Who is that glorious creature?" Kaomouna is that glorious creature?" Kaomouna, with a very sad face, spoke only an occasional word to one of the Kanaka women. Her voice was a deep con-tralto, like the harmonious monotone

of palms and the sea, heard from a distance. The Australia was made fast to the

pier, and the passengers began to troop over the gangway. There was one man with his pretty young wife and three-year-old little girl. The little girl was the first to catch sight of Kaomouna as she reached the bottom of the gangway. She quickly freed her hand from the grasp of her father's and ran toward Kacmouna with baby words. Kaomouna smiled at the little girl, but did not offer to take her up. Instead, she folded her take her up. Instead, she folded her arms, looking down at the little pinkfaced child pleasantly. The child hung onto her skirts, and was thus found by her mother. When the mother had taken the little girl, she mother had taken the little girl, she raised her eyes to look at Kaomouna. She gave a start—as, indeed, all men and women did, who first gazed upon this woman, who had been King David Kalakana's flower girl.

"Did you ever in your whole life see such a perfectly beautiful woman?" asked the young wife of her husband in a whisper when he came up. "And Tita seemed to take to her immediately. If we could only have her for a nurse for Tita!"

Kaomouna heard her.
"Kaomouna would love to be that," she replied in a soft Kanaka-accented speech, smiling. Then a look of pain darted across her face. "But it may not be—it may not be—"and with her hands on her eyes Kaomouna turned suddenly and disappeared among the departing men and women of her

Three months later the parents of the little girl—they had come from the States to settle in Honolulu—were at the dock together to witness, for the first time, the saddest sight in this world—the departure of the lepers from the Island of Molokai. The Kilanea Hou, the leper steamer, was out in the stream, and the lepers were being carried out to her in barges. A litter was borne through the roped inclosure for the lepers. On it very old Kanaka woman, loathsome in the final stages of the disease. At the side of the litter walked Kan-mouna, still as beautiful as ever, with no tear in her eyes. Yet her face was no tear in her eyes. Yet her face was very sad. The parents of the little girl wondered. They spoke to an official of the Hawaiian board of health, who was busy in the task of embarking the

'Surely," they said, "she does not

lepers. "Surely," they san, accompany the lepers?"
"Who, Kaomouna?" replied the health official. "Oh, yes, she does, the health official. "Oh, yes, she does, the health official. but it is her own choice. Kaomou you know, has been secreting her mother, who, as you perceive is a leper in leprosy's advanced stage for a number of years. We always knew there was something mysterious about there was something mysterious about Kaon o una—that is, we have known it for one past five years. She had made queer visits to a palm hut far over in the Nunanu valley. Last week we followed her—we felt there was leprosy in it. We found her mother in the hut—Kaomouna had had her in hiding, trying to save her from Molekai ever since the disease from Molokai, ever since the disease became evident. Kaomouna is not infected in the least—she has been careful. But she elects to follow her mother to Molokai, and she will be a leper herself after a while. Extraor-dinary? Why, not at all! You do not understand the filial devotion of Kanaka women—men, too, for that matter. Such cases are common enough."

The parents of the little girl looked at each other. There were tears in the

mother's eyes.
"That is why she folded her arms and would not touch Tita!" she said.
"In this world of God, civilized or uncivilized, could there be anything more noble?"

All was ready, and the Kilauea Hou. with Kaomouna and her mother on board, slowly started down the harthe Kanakas on the dock setting up the weird, wild chant of which is always sung when the leper ship sails.

The Passion for Wealth.

No insanity is more complete than that which unreasonable craving for sudden wealth often produces. I great Duke of Marlborough used walk twenty furlongs through the rain and sleet in the middle of the night to add one English sixpence to his fortune of more than a million pounds ster-ling. A celebrated French miser picked bones out of the streets, gnawing them like a dog, while his income was over \$5000 francs a day. One of the most remarkable chapters in the early Dutch history is the reterence to the tulip mania. The impression was that fortunes were to be obtained was that fortunes were to be obtained in the trading in tulips. The bulbs were bought and sold by weight, each fraction of a pennyweight counted as carefully as jewel merchants count their diamonds. The trade of the nation was turned into this single channel and ordinary industries suffered almost complete paralysis. So high at length did the fever rise that over \$5000 was offered and refused for a single bulb. At last the bubble a single build. At last the bubble burst. Men once rich became poor, people of the middle class were reduced to pauperism, and Holland hardly recovered from the blow in a hundred years.—Detroit Free Press.

Someone tells a story of a judge who could not control his temper and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the court room, and at last the judge could only us it no long.

endure it no longer.

"It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed. "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There was a long silence; then one

of the leading counsel rose and with just a trace of a smile inquired: "If it please your honor, from what date will you. Bignation take effect?"—Youth's Companion.

LITTLE HAMPERED BY BLINDNESS.

Remarkable Things Done by a Sightless Man in the Hoosier State. John Walther, who lives within two miles of Clinton, Ind., has been blind from birth. Until he reached manhood John lived on the farm with his hood John lived on the farm with his father, and it was not uncommon to see him driving to the city with a load of corn, wheat or other farm produce. A piece of ground was given to him, and each year he would plant and cultivate a big garden, which he would market in Clinton and place the proceeds to his credit in the bank. He would buy horses, cattle and hogs. Even when a boy he was regarded as He would buy horses, cattle and hogs. Even when a boy he was regarded as a good trader. It is now a coccurrence for John to stop middle of the road and trade It is now a common with some jockey, and it is said that he is never worsted. He will go to any part of his father's large farm, unattended in search of a truant horse or cow, and his searches are usually successful. How he manages to distinguish the stock for which he is searching is a question which puzzles every body, and a mystery which the blind man himself cannot or does not ex-

When he decides to come to town when he decides to come to town he goes to the woods and, with apparently as little difficulty as a man blessed with two good eyes, selects his favorite horse from perhaps a dozen grazing He has each in the pasture. years made a hand in the harvest field, and the farmers regard him as one of the fastest and most reliable wheat "shockers" in the neighbors hood. It was three years ago during harvest that the blind man's brother became entangled in the machinery of a harvester and suffered a broken arm. As soon as the accident occurred John started on a run from the field to the barn and began hitching a team

to a spring wagon.

He worked rapidly, and when the men bore the injured man to the house the blind boy had the team hitched up, driven out in the road and ready to start with his brother to a doctor in this city. He drove almost at breakneck speed, made the turns of the streets after reaching the city, and brought his horses to a standstill in front of a doctor's office. After as-sisting the wounded brother up the stairway into the office he drew his watch, slid his index finger quickly around the dial, and, with a sigh, remarked. "Just half-past 10—I was

only twelve minutes driving to town.

There is no work on the farm the the blind man cannot do, and during idle times he builds and repairs fences. He can lay the "worm" for a rail fence as well as any man, and prides him-self on the rapid manner in which he gets along with the work. He built a plank fence along the gravel road in front of the Walther house. The line is perfectly straight, while the workmanship on the fence and gates is not excelled by many men who can see and who profess to be carpenters.

John Bright's Prophecy

Colonel Birch tells in a Plattsburg paper of the following conversation he had thirty years ago with Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, and its application to present conditions is such that we give it to the public. Every Missourian knows that Colonel Marmaduke, like his brother, was a decided Confederate, and during the war he was the bearer of despatches from Mr. Davis to Mr. Mason, who represented the Southern confederacy in England. Marmaduke says that one evening Mr. Mason said to him: "Mr. Marmaduke, John Bright is to make speech to night in the House of Company." a speech to-night in the House of Commons, and I think it would be to your pleasure and interest to go down to hear him." It will be remembered hear him." It will be remembered that at that day Mr. Bright was the most conspicuous figure in England. Marmaduke went, and during his speech Marmaduke says that Bright stopped, and changing his line of remarks, said: "Mr. Speaker, if our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic settle their civil war satisfactorily, and get back together in peace, in forty years there will not be a gun fired in the world without their con-sent." This statement at that day seemed preposterous, and no one but a man with Bright's comprehensive mind, could have dared to make such an assertion to go before the world. It has been but thirty-five years since Mr. Bright made that statement, and yet events have happened in the last few months which give to Mr. Bright's words the spirit of prophecy, and no one would now hesitate to reproduce it.—Kansas City Journal.

A Painter's Secret Vanished.

A Painter's Secret Vanished.

A fortune awaits the man who painted a station sign at Harper's Ferry on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad shortly after the completion of the line at that point. The Western Society of Engineers in Chicago has the sign on exhibition in its rooms in the Monadnock building.

The engineers are using every effort to ascertain who mixed the paint and applied it to the sign, which was placed in position at the Harper's Ferry station about 30 years ago. The summers' heat and winters' storms summers' heat and winters' storms have in no way dimmed the lustre of the paint used to make the words "Harper's Forry." The words stand out as boldly as the day they were formed by the artist's brush. The wood around the letters has been worn about one-sixteenth of an inch by sand beaten against it by fierce winds, but the letters have withstood the elements.

to that which was applied to the old sign, and if the person who mixed it is living and will take advantage of the secret he possesses as to its composition it is said he can, by engaging in the paint manufacturing business, soon ccumulate wealth.—Chicago News.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES

To Clean Moroe

Hold the leather as taut as possible and scour it briskly with a stiff brush dipped in soft soap and tepid water, to which has been added a few drops to which has been added a few drops of oxalic acid. Hang the leather over a line or chair back, and when dry cub over with a rag dipped in sweet oil.

For Cleaning Carpet on Floor. Dissolve one pound of best laundry soap in four gallons of hot water, add two ounces of sal-soda, one ounce of borax and one ounce of fuller's earth; mix thoroughly, then add four gallons of cold water and set aside. When

four ounces of ammonia. Put a pint or more on carpets, serub very lightly with common scrub brush; scrape off the suds with a rubber window-cleaner, that raises the rap, wipe as dry as possible with dry cloths. Do only a small place at a time and be sure your cleanings meet.

To Clean Black Silk.

When a thrifty Frenchwoman wishes to clean black silk she brushes it thor oughly and wipes it with a cloth.
Then, after it is free from dust, she
ays it flat on a board and sponges it
with hot coffee which has been strained through muslin and freed from sediment. The silk is sponged on the right side, allowed to become half dry and then ironed on the wrong

The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of the silk without giving it the shiny appearance or the crackly and papery stiffness which results from any other liquid liquid except ammonia and water, which last does not freshen the color and gloss of the silk as coffee does. The silk is much improved by the process, and the good effect is perma-

Silk should never be ironed with a not iron put directly on the silk. Always lay thin wrapping paper, such as is used by our best dry goods stores, over it, and iron through the

When stitching thin silk or, indeed, my goods flimsy enough to draw in the machine, lay paper over it also and stitch through. The paper will lear away easily along the line of perforations made by the needle.

The Care of Pictures.

It is necessary to take care of piccures hung upon the walls, as well as of everything else. Engravings, though carefully framed, become mildewed and rusty on the edges, though the house shows dampness in no other way. The fancy that any one can frame a picture is a mistake. Do not trust any one to frame a valuable engraving but some one who understands the business. Engravings should be hung in a strong light, because they are not injured by it as watercolors are. Watercolors, which we liable to fade, should be hung in a more darkened part of the room, due attention being first paid to their being hung where they will be seen to the best advantage. As a rule, wa-tercolors look better framed passepartout than any other way. Such frames should have a rough, creamy white mat of watercolor paper, about three or four inches wide, and should be bound with white. Photographs look well framed with-

out any mat to the edge of the picture and mounted in frames the color of the photograph. Photographs ordinarily fade, but the excellent English platinotypes and the carbon photographs are made so that they are nearly negraphed. nearly permanent, like engravings, the paper of which bleaches a little. All these pictures should be protected by glass. Oil paintings are not seen to advantage when they are protected in this way, and are only placed under glass under exceptional circumstances. Dust oil paintings with a feather dust-er, and about once a year, at house-eleaning time, wipe them off so carefully with a soft flannel rag wrung out in warm water that the varnish on the outside is not injured. Do not attempt to clean a valuable picture, out submit it to a person who under stands the business. - New York Trib-

Recipes.

Molasses Cookies -Two cups of mo asses, boiled and cooled, one of but-ter, four eggs, one tablespoonful of extract of ginger, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour for dough. Roll half an inch thick, bake in moderate oven.

Savory Eggs -Boil eggs hard, shell and split lengthwise. Remove the yolks and set the whites covered in the oven to keep warm. Rub the yolks through a sieve. Add salt, pepper and cream and a little minced chicken. Heap in the white shells, put a bit of butter over and brown in hot oven.

Coffee Sponge-Make an infusion with one-quarter of a pound of ground coffee, strain it through a cheesecloth bag; then dissolve three-quarters of a pound of sugar in one pint of cream, add this to the yolks of six eggs, then put in the coffee and shake until of the consistency of lemon sponge. This may be piled high upon a dish, and makes a most attractive and delicious dish.

Creamed Onions - Peel one quart of medium-sized white onions, place them in a saucepan, cover with boil-ing water, add one teaspoonful of su-gar, boil till nearly done; add one tea-spoonful of salt, boil a few minutes longer, then drain them in a colander, In the meantime melt one ounce of butter, add one-half tablespoonful of flour, stir and cook two minutes; add one-half pint of hot milk, cook two minutes; season with one-quarter tea-spoonful of white pepper and a sprin-kle of salt; put the onions in a hot dish, and pour the sauce over it. Hardships of Army Life.

From the Press, Milroy, Ind.
One of the first to offer their services for
the country in the Civil War was A. R. Sefthe country in the Civil War was A. R. Seftton, of Milroy, Rush Co., Ind. He made a
good record. The life of every soldier is a
hard one, and Mr. Sefton's case was no exbeption. "We were in Tennessee, penned
in on all sides. Our rations were very
searce, said he, "and we had begun to go
on quarter allowance, and as the rain was
not enough to replenish the wells or streams,
our canteens went empty. We were hurried on, and the only way to quench our
thirst was to go down on our hands and
knees and drink from the hoof tracks made
by the horses.



Our Canteens Were Empty.

"Some of us were taken sick from the effects of this. I was hid up several weeks in a field hospital from fever. From that time I was always afflicted moro or less.

"About four years ago I became much worse. Our family doctor seemed puzzled over my case, and it began to look as if there was no hope for my recovery, and that the inevitable end was near.

"Last November I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis. The physicians said they were an excellent medicine, but would do no good in my case. But I tried them, and am glad I did, for I became better at once. Eight bores taken according to directions cured me. I used the last of the pills about a year ago, and have not been troubled with my allments sinee."

The power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis for Pale People in the vast number of diseases due to impure or poisoned blood has been demonstrated in thousands of in-

eases due to impure or poisoned blood has been demonstrated in thousands of in-stances as remarkable as the one related above.

World's annual coffee production is 1,-600,000,000 pounds.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Adv

Little Girl Caused a Delay

The President's visit to the Omaha Exposition was the cause of a pretty bit of by-play. While Mr. McKinley was passing through the buildings the immense crowd was lined up on either side, and super-abundant enthusiasm was restrained—as usual—by ropes. But there was one who was not to be kept back, As the Chief Executive of the Nation entered the Manufactures Building a little girl, with tawny hair, slipped under the ropes, and before the vigilant arm of a burly policeman could obey the warning of his more vigilant eye she had gripped the Presi-

rigilant eye she had gripped the Presidential coat-tails.

"Please, Mr. McKinley," said a small voice with a childish lisp, "Please, Mr. McKinley, won't you wear my rose in your buttonhole?"

The President paused, smiling. "Certainly, my dear," he said. "We'll exchange." Taking from the lapel of his coat the red carnation that he

exchange." Taking from the lape his coat the red carnation that always wears, he gave it to the little girl and put the rose in its place. Then, and not until then, was the

long procession of Cabinet Ministers, diplomats, Governors, Senators and soldiers allowed to pass on, wondering what could have been the cause of this delay.-Philadelphia Press.

The Anti-Germ Barber Shops. Even barbering is becoming scientific. The germ theory now comes to the aid of a man who is getting his chin reaped or his hair cut.

Chicago barbers are introducing "antiseptic shaves" and "sterilized razors" and "hygienic" brushes. In razors" and "hygienic" brushes. In many of the first-class shops all the towels, shears, razors, combs and towels, shears, razors, combs and brushes used on a customer are subjected first to a bath in an antiseptic fluid. The operator likewise washes his hands in a solution warranted to destroy germs. Every customer is furnished with a separate cup, which is kept for his individual use. It is claimed that by this method

infection is impossible. Under the old system germs throve and were transmitted from face to face by the barber's tools.—Chicago Inter-Ocean,

An Elizabethan Letter.

I have sent the a lette provision agen this time, but I cold wish it were much beter. Ther is a goose pye, a netes tounge pye, and a mutton pastic for standers for thy table this Crismas, for a nede, I knowe they will last tell twelftide, for they are now newe hared. I have sent the a goose and baked. I have sent the a goose and ij capens alive for feare they wold not last tell ye holy daies if they had been killed, but I wish the to kill them fon Saterday at ye furdest lest they growe worse. * * * I prethe doe so much as bestoe for me vid or viijd in sume oringes or lemons or ij pouns siterns and sende them downe nowe by Hale * * * and so with my by Hale * * and so with my best wishes to thee and Kitt I rest, Thy Morten, S. D. —Antiquities and Curiosities of the

Hawail's Liabilities and Assets The total liabilities of the Republic of Hawaii are \$3,914,608.35, while its of Hawaii are \$3,914,608.35, while its assets as represented in Government lands, which include the old crown lands; harbor improvements, water works, public buildings and cash in hand, are about double that amount. Hawaii is not a pauper country. It is probably wealthier in resources developed and undeveloped than any locality in the United States, and, instead of being a drag and expense on the United States, it is well able to take financial care of herself and will pay its just proportion of the counpay its just proportion of the country's expense and thereby enrich rather than (as some would make it appear) impoverish the home Government by just that much.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.