Taken Hold.

We can wake up from sleep and find that we can use St. Jacobs Oil and go to sleep and wake up and find ourselves pletely cured.

An advance of \$2 per ton for wire and ire nails was announced at Cleveland,

Beauty Is Blood Deep

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

The last Arkansas cotton crop is the largest ever raised in the State.

How's This ?

How's This ? We offer One Hundred Dollar: Reward for any care of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-ney ior the last 16 years, and believe him per-fectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obliga-tion m-de by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Oh O.

Ob o. Oh o. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken initernally, act-ing directly upon the blood and nuccus sur-faces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are said to be more Presbyterians in Pennsylvania than in any other State,

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day, In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys, Cures sick head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

By a recent judicial decision the Chinese can be barred from Hawaii.

That Pimple

On Your Face is There to Warn You of Impure Blood.

Painful consequences may follow a neg-lect of this warning. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure all humors and eruptions, and make you feel better in every way. It will warm, nourish, strengthen and invigorate your whole body and prevent serious illness.

Hood's Sarsaparilla merica's Greatest Medicin

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

Force of Habit.

A trick of habit to be noticed in. have returned volunteer soldiers was publicly observed at the horse show the other day. An exhibitor, who was an officer and did good work in Cuba, was approached by his groom his groom to receive orders. The orders given, up flew the hand of the groom to his hat. But, to the astonishment of every one around, up also flew the hand of the ex-soldier to his hat, and the groom's gesture was responded to with a military salute. In a moment the smile of the ex-officer showed that the smile of the ex-officer snowed the he realized what a victim of habit he had become, but the first impulse ap-the he irresistible. "The fact peared to be irresistible. "The fact is," commented another ex-soldier, "it will be some time before any of get over the habit of returning a inte. Thanks to those long months us salute. of practice, it has become a kind of second nature."-New York Evening Sun.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Firs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-Before tak ing your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others.

Ars. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Aulberry t., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the ocal physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suf-fered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short ADMIRAL DEATH.

Boys, are ye calling a toast tonight? (Hear what the sea-wind saith) Fill for a bumper strong and bright, And here's to Admiral Death ! He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat, He's fought in a hundred kinds o' coat, He's the senior flag of ail that ficat, And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free ? (Hear what the sea-wind saith) The rules o' the service are but three When ye fail with Admiral Death, Steady your hand in time o' squalls, Stand to the last by him that falls, And answer clear to the voice that calls, "Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest? (Hear what the sea-wind saith) By the glint o' the stars that cover him benat. Ye may find Admiral Death. By the forehead grim with an ancient scar, By the voice that rolls like thunder far, By the toderest eyes of all that are, Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before? (Hear what the sea-wind saith) Their bones are white by many a shore, They sleep with Admiral Death. Oh! but they loved him, young and old. For he left the laggard, and took the bold, And the fight was fought, and the story told.

told, And they sleep with Admiral Death. —Henry Newbolt.

HOW HE DIED. An Episode From the Soudan.

He had lived in an infant village of Scotland, lying in the bosom of the hills, wrapped in green trees, and soothed by the prattle of a fussy brook soothed by the prattle of a fussy brook and the weird singings and sighings of nature. He had lived in the peace of solitude, with the mountains for his great shaggy playfellows, and he scrambled among their great beards, the forests, like a little flea. The burn was his bath, and he and his companions would run around it like young white deer—diving like white young white deer-diving like white arrows into the water, or framing clear mirror like a group of beautiful nade angels whose wings were at the washing. Here his memory was used

Such was his nursery—the humming of bees, the singing of birds, the murbut bees, the singing of birds, the mur-muring brooks, the fanning of green branches—the nursery of life; far away from the humming of bullets, the blare of trumpets, the rolling of drums—the nursery of death.

Now he was dying. The dying have good memories. Death's door is a mirror. He had worked on the little farm with his elder brother. His name was John-no, it was "Jock." He had worked there till he was 20. He rose at 5 in the morning and yoked "Bess," the old mare, into the plow. "Bess," the old mare, into the plow. They plowed together for two hours. One of "Bess" eyes was blind—the left one. They had breakfast at 8, and Jock asked the blessing: "We and Jock asked the blessing: "We thank T¹) O Father, for giving us our daily Bread." That was all. He remembered it, every word. He wondered if Jock asked the blessing yet. He had a letter in his pocket from his mother and Jock. Neither of them could write, so the minister had had spoken it all—he knew her in every word—except that bit at the end telling how old Tom, the dog, had got broken in the act of hanging Bess' tail. That was Jock's hanging on to Bess' tail. contribution. These terrible flies. He couldn't turn round either. Some-thing wrong with his back. He couldn't feel anything. He seemed to be resting on air, and the air hurt him.

He was lying beside a rock. It was black-smooth-hard. It gleamed with the many colors of an opal when the sun struck it. The sun was going down. It seemed to be hot with its day's work. It buried its red face in the sand. How silent everything was! It was like the kirk on the Sabbath. It was like the kirk on the Sabbath. How large the rock was when he lay at its feet! Like ife. He had never thought it so large when he walked about it four hours ago. Like life again. He had walked about it on his feet. How strange to walk on one's feet! one's feet!

Where were the soldiers-his mates? Were they all killed? He was alive, but dying. His heart throbbed too fast. How still everything was; no humming in the air, or yelling of the black white-clad devils, or oaths, or squirtings of blood-nothing but silence. Could he turn his head? He could, but something like hot water trickled over his brow. There was a dead black Arab about two yards away—a ghastly bunch of mortality. How black he was! "Jock" had never seen a black man. His eyes were staring at him like balls of glass. What were they staring at him for? His teeth were clenched, and his right hand held a spear. The spear point was red. One dark leg was drawn up. He looked like a waxwork figure blown over by the wind. When did he leave home? Tw years ago-two years ago-two years ago. Something in his ears seemed to ago. Something in his ears seemed to draw out the words like elastic and ring them like bells. What was he thinking of? His memory seemed to faint and then recover. Two years since then? Was that all? He remembered that morning very well. A bonnie morning. The birds were singing and the burn murmuring now to itself. It would be murmuring now Jock would be in bed by this The great mountains were clothed in The great mountains were clothed in purple—crimson thrones. The sheep dotted them with white spots, and they were very lonesome. He had his red coat on, and his sword and all; but he cried as he went over the brae. He remembered it very well. "S'long, Jock," he had said, but they never shock h nds. "S'long, Dick," said Jock, and combed down the mare. mare.

mother." His mother "S'long. was making Jock's porridge-stirring it on the fire. Tom, the cat, squirmed in and out and around his legs, his tail in air, as though he was drunk. Oh, God! Oh,

Oh, God! Fover followed him up the brae. Rover was his collie, his dog. They had worked together many a morning up on the hills. He had shared his breakfast many a time. That nigger's eyes—how they stared. Rover stared at him like that. "Hame!" he cried. "Hame wi'ye, Rover!" The dog looked at him with surprised eyes, but did not budge. "Hame, Rover!" The dog whined, but did not move. He took up a stone and flung it at the dog. It struck it. He cowered under the blow. "Hame, Rover!" he cried dog. It struck it. He cowered under the blow. "Hame, Rover!" he cried steruly, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The dog ran back a little way, faced about, plumped down on the heather and watched him. When he turned at the top of the brae and A brown fly was standing on the black rock about a foot from his face.

It stood very still. It might have been painted. He watched it intently, Its wings were like glistening armor. Its feet and legs were bright red. had been wading in blood. Wou had been waiting in blood. Would in never go? He could not raise his hand to brush it away. He blew it with his breath—gasping—but it did not budge. Suddenly it started away. Was the world dead that everything was so hushed? Something howled years for away—a dog nerhans. How

very far away—a dog, perhaps. How beautiful the desert was—like a great beach with the ocean rolled away out of sight. A golden floor, like the floor of heaven. But one did not die in heaven. A star glimmered very far away, like a shimmering jewel in a deep blue evening robe. The moon rose up to the roof of the world like a

yellow Chinese lantern. Why was he lying here? How had it happened? Then he rememberedthe regiment standing in the san ly desert waiting for the rush. How strange it all was. The silence was terrible. A man behind him be-gan to laugh. Another swore oaths in a low voice. Another said: "Got a baccy, mate?" Then, from b hind the rocks, a long row of white smoke puffs curled up, like smoke from gigantic pipes. Red tongues spit at them. The air hummed and whistled. A man's hat went off. A bayonet fell with a jingle, and a man sat down upon the sand with a scared white face, fiddling with the buttons of his coat. Somebody began to moan. The captain said: "Steady,

on his coat. Someoody began to moan. The captain said: "Steady, men. Take the beggars low down." Then the great dark wave, white-crested, came racing across the yellow beach. It broke upon the red rock fierce, angry faces, blazing eyes, white teeth, big flapping feet. He set his teeth and drove his bayonet in a big black body. How soft it was. It squirmed on the end of it like a fly on

the end of a pin. - Then the blow came-a terrible It seemed to lift him into the shock. air and fing him backward. Some-thing stopped his ears. The reeling black and red figures flashed downward.

ward. Now he was lying beside the rock. How strange he felt! That dead sol-dier—how white his face was! A little hole in his forehead—a little red pea. Life hed leared through that Whete Life had leaped through that. What a Life had leaped through that. What a small thing it was! Who was moan-ing for water? Was it he, or some one behind him? He could not tell. It was getting cold. The stars were all watching him. The beautiful de-sert. That was Rover howling. He was very near. How loud the howling was! Death's watchdogs. He was near death's house.

"S'long, Jock." How dizzy he felt. He could not see very well. "S'long, mother." A black mist rushed over the sand.

head tumbled backward as His though a prop had been suddenly re-moved. The diamond eyes turned into glass of a pale blue and green

Extract from the newspapers-the soldier's epitaph. "Killed in the Sondan: Richard McDonald, aged 22."

Chances of the College Graduate

"Appleton's Cyclopædia of Ameri-can Biography" contains, in round figures, 15,000 names. Of that number a few over 5000 are the names of col-lege graduates, and 10,000 approximately are the names of those who are not college graduates. It is extreme-ly difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of college graduates who have lived in our coun try since the beginning of our history. Suppose we adopt the usual estimate of 150,000. Five thousand of these have done such work as to deserve rec sent out by the colleges and univer-sities has reached some distinction. This proportion seems pitifully small, and our case seems already lost. But let us put over against these col-lege graduates those who are not graduate As the male population of the United States grows up and passes through the age of college education, a little more than 1 per cent, actually gradu-ates from colleges and universities — for ease in calculation, let us call it 1 per cent. Then, if we count the grad-uates in our country since the begin-ning of our history at 150,000, the non-graduate males of graduate age number 15,000,000. Of this vast mul-titude only 10,000 have done such titude only 10,000 have done such work as merits recognition in an ency-clopzedia of biography. Only one in every 1500 of the non-graduates has attained distinction, while one in every 30 of the college graduates That is to say, the equally fortunate. boy who takes time to prepare him-self for his work by submitting himself to the discipline furnished by the college or university increases his chances of success fiftyfold.—Professor John Carleton Jones, in The Forum,

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT. ************************ naments in Millinery.

High coloring in millinery is fur-ther enlivened by conspicuous orna-ments in novel and unique devices. First of all are heraldic designs, old Greek and Roman buckles, and war-like weapons of various shapes, set with gems that are in all tints and more or less valuable. There are handsome opal pins in circles of French brilliants and medals and French brilliants and medals and cameo medallions linked together with glittering paste clasps, not to mention immense jeweled dragon flies, butter-flies and tiny reptile designs, in real gold or French enamel, bronze, jet, emerald stones, rubies and cut steel, the remee of or memoration extending the range of ornamentation extending from hay rakes and harpoons to crowns and coronets, from a pearl sand-piper to an owl with onyx beak and diamond eyes.

Failures of Business Women

It is estimated that the total num ber of business women in England who failed during 1897 is 422, being a decrease of 17 as compared with 1896. The largest number of failures occurred among widows, and the num ber of spinsters and widows who failed under receiving orders is practically identical with the failures in the same classes under deeds of arrange-A table which has been com ment shows the various trades an piled occupations in which the women who failed were engaged. Among these 54 were in the grocery trade, 34 were milliners and dressmakers, another 34 were drapers and haberdashers, 27 mere ledging house, house, 14 were lodging-house keepers, 14 were fishmongers and poulterers and two were cycle makers. The total liabil-ities were \$1,546,186 and the assets

A Curiosity in Motives.

\$625.000.

The motives for which women marry are as numerous as the sands of the sea, or-as the women. Our easy as supption is that each one of every engaged couple is "in love" with the That is, the parties are 'other one. drawn together by some mysterious psychic attraction, more or less strong. In truth, this inner personal attraction is not always present, either in both parties to an engagement or even with one of the pair. Accident. propinquity, trifling circumstances, social or family pressure, some slight airy nothing decides the question between marriage or no marriage for the woman, so slight that it is as if women vere always waiting on the brink this new experience and a very light touch caused them to fall into, or wan der into, or drift into it, according to their several temperaments.-Har per's Bazar.

The Contest of the Cortet.

The seemingly endless discussion concerning the merits or demerits of wearing corsets finds occasionally queer modes of illustration. It was at the North London Collegiate School for Girls that there was recently held a contest between wearers of corsets and non-wearers of corsets that was interesting in the extreme, to say the least. No men were admitted to view the exercises. There had been many a discussion

between the advocates and the de-tractors of the close fitting garment. It was finally decided to settle the settle the matter by a practical exhibition. The wearers of corsets accepted a challenge from the non-wearers to cope with them in any form of exercise sug-

gested. Sixteen girls were selected on either side. In all fairness it should be told that of the 16 who affected corsets there was none conspicuous for an abnormally small waist. The first trial was at leaping. Neither side scored an appreciable advantage. The average leap of the corset wearers was 3 feet 7 inches, while the ab-tainers made an accorace of 2 feet stainers made an average of 3 feet 6 1-11 inches. Then came the long leap, in which the corset champions cleared 9 feet 1 1-4 inches and their rivals 9 feet 4-11 inches. Among the non-corset wearers, however, was one girl who outstripped them all with a

all the girls had trained hard for the tug-of-war. The 16 who never wore the waist embracers easily had

had produced the anemia that was the direct cause of the disorder of the heart for which she had lately been treated. The warning should be taken to heart; while exercise and judicious care in diet can do a great deal toward keeping down superfluous flesh, the starving treatment is very dangerous, and any sort of dieting should only be undertaken with medical supervision, not in the first place, but throughout its course.

The unfortunate empress, like Queen Elizabeth, forbade her portrait to be taken when she had passed her to be taken when she had passed her bloom. Tradition says that Elizabeth, for many years before her death, re-fused to look in a mirror, but she had the responsibilities of a queen regent and could not seclude herself as she aged from the eyes of her courtiers as the modern monarch did. It is a curious example of the irony of fate that the most hideous portrait ever produced of Queen Elizabeth is one of the few that may now be seen in the National Portrait Gallery, not-withstanding that she ordered the abwithstanding that she ordered the ab-solute destruction of every reproduc-tion of it. It appears in the form of a coin, showing her very aged and perfectly hideous, with a "nut-crack-er" nose and chin, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The only example of the coin, I believe, is the specimen now on show in that most prominent position. The Lmpress Elizabeth was under no obligation to appear on was under no obligation to appear on ordinary coins, and on the few medals and orders on which she appears medals in company with the en youthful portrait is always to the emperor a Growing old is hard on all of us, no doubt, but to the beauty it is a ter-rible tragedy. — Illustrated London News.

What the Scientific Baby Misses What the Scientific Baby Misses. The baby dressed and fed and aired and trained on scientific principles does not have the easiest life in the world. Of course he grows strong and has no nerves and no aggressive bodily sensations of any kind, and when he is older and has to sympa-thize with dyspeptics and bear with nervous folk he is thankful that he was brought up on sterilized milk and was brought up on sterilized milk and cradled in a canvas cot. But the sci-entificly nurtured baby misses lots of fun. He does not know the joy of having doting aunties and scho -girl friends of his mother chuck him under the chin, count his toes, curl his hair and squeeze him with affectionate cruelty. He is ignorant of the pleasures of a downy nest in which he can snuggle his little backbone out of aha shape, acquire round shoulders and other things that come from soft pil-lows and eiderdowns. He does not know how nice it is to be rocked to and fro by the hour in a cradle all blazoned over with cupids and roses and doves, and he would probably grin a toothless grin of incredulity if told about crib draperies or carriage parasols dangling with lace and rib-bon. But perhaps the most amusing custom the scientific baby has never been introduced to is the time-hon-ored one of waking up the household because he happens to be restless or cross or lonely. If the new baby at-tempts this way of attracting atten-tion to himself nothing of any special importance happens. Being a very healthy baby and not a fussy one he objects to wasting his energy and with objects to wasting his energy and with infantile philosophy refrains from re-peating the performance. That is the difference between his attempts at playing the tyrant and those of the eld time here. In junction to the old old-time baby. In justice to the old baby it should be said that the new baby does not care especially for com-panionship when he wakes up at night. His yearning for society is not catered to, and consequently not welldeveloped. He is not "entertained' during the day, and so does not long for the antics of his elders to while away the long hours of night. Night lights for him to blink at, lullables to listen to, and rocking-chairs to upset his nerves are all unknown to the Spartan scientific baby.—New York Post. Fashion Notes. A black fichu with gauze scarfs fall-ing at the back or front gives an air

Warmtiz and Strength. The cold of winter certainly aggravates

rheumatism, and at all seasons St. Jacobs Oil is its master cure. It imparts warmth and strength to the muscles, and cures.

An Iowa Judge has decided that the life insurance of a voluntary bankrupt is an asset.

To Florida Resorts.

To Florida Resorts. The Plant System reaches the finest re-sorts in Florida, Cuba, Jamaica and Porto Rico. Tickets by both rail and water from the East. Tri-weekly steamship service be-iween Port Tampa, Key West and Havana Beautifuly illustrated literature. maps, rates, etc., upon application to J. J. Farns-worth, Eastern Pass. Agent, Plant System, 261 Broadway, New York.

Kenosha, Wis., is to have a new library building, being the gift of the Mayor.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forer, be mag-netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak mea strong. All druggists, 50 or 81. Cure guaran-teed Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

A street in New York City, now in course of construction, will be named Dewey ave

What Do the Children Drink

What Do the Children Drink ? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GnAN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more fealth you distribute through their sys-ters. GNAN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about χ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c, and 25c.

he Lincoln monument at Springfield, , is decaying and is in need of repairs.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Spain has been notified not to send any nore criminals to Cubn.

The Thing to Do.

When the Sciatic nerve gives its worst torment in the shape of Sciatica, the one thing to do is to use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and feel sure of a cure.

Auto-trucks can be run twenty-five miles on one charge of air.

Coughs Lead to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and go: a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

An order was recently placed with a com-pany for 250 auto-trucks. No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. makes weak nen strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

There were two banks in New York City in 1800.

Hoxsic's Croup Cure Acts directly on the delicate tissues of the throat and prevents the formation of the white membrane as in diphtheria. 50 cents. Chicago has 648 churches, and Philadel-phia has more than 600.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All ruggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. A great exhibit of American automobiles will be seen at the Paris Exposition.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25a If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

Pure running water is met with every-there in Porto Rico.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer knocks Colds.-John DARGANELL, 444 Fargo Ave., Buffale, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1808. 25c. a bottle. The 29,000 German Baptists in the United States gave last year \$62,000 to missions.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. --Mrs. ALLIE DOUG-LASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

There was no postoffice in New York City until 1775.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c, a bottle

There are 125 Bishops of the Church of England distributed over the world.

Educate Your Boweis With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C fail. druggists refund money

Calhoun County, Illinois, has not had a bankfor over half a century.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

The dreariest thing is wasted love.

The dreariest thing is wasted love. A man doesn't begin to love till his passion becomes of age. The more a woman studies finance the surer she is that nothing makes a

thing so clear as a pattern. Probably Cupid's success is due to

the fact that he has only one string to

If there were no such thing as love,

there would be no such thing as music

to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes :

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstrua-tion, leucorrhoza and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought ute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."





ant. Palatable. Potent, Taste Good. Do lever Sicken. Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drugan advantage over their sisters, who were twice dragged over the line. On greater its vogue.

the season

the program there was also an endurance run, in which it was shown that the corset girls had an advantage in the matter of respiration rates In the way of pulse rates the other side scored. The breathing capacity furnished a good test and the corset wearers were found to have had their capacities diminished by 0.8 cubic inches. On the other hand, after the hard run the other hand, after the hard run the abstainers' breathing capacity was found to have increased 4.4 cubic inches. The test did not definitely decide

the question, but it gave the young women a novelty, with plenty of fun thrown in.—New York Herald.

An Empress' Vanity

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, like her namesake of Eng-land, was sensitive about her personal appearance, and regretted the ravages of time to more than the ordinary de gree. Her passion for violent riding and long, very quick walks was con-nected with her great dread of becom-ing stout. She had brought on her recent ill-health by the rigidity with which he diated howsaft in order to which she dieted herself in order to which she dieted herself in order to avoid adding to her weight. Although she was rather tall she made a point of weighing less than 100 pounds, and would practically starve herself for some time if she turned the scale of the weighing machine that always stood in her bedroom at anything be-yond that figure. This in her case

The long lace barbs which have been stored away in the treasure box for years may be brought out once more and used for a necktie. They are long enough to tie in the fashionable manner and it hardly matters what kind of lace they are, since every thing in the way of lace is worn.

to the evening dress otherwise of color that is very pretty and appropriate to

There is an increase in the wearing

A little close-tied bow of mirror velvet, with flaring ends, is one of the ver, with ming entry, is one of the pretty touches on the new gowns. It is fastened with a jewelled buckle on the lower' edge of the collar band, directly in front, without any regard to the color of the material of which the back is made and is a lower in the band is made, and is always in some contrasting color.

Demi-trained princesse dresses are Demi-trained princesse dresses are in great vogue. These are of white or pink India silk, Marie Antoinette satin, faille in plain colors, or striped with cheuille or velvet, silk-dotted Henrietta cloth or drap d'ete with velvet accessories matching the color of the tiny dot. These gowns are new, craceful and very becoming graceful and very becoming.

The prettiest gown for a bridesmaid is one of dotted muslin made up over pale yellow silk. The skirt really pale yellow silk. The skirt really consists of 17 narrow frills, each edge with two rows of white satin baby ribbon. A pointed yoke is at the top of the skirt, while the bodice has a believ of frills with an upper portion of tucks. The hat may be of yellow straw trimmed with white chiffon and wings. Such a gown is not necessarily expensive and may be made at home.

in the world.

his bow.

Whenever you see a self-made man you can be pretty sure it's more than half some woman's fault.

No man achieves success as long as he is a contradiction to himself, or as long as he is not a contradiction to a man

There are two women in the average man's life—the woman he wants to marry and the woman he wishes he marry and the wanted to marry.

When a woman resolves to spread sunshine and happiness around her she begins by carrying a sad, wistful look in her eyes and talking in a low, mournful voice.—New York Press.

Great Author, But Poor Speller.

trian interesting to perceive how lively a power of observation and ex-pression, what a degree of maturity, alike in intelligence, character and reading, Robert Louis Stevenson at eighteen or nineteen already pos-sessed. In one particular, it must be confessed, uamely, in spelling, he shows himself remarkably boyish. But Stevenson in truth never learnt to spell quite in a grown-up manner; and for this master of English letters a catarrh was apt to be a "cattarrh," and a neighbor a "nieghbor," and literature "litterature" to the end. To literature "literature" to the end. To reproduce all these trips and slips in print would be mere pedantry; and the normal orthography has been adopted in his letters, except where he himself is aware of his difficulties and laughs over them.—Scribner's Magazine.