

Mayor Swift says that the "streets of Chicago are a disgrace to a civilized community."

Twenty million dollars were left behind him by the Shah, who had grown avaricious of late years.

The Galveston (Texas) News thinks that the desperado is not altogether bad. He sometimes kills some other desperado.

The Library Committee of Hull, England, has decided not to buy the Poet Laureate's works, as "there is no demand for that class of literature."

Utah enters the arena of States with an annual gold production of \$9,000,000, and a prospect that the yield will increase for an indefinite number of years.

According to the Statesman's Year Book for 1896, Queen Victoria reigns over 382,612,448 people, and the young Emperor of China over 492,580,000 people.

The benefited clergy of the Church of England are not happy. The salaries of a large number of them have been cut down, and in many cases as much as fifty per cent.

In the official language of the Police Department of New York City, by order of Commissioner Roosevelt, men will wear trousers instead of "pants," and will "spit," rather than expectorate.

It is now said that the great uprising of Matabeles in South Africa was a faked up affair, whose object was to get a considerable body of British troops within striking distance of the Transvaal.

The Chicago real estate men say that the falling off of the population of the city, shown by the recent census, is confirmed by the real estate market. Many houses are vacant, and rents have fallen off largely since the world's fair.

Heretofore the bicycle has not been held up as an effective agent in the cause of mercy, but Western news-people now, with a vague, indefinite and inadequate idea, as there are committees, commissions and special sub-bodies of legislative organizations without number; but in this instance there will be, I believe, no special difficulty in reaching the conclusion that "The Committee of the Senate" is the one called into existence to investigate the reports of the 700 women practicing medicine in the empire, besides a large number of others who occupy medical positions in hospitals and institutions, factories and Government establishments. This is in lightest Russia, which does not seem to be so very far behind the age.

Andrew D. White quotes statistics to show that in no land is the right to live so trampled upon by the privileged class of criminals as in America, and that crime increases in proportion more than the population. The homicides in 1882 in this country numbered 3567. In 1895 they numbered 5,500. The executions in these years averaged respectively one in forty-five convictions and one in seventy-four convictions. He said if the murderers for the last six years were in prison there would be 40,000 of them. The eleventh census shows that there are but 7351 in prison. Mr. White bitterly denounces the sympathy expressed for criminals, instancing a recent case where 3000 people followed the body of the murderer to the grave and \$600 was spent in floral offerings. Mr. White attributes this increase in crime largely to the "careless, culpable and criminal exercise of pardons" by the Governors of various States. Mr. White assigns the widespread criminal education of children by means of dime novels, sensational newspapers, posters and melodramas as a particular cause for increase in crime, as well as the fact that young and old are confined together in the prisons. He suggests as remedies attention to simple elementary moral instruction in schools, cleaner journalism, remodeling of prisons, laws against vicious books and pamphlets and laws providing for habitual criminals. He also advocates the passing of laws for speedier punishment, and that State courts should sit frequently to receive statements regarding change or mitigation of punishment.

Poor, Weak Woman. Talk about "poor, weak woman!" There's Miss Helen Gould stopping a \$30,000,000 elevated railroad deal with a nod of her pretty head.—Philadelphia Press.

A FAMILY STORY

A SHERIFF'S ATTACHMENT.



ANIEL RHODES was the High Sheriff of County, Massachusetts, and his good name, inherited from the father and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man.

Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often, but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth. (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least), which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; "some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all, nobody ever thought that Mr. Rhodes had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him, too," said Anna. "Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said Aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton; "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during services in church, he was about to make proposals before the congregation, as he kept his eyes continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was as fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when, by any means, she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna, partly to her aunt, and partly to Mrs. Wilton, "the Probers' wife to address by Philadelphia was a conspicuous person in it, and of his infirmities."

"Med, and Aunt Arabella nius of it," said that no lady should consider her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once, when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together, then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes's single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look in church, who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding toward her aunt.

"No," said Aunt A, with a hearty smile; "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass,' ever to be looking over Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes."

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the Sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling-house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall, he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities; and when he reached the door, he had coned his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door—Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the subject of his visit; so he offered, by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan; "but yet, cold as the weather has been and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coldness, that Nature will have her own way, and, in time, assert her prerogative, late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased," said Miss Morgan, "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly toward the bush on which three roses were clustering in most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an attachment."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I felt that too much time already elapsed; that, indeed, instead of intrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes? the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was any deficiency in the value of this property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I, nevertheless," said Mr. R., "mean to speak very plainly when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my profession, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the attachment."

"I was," said Miss Morgan, "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid it was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes."

"Am I, then, to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you?" In other words, that it is accepted?"

"Mr. Rhodes," said the lady, with much hesitation, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she; "say next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is everything. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject which you are pleased to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract."

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purposes toward Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent.

That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling, she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse, and was readmitted to the little back parlor, which she had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have considered all the circumstances of my situation and yours, and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself, when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will

have that word used in this matter, is all on your side." "Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years (she added, casting a glance at a looking-glass that showed only matured womanhood), to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! May I not hope you mean that you will accept it!" Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand, at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes; "having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan; "only ten days; you seem to be in a haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative." "You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan." "But why limit us to ten days?" "The attachment requires it."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly toward the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your name, and this property."

"Is the disputed possession," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?"

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So, Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now, as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ! you see—look at it, if you please—for want thereof take the body."

"But Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released."

"Not at all; you are required only to fulfill the promise, just as you intended when you made it. And as to the attachment for the widow's property, I'll serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate, was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And Aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had, she did not think she should violate it.

Royal Revenues.

The Royal Family of England costs the British Government in round numbers \$3,000,000 annually. Of this sum the Queen receives nearly \$2,000,000 a year, besides the revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to a quarter of a million. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives \$100,000 a year for his services and expenses, and the Prince of Wales \$200,000 a year. The President of France receives \$240,000 a year for salary and expenses, an enormous salary when it is remembered that the Republic is sweating under a stupendous National debt of over \$6,000,000,000—the largest debt ever incurred by any Nation in the world. Italy can have 10,000 men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her King \$2,000,000 a year. The civil list of the German Emperor is about \$4,000,000 a year, besides large revenues from vast estates belonging to the Royal Family. The Czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land, and enjoys an income of \$12,000,000. The King of Spain, little Alfonso XIII, if he is of a saving disposition, will be one of the richest sovereigns in Europe when he comes of age. The State allows him \$1,400,000 a year, with an additional \$600,000 for family expenses. We are said to be the richest Nation on earth, yet our President's salary is only \$50,000 a year. It was only \$25,000 from 1789 to 1873—Grant's second term.—Atlanta Constitution.

Condemned Cannon.

"There are hundreds of cannon made by the Government each year for the express purpose of being condemned," said an ordinance officer of the War Department. "Every session Congress passes a number of resolutions donating condemned cannon to army posts, battlefields and soldier monument associations. The supply of condemned cannon from the war ran out twenty years ago, but the donations kept on and kept on. When one locality, town or county got condemned cannon the others in the same or adjoining State wanted the same honor, and the Representatives and Senators had to grant it. Then arose the practice of making cannon, scratching them up a little and condemning them expressly to fill the donations ordered by Congress. During the present Congress about one hundred condemned cannon have been donated. As there are just now only about sixty on hand an extra lot will have soon to be made."—Washington Star.

The Poetic Muse.

A Secret. You will not tell it? Nay, what need? Like timid bird, whose soft nest made Low beneath grass and bending weed, Is by her watchful care betrayed, You do but make your secret clear, Trying so hard to hide it, dear. —Madeline S. Bridges, in the Century.

Compassion. Could we but sound the depths of other hearts, And from their mirrored hop and aspirations crushed, Teach to ourselves the painful lessons they have learned, Methinks the cross of life would lighten by, And pathways smoothed, through strongkilt bonds of human sympathy.

But mining Custom, with its fawning train Of spilling brains and ill-concealed distrust, Frowns down the rising smile, the outstretched hand, Sweeps off the trembling tear; detrones the heart. Sets Pride upon its feet, and with one vengeful thrust The murder is complete, —Stanleigh Moulton, in the Home Queen.

Oh, Ye Faces. Crowding city streets and places, Bright with hope, and love and laughter, Dark with passions of despair! Oh, the story of the faces, Angel faces, demon faces, Faces, faces everywhere.

Oh! the beauty of the faces, Sunny looks and fairy graces, Little wandering gleams of heaven, Lost among the ways of men, Oh, the brightness of the faces, Maiden faces, childlike faces, Beauty in all forms and phases, Sojourner and denizen.

Oh! the pathos of the faces, Blighted hopes and dark disgraces, When the angel robe is spotted and the White soul stained with sin; Oh! the story of the faces— Women faces, youthful faces— All the harp-strings strained and broken Ere the anthem could begin.

Oh! the pallor of the faces, Flying from the cold death places; Seeking in the shouting highway, Respite from the hell within. Oh! the sadness of the faces, Mother faces, widow faces, Haggard with the toll and watching, By the night lamp, pale and thin.

Oh! the horror of the faces, Scowlings, frowns and dark menaces, Solden with a thousand vices, Hideous with the brand of Cain. Oh! the terror of the faces, Felon faces, traitor faces, Plague spots on the fair creation, Nightmares of a fevered brain.

Faces, faces Crowding city streets and places— Faces smooth with youth and beauty, Faces lined with age and care. Oh! the story of the faces, Of the glad and weary faces, Of the faces everywhere. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Nightfall on the Farm.

Upon the porch at even We were seated, And listened to the tinkle Of sheep-bells in the wood. The locust trees bent o'er us, White blossoms dropping down, And, fringed with flowers, before us The path lay bare and brown.

We heard the sheep-bells' music Far off and dreamy grow; We saw the white flowers sprinkle The lawn like flecks of snow; The roses drew and shyly Into the silent dark; But though their haunts were shaded Their perfume we could mark.

Up in a locust's branches "A little bird sat lonely," 'Twas all that broke the silence, The whole world seemed asleep. "Good-night," she said, "I love you!" I said, "She did not speak; But swift she leaped toward me With tears upon her cheek." —Philip L. Barker.

A Sheet of Paper.

A sheet of paper, pure and white, Comes forth from out the mill, In readiness for sale and use, Its mission to fulfill. What will that use or mission be? And who will fill it out its page? Of what import shall its impress be? And that for a day or an age?

Will its pen or print tell of noble deeds? Or of ignominy and shame? Will it tell of death and mourning weeds? Or of wreek by flood or flame? Will it note the loss of friends by death? Or of sad misfortune's frown? Or yet, again, of treacherous base? Of hearts with grief bowed down?

Will it tell the tale of greed and wrong? Or that of the good and right? Of darkened days and dreary hours? Or those of life and light? Will it echo for good the pulpit's voice? Of the teeming printing press? And help to choose the better part, Manikud and the world to bless?

A ministering spirit may this paper sheet Be in dress of snowy whiteness, Bearing messages of good to man, Each day, from morn till night, Would that its wings might be the dove's, Whose mission is that of peace, Of good will from heaven to man below, Of joys that ne'er may cease.

That its virgin's surface may never be Marred by record of wrong or sin; That its outer garb may well reflect A mission for good within. That the pen and ink, or printer's hand, Which colors its open page, May minister only the pure and true, In its impress from age to age. —Clark W. Bryan, in Paper World.

Luminous Insects.

The luminosity of a midge, which has sometimes been observed in Russia, Pomerania, Persia and Turkestan in such numbers as to make whole trees glow, is now attributed to bacteria. Such organisms have not been actually discovered, but the flies appear sluggish and sickly, as does a luminous beach shrimp, which has been found to swarm with bacteria capable of imparting phosphorescence to healthy, non-luminous shrimps. An interesting suggestion concerning the different phosphorescence of the glow-worm is that the creature contains fluorescent material so sensitive as to respond to attenuated X rays which may be everywhere present.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE.

A LEEDS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS Near to Death But Restored So Completely That She Has Been Accepted by Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Lewiston, Me. A bright little woman, rosy and fresh as her household duties, dropped into the office before the writer and talked with enthusiasm in her snapping, black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Lewiston, Me., have watched with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the Postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the elements regarding her troubles and her subsequent extrication therefrom are so true. All of her neighbors know what has been the agency that has performed the cure, but that others may be benefited by experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth that I believe more than anything else," she said, "it is my name in the papers. But in this case I conquer my repugnance and give place to the same credit to the savior of my life, I would to one who had dragged me from the death beneath the waves. In fact, I have felt my presence so enthusiastically and unreservedly; have sought out sufferers, recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances that already my neighbors joyfully call me 'Pink Pills Francis.'"

Really, my recovery is something that I shall never forget. I know that there are many testimonies in evidence in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much heed as formerly, but I do wish folks who are suffering would remember that what comes right from the heart of a woman, feels that she had a new lease of life given to her.

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence for years ago was one of dazing misery. One in the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from veins and months after I grew so weak I was able to undertake only the household work, and even then I could perform it only by slow and careful movements.

"During all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and he but their medicine relieved me only temporarily, and then I fell into relapses, prostrating than ever.

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my lower side, and was obliged to use pellets of opium to relieve them. The doctor gave me relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only occasionally. We live upstairs, you notice, my husband's store, and in descending the stairs I frequently was obliged to fall and slide off the steps in my condition, such was the strain on my system resulting from even this slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover while ascending any elevation. In fact, I did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and though my faith in remedies was weak at that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I lead the life of a well woman. I am so well now, I occasionally visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover while ascending any elevation. In fact, I did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration.

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped I can walk miles now; can do my usual, have gained in weight constantly and you would scarcely believe it, but at the while ago I was examined for a life insurance and was accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician.

"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I have taken them from a sick street boy, and for it has completely built me up, but the first sign of trouble I know to what relief flee.

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blosser, Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from a sick stomach and had trouble, but she was skeptical about medicine, but I was so enthusiastically endorsing them. At last, however, she tried it and tried some home with her when she went a little while ago I received a letter from her in it she said, 'I am cured, thanks to your Pink Pills.' She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated, but had been restored by the remedy.

"We feel up to this way that such a recovery cannot be too widely known. The only reason why I allow my name to be used in this manner is that I am so fully and personally recommending them, that I helped many of my friends back to health for I never let an opportunity pass my word of counsel may direct some one.

One of the persons to whom Mrs. Francis recommended the Pink Pills is a Mr. H. Foster, of Leeds Centre, and the first found him patrolling the platform after the arrival of the morning train. Mr. Foster, who is one of the most trustworthy and energetic men in the employ of the Maine Central Railroad, appeared usually good looking, alert and spry, and inquired as to the cause.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think I made a discovery, or at least, Mrs. Francis has for me. I have been in poor health long time with a heart trouble very complicated. We have been so fully explained in Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I at once determined to give the medicine recommended at thorough test. So, two months ago, I bought the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only two months ago, but already I am so much improved, so much better able to fulfill my duties, so sanguine that I am on the recovery, that I feel like a new man."

"I can now walk without the fatigue once experienced, my heart affection is relieved, and I have joined the Pink Pills Band in our country."

Mr. Foster commenced taking the pills the time when he was completely prostrated. He had suffered such a severe attack of heart trouble that it was necessary to call him home from his office. Since the Pink Pills had been taken, he has been steadily improving, so much so as to be his enthusiasm and his gratitude.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, restore shattered nerves. They are an infallible specific for such diseases as leucemia, ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, new headache, the after effect of a gripple, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in men or women. Pink Pills for Pale People will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, one box, or six boxes for \$2.50, they never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Her Check.

Husband—Did you get that telegram check your uncle sent you yesterday?

Wife—No; I haven't been out.

Husband—Well, I am sending a letter to a cigar dealer for two boxes of \$5 cigars. I don't want to send you in an envelope. You take this \$10 and give me your check.

Wife—Certainly.

Husband (a day later)—More money. Why, my dear, what did you do with the \$10 your uncle sent you?

Wife (in a huff)—You took my cigars.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic, &c.