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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

Interesting Information About the Composition of the Ground on Which We Stand.

There is little wonder that the aspiring young newspaper man, whom first assignment carried him to the geological survey, felt like seeking some other profession after he had run against a genuine scientific treatise on matters geologic. Perhaps many an older man in the service would have been staggered to learn that "until the presence of the Algonkian rocks was determined the writer entertained the working hypothesis that a large laccolith of porphyry might have been introduced at a horizon near the base of the Paleozoic formations, but the appearance of the pre-Paleozoic rocks in the heart of the mountain, with an evidence of the hypothesized laccolith, renders it improbable that the uplift can be primarily connected with porphyry intrusion." However, it was gratifying to know, relates the Washington Post, that "all the sheet rocks and many dikes are included petrographically under a single name, monzonite-porphry, expressing the composition, in which the alkali feldspar, orthoclase, and the sodalite feldspar, plagioclase, are estimated to play approximately equal roles. The further composition of the rock is expressed by saying that it is a quartz-bearing hornblende monzonite-porphry."

Many a man would perhaps sleep sounder at night if he were only aware that "the hornblende monzonite-porphry intrusions and the monzonite stock are by far the most important of the igneous masses in the Nico mountains. The rock is in composition a monzonite-porphry in which orthoclase assumes a prominent position in large phenocrysts, while plagioclase occurs in part in the groundmass. The rock is more closely related to the stock monzonite in composition than to the earlier hornblende monzonite-porphry."

Imagine the thrill that ran down his spine when he learned that "contact metamorphism of the calcareous strata adjacent to the monzonite stock is very pronounced at nearly all places where the former rocks are exposed in the vicinity of the intrusive."

But after all he derived the most satisfaction from learning, much to his surprise, that "if the quietest neve was ever permanently frozen in the bivouac areas, many of the 'bergschunds' must have been situated well above the spheroid of perpetual frost."

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC

CASCARETS

REGULATE THE BOWEL

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grippe, No. 10. **CURE CONSTIPATION.**

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Solely Remy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Ill.
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A SONG TO HER.

Ten thousand bells are ringing,
"Neath skies of gloom and gray;
The birds—the birds are singing,
And you are still away.

Dear, I have wished you often
Through bitter years of pain;
Four heart, once hurt, should soften—
Will you not come again?

I see so many faces
Under unquiet skies;
But still I miss the graces
That lived in your dear eyes!

Great are the stars above you,
From which I would not part;
I know not but to love you,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Come! Come! The world is lonely—
No lights on sea or shore;
And having loved you only,
I need your love the more!

Dear Love! A great endeavor
Takes me from all apart—
I love you, dear, forever,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A CANINE CRIMINAL.

DOGS, though they are frequently very intelligent and affectionate, and display great devotion to their masters, are not always perfectly trustworthy under certain circumstances. I have learned by bitter experience that, though a dog may be very affectionate towards his friends, he will perhaps display intense hatred for those he considers enemies, and will even exhibit a jealousy almost incredible, one might think, in the brute creation.

Some years ago, while I was still a struggling barrister, I received a letter from a friend asking if I cared to accept a collie pup, as he possessed a litter and would be glad to get rid of some of the animals. They were excellently bred, he added, both sire and dam having been prize winners. As I had been thinking of getting a dog, this offer came opportunely, so I immediately accepted it.

A few days afterwards a hamper arrived, and in it was the most delightful little golden collie imaginable, looking for all the world like a fox cub, with his beady little eyes, very sharp nose and erect ears.

From the very first, I am afraid, I spoiled Bruce terribly, but he soon became my devoted companion and play-fellow. Of course, it was a considerable time before he was strong enough to go for long walks; but from the first, even as a puppy just able to jog along, he followed me faithfully, and I never had the slightest fear of losing him.

As he grew older and developed greater intelligence I taught him many tricks. He would fetch my slippers in the evening from my bedroom; would retrieve from almost any conceivable spot; and if I wanted to get rid of him when out of doors I had only to say, "Go home, Bruce," and he would be off homewards as straight as an arrow. In fact, he was a treasure.

Notwithstanding the good points I have mentioned, at times he showed traces of a nasty temper with strangers, and was guilty of taking a dislike to individuals and showing that dislike in no half-hearted way. Several times I had to thrash him severely for flying at people. However, he never actually bit anyone.

He was quite devoted to me, and absolutely miserable if I went away even for a day; and when I returned he was almost beside himself with delight. In short, he was of a hysterical disposition (if such a term can properly be applied to a dog); but he certainly never showed any signs of real vice.

Time passed on. Bruce was becoming quite a middle-aged dog of some five or six years, and I had succeeded in carving out a very flourishing practice. The struggling barrister of some years ago was now a highly-successful man, with an income running well into four figures. Bruce, who had become more sedate, was still my faithful companion, and was a very model of good behavior.

As people in comfortable circumstances are apt to do, I began to think seriously of the advantages and disadvantages of bachelor life. After giving the matter serious consideration, I came to the conclusion that matrimony had no attractions for me. A wife was generally a nuisance, and children positive pests. Why, if others were foolish enough to marry, let them do so; but, at any rate, I was sensible, and would live and die a bachelor.

That was before I met Eleanor. After I met her I had very different views, and thought that a bachelor's existence, even at its best, was a wretched one. In short, I fell in love; but "that is another story." Suffice it to say that the most charming and beautiful girl is now my wife. I was in possession of an adequate income, and Eleanor was also blessed with an ample share of this world's goods; therefore, as the attachment was mutual, we decided to get married without delay.

During my engagement, I am afraid, Bruce was not made so much of as formerly; in fact, so far as I was concerned, he was quite neglected. He seemed to realize that he had been supplanted in my affections, and sometimes looked up at me in the singularly wistful and pathetic way collies and other dogs look at persons they are fond of.

One day Eleanor and her mother came to tea at my rooms; and Bruce, evidently understanding at once that she was his rival, sulkily retired into a corner, where he lay for some time, and only growled when spoken to. However, I insisted on his coming out and showing off his tricks. Eleanor,

who loved dogs, admired him very much, and patted him for his clever performance; but he turned upon her the moment she touched him, and I thought he would have seized her; but I promptly caught him and administered the most severe beating he had ever received. Eleanor pleaded for the offender, so I let him off, though I felt so angry I could have shot him.

Before we were married I bought a small place in the country—a charming little house, with a view from the front that I have never seen surpassed anywhere. The house stands on the southern slope of a small hill, and is surrounded by trees on all sides, but not so closely in front as to hide the view in any way; and in the spring or autumn one could not wish for a more lovely spot. A river winds along the valley below, while on our side a canal stretches its less tortuous line below the woods that clothe the hill. On the far side of the valley the railway runs beneath the frowning cliffs forming the base of the great range of hills that tower above it. Further attractions from a sporting point of view are the very excellent hunting, fishing and shooting the county affords; and the inevitable golf links, which are within a reasonable distance, are considered very good for an inland course.

We arranged that the first fortnight of our honeymoon should be spent in Paris, and that during the remainder we would enjoy the quiet seclusion of our country home.

The fateful day arrived and we were married, and then our departure was greeted with the usual demonstration of good will by our friends and relations, and with the glances of curiosity of others.

We found Paris delightful. Steering clear of the more fashionable and crowded places of amusement, we admired the tomb of Napoleon, feasted our eyes on the art treasures of the Louvre, and sauntered through the shady groves of the Bois. We visited Versailles and Fontainebleau, as in duty bound, and very charming we thought them. Eleanor quite fell in love with the carp at Fontainebleau, and wished to take a few home. The way they sucked down the bread we threw to them was fascinating, and they appeared to possess absolutely unlimited capacity for stowing away the "staff of life."

However, at the end of our fortnight we felt that England was quite good enough for us, and we were both thoroughly happy when we arrived safely at our little home in the country.

As soon as we were comfortably settled I wrote for Bruce to be brought down by the valet from my apartments in town, as I thought it would be pleasant to have him with us, and that he, too, would enjoy the country after living so long in London.

Bruce duly arrived and seemed pleased with the change; but he appeared very much depressed, probably because he was less noticed than formerly. His jealousy was quite amusing to both of us; but he did not venture to show any further sign of ill-feeling towards Eleanor. No doubt the punishment I had given him was too fresh in his memory; but, from his very aggrieved air, he seemed to consider himself badly treated.

After we had been in our little Arcadia for nearly a fortnight I found that business matters would compel me to visit town for a few hours. Fortunately the train service was so good that by starting from home at eight in the morning I could get up to town, dispose of my business and be back in the evening in reasonable time for dinner. This being the first separation since we were married, we naturally had a very tender parting, and Eleanor said she did not know how she would get through the day without me.

"I think, Mary," she said, "I shall put on some old things and go for a long country ramble with Bruce and amuse myself by exploring the woods."

"All right, Nell. Only you had better take a whip and whistle with you, as Bruce has rather sporting instincts, and I would not trust him if he saw a rabbit in the wood."

"Very well, dear; be sure you are back in time for dinner, and don't forget my little commissions."

I reached town in good time, disposed of my business and executed the little commissions on my wife's list—which, by the way, was a lengthy document; then I succeeded in catching my return train.

The dog cart was waiting for me at the station, and as I drove up to the house about seven o'clock, I fully expected to be met by my wife. To my surprise, she was not to be seen; and when I asked where she was, the servants could only say that she had gone out with the dog for a walk after tea and had not yet returned; but as dinner was ordered for eight o'clock, she would probably be back soon. She had gone down the hill towards the canal.

I thought I would stroll down there to meet her; so, taking the shortest path, I started off, expecting every moment to see her coming back. However, I did not meet her, and, as it was now getting dusk, I began to feel a little anxious.

On arriving near the canal I "cooed" as loudly as possible in the hope that she might hear me, but there was no response. I repeated the signal, but still there was no answer. At the third call I heard the faint sound of a whistle, and knew she must have heard me. Yes, that was certainly the sound of my dog whistle. I made my way directly towards the sound.

Soon I heard the whistle more clearly, and, believing it came from near the canal, dashed straight down to it, jumped the hedge by the side of the

towing path, and looked round for my wife. It was now so dark that I could not see very clearly; but I noticed something white on the farther bank of the canal a little higher up; I rushed up the towing path, and, now thoroughly alarmed, called out, "Eleanor, are you there?" To my great relief she answered, "Yes; here I am, over on this side. Come over here if you can. The canal is quite shallow."

I waded across—the water coming nearly up to my neck—and found my wife lying on the canal bank, dripping with water. In the water near by floated the dead body of Bruce. Eleanor was terribly white and faint; so, without further question, I picked her up. Half carrying her, I assisted her along the canal to the nearest bridge, and so we found our home.

We arrived about nine o'clock, and I was relieved to find my wife not much the worse after all. A hot bath and a good dinner soon put us both to rights. It was only after dinner that I asked her what had occurred that caused her to be in the condition in which I discovered her on the canal bank, and how Bruce had been drowned.

The following is her startling account of what happened:

"When you had gone I found myself pretty lonely; but I managed to amuse myself fairly well, pottering about the garden in the morning and in arranging flowers and so on after lunch.

"After tea I really needed some exercise. Thinking a stroll along the towing path of the canal would be nice, as it would be sure to be dry there, I set off, taking Bruce with me, fancying he would like some exercise, too. I was not sure that he would follow me, but he did so, though in rather a shrinking sort of way, because, as I imagined, I was carrying a dog-whip, as you advised. While going through the wood I kept a careful eye on him, but though we disturbed two or three rabbits, he never looked at them.

"We were near the canal when the idea struck me suddenly that Bruce was eyeing me very curiously, so I stopped and looked at him, when he glared and showed his teeth.

"I felt rather alarmed, but believing it wise not to show any sign of fear, I walked on till I got to the towing path. Just then I heard a savage growl behind me. Turning round, I saw Bruce, with all his hackles up, coming at me, growling and showing his teeth. I cracked the whip to intimidate him, and said, 'Down, sir!' as sternly as I could; but he dashed straight at me and snapped at my legs. Fortunately he only caught hold of my skirt and tore it before I beat him off.

"I was terribly frightened by this time, and screamed out, but nobody was within sight or hearing. Bruce attacked me again, and again I beat him off with the whip; but I felt this could not last long. Then it occurred to me that if I could get across the canal he might not follow me. I slipped quickly down the bank into the water, which I knew was not very deep, and started to wade across to the other side. Bruce dashed in after me, and again tried to bite me; but he was at a disadvantage in the water, and I could now beat him off easily.

"Then he retired to the bank, and stood there watching me and growling. I now tried to go on across the canal. It was deeper than I expected, and I dared not go where the water reached much above my waist. I was feeling terribly cold and miserable, and was very much afraid I should faint.

"Bruce evidently thought I was escaping, and came in after me again. Then a happy thought struck me. 'Why not try to drown him?' As he came at me this time, instead of hitting him with the whip I waited till he was quite close, and then caught hold of his collar and forced his head under the water. The collar slipped round, and he struggled so much and scratched my arm so with his claws that I had to let go. Then he scrambled ashore and again sat watching me and growling.

"I could not stand in the canal for ever, so I summoned up my courage to go on across. Bruce was up again, and dashed at me more furiously than ever. Again I caught him by the collar, but this time seized hold of some of the skin on the back of his neck as well, and exerting all my strength, I forced his head under the water and held it there. He struggled so frantically that I was afraid I should never be able to hold him; but gradually his struggles became weaker, and I knew he was drowning.

"I was not going to run any more risks, so I held on until I was quite sure he must be dead, as he made no movement. Then I let go and struggled on to the farther bank. When I got safely on top I must have fainted.

"The next thing I can remember was hearing a distant 'coo-ee,' which must have brought me to my senses. I heard it again, and sat up to look round. It was nearly dark, and I felt very cold and shivery, and wondered whatever I was doing out there at that time. Then I heard the 'coo-ee' again, and knew it must be you come to look for me. I remembered my dog whistle, and blew it as loudly as I could. Well, then you came, and I was all right; but I did have a most terrible fight."

Fortunately my wife's venture had no lasting effect on her health or spirits. But for her brave struggle that wretched dog would certainly have killed her—because of his jealousy.—Chambers' Journal.

Confidence.
Maud—I don't like to see you throwing yourself at Fred.
Elizabeth—Why not? He's a good catch.—N. Y. World.

SIR WALTER BESANT DEAD.

The Noted English Novelist Was a Victim of Influenza.

London, June 11.—Sir Walter Besant, the novelist, died Sunday at his residence in Hempstead, after a fortnight's illness from influenza, aged 63. Sir Walter's latest novel, "The Lady of Lynn," has been extensively read in this country, his reputation as a novelist being well known.



THE LATE WALTER BESANT.

His earliest works being established by his earlier works. He was born at Portsmouth, and educated at King's college, Cambridge. His father wanted him for the ministry, but he escaped the "cloth" by accepting a mathematics professorship in the Royal College of Mauritius. Ill health forced him to give this place up when he was 30 years old, and he returned to England and adopted the literary profession.

ESCAPED MOB VENGEANCE.

Brutal Negro Who Was Being Hunted Surrendered to Officers.

Hagerstown, Md., June 11.—Hunted by armed men, who wanted lynch him for assaulting Miss Lizette Gossard, a young white woman living across the line in Franklin county, Joseph Powell (colored) gave himself up to the officers yesterday to escape the vengeance of his pursuers. He was hurried to Chambersburg and placed in jail and a strong guard was established about the building to prevent him from being taken out.

The negro choked his victim almost into insensibility, but her screams frightened him before he could accomplish his purpose. When news of the assault spread an armed posse started in pursuit of the negro, who was tracked through fields and woods for some distance, but he was not overtaken. Sheriff Seeler, of this county, was notified of the assault and that Powell was heading in this direction. Officers started out on a search for him. Powell, however, had not gone very far, and returned to the house and gave himself up to the officers.

Nervy Sheriff Prevents a Lynching.

Carrollton, Ga., June 6.—The nerve of an obscure Georgia sheriff, whose name is Joseph Merrill, yesterday upheld the law of the state and saved the life of a negro from a mob. In protecting the negro, who was saved from the gallows only a few hours before through the efforts of his lawyers, one life was lost and two men were wounded. The arrival of the state militia averted threatened trouble last night, and at 9 o'clock a special train bearing the negro, whose crime was the murder of a little white boy whom he found fishing alone, and his guard was speeding toward Atlanta. The man killed in attacking the jail was George Bennett, of Carrollton, and the wounded men are Thomas Smith, also of Carrollton, and an unknown man, presumably a farmer.

Death of Robert Buchanan.

London, June 11.—Robert Williams Buchanan, poet and prose writer, is dead. He was born Aug. 18, 1841. Robert Buchanan has been ill since last autumn, when he had a cerebral hemorrhage, which was followed by paralysis and complete loss of speech. His sufferings were acute for a month, but since that time he had been made comfortable by his physicians and nurses. He came close to achieving great success as a dramatist, and he was at one time fairly in reach of the title of poet laureate of England. Some of his plays were received with favor and had great runs, but they are now virtually shelved.

Murderous Burglar Pleads Guilty.

Pittsburg, June 11.—The trial of John and Edward Biddle and Walter Dorman, alias R. D. Wilcox, for the murder of Thomas D. Kahney and Detective Patrick Fitzgerald, was opened yesterday. The Biddles entered a plea of not guilty, but Dorman created a surprise by pleading guilty. The defendants will be tried separately, and the case of John Biddle was called first. It is believed that Dorman will turn state's evidence. The wives of Edward Biddle and Walter Dorman will be tried for receiving stolen goods.

Nebraska's Female Labor Law Upheld.

Omaha, Neb., June 11.—Judge Baker in the district court yesterday decided that the statute known as the female labor law of Nebraska, prohibiting owners of manufacturing and mechanical concerns, stores and shops from working female employees for more than 60 hours a week, is constitutional. The court held that it was necessary to limit the hours of female labor in order to protect the public health.

Lieutenant Springer Killed.

Manila, June 11.—In a battle with the insurgents at Lipa, province of Batangas, Lieut. Anton Springer, of the Twenty-first infantry, was killed and Capt. William H. Wilhelm, of the same regiment, Lieut. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., and five enlisted men were wounded.

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WHAT MODERN SAILORS FEAR.

Not High Winds Nor Wild Seas So Much as an Explosion in the Boiler Hold.

"Boiler explosions are the terror of the seafaring man," said an old-time deep water captain, to a New Orleans Times-Journal reporter. "Such a thing is bad enough on dry land, but imagine a catastrophe of that kind at sea! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the absolute wiping out of the craft itself and every soul on board.

"The average landsman would be greatly shocked in looking over the maritime records to see how many vessels disappear each year and leave absolutely no clue to their fate. They run well to the hundred mark, and such a mystery is not to be explained away by storms. A Chinese typhoon may swoop down like lightning out of a clear sky and tear a ship to pieces, but some floating wreckage is sure to tell the tale. A boiler explosion, on the contrary, will blow a hole as big as a railroad tunnel right through the center of the hull, and the stricken vessel simply goes down like a shot. There is nothing to fasten a boat from the davit cut loose a spar.

"In the opinion of seamen that is the story of at least 90 per cent. of the ships that leave port and are never heard of again. Luckily the modern system of marine boiler inspection is extremely strict and thorough, but it is impossible to absolutely prevent carelessness and fraud, and often, no doubt, the fault lies with the engineer.

"There is an old story of a drunken Scotchman who mistook the thermometer for the steam gauge and 'kissed out' the stokers because he couldn't get the pressure above 80. That yarn will hardly hold water, but I've seen cases almost as bad. I am glad to say, however, that during the past ten years there has been a steady diminution of the number of vessels which 'mysteriously disappear.' That is due, beyond all question, to the increased stringency of boiler inspection and the greater strictness of examinations before a license is issued to engineers. Nevertheless there is still considerable room for improvement in both branches."

Will Explore Venezuela.

An expedition mission, bound for Venezuela, with the avowed purpose of exploring districts of the precursors of the lower Orinoco, has sailed from Bordeaux-Pauillac. The commission is composed of Dr. Lucien Moirasse, its head, and his wife, as well as 13 others, whose special studies of profession eminently fit them to accomplish the end in view. Dr. Moirasse is already known for the successful fulfilling of former missions to the same region. An avant-garde of the mission left in September last with a complete outfit for exploration and scientific ends.—N. Y. Sun.

Boston Suet Fudding.

One cupful suet, chopped fine; one cupful molasses, two of sweet milk, one-half cupful of sugar, three cupfuls flour, and one each of raisins and chopped dates; add nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon to suit; one teaspoonful soda, and one of salt. Steam four hours, and dry in the oven. This will keep for months, and may be reheated at any time. Serve hot, with your sauce.—Ladies' World, New York.

Prepared for the Worst.

Wife—Oh, Harry, I didn't expect you home to lunch.
Husband—Well, aren't you glad to see me?
"Oh, yes; but I have something but sausage."
"Well, being hungry, I'm prepared for the worst."—Philadelphia Record.

Gymnastics

Will do much to develop a muscular body. But the strength of the body is not to be measured by its muscle, but by its blood. If the blood is impure, the body, in spite of its bulk and brawn, will be an easy prey to disease.

There is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the purifying of the blood. It carries off the poisons which contaminate the blood. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands and gives the body an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It builds up the body with sound, healthy blood instead of flabby blood. It promotes the appetite, feeds the nerves, and so gives to weak, nervous people vitality and vigor.

There is no alcohol contained in Golden Medical Discovery, and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I feel it my duty to write to you of the great curative powers of your Golden Medical Discovery." I will send you a bottle free of charge, if you will send me your name, address, and the name of your physician, if you have one, and I will send you a bottle of my right card and my right card of order. I tried to get doctors to take no good results. First I wrote you particulars in my case and you sent me Golden Medical Discovery, which I began to take. From the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles I was as well as I ever was. I wish you success.

"Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent, free of expense of mailing only. Address: R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."

