IN A GOLDEN VASE

Rest the Hearts of the Royal Haps-burgs of Austria.



A curious custom has been followed by the members of the Austrian house of Hapsburg for many centuries. It is that of having their hearts cut out after death and each one inclosed in a recept a cle by it self. Knowledge of this ancient custom recently came to light in Vienna, by a report that the late Carl Ludwig, heir to the Austrian heart after death. The report caused quite a sensation. The custom dates back to the thirteenth century, when Francis, Duke of Aargau, dying away from home, directed that his heart be cut from his body and sent back to his native land. Since then every Hapsburg has had his or her heart removed and burled apart from the body in a gold and crystal vase. This custom has prevailed up to the time of Carl Ludwig's death. In the Capucine Chapel in Vienna, placed in a vault beneath the ground, there are 113 coffins, containing all that remains of the royal Hapsburgs, who have ruled over the destinies of Austria. There are also 152 vases of crystal mounted in gold, each containing the heart of one of these rulers and of others whose bodies rest elsewhere SOMEBODY'S ABSENT DARLING.

SOMEBODY'S ABSENT DARLING.

Where Wandering Willie Is To-Night



Dear Father: Have been unable to rite lately, as have spent most of my time in wheeling. Have succeeded in making a very fast record for myself and am now doing great time. The machine I have been using is one of the old-fashioned kind, rather heavy, with non-detachable chain and ball bearing. Notwithstanding this, I expect to lead all competitors in the go-as-you-please to-night and get way easy. You JIMMY.

Wellington Hated Flattery.

As the duke of Wellington was standing one day opposite his house in Piccadilly, waiting an opportunity to cross the street, an entire stranger to him offered his arm to the duke to assist him in crossing. Although Wellington hated assistance of any kind, he accepted the stranger's arm, and the latter, having secured a passage by signing to the drivers of the vehicles to stop, conducted the great man in safety across the street. "I thank you, sir," said the duke, releasing his arm and proceeding to his house door. But the stranger, instead of moving off, raised his hat and delivered himself to the following effect: "Your grace, I have passed a long and not unevenful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." "Don't be a damned fool!" responded the duke, and turned on his heel.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headpains in nearly of my body, sician said it indirection.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done on the constitution of the heart had been also all parts of my body, sician said it indirection."

with mine?

How dare I say this heart for aye will swell

To answer yours—knowing its frailty well?

To-day sees plighted troth and clasping

To-morrow, shattered faith and broke bands.

pands.
Oh, pitful for mortal lips to swear!
fore fitting this: unceasing fervent prayer
That our love's flower, escaping frost and
blight,

blight,
y bloom immortal, as we hope to-night!
—Catharine Young Glen, in Century.

ANGELINE'S "BEQUEATH."

"Bless you, yes! She ain't got a red cent in the world, but she don't she know it."

"Do you always sift salt for your paupers?" The stranger's hands unclasped and his leg fell limply. He looked up at Mrs. Jotham in unfeigned amazement.

"He syou, no! But I humor her. Jotham sort of scolds me for it, but his scoldin's ain't only skin-deep. He humors her, too. He stan's a dreadful lot of orderin' an' geein' round to humor her, an' Jotham's a real independent man, too. He's dreadful proud of ownin' this place an' keepin' it up so nice an' neat. Mis' Angeline tries him a good deal. Her notions of farmin' don't just match Jotham's, an' she makes it realkind of embarrassin' sometimes.

"Generally Jotham can get along all right without lettin' Mis' Angeline know about everything. But I've known Jotham to swaller some dreadful big farmin' pills for Miss Angeline. He planted the medder-patch to corn this year, when he was all planned to sow it to oats an' lay it down next season, jest to humor her. An' he fenced in the new pasture with rails when he wanted to make a barb-wire fence. He done that to humor Mis' Angeline. An' he fenced in the new pasture with rails when he wanted to make a barb-wire fence. He done that to humor Mis' Angeline altitle drift under the sifter, in a little drift under the sifter, we wanted impatiently for the rest of the stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter, the waited impatiently for the rest of the stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter, the waited impatiently for the rest of the stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter, we have a significance. The stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter, the with Mis' Angeline.

"A' the fenced in the new proposed for the wester of the stranger watched her literation of how the wire stranger watched the fine snow gather in a little drift under the sifter, the with mis' Angeline was dreadful pleased. You see, Lawyer Higginboth May bloom immortal, as we hope to-night!
—Cathariae Young Glen, in Century.

ANGELINE'S "BEQUEATH."

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

IN'T it good? Take the north side of our well, an' is guess you won't beat it for coldness an 'relish any where in this good to mountry. No, the poor whouse, an' it's a real cross to me. Won't you take a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. You to have a blood relation to it. Jotham an't it's give us the same of bein' the poor house, an' it's a real cross to me. Won't you take a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the poor house, an' it's a real cross to me. Won't you take a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a barb-wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline. John the was a brown John the was a brown to hat the was a brown brought her east of the was a brown wire fence. He done hat to humor Mis' Angeline and the was a brown brown brown brown the was a brown to have the was a brown brow

Tell into the field toward the house again.

Up across the field toward the house Jotham was walking wearily. He came out and sat down on the lower step, too, nodding sociably to the stranger. Mrs. Jotham glanced up from her sift-

ror twenty years I had loss of appetite, nausea, said.

Mrs. Jotham dropped the last berry in the parts My phywas only but his but his not set em down in the cool an' in the loss are stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter was any down sullar," she said. "Mis' Angeline's real particular to have me set em down in the cool an' in the loss are and he was a said to the stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter was no litter as a way down sullar," she said. "Mis' stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter was no litter as a way down sullar, "she said. "Mis' said." It was two summers afterward that the same stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter as a way down sullar, "she said. "Mis' said." It was two summers afterward that the same stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter as a way down sullar, "she said. "Mis' said." It was two summers afterward that he same stranger asked for a drink of water again at Mrs. Jotham's door. He had noticed that there was no litter as a way down sullar, "she said." "Mis' said." "Mis'

won't eat a mite of salt that ain't sifted. It takes quite a good deal of time to sift it."

"A pauper? Did you say she was a pauper?"

"Bless you, yes! She ain't got a red cent in the world, but she don't know it."

"Do you always sift salt for your lower step.

Mrs. Jotham's plumpingure straightened and she spoke with unconscious dignity.

"We miss Mis' Angeline a slight, Jotham an' me," she answered. "I guess she liked us; we laid out to use her well. We humored her some."

A mist of sunshine, driting through the mesh of thick-laced leaves overhead, alighted gently on Mrs. Jotham's tight, faded hair. Somehow it did not look out of place toghthe fatranger, crowning, though it did, her sallow, unbeautiful face, and contrasting with it didly.

"Mis' Angeline left a bequeath," she went on soberly. "She left Jotham an' me the place—the farm an' live stock an' all. She made Jotham her administer."—American Agriculturist.

India's Hoard of Specie.

India's Hoard of Specie,

For a long period of years India has been characterized as a "sink hole" of the precious metals, or, in other words, there has been for many years a continuous flow of the precious metals—gold and silver—into India, where they have to a large extent diapappeared, undoubtedly by burial under ground for the purpose of hoarding and concealment. The motive for this under the Mogul and native rulers was unquestionably to escape direct plunder or confiscation; but under British rule these hoards, amounting unquestionably to many hundreds of millions, are not taxed, mainly by reason of their inaccessibility, and partly by the recognized policy of the Government to avoid direct taxation of active capital, and encourage, by making safe its employment, the tendency of these buried treasures to come to light and enter into the channels of trade. And that this policy has been a wise one is stranger, with his hands clasped around one kneet, tilted back and forth gently?

"Scarce, are they, round here?" he said. "That's a good sign."

"Not for me an' Jotham, it ain't. Itself and said town on the lower step, on, ondding sociably to the stranger, where he shared in the stranger and here here here here here here here to a large extent discovered by the stranger of the lower step in the stranger of the lower in the stranger of the

Preserving Flowers.

A florist of many years' experience gives the following receipt for preserving bouquets: When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soapseds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sides ways in fresh water, the stock entering first into the water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapsuds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.

stelan said it indigestion, was only but his medicine did help me any. I began the use of the Pinkham seedies, Fince pickets. "Mis' Angeline?"

"Her." Mrs. Jotham nodded across the fence pickets. "Mis' Angeline sick?" help me any. I began the fence pickets. "Mis' Angeline sick?" he inquired, the minute the door opened and frs. Jotham stood in it. She looked at him in blank surprise. Then her four bottles, and now those troubles are cured.

"I sms. Jotham sighed. The sigh condo back from her retreating form of truggists says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers."

BELLE S. Thompson, New Bedford, Mass.

"Ass."



A bay's first teeth are the central in

Five grains of pure boric acid, dis-olved in one pint of hot water form an xcellent wash.

Excellent wash.

Lozenges made of glycerine and ujube paste are a beneficial alleviant for a dry throat at night.

Muscular rheumatism often yields to loses of salol and phenacetine, five grains of each drug every three hours. Equal parts of powdered camphe porax and salt, used as a snuff, will be cound to be a good remedy for a cold in the head.

Fennel tea, a simple but effective remedy for colic, is made by infusing two drams of the seed in a pint of boil-ng water.

ing water.

This remedy for frost-bitten feet is worth saving: Pure carbolic acid, one-half dram; tannin, one-half dram; tincture of iodine, thirty drops; simple cerate, two ounces. Apply twice a day.

When persons addicted to the ardent spirits feel the need of a stimu-lant, its place may be taken with a dose of concentrated tincture of comnon oats, fifteen to thirty drops in ho

water. Where limbs become badly chafed, sore, itchy, and rough, frequent applications of an ointment composed of two drams of tar ointment, one dram of oxide of zinc and one ounce of cold cream will be found soothing and healing.

The preparation known as "mustare Interpreparation known as mustard illiniment, is composed of one dram of oil of mustard, two drams of gum camphor, one-half ounce of castor oil, and four ounces of alcohol. Dissolve the camphor in the alcohol, and then add the other ingredients..

add the other ingredients.
Acute bronchitis will sometimes yield
to the following treatment: Rub the
chest with warm camphorated oil, and
cover it with a piece of flannel. Take
one teaspoonful every three hours of
a mixture consisting of two drams of
full extract of cubebs, two drams of
brown muriate of ammonia, two drams
of of mixture and enough syrup of wild therry bark to make four ounces.

cherry bark to make four ounces.

The gross blunders about the United States and its people, once so common in even the best-informed English newspapers, are rarely met with nowadays. Once in awhile we hear something about the "State of Albany" and occasionally that the Indian savages threaten Chicago, but as a rule English editors avoid serious errors, though they sometimes make laughable ones. Of this latter character is the following which we clip from the last number of the Westminster Gazette. It certainly ought to have a startling effect wherever it is read:

A COLONY OF TIPPLERS.
One of the most curious colonies that have a great been established on the

A COLONY OF TIPPLERS.
One of the most curious colonies that have ever been established on the American continent is, we learn from the London American, about to settle in North Dukota. It is a colony of drunkards. Twenty-one drunkards and their families are about to move from Indiana to take up their abode upon the virgin soil of North Dukota. They say they will establish a "model drunkard colony." Already they have purchased 2,000 acres of land, and each family will receive an allotment of about fifty acres. The colony will be watched with much interest. It begins operations this month. Very likely all operations this month. Very likely all the colonists will want to start saloons,

the colonists will want to start saloons, and then the question arises, who will be ready to till the soil?

We fancy we can see John Bull elevating his eyebrows at this paragraph and exclaiming: "What a very remarkable people!" The joke, if there is one in this amusing mistake, is on our esteemed fellow citizens the Dunkards, who are neither tipplers nor drinkers, and look not upon the wine when it is red. A colony of Dunkards from Indiana have recently established themselves in North Dakota, a fact that was stated a month or two ago. It was the evies in North Dakon, a fact that was started a month or two ago. It was the misreading of this piece of news by our English contemporary that made them out to be a "colony of tipplers." They are, in fact, a religious sect of German origin and are nicknamed Dunkers or Tunkers—"dippers"—because of their mode of baptism. They call them selves "The Brethren.

Sunlight



Perennial Wheat Plants.
There are several plants of the wheat family which are perennial, and reappear in the same fields or localities from year to year indefinitely.

Come at the only becave cure allow to the come at the only becave cure allowed to the come of the come

TELLS YOUR FORTUNE, with picture of your future husband or wife. Send 19c., date of birth. ASTROLOGER, Box 1772, Boston, Mass.

For headache, bathing behind the with hot water often proves of imm fafficted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's pecific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly in sult to Mohammedans in the cast

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or billous, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy

activity, without irritating or weakening them to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, whole-sale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla."



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